

Corporate Slaves v2: The New Girl
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Chapter One: An Awkward Interview

Nora walked into the company lobby. It was all mirrored marble and shining chrome, far too fancy to bother with anything as mundane as “chairs”, although there was a screen showing company advertising – open, sun-lit offices, with happy-looking employees, all beautiful women in office-wear, typing away at miscellaneous office work.

The receptionist smiled at her, shiny white teeth and auburn hair gleaming under the warm electric lights. She was dressed in a perfect and pristine office uniform, although her skirt looked a little tighter than most, her blouse following the lines of her breasts, open enough to show cleavage and the edge of her bra. Around her neck was a thick-looking metal necklace, burnished steel with a black rectangle in the center.

‘Good morning, ma’am. How may I help?’ Despite her polite words, there was a judgmental cast in her eyes as she looked over Nora’s outfit, taking in her biking leathers, helmet still in hand, long blonde hair streaming downwards. Just because her bitch of a step-mother had arranged this interview for her, didn’t mean she had to dress up for it! An elevator dinged open and discharged some businessmen, and she couldn’t resist sliding her zip down, knowing how it showed off her own cleavage, smiling at the way their eyes scanned down her body.

‘I’ve got an interview. I’m Nora Jeffries.’

The woman glanced away, manicured fingernails tapping away.

‘Ah yes, of course. Yes, you are upstairs in meeting room 2A. With Miss Veronica Taylor. The other applicants have already arrived. Do you wish to change? There are facilities available.’

Nora shrugged, enjoying the feeling of the leathers against her skin. ‘No, I’m good. Where do I go?’

The woman’s tone was still polite, although she looked faintly quizzical. ‘Let me ring for someone to escort you. The building is large and we prefer people not to get lost, or wander into the restricted areas.’ Her fingers tapped again, and a few seconds later part of the wall revealed itself to be a door, silently swinging open, and a woman stepping it. She had dyed red hair, and was dressed in expensive office-wear – a sleek pencil skirt, short enough to show off the tops of her stockings, a silk blouse that was cut deep enough to show off an impressive cleavage, with a necklace similar to the receptionists. Was it some fashion trend or something? They looked uncomfortably tight and heavy!

‘This is Miss Caitlyn. She was one of the first graduates from Miss Hunt’s training program. If you are successful, that is where you will be placed.’

Caitlyn walked forward, her heels tapping against the floor. She looked like she’d gotten her position by fucking her way there, although with a body like that, it would have been easier. ‘If you would follow me, Miss Jeffries?’

Without waiting for a response, she strode away, Nora taking a moment to admire her tight buttocks, skirt tight enough to show them perfectly, clearly nothing beneath, before moving to follow, going towards the lift. In just her boots, without heels, Nora was several inches shorter than the woman, feeling somewhat plain by comparison as she hurried to catch up, stepping into

the lift. She should have put more makeup on! Although her skin was good enough she didn't need much, but everyone here looked ridiculously good.

Caitlyn leaned forward, something beeping as the doors slid shut and they started to move upwards. Strangely, she didn't seem to have any sort of ID card – didn't staff at places like this normally have lanyards with cards on? Her outfit didn't allow for anywhere to put it that wouldn't show! There wasn't a keypad available for her to use either, which was strange.

Neither of them said anything as the lift moved upwards – lights on the panel flashed as they moved, before the doors pinged open, to reveal a long and plain passageway, blandly anonymous office doors on either side. Caitlyn immediately strode away again, Nora moving to keep up. She'd never been able to manage heels as high as Caitlyn was wearing, at least not without falling over a lot.

There was no sound except for that of their feet on the carpet, and no windows either – when the lift doors shut, they were completely sealed in. Each doorway they passed had an electric lock on, a black sensor panel awaiting something to be scanned to open it up. As she walked passed one, she pressed it down – the handle only moved partway down, the lock sealing it shut.

'We have various proprietary technologies here, and so access is tightly controlled. This way. Miss Veronica has been in charge of the interviews – she's very busy, so we mustn't keep her waiting.'

They turned a corner, increasing the feeling of isolation now that even the lift was out of sight. Every doorway looked identical, making the place seem dreamlike – if she went backwards, would the lift still be there?

Caitlyn stopped at one that looked identical to all the others – there wasn't even a label on the door – and leaned forward, thrusting her ass at Nora. Was she hiding how she got the doors open? That seemed a little paranoid! Nevertheless, the door beeped then opened, and Nora was ushered inside.

A group of other women all stared at her – all were attractive, faces immaculate in make-up, tight skirts and blouses, legs sheathed in stockings or tights, various perfumes heavy in the air. It was a large, open space, with what looked like windows along the far wall, although they were tinted so dark Nora couldn't see outside. A dividing screen had been raised, looking vaguely medical, the other part of the room dark and unlit.

'Ah, you must be... Nora?' The first woman Nora had seen here that didn't look like a model smiled at her – although she was still attractive, her hair was tied up in a bun, her sleeves rolled up, her heels only a few inches, rather than full stilettos. 'You've missed some of the initial questions and physical assessment. This way, I'll try and get you caught up.'

Caitlyn curtsied at Veronica, dipping her head in respect, holding the position until Veronica acknowledged it, and then she turned and walked away.

This one was dressed less like an office slut, her skirt long enough to almost reach the tops of her knees, her suit jacket tailored well enough to show off her figure, although the bulky lump of a phone could be seen in a breast pocket and she was wearing one of the necklaces as well, although hers looked slimmer and less heavy. She walked ahead of Nora, into the darkened section – Nora squinted, trying to make anything out, as the woman pulled out her phone and tapped the screen. Ahead of them, something whirled, a rectangle of light appearing.

'It's helpful that you've dressed conveniently. Please go in there and follow the instructions.'

She gave Nora an absent-minded touch on the shoulder, before walking away, leaving Nora to walk towards the light. As she got closer, she could see that it was a small cubicle with a

spotlight inside, illuminating a spot on the floor to stand on. There were more of the things around it, all closed up.

As soon as she stepped inside, there was a pneumatic hiss and a door slid shut – it was smooth, featureless metal, without even a glass panel. ‘Hey!’ She slammed a foot against it, her metal toecap striking the metal, the sound reverberating around inside the narrow space. Everything was lit with a soft glow, making it impossible to see any seams or gaps in the material. It was like a toilet cubicle, except everything was vague and soft-edged in the hazy light, and there was no actual toilet.

‘Remove your clothing. Physical measurements will be taken.’

The voice was blandly feminine, compelling without commanding, echoing from everywhere without any clear origin point.

She slammed her hand against the doorway, although from this side it was impossible to determine, there being no sign at all in the surface, not even a seam she could feel.

The command was repeated, in exactly the same tone of voice as before.

Nora rolled her eyes, then pulled down on the zip of her leathers, all the way down to her crotch. Beneath she was just wearing a crop-top and some shorts, but she felt slightly silly and undignified as she pulled the material away from her body, having to hop around to get the boots off, before stepping out of her suit, leaving her just in shorts and the skimpy vest.

‘Thank you. Please hold your arms out to the side.’

Nora sighed and obeyed. What the hell was this? The soft glow made her eyes hurt, making it hard to tell where the walls were, although it somehow managed to be soothing at the same time. Red laser-lines flickered out from the walls, some device making soft beeping noises as scanners did something, the lasers flicking over her body. Metal whirred, parts of the wall opening up, revealing padded rubber inside.

‘Please remove all clothing.’

‘What? Why?’

The thing just beeped at her, as she fumbled at the walls – they were all smooth metal, without any buttons, or anything to call for help. The glow made everything look identical – except for her clothing on the floor, the place was utterly featureless save for the padded rubber gaps.

She pulled her top over her head, then her shorts down, crossing her arms over her breasts.

‘Move your arms inside.’

Nora slowly obeyed, not sure what this was all for. This seemed overly intrusive for an office job! Having her breasts bare and exposed made her feel uncomfortable, even with no-one else to watch.

‘All employees will be vetted to the highest degree. Artemis employs nothing but the finest talent.’ The rubber expanded with a hiss of air, pushing against her wrists and capturing them – it didn’t hurt, but was tight enough that she couldn’t remove herself, at least not easily. She tried pulling harder, the rubber giving a little bit, but not enough to let her out.

The lasers continued to flicker over her body, making her wince and close her eyes as they moved over her face. Had all the other candidates done this already? Just how badly did everyone want to work here?

She hissed in pain as something jabbed into her finger, breaking the skin.

‘Blood sample acquired.’

‘What’s that for!?’

‘All candidates are tested to ensure they have no communicable diseases. This is part of Artemis’ comprehensive healthcare coverage.’

With her arms held forcibly spread, she was exposed and open. She liked showing off her body, but not like this! Wearing sexy clothing and watching how people reacted, their eyes watching her, taking in her long legs and pert breasts, yes, but not being entirely naked in some damn metal box! She squirmed, pulling her legs together, trying to hide her shaved slit from view as the lasers flicked over her belly, as the machine beeped.

The floor beneath her feet started to move, lowering itself, and then parts pushed against the sides of her feet, her heels and her toes – it was like one of the shoe-sizing machines from when she was a kid!

‘When did the applicant last engage in sexual activities?’

She spluttered, feeling herself blush, her whole body warming up. What was that for? The color of the lights changed, turning a red tint. The question was repeated, Nora hesitating before answering. ‘Never! I’ve touched myself, but I’ve, um... never...’ She trailed off, feeling herself blush, not wanting to say it.

‘Noted. The applicant is below the average in sexual experience. Physical sensitivity will now be tested.’

The cuffs around her wrists started to tighten, removing any chance she had to escape, as metal cuffs circled around her ankles, forcing her to hold the position.

She looked around nervously – she had her back to the door, but the cubicle was small enough that she would know if anyone else came in. Something pricked her finger again, making her wince – did they need another sample? A moment later, the surface beneath her feet changed, stubby points poking into her soles. Without any way to shift her balance, it was uncomfortable, her weight unevenly spread over the points.

Pain snapped through her, a sudden electrical jolt getting delivered into her soles, making her whole body tense up.

‘Owwww!’

There was another shock, and then another, making her legs twitch and jolt. Fortunately, the ankle cuffs were padded, preventing her injuring herself, but it still hurt! Nora tried pulling on the wrist cuffs, wanting to get out, but the inflated rubber was too tight and rough, her wrists unable to slip out.

A soft and soothing hum sounded out, making the inside of the chamber reverberate with its sound, echoing around the confined space. It made it hard to focus or think, but the voice didn’t stop, as the foot-spikes started to move, shifting up and down to poke into her unprotected feet.

‘There will now be a competency test. Artemis employees are expected to deal with questions in stressful situations.’

Nora tried to pull herself free again, without any success, the rubber now wearing at her skin. ‘Give an example of a time you defused a stressful situation.’

It was hard to think with her feet being tormented, and the prickling shame of her nudity, but Nora made herself scrabble for an answer. ‘Um, when my father and my step-mother were arguing. I sided with my father in order to get her to shut up!’

That probably wasn’t the most diplomatic of answers, but it was all she could think of right now. This wasn’t a fair interview, forcing people to strip naked! How could anyone be expected to think straight in such a scenario?

More questions came, straight-forward math questions peppered in amongst more wide-ranging queries, Nora doing her best to answer them all. As the “interview” progressed, she felt

forces getting exerted on her hands, some metal probe running over her palms and fingers, before she balled her hands up into fists to ward them off, feeling a momentary flush of victory. There was nothing she could do about the spikes though, and she was starting to feel an involuntary warmth between her legs, the air inside the cubicle seeming far too hot and close, making her sweat, her body flushed and too hot.

With some wriggling, she managed to shift her feet a little so that she could stand on her toes, that helping to alleviate some of the worst of the jabbing and the poking – she could feel the stubby spikes still moving, but only a few were able to reach her now. Although it made the ones beneath her feel even worse, now that more of her weight was focused on the balls of her feet, the spikes pointed and sharp.

The pain and discomfort from that took most of her concentration, her answers getting terser and shorter as they progressed. And the questions seemed more and more intrusive – aside from her lack of sexual experience, it was asking about past partners, her family history and all sorts of other personal details! And all the while, the lasers flashed and flickered over her captive body.

Finally, the wall-cuffs hissed open, releasing her wrists, the floor whirring and clicking, ankle-cuffs opening, spikes receding as the floor reverted to being a single level surface.

Before being instructed, she grabbed at her clothing, dressing herself as quickly as possible, zipping her leathers fully up to the neck, glad to be back in her clothing again.

‘Assessment complete.’

She could still feel the lingering warmth between her legs as she stepped out of the cubicle, disorientated by sudden darkness, the cubicle lights clicking out as well.

A voice came from close by, a real human voice, startling her.

‘Ah, you’ve completed. Your assessment took longer than most of the others, and so your interview portion was folded into it as well. If your application was successful, then we will be letting you know shortly.’

As her eyes adjusted, Nora could start to see, dimly making out Veronica, stood in the low light.

‘If you would let me show you to the exit?’

She was too dazed to refuse, gladly following the instructions, letting herself be taken back through the hallways and passageways to the elevator.

Chapter Two: A Swift Decision

The door opened at her approach, a uniformed concierge bowing at her as she wheeled her suitcase inside. She looked around in surprise – this was where they put the new recruits? It looked fancier than some of the 5-star hotels her father had taken her to visit, before he died! The concierge smiled at her, his eyes wandering over her body as she smiled back.

‘You must be one of the new Artemis staff? If you go to the sixth floor, someone is waiting for you. I’ll have to buzz you up.’

She nodded, then walked over to the lift, waiting for the doors to open. She couldn’t believe that they’d accepted her so easily! The pay was good, and the work hadn’t been described at all but couldn’t be *that* bad, and it meant getting away from that bitch at home! This was way nicer than she’d expected. Security seemed odd, but maybe that was a corporate thing? Or just a London thing?

The elevator moved smoothly upwards – there were no indicators to tell who else, if anyone, lived here. There was a device to read cards or something by the door, probably to ensure that people could only get off onto the right floors.

The doors pinged open, revealing a small and luxurious lobby, carpeted and with several potted plants, bright red flowers exuding a heavy scent. An internal door opened – it was thick wood, reinforced with metal inside, metal bolts visible to seal it shut when closed.

Veronica stepped through, smiling at her, metal necklace bright and shiny. ‘Ah, Nora! Glad you could make it. This is part of our facilities, all very new and fresh. Although your accommodation is not the best, I’m sure you’ll find it far nicer than your university accommodation – uni halls tend to be rather dingy, in my experience. You’re be sharing with three others, I hope you’ll get along. This is a very prestigious program, so I hope you will make the most of it. Once you’ve got your documentation processed and proven yourself, then you’ll be able to open some of the doors yourself. Come inside.’

Nora obeyed, stepping through into a narrow hallway – it was similar to her university halls, except the paintwork was all fresh and clean rather than battered and dirty, and there was artwork on the walls, impressionistic swirls showing bowls of fruit and landscapes. All the passageways seemed to be quite short before ending with junctions or doors, making it hard to tell how much internal space was taken up – it was like a maze, with all sorts of un-labelled doors, or sudden turns and then the walls changed color. When she glanced backwards, all she could see was the plain wall of the last junction, making it impossible to tell how far they had come.

‘You have been placed on a very prestigious training course, along with three others. Of course, it is expected that you will uphold nothing but the finest behavior, otherwise there will be consequences.’ They walked past a glass wall, dark on the other side – through it, Nora could dimly make out metallic, mechanical shapes. Was it a gym? That must be shared with the other residents, surely? She tried to check, but it was too dark – she could just about make out straps dangling from the ceiling, heavy-looking objects barely visible, but nothing more than that.

When Veronica stopped, it was so sudden that Nora barely managed to avoid walking into her. It was in front of another internal door, with a keycard reader at just above waist-height.

Veronica bent over awkwardly, and then the door beeped and unlocked. The security here seemed excessive, and a little strange – what was Veronica using to open the door?

‘This will be your accommodation. I’m sure you’ll get used to the layout. Now, if you would like to take that room? Your things should already have been moved in.’ There were six evenly-spaced doors along the hallway, Veronica pointing to one in the middle.

Nora obeyed, pushing it open, to reveal a small and neat bedroom. There was no window, but the bulb shone with a warm solar light, making her feel warm, like sunlight. There was a bed, a desk, a small sink and a mirror, as well as a large wardrobe and a set of drawers. And even a personal shower! It really was like her student accommodation, except *far* more expensive and better made, and not used and abused by generations of students. Her stuff was all piled up in one corner, still in cardboard boxes.

‘The communal spaces are this way. And you can meet your new co-workers.’

Behind Veronica, in her sleek skirt-suit and heels, Nora felt plain and normal, in dull and normal clothing. Did everyone at Artemis spend all their time looking good? Nora knew she was good-looking, but she hadn’t done much makeup today, or put effort into her clothing, just plain jeans and a t-shirt.

She put such thoughts aside as she was led through the apartment. Each of the other doors must be someone else’s bedroom. Another door was open into a luxurious-looking bathroom, with a large bathtub (that looked like it doubled as a jacuzzi!) and a drop-shower, the floor angled to let the water drain away, with a TV screen behind a glass panel. At the end of the passageway was another doorway, Veronica pushing it open to reveal a large, open space. It was something of a relief to be somewhere with a little more open room, the endless passageways and small rooms making Nora feel a little claustrophobic.

This room had several comfortable couches, a massive TV screen, some potted plants in the corner adding a splash of color to the otherwise-overwhelming creamy off-whiteness of everything. There was a dining table with six chairs around it, and past that what looked to be a decent-sized kitchen, everything in there gleaming chrome. On one of the walls were what looked like windows, but from what they were showing (an autumn forest and a beach) they must actually be screens instead.

A woman stepped out of the kitchen – pale-skinned and with auburn-red hair tied into elaborate braids, falling half-way down her back. She was dressed casually as well, making Nora feel less out-of-place, in a black t-shirt with a spiky logo of some band Nora didn’t recognize and tight jeans, showing off nice legs, her sleeves short enough that Nora could see well-developed arm muscles.

‘This is Skye McGowan, one of your colleagues. I believe the two of you are the same age. Both of you will be working together and on the same program. Although...’ She held up her wrist and tapped at her watch. ‘Your immediate superior should be doing this.’ She looked at her watch again, before tapping it – her skirt and jacket were tight enough that any smartphone would be visible, so she must be using a smartwatch.

As she fiddled with that, Nora looked at the other woman – Skye. Her pale skin was lightly dusted with freckles, her lips a bright and vivid red, her braids impressively detailed – she must spend a lot of time just keeping her fiery hair under control! She was looking back at Nora, green eyes meeting Nora’s gaze and smiling back, looking a little nervous, the same as Nora felt.

‘Ah, she was preparing some of the early material for you. Well, I will leave you to Rebecca’s care. Once she gets here.’ Veronica tapped her foot impatiently, the thick carpet absorbing the impacts without a sound, leaving Nora and Skye to stare at each other awkwardly.

Nora heard a sound behind herself and turned to see what she had thought was an ornamental vertical design reveal itself as a door, another woman stepping through. This one was wearing an almost severely-sleek pencil skirt, her blouse closely tailored to her pert breasts, coming up in a high collar, not quite high enough to conceal the metal ring beneath it that encircled her neck. Her dark hair was up in a tight bun, sharp-edged and rimless glasses on her face, making it seem angular and sharp, an effect aided by her hour-glass figure.

She dipped her head at Veronica in a slight curtsey, before turning to look at Nora. Her gaze wasn't hostile, but the glare on her glasses made her seem cold-looking and stern, aided by the pointing stick she was holding in one hand. She looked like some of father's *special* friends, back when they used to visit the house, before he died. Although they had normally been friendlier to her, even the strict-looking ones!

'Good. Now that you are here, if you could see that these two are settled. Rebecca will be your immediate superior, and in charge of you day-to-day. And if you need any discipline or praise, she will be responsible. Now, I have other business to tend to, and so will leave you to Rebecca's care.'

She walked off, tapping at her watch again, probably catching up on e-mails she'd missed. Rebecca flicked her pointing stick through the air with a slight *thwip*, pointing at each of them in turn. She was like a school-mistress, her nylon-clad legs striding forwards.

'As Miss Veronica says, I am Rebecca, and I will be in charge of you while you are here. When you are working, then other, more senior staff members will be in charge of you, but while you are here, then it will be me. To start with, there are some simple rules – you are expected to be here most of the time, although it is quite palatial. There is a gymnasium, a study area and hopefully everything else you need. You have already submitted your dietary requirements, and I will be in charge of your daily feeding and other requirements. That does include clothing, for both of you. Artemis does have a uniform policy – I took the liberty of having a look through what you had sent over, and much of it seems unsuitable.'

Skye colored, creamy skin tinting red, the redness intensifying, until it was almost the same color as her hair. 'You... looked through our things?'

'Simply to ensure that you had bought all the necessities. So that any... gaps can be filled, shall we say.'

Her words made Skye blush even more brightly, cheeks a bright and flaming red, her lips moving without a sound coming out, as her face.

'Do not worry, nothing was taken. And I must compliment your tastes.'

Nora looked between the two of them – what were they talking about? Did Skye have particularly nice clothing? She wasn't dressed *that* stylishly, the piercings in her ears fairly plain. And that certainly didn't seem to be anything to blush about?

'There are two others, but they are not scheduled to arrive until later. The two of you must be hungry. If you would allow me to serve you dinner?'

The polite request was at odds with her strict demeanor, her expression still severe, as she compressed the pointing stick and tucked it up her sleeve.

Skye and Nora looked at each other again, Skye still a brilliant red, the color not fading.

'I'm sure I can prepare something suited to both your tastes. And the two of you can get to know each other a little better. You will be spending quite some time together, after all.'

Rebecca walked into the kitchen, Nora following behind – the kitchen area was large and well-equipped, with a large fridge, a stove, and everything else that was needed. Certainly far

better than her university kitchens! As Rebecca set about slicing ingredients and heating up a pain, Nora started to talk to Skye.

She was (unsurprisingly) Scottish, her accent slipping in a little now she was more relaxed, although it took a while for the reddish tint to leave her skin. She was in a similar position to Nora, having recently graduated university and needing a job, her degree in psychology.

The food that Rebecca cooked was delicious, a vegetable stir-fry, hot and fragrant, the vegetables crisp to bite through, sauces mixing with fluffy rice, although with an odd medicinal aftertaste. Rebecca didn't eat any herself, watching as the two of them ate, seeming happy that they enjoyed it. As soon as they had finished, then Rebecca whisked the plates away, one of the cabinets opening to reveal a pristinely clean dishwasher, putting the plates into it.

'Now, the two of you must be tired. Why don't you both sleep?'

Skye yawned, jaw dropping wide open, Nora feeling suddenly exhausted as well, thoughts foggy all of a sudden. It was an effort to pull herself to her feet, stumbling back to her room, barely aware of Skye somewhere close by.

She got her door open and flopped down, pulling the blanket over herself, still dressed but not caring. She felt a warmth between her legs, hearing as the door shut. Having been at home, with her bitch of a step-mother, had made it more of a challenge to get off! The bed felt warm and cozy, her fingers teasing between her thighs, stroking against her slit, lightly pushing into herself.

Images came to mind, fantasies, blurry at first before getting more concrete – herself over Skye's knees, plaid skirt pulled upwards, her own weight pushing the air from her lungs. A hand slapped down against her butt-flesh, making a sharp slapping sound. She sighed in remembered pleasure, fingering herself more actively, the fantasy blurring so that now she was spanking the red-head, her hand cracking sharply against supple meat, groping at a breast, nibbling the back of the woman's neck. That closeness to someone, of having them at her command, or being commanded by them, made her horny and wet. Skye, down on her knees, that red hair tickling along Nora's legs as she dipped her head, lips brushing against Nora's foot.

Her fingers got faster as she pleased herself more, sliding in and out, the mattress firm beneath her body, using her other hand to stroke her breasts, fumbling beneath her clothing, making an attempt to undress herself, but distracted by the rush of pleasure. To be over someone's knees and spanked, the slap of a hand against her backside! Although she didn't want to have to submit to someone like that, no matter how good it felt. And having the curvy redhead bent over her knee, mmmm...

She kept stroking and touching herself, spreading herself wide and then fingering herself, before coming, hot and wet, then falling into slumber.

Chapter Three: Meet the Competition

The breakfast was lighter than the dinner had been, but still excellent, Rebecca serving up muesli, fruit and yoghurt. Skye's requests for something more substantial were met only with the offer of another apple and Skye's mumbled protest.

Without windows, there was no natural way to tell the time. When Nora checked her phone, she found that it had no reception, Rebecca nodding, and claiming security reasons. Despite that, and the early hour, it was pleasant, Rebecca serving them both food and drink, despite her severe outfit.

'The other two residents will be arriving this evening. Perhaps the two of you should make yourself more presentable before then? Appropriate clothing has arrived. And I'm sure you wouldn't want your first impression to be, well...' She gestured at the two of them – Nora had changed into a baggy old t-shirt and some boy-shirts, Skye not much better in an old black t-shirt so faded that whatever band it was from was now unreadably faded.

Skye made a grab for some more food, Rebecca's pointer flicking out and barely missing the back of her hand, stopping the attempt. 'Maybe later.'

Skye grumbled in response, still eyeing up the bowl of fruit, but rising from her seat, Rebecca smiling. 'Excellent. If you return to your rooms, then I have taken the liberty of laying some clothing out for you. Miss Veronica was kind enough to supply precise measurements, so I'm sure that it will fit. And then there are some company manuals to read.'

She kept looking at them, pointer still in hand, ready for use, as they both returned to their rooms.

As promised, there was an outfit laid out on the bed, which had also been made. Given that Rebecca had only stepped away from the kitchen for a few moments, she moved damn fast! Nora opened up the packaging, finding a tailored skirt-suit inside, black skirt and suit jacket, with a white blouse.

She stripped out of her clothing, had a quick shower, and then dressed herself. The skirt seemed a little short and tight, showing off the lines of her bum, anyone that looked closely probably able to see the lines of her panties beneath. She reached up and yanked them off, changing them for a thong, that less visible. No matter how much she plucked at the hem, it was still shorter than she was comfortable with, the waistband high and snug, the slit just enough to allow some movement. Well, if she was in an office she wouldn't need to move that much, probably.

The blouse was lovely to touch, the material silky-smooth under her fingers, sliding easily over her body, with long sleeves and a high neck, although it seemed to be missing some buttons, without any way to wear it that didn't show off her cleavage. Although that did look good – she admired herself in the mirror, turning to and fro, still plucking at the skirt to try and pull it lower. With her makeup in place, she looked good – although not as dazzling as Caitlyn, still someone that drew the eye. The shoes were smartly-polished, black leather heels, although mercifully only a few inches, something she could manage to walk in.

She stepped back outside, almost stepping into Skye. She was dressed similarly, although with the long-sleeved blouse and suit-jacket, her muscles were less obvious, making her look less powerful. Her lips were freshly reddened, drawing attention to her pale skin, her braids fully styled, twists and ties of hair coiled around each other. She was using one hand to try and hold her blouse shut.

‘I’d put a safety pin through it, but I think that Rebecca’d shove her stick up my ass! Be nice to be a little less on display though.’

Before Nora could respond, they heard a sharp clap of hands coming from the living room, as Rebecca called for them.

They both followed the noise, stepping into the open space, to find Rebecca already there. A thick folder of paperwork was in front of her, stamped with the company logo, along with two laptops, already plugged in and started up.

‘Dull, but it should keep you occupied for a while. And yes, there will be a test. Get started. Your companions should be arriving this evening, and then the four of you have a meet-and-greet event.’

Nora and Skye both groaned, but set to it, starting to work through the reams of documentation, about office policy and all sorts of dull legalese.

Time trickled by, painful and slow, broken only by Rebecca bringing occasional drinks. Until, finally, she returned with two women in tow, both dressed in officewear already. One was an Indian woman, her black hair glossy and bright, a full river flowing over her shoulders, several golden studs visible on her ears, one in her nose, her legs sheathed in tights. Nora glanced down – the woman was wearing lower heels than she was, but was still at least half a head taller!

The other woman was Asian and smaller, brown hair framing a round face, cut to a sharp line at chin level, her breasts small enough that even without all the buttons, her blouse didn’t show excessive cleavage. As if to make up for that, her skirt was shorter, just barely coming to the tops of her thighs, the lace-patterned tops of her stockings clearly visible.

Around each of their necks was a bright wide metal necklace, clearly custom-sized, both with a small black square in the center of the throat. Rebecca was stood behind them – she was wearing impressively high heels, pushing her upwards, but even still, she wasn’t on level with the first woman, as she clapped her hands again.

‘Nora, Skye, I would like to introduce you to the other two people on the course. This is Ishani Ahuja and Aiko Takahashi. I hope all of you will get along.’

Aiko gave a very polite bow, bending at the waist, as Ishani made a more relaxed gesture, dipping her head with a smile.

‘All of you performed excellently on the grading and assessment day.’ Both Aiko and Ishani winced, making Nora feel a little better – at least it hadn’t just been her getting probed and poked by the machine!

‘There is a small social function going on, which you will be attending. While you are representatives of the company, you are simply there to observe and show off the public face of Artemis – do not worry, you do not yet have any duties. However, before then, you need to have your access set. This replaces any sort of ID card, and will allow access to the areas you should be in. If it doesn’t let you in somewhere, then that is because it is somewhere you are not allowed to go – very simple. As you can see, Ishani and Aiko have both already had theirs set up.’

She reached behind herself, into a padded box and pulled out a gleaming double-curve of metal, hinged to snap shut – one of the metal necklaces.

Skye drew back, one hand still holding her blouse shut. ‘Is that necessary? I don’t mind carrying a keycard! Not that I’ve, uh, got anywhere to put it.’ She made a show of patting herself down with one hand, showing that the tight skirt lacked any pockets.

‘Yes. This is far more secure. It will also help us monitor your biometrics and other details. After all, employees are the secret to Artemis’ success, and we wouldn’t want you to come to harm.’

She advanced, holding one out – Nora could see that there was rubber padding around the inside, a powerpack on the back, and some sensor-pads on the inside. She didn’t dare move as Rebecca moved around behind her, a cool hand pushing Nora’s long, blonde hair out of the way, chill metal sliding into place. It was carefully twisted until it was in the right place, and then clicked shut.

It was tight, but not restrictively so, not affecting her breathing, although the weight of it settled onto her collarbone. She tried tugging it, running her fingers along the surface, but couldn’t feel any keyhole or way or removing it, could only just feel a slight line in the surface where the halves met.

‘Now, your turn, Skye.’

Skye looked around nervously, but there was no escape, Rebecca bearing down on her, flicking braids aside, wrapping the metal around the redhead’s neck. Nora could hear Skye’s breath hitching as it snapped into place, one hand holding her blouse shut, the other nervously stroking the collar.

‘Very good. Now that you are attired suitably, if you would follow me? Now remember, you represent the company, so please behave appropriately. Fortunately, the event is in the building, so it’s not far to go.’

The four of them followed along behind Rebecca, not sure where they were being led. At the front door, she had to bend over, almost knocking her backside into Ishani as she bent her neck down against the reader-device, the thing beeping to let them out. Would they have to do that at every day?

Ishani was at the front, her long legs allowing her to keep up with the fast-moving Rebecca, setting a brisk pace despite her high heels. Aiko had to work hard to keep up, her small size a distinct disadvantage. As they walked, Nora couldn’t stop herself running her hand along her necklace, the skin underneath feeling too hot, although it was snug enough that it didn’t feel too uncomfortable.

They were led back through the luxurious passageways, taking turns seemingly at random, before coming to a stairwell, shining marble steps going up and down.

‘Fortunately, it is only two stories up.’

Rebecca managed considerable agility, considering the size of her heels, the spikes stabbing against each step, before she turned and gestured at them to follow. The air filled with echoed tapping sounds as they moved, heels striking stone as they went upwards, past a doorway, and then upwards again, and then Rebecca had to stoop by another door to open it.

As soon as she did so, elegant music wafted out, a string quartet playing. It was a bar, with several dozen people present, the men in tailored suits, the women in expensive dresses. Waistcoated staff circulated, holding trays of drink, the air filled with the scent of cologne and perfume. Around the edge were curtained-off areas, and several other women in office-wear. Now that she was closer, Nora could see some other women that weren’t in evening gowns or

working as wait-staff, instead dressed in similar outfits to her uniform, most chatting with the guests. As she watched, two of them led a guest away into one of the curtained areas.

‘Now then, girls, remember – you are representing Artemis. While a certain amount of friendliness is expected, I do hope that you won’t behave in a way that brings any shame on the company. A businessman looked over at them and smiled, before crooking a finger at Rebecca. She made a happy squeal and started to walk towards him. ‘Now remember girls – make friends and be nice!’

She strode over to him and he put an arm around her waist, squeezing her backside.

They all looked at each other, before Ishani grinned. ‘I like the look of that one.’ She pointed at a young man, probably about their age, with slicked-back hair and no tie, shirt unbuttoned to show part of his chest, a golden necklace catching the light. Before she could make a move, Aiko had moved forward, making a beeline for him. ‘Hey! I saw him first!’ Ishani moved towards him as well as a woman descended on Nora, lightly taking her arm, running nails along it, a haze of perfume enveloping her.

‘Well, aren’t you a delightful thing? Alexandria really is doing her best to attract the best and brightest.’

Nora made herself smile back, some of the awkwardness fading as she was led away, towards a cluster of people. A very handsome waiter handed her a flute of champagne with a smile and then whispered at her. ‘A special one for the new girls. To help you relax.’

She took a sip, letting the conversation flow around her. She could see that Ishani and Aiko were both flirting with the same man, one of his arms around Aiko’s shoulders, Ishani standing so close her breasts were virtually in his face.

A hand brushed against her back, tracing downwards, pushing the material of her suit jacket against her body. The woman pressed closely against her, fingers stroking at her.

‘And a first class degree as well! Alexandria’s been circulating your details already. I’m sure that we’ll all be lining up to hire you once she’s finished your training.’ She cupped Nora’s backside before stepping away, grasping at Nora’s wrist with her hand, pulling her forward. ‘Peter, come and have a look. She’s just what you need!’

She called over a middle-aged man, salt-and-pepper hair accentuating dark cloths and elegant silver jewelry. Nora was starting to feel very warm and fuzzy, clenching her thighs, suppressing the thought of herself over his knee, his firm hand slapping against her buttocks. Her necklace was now feeling very hot and heavy, skin beneath prickling with sweat, and she tried twisting it to relieve herself.

He took her chin in his hand, making her thoughts scatter and swim again, without any hope of coherency, his eyes all she could see, bright and clear brown.

‘Hmm, yes.’ He tilted her head, overpowering her, not that she wanted to resist. Her clothing suddenly felt *very* tight, her thong feeling slightly moist between her legs, blouse rubbing against her nipples, and her necklace far too tight around her neck. ‘I will have to ask Alexandria what your rates are. Although she’s very busy these days – I imagine you’ve not yet had the pleasure of meeting her? Well, I say pleasure... It would be for me, but you are submissive to her, which would likely change it somewhat. She can be a little harsh with her subordinates, at least those that don’t jump when she cracks the whip.’

‘Mpphhhh...’ It was hard to think, his fingers strong on her cheeks, warmth blossoming between her thighs. Why was she so damn horny? She mumbled something, the man still smiling at her. The woman was suddenly behind her, pressing tightly against her again, Nora’s

body now fever-hot. A hand cupped her breasts, lightly kneading her skin, sliding beneath her jacket and the buttons of the blouse.

She felt something against her leg, realizing that it was the man's penis, swelling against his trousers and pressing against her. She tensed her thighs – she'd never had an erect cock so close! She squirmed her thighs again, her thong suddenly seeming to stick between her thighs.

'I, um... Mmmmm...'

The woman nibbled her ear, sending a thrill of pleasure through Nora. She knew she should struggle and push them away, but it felt so good, her head feeling light and fluffy. Her hands fell limply by her sides, the woman holding her up, firm and strong.

'Such a delicate constitution!' Another hand had somehow found its way up beneath her blouse, nails scratching down her back, making her shiver, as the man kissed her on the lips. She could taste champagne and cologne, feeling his cock press against her leg, feeling wetness slowly blossom between her thighs.

When he pulled back, it made Nora feel cold, before blood rushed to her cheeks in an all-consuming flush, partially cutting through her daze before a female voice spoke, soft but commanding. She managed to focus, seeing the speaker – a woman with red hair, not quite as bright as Skye's, dressed in a sleek evening dress, her neck bound around with a collar, complete with a ring on the front. She curtsied, but didn't drop her gaze, before turning to Nora.

'I am Alicia, Miss Hunt's... *assistant*.' She turned to the man. 'Thank you for your interest, but this one is not yet ready, and has barely begun her training.' She flicked her hand at the woman's, batting it away from where it had nestled against Nora's skin, the hand also retreating from up her back. Her knees quivered as she was suddenly without support, before the newcomer wrapped an arm around her waist to hold her up.

'I suppose it must be a little overwhelming.'

She could barely support her head, senses reeling, hoping that no-one else would notice the slickness creeping between her thighs.

'Shhhh, don't worry. Let me take you somewhere to lay down. *Without* company.' She turned to glare at the other two. 'When her training is complete, then you will be informed. Although Skye is also on the training program – perhaps you should make her acquaintance?' She crooked her fingers to gesture Skye over from the buffet table, guiltily devouring a prawn. 'We hope Skye will be a successful addition. Please, entertain her, while I ensure that Nora here is allowed her rest.'

Nora was now only standing with Alicia's help, her legs slow to move, the champagne having gone straight to her head, resisting the urge to giggle. Both the guests descended on Skye, hemming her in and feeling at her body, as Nora let herself be walked away. Alicia made soothing sounds, almost a lullaby, careful to move slowly so that Nora could keep up.

They walked past Ishani and Aiko, with Aiko now virtually in the man's lap, pressed up close against him, Ishani on the other side, her hand rolling between his thighs, cock-bulge visible as she whispered something into his ear.

'In here, Nora. Somewhere quiet and dark for you to rest.' She was led into one of the curtained-off areas, an alcove with comfortable seats surrounding a table. 'Lay down there, and I will collect you later.'

Nora tried to protest, but the woman simply pushed her into place, and she fell on her back against the cushioned seat.

'Don't worry, everyone here is far too sensible to risk any upset – you are quite safe. Now rest, little Nora, as you will need your strength.'

She made a vague grumble-grunt, but couldn't form anything more coherent, head still spinning. As soon as she closed her eyes, the half-light of the alcove and the gentle music and chatter from outside soothed her, as she fell into a doze.

Chapter Four: The First Test

Nora's sleep was heavy and warm, her body and mind feeling rested when she slowly drifted back into wakefulness. She could feel soft blankets wrapped around her body, keeping her comfy and safe, thought only slowly returning as she more fully awoke, finding herself back in her room. There was a knock on the door, before Rebecca entered, pristine in her tight office-wear, stockinged legs taut atop her high heels.

'Good morning, Nora. You certainly have slept well! I suppose last night must have been quite overwhelming.'

'Mph.' Nora mumbled, slowly rousing herself, noticing a bright red love bite on the woman's neck, just above her necklace.

'You need to rouse yourself, for your first real day. The others are already prepared, and you wouldn't want to be late. Now, eat this, and then go and get dressed. And remember that you need to be presentable at all times!'

She was holding a tray which she pushed towards Nora, little legs dropping down so that it sat on the bed above her. There was a large bowl full of... was it porridge? It was a thick-looking creamy paste, slightly steaming, with a spoon already stuck into it. Nora took a spoonful – it was blandly sweet, but warm and somehow filling.

'Very good. Please be swift.'

She wanted to go back to bed, but obeyed, wolfing down the food, then putting the tray aside. Her own private shower! She'd never had that at home, and definitely not at university. The water was warm and it even had all the toiletries supplied, so it was easy to clean herself up. The metal ring was still around her neck though – she couldn't remove it, trying to wash beneath it, and then using a flannel to dry underneath. There didn't seem to be any soreness at least, the thing fitting well.

Remembering Rebecca's words, she even took the time to apply makeup, finding that someone had cleaned her face before she slept. Probably Rebecca – she was like a dorm mother, looking after all of them!

In the wardrobe and the chest of drawers was fresh clothing – all office-wear, and she pulled out another tight pencil-skirt and a sleek blouse, dressing herself, still trying to pull the hem down, just a little, without success. And then heels, straps going around her ankles to keep them in place – she didn't feel like tights or stockings today.

Once she was dressed, she left her room, heading to the main room, to find everyone else already waiting for her. They were all in the same outfits, adjusted to each of their builds, although Ishani's golden jewelry stood out. Ishani and Aiko were stood apart from each other, Skye looking at one of the screen-windows, tapping on it to change the image, before Rebecca emerged from the kitchen.

'Very good. You have your own special training room. Follow me. Now, this course is a little... unconventional. However, Miss Hunt has been working to train people such as yourselves for many years. Once you complete the program, then you will be very desirable employees. Some breakfast for you, Nora, and then we can begin.'

She handed over a bowl of... gruel? Porridge? Some form of thick paste, steaming, with a spoon already in it. Although it smelled sweet, and tasted better than she expected, sweet, like caramel. She wolfed it down, keenly aware of everyone watching, before putting the empty bowl on the side.

Rebecca walked towards a passageway in the wall, gesturing at the others to follow her. Lights flickered on as she advanced, illuminating the darkness – it was noticeably less polished than the main rooms, the paint needing another going over, with bundles of wires running along the wall, as well as pipes. It was probably quicker than going back out into the maze of short passageways and unlabeled doors though!

Their heels all clattered noisily against the concrete floor, with Ishani taking the light, Skye looking around more nervously, until Aiko pushed into her from behind, forcing her forward. They pressed onwards, passing several service hatches before Rebecca bent over in the standard position to allow her collar to be read, opening up a doorway.

‘In here. It is time to being testing your skills.’

The room was actually just a narrow walkway, with booths on either side, dark metal paneling looking faintly ominous, only lit by strip lights on the ceiling. Fat cables were untidily sprawled over the floor, Rebecca having to carefully pick her way over them, trying not to catch her heels.

‘Now, each of you will be working in a separate room, but you will still be able to communicate. This is intended to assess your basic starting point for skills.’ Rebecca opened up one of the panels – it hinged upwards, but there wasn’t enough space for it to do so fully. ‘Aiko, if you would kindly step inside this one. Ishani, you take that one, and Skye and Nora, you can take the opposite pair. I will be close by in case anything untoward should occur.’

That didn’t sound hugely reassuring, but Nora obeyed, fumbling at the hatch until she found a clasp and opening it up.

Inside was a desk, a keyboard and mouse beneath it, raised up so she would have to stand to be able to type. As soon as she was inside, the door shut behind her, a click echoing through the enclosed space. Great, now she was probably locked in. Well, she may as well see what she needed to do.

As well as the mouse and keyboard (the keyboard securely mounted onto the desk), there was a pair of cuffs, on sturdy stretch-bands. On the screen was a simplified animation, showing the cuffs being wrapped around an ankle. When she looked down, she could see that there was another pair of the things beneath the desk.

She obeyed, wrapping the rubbery material around her ankles. She could feel it tighten into place, wires strung through padded rubber, with stretchy rubber material firmly connecting her into the desk unit. A pulse-rate showed on the screen, as it started to read her vitals, the thing around her neck making a beeping noise as it calibrated itself. When she did the same with her wrists, it made a satisfied sound. The screen changed, to show an arrow putting into an ear – a small slot on the wall opened, a pair of earbuds rattling out. They had an outer ring to hook over the top of her ear, making sure they couldn’t fall out.

She slid them in, the buds pushing against the inside of her ears, blanking out any surrounding noise – when she tried clattering the keys, she couldn’t hear a thing, although she could feel the impacts through her fingers.

Nora tried pulling on the cords – they had some stretch in them, but the elastic was tight, taking effort to pull back any further than just what was needed to reach the keyboard. She

couldn't step away either, her heels making it impossible to plant her feet securely enough to not get yanked about. Were they worried about people running away? It seemed a bit excessive.

More instructions flashed up on screen, some basic typing exercises. Her fingers flashed over the keys, following the instructions, typing in the requested sentences as fast as she could, trying not to make any mistakes. The words got faster, making it harder to keep up and do it accurately. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see her vitals, green and red lines beeping as they flicked back and forth. Next to them she could see scores – hers ticked up as she completed a sequence of text. But everyone else was ahead – Aiko by a long way!

A little lightning bolt icon flashed up next to her name, flashing faster and faster. She managed to finish another sentence, and it slowed, but only for a second as Aiko worked further ahead. Her fingers must be tapping away ultra-fast!

Nora took a moment to collect herself, as the lightning-bolt icon flashed into continual existence. She heard a beep, and then pain flared around her neck, a short and sharp electrical burst slamming into her. Her whole body tensed up, the breath blasting from her lungs, her vision going white, sensations of pain flickering through her spine, everything else vague.

The bands on her wrists dragged her towards the desk, pulling her forward and stopping her from falling over. Her jaw was painfully tight, only slowly relaxing as the pain of the shock faded. She tried pulling away, but the cords and bands were too tight, keeping her close. She couldn't manage to talk, her tongue fat and numb as she bumbled. The other girl's scores were still ticking up as she took in a deep breath, trying to figure out what her happened. When she tried to raise a hand to the metal around her neck, she found that the cords were too tight, meaning she couldn't even reach her own neck!

The lightning icon started to flash faster again, her fingers spasming as she tried to start typing. Ishani had the closest score to her own, the upwards rate slowing – was she getting lazy, or had she been jolted as well?

She managed to force her fingers to move, striking down on the keys as fast as she could, trying to increase her score above Ishani's. She could do this! Her fingers fumbled over the keys, hitting out the letters as indicated. She was close to Ishani, just a few hundred points behind! As she managed to pass her score, her name slid upwards, Ishani dropping to the bottom.

She kept going, wanting to put as much of a gap between herself and Ishani. The lightning icon was now by the other woman's name, blinking faster and faster before there was a snapping whine. Nora winced in anticipation of pain, but didn't get shocked herself. Instead, she heard a loud exclamation of pain, a half-heard swear-word, followed by another shock. An angry red "X" flashed onto screen. As Ishani swore again, there was another zap, the "X" appearing again. All Nora could hear was a soft whimper from Ishani, apparently able to control herself enough to not swear again.

Nora managed to keep her lead, hearing Ishani grunt in pain from more shocks each time the lightning icon came back, her score now so far behind there was no way to catch up. The screen faded to black except for the scores – Nora could hear the sounds of the others, Ishani's slightly pained breathing, Skye muttering softly under her breath, Aiko tapping her keys. Nora tried to stretch, but couldn't move enough, couldn't even get her hands off the desk.

'Are we done now?' Her voice echoed back at herself, coming back a moment later as it came back through the speakers. Rebecca's voice came back, light and cheerful.

'Not yet. There's several more tests before lunch!'

Easy for her to say! It was math problems now, starting with some basic ones. Scores immediately started up, as something whirred behind Nora. She didn't dare look away from the screen, but felt something lightly press against her buttocks. Was it a seat? She tried leaning back a little, letting it take her weight, but it swung backwards, apparently hinged.

This time, Aiko was trailing, apparently not good at mathematics, Ishani and Skye roughly equal. Nora was holding her own, before making a mistake. Her collar buzzed, but didn't shock her, and she relaxed.

A hard object slapped against her backside, hard enough to make her yelp, Aiko's own exclamation of pain coming through the speakers. Nora managed to twist in position enough to see what had happened – there was a plastic paddle behind her, in line with her buttocks, capable of swinging back and forth. It ratcheted backwards and then slammed forward, smashing into her backside. It hurt, but it was making her feel good, her body warming up, wetness starting between her thighs. She would have to work harder! It was already swinging backwards for another strike when she turned back to the questions, as Aiko made a sound of pain.

Nora tried to straighten up, to prevent the paddle hitting the same spot. There was a motorized whir, the paddle moving up to keep itself in line. There didn't seem to be any escape, but at least she could focus on the problems, trying to keep with up Skye, who was slowly falling behind Ishani. But now she was ahead of Aiko, the next spank less brutal against her ass-cheeks. Her skirt was scant protection, the material so thin that she took the full force of the strike against her backside. Although Aiko sounded as though she were getting it worse, the *crack* of plastic on meat loud enough to make Nora wince.

She almost wanted to fail, to let the paddle hit her harder, memories of being over someone's knee and feeling their hands striking her flesh, fingers kneading her ass-meat. But she managed to make herself focus and concentrate, trying to remember the order of operations for division and multiplication. It didn't seem fair that she was getting punished in both sets of tests though! Why couldn't they test her on something she was good at? Motorbiking or stamina maybe? With every key-strike, she tensed up, awaiting the strike of the paddle if she missed up.

As the questions got harder, even Ishani was making some mistakes, making annoyed-sounding grunts of pain. Aiko had stopped even trying, to judge by her score, although that seemed to earn her more spanks, her sounds of pain getting louder. From the amount of sound she was making, she must be enduring an almost constant succession of spanks, her ass probably red by now! That thought was distracting by itself, and she fumbled an answer, earning herself a harsh slap of her own, making her even more turned on. She didn't like it, the feeling of arousal in such a restricted place, with the cuffs in place, holding her in place, but it was hard to ignore her own lust.

'You should all try and improve your posture and stand up straight, shoulders back. You especially, Ishani, hold your head high. And don't bite your nails, Skye!'

A succession of slaps and yelps sounded out as the paddles activated, slapping forward in turn, their yelps running together.

'Is this necessary?' Skye's voice was part-groan as she asked the question. There was an electric zap, her collar having activated, as Rebecca answered, her voice soothing.

'It is needed to get an initial assessment of skills. And you have done well, Skye. All four of you have exceeded expectations, and earned yourself a night out. I'm sure you would like to enjoy the pleasures of London?'

‘Not if my ass hurts!’ That was Aiko, sounding peevish, before getting spanked again and whimpering.

‘I will rub in a soothing cream – it will soon heal. Although you may wish to wear a lighter skirt tonight. Now, there are more tests, please prepare yourselves. And ensure you are fully refreshed.’

A panel opened, revealing a cup full of steaming paste. Nora could just about reach it, raising it to her lips – a chocolately paste, hot and strangely filling. As soon as she drank it, her brain seemed a little duller, the commands easier to follow, as more prompts flashed on screen. When she got something wrong, then the stings of pain seemed lessened, the spansks not quite as sharp. She could still feel the warmth building between her thighs though, having to tense them, wanting nothing more than touch herself and get off.

Chapter Five: Girl's Night Out

Nora tried not to stare as Ishani went to the bar, her long dress tight against her plump buttocks, a deep scoop showing off the smooth brown skin of her back, stockings sheathing her legs, at least what could be seen from the high thigh-slit. As she walked across the room, she was drawing obvious attention from the other customers, most of it in lust or jealousy. Skye and Aiko were drawing looks as well – Aiko was wearing a tight mini-dress, although had to keep wriggling, probably from the pain of her spank-marked buttocks, while Skye was wearing a gauzy top, showing off her skin, and a miniskirt, her outfit showing off her toned belly. At the top of her spine, partially hidden beneath her hair was a tattoo, an ornate Celtic knot.

Nora looked down at her own outfit – she didn't normally have to dress up fancy, but Rebecca had helped, providing her with a nice evening dress, tight at the breasts and slit at one thigh, complete with stockings to showcase her legs and shiny black stilettos. She touched her neck – the metal band was still there, slightly restricting the movement of her neck if she tried to turn it around. Ishani somehow made it seem chic, her long neck naturally suited to it. It didn't suit Aiko quite as much, the same width of metal encompassing her entire neck.

It didn't take long for Ishani to return, her hands empty, looking slightly confused. When she went to sit down, she winced, trying to use her arms to support herself and take some of the weight of her buttocks.

'They said it's on the house, and they'd bring them over.'

Skye stretched herself out in a decidedly un-ladylike position, arms behind her head, clothing drawing tightly around her body. 'Nice! Guess that's a bonus of working for a fancy company. A fancy night out at a fancy bar! And lots of good looking people.' As she cast her eyes around the bar, Nora couldn't tell if she was eyeing up the men, women or both, but everyone here looked good, and wealthy as well, cufflinks and jewelry shining.

Ishani slid her hand beneath Aiko's backside and pinched, making Aiko squeak in pain, Ishani smiling as Aiko tried to wriggle away. 'Don't do that!'

'Your cute little butt sore? Not much meat there.'

Aiko moved to try and pinch her back, as Ishani grabbed Aiko's wrists, easily overpowering the smaller woman, dragging her into an almost-hug, Aiko's head between Ishani's breasts. 'Let me go!' She wriggled around, face reddening as she struggled, Skye chuckling.

'Remember not to do anything that might bring shame upon the name of Artemis!' She changed her stance, sitting up rigidly, imitating Rebecca's poise. 'Otherwise our dorm mistress might have something to say. And I'd like to have some *actual* food again, rather than paste. That stuff tastes OK, but I prefer actual, real food. And drink!'

A woman was approaching with a tray held on a bent-back wrist. Her black dress was so tight that Nora could see the cleft of her navel, a thin golden chain around her waist, chunky golden bracelets on each wrist.

'Compliments of the house.' She put a pint in front of Skye, wine-glasses in front of Aiko and Ishani, and a glass of coke in front of Nora. 'We'll keep an eye on you here. We get quite a few of the Artemis girls in here. They're always very popular. I'm sure you'll be able to find

some friends. You're lucky, none of the execs are in today. That can make things awkward! Let me know if you need anything else, or want to call you a cab when you're done.'

Skye picked up her beer and began necking it, chugging it down, draining off half the pint at once. Aiko and Ishani were both looking at her in distaste before Ishani spoke, still holding Aiko in place. 'Definitely do not do that in front of Rebecca, I think she would be somewhat displeased. We are meant to represent the grace of Artemis, after all! Although that is a lot easier with all the clothing they supply. I could never hope to dress like this normally! I guess that's the same for you?' She pulled Aiko closer, running a hand down the other woman's back, feeling the soft material. 'Nice!'

'Let me go!' Aiko managed to wriggle herself out of Ishani's grasp, before groping at her breasts, her small hands sinking into the flesh. 'These things really?'

'One hundred percent. I guess you must look good in a schoolgirl outfit.'

'Don't bloody start! That's just trashy. I don't need to appeal to creeps to look good.' She managed to shift herself away from Ishani. 'I just want to find some nice rich guy! Like him.' She nodded her head at a man sat by himself, quietly sipping from a glass of wine, the bottle next to him. 'That's a Chateau Lafite!' Ishani immediately looked interested as well, ignoring Aiko groping her breasts again.

'Really? Maybe he wants some company?' She managed to rise, despite Aiko still having a hold of her. She leaned over in front of Nora, showing off her cleavage, tossing her hair. 'He's pretty hot.'

'I saw him first!' The two of them both started to walk towards him, nudging each other with elbows to try to be at the front.

'Those two are lively.' Skye had already finished her pint, the waitress bringing another. 'Don't know if they're flirting with each other or what. I don't think Rebecca would approve of such fraternization!' She turned to look at the waitress as she left, eyeing up the woman's ass with a smile. 'I don't want to get in any trouble. Have you seen the boss? She looks scary, wouldn't want to get chewed out by her.'

'Well, I suppose we'll just have to be good. And manage the training.'

A foot tapped against Nora's leg, Skye smiling at her. 'Those two look like they're going to be busy for a while.' Ishani and Aiko were now sat on either side of the man, their bodies pressed against his, Aiko's hand between his legs. The foot moved upwards, as Nora took a big gulp of her own drink, which seemed to be a very generous double vodka in the coke.

'I could get used to this. Lots of rich eye-candy. Can't believe this is all for free – thought we'd be doing more shitty work in a cubicle farm.' Her foot traced up Nora's leg, tapping against her thigh as Skye smiled at her. 'We can always entertain ourselves. Not sure if it's a good idea to be doing more, if the higher-ups come here. Would be awkward to be making out like that in front of your boss!' Her accent was starting to change, a Scottish lilt entering her voice.

The drink was hitting hard, making Nora feel flushed and hot, the vodka settling in her stomach, sugar making her feel hyper and slightly twitchy. Was Skye hitting on her? She glanced over at the other two – Aiko was virtually giving the man a hand-job through his trousers, as Ishani kissed him, using his tie to pull him towards herself. They looked like they might be busy for a while! And Skye seemed to know what she was doing, Nora parting her legs to let the foot stroke against her thighs. Maybe this wouldn't be too bad? Skye at least seemed friendly, and was leaning in close, her breath soft and warm against Nora's face...

She woke up, her head feeling fuzzy, her tongue thick and fat, feeling warm and soft, wrapped up in her blankets. The lights had come on, filling the room with fake sunlight, pushing her into wakefulness. She was still partially dressed, in her fancy lingerie, and could see her dress discarded in one corner. She wriggled in happy emptiness, although the metal was still tight around her neck.

There was a knock on the door. 'Nora? Would you please dress yourself, there is something that you need to see.' It was Rebecca, her voice sound strict and annoyed.

'Mph?' What time was it? In the fake sunlight, it was impossible to tell, although she felt quite rested, except for the slight tinge of a hangover.

'Please dress yourself, Nora.'

'Um, OK?'

She managed to pull herself out of the soft and all-enveloping warmth of the bed, trying to remember what had happened last night. Skye had been flirting with her – how far had that gone? Her memories were fuzzy, but she could remember the woman's breasts, the warmth of her body, and more drinks, before the nice waitress had called for a taxi to bring them all back.

She got up, feeling fuzzy and slightly grimy, having the quickest shower she could before getting dressed – it was quicker to pull out another set of business clothing, pulling on the tight skirt and blouse, not bothering with underwear, quickly brushing her hair into some form of order.

When she stepped outside, she heard a strange whimper coming from the main room. Behind her, another door opened, Skye stepping out. She was dressed for work as well, although hadn't done her hair fully, most of it in a glorious tumble of red, with just a few ordered braids amidst the chaos. Her eyes were still dozy and full of sleep as she yawned, smiling at Nora.

'What's she want? I was sleeping?'

Nora shrugged, still sleepy herself, before turning and walking out into the main, then suddenly stopping in shock

Ishani and Aiko were both there, suspended by their wrists from the ceiling, forced to stand on tip-toes on wooden blocks, emphasizing the difference in height. Both were gagged, fat black rubber balls strapped into their mouths, dribble sliming its way down their naked bodies.

Ishani tried to talk, lifting her head, and Nora could see that there was a metal chain between her breasts, clamps on each nipple biting into flesh.

'Ah, good, there are you. Just because it's your day off is no excuse to relax! Although it is to your credit that you have dressed yourself properly. Skye, sadly, needed a little lesson – she couldn't make it back to her last night. Although not quite so much as these two.'

Rebecca's pointer sliced the air before slapping against Ishani's backside, and then Aiko's, making her lift her head and squeal. Nora could see her try and tense her body, but she had to stay stretched out on tip-toes, legs taut, body tight, or else face being suspended by just her wrists. Skye was slumped face-down on the couch, jeans pulled down to her ankles, her wrists cable-tied behind her back. Her crotch was covered in something shiny and metallic, dribble having pooled on the couch from her mouth.

'These two went beyond permissible boundaries last night. While being friendly is acceptable, they went somewhat beyond that, and so risked putting the company name into an ill light.' She stepped to the side of the two women, using the pointer to lift up Ishani's tit-chain and then letting it drop, the changing weight making Ishani squeal. 'You and Skye really should have intervened to stop them. Although you are new, and so some errors are permissible. However, these two need to be punished.'

As Nora looked more closely, she could see that both their bodies were marked up with welts, Rebecca not having spared them with slashes of her pointer. Skye pressed close against her from behind, breasts soft and warm as she tried to look past Nora.

Aiko tried to protest, but couldn't speak through the gag, just creating a thicker flow of spit down her chest, metal chinking as she shook her wrists. Ishani shifted her balance, trying to balance the strain between her legs, her shaved slit glistening, toned thighs tight, as the pointer came up between her legs, pushing into her.

'Now, the two of them have been naughty, and so steps need to be taken to ensure they don't repeat such actions.' The stick slid back and forth, making Ishani twist and squeal, spit bubbling around her gag, thick black braid jiggling around. 'Nora, please assist me. If you could bring that over.'

Nora looked where she was pointing – on one of the couches was a plastic crate, securely sealed, and lighter than it looked. Nora obeyed and brought it over, as Rebecca continued to slide the stick back and forth, her other hand tickling and teasing down Ishani's belly, ignoring her protests.

'Very good. Open it up.'

Nora fumbled with the catches on the plastic crate until she got it open. Inside, it was full of foam padding, holding four metal... belts? Each had a nametag attached, and Nora found Ishani's. It looked like underwear, sort of? A metal waist-band, with a narrow plate coming downwards and a thinner wire behind it, like a thing.

'Excellent.' Rebecca took it from Nora, unclipping the belt and starting to wrap it around Ishani's waist. It was a snug fit, lightly impressing itself onto Ishani's skin. The braid flicked about again as Ishani tried to protest, squeaking from behind her gag, but Rebecca ignored her, bringing the rest of the metal into place, pressing tightly against the woman's body, locking shut with a firm "click". The lower parts covered up her pussy, more metal running between her plush buttocks, pushing them aside to display Ishani's butthole.

'That should prevent you doing anything without permission. And now you, Aiko. While getting friendly with clients is encouraged, there are limits!'

Aiko was shaking her head, trying to retreat, accidentally stepping off the blocks, suddenly dangling from her wrists, legs flailing, all her weight on soft skin, metal biting into flesh. Rebecca didn't care, instead taking the metal belt and snapping it into place.

'Now for this one to be sealed.'

Rebecca found the appropriate belt and held it up for Aiko to look out. Her eyes were wide and pleading, but she couldn't move other than to shake her hands and head, before the belt was locked into place. This close, Nora could see that it had a power-pack, and a small nub that would go into the vagina. Rebecca gently stroked at Aiko's crotch before wrapping the crotch-panel into place.

'Mmmpphhh!' Aiko tried to protest, but Rebecca just pinched one of her nipples, nails crushing sensitive flesh, holding it there until Aiko stopped making a sound, her head dropping low in submission.

'Now that those two are dealt with, you as well. While you went quite as naughty as they were, Artemis still needs to protect its investments. Now, I hope you won't resist?'

Skye mumbled from her place on the couch, wrists straining at the cable-tie, starting to wake up.

‘Skye will, sadly, have to forgo her fun little toys for a while. But she should be able to focus on her work more. That goes for you as well - once you’ve proven yourself fully, then you will be allowed greater control. Until then, this is needed. Nora, please belt yourself.’

Nora looked down at the crate, now with just one belts inside, one with her name attached on a plastic tag. She picked it up, the thing seeming heavier than it should be, her hand tense.

‘Do I have to?’

Rebecca smiled at her. ‘Oh yes. I’m sure you’ll be a good girl and be allowed to remove it soon. Please don’t make this any harder than it needs to be. Unless you’d like me to punish you?’ She flicked the pointer up, against Nora’s chin, forcing her to lift her chin and meet her eyes. The thin plastic was still warm from being used on Ishani and Aiko, pressure strong against her skin. The metal felt strong and unbreakable in her hand – if she put it on, then what?

The pointer retracted before snapping back, flicking against Nora’s cheek, a little sting of pain. Nora unzipped her skirt, letting it drop to her ankles, as Rebecca smiled at her approvingly. ‘Good girl.’

The metal was cold against her body, the waist-band pinching at her flesh, slightly too tight. The crotch-band pushed her buttocks apart, unyielding metal re-shaping her body, the front-panel snug, something pushing into her. Having it locked around her body was strange – it locked away a part of herself, putting it beyond reach.

Rebecca cooed in approval. ‘Good girl! Obedience does make this so much easier. And you will gets used to it.’

Something inside, slightly soft and squidgy, was inside of her, parting her lower lips. She shook the belt, running her fingers over it – there was no lock that she could find with her fingers, no obvious way to ever get the thing off.

Rebecca hugged her, body soft and warm, although Nora could feel a rigidity in her clothing, her top almost a corset, and of course the metal around the woman’s neck and wrists. Rebecca stroked Nora’s head, helping to relax and soothe her.

Chapter Six: Contractual Limitations

The screen flashed up with text, Nora doing her best to keep up. The heels seemed higher than before, forcing her to lean forward, her balance off, her wrists shackled to the desk. And every time she tensed her thighs, she could feel the metal of the chastity belt between her thighs, running between her buttocks, jerking her out of her flow. But she did what she could to keep up, not wanting to fall behind, everyone's scores roughly equal. The lightning icon started to flash as the system got close to the judgement point, and Nora redoubled her efforts, not wanting to earn herself the pain.

It flashed and she tensed, but wasn't the one shocked – there was a yelp from Aiko, followed by a smug chuckle from Ishani, and a growl from Aiko. Nora let out a long breath, glad not to have been zapped. Her typing speed had certainly improved, but the collar around her neck seemed to be getting heavier, and the belt around her crotch was even worse! It wasn't that uncomfortable, but not being able to touch herself, having her pussy sealed away behind the metal... She forced her thoughts away from that, focusing on the typing. Sealed into the examination rooms, it was impossible to tell how long they'd been going for, the only sign of time passing the slowly-growing tiredness in her legs, from being forced to stand in place in the heels. How long would it be until Rebecca let them out for lunch? Or dinner? There wasn't any actual daylight to tell time by, just the lights of the rooms, brightening and dimming *probably* in synch with real time.

The lightning icon began flashing again, faster and faster, Nora steeling herself for the shock, in case she fell behind. Her fingers were starting to ache from hitting the keys so often, unused to doing this much typing. It flashed, and this time it was Skye that yelped in pain, followed by a metal thud and a curse-word.

The screens went blank, the cords linking the cuffs to the walls detaching themselves, Nora taking a moment to stretch now that she could move properly. The cubicle door slid open, before heels tapped against metal floors, echoing around the small space.

'You need to work better, Aiko!' Ishani was annoyingly smug, having been shocked the least times, laying her hands on the smaller woman's shoulders, grabbing and pulling her backwards into her own breasts. Aiko tried pulling away but lacked the strength, instead sinking her hand into one breast and squeezing, compressing the flesh and making Ishani shiver in pleasure.

'Get off me!' She kept wriggling around, unable to escape, as Skye stepped out of her cubicle. Her blouse was done up to the top button, although it was tight enough that her breasts were still clearly outlined, her pale skin visible in the gaps between buttons. She turned and kicked the metal walls again, the toes of the high-heeled shoes not well suited to it, as she struggled to keep her balance, cursing again.

Footsteps echoed down the passageway as Rebecca stepped into sight, wearing her own immaculate skirt-suit, her heels at least an inch higher than everyone else's, smiling brightly at them.

'Very good, girls! Now, come this way, and we can have lunch.'

Skye pushed past her, stomping her way out of the training room, muttering under her breath, Rebecca watching her go, before speaking quietly to the rest of them.

‘I think she may need something of an attitude adjustment. I had hoped that I wouldn’t need to escalate, but it seems warranted.’ There was the echo of a heavily-accented profanity coming from the dark passageway, the exit probably locked. ‘And her language really does need some refinement. Time for an object lesson.’

Aiko managed to wriggle her way out from between Ishani’s breasts, slightly red-faced from having to fight out of the larger woman’s grasp, pulling away and standing behind Rebecca, Ishani smiling at her.

‘She’s been very grumpy recently.’

‘Yes, I suspect she doesn’t like the belts, and is used to being able to pleasure herself whenever she wants to. Well, that changes today. Ishani, if you could stay close to her and catch her. Now, follow me.’

She strode off down the passageway, skirt tight around her buttocks, everyone following behind. It was a struggle to keep up in the heels, Nora still trying to get used to walking in them at all, never mind at speed!

When they reached the exit, Skye was already there, pacing back and forth, red braids flicking about. Rebecca stooped in front of the sensor, thrusting her ass towards Nora who had to step back, and then the door opened, the brighter light of the apartment proper flooding in. Skye stomped towards the kitchen, making no attempt to move properly in her own heels.

Rebecca sighed before speaking. ‘Skye, I think you need some corrective measures.’

She had only half-turned before Rebecca tapped one of her cuffs, an audible zap sounding out, Skye staggering. Ishani darted forward, managing to catch Skye before she crashed to the ground, supporting her twitching body. An angry growl sounded out, Skye recovering herself before Rebecca shocked her again.

‘Now, I can appreciate a certain frustration, but you will need to learn to cooperate. And such foul language is simply not permitted.’

Ishani got her in a tight hug, as Skye juddered again, a trickle of drool sliding from one corner of her mouth, eyes cloudy. Rebecca, her posture still perfect, strode past them into the kitchen, opening a cabinet and pulling out a shiny black panel on a strap.

‘This will be a little uncomfortable to start with, but I’m sure you will acclimatize soon.’

When she held it up, Nora could see that it was a panel gag, with a prong that would fill up the mouth of the wearer, the company logo stamped onto the front. Skye managed to grunt out a protest, closing her mouth tightly, still too weak to break free of Ishani’s grip. Ishani shifted her grip, taking a firm hold of Skye’s chin and squeezing, trying to force the woman’s mouth open. Skye’s eyes were flashing as she tried to control her body, Nora and Aiko staying clear.

‘Do be a good girl. Otherwise the punishments will be far worse.’ Rebecca pushed the prong against Skye’s lips, slowly forcing it inside, Ishani helping. When the gag was in place, it completely sealed the woman’s mouth, Rebecca swiftly locking straps into place, solid metal blocks standing out against the bright red hair.

Rebecca smiled brightly. ‘Good girl. Now, that will limit your speech options, but it will be removed when you are calmer. And also means no food until later.’ Skye growled, before her collar zapped her again, making her whimper instead. ‘If you will insist on struggling, then other tools can be deployed.’

‘Yes. No.’ Words sounded out from Skye’s mouth, in a flat and electronic monotone, her eyes going wide. ‘No. Yes. No. No. No. Yes. Yes.’

‘As you can see, your speech options are now limited. If your behavior improves, then you will be granted more words and phrases, or the gag will be removed entirely. But that must be earned.’

A pathetic warbling whimper came from behind the gag, Skye trying to make her arms move. Nora felt along her own collar again, wishing that she could remove it somehow, not wanting to ever get shocked like that herself. Or to have her own mouth sealed and plugged!

‘Now, Skye and Ishani, down on all fours. As Nora and Aiko got the highest results, they will be eating first, and using you two as seats.’

Ishani opened her mouth to protest, before shutting it, letting Skye go. She dropped to the floor, making her back as straight as possible, her skirt riding up to show off her stocking-clad legs, hands and knees on the floor.

Skye was slower to obey, her body still not entirely obeying her commands, her posture not as firm or as confident as Ishani’s.

Rebecca gestured at the two women on the floor. ‘Nora, Aiko, you may be seated, while I fetch the food.’

Aiko practically bolted toward Ishani, taking a seat on the woman’s back, her own weight so slight that Ishani didn’t shift, even when Aiko dropped herself down. Nora moved over to Skye, looking down at her supine back, the dark band of her bra strap visible through her blouse.

She tucked her skirt beneath herself as she dropped, settling herself onto Skye. She could feel the woman’s heat coming through into her backside, warming the chastity belt even more, and the strain of Skye’s body to support her. As she moved her hands, one brushed against Skye’s backside, making them shiver, Nora able to feel the movement fully. It was certainly better being on top than beneath!

Rebecca came back with bowls of food-paste. This one at least had some attempt at flavor other than “blandly sweet”, an appetizing scent of chocolate wafting out, and Nora set to eating it.

‘Aiko, your scores are excellent.’ There was the faint sound of a motor starting up, the sound heavily muffled, Aiko suddenly tensing her legs and squirming about, Ishani making an annoyed grunt from beneath her. A bright red blush came over Aiko’s face, one of her hands tight on her bowl, her eyes suddenly vacant.

‘You have not yet earned completion, but hopefully this will serve as incentive for the rest of you. You, especially, Skye. Such delightful toys you had! I’m sure you would like them back at some point.’

Skye shifted about beneath her, Nora centering her balance and pushing her butt down firmly, trying to keep them pinned in place, as Aiko continued to squirm in tormented pleasure, trying to keep her grip on her bowl. Nora could feel her own pussy slickening, whatever was teasing Aiko making her want pleasure herself, but all that tensing her thighs up did was make her more aware of the belt locked into place. And the food, even with the chocolate flavoring, could scarcely compare! The sound suddenly cut short, Aiko squeaking, one hand dropping between her thighs.

‘You have not yet earned completion. For that, you will need to show consistent improvement. And that goes for all of you.’

Ishani was the first to respond, her voice slightly distorted by the pressure of her position and the woman on her back. ‘Yes, Rebecca.’

Aiko and Nora both chimed in, Nora trying to look obedient. She wanted to get off! There was an electronic “Yes” from beneath her, as Skye managed to activate her new voice. Nora sat

up as straight as she could, glad to be on top, putting the bowl aside and letting her hands drop to be in contact with Skye's body, feeling its soft warmth. She wanted to reach around and grope at a breast, but with Rebecca looking over them, that would probably be a bad idea. Aiko was showing less restraint, using the end of her spoon to poke and jab at Ishani's body, smiling whenever she managed to get a reaction.

'Before you return to your tasks, then there is a call you all need to be on. Someone else that will be joining the company soon, and might end up being your immediate superior. Fortunately, you are all in position.' She gestured at the central television screen, currently black, and overlooking them all. Ishani shook her head, trying to clear hair from her face, her position making it hard. Nora leaned over and tucked back a few strands from Skye's forehead, hearing her make a grunt through her gag.

Rebecca moved between them air, smoothing her blouse and skirt, tidying her hair up, as Nora tried to look comfortable and at ease despite her position, glad at least that she was on top. When Rebecca had made sure she was immaculate, she turned on the screen.

It blinked into life, showing what looked like... a university dorm? Although quite a fancy one, with a large double bed, clothing piled up and folded, ready for packing or unpacking. The man there was probably in his early twenties and was dressed in a suit, although there was a smart uniform on a hanger behind him, a jacket and tie ready to go. Rebecca curtsied at the screen, dipping her head.

'Good afternoon, Sir. I hope this is not an interruption?'

'No, of course not. Right on time.' He looked around; his screen must be showing him the area around Rebecca. Skye made a grumble of discontent, before Nora put a hand between her shoulder-blades and pinched through their blouse, twisting the skin. Whoever he was, he must be important, and she didn't want to be made to look bad, just because Skye was in a bad mood. Aiko was doing the same with Ishani, jabbing the spoon into her, at an angle that couldn't be seen by the camera above the screen. From how Ishani twisted, she was considering bucking and throwing the smaller woman off, but was obeying for now.

'These four are all candidates, and all highly qualified. Have you looked over their resumes?'

'Yes. All very good. And with all the appropriate qualifications and skills. And the training is going well?'

Rebecca paused before answering. '...Well, mostly. There has been a certain number of minor teething issues. Skye is currently being punished for having an improper attitude. I think it will bear swift results, and she will be more obedient in the future. Isn't that right, Skye?'

'Yes.'

Hearing the flat electronic tones was unnerving, but at least Skye wasn't wriggling around at all, giving a stable platform to sit on.

'And... Ishani? Is she being punished?'

Ishani flicked her hair in irritation, Aiko stabbing her with the spoon again. 'I lost, *narrowly*, in the most recent assessment.' She tensed up as she was jabbed again, Aiko's other hand squeezing at her buttocks. She twisted, Aiko shaking around on her back. The man on the screen looked at them, his expression unreadable. Nora tried to look as professional as possible, tweaking the cleavage of her blouse to show a little more cleavage – she couldn't tell quite where the man was looking, but she thought he was looking at her? Although Aiko was trying to show herself off as well, and even Ishani had her head up, despite the strain the position must be causing her.

‘Yes, although she has good marks, she did do poorly today.’

‘And Aiko the best? Well, I think she deserves a reward then, doesn’t she? I can see that she was recently stimulated.’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Hmmm... I think a little pleasure for the others, and that she should be allowed completion then.’ His arms moved, using a mouse that was outside of vision. Aiko shivered as the thing inside of her buzzed into life again, one hand grabbing a tight hold of Ishani’s hair to steady herself, Ishani wincing in pain.

Then she sighed, her own backside visibly tensing as she was vibrated and teased. Nora and Skye both started up simultaneously, some rubbery nub from within the chastity belt suddenly thrusting into her and vibrating, squidgy nubs twisting against her walls. Her vision blurred, and it was an effort to remain in place. Especially as Nora started to wriggle around beneath her, backside rising up into the air, her head dipping down, making a very slanted seat.

Nora tensed her thighs as much as she could, wanting the thing to buzz and please her all the way to completion, aware of how wet she was from just the initial vibrations. From the sounds the others were making, they were all in the same position, desperately trying not to show off desperate arousal, as they all tensed up simultaneously, making short, sharp gasps as they were pleased. She grabbed at one of Skye’s braids and jerked on it, trying to pull her seat back to some kind of level position, not wanting to slide off.

Wetness was creeping through the metal of her belt, warming her thighs – she felt warm and horny, but being forced towards a climax while someone watched was shameful. Heat jumped into her cheeks, but she didn’t want to open her legs, to make the pressure less, or to risk showing off the wetness that must slick her thighs.

Then the vibration stopped, cutting off as swiftly as it had started. She tensed her thighs again, but without the buzzing, there wasn’t enough stimulation to get her the rest of the way, despite the thing still intruding into her. Skye whimpered in disappointment beneath her, equally denied.

The only one that was still going was Aiko, her hand white from how tightly it was gripping Ishani’s hair, her head pulled upwards, pain and frustration on her face. A buzzing still sounded from between the small woman’s thighs, her upper body convulsing, eyes unfocused. She came, with a cute little gasp, her head drooping downwards, eyelids fluttering, legs twitching slightly, heels tapping against the ground.

‘Good girl, Aiko. And the rest of you need to keep applying yourself. If you do well, you may be allowed pleasure yourself.’

Skye mewled in frustration, Nora yanking on her hair again to try and keep the woman silent.

There was a knocking, Nora looking around, before realizing it was coming from the man’s side, as he looked away from the screen. ‘Ah, I think that’s someone to take my things. Well, I will be working with you soon. Rebecca, keep them in line and keep up the good work.’

‘Yes, Sir.’

The screen blinked off, suddenly black again. Aiko sagged to the side, revealing a damp patch beneath herself, her fluids staining Ishani’s clothing transparent. Nora shifted herself, suddenly aware that she was sitting in a damp patch of her own making, despite the lack of any orgasm on her part, feeling the pleasure ebbing away. She wanted more!

Chapter Seven: Sneaking Treats

Nora sat down on the couch, glad to take her weight off her feet, curling her legs beneath herself. The heels made her legs look good, but they were uncomfortable to wear for long periods, especially when not moving, just standing in place. She wanted to take them off and rub her feet, but only Rebecca could release the ankle-locks on them. Aiko sat down on another couch, keeping a wary eye on Ishani, ready to dodge if the larger woman made a grab for her, Ishani staring her down.

Skye sat herself down, heavily enough that Nora could feel the force of the impact through the couch-cushions. As she sat down, drawing Aiko's attention, Ishani pounced, grabbing at Aiko and forcibly embracing them, Aiko cursing and trying to wriggle free.

Skye spoke, keeping her voice low, looking around suspiciously. 'Rebecca said she'd be out tonight, right?'

Nora answered as Aiko and Ishani wrestled, Ishani easily keeping Aiko under control, grappling her arms and pinning her close.

'Yes, she said she had her own training to do. And they we were allowed to get our own food from the kitchen.'

'It'll be more of that paste stuff. But I want something else.' A faint blush was stealing over Skye's face, her cheeks starting to match her hair. 'We've not been allowed to... to touch ourselves for ages!' She slid her hand between her thighs, Nora mirroring the gesture, feeling the metal of the chastity belt locked in place there. She was feeling horny herself, even just that gesture making her tense up, able to feel her insides slicken, but unable to touch them at all. 'I'm so fucking horny!' She twitched as her collar gave her a minor jolt, cursing again and getting shocked again. 'Damn language censor! I want to get off! You must be the same.'

She put her hand on Nora's knee, her fingers hot through Nora's stockings.

'I bought some... *toys* with me, that Rebecca confiscated. But if we can get them back, then I'll let you use some of them to come. But I *need* to get off! I've never... never been this long without...' She trailed off, her face blushing a furious rose color.

Ishani had managed to wrestle Aiko into submission, a sulky expression on the smaller woman's face as Ishani used her own body to pin Aiko's arms into place, her other hand dangling down between Aiko's thighs, pulling up the already-short skirt to reveal the metal chastity belt. Aiko flushed, but couldn't move her arms enough to get the belt back down as Ishani spoke.

'I would quite like to be able to... relieve my tension. And this one feels ready as well!'

'Hey, put me down! We'll get in trouble if we're caught!'

Ishani cuddled Aiko closer despite her protests, groping at her breasts. 'We'll just have to not get caught then. Rebecca's not here, so we're safe. And I bet you just as desperate as I am.' Her fingers pulled at the metal, trying to slide around it, compressing Aiko's trim belly, unable to slip around the metal. 'Did you bring lockpicks? Or something to jolt locks open?'

'I bought, some, uh... vibrators. And other things. I think it might be possible to use them to, um...' Her blush was getting even brighter, flaring redder than her hair now. Nora reached

over and gave her a comforting pat on the back, wondering if it would be appropriate to hug the woman and draw her close. 'I'm sure Rebecca will have them hidden in her room! I don't know if she even locks the door. And we've only just finished, so she won't be back for a while.'

'It's too risky. I want to get off, but we'll get in a lot of trouble.' Aiko still couldn't break free of Ishani, ignoring the hand trying to penetrate around the chastity belt. 'I'm not going.'

'Well, I am.' Ishani squeezed Aiko's small breasts again, looking determined.

Skye turned to Nora, taking her hand and staring into her eyes, making Nora start to blush from the warmth of the skin-on-skin contact. 'Will you come as well?'

Nora hesitated, then nodded, feeling the heat sealed between her thighs. If it meant getting off, then it would be worth some risk!

Ishani let go of Aiko, who immediately wriggled away, drawing her arms across herself protectively, seating herself primly. Ishani stood up, her blouse tightening over her breasts, taking a deep breath. Nora let herself be drawn to her feet, Skye pulling her along, Nora trying not to look at the other woman's backside, her skirt so tight it clearly outlined her buttocks.

The three of them approached Rebecca's room slowly, getting slower and slower as they approached, Ishani taking the lead. They tried to move quietly despite their heels, Nora thankful for the thick carpet. Ishani reached out and put her hand on the doorhandle, before taking a deep breath and pushing it downwards. It opened, the door slowly and silently sliding open, the light blinking on.

It was similar to their own rooms, except with a small clothing rack holding a variety of office-wear and maid outfits, shoes neatly arranged beneath. The bed was so pristine it looked entirely unused, the sheets crisp and perfect. There were no personal ornaments or decorations other than a small jewelry stand – no pictures of friends or family, or posters on the walls. Well, it was probably temporary accommodation for her as well.

Skye prowled forward, trying not to touch anything, looking around. The place was so neat and tidy that it was obvious Skye's "toys" weren't out.

Nora went onto her knees and crawled over to the bed, looking underneath. It was black, far darker than it should have been. When she reached out to touch it, she found it was solid, feeling stretchy and plastic to the touch, some kind of metal framework wrapped in... latex? She gripped it and pulled, sliding it out from beneath the bed. It was a metal frame with a latex sheet between the poles, a corrugated tube poking out from one corner. On top of it was a plastic tub, Skye making a sound of delight and grabbing it, opening it up to reveal a variety of dildos, vibrators and other sex toys.

Ishani reached over her and pulled out a wand, flicking her finger against the haft. It buzzed to life in her hand, powerful enough to make her arm shake and quiver. She twisted it around and lifted her skirt up, her legs sheathed in tights, chastity belt dimly shining from beneath. Before she could push it upwards, Skye grabbed at it. 'Hey! My toys, I get to go first! Take something else.' She grabbed it from Ishani's hand. 'And not in here! We don't want to leave any marks.'

'The bathroom then?' Ishani reached into the box again, this time pulling out an oversized dildo, black and knobby, at least eight inches long, and giving it a squeeze. 'You can take this? *All* of this?'

Skye blushed again. 'It feels good, OK! Not that I can get anything in with this fucking belt in place!' She twitched as another shock jabbed into her neck, managing to restrain from swearing again. 'Nora, try that, it might be enough?' She gestured at another vibrator, a large one attached to a wired controller.

They left, heading towards the bathroom. Aiko was still sat on the couch, turning away from them with a scowl.

As soon as they were in the bathroom, the lights clicked on and Ishani started to strip, pulling her blouse off and tossing it aside, reaching around herself to unclip her bra. Nora couldn't stop herself staring at Ishani's breasts – they were even larger than Nora had thought, with large areolas around coffee-tinted nipples. She squeezed them herself, then unclipped her skirt, letting it drop to her ankles. 'Be nice to take these shoes off!! But they're waterproof, I think.' Her whole body was plush and curvy, buttocks heavy and pump, Nora starting to feel aroused. She couldn't take her tights off properly, her shoes in the way, only able to pull them off down to her ankles, stepping around awkwardly.

She looked at the vibrator, flicking the switch up. It started to buzz in her hand – would it be strong enough to have an effect through the metal? Skye had turned around to strip herself, putting her clothing onto the towel rack. As her blouse dropped, Nora saw that there was a tattoo at the base of her spine, an ornate Celtic knot pattern, black and green lines winding around themselves.

She took her skirt off then turned back around, one arm covering her breasts, other holding the wand. She hadn't bothered unclipping her suspenders, just going to sit on the edge of the bathtub, then placing the wand against the belt. It buzzed and rattled against metal, Skye having to use one hand to brace herself, her teeth gritted.

Ishani grabbed a towel and put it down, kneeling on it and pushing a smaller vibrator against the belt. The sounds of metal vibrating set Nora's teeth on edge, but she wanted to get off herself! Both women were starting to groan in pleasure, twisting and thrusting their hips.

Nora stripped off, making a pile of her own clothing, then grabbing a towel for herself, the material thick and fluffy, using it to kneel on. She took the vibrator, bracing herself as it buzzed against the metal, rattling through her, thrumming and buzzing. But if she pressed hard, the metal pushed against her outer lips, into her and starting to stimulate her. It felt *so good*, stimulation she hadn't felt in so long, moisture immediately starting to seep out, down her thighs.

Skye seemed to be having the most success, desperate little mewls escaping her lips as she held the wand as tight as she could against her belt, her breasts shaking about. Ishani was plating with her breasts, fingers stroking and pinching her nipples as she pushed her crotch down against the ground, grinding against the vibrator.

'Mmmm... Yes...'

Nora wasn't sure who spoke, low moans echoing off the tiles, mingling with the rattling strum of the vibrators. It was like trying to pleasure herself with thick gloves on! The metal was pushed tightly into her, so hard it hurt, but it felt so good. The metal seemed hot, like it was melting into her flesh, fluids flowing around the metal barrier.

The orgasm was starting to build within her, but only weakly. She tried to reach herself, pushing down on her hipbones, compressing her skin painfully, still trying to touch and pleasure herself. But the metal was unyielding, refusing to break despite her desperate pleas, and numbing the effect of the vibrator.

It was impossible to think, her brain replaced with warm, numbing fuzz, frustration building. If she could just touch herself, then she could get off properly! The orgasm was still growing, slowly building, spreading from her crotch up into her belly, but it was agonizingly slow, down into her thighs.

Ishani was sounding frustrated, slamming her hips down against her vibrator, digging her fingers into her breasts, pinching and tweaking her nipples. Nora's tattoo filled her vision, pale buttocks looking soft and warm, the metal of the belt covered with sweat and pussy-juice.

'Yes, yes... Please...' A strong accent was creeping into Skye's words, sweat starting to bead down her body. 'Just... please, let... me fucking... OWWW!' As she swore, her collar jolted her again, her head jerking backwards, red braid flicking upwards then falling back down, slapping back down against her skin.

Ishani grabbed at her own collar. 'Fuck! Shit! Piss!' Her collar zapped her, a dazed look growing on her face as she continued to desperately grind against the vibrator. She kept swearing, her words getting increasingly incoherent as the effects of the jolts and the vibrations took effect. Dribble oozed from her mouth, splashing onto her large breasts and down between them, over her dark skin.

Nora was getting there – still hot and desperate, but not yet, needing even more. She wanted a dildo, fat and hard inside of her! Or just her fingers – she was so wet that it would be easy to slide two, or even three fingers all the way into herself, fulling herself up until she was satisfied.

Her collar suddenly shifted on her neck, buzzing around, and then lightning blasted into her neck. Her body was forced stiff, arms jerking and spasming, white fuzz filling her vision. She heard a pained yell come out of her own mouth, mingling with the sounds from Skye and Ishani.

Heels clicked against tiles, and she managed to force her head to turn. Rebecca was standing in the doorway, a smug-looking Aiko standing behind Rebecca, still wearing a coat, looking disappointed and shaking her head. Neither Ishani nor Skye had noticed, Ishani's head reeling from shocks, head bobbing with intense focus as she neared her peak.

Nora heard herself yelp in pain as she was shocked again, before something jabbed into her neck. Her body started to feel numb, a coolness spreading down from her neck, her body going limp. The budding orgasm collapsed inside of her, as her body slipped from her control, numbing darkness spreading into her vision. She couldn't move, the last thing she saw Skye's back, red hair falling onto the tiled floor as she slumped to the side, skin marked by sweat.

Chapter Eight: Training Intensifies

Stifling. A force pressed down on Nora, all around her, pinning her into place. She tried stretching, feeling sleep fading from her mind, but she was resisted, a constant pressure all around her. There was a tiny amount of give, her fingers and toes able to move the tiniest amount, but she was having to strain to do even that.

She was on her back, a slightly padded surface beneath her – it had enough give not to be uncomfortable, but it was stiffer than most beds, hard enough that she couldn't use it to twist around and get away from the pressure around her. How long had she been out? She could still feel warmth and wetness between her legs, a pressure exerted even there. She tensed her thighs – something had been pushed into her slit! And she couldn't feel the chastity belt locked around her waist.

Nora strained, trying to move. She managed to raise an arm slightly, before whatever was stuck around her snapped it back down into position. She wasn't tied down, but something was wrapped all the way around her body, with only the slightest amount of give. It was keeping her head locked into position as well, her collar still in place – she was looking upwards, but there was only darkness there, although she wasn't blindfolded, able to open her eyes. She could still feel the sweat and heat of her body – the collar must have been used to knock her out, and then she had been placed into... wherever she was now.

She tried to make a noise, her tongue pushing around a rubber tube – fat enough to hold her mouth open, her jaw stretched wide open, tough enough that she couldn't bite down on it. She pushed her tongue into it, tasting her own saliva. Nora tensed her shoulders and torso, trying to sit up, but the force against her was too strong, keeping her in place.

Light blinked on, an image forming above her. It was disorientating to see – the bathroom, recorded from a high angle. What was going on? Was this a dream? It was showing the three of them masturbating, or trying to, sound suddenly coming in. She could hear Ishani's cursing and her yelps of pain as she ground herself towards pleasure, along with Skye's sighs of frustrated pleasure.

And then the door burst open, Rebecca looking at them. All three of them collapsed as their collars activated, and the video moved into fast-forward. The angle changed to her bedroom, where her bed had been changed – instead of the mattress and sheets, it was now covered with a loose latex sheet. A few moments later, a sped-up Rebecca and Aiko appeared, moving with comedic speed, carrying Nora's own unconscious body between them. She was put onto the bed, Rebecca removing her chastity belt, heels and stockings, leaving her naked except for the collar and cuffs. Then a latex sheet was brought down over her body, and a VR helmet put over her face, and a tube into her mouth. Aiko slapped at Nora's pussy, earning herself a smack on the head from Rebecca, before a vibrator was slid into her.

Then the edges of the sheet were carefully tethered into place, and it started to suck itself down. It clamped itself down over her body, sucking down, shaping itself over her curves – when it had finished, it was so tight it was like she was looking at an artwork of herself, able to see her breasts, hips, even the slight dip of her navel.

Watching herself be bound from the outside was disorientating, and she still couldn't move, the latex sheet giving constant pressure. The point of view flicked to the other rooms, showing Skye and Ishani in similar "beds", bound into place. Ishani was fighting back, the latex shifting around her, arms and legs stretching the shiny darkness, then snapping back into position as soon as Ishani stopped pushing.

The camera changed again, this time back to the bathroom. There was a faint miasma of steam now, the central tub full of water, a skim of bubbles on top. Rebecca was there, entirely naked now, four neatly-folded piles of clothing in one corner. She was holding her mobile phone, pressing it, then looking up at the camera. Aiko was sat in the tub already, looking relaxed, her head resting backwards.

'The three of you have been very naughty. You especially, Skye! Trying to get your toys back without permission. Well, I'll have to put them somewhere more secure in future. And the rest of you shouldn't have gone along with her. So your training will be interrupted for some harsh lessons.'

Nora couldn't stop herself staring at Rebecca's body, soft and arousing, her slit shaved, naked except for her own collar. Had the vibe inside of her just buzzed, or was she still turned on from before? She still hadn't been allowed to come!

'Aiko will be rewarded for not breaking the rules, the rest of you will be punished.' She jabbed at her phone, and a light electrical shock ran through Nora's torso and thighs, forcing the muscles to tense for a moment. 'It will also do wonders for your muscle tone. Now, Aiko, you may please me.'

Aiko stood up, water sloughing off her body. She only had small breasts, tipped with tiny nubs of nipples, her waist narrow, chastity belt locked around her body.

'On your knees.' Aiko dropped onto all fours, her collar now wet and shiny, crawling towards Rebecca. When she got close, Rebecca turned, leaning against the wall as she patted Aiko on the head and put the phone aside. 'Good girl.' She lightly guided Aiko's head into place, bringing it between her legs, Aiko's tongue sliding out.

Aiko started to kiss and lick at Rebecca's slit, sliding her tongue into the damp folds. Nora tensed up, feeling her own arousal returning, as Rebecca's sighs of pleasure sounded into her ears. She couldn't even hear her own protests, although the tube in her mouth prevented them from being anything other than incoherent grunts and gasps. The thing buried in her own body gave spasmodic twitches, teasing her further, as Rebecca came to a swift orgasm, her juices flowing over Aiko's face.

'Good girl. Now, Aiko behaved well, and so she gets to be rewarded. Stand up.'

She helped Aiko to her feet, stroking the smaller woman's cheek, before giving her a swift kiss.

'You may remove your belt.'

Aiko's hands flashed to her waist, pulling at the bands of metal, the crotch-band coming away, leaving the waist-band still in place. After putting the metal aside, she started to lower her hands towards her crotch, before Rebecca shook her head, and she paused. Rebecca grabbed her by the collar and spun her around, pushing her back against the wall, before leaning in for a longer, deeper kiss, one hand being used to hold her by the neck, the other dropping between Aiko's thighs.

Nora tensed up again, feeling her own cunt slicken – she wanted to get off, dammit! But whatever was pushed into her was now an inert lump, and she couldn't move at all to rub against anything. From the sounds Aiko was making, she was enjoying being fingered, her palms flat

against the steam-slicked wall, Rebecca kissing her cheeks and neck. The camera angle made it impossible to see what was actually happening, but Aiko was making happy noises, a wet schlick sound audible.

It made Nora's crotch tingle, wanting the thing inside of herself to buzz and stir her up. She wanted to be pleased and pressured! Aiko and Rebecca were making out now, Rebecca pushing the smaller woman against the wall, kissing her on the lips, hand busy between their legs, Aiko's eyes barely opening. Nora tried tensing her crotch again, desperately straining with her hands against the binding latex, not strong enough to be able to move herself, her hands sealed against the surface she was on.

Aiko had slumped back against the wall, Rebecca supporting her with one arm as she moved her head down, kissing at a pert nipple, her other hand moving at Aiko's crotch, fingers sliding in and out.

Nora's breath hastened, putting more strain on her chest as she forced the latex to move by inhaling and exhaling, air getting sucked in through the tube. She could hear Aiko's squeaks of arousal as Rebecca kissed her navel, pink tongue rolling around the dip of flesh. Fingers pumped in and out of a wet slit, Aiko barely standing, before she came. Her head lolled to the side, and she would have collapsed if it hadn't been for Rebecca's support.

Rebecca looked up at the camera, holding her juice-slicked fingers up to Aiko's mouth – the woman was just about coherent enough to lick at them, only half-conscious.

'As you have all been poorly behaved, then you will be disciplined. I hope that you will be thinking about what you have done, as I consider some more specific punishments for you. And have some fun with little Aiko here.' She embraced Aiko, giving her a hard kiss on the shoulder, leaving a red nibble-mark, then picked her phone up.

The world went dark, the video-feet getting caught. Nora tried struggling again, but it was tiring, and her body was heating up, sweat seeping from her skin, sealed beneath the latex. She managed to raise her fingers, but then they snapped back down as soon as she stopped exerting herself. She was encased completely, having to suck on the tube for air, unable to move at all, at least without being dragged back into place!

The tube slid downwards, ribbed outside pushing her lips wider open. It pumped against the back of her throat, not quite making her gag, but threatening to. She tried pushing against it with her tongue, but it was firmly held in place, impossible to move. Now she couldn't even try to turn her head, the thing pinning her in place!

A droplet of liquid fell into her mouth, salty-sweet, her stomach rumbling as she remembered she hadn't eaten. Sound started to flow into her ears, groans and sighs and the wet slaps of fucking. It wasn't fair, teasing her like this, when she couldn't get off! And the trickling droplets of creamy fluid meant she couldn't relax, having to use her tongue to catch them or risk them falling down her throat and choking her.

Soft light hazed into her eyes – she tried to focus, but there didn't seem to be any image there, just vague and blurry shapes, like staring into thick clouds, swirling around in front of her. She closed her eyes, wanting to relax, but then her body was forced to tense, her stomach tensing up under an electrical shock. She kept her eyes scrunched tightly shut and it jolted her again, only stopping when she opened her eyes. The vibe buried inside of her gave her a brief buzz before deactivating. She wanted more of that!

But there was only the vague and blurry light and the steady drip-drip-drip of sweetness into her mouth. It was impossible to judge any flow of time – she couldn't even feel the pulsing of her blood, there was nothing except numbing haze, and the occasional teasing tickle of

electricity on her belly or on her thighs, and the very rare buzzing inside of her. She slipped into a strange-doze-slumber, the constant teasing touches prompting erotic dreams and fantasies, desire burning wetly within herself.

She dreamed of Skye's head between her legs, vivid red hair shaking about, tongue probing deeply into her cunt. Dragging the red-head about by her hair, using it to pull her closer into herself, enjoying the sighing gasps of pain, pushing her stockinged foot up against Skye's own cunt, feeling the woman's fluids soak over her foot. In her dream she could move freely, unencumbered by collar or cuffs, without the metal guarding her own sex, forcing herself onto Skye.

Ishani and Aiko were tied to the walls, bodies black and shiny, both trying to wriggle free of restraints without any success, chains clinking as they strained, lights shining off Ishani's oversized breasts in their tight latex sheath. From the sounds they were making, they wanted to get off as well, chained against X-frames, able to twist and wriggle but not escape or touch themselves.

Nora stroked Skye's naked body, feeling the warmth of her bare back, scraping her nails slightly down skin, the pain spurring Skye's tongue to delve even deeper.

She was jolted from her pleasant dream by the sudden stopping of the vibrator buried within her body, unable to sustain the fantasy when she couldn't get herself off. But there was no way to fully wake, sealed away into the darkness – she was aware of nothing except her own existence, and even that seemed tenuous. It didn't take long for her to fall back into a doze.

Now she was over Skye's knee, the woman's leg pushing into her belly, making it hard to breath, her head dangling down, hair falling into her eyes. Her pencil-skirt was pulled up around her waist, her backside bare, as Skye's fingers stroked her flesh, only barely touching, making Nora's breath hitch. And then a slap, a swift stinging blow against the meat of her buttocks, warming them, the crack loud.

Nora's whole body tensed, and she felt the latex strain, an inescapable embrace enveloping her completely. Skye kept spanking her, strikes getting harder and harder, Skye's head dropping down, so that she could see Skye's legs, sheathed in nylon. She was weak and powerless, bent over the woman's knees, electric shocks and jolts merging into dream-spanks. Nora twisted around the tiny amount she could, bound beneath the latex sheet, the electrical shocks becoming love-bites and sharp kisses, her body pinned down and teased.

She wanted to be fucked! No matter how she fought, she couldn't move, couldn't touch herself, and there was no relief from the devices teasing her, the motors cutting out whenever she approached her peak, until it felt like her crotch was a melted, sopping mess, fluids trapped against her skin, her own pussy-juice slowly soaking into her body. She tried to imagine herself bent over a desk, strong hands on her hips, a cock sliding into her drenched slit, thrusting and twisting her hips, in a desperate attempt to achieve release, but there was no way to force herself over, and the electrical bites got harsher, as though chiding her.

Nora felt her mind fade and darken, slipping further into dreams of eroticism and denial, wanting to get off but unable to climax, caught in please and pain, her body trapped, her mind denied all input as she faded...

Chapter Nine: Performance Reviews

Nora's awakening was swift and painful, the electrodes all snapping at once, her body straining against the latex sheet without any hope of breaking free, the surface stretching but not enough to let her break free. It snapped down around her body, keeping her pinned in place, the air flowing into her mouth warm and stale.

She twisted and wriggled, giving in to a desperate surge of strength, flailing and twisting, but still couldn't break free, the material surrounding and binding her. She kept twisting, hoping for some point of weakness, some way of escaping, but it was too strong, flexing just enough to tire her out but without letting her go.

Nora sagged downwards, her heartbeat throbbing throughout her entire body. Would she ever be released? She couldn't even move enough to touch herself! She faded back into darkness, mind weak and fuzzy.

It was impossible to tell how long it had been, when the latex sheet relaxed its grip, although she couldn't find the strength to move. It was peeled off her sweaty body, the air seeming chill on her body, bereft of the clinging tightness and warmth. A hand, warm, bare flesh, ran along her stomach, taking off the electrodes, Nora's flesh tingling as the connections were tugged away, and then the vibrator plucked from her body, making her pussy sting.

The VR goggles were removed, low light not hurting Nora's eyes. Rebecca was looking down on her, dressed in office wear, her blouse open enough to show a generous amount of cleavage, her collar on display.

'Good morning, Nora. I hope you slept well? It can be somewhat therapeutic being inside one of these. But you are needed – Miss Hunt will be here soon, and she wants to speak to you. And Miss Alicia as well.' She laid a gentle hand on Nora's belly, stroking the skin. 'If you could dress yourself? It would be bad if you were to be unprepared. So if you would swiftly prepare yourself? I have laid out clothing.'

Nora's mind was still fuzzy from her encasement, unable to do anything but obey. Her legs were weak and wobbly, but she managed to stand, stumbling towards her shower and turning it on. She couldn't smell anything except latex, the scent clinging to her from having been trapped inside for so long – not that she knew how long it had been!

The warm water woke her up a little, and she cleaned her hair and body. Her crotch felt loose and wet and super-sensitive, the throbbing pulse of the water sending a warm buzz through her. But with Rebecca watching, she didn't dare touch herself, despite the pleasure of being outside of the chastity belt for once.

As soon as she stepped outside of the shower, Rebecca lunged at her with a towel and rubbed her down, drying her off before throwing clothing at her, wrapping a short, tight pencil skirt around her waist, and then a bra and blouse. It was easiest just to let her, Nora too drained to protest, or even speak as Rebecca fussed over her, tidying her hair, and then doing her makeup.

When it was done, Nora felt a little more awake and aware, as her feet were slid into high-heels, pushing her feet into steep angles, metallic “clicks” sounding as they were locked into place.

‘Now, when Miss Hunt speaks, you need to be very polite. Remember that she is your ultimate manager, so be very respectful. And Alicia is her chief assistant, and in charge of all training – she trained me, and will expect you to show improvement, otherwise I’m in trouble. So do please behave well.’ Rebecca stroked Nora’s hair into shape, tweaking her clothing into order, before kissing her on the lips. The human contact helped perk her up, making her more awake and aware, as Rebecca pulled Nora to her feet by the collar. ‘This way. An interview room has been prepared.’

Nora was too drained to fight back, letting herself be pulled from her room, through the living area and then into the darkened passageway, through a different door that hadn’t been open before. Rebecca stopped, speaking softly to Nora. ‘You will have to face this alone. Please, do your best – it would be regrettable if you were to fail to live up to her expectations.’

She gave Nora a push towards an inner door, before stepping away with a smile. Nora was still feely woozy, but was able to step forward. When Nora placed her hand against it, the door slid open, responding to her presence somehow.

Inside was an interview room, with a bare metal table in the middle, a chair on each side. Stood behind it, facing away, was a tall woman, her body wrapped in a white suit-jacket and elegant skirt, blonde hair cascading down her back.

A hand grabbed her throat, pulling her into the room, the door clicking shut. Leather-gloved fingers squeezed her throat, making her gasp for breath as she was pulled forward. She was turned around, coming face-to-face with a woman, bright red hair framing an oval face, dressed in a tight and severe office outfit, leather gloves on her hands, a pencil skirt with a high thigh-slit allowing her easy movement. They wrenched Nora around, shoving her towards the desk and pushing her down into the seat. She felt metal points stab into her buttocks, her weight pushing them into herself, squeaking in pain. Her wrists were grabbed, metal clicking locked before she could fully register what had happened, her hands now cuffed to a metal bar in the middle of the table. Something clicked against the back of her neck, forcing her to sit up straight, her buttocks getting pin-pricked more deeply.

The woman in white turned around, Nora’s brain fumbling towards recognition – she’d seen that face on brochures and other advertising material, staring out with coolly dominant eyes.

‘Thank you for coming.’

Nora resisted the urge to wriggle on the seat, wondering what was spiking her ass, not wanting to hurt herself more by moving. Miss Hunt moved forward, graceful, elegant and in command as she sat down opposite Nora. In the dull room, her white clothing had a luminescence, making her seem more than human, golden hair cascading onto soft white shoulders.

She heard material shuffle as the other woman, Alicia, moved, a threat just outside of her vision. With Miss Hunt sat in front of her, Nora didn’t dare to look away, feeling her eyes water as she met the older woman’s gaze.

‘Rebecca tells me that your training is progressing.’ Her voice was cool and polite, Nora forcing herself to answer.

‘Yes, Miss Hunt. Thank you.’

‘I’ve seen your test scores. They’re improving.’

Nora heard something click beneath her, Alicia doing something to the chair. A narrow rod raised upwards, pressing between her thighs through her skirt. She couldn't escape it without lifting herself up entirely. Alicia stood back up, staying behind her, a hand casually pressing down onto Nora's shoulder, keeping her pinned in place.

'You seem to be trying hard. That's good.'

'Yes, thank you. Rebecca has been working hard.' She tried to force herself to concentrate, wanting to say something more than empty agreement. 'The accommodation here is very nice.' That sounded stupid! Why had she said that? The leather-clad fingers tightened on her shoulder, digging painfully into skin, her thin blouse unable to offer any protection. 'And I like the food.' That was a lie, she hated the pasty gruel. But upsetting the woman seemed a bad idea, even without Alicia hovering so close, a strand of bright red hair briefly moving into view, Alicia now stood directly behind her, hand moving from her shoulder to around her neck, resting atop her throat.

'The four of you are, I hope, going to be excellent workers when you are trained. But it seems as though that might not be for quite some time. Rebecca reports that Ishani, Skye and yourself attempted to pleasure yourselves without permission?'

The hand started to grip her throat more tightly – it was an effort to breathe now, Nora having to forcibly suck breath into her lungs. She could feel Alicia's breasts against the back of her head, their fingers flexing against her throat. The rod between her legs started to shiver, shaking against her thighs, sliding into her slit and making her squirm, pinpricks jabbing her ass.

'Well? Do you have anything to say for yourself?'

'I... I'm sorry, Miss Hunt. But being locked away, I got so desperate, that... that I needed to.' Her lust was quickly rising up, between having her pussy unsealed and the rod buzzing away. Even with her skirt slightly shielding her, she could feel moisture starting to blossom down there, soaking into her skirt. 'I can't help it! We're kept sealed away and... I need to get off...'

She tried to look away, but the grip on her throat shifted, forcing her to keep looking forward, eyes watering as she met Miss Hunt's unwavering gaze.

'I understand that it can be hard, but you need to persevere. The four of you are intended for very specialist roles, if you complete your training.' Her voice seemed more sympathetic now, Nora desperate to please her.

'If you could...' The throat-squeeze tightened so much that Nora couldn't talk, unable to even breathe, her tongue lolling from between her lips.

Alicia's own breath was soft and warm as the woman whispered into Nora's ear. 'Know your place, little one.'

'There are probably many things that you want, Nora, but you will have to earn them. As it stands, while you are showing improvement, there is still a long way to come. Aiko is more obedient – perhaps you should follow her example?'

Wetness was slicking her thighs, the rod still buzzing away, thrumming against her thighs, the pleasure mixing strangely with the pain of the pinpricks and the choking hand. Darkness was starting to form in the corners of her eyes, making Miss Hunt seem even brighter and more glorious, the only thing that Nora could see with any detail.

'Perhaps a little too eager to please, but I'm sure she will learn that being obsequious brings problems as well. But do you think you are being treated unfairly? After all, you are being kept here, in quite some style.'

The hand relaxed slightly, just enough to let Nora rasp back an answer. ‘No, it is very nice...’ She was cut off as the hand squeezed again, Alicia whispering again, voice gentle and soft despite the pain she was causing.

‘You will address her as “Miss Hunt”.’

Nora couldn’t answer beyond a splutter, feeling a gob of spittle falling from her lips, down her chin. She had to wait until the hand let go again before she could speak, managing to control herself enough to not cough and splutter too much, but she felt the splat of spittle fall onto her blouse, soaking into the fabric.

‘Miss Hunt, I’m sorry, Miss Hunt! The apartment is very nice, thank you for training me!’ She just wanted to rest now, to properly sleep without being sealed away. ‘But... it’s hard without, um...’ She felt herself flush, not wanting to say it out loud, despite the rod thrumming away still, not quite enough to get her off.

The voice whispered in her ear, hard and cold now, another hand reaching around to squeeze her breast, fingers digging into soft meat. ‘You are in no position to be asking. You should be polite to your owner.’

Miss Hunt waved a hand, silencing Alicia. ‘Oh? Do you think this is too hard? You are kept and pampered, is the denial really that much?’

Nora squirmed again, accepting the pain from her buttocks as a price worth paying to try and wedge the rod more firmly into her slit, wishing she didn’t have her skirt on to reduce the buzzing. ‘I... I like to touch myself! I want to get off! Please!’

She spluttered as fingers clamped around her throat, her eyes starting to bulge, Alicia licking at the outer curve of her ear.

Miss Hunt spoke. ‘Oh? So if you are allowed, then will you be good and obedient? And work to improve yourself to make yourself worthy of the position I have in mind for you?’

Nora managed to choke out an answer. ‘Yes. Please! Miss Hunt, please!’

Alicia’s hand loosened slightly on Nora’s throat, but her other hand moved up to cover Alicia’s mouth, squeezing her nostrils shut. The rod buzzed against her thighs, Nora’s thoughts going vague and empty, focused entirely on the swelling bloom of warmth and wetness between her legs. All she could see was the whiteness of Miss Hunt’s clothing, the woman seeming almost divine, wreathed in a bright glow.

Nora came, feeling pussy-juice gush, hot and stick, soaking her skirt. Her mind went blank and she fought to breathe, trying to inhale, Alicia only allowing her tiny amounts of air. Everything seemed dark except Miss Hunt, her vision tunneling in on the woman, sat entirely at her ease, powerful and comfortable.

‘Now that I have given you a gift, I expect you to uphold your end of the deal. Alicia, let her stand and dress herself.’

Even with the tight grip removed, Nora’s consciousness was still wavering, sparks dancing in her vision as she tried to collect herself, only kept in place by the collar-tether. When that clicked loose, she almost fell forward onto the table, swaying on the seat, the pinpricks in her buttocks the only things keeping her conscious.

‘Stand.’ Miss Hunt’s voice barked the order, Nora obeying before fully realizing it, awkwardly standing up, legs still weak and wobbly. ‘Alicia, give her a belt.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’ One hand was still lightly touching the back of Nora’s neck, making her skin prickle uneasily, before something metal was pushed into her hand. She made herself look at it – a chastity belt, clean and polished metal, with a rubbery intrusion to go into her pussy, another plug that went into the ass.

‘Put it on. Or will you be disobedient?’

‘No, Miss Hunt!’ In a daze, Nora hitched her skirt up, blushing faintly with shame as she exposed herself to the women. The waistband pressed around her waist, following the curve of her hips, the metal rapidly warming up. It felt like an overly-tight belt, but the crotch-band... The back of it clipped into the waistband, before she pushed the buttplug forward, feeling it violate her body. It made her shiver, hard lumps forcing her buttocks apart and shoving into her asshole, tingling and strangely pleasurable. Before she could regret her decision, she bought the front panel forward, sliding it into herself.

She was still so wet that it was easy to slide the thing into herself, unable to resist a sigh of pleasure as the soft lumps pushed her open. She wanted to be pleased, to feel the mind-blasting relief of an orgasm! But when the top of the crotch-piece locked into place, she was sealed away again. She ran her hands along the metal of the belt, a sudden chill surge of despair running through her.

‘Good. So you are obedient.’ Miss Hunt raised up a hand, palm towards Nora, holding a mobile phone. It was showing a waving line, beating and pulsing in time with Nora’s breathing. She tapped the screen and the thing in her pussy buzzed and twisted before returning to passive stillness. ‘If you wish to ever be unlocked, then you will need to be a good girl. Do you understand?’

‘Yes! Yes, Miss Hunt.’ Her fingers twisted on the chastity belt, pushing it against herself, but without any hope of breaking through, skirt still hitched up high.

‘Good. I do hope there won’t be any further... lapses of judgement. I would prefer you to become a valued asset of the company. Thank you for this chat, it’s been very informative. You may leave now.’

Nora dipped her head, still woozy. ‘Yes, Miss Hunt.’ If it hadn’t been for Alicia’s hand on her shoulder, she would have fallen, but that gave her enough to support until the mental haze faded slightly and she managed to walk forward, albeit slowly, staggering out of the room.

The door slid open again, the cooler air outside whispering over her skin before the door slid shut behind her. Rebecca was waiting for her, helping to support her as they walked back to the living room, Nora slumping onto a couch, her thighs still wet and sticky despite her pussy being sealed away. Her fingers slid over the chastity belt, pressing on her skin, trying to find a way around it without success.

‘Good girl. You can rest there, while I get Skye ready.’ Rebecca bustled away, leaving Nora in her numb and dazed state.

Chapter Ten: On the Job Training

They all lined up in the living area, dressed in their work uniforms – Ishani's blouse was straining to contain her breasts, Skye's brilliantly-red braids tidier than usual. Having to stay in one place in the heels was straining Nora's legs, Rebecca tapping a cane against her calf until she shifted stance, bringing her feet close together. With her hands behind her back, each hand gripping the opposite elbow, it wasn't the most comfortable of positions, her shoulders backwards to thrust her breasts out. The chastity belt felt even more confining than usual, the prongs intruding into her body and rubbing when she moved, but without providing enough stimulation to get off.

Rebecca tapped the cane against her backside, before making a satisfied sound and moving onto Aiko, lightly bringing the cane against the smaller woman's chin to make her look up.

'You have all done well and managed to pass your first appraisal session. Miss Hunt was very impressed with you all, despite the... error of judgement that three of you were guilty of.' Aiko radiated smugness despite the cane at her neck, tapping against her collar. 'Aiko will be in charge. You are to obey her as if she were me. Although if she is foolish in any way, then she will be disciplined herself.'

Aiko went from looking smug to suddenly being worried. Ishani grunted – her neck was now wrapped in stiff black leather, coming up over her chin and to just below her nose, keeping her head high and sealing her mouth.

'In order to help you mend your flaws, some extra items have been added. Ishani, you sometimes speak when you shouldn't, and so are gagged, and the posture collar should ensure you don't slump. Skye, it was observed that you sometimes bite your nails.' Chains clinked as Skye moved her hands – they were shackled to her waist, limiting her movement. 'I'm sure if you ask nicely, then one of your colleagues will assist you with anything you need. Now, if you could lead, Aiko. We have a small office on the top floor, and that's where you will be working today.'

Aiko moved ahead, obviously taking pains to keep her posture and gait smooth and correct, her short skirt tight enough to show both her buttocks, but also the chastity belt beneath, her stockings sheer and smooth on her legs. She even managed a credible spin, pivoting on a stiletto heel, crooking a finger at Ishani. She gave a slightly annoyed-sounding grunt but stepped forward to follow the smaller woman, Nora and Skye following behind them.

Ishani's large buttocks swayed just in front of Nora, practically inviting a squeeze, but she managed to control herself. And with the chastity belt locked around her privates again, she couldn't do anything herself! Memories of her last orgasm were still fresh and powerful, making her squirm her thighs, the metal pinching into her own skin.

The door clicked open as Aiko approached – was this going to be the first time they had left the apartment since coming here? How long had it even been? It was hard to keep track, without any sight of the sun!

They moved in a line through the passageways, Aiko's collar buzzing whenever she came to a junction, increasing until she made the right choice. The carpet was thick enough to swallow their heels, letting them move quietly, despite their heels, until they came to the elevator.

Rebecca stepped to the front, bending over and thrusting her ass out, her buttocks clearly outlined by her skirt, showing that she was in chastity herself as she moved her collar over the sensor-panel. The doors slid open, everyone moving inside, Rebecca following and pressing the button to take them upwards. Being stood in the elevator was strangely *normal*, sliding from the sealed world of the apartment to... somewhere else. Where were they being taken?

The lift slid upwards, so smooth Nora could barely tell that it was moving, before the doors opened. She winced at the sudden rush of sound and motion, of other people – it was an open-plan office, windows down one wall looking over the surrounding skyscrapers, other staff bustling about or tapping away at computers. All of them seemed to be beautiful women, wearing sleek and tight pencil skirts and white blouses, many of them collared, metal around their necks. Nora swallowed nervously – what would they have to do?

In front of them was a standing desk, a leggy blonde standing there, a chain running from a broad belt around her waist to the desk, keeping her locked in place. Her collar shone brightly, the metal finely polished as she smiled at them with perfect red lips, dipping her head slightly in respect.

'Good morning Rebecca. The room you booked has been set up according to your specifications.'

'Good.' Rebecca stood aside, pushing her hand against Aiko's backside to push her forward. 'These are the new girls. I hope they will soon be ready to join you.'

The receptionist looked at each of them in turn, Nora starting to flush, feeling her face heat up under scrutiny. Her blouse suddenly seemed far too thin, the material showing her bra through it, the cleavage deep and on show.

She tried to distract herself by looking around the office, seeing what everyone else was doing – she could see a woman sat down, squirming awkwardly in her seat, a fat gagball strapped between red-painted lips, a motor attached to the base of her chair, something quietly buzzing away. Another was stood up, wearing a skirt so tight that her buttock-curves were clearly visible, something shoved into her ass, wires running down her leg into her desk. She suddenly twitched, cheeks tensing up as she shivered, the speed of her fingers striking keys slowing.

'Everyone, come this way.'

Rebecca moved through the open-plan office, seeming at ease, smiling and nodding at others as she passed. They all smiled back, although some seemed a little strained or nervous as Rebecca walked past.

She led them to a metal door, having to bend over again until it beeped open, and then had to pull the heavy metal door open herself. Cooler air, blown apart by air conditioning units, puffed out, making Nora shiver, her clothing too thin to give any protection against the chill.

'Everyone, in.' Aiko gave the order this time, turning and glaring up at Ishani, reaching up to the taller woman's collar-ring and pulling on it. Ishani strained back, her own weight letting her resist the tug, making snuffling sounds from behind her muzzle. Aiko growled, before reaching with her other hand and digging nails into Ishani's breast, harshly squeezing the flesh, grabbing that and pulling harder.

Ishani surrendered, letting Aiko pull her forward, eyes contorting in pain.

'And you two as well!'

Nora didn't want to be punished for disobeying, so hastened to follow, Skye not far beyond, drawing close to Nora. The other woman's closeness was calming, her warmth helping to make the room more comfortable, her breasts pushing against Nora's arm.

Harsh light shone down from lights embedded into the ceiling, onto constructs of shining steel. More standing desks, although these ones were heavier, blocky feet ensuring they wouldn't move, with a screen built in, the black bead-eye of a camera mounted on top. A pole was stuck up from the ground in front of each, the top foot or so black and rubbery and ridged, while wrist-cuffs dangled from short chains from the front. Several other tubes lay coiled, most ending with odd-looking plugs or devices.

The door slid shut with a loud "click", making both Nora and Skye jump.

'These are the prototype of the new workstations that you will be demonstrating. A few of our investors will be keeping an eye on you throughout your session, and your vitals will be monitored. Girls, if you would set Ishani up on station 2?'

Each of the screen currently showed a number, making them easy to tell apart. Nora and Skye looked at each other, then both moved towards Ishani, as did Aiko.

She resisted, trying to stay put, but couldn't resist all three of them, as they shoved her towards the unit. Aiko grabbed at Ishani's wrists and wrapped the cuffs around them, the chains then drawing taut, leaving Ishani unable to move away. The vertical pole was currently lowered, the rubbery tip only coming part-way between Ishani's thighs. The various other tubes Nora wasn't sure what they should do, so they were left.

'Excellent.'

Ishani grunted in protest, chains clinking as she tried to move her hands, but the construction was too strong, making it impossible for her to break free.

'Skye, you're at station 3, and Nora, 4. Please tether yourself properly.'

Their collars snapped at them, making them hiss in pain simultaneously, Nora's vision reeling. Before it could bite her again, she moved with Skye to her station, wrapping the wrist-fetters around Skye's arms. With her wrists already tethered to her waist, Nora had to attach the second set of cuffs higher up, jerking Skye's arms into position. 'Sorry!' Skye gave her an understanding look, and Nora leaned forward and kissed the other woman on the neck, then blushed when she realized what she had done, feeling her face start to burn a furious red. Why had she done that?

To try and cover her confusion, she moved to her own station, wrapping the metal around her own wrists. It was bright and shiny, clearly new-crafted, not yet smeared and dirtied by use. It was cold against her wrists, the chains only allowing a tiny amount of movement, just enough to reach the keyboard on the slanted desk in front of her.

The four stations weren't in line – the three of them were slightly behind the "1" terminal, which was where Rebecca led Aiko.

Metal clicked as Aiko's wrists were locked in, Rebecca putting a hand around Aiko's neck. 'As the current team leader, you will be set up first, and then I will tend to the others.' She pulled up Aiko's skirt, revealing her chastity belt. 'Let me get this off.'

Aiko squeaked, Nora's own thighs twitching. That wasn't fair, that Aiko got her belt removed! Although the chains were so short she wouldn't be able to touch herself, and there was nothing appropriate to grind against. Still, the metal was pulled away from Aiko's body and put aside, Rebecca giving her a swift slap on the ass, leaving a red mark on her pale skin.

Then she flicked a catch on the vertical bar's base, letting her slide it forward, stooping and pushing Aiko's feet around it. There were large metal rings on either side of the bar, snapping into place around Aiko's ankles.

'This will ensure you stay in place. If you do well, you might get rewarded.'

The tip of the pole ratcheted upwards, sliding into Aiko and making her grunt, her body tensing up. And then having to stand up even straighter, as Rebecca kept pushing it upwards, pushing her onto her toes.

'It will take care of your needs, as you may be here for some time. And something for your other hole...' Rebecca stood up and reached under the desk, pulling out a rubbery bulb attached to a long hose. It was already shiny with lubricant, and Rebecca used one hand to pull apart Aiko's buttocks, pushing the bulb into her asshole, making it gape wide.

'Ow!'

Without thinking, Rebecca slapped at Aiko's ass. 'No complaints!' She shoved again, the bulb sliding into Aiko's body, her ass swallowing the lump completely, leaving just a tube running back around her legs, going down into several tubs around the base of the desk. 'Your mouth next.'

Aiko squeaked in uncertainty, as Rebecca picked up another tube, this one ending with a transparent half-dome along with some straps. It went over Aiko's mouth and nose, the straps running back around Aiko's head, hard to see against her black hair.

'If it looks like you're not working hard enough, then your air will be restricted. Most find that unpleasant, so I would advise that you work hard.' Rebecca stroked at Aiko's breast, then ran a hand up the backs of the restrained woman's legs. 'That should keep you in place. Now, I'd like you to meet your temporary supervisor. A few of the developers have nicknamed it "spankbot", although there is a more formal name.'

Nora tried pulling on the wrist-chains, but there was no give. If she dropped her hips slightly, she could feel the tip of the vertical shaft brush against her chastity belt – the thought of having something inside herself was making her wet already, but having it shoved there, forcing her to be mounted on it – wouldn't that hurt?

Rebecca went to a large locker on the wall and opened it up, wheeling out a sturdy cylinder on a wheeled base. On top was part that could spin, a large metal paddle there. Rebecca heaved it into place behind Aiko, who was squirming around, the hose on her facemask not long enough to let her turn around, unable to see what was happening. Nora could see her breath misting against the plastic mask, coming in a fast and regular rhythm.

It was moved closed behind Aiko, Rebecca giving it an experimental twist, the paddle spinning around until it touched against Aiko's buttocks, Rebecca tweaking the device's position until it properly aligned. Aiko was still twisting, wanting to see what was touching against her.

'If you work well, you will be rewarded. If you are slow, then you will be punished. As the temporary leader, then you, Aiko, need to set an example to the others.'

It was impossible to tell if Aiko had said anything back, the breathing mask in the way. Her screen changed, showing first the company logo, and then coming up with some text.

'You may begin, while I prepare the others.'

The paddle slapped forward, cracking against Aiko's buttocks – Nora could hear her grunt of pain, the strike sounding painful as flesh was deformed. Her fingers started to strike the keys, not wanting to get hit again.

Rebecca approached Nora, her smile doing little to reassure her. 'Shhh, just be a good girl, and this should be nice and easy. And I'm sure you'd like to earn a little more pleasure.'

As her skirt was pulled up, cooler air brushed against her thighs, making her shiver. Rebecca's nails scratched against the sensitive flesh between her thighs, tapping against her chastity belt, and then the metal released, unclamping itself from around her thighs and pussy. Just being free sent a rush through her – her pussy was open and exposed now! Even if she couldn't touch herself.

She was so wet that the dildo-prong slid easily into her, despite its fat girth. It was a rush being stuffed and full, although Rebecca slid it all the way into her, forcing her to stand super-straight, straining her legs, feeling the pole on her ankles.

When Rebecca clicked the ankle-restraints into place, it actually helped, giving her some additional support.

'Good girl. Nice and obedient.'

The ass-plug was next, over-sized and cold, squishy rubber, violating her asshole. It stretched the tight hole uncomfortably wide before getting sucked into her body, nestling inside of her, far too large to be able to push out, and she couldn't reach around to remove it by herself. She tried shaking her backside, feeling how the tube restricted her movement, ready to pump her full of liquid.

The mask was next, rubbing against her face, squashing and deforming to form a tight seal. At the moment, air was flowing freely, but that could probably be withdrawn at any time.

'You may begin, Nora.'

The screen flicked on, a light by the camera showing that it was on as well – was someone watching her?

When she started to work, her dildo shivered inside of her. It felt good, and she could already feel her fluids starting to flow, further easing its movements. If she did enough, could she get an orgasm? She gasped, her breath suddenly short – was that excitement, or just the mask? She had to suck hard to get enough air, fighting for breath. With the cock shoved into her, she couldn't move her waist or hips at all – even twisting in place made her brain stutter from the pressure of the cock against her walls.

She tried to focus on the work, but it was hard, with pleasure slowly building. She was dimly aware of Nora and then Ishani being set up, their own pussies impaled on the shafts, but couldn't muster the focus to look around, not with the screen bright in front of her, and the promise of an orgasm if she did well. Occasionally, Aiko would gasp in pain, some error causing the machine to slap her ass. How long would they be here for?

Chapter Eleven: Open House

After several days of “work”, things settled into a frustrating rhythm, of being escorted into the office every day and set up at the desks. Being teased all day was starting to melt Nora’s brain, her crotch a sopping, hot mess, her legs starting to firm up from being made to stand all day. Her ass was sore from being slapped every time she made a mistake, her neck sore from lightning-stings. And having her hands bound after work every day, so that Rebecca could hose her down, was another torment, warm water pushing against her slit, teasing her further! Sleeping underneath the latex sheet, tight and confining, made her feel like she was being caressed and stroked all the time.

Rebecca’s crop tapped against Nora’s cheek, and she tried to make herself pay attention. Why did she have to be naked except for her collar and the belt? The apartment air was warm, but it was turning her on even more! ‘The four of you will be representing the company tonight. This is to display yourself to potential future employers. I expect you to be on best behavior! Aiko, you will be in charge of Ishani, and Skye – you are to be in charge of Nora. I expect you all to dress appropriately, but, Ishani and Skye, you are to dress the other two. Is this understood?’

They all answered, Ishani mumbling through her posture-muzzle, unable to properly speak. ‘Very good. You have an hour to prepare yourselves.’

Nora stood up, Skye pulling at her arm. Just the touch of flesh-on-flesh, hot and potent, made her feel fuzzy and light, and she didn’t resist as she was pulled towards Skye’s bedroom. The way the muscles in the other woman’s back moved, the lines of her buttocks on either side of the chastity belt... Another quiver of warmth tickled between her thighs. She wanted release! Maybe Skye would punish her? Or she could do well for the guests and earn release?

Inside Skye’s room, the woman’s scent was overwhelming. There was another of the latex bed-units, the sight of it making Nora whimper, before Skye embraced her. Their bare breasts rubbed together, her lips tight on Nora’s mouth, their tongues sliding together before Skye withdrew, Nora whimpering, wanting the warmth to continue.

‘You’re going to be a good girl, aren’t you? Or you’ll be punished.’

Nora tried to suppress the image of herself over Skye’s knee, getting spanked and finger-fucked. ‘Yes, Skye.’

‘Good. I think that this would look good? I’m not sure who’s coming tonight, but they’re probably going to be rich.’

She pulled a dress-bag from the wall and opened it up, to reveal a short black cocktail dress, with a deep cleavage.

‘Put it on.’ There was a note of command in her voice, and Nora moved to obey. Her body felt hot and soft, the material sliding over her flesh, clinging tightly to her curves. She twisted it into place, the cleavage a deep “V” coming to beneath the bottom of her breasts. It fit perfectly, shaping itself to the curve of her hips and her buttocks, the hem partway down her thighs, just about long enough to cover her chastity belt. It was so tight that the metal band around her waist was visible through the fabric, and her collar was bright around her neck.

Skye was dressing herself – her own dress was a longer, coming to beneath her knees but with a high slit up her thigh, the metal of her own chastity belt shining out as she moved. Although the material went all the way to her neck, several cut-out diamond-shapes were down the center-line between her breasts, enough to show the soft curves of flesh and her navel.

After getting dressed, they did each other's hair and makeup. The feeling of Skye's hair, strands warm and soft against her hands, made her crotch tingle again, despite it being sealed away.

A bell sounded outside, and they hastened to finish up. Nora looked at herself in the mirror – the dress tightly sheathed her body, showing off her body, her blonde hair falling down in a wave against her back. When she moved her head, the strands stroked and teased her skin, the dress being partially backless. She was so sensitive!

Metal clicked, jerking her back to the room, as Skye attached a leash to the front of her collar, a short chain getting pulled on as Skye yanked on it. Nora had no choice but to follow close behind the woman, trying not to stare at the woman's backside, flesh pushing against the dress.

In the living room, Rebecca was waiting for them. She had changed from her maid outfit into a dress herself, a tight latex mini-dress that showed off her legs and breasts, long sleeves covering her arms, gloves sheathing her hands. Aiko and Ishani were already prepared as well – Aiko was wearing a Chinese-style dress, sleek red silk with a thigh-slit on each side, showing off the stockings she was wearing, high-heels pushing her up enough to hide her short height. Ishani was stood behind her, her muzzle switched for a ring-gag. She was having to tilt her head backwards to avoid dribbling down herself, and her dress seemed designed to show as much flesh as possible – her torso was covered only by two straps of black fabric in an "X" shape over her breasts, a diamond-stud sparkling in her navel, a black "dress" running down one leg and leaving the other bare, except for a lace garter. She grumble-grunted something, Aiko tugging on a chain leash and dragging the woman's head down.

Ishani craned her long neck forward, a splat of spittle falling from her mouth to the floor, as Aiko smiled in a predatory way. 'Is this acceptable, Miss Rebecca?'

'Very good. And good work in keeping her gagged.'

Ishani grunted again, sounding frustrated. She moved her legs, trying to kick at Aiko, but metal clicked – there was a short chain fettered between her ankles, limiting her steps.

'Just in time for the guests to arrive. Now, remember, you are to be friendly and courteous. This should help you relax. Aiko, open wide.' Rebecca stepped towards Aiko, grabbing at the woman's jaw and dropping something in. Ishani had no way to protect herself with her mouth forced open, Nora seeing a white pill falling into the wet hole. She let herself be given the pill, swallowing it, feeling a warm, numbing sensation ooze into her mind, her empty stomach quick to absorb whatever it was..

Nora let herself be guided forward, head fuzzy. Out of some reflex, her arms moved so that each was grasping the opposite elbow, her breasts thrust forward. Rebecca caught her eye and gave an approving nod, as she stood by the couch, trying not suppress the arousal she could feel between her legs. The apartment lights were set on low, everything cast into soft and vague light, delicate music coming from hidden speakers.

They all lined up, Rebecca issuing a few quick flicks of her cane to nudge them into proper positions, Ishani still having to keep her head tilted to avoid messy dribbling. Footsteps sounded, as a young woman approached. She was wearing an evening dress, red silk draped over pert

breasts, cutouts showing a generous amount of flesh, a bright steel collar marked with the company logo. Behind her were four men, dressed in business suits.

Rebecca bowed, bending at the waist, Nora imitating her, feeling her clothing shift on her body. With the low light and whatever that pill had been, their faces seemed blurry, but their clothing was expensive, their cologne heavy in the air.

‘Hmmm, these are the new girls then?’ One of them looked them over, nodding in approval. ‘I like the tall one.’ He reached out and felt Ishani’s breasts, ignoring her gagged grunt of protest.

Aiko bowed again. ‘Would you like to see her in more detail, Sir?’ She ran her hand across Ishani’s stomach, then tweaked her skirt aside, revealing the metal plate of Ishani’s chastity belt. ‘Her arse is availARGH!’ She yelped as her collar sparked.

‘Language, Aiko. Although, yes – Ishani is available in one hole, although the others have been plugged except for the mouth. If you would care to use your phones, then you can see their personal specifications. All of them are highly qualified, and are being trained for a variety of uses.’

Another one of them took out their phone and held it out. Nora’s collar beeped, the phone giving a single buzz in his hand, before he scanned Skye.

She spoke, her voice very proper and deliberate, careful not to show her accent.

‘Would Sir care to test her? This is Nora – she’s a good girl. Or myself – I am Skye, and I would like to earnOWW!’ Her braids jerked about as she twitched from a shock, Rebecca tutting.

‘It is not fitting to discuss rewards! You will be punished later. Now, your command apps have been unlocked to give most functionality. So please – test them.’

A trickle of fear ran down Nora’s spine, her collar suddenly very heavy. Could they shock her? Ishani grunted in pain, shocks loud enough to be heard. As her head flicked about, a thick stream of dribble splashed from her mouth, falling onto the chocolate skin between her breasts.

‘A high-spirited filly! I want to see the little one take her for a ride.’

‘Hmm, does she come with schoolgirl outfits? She’s got the build for it.’

Nora saw Aiko wince in distaste for a second before covering it with a smile. ‘Would you like to use Ishani? Her mouth is available.’

‘Grphh!’ Ishani tried to growl, before getting shocked again, swaying slightly from the pain. Nora found herself pushed forward by Skye, as two of the men sat down on the couch, Skye pushing Nora to her knees in front of them. She tried to kneel as gracefully as she could, shaking her body so that her dress fell in place.

From on her knees, she could see the bulges in their trousers. ‘May she be of service?’

An electrical shock jolted her neck, but it was only a weak one, and she managed not to make any noise. One of them reached forward, and she tilted her neck to allow the collar-ring to be grabbed, and she crawled forward.

He brushed her hair, tilting her head to look upwards. ‘Definitely a looker! You’d be nice in a corner of my office.’ His hand slid around her face, a thumb brushing her lips. She opened her mouth, and it slid inside of her, dry and warm. She sucked on it, rolling her tongue around it, watching his reaction, wriggling her hips and watching the fingers of his other hand, against his phone screen.

‘You are obedient, aren’t you! I wonder how you react to other things?’ He withdrew his thumb, wiping it against her chest, her spit sticky and wet. Then he jabbed his other hand against

the phone, and a shock jolted her neck, making her head arc backwards from the shock and pain. 'Hmm, this one seems a little fragile, Rebecca.'

'They're good girls, so haven't had to undergo much punishment. This does make them easier to punish, if they misbehave. Or just for fun.'

There was a grunt as Ishani was pushed down, her neck getting zapped by repeated shocks as she went onto all fours. With her head down, spit flowed in a steady stream, making the floor wet.

'Mistress Rebecca, as it has been ordered by a client, may I use this on Ishani?' Aiko's voice was sickly-sweet and innocent, despite the oversized strap-on in her hand, the thing having a bulbous head, already gleaming with lubricant.

'You may. Gentleman, the "pleasure" functions on these four have been disabled, as they are under strict rationing, but please do play with the other options.'

'Mpphhh!' Ishani protested again, but was shocked again, more strongly this time, Aiko shoving her around so that she was side-on to the men.

A hand touched against her head, pulling her forward, her knees rubbing against the thick carpet.

'Let's see what this one does... Oh, it's a camera.' Her head was pushed back and then twisted around, so that different angles could be seen. 'And then this?' The collar hissed, rubber padding inside inflating, pressing tightly against her neck. It made it hard to breath, but was also cutting off the blood flow to her brain, her head getting woozy. Her temples throbbed, a headache starting to flare, before the pads shrank away, deflating slightly, blood rushing back as Rebecca spoke.

'There's an automatic cut-off, to prevent any permanent damage. It can be over-ridden, but only on the premium contract. It is useful if you ever need to put them to sleep, to make them easier to put into containment.'

She gulped in a breath, hoping that the pads wouldn't expand again! But his cock was harder now, and right in front of her. Just the thought of it made her mouth water! What would it be like sucking a real cock?

Flesh slapped against flesh, drawing everyone's attention as Aiko spanked Ishani, hard enough to leave an impact mark on the soft brown curve of Ishani's buttocks. Her chastity belt had metal bars in that lifted and spread the ass-cheeks, exposing the pucker of her asshole. The huge cock was now strapped around Aiko's waist, as she slapped Ishani's ass again, then pushed the tip of the cock against the tight pucker, up on her knees.

One of the men stood, and went to stand behind Aiko, pulling her head against his crotch-bulge. Then he unzipped his flies, erect cock thrusting out, and he slapped it against Aiko's cheek until she was able to turn her head and take it into her mouth. As this happened, she was thrusting her own hips backwards and forwards, thrusting the cock further in with each movement, the dark length steadily vanishing into Ishani's body, making the woman grunt and gasp.

'Why don't you pleasure the gentleman?'

Nora pushed her head forward at Skye's suggestion, raising her hands to spread his legs wide, moving into a more comfortable position. She reached between his legs, finding the zipper of his flies and pulling it down, carefully pulling his cock out. It was hot! It throbbed in her hand, harder than she had thought it would be, the foreskin already peeled back. He smelled clean, and she opened her mouth, gently licking the tip, rolling her tongue around it, tasting his flesh.

Beside her, Ishani was being sodomised, the cock now fully sheathed within her ass. Nora felt a twinge of sympathy, the thought of something that size shoving in and out of her making her asshole throb and tense.

She lifted her head up from the cock. 'Please, Sir, may I use my hands?'

'Hmmm... No. Just the pretty mouth of yours.'

She obeyed, putting her hands behind her back, clasping her wrists. She kept licking and nuzzling the hot length, the taste strangely intoxicating. Nora was careful not to scrape it with her teeth, rubbing her lips against it, rolling her tongue up and down the length, and around it. His hand lightly rested atop her head, but with enough force that she couldn't fully raise it up, having to keep most of the length inside her mouth.

And then he pushed down onto her, pushing her head down. The cock started to impale her throat, and she forced herself to relax, suppressing her gag reflex. It was hard to breathe around it, and she had to time inhaling through her nose between quick dips and bobs of her head.

She couldn't turn her head to look at his face, but Skye was on her knees and sucking off the other man, although he had a strong grip on her hair, forcing her head down. She was making choking, spluttering noises, her throat impaled on the shaft.

Ishani was whining through her gag, tongue wagging. Another of the men knelt down in front of her, slapping her across the face with his cock, making her grunt in protest, before her hair was grabbed and used to steer her face onto the cock.

Aiko was still sucking another man off, even as she ass-fucked Ishani, strap-on pumping in and out, stretching and warping Ishani's asshole.

The cock in Nora's mouth suddenly bucked, shooting out a load of thick, creamy cum into her mouth. She snorted in surprise, coughing and spluttering, his hand too strong to let her pull up. She swallowed, the stuff mixing with her spit, the cock still in her mouth, but starting to flag and shrink. The taste was overpoweringly strong, making her feel woozy, the warmth between her legs threatening to swallow her up. She wanted to come herself!

The cock was withdrawn and slapped against Ishani's face again, before he took a strong grip of her hair and thrust it all the way in, her throat bulging. Her collar jolted, her body tensing up, the man making a satisfied sigh. Spit was flowing from her mouth now, pooling on the carpet, tears glistening around her eyes, mascara starting to run.

Pearl drops of cum splatted onto Aiko's face, another blast hitting across her dress, staining the fabric around her breasts. Her tongue snaked out of her mouth, licking at a bead, before she scraped some of her dress and licked her fingers clean.

'If you would care to swap the girls around? This is a taster session, after all. Or, now that Ishani's backside has been opened, if anyone would like to use that?'

Ishani gave a weak grunt of protest as Rebecca spoke, but when she tried to stand, her collar jolted her, and she stayed down on all fours.

Still reeling from the taste of cum, Nora didn't resist as her head was pulled back. Another of the men was getting hard again, Nora dipping her head to lick at it, the length already slippery with cum and Skye's saliva. As she kissed and nuzzled and licked it, it began to harden more, getting hard and hot.

'Eager, isn't she! Your training is clearly going well.'

'I like to think that Alicia has taught me well.'

Nora began to bob her head up and down, taking the length into her mouth, tasting the cum, hearing the sounds of the others all sucking cock as well.

Chapter Twelve: Busman's Holiday

Nora's skin was covered with sweat and cum, both mixed together and dried on her skin, her breasts squashed and pressed against her knees. She was doubled over and in a small cage, her hands cuffed behind her back, her mouth dry and forced wide by a fat ballgag. Her memories of last night were hazy – her mouth had been well-used. Had she sucked off all of the men? She could still taste cum in her mouth, mixed with dried spit. She tried to wriggle her tongue and call up some saliva to make her tongue less painfully dry, but the gag made it hard.

Where was she? She was utterly naked except for her collar and belt, metal pressing against her knees and her back, metal bars all around her body. She strained, trying to break out, but the metal was too strong, not budging as she pushed herself against it.

'Mpphh!'

It was dark outside of the cage, but it looked like they were still in the living room. She twisted her head, trying to look around – Skye's bright red hair spilled out of another cage, Skye herself still asleep. Ishani was slumbering as well, her torso turned so that a large breast was partially compressed by a cage-bar. Aiko's petite size gave her more space, her hands twisting around, cuffs rattling against the bars, trying to get it open. Their dresses were in a discarded heap on the floor, a memory of them being torn off trickling into Nora's mind.

Heels clicked, as Rebecca walked into view. She was back in her maid's outfit – from down on the floor, Nora could see up her skirt, where the metal band of a chastity belt gleamed between lacey petticoats and ruffles. She had a mobile phone pressed up against her ear, pushing a wheeled platform where her other hand.

'They all seemed to take to it well. A little grumbling from Ishani, but I think that's part of her charm. I will be sure to ensure she doesn't get too proud though.'

Aiko squeaked, trying to shrink back into her cage.

'Thank you for remembering, Miss Alicia. Yes, it is my birthday, although I was going to spend it training the girls.'

As Rebecca got closer, Nora could hear the faint squawking from the phone as Alicia spoke, although she couldn't make out the words. A broad smile settled over Rebecca's face.

'Really? Thank you, that is more than I deserve!' She bowed, despite speaking over the phone. 'Thank you!'

In the quiet of the room, Nora heard a soft metallic "click", as Rebecca let go of the trolley and grabbed between her legs, pulling the bands of her chastity belt away from her body. Nora could see her bare and shaved pussy, already gleaming and slick, the sight getting her turned on, while Rebecca profusely thanked Alicia before tucking her phone between her breasts.

'If I let you out, will you be good girls?'

Nora and Aiko both nodded and grunted. Nora could feel her muscles straining from being locked into such a small space, wanting to stretch out her body, her knees and spine aching.

Rebecca knelt by the cage and pushed her fingers through the bars, stroking at Nora's body, her fingers swift and sure. But Nora could smell the desire coming from her pussy, squirming her own thighs, the metal hard and implacable against her skin. As soon as Rebecca opened up

the cage, she crawled out, looking at Rebecca who nodded before she stood, stretching out her body, glad of the freedom.

‘Load Skye and Ishani up, and then we can wash them.’ She darted forward, tongue coming out, licking at a dried cum-splatter on Nora’s breast, her tongue wet as it slid over Nora’s body. ‘I hope you enjoyed last night? You certainly seemed to like giving pleasure with your mouth.’

Nora felt herself blushing, but nodded. The thick rod in her mouth, before it spat out cum, the taste overwhelming and powerful... She had to struggle not to drift away in memories of last night, of memories of the taste and flavor, although having the stuff dried on her body made her feel dirty and grimy.

To try and cover her confusion, she went to Skye’s cage and managed to lift it, wrapping her hands around the bars and moving it onto the trolley, then helping Aiko lift Ishani up, the woman heavier than Skye.

‘Into the bathroom. These two lazybones can be woken up while getting a clean.’

Although her jaw was aching from the gag, Nora didn’t even think of removing it – she didn’t want to be punished! Although Rebecca sounded quite happy, almost skipping along behind Nora and Aiko as they shoved the trolley along, the other women still slumbering.

The large bath was already full, the water steaming with warm mist. Two hooks dangled down, connected to channels on the ceiling. Rebecca clipped them onto the cages and then pulled her phone out and pressed the screen. Pulleys whined into life, yanking the cages upwards. Skye and Ishani slid about inside, flesh getting squashed against the bars, startling them into waking. Before they could protest, the cages dropped, splashing beneath the surface.

‘You two may clean yourselves. No need to get dressed today. It’s a rest-day for us all!’

As Ishani and Skye were submerged and then dragged above the surface, before being dropped again, Nora showered herself. She was still drowsy, taking pleasure in stroking her body, her flesh hot and sensitive. Playing with her breasts and nipples made her feel even more aroused, her other hand dropping between her legs, fingernails scrabbling against the metal. She couldn’t help but stare at Aiko’s body, small and pale, her breasts petite but perfectly formed, as she scrubbed away dried cum, playing with her own chastity belt.

By the time she was done, Rebecca had finished cleaning the other two, or at least submerged them often enough she deemed them clean. The supporting winch clattered again as the cages were moved from over the tub, Rebecca tapping her controller to zap them both through their collars, their pained squeals running together.

‘You all did well yesterday, although that’s no excuse for sleeping in today!’

They both coughed and spluttered, water streaming off their bodies.

‘Miss Alicia has very kindly granted me the gift of pleasure today. It is time for all of you to get some more practical experience. You certainly seemed to enjoy it yesterday. Ishani, you especially enjoyed yourself? Your backside is likely to attract a lot of attention.’ Whatever Ishani’s response was, she couldn’t mouth it through the gag. ‘I do hope that the four of you will behave yourselves? I’d hate to have you reassigned to a harsher tutor.’

Nora squeaked – there was someone *harsher*? How often had she been spanked, paddled and electrocuted? She could feel moisture underneath the collar, where she couldn’t get the towel underneath to dry it. Maybe the electrics would break? But that might mean it would never come off!

‘Miss Rebecca, what should I wear?’ There was nothing laid out, and wrapping the towel around herself felt awkward.

‘Oh, you can stay naked. Don’t worry, I’ll turn the heating up. Think of it as being like a pajama day, except without the pajamas. So you can drop the towel.’ Her voice hardened into the hint of a command, Nora obeyed, feeling awkward at the enforced nakedness. ‘Good girl. Now go and wait in the living room while I prepare these two. You as well, Aiko.’

Nora scurried to obey, not wanting to get punished, not fully dry yet, almost slipping on the tiled floor as she exited, Aiko right behind her.

Back in the living room, Nora shook herself dryer, her hair still wet, trying not to feel like a dog. Aiko poked her beneath the ribs, nails sharp, making Nora grunt in pain. ‘Don’t forget that I’m in charge! I’m doing the best out of us, so I’m going to be put in charge of you. If you’re nice to me now, then I’ll be nice to you later. But don’t try and mess with me!’ Her fingers pushed into Nora, hard enough to hurt.

She spun and shoved back, easily pushing the smaller woman away, Aiko looking shocked at the resistance. ‘You’re not that far ahead. And Ishani will want her revenge on you already!’ She advanced on Aiko, who suddenly looked worried. Nora grabbed at Aiko’s collar-ring, easily overpowering her, pulling her in close. Aiko was pressed against her, flesh warm, small breasts pressing against Nora’s body, breath fluttering, squirming but unable to get away.

Nora wasn’t sure what to do, but the scent of Aiko’s flesh was intoxicating, so Nora kissed her on the lips. Aiko squeaked, trying to pull away, but Nora wrapped an arm around her waist, holding her in place. She was so small and light that it was easy to keep her under control, and she tasted sweet, Nora’s tongue pushing into her mouth. Her belly pressed against Aiko’s, and she could feel the smaller woman’s breathing.

Pain flared across her buttocks, a cane striking across her ass. She grunted into Aiko’s mouth and let them go, Aiko immediately retreating out of grabbing range.

‘While she is rather attractive, you should only be doing that sort of thing with permission.’ Rebecca spoke, the cane smacking across Nora’s buttocks again. ‘On your knees.’ Rebecca’s voice hardened, and Nora dropped down. Aiko stared down at her, looking smug, as Rebecca walked into view. She was still entirely naked, holding two leashes in her hands, Ishani and Skye crawling on all fours behind her. Both were gagged and blindfolded, spit oozing from between their lips, their hands feeling ahead of them as they crawled.

‘Forward, Ishani.’ When the woman was in the right place, Rebecca sat on her, Ishani grumbling until Rebecca stroked her hair. ‘Shhh, shhh. You’re the best seat, but I’ll let you have some fun soon.’

‘Mph.’ Ishani flicked her hair, making it arc in a long tail, water spraying outwards.

‘Now, Nora, hands out, palms up.’

Rebecca was making herself comfortable atop Ishani, making the most of the woman’s back, her pale skin contrasting with Ishani’s brown flesh. So much soft, supple flesh, still slightly wet from the bathroom, was making Nora’s head feel fuzzy until the cane flicked, cracking against her palms.

She hissed in pain, reflexively drawing back her hands until Rebecca shook her head, and she slowly raised them again. The cane whistled, pain flaring along her palms.

‘I’m sorry, Miss Rebecca!’

‘Well, you were good last night. And Aiko is very kissable.’ She raised and extended a leg, the bare foot reaching towards Nora. She leaned forward, brushing her lips against the fresh-washed skin, kissing at it.

‘This is more appropriate. Today is my birthday, after all.’ She shifted her body, spreading her legs. ‘Rather than punishment, I think you should try and please me. Although I hope you are skilled.’

Nora kissed at an ankle, before running up the inside of the woman’s leg with a succession of quick kisses, up past her knee, then onto the meat of her thigh. Her scent mingled with that of Ishani, still being used as a seat. Nora’s mouth went dry, and she ran her tongue along Rebecca’s inner thigh. Having Rebecca’s legs on either side of her made her feel enclosed in flesh, making her acutely aware of her own nudity, and the heat between her legs.

A hand grabbed her hair, wrenching her head forward and pulling it against Rebecca’s cunt. The lips were still moist with bath-water, Nora licking the droplets before sliding her tongue into the folds. Rebecca made a satisfied sigh from above her, Nora wriggling and twisting her tongue around, slipping it deeper inside. The woman’s juices were like nectar, sharp and sweet, Rebecca shifting her hips forward.

Ishani whined from beneath Rebecca, able to sense what was happening, her own sex still locked away. Nora could feel her own cunt throbbing as well, sealed beneath cruel, hard metal, as she kissed and licked away at Rebecca’s folds, hearing her breath hasten.

‘Mmm, good girl, good girl!’ Her voice was still strong. ‘Skye, remove your blindfold, get the ropes and bind Aiko to the table. Face up. And don’t resist, Aiko.’

Nora’s hearing was muffled by Rebecca’s thighs, but she heard a brief scuffle, before focusing on Rebecca. The feel of her folds, slippery-smooth and moist against Nora’s tongue, and the scent filling her nostrils, combined together to be just as intoxicating as alcohol.

Rebecca’s hand tightened on Nora’s hair, moving Nora’s head in a steady rhythm as she continued to kiss and lick. She could feel Rebecca heating it, the warmth emanating from her cunt increasing, getting wetter and looser.

Nora’s head was suddenly pushed backwards, her tongue still dangling from her mouth, pussy-juice flavorful on her tongue.

‘Mmmm, excellent. But I don’t want to come just yet. Skye, is Aiko set up?’

No longer between Rebecca’s thighs, she could more easily hear the sounds of struggle, Aiko grunting and wriggling, Skye straining.

‘Almost!’ A collar zapped, Aiko grunting in pain. ‘Thank you!’ Rope slithered, the sounds of struggle reducing.

Nora lowered her head, kissing at Rebecca’s feet, her hair sticking slightly to the woman’s leg. Rebecca purred in pleasure and then stood up, Ishani sighing as the pressure on her back was relieved.

‘Follow. Like that. I like you down there – you’d all make cute pets, although you’re being trained for something more.’

Nora crawled after her, Ishani being pulled by her leash. The carpet was soft on her hands and knees, and she tried to keep pace with Ishani, letting her body brush against hers. The contact of flesh-on-flesh was intoxicating, and she couldn’t resist twisting her head and kissing Ishani’s shoulder, nibbling the brown skin. An extra-large blob of spit splashed out of Ishani’s mouth, her blindfolded face coming around to look towards Nora, unable to see.

Nora nuzzled at her again, before they reached the table. Her head bumped into the back of Rebecca’s legs, and she tried to cover her mistake by kissing up the skin, glad that Rebecca made a pleased sound.

‘The two of you may stand.’

Nora obeyed, glad to take the weight off her knees. Aiko was spread out on the table, still fighting the ropes bound about her wrists and ankles, red marks appearing on her skin as she struggled. They held her taut and spreadeagled though, without enough give for her to do more than shift her hips and torso. Another band of rope had been wrapped around her face, filling her mouth, scraping against her lips.

‘Mmpphhh!’

Rebecca pushed down on her forehead, before pinching a nipple. ‘Don’t struggle, Aiko. You’ve been doing well, but I wouldn’t want you to get too full of yourself. And you’re so small and cute, it’s like you’re designed to be tied up! And it’s my birthday, so I can do what I want. Skye, there is a box in the kitchen, please fetch it. Ishani, you can remove your gag and blindfold. Nora, start teasing this one.’

‘Yeph, Miph.’

Nora walked around the table, Aiko’s eyes following her, still trying to break her restraints. The knots were ugly lumps of rope, and the painful discoloration of her hands and feet was growing. Sweat was starting to make her skin shine, despite her recent clean. Nora reached out and tapped the chastity belt, Aiko wincing and trying to wriggle away, without success. Nora knew from past experience that it was impossible to get a finger around it, but she leaned forward and kissed the pussy-slit, the metallic tang not a pleasant taste. She twisted and squirmed her tongue, using her hands to push down on Aiko’s stomach. If she pushed as far as she could, then she could just about touch her tongue against flesh through the slit.

She pushed harder, ignoring Aiko’s grunts of discomfort as her stomach was compressed. Her tongue moved against shaved stubble-skin, and then was pinched against the edge of the slit, hurting her. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Skye return, the woman’s pale skin, marked with freckles, turning her on. She wanted to taste her, to be able to embrace them without the belts on! When she twisted again, she felt the edge of a pussy-lip, the taste changing from skin to something more as Rebecca spoke.

‘Nora, stop.’ She obeyed, standing up to see Rebecca ferreting through a cardboard box, pulling out some bright red candles and lighting them. ‘Aiko, I’m sure you’re going to be a wonderful birthday cake for me.’ Ishani grabbed one of Aiko’s feet and jabbed her nails in, Aiko gasping in pain and shaking again, Rebecca not noticing. ‘You need to learn to submit more. I was going to start your rimjob training, but I think someone else can have that honor.’

The candles burned with a steady flame, before Rebecca tilted one of them, bright red droplets splashing onto Aiko’s flat stomach. Tears sparkled in her eyes as they hit, vivid red against her pale skin. Rebecca hummed happily to herself, moving them around until there was a small puddle of the stuff, which she used to stick the candle to Aiko’s body.

‘I will be very upset if that falls off! And a few more as well.’

Aiko mewed in pain, but her struggles stopped, body going limp as two more candles were attached in a line up the middle of her stomach, one between her small breasts. Beads of wax started to roll down the columns, acting to further glue them in place.

‘Let this be a lesson – you are here to serve, not give orders. No matter how cute you are!’

Aiko’s body twisted in sudden pain as Ishani pushed nails even harder into a defenseless sole, the tears in her eyes starting to trickle down her face. Nora moved a hand close to one of the candles, feeling the heat it gave off – what would that feel like, so close to her body, with the wax trailing down onto bare skin?

‘Skye, you seem a little reticent. I want you to eat out my ass. Ishani, you may eat my pussy out. And then we can have some more fun with Aiko.’

‘Miss Rebecca, what should I do?’

Rebecca reached into the box and pulled out a long, knobbed purple shaft. ‘You may use this. I want to see if you can manage to get yourself off.’

Nora grabbed it from her hand, wincing at Skye’s jealous look. The dildo had a reassuring weight in her hand, and she flicked it on, pressing the vibrating length between her thighs. It buzzed and thrummed against the metal, as Ishani dropped to her knees again and crawled around behind Rebecca, taking a hold of her hips, Rebecca thrusting her ass backwards.

‘I want the tongue nice and deep! Don’t worry, I’ve cleaned myself thoroughly.’

The metal buzzed against her skin. She twisted and pulsed her hips, trying to increase the pressure against her pussy, pulling the band up so much that it hurt as it bit into her skin. In front of her, Rebecca’s eyelids were fluttering, Skye now eating her out from the front, her own hands scrabbling uselessly against her own belt, as Aiko continued to try and twist in her own confinement.

She could feel it, the slowly increasing throb of lust, her own desperation rising. She didn’t care that it hurt, that the metal pinched and chafed her flesh, she wanted to get off! The dildo buzzed and vibrated against the cruel thing, as Rebecca was licked and kissed, Nora whining in frustration. But the metal was tough enough that she couldn’t get enough sensation through it to get off, the desire getting worse and worse with no release.

The candles were dribbling more wax onto Aiko’s skin, her writhing now stilled, fearful of making the candles fall over. Nora kept trying to get herself off, desperate to try and get over the edge, her body heating up, desire peaking and getting more intense, the vibrations coming through her body. The gasping coming from Rebecca, as she was licked and tongued by the other girls, made her feel even more frustrated, a whine escaping her lips as Rebecca orgasmed.

Chapter Thirteen: Company Away-Day

There was a sickly chemical taste in the back of Nora's throat, her brain feeling fogged and fuzzy. She tried moving – she was swaddled up in something, her body wrapped up and bundled, her body not responding to her thoughts. Everything was numb and empty. She could feel something all around her, rubber against her face. She couldn't see anything, but was aware of cool air flowing into her mouth, a metal ring holding it wedged open. When she waggled her tongue and exhaled, she couldn't hear anything.

Something twitched between her legs, teasing and buzzing. It felt like she was on her front, her breasts squashed against a soft surface, wrists tied to ankles. It was strangely comfortable though, everything soft and fuzzy. It felt good, and she squirmed in her restraints, feeling how they kept her contained. There was a constant throbbing vibration, running through her body – were they in a vehicle? But then the gas came back again, and she drifted into a bound and constrained daze...

'Ah, they're coming around. The different sizes makes it a little harder to get the dosages right. Ishani can take a lot more than Aiko!' It was Rebecca, her voice close by. Nora tried moving, finding she had some degree of movement, but her skin was sealed away in latex again, something stuff around her waist, squashing her ribs and making it hard to breath. Scents of... wood and straw? And a slight chill in the air. She was on her side, with her arms bent back on themselves – when she tried to move them, she found resistance, straps wrapped around her wrists, connecting them to her neck, her hands forced into fists and bundled into balls.

'Mmmpphhh?' The fuzziness in her head was clearing fast, but she couldn't see, something padded covering her eyes, as footsteps approached, making wooden boards creak.

'Oh, are you waking up? Let's get your tail ready, while Aiko recovers. She's such a small thing that judging the right amount is hard!' Hands gripped beneath Rebecca's armpits, hauling her upwards, her breasts getting squashed against someone else's body. She struggled to stand, scrabbling against the floor – what was on her feet? Her ankles were forced into a bent position, strange lumps beneath her toes, making her stagger and sway before managing to get her legs beneath her. Metal clicked, something clipping to her neck and supporting her weight.

'I'll take that blindfold off.' Rebecca spoke, then whispered. 'But be a good girl and don't get me in trouble. Please?'

Hands rubbed her face, against the bottom of her eye-sockets, sliding beneath the padded leather and lifting the blindfold off her face. Nora closed her eyes tightly, expecting bright light, only slowly opening them, the space she was in actually half-shadowed. It was a wooden building, wooden slats dividing it into stalls, with clean straw scattered on the floor, with light coming in through a wide doorway, greenery visible outside. Leather hung on the walls – saddles, restraints and whips, savage-looking bullwhips making Nora shiver. Her arms could move, but not much – her wrists were bound to her shoulders by something that had only a small amount of give, an equally elastic binding between her wrists and her neck, a cord going behind her back. She could flap them around a bit, but not do anything more.

Rebecca was stood in front of her, wearing her usual maid's outfit. Behind her was Alicia, dressed in tight white trousers and a tight, bright red, jacket, along with shiny black knee-high boots, a crop in her gloved hands.

'Now, Nora, I'm going to give you a tail. Fortunately you were out for long enough that getting you prepared was nice and easy.'

'Mmphh?' Something was wedged between her teeth – not the usual gag-ball, but a padded metal bit, wrapped in leather, strapped tightly in place. She could feel where her spit had oozed out, down her chin, the bar chafing the corners of her mouth. Rebecca held up a shiny metal bulb, with feathers coming out of the back of it, already shiny with lube. Nora reflexively tensed her buttocks, feeling metal bars keep them apart – had her chastity belt been changed at some point? Her asshole was now exposed!

Rebecca spun her around, the strange shoes making it impossible to resist, as Nora found herself overlooking a stall. Aiko was unconscious on the floor, wearing a sleek white bodysuit, high bunny-ears strapped onto a hood, and her feet sheathed into boots where only the toes could make contact with the ground, the rest forced into a high arch, like a horse's leg. Protruding from between her ass-cheeks was a white fluffy pom-pom tail, fur shivering as Aiko breathed. The ground in front of her mouth was stained with spit, her mouth force open with a ring-gag, straw plastering itself against her face. Her arm-tie looked brutally tight, cords cinching her elbows in the middle of her back, her arms tied upwards so they were against the back of her neck, fingers bundled into latex-bound fists.

Metal, cold and slippery, pushed against Nora's asshole, sliding into her. She tried tensing up, but there was nothing she could do to resist, Rebecca implacably forcing it into Nora. She could feel each lump, each bigger than the last, as it entered her, filling her up entirely. Once it was in, there was no way that she could push it out!

'Mpphhh!'

'The feathers are rather cute. Let me just test your collar, and then I'll wake Aiko.'

'Wpphh?' Electricity slammed into her neck, making her eyes water, the shock running through her entire body. A spark went through the plug in her ass, making her legs shake, a hoof thudding against the floor, the only thing supporting her for a moment the neck-chain.

'Good, that works. Don't worry, unless you take a direct hit most shocks won't be that bad.'

'Direph high!?' What was going on? She twisted her feet, trying to get some sense of balance, feeling like she was going to fall over, forced onto her toes, unable to use her arms to balance.

'Think of it was a personal initiative exercise.' Rebecca smiled, although it wasn't very comforting.

Alicia approached, cracking her crop across her hand. 'We are on Mistress Hunt's personal estate for a hunt. And the four of you are the prey. I do hope you won't be a disappointment?' Her eyes were cold, making Nora shiver, as Rebecca crouched over Aiko, pulling out a syringe and pulling back latex to jab it into the woman's neck, making her gasp and shiver, forced into wakefulness. 'We will be using guns that will activate your collars if they hit. I hope you haven't been neglecting your physical training?'

Aiko was dragged up to standing, straining at her restraints, as the sounds of a hunting horn echoed from outside. Aiko's eyes were wide and panicked, her lips spread around her ring-gag. Another piece was attached onto the outside – white latex and plastic, shaped into a bunny's nose, with whispers wagging as she squeaked and whined, the pitch changing to a whistle when it covered her mouth.

‘You take those two, I’ll get the others.’ She tapped the crop against Nora’s cheek, making her twist her head, realizing that her hair had been tied into a high ponytail. Rebecca grabbed her by the collar and unclipped her, her other arm dragging Aiko along, the smaller woman’s feet thudding heavily against the ground. The electricity was still jangling through Nora, making it hard to fight back as she was dragged outside, staggering on the heelish pony-heels. With her arms held forcibly bent at her sides, it was even harder to balance.

Thick leaves blocked most of the light, although she could see a distant meadow filled with bright sunlight, as the hunting horn sounded again.

‘You will be given a head-start, and then expected to provide a fun hunt. Try and dodge and weave, that sort of thing.’

Nora heard sounds of protest, just about able to turn to see Skye and Ishani being pushed around by Alicia. Skye was in orange latex, with black and white patches around her ankles, neck and breast, matching her hair, mouth sealed by something shaped into a fox’s muzzle. Ishani was even taller than normal, her toe-boots adding several more inches onto her, her suit colored like a deer, with blinkers limiting her vision.

‘I suppose you can’t see yourself, but you make a lovely pheasant. The tail may even help block shots! Now, if you can make it all the way down to the boating lake, you will earn a reward. Although the hunters are very good, so that’s not likely.’

Aiko was starting to twist and writhe, straining at Alicia’s grip, feet kicking at the ground, trying to escape.

‘Not yet!’ Rebecca dragged her back, preventing her escape, as Alicia dragged the others into position, holding them there. ‘You need to be shown to the hunters first.’

Nora couldn’t move, Rebecca’s grip on her collar too tight, her teeth clamping onto the gag, sinking into the leather padding, finding the metal beneath, starting to get her balance back.

‘Good girl. Nice and calm. Save your strength, you’ll need it.’

The sounds of footsteps on ground approached, thudding heavily in the still countryside air, as Ishani grunted and protested, until her collar zapped and she went silent, Skye fearful and silent.

The hunters came down the forest track – except they weren’t on foot. Each was mounted atop a person, female bodies wrapped in black latex, their feet in the same strangely-shaped boots, with saddles on their back, blinkers and bits on their faces. Their riders were all dressed for the hunt, in tight trousers and boots, electric rifles being casually carried. At the forefront was Mistress Hunt, looking even more domineering as she stared down at her. At the back, being led by their reins, was one unmounted “steed”.

Nora swallowed nervously, pawing at the ground, not daring to stare at the woman, trying to warm herself up to run. Rebecca whispered in her ear. ‘Get ready.’

Alexandria looked over each of them, her gaze cold and penetrating, before she nodded. Behind her, a young man raised a horn to his lips and blew, bright red coat catching the wind, the sound sending birds flapping up to the sky from a nearby tree. Rebecca released her grip and Nora bolted, just in time to see Alicia running for the unattended “horse” and vaulting into the saddle.

She ran, the heels making it feel like she was on the verge of falling over with every step, having to accelerate or risk falling on her face. The gag forced into her mouth tasted of leather and metal, making it harder to breathe, her tail-feathers shaking, the motion conducting itself into her asshole. It stirred her up and excited her, the latex tight against her pussy, but it was hard enough focusing just on keeping her balance, without any distractions!

Nora accelerated past her, bright red shape shooting forward, Ishani not far behind. Aiko was lagging already, slower to accelerate, her short legs making it harder for her to move fast.

Was there any cover? The horn blew again, and she heard the hunters move, their steeds carrying them forward. A red dot flickered over a nearby tree – that must be from their guns! This wasn't fair! She leaned forward, hoping that she wouldn't fall, hearing a pained squeal from behind herself as Aiko was shot, her own breath starting to quicken. Within the latex, it was harder to breath, the stuff constricting and tight, whatever was around her torso keeping it shaped and compressed. How the hell was Skye moving so fast? Her orange shape was even further ahead now, running down the track.

Nora risked a glance over her shoulder, almost falling over in the process, unable to use her arms to counterbalance herself. The hunters were advancing fast, their "steeds" carrying them with impressive speed. She saw Alexandria rise up in her saddle, settling herself to take aim at the fleeing Aiko, already faltering. A red dot traced over white latex, before shooting out.

Aiko squealed, body going rigid before dropping and rolling, her momentum carrying her forward, shiny white skin getting covered with dust and dirt. Before she could rise, more shots struck, making her twitch and spasm, squealing in powerless protest.

Nora turned and tried to run, desperate to avoid such a fate herself. Could she cut into the forest? On the forest track, at least the ground was compacted down, giving her stable footing, while the forest floor was covered with roots and fallen branches. She heard Aiko squeal as she was shot again, and swerved to the side, off the track.

As she ran, the plug in her ass jostled, the feathers making it judder and twist, although there was no way for her to be able to pull it out. She strode off the path, weight angled forward, feeling sweat starting to form beneath the latex, hot and clammy, unable to do anything but flow downwards.

Instead of a foot, she just had a "hoof" – it was worse than high heels, at least those gave support at both ends of her feet, but now all her weight was on the very front! She scraped off a tree, her butt-feathers catching on a tree, pulling on the plug for a moment. Her asshole distended as the plug was pulled partway out before the feathers tugged free, and it slid back into her. The shifting of the plug made her aware of the wetness between her legs, sweat sliding down her belly, her thighs wet with other fluids.

The shouts of the hunters were getting closer, Nora feeling the bit-gag rub and chafe more painfully into the corners of her mouth, her spit welling up and flowing over it. She couldn't swallow fast enough to clear it, her breath constricted by her outfit, chest compressed and squashed, straining against the latex and the corsetry.

Someone squealed – she couldn't tell if it was Skye or Ishani, but someone had been shot! Through the trees, she caught a glimpse of bright orange, Skye running, Ishani's brown hide not far behind.

'There she is! Giddy up!'

Nora squeaked, running as fast as she could, every step on the verge of tipping her over. Even the stupid high heels from the office would be better than these things! She scraped against a tree, the latex thick enough to take some of the impact.

'She's a fast one! Blasted trees are in the way!'

She vaulted over a stream, feeling her ankles protest as she landed, unused to the strain, staggering but managing to stay standing. Which way was it to the lake?

Her body seized up, and it took her a long moment to think again, realizing that she'd been shot. The electricity hadn't been just into her neck, but across her stomach! Was the whole

damn suit wired up? Her vision blurred, her foot-hoof clipping a root and almost making her stumble, but she managed, somehow to stay upright. She couldn't take many more of those! A laser dot flickered over a tree in front of her, and she dodged aside, running behind a bush. Another dot chased her, and she felt a searing agony sting across her whole body, as another garbled cry echoed through the woods.

But she wasn't down yet! She was still upright, and breathing, a crashing from the path showing that someone had been caught. There was a cluster of trees, their branches low, and she ran towards them, turning her face as she moved between them. Fortunately the branches were only light, the leaves scratching but not cutting her face.

'Blast, missed her!'

She didn't dare stop, or turn to see what was happening, focusing all her will on running as fast as she could. Running than risk tripping, she lifted her legs high, trying to cover the ground as fast as possible, hoof-feet kicking up piles of leaf-mold. Her arms strained against her bindings, but through the woods, she could see a gleaming curve of light. Was that the lake?

Nora turned on an ankle, feeling it shift painfully but not break. Could she make it? More squeals sounded, equal parts indignant and pained, but she had managed to recover enough to run now, at least without the aftereffects of the brutal, jangling electricity.

Ahead she could see that the woods opened up, with a small lake visible just beyond, bright and clear in the sunlight. Could she make it? A laser-dot danced around, flickering over leaves and branches, and she tried to jink and dodge rather than risk being hit. The edge of the woods were close now, with just open ground down to the lake! Could she make it?

Her body clenched, her sphincter tightening around the plug, her vision whiting out. One of her legs went out from beneath her, and she fell forward, crashing to the ground, with enough momentum to skid along. She lay there for a moment, trying to collect herself, one of her cheeks pressed against the cry, cool and slightly damp.

Footsteps approached, and she tried to stand, another electrical shock hammering through her, stabbing into her neck. She managed to roll over, twisting her legs around, but then there was another shock, and then another, and her consciousness faded.

Chapter Fourteen: Company Picnic

Nora's head throbbed, her neck, her whole body sore and aching. One of her ankles was in pain, throbbing with a repetitive soreness. She could hear the sounds of conversation, happy chatter, and the clinking of glass, as warm sunlight shone down into her. She shook her head, feeling groggy, burn marks around her neck as her collar shifted, her hand falling over her eyes. When she tried to move, she heard rope creak, and became more aware of her position. Her arms and legs were both spread wide, in a standing spread-eagle, her feet still in the hoof-boots, the ropes taking some of the strain.

She tossed her head, bit-gag still in place between her lips, trying to clear her vision enough to see. The lake sparkled brightly, with the hunters sat at their ease, with picnic blankets spread on the ground. Their "steeds" were tethered to a post, blindfolded and gagged when not in use, as the riders enjoyed themselves. Food had been laid out, old-fashioned wooden boxes holding delicious-looking cakes and finger-food, with bottles of wine being passed around.

Rebecca was there, serving food, aided by two other maids, although one of them was being groped by a guest, the lace of her bodice being pulled aside, one hand mauling her breast, the other between the woman's legs. From how red her face was, the maid was enjoying it!

Alexandria was easy to see, at the center of the group, a flute of champagne in hand, Alicia stood close by with the bottle, ready to top her off. Nora could feel that her latex suit was now sticky and clammy, the inside covered with her sweat, soaking into her skin. One of the guests glanced up at her – a young man, that she recognized from the video call. She let her head drop, hoping no-one had noticed she'd regained consciousness yet, glancing around and trying to spot the others.

Aiko was on a metal picnic table – her slight body bent back into a hogtie, feet almost touching her head, rope biting into her latex-wrapped skin, a fat red ball-gag between her lips. She was wriggling around, straining to find some way to get comfortable, frustrated noises coming from behind her mouth. One of the guests, an older man, stood up and approached her. She tried to wriggle away, before he grabbed one of her binding ropes to lift her up and started to prod and poke at her flesh, lifting her up and feeling her breasts, looking disappointed.

Metal chimed against glass, as Alicia tapped a spoon against the champagne bottle, Alexandria standing up, smoothing out her riding jacket.

'Thank you all for coming! It is a pleasure to have guest again – I have been rather busy organizing everything, but now Artemis is starting to pick up momentum, so hopefully there will be rather more time for entertainments and pleasure.' Alicia was looking at Alexandria with admiration in her eyes, stepping close to stand by Alexandria. 'And now my son, Dillon, has returned from university, then he will be starting to take up more of a business role.' She gestured at the young man, Nora still trying to pretend to be unconscious, trying to watch through her overhanging hair.

'For the first hunt of the season, I hope it was fun – although the prey were all fresh, and so may not have been as exciting as might be hoped.'

Aiko squeaked as the man groping her bent her body, her spine forced to arch all the way backwards, his fingers feeling her latex-wrapped breasts. 'This one didn't get far! And she's far too small.' He let her go, her body dropping back onto the picnic table, Aiko squeaking in protest, unable to do more than impotently wriggle.

Alexandria smiled at him. 'Aiko was something of a disappointment, yes. Rebecca, kindly add some more physical training to her workload. She needs to have more stamina. Although Ishani did manage to endure more shots than I expected. Perhaps she might be more to your preferences? We should move onto skinning them. Rebecca, bring Ishani out.'

Rebecca curtsied, the motion drawing her dress tightly across her body, before walking out of Nora's sight. When she came back, she was moving slowly, dragging at reins, attached to a device in Ishani's mouth. When the reins were pulled, a cock slid into Ishani's mouth, making her cough and splutter, but she was still in her "deer" outfit, her arms bound. She was fighting, pulling back on the reins, only moving forward when Rebecca used her full weight to drag the woman forward.

A general sound of approval ran around the group, despite Rebecca's straining. Ishani's body tensed as someone triggered her collar, letting Rebecca drag her towards a wooden post and tie the reins to it.

'Alicia, as you took the killing shot, you may have the honor.'

Alicia put down the bottle, before taking up a piece of sharp metal, and approaching the still-struggling Ishani. The metal flashed, skimming through the latex, slicing it off, Ishani's dusky flesh appearing from beneath. Alicia was practiced at this, grabbing Ishani's throat with one hand to pin her in place, knife flashing as she stripped and sliced away the latex. Ishani's skin still had a sheen of sweat, making it shine under the bright sunlight. She squirmed, trying to twist her legs to hide her slit. Alicia twisted the knife, pushing the handle between tensed legs, whispering something as she twisted it back and forth, Ishani shivering and giving up her resistance.

'A fine specimen! And quite sturdy!' Ishani's breasts now hung out, her torso stripped bare – small burn marks were visible from where she had been electrocuted and zapped.

'They are quality products – we can have fun with them, but nothing too harsh. She has been denied pleasure for quite some time, so I'm sure she will be receptive though.'

The sounds of disappointment made Nora shudder. What were these people wanting to do to them? Aiko squeaked as another guest picked her up, slicing away the smaller woman's latex, her pale flesh appearing from beneath, immediately getting groped and mauled. Her hogtie was tight enough that she couldn't be completely stripped, shreds and scraps staying in place, bound by the ropes.

Nora was acutely aware of her own sweat-slicked skin, and the warmth between her thighs, as Alexandria spoke, loud enough to be heard over the squeals of Aiko and Ishani. 'Rear use only. They haven't earned more. Although if anyone is wanting more of a challenge, then I think Skye may be willing.' Ishani whined, before grunting as someone slapped her ass. 'Who bought her down? I think it was you, Alex, wasn't it? I'll have her brought in. And then you bought Nora down, Dillon – good work!'

The young man smiled, then looked at her, and she dropped her head again, hoping she hadn't been noticed. He grinned and winked at her, making her shift awkwardly in her bonds. More servants entered, a pole strung over their shoulders, with a resisting Skye dangling from it, her wrists and ankles bound over the top with rope. In that position, she couldn't do more than shake her body around and whine, the orange fluff of her fox-tail shaking around, dangling from

her ass. Her eyes were wide and furious, the pole rattling as it was placed onto supporting rods, keeping Skye supported off the floor despite her struggles.

The sight of her form made the guests make impressed sounds, before she grunted in pain, Alicia looking up from neatly slicing more latex away from Ishani's body to tap something on her wrist, making Skye squeal in pain, still resisting.

'My apologies, masters and mistresses. Skye is still learning to adjust.' She was zapped again, her body sagging down. 'Possibly some further punishment is needed?' A crack sounded out as Alicia spanked Ishani's backside, hard enough to leave a red handprint on the soft flesh, before Rebecca pulled out the tail-plug, making Ishani squeal as it was wrenched from her body.

Skye growled from behind her gag, before yelping in pain as she was shocked again. Alexandria nodded. 'Yes, I think some further chastening. She should be tenderized for a whipping. Alex, you may do the honors.' Skye shook her head, still trying to escape, but the ropes around her wrists and ankles were tied too well, meaning that all she could do was shake her body around.

One of the guests stood, taking a heavy-looking whip from another maid, and then flicking it forward. The tip slapped against Skye's thigh, stripping away latex, revealing pale skin beneath it. Her red braids danced around as she kept trying to free herself, another whip-strike searing along her ribcage, then onto her calf. Tears were sparkling in her eyes, the sounds coming from her throat now those of pain and distress. Each blow of the whip stripped her further, tearing off more and more of the latex, leaving welts on the skin. This just made Skye angrier, grunting indignantly as she twisted around, trying to break free.

Her head tensed, eyes widening, Alexandria speaking to Alicia. 'Hmm. Impressive stamina, but I would have expected her to be more obedient.' Skye's collar jolted her in quick succession, until her eyes rolled back in her head and her body went limp, spit dribbling around her gag. 'While she's out, she may as well be positioned for easier use.' She raised her voice. 'Our victor, who almost made it the destination, is Nora.' She walked towards Nora, who froze in fear, face down. A hand grabbed her hair and pulled her head upwards, Alexandria slapping her across the cheek, making her flinch.

'It was a good shot, Dillon.' Alexandria's eyes stared into Nora's, holding her in place just as much as the fingers wrapped around Nora's hair. 'An impressive turn of speed – you almost made it.' Alexandria's other hand squeezed Nora's breast, before squeezing the nipple, hard enough to make Nora gasp. 'Dillon, do you want to skin her? She was your kill.'

Nora strained on the ropes holding her spread, whimpering through the bit-gag, her teeth biting down on the solid core. The other hunters were looking at her with interest, and she was acutely aware of how the latex showed off the curves of her body, and how sweaty she was beneath it. Alexandria slapped her again, but more lightly this time. 'An impressive run.'

The young man walked about behind her and she let go, turning to lightly put a hand on his shoulders. There was a definite resemblance between them, the family link clear. Although Nora's attention was jerked away when Alicia handed over a knife, the edge bright and sharp. The man smiled at her, before wrapping a hand around her throat, grabbing her by the collar. 'Don't wriggle, or I might slip.'

She bit down on the gag, trying to hold herself still. The tip of the knife pushed against the latex, in the dip of her throat, expertly slicing through the material, and then downwards, the two sides flapping away, moving under their own weight. The sunny air was still cooler than her skin, and she could feel the tip of the knife, close against her body as it trailed downwards. The latex peeled away, her breasts now exposed, adding a hot flush of shame to her body, making her

sweat even more. The man – Dillon? – still held her by the throat as he efficiently sliced downwards, all the way to her crotch.

Her pussy was even wetter now, with both sweat and pussy-juice slickening her thighs. He reached forward to peel away the latex, the merest brush making her head spin, her thighs tensing and thrusting themselves forward.

‘You are keen, aren’t you? What should I do with you?’ The fingers of his empty hand slid against her lips, teasing and exciting her further, before he started to cut away her outfit even more, carefully slicing across her belly and then upwards, letting him pull strips away from her arms. Her whole body was wet and shiny with sweat, beads trickling down her skin, especially when he cut around her back, exposing her further. It didn’t take long until her torso was exposed, with some left along her arms, her legs still encased within the hoof-shoes, coming up to her thighs.

‘You’ve worked up quite a lather, haven’t you?’ He was stood behind her, out of sight no matter how she turned her head, her hair sticking to her back. When a hand touched against her shoulder blade, she squeaked and tried to move away, but the ropes were too tight. His fingers felt smooth and clean, contrasting with her sweaty, grimy skin. A finger ran down her spine, making her shiver, before a hand cracked against her buttock, then grabbed the feather-plug. ‘Let’s get this out of the way.’

‘Mpphhh!’

She could feel it inside of herself, far too large, and then it started to slide out, forcing her asshole wide as it stretched to accommodate the plug. Her breath rushed out of her in a drawn-out whine, and he let it go, her body swallowing the thing again, her bowels getting violated.

‘Do you like that?’

Even though she couldn’t see him, she couldn’t ignore his presence, firm and commanding, twisting the plug, the feathers brushing against her sometimes, clinging to her sweaty body. Each time he twisted the plug, she whimpered, the action making her even turned on, before he suddenly yanked it out in a single motion, leaving her gasping, feeling her asshole only slowly close up afterwards.

‘Hmm, I probably shouldn’t use this just yet. I saw from your records that you’re a virgin.’ She blushed even deeper red, as he reached between her spread thighs, a single finger slipping slightly into her. She thrust her hips forward, the digit sliding deeper in, her walls tightening around it. She wanted to be filled and fucked!

He withdrew, wiping his finger against her thighs, making her sigh with frustration.

‘Horny, aren’t you? Well, I’ll sure you’ll be used soon enough. I don’t think it’s that much longer until you’ll be rented out for the first time.’ He pressed against her more closely, his scent strong and manly, his cock pushing against her backside through his trousers. ‘Alicia, it won’t disrupt her training too much if I fuck her in the ass, will it?’

‘Mmph!?’ Being discussed so casually made her flush even more. Although Aiko’s mouth had been unsealed and was being used, her head being tightly ragged back and forth as she sucked on a cock. Ishani was being fucked as well, an older man taking her from behind, her jaw tight around her bit-gag, hoof-feet scraping against the floor, arms straining against her restraints. Skye had been moved, no longer suspended from the bar, now she was spreadeagled on the ground, metal pegs and ropes used to anchor her limbs. Nora couldn’t see her face, but from how her arms and legs strained, she was conscious, even if the pegs were too tight to let her move. Alexandria was stood over her, a shiny black boot pressing down onto the woman’s bare slit, grinding back and forth.

Alicia nodded. 'It will do her good to get some experience with a real one rather than a dildo. And she did so well to get as far as she did, so deserves a reward.'

Hands spread her cheeks, her eyes widening as spit, warm and sticky, landed between them. A second later, she felt the meaty shaft of a cock smearing the spittle around. It felt huge, and hot.

'Mmph!' She couldn't move at all, as the tip of his cock slowly pushed into her. It was smaller and softer than the butt-plug, her asshole easily accommodating it, more of the thing sliding into her.

He made a satisfied sound, as she tensed her ass, feeling the length inside of her, sliding out and then deeper in. A real cock inside of her! His hands grabbed her hips, fingers digging into her soft flesh, cock thrusting deeper in. It was hotter than the buttplug had been, feeling more intrusive.

The man using Aiko came, Aiko's spit suddenly frothy with cum, his hands gripping her hair harder, before he withdrew and slapped his cock against his cheek, ignoring her whimpers of protest. A bright red apple was pushed into her mouth, so large that Aiko couldn't spit it out, her teeth sinking into it, keeping it in place. Ishani was being pounded from behind, breasts shaking and jiggling, hands sunk deep into her curvaceous flesh.

Nora started to shake her own hips back and forth, the cock sliding into her, until she felt his hips against her backside, his full length buried into her. His fingers were strong on her own hips, keeping her under control. She wanted to be fucked properly! She hadn't even been allowed to touch herself for what seemed like forever! But being taken from behind was more satisfying than she had expected, a warmth burning between her legs, her pussy wet and open, even if she couldn't do anything to satiate her desires.

She heard Dillon grunting behind her, his breath quickening, before he let out a long sigh, and she felt a slickness around his cock. Had he just come? Inside of her? His semen, shot into her bowels? He sighed again, his grip on her body loosening, cock slowly sliding out of her, the cum easing its passage. She felt fluids smear against her buttocks, cum and spit mingling together, mixing with her own sweat. She felt dirty and used, but also strangely ecstatic, the adrenaline of the chase and the pleasure of being fucked, even if only in the ass, make her head feel hazy and dazed.

'Did you like that?' He slapped her ass with a sharp crack. 'You've been trained well. Rebecca is doing a good job with you.' The praise made her feel even more giddy, as his hands idly stroked over her body, coming up and cupping a breast, a finger idly stroking a nipple. She tried leaning into it, desperate for more stimulation, her pussy still wet, wanting to be touched down there.

Alicia approached, and she looked away, the woman grabbing her chin and forcing their eyes to meet. 'An interesting hunt. I wasn't expecting you to be the victor. Or for you to catch Master Dillon's eyes.'

The hand tensed on her breast, fingers squeezing her nipple hard, making her reel in pleasure and pain.

'Well, she is well-trained. And quite pretty.' He sounded partway between pride and embarrassment.

'Perhaps you can help with their training more? It might be useful for them to have some real experience. Although the others seem to be managing successfully.'

Ishani's ass was now oozing with cum, bright white pearls oozing down tan flesh, mingling with shining sweat. Skye's pussy was being tormented by Alexandria's boot, getting crushed beneath black leather, making Skye whimper and blabber through her gag.

Nora was content to let Dillon's fingers stroke over her flesh, feeling out her warmth and softness – at least she wasn't being hurt!

Chapter Fifteen: Packing For A Trip

Nora's mouth felt musty and stale, her spittle having dried. Had she been knocked unconscious again? She could feel a stabbing pain in her neck, her collar chafing against a pin-prick from where she had been injected with something. Her crotch was still warm and sensitive, sealed away behind metal, making her whimper with desperate lust. Having her body touched and stroked felt good, but she wanted to get off!

She tried moving – something was over her eyes, and she was bent into a ball, with her arms cuffed and between her thighs and calves, her legs slightly tingly from restricted blood flow. A gag forced her mouth open, her tongue sliding against a rubber ball. Metal cuffs clicked and bit into her wrists, and there was something keeping her ankles together as well. With some wriggling, she was able to roll onto her side. The floor beneath her was cold concrete, rough against her cheek, but she rubbed her cheek against it, using it to dislodge the blindfold from her face.

It was... a storeroom? Metal boxes and crates were piled up along one wall, while a metal shutter was currently locked shut. The others were also here, but all were tied up, with Skye being hooded, a fringe of ginger hair escaping out from beneath. Red marks were visible on her naked body – had she been whipped? Ishani was bound to a pole, short chains attaching her wrists, ankles, waist and neck to the metal, her lips spread into a distorted kiss around a ballgag. Aiko was still bent into a hogtie, ropes biting into her limbs, discoloration starting to spread over her flesh, ball-gagged as well.

With more rolling, Nora was able to stand, although she still felt dazed and woozy. The floor was cold and gritty against her bare feet, her eyes adjusting to the low light – she could see more restraints, latex and metal giving off dull gleams.

Lights blinked and strobed on, grimy electric light stabbing into Nora's eyes. From somewhere out of sight, a door opened and then shut, a lock clicking into place, footsteps echoing around the place. Nora squeaked and looked around – was there anywhere she could hide? But other than the crates, there was nowhere to go, and she couldn't pull the blindfold back into place.

The footsteps got closer, before the young man that had been groping and stroking her stepped into sight. He was still dressed for the hunt, but more casually, with the jacket gone, his shirt partially untucked. Nora squeaked, looking around and blushing, suddenly acutely aware of her nudity, trying to cross her legs to hide some of herself, the belt pinching at her skin.

'You're up already? Hmm, Alicia must be losing her touch. Although the others are still all out.'

'Mpphhh...'

'Well, why don't you give me a hand with the others. If you're a good girl, then I can give you a treat.'

Nora started to back away – he wasn't holding a whip or crop, but probably had a controller for her collar, and she didn't want to get shocked!

‘Rebecca thinks you’re coming along well. She was one of Alicia’s protégés, very enthusiastic.’ He looked down at Ishani’s body and sighed. ‘That one’s got a nice build, but it’s going to be hard dragging her around. The small one should be easy though. Aiko, isn’t it? And you’re Nora?’

Nora slowly nodded, still nervous and fearful.

‘And the red-head is Skye? She’s a fighter! Rare to see someone struggle that much. Even Alicia was impressed. Although mum thinks that she needs more obedience training. To help break her down a little more. She likes workers to be very obedient though.’

Nora gulped nervously – his mother was Alexandria! If he told her she’d disobeyed or had done something wrong, then she’d be in a lot of trouble. She nodded, feeling spittle ooze down her chin.

‘Let’s do Aiko first, she should be easy. We can put her into one of the transport cubes – it looks like she needs a break from the hogtie. Too much pressure on the limbs isn’t good, wouldn’t want to damage the merchandise. Come here and I’ll change your hands to make them easier to use.’

Nora slowly approached, then turned around, holding her bound wrists out, uncomfortably aware that she was presenting her bare ass-cheeks to him. A hand, warm and strong, took her own hand and lifted it up, forcing her to bend at the waist and thrust her ass backwards, before metal clicked and one of her cuffs opened up.

He twisted her around, pushing against her from behind and bringing her wrists together in front of her and clicking the cuffs shut again, her hands bound together again. She could feel his warmth, close enough to make her start to blush, his other hand squeezing one of her ass-cheeks and making her squeak.

‘That crate over there. That should be the type we need.’ He pointed and pushed her towards one of the boxes – sturdy metal, with some numbers mostly worn off the outside. She walked towards it, pulling up a handle and dragging it forward. It wasn’t as heavy as she had feared, but she still had to put her strength into it to make the thing move, scraping and screeching over the bare floor, making her ears hurt.

The lid rattled open and shut as she moved it, revealing a padded interior, smelling of sweat, the padding worn away in parts, and with a corrugated breathing tube attached to a mask. A block rose up in the center, with chains linked to leather cuffs.

When she turned around, Dillon was leaning over Aiko, his fingers pulling at the ropes, releasing her from her hogtie. Her limbs flapped loose, the pressure gone, Dillon picking her up easily, holding her in his arms and taking her in a bridal carry.

‘She’ll probably be out a while, so let’s get her in. Hold that lid open.’

Nora obeyed, feeling the resistance of a spring trying to hold it shut, as Aiko’s body was placed into the crate, face-up. The blocked pushed her torso upwards, her legs getting bent back, cuffs locking around her ankles and wrists. Then he twisted something on the outside of the crate, and the chains tightened up, pulling her arms and legs tighter, denying her any movement. Her head lolled back, completely unsupported.

‘Take her gag out – I don’t think she’s been naughty enough to have her air limited. Although Rebecca says she can be a bit bratty? That can be cute, but needs to be kept very limited.’

Nora leaned over Aiko, a splat of dribble falling onto the woman’s taut belly, sliding over smooth skin. Aiko stirred, still not entirely conscious, Nora feeling fat-fingered and clumsy as her fingers felt around the gag-strap, trying to find the buckle. Aiko made sounds of discomfort

as Nora pulled on the strap, forcing the thing even further into their mouth, stretching their lips out before she managed to release the buckle and pull the gag out. The ball was wet and shiny with Aiko's slobber, a long string of spit falling back onto her face and cheek.

Nora picked up the breathing mask – it had a valve on the inside, currently open, the hose connecting it to the main body of the crate.

'Good girl. Now put it on her.' Dillon was leaning over her, still fiddling with the cuffs, checking her ankles where the ropes had been biting.

Nora pushed the mask over Aiko's face, rubber compressing into place, forming an air-tight seal over Aiko's nose and mouth. Elasticated straps wrapped around Aiko's head, sufficiently small that Nora had to use a buckle to shrink their length to keep them tight. Aiko was on the edge of consciousness now, her limbs starting to move and tense, eyelids fluttering.

They opened, eyes staring up at Nora, her arms drawing on the chains, unable to move. The breathing mask muffled her breathing, her stomach inhaling, chains clinking as she tried to wriggle. Then the lid slammed back down, Nora withdrawing her head not to get caught, locking Aiko inside the darkness. She heard a muffled squeak of shock just before the lid was shut – if Aiko was conscious, then she wouldn't be able to move, beyond some slight wriggling and twisting, while having to suck air in through the long breathing tube. Dillon twisting a dial on the outside of the crate. 'That should keep her from resisting too much. The others are probably going to be waking up soon – let's do Ishani next. She's going to be the hardest to move. I think the big crate should do. I suppose you've never had to pack someone away?'

'Npphh...' Nora shook her head, then sucked her breath in, trying to keep from dribbling everywhere, not liking the noise it made, but not wanting to make a mess.

'It's a lot easier when they're unconscious. And doing all the straps and buckles can be a bloody nuisance if they're struggling! Give me a hand standing her up – you take the feet, I'll take the head.'

Moving around while naked, gagged and cuffed made Nora feel nervous, but nothing was being done to her yet, and it seemed easier to go along with it than risk being punished. Although Ishani was starting to twitch herself, not far from awakening. Nora grabbed the bottom of the pole, metal cuffs clamped tightly around Ishani's ankles. She could see chafe-marks where the hoof-boots had rubbed at Ishani's skin, but took a firm grip of the pole and started to life. She was heavy! Although when Dillon grabbed the head end of the pole, hauling it upwards and standing Ishani up. She sagged, the weight wrenching around, Nora pushing back against her and having to throw her weight into the movement to keep Ishani from falling.

'Hold her up while I get it open.'

Nora managed to stand up, Ishani's breasts against her shoulders, breathing in the larger woman's scent, sweaty and fresh, along with a tinge of cum-tinted after scent. Nora tried to ignore her own arousal, focusing on keeping Ishani from falling over, the end of the pole scratching against concrete, as a crate was opened up.

She could just about see that it was a larger one than Aiko's – Ishani would be standing up, although with lots of straps around every limb to keep her bound and contained. This one had several tubes inside, to keep the occupant cleaned, and she could see transparent tubs containing food-sludge. Dillon tapped one, checking the level.

'It's only a short trip, so this should be fine. Aiko should be able to hold herself for that long as well, unless she wants Rebecca to punish her for making a mess. Now, getting her from that pole into the crate is going to be hard – don't want to bruise her, after all. No way to do it other than all at once, I guess. Get ready to catch her.'

He moved behind the pole, tilting it and relieving some of the weight, before the band attaching her collar to the pole loosened. Her head sagged forward, soon followed by her torso as the remaining restraints snapped loose, one by one. Nora managed to support Ishani's weight, wrapping her arms around the other woman, giving her a strange-feeling hug. Her breasts were large and heavy as they pressed against Nora, who had to dig her fingers into Ishani's buttocks to try and support her. Having her wrists locked together made this harder than it needed to be!

The pole clattered to the floor, and then Nora had to dry and drag Ishani towards the crate. She was damn heavy! And Nora was carrying her face-to-face, making it even harder to see, before Dillon thankfully took some of the weight, the two of them working together, managing to shove Ishani inside. Nora pushed herself forward, using her own weight to support the annoyingly-floppy Ishani against the back padding, as Dillon reached around her to start securing straps. His clothing rubbed against her skin, brushing against her thighs as he squatted down.

Ishani tensed, her head rolling on her shoulders, as straps snapped tight around Ishani's thighs. 'Mph? Wph?' Spit oozed around her ballgag, splashing between her breasts, her eyes opening. One of her arms came up, Nora grabbing it and shoving it against the slight dent in the back-padding where it was meant to be bound.

'Mphh!' She wanted to get Dillon's attention, to make sure he knew that Ishani was waking up. 'Mphhh!'

Dillon looked up from securing Ishani's thighs, as Ishani's other hand slowly moved. Nora couldn't grab it without letting go of the arm she was holding, and she couldn't press herself against Ishani without shoving Dillon out of the way. She kept pushing forward, feeling her own fingers squash down the padding, Ishani's arm starting to tense and strain, trying to push her back.

Lightning crackled, Nora tensing reflexively, but it was Ishani's collar that had activated, making her squeal with pain. While she was dazed, Nora managed to find a strap that went over Ishani's wrist, pulling it over soft skin and then drawing it tightly. Her hand was starting to move, brown fingers scratching at the padding, shoulder and upper arm tensing, but at least partially pinned.

Dillon was having less success with the other arm, not yet under control, Ishani squealing and grunting. Nora had to slap Ishani's belly as best she could, trying to knock the air from them. It seemed to have some effect, Ishani's wriggling slowing a little, before Nora reached up and grabbed a nipple, squeezing as hard as she could. That made Ishani squeal in pain, and gave Dillon the chance to shove her arm into place and lock it down.

She was still protesting through her gag as Dillon pushed her back, more restraints locking into place over soft skin. Ishani sounded angry, jaw tight around the gag, but she couldn't move, as she tried to break free. She glared at Dillon, making angry mumbles from behind the gag.

'We should get Skye done as well. Before she wakes up – we can finish Ishani off later.'

'Yehp!' Nora nodded, making spit dribble from her mouth. Trying to keep Skye under control would be hard! She grabbed at another crate and flipped it open, grunting at Dillon.

Skye was already starting to move, her hooded head moving around as she tried to twist and roll to her feet, her handcuff chains clicking as she strained at them. Dillon tapped at his phone, Skye's collar flaring. A snarl came from behind the hood, Skye's body shaking, before she managed to stagger into a half-crouch.

'She's a fighter, isn't she?'

Skye growled again, head turning uncertainly, still blinded, her toned body covered with lash-marks. She took several slow steps forward, her collar biting and snarling at her. Nora

ignored the sounds coming from Ishani, stepping around Nora. The padded crate was open, they just needed to get her into it! Dillon shocked her again, then grabbed at her collar-ring, using it to pull her forward. Skye tried to flail around, swinging with her arms behind herself, but Nora shoved her from the side, feeling the strength of Skye's muscles but unbalancing her. Skye staggered, and Nora shoved her again, before Dillon wrapped his arms around her waist and lifted her. Skye kicked with her legs, trying to make contact with something, a heel clipping Dillon's leg and making him wince.

He staggered forward, then managed to drop the wriggling Skye in the crate. His phone dropped from his pocket, and Nora stooped to pick it up. She'd never seen the controls before, but there was a picture of Skye and several buttons, one of them with a lightning icon. Nora jabbed at it with her finger, Skye grunting as her body succumbed to the shocks, folding at the knees and letting Dillon shove her downwards. There was no time for any fancy restraints, Dillon just shoving the lid down and locking it shut, ignoring the sounds of protest from within.

'Phew! Thanks for that. She's a feisty one, isn't she?'

Skye was kicking the insides of the crate with enough force that it was shaking around, Nora pressing the lightning button again. Could the signal reach inside the boxes? It seemed better to press it again, just in case.

'Well, Rebecca can deal with her at the other end.'

Ishani was still straining against her bindings, but without making any headway, chest straining, stained with spit.

'Let's get this one fully put away.'

Ishani was still trying to escape as Dillon pushed tubes into her pussy and asshole, eliciting further groans.

'Hmmm, I should connect the feed-tube, but I don't think you're in the mood for that, are you?'

'Grrrphhh!' Ishani glared at him.

'Fair enough. Well, everyone was impressed with you, so we'll probably see each other again. You probably look good in an office outfit, I'll bet. Or maybe a maid? That's probably better than being livestock. Although you've certainly got the breasts for that. Let me decorate them for you. Nora, pass me some clamps.' He reached out and squeezed one of her breasts, pinching the nipple. Nora looked around – clamps? Where were they? She saw a chain looped over a hook on the wall, sprung clamps on each end and grabbed them, giving them an experimental squeeze. Spiked rubber nubs parted, clicking shut when she passed them over to Dillon.

Ishani huffed impotently, breasts shaking as Dillon continued to grope her squeezing a nipple and then attaching the clamps, squashing the soft flesh. The chain draped across her chest as the other clamp went into place, Ishani exhaling and dribbling, before Dillon stepped away and slammed the crate shut.

'Dammit, Mum's got that photographer coming soon, I need to get dressed. Well, you've been a good girl, so would you like one of the deluxe crates? They get used for cargo that deserves pampering and to be kept quiet.' He walked away, ignoring the metallic thuds coming from Skye's crate, towards a more complicated-looking crate, the outside covered with control dials and switches and opening it up. 'Chocolate flavour paste. Well, it's better than unflavoured.'

Nora slowly approached, looking inside – the padding was thick and plush, with comfortable-looking restraints to keep her restrained. It had a VR helmet inside, as well as tubes to be attached to the occupant.

‘I can force you if you prefer?’

Nora shook her head – she’d rather not get shocked in the neck! Instead, she stepped into the crate and lay down, feeling the padding enveloping her body, soft and comfortable, adjusting to her shape, surprisingly comfortable. Dillon leaned over her, blocking out the light, locking her ankles into place. He rattled her chastity belt, and she whimpered as the metal brushed her pussy.

‘Got to make sure this is nice and secure!’

‘Mpphh!’

‘Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll get your fill soon enough. Now, let me do your neck, and then I’ll release your hands.’

She relaxed, or tried to, having his hands brush against her body distracting, a blush springing onto her face when she realised how close he was, his breath brushing her face. Something clicked against her collar, locking her neck down.

‘You are obedient, aren’t you? Well, I suppose that’s the training having an effect. You’ve been through quite a lot. Hands up.’

She lifted her arms, feeling the movement squash the padding down further. It was like a memory foam mattress, her body slowly compressing it and shaping it around herself. The cuffs clicked loose and open, and she moved her hands back down, nestling them into the padded grooves. His movements were swift and sure as her arms were locked down, sealing her movements completely.

‘With the belt, I can’t plug you in, but I suppose you deserve some entertainment. Let’s get the headset on.’

It slid over her face, showing mind-numbing grey patterns to start with. Having earbuds pushed into place felt intrusive and invasive, but she couldn’t do anything about it. The grey swirls soon vanished, to be replaced by an image of a young woman, her face hooded, bound into a standing spread-eagle. A whip cracked against her flesh, a whimpered scream coming from beneath hood. Nora couldn’t help but imagine herself to be the bound woman, especially when a gloved hand reached around them from behind, stroking down their belly and fingering between their legs. She felt herself get wet and loose behind the chastity belt, as her gag was removed and a tube slid into her mouth, filtered and clean air puffing into her mouth. The lid clicked shut, more padding pressing against her breasts and thighs, completing sealing her in, with just the pornographic video to keep her “entertained”.

Chapter Sixteen: Role Reversal

A cane flicked out, striking against flesh, making Aiko squeal with pain as it hit against her breasts, her clothing offering scant protection against the strike.

‘The guests were pleased with the entertainment you provided, but you should have put up more of a fight. I’ll have to put you on the machine more to improve your stamina.’

Aiko tried to protest, but whatever she wanted to say was absorbed by her gag, spittle dribbling out over her skimpy schoolgirl blouse. Rebecca struck her again, making Aiko squeal in pain. Ishani was holding her in place, arms wrapped possessively around the smaller woman’s torso, murmuring something into her ear.

‘Good initiative on choosing that outfit for Aiko – she makes a good slutty schoolgirl.’

Aiko squealed indignantly again, trying to pull her tiny pleated skirt down, without success – it just barely covered her ass and crotch, a wide band of flesh visible beneath the skirt and her white stockings. A fat tie was between her small breasts, the striped fabric stained with dribble from between her gagged lips. Ishani was holding her securely, and dressed in a sultry evening gown, red velvet clinging to her skin, a thigh-slit showing off a generous amount of thigh, her breasts pressed against Aiko’s head.

‘That’s an interesting outfit you’ve chosen for Skye.’

Skye whimpered, half-protesting, but only quietly, shaking her head, braids flicking about. She was already restrained, a sturdy box-binder keeping her arms locked behind her back, pushing her breasts forward. She was wearing a tight blouse, her breasts visible through it, along with a tight PVC skirt that came to her ankles.

Nora moved close to her, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder, feeling the warmth of her body. She moved a hand down Skye’s body, feeling a bare buttock – the skirt had no ass, showing off Skye’s buttocks while also hobbling her steps, her feet locked into high heels. Whenever she wasn’t supported, Nora would sway awkwardly, unused to the heels, needy for support. A metal ring forced her mouth open, her tongue sliding around inside her mouth. Nora squeezed one of the ass-cheeks, enjoying the feeling of warmth, digging her fingers into the soft flesh.

‘I wanted to show her off.’

‘Mpphh...’ Skye’s protest was quiet and muted – she was still nervous and skittish, getting twitchy whenever someone approached her from behind or when there were any loud noises.

‘Hmm, it is a little slutty. Although it’s nice to see her lovely buttocks. And you’ve made yourself look good as well.’

Nora preened, stroking her own clothing – a sleek and elegant evening dress, deep black silk contrasting with her pale skin and blonde hair, lace panels hinting at the flesh beneath. It came part-way down her thighs, showing off her legs. She’d even been allowed to pick her own shoes, going for 3-inch heels, making her legs taut and sexy, but not too hard to walk in. It would have been nice if the collar had been removed, the metal still around her neck, but it contrasted well with the black material, the metal shined and polished. Although she could feel the electrodes, ready and waiting to shock her!

Not having a gag between her lips felt a little strange, but it was nice to be able to talk for once!

‘Thank you, Rebecca.’ Nora stroked the dress again, enjoying how smooth it was beneath her fingers, the way it clung to her breasts, although the chastity belt did ruin the lines around her waist and crotch. Skye pressed against her, making a concerned purring, needing the support, Nora stroking at the woman’s body, feeling the strength of their muscles, tame and quiescent.

‘The four of you have another display tonight. This time, Ishani and Nora will be in charge. I expect everyone to be obedient – this goes for you, especially Skye. Unless you would like to be shocked again?’

Skye whimpered and shook her head, braids sliding about.

‘Good girl. Nora, I expect you to keep her in line. Ishani, make sure that Aiko performs as well. We wouldn’t want her to get bratty, would we?’

Ishani ran her hands along Aiko’s body, stroking the petite breasts, manicured nails squeezing pliable flesh. ‘She’ll be a good girl, I’m sure.’

Aiko made a grunt of protest that became a squeak of pain as nails squashed soft skin, her head dipping in submission. An electric chime sounded, Rebecca clapping her hands. ‘To your places everyone. While I go and greet the guests.’

She left, striding away, leaving Nora to pull Skye over to the couches, stroking and soothing her as she did so. Ishani was more forceful, just dragging Aiko with her, onto one of the couches..

‘Don’t worry. Be a good girl.’ It was nice stroking Skye’s body, sweet-smelling and soft, her hair light and warm, Nora running the braids between her fingers. Skye leaned against her, vulnerable despite her strength, making Nora feel proud and useful. It was nice to be dressed properly, or almost properly, and not gagged! Although her pussy was soft and wet, sealed behind the damn chastity belt again. She wanted to be used – just the thought made her even wetter, of having a cock sliding into her, hot and potent. She pressed herself against Skye, groping the soft buttocks again

Rebecca returned, with a group of three men and a woman behind her – all were dressed expensively and elegantly, in well-tailored suits or in a close-cut evening dress, jewellery shining at wrists and necks. All four of them had predatory looks in their eyes, and Nora couldn’t miss that Rebecca was showing them something on their phones – probably the control app for their collars. Nora twisted her neck, the metal suddenly heavy and tight. She kept one hand on Skye, loose on her neck, feeling her veins pulse.

‘Here they are. Nora is still belted, but other than that they are fully available for use.’

Ishani had sat down, with Aiko forcibly held on her lap, using her arms to keep the smaller woman in place. She dipped her head, hair flowing in a sleek river, before standing and lifting Aiko with her.

‘Good evening. Please, use this one as you wish. She might whine, but she likes it really. Isn’t that right, Aiko?’

‘Mpphh!’ Aiko tried to glare at Ishani, but couldn’t move enough, her backside getting pinched and making her squeal again.

Nora dipped her head. ‘This is Skye. She’s nice and obedient. Why don’t you show yourself off for the nice guests?’ She tried to keep her voice light and level, Skye slowly obeying. Skye turned around, awkwardly twisting in the hobble-skirt, showing off her bare buttocks. All four guests eyed her hungrily, before Skye stumbled, tripping over her own feet.

Nora tried to catch her before she hit the ground but wasn't fast enough, Skye thudding to the ground.

Rebecca shook her head, looking disappointed. 'She must be feeling out-of-sorts. Well, Nora, why don't you punish her? Just a little.'

Skye whined, but let Nora help her up. 'Over my knee. Like a good girl.'

Skye whimpered again, but obeyed, as Nora sat on the couch and Skye laid herself out over Nora's knees, breath whooshing from her lungs. Nora stroked the ass-cheeks, feeling their warmth, before flicking her hand forward, palm slapping against bare buttocks. Skye grunted at the impact, Nora spanking her again. It wasn't fair that she was belted! But the guests were looking interested, two of the men coming over to watch more closely. Both were young men, slim and stylish, one already doffing his jacket and handing it to Rebecca, who carefully laid it on a side table.

Nora increased the speed and tempo of her strikes, feeling Skye's ass heat up, starting to redden from the impacts, Skye grunting from each hit. Slight bulges were already visible beneath the sharp creases of their trousers, their cocks starting to harden.

'Would you like to use Nora? She's very keen to get to know you.' She spanked Nora again, enjoying the squeal this provoked. Being in charge for once felt good, even if she was still belted!

'Hmm, you are a cute pair. Although I wonder what this does?' One of them tapped their phone, and Skye squealed in more acute pain, her hair flicking to the side as her collar was activated. 'That's fun. And a good way to make sure that you stay obedient! Although shouldn't the two of you be on the floor?'

Nora spanked Skye again, before poking the other woman in the ribs, pushing her off, the two of them moving to the ground. She knelt, Skye in a less tidy sprawl.

To their side, Aiko was down on all fours, her skirt doing nothing to cover her ass. Ishani had Aiko buttocks spread wide, the oversized strap-on already in place around her waist. Aiko was trying to protest, but her head was firmly in the grip of the other man, his cock deep in her throat. The woman was kneeling behind Ishani, stroking her body, lightly kissing her neck, groping her breasts.

Ishani began to force the dildo into Aiko's body – it seemed huge in contrast to the petite frame of Aiko! Her body bulged as it slid into her, her asshole forced wide and gaping.

Nora's attention was taken by needing to pull and shove Skye into position. Her neck tingled, just a light shock being delivered, as she smiled at them. 'Would you like to use Skye? Or me?' She took hold of Skye's neck, using the collar for leverage. 'I'm sure she would be happy to service OW!' She couldn't restrain herself from a gasp of pain as a stronger shock stung her neck – there had been no need for that!

'I think the two of you should test your oral skills. Hmmm... Shall we see which is the better cocksucker?' The two of them looked at each other, taking their seats and spreading their legs. 'I'll take the red-head. Although she needs to liven herself up.' Skye squeaked in pain as her collar activated, Nora pushing her forward and whispering into her ear.

'Be a good girl and obey.'

At least Skye's hair made her easy to move around, Nora pushing her towards a partially-erect cock, a tongue sliding out from between her forced-open lips.

'Whichever of you two takes the longest, we'll test the collars on.'

Nora crawled to the side, swiftly opening her mouth as the other man opened up his flies. His cock was only small now, but she kissed it, feeling it stiffen up under her attention. It was

strangely cute when only half-hard, flopping apart before stiffening and lengthening. It was pale pink, and slid easily into her mouth, her tongue sliding over the crown.

A hand slid over her head, gripping her hair and guiding her. It was only a light grip, and she suckled at the cock. From the corner of her eye, she could see Ishani, the full length of the cock now buried into Aiko, Ishani's hands firm around Aiko's hips. Aiko's eyes were watering, dribble splashing freely from her mouth, her chest heaving as she gulped in air. It was stretching the tight pucker of Aiko's asshole wide, lumps forcing the hole open. Ishani had a savage grin, the woman behind her fingering her through her dress.

Nora set herself to her work – if she did well, she might be allowed to come herself! And it meant that she wouldn't be punished. She kissed and licked at the shaft, feeling the heat in her mouth. Beside her, Skye was shocked again, clearly not working hard enough. The grip on her hair was loose enough that Nora could bob her head up and down as she sucked her lips and cheeks in, forming a tight seal around the cock. It tasted good, and she could hear him reacting, although Aiko's gasps of pain threatened to drown him out.

It didn't take long for him to cum, filling her mouth with sweet, fresh cum. It made her feel dazed and woozy, the flavour exhilarating. She savoured it before swallowing, letting it swirl down her throat.

Skye was still working away, head shifting about, Nora relaxing.

'Hmm, you're certainly more eager than she is. Although the small one doesn't like being buggered.'

Aiko was shaking and quivering, her limbs shaking as her asshole was ravaged. Her head twitched about, her collar being activated to keep her conscious. The woman was kissing Ishani, their bodies pressed together, breasts squashed tightly against each other, Ishani getting finger-fucked. The sight of her pussy getting fingered made Nora whine in annoyed lust – she wanted to get off herself!

Skye sputtered and coughed, cummy spittle splashing from her mouth onto the smart black trousers. Her collar jolted her again as the man winced at the stain.

'I'm sorry, she should know better! Please, punish her.' Nora brought her hand down onto Skye's ass again, as forcefully as she could, sound of flesh-on-flesh cracking out. Skye's head raised up and she grunted in pain, before whining as her collar assaulted her neck repeatedly. She didn't sound in as much pain as Aiko though, who was now weeping, her makeup melting and running down her face, her hair being used to force her to look upwards into the eyes of one of the men.

Nora spanked Skye again, smiling when she saw how red she had made Skye's pale skin. 'Would you like to use her? You'd like that, wouldn't you, Skye?'

Skye mumbled something that Nora interpreted as agreement, Nora rising from her knees. Having the taste of cum on her tongue felt good, making her feel satisfied and pleased with herself. With her fingers hooked around Skye's collar, she made the other woman turn around, presenting her backside to both of the men.

'She enjoys being used.' Nora sat down atop Skye, the woman strong enough to support her weight. Being in charge for once was empowering, despite the ongoing frustration of the chastity belt! And from here she could see what was happening better – Aiko's whole body spasmed as she was pushed into a brutally punishing anal orgasm, the dildo slowly sliding out of her, leaving her asshole gaping wide as Aiko sobbed, Ishani digging her nails into the taut buttocks being displayed, as she was finger-fucked herself.

‘A shame you’re locked off. But you’re skilled with your tongue!’ He looked up. ‘Aren’t you joining us, Rebecca?’

There was the sound of clinking glass as Rebecca walked over with a metal tray, holding a bottle of champagne and several empty flutes. She smiled. ‘I am here to check their skills, I’m afraid. Now, would anyone like a drink?’

She was already opening up the bottle, cork shooting up before she poured the champagne. The other man stood up from the couch, Nora reaching out towards his cock as he neared, cupping his balls, then stroking the shaft.

‘Save a glass for me, I want to test this one.’

Nora kept stroking his cock, feeling it stiffen under her attentions, wondering what it would taste like. But he brushed her hands off, before moving behind Skye and slapping her ass himself. The force of the impact made Skye shake, the strike transmitting itself through Nora, who stood up. She had barely moved when the still-sitting man grabbed her by the waist and pulled her down onto the couch, her body sprawling over his. She drew close, savouring the physical contact, although his penis was still only half-hard, not yet recovered from his prior exertions.

‘Have a sip of this, it should help you relax.’

The champagne flute had a pill at the bottom, dissolving in a flurry of bubbles, but Nora still took it and drank it down, as Skye’s body shook, being penetrated from behind, burbling nonsense, eyes wide open. Nora poured a little of the champagne into Skye’s mouth, then stroked her head, trying to sooth her.

The champagne went straight to her head, making her feel woozy. She didn’t resist as hands groped at her breasts, digging into her flesh, another hand rattling against her chastity belt. Being held in a strong, firm grip felt good, and she relaxed against him, breathing in his cologne. When his cock hardened again, maybe he would let her suck him off again? She could still taste cum in her mouth as she fell into a happy and obedient doze, letting herself be manhandled as everyone else was fucked and used.

Chapter Seventeen: A Working Day

Nora only slowly awoke, the latex sucked around her body, sealing her away, a pressure against her eyes keeping them shut, latex scent thick and heavy. It was strangely comforting now, being swaddled up and contained, the latex giving slightly when she moved, but pressing down on her, too tight to break free. She wriggled, despite knowing it was futile, although could feel that her chastity belt had been removed. Nora strained, trying to move her hands towards her bare cunt, but the vac-bed was too strong for her, keeping her arms locked down.

She surged again, desperately wanting to touch herself, but couldn't move her hands from their position. She felt grimy and dirty – her memories of last night were blurry, but she could remember sucking cocks, and Aiko being fucked from behind, her ass loose and open after Ishani had used the strap-on to force Aiko open.

The taste of cum had faded from her mouth, replaced by a minty aftertaste – had Rebecca cleaned her teeth? It would have been nice to have been washed as well! Not that there was anything she could do though. She half-slumbered and dozed, until she felt a slight relaxation within the latex, the sheet lifting off her body. Light, bright and electric, stung her eyes as the stuff lifted away from her head, and she was staring up at Rebecca, dressed in an immaculate maid's outfit.

'You slept well. Now, time to clean yourself, and then there is work to be about. I'm sure you wouldn't want to be late, would you? But first, you'll need to put this on.' She held out the chastity belt, freshly polished. 'You did so well yesterday, it would be a shame to have to force you.' Her other hand held her phone, finger poised to activate the collar.

Nora slowly reached out and took the belt, feeling the weight of it, and the warmer part where Rebecca had been holding it. She shifted to the edge of the bed-platform and swung her legs over, before wrapping the waistband around herself. The belt part had a ridged element, designed to slide into her, already shiny with lube – she looked at Rebecca, who smiled in a reassuring fashion. 'Put it on. And in!'

Nora took a deep breath and then put it on, feeling the prong slide into her lips, easily penetrating. It sent a thrill into her, but then she had to lock it onto herself, rendering her slit inaccessible. She gave it a shake, the whole thing now locked solid.

'Good girl. Shower first! You can wash with Skye while I wake the others. Aiko might be a little... sore. Everyone was a little rough on her backside yesterday. Well, she's tough enough to endure, I'm sure. Now, to the bathroom with you.'

Nora obeyed, walking across the hallway towards the bathroom, steam wafting into her face. A shower was running Skye washing herself down – her ass was visibly red, covered with hand-welts, a few the same size as Nora's palm. Skye glared at her, Nora feeling slightly guilty.

She took a place next to Skye. 'Would you like a hand with your hair?'

Before Skye could respond, she squirted shampoo into her hand and moved behind Skye, rubbing it into her long braids. The hair was soft and warm, the braids already soaked with water as Nora massaged them. She pressed herself tightly against Skye, her breasts compressing against their back, wrapping her arms around them. Skye hissed in pain when Nora accidentally

pressed against her buttocks. She murmured an apology, Skye twisting around and kissing Nora. Their tongues slid together, Nora tasting the other woman, her body wet and slippery. Her heart started to race, Skye's hands sliding over her ribs, before meeting the band of the chastity belt. She pushed on it, making the metal dig into Nora's flesh, pinching the skin slightly and making her murmur and sigh in discontent.

Having the water thrum down onto them, their bodies pressed together, was a moment of calm bliss, despite Skye's fingers pulling on the chastity belt. She stroked Skye back, her own fingers encountering unyielding metal between Skye's thighs, trying to probe around it without success.

Her neck flared with pain, her collar jolting her from the moment of relaxation. They both whined in protest, parting with a slow and gentle kiss, before drying each other off. Nora tried to be gentle on Skye's buttocks, although her swift intake of breath when Nora wiped the towel against the reddened flesh was gratifying!

Their clothing for the day had been arranged already, set out in a tray – sexy and tight office wear, sleek blouses and short pencil-skirts, with stockings and heels. And stiletto heels that locked on, little brass padlocks on the ankle-straps. They slid easily over her foot, her body adjusting to the sudden boost in height.

As she brushed her hair with her fingers, Rebecca walked in, dragging a barely-awake Aiko behind her. The woman's mouth was still gagged, her face covered with smeared make-up, her hands cuffed to her neck. Ishani walked behind them, looking more sure and confident of herself, shoulders high and proud.

'Ishani, you can clean Aiko, and dress her, as she seems to be a little under the weather today. You two, come with me for breakfast.'

Nora had to walk carefully on the tiled floor now she was in heels, but managed to make it to the door without slipping or staggering. Rebecca led them towards the kitchen, where some new devices had been set up – waist-high metal barrels, with a rubbery shaft at the top. A towel had been laid down on each, Rebecca taking Skye's shoulders and pushing her down so that she was kneeling on the towel, before firmly gripping the back of Skye's head and pushing it towards the shaft.

'A lovely new feeding device for you! It ensures your diet includes everything you need.'

Skye gulped, but Rebecca shoved her head forward, the shaft sliding into her throat. Nora heard a liquid spurt, food-paste probably shooting into Skye's mouth.

The act of kneeling, and having the cock-shaft in front of her mouth, made her mouth water in anticipation, and she couldn't resist kissing the tip, tasting the rubber. Rebecca chuckled. 'You are a good girl, aren't you? Well, you'll need to take more of it into your mouth to make it feed you.'

Nora pushed herself forward, impaling her mouth on the shaft. The rubbery taste wasn't very pleasant, but then liquid gushed from the tip, feeling her mouth with watery paste, vaguely bland and sweet. She swallowed, continuing to deep-throat the cock, more "food" filling her mouth, and she kept working the shaft until her stomach was full, as Rebecca continued to manhandle Skye around, forcing the cock-shaft into her throat. From the sounds she was making, she wasn't far off choking, her arms limp by her side.

When she felt full, Nora disengaged, giving the cock and final kiss and licking off a residue of the food.

'May I prepare myself?'

Rebecca kept forcing Skye's head back and forth, a trickle of food and spit oozing from the corner of the woman's mouth.

'You may. You will be seeing some senior colleagues today, so try and make sure that you look your best.'

Nora gave the cock a final kiss before rising, heading back to her room and preparing her make-up. She felt strangely numb inside, her thoughts slowed, but focused on the movements to apply her lipstick and other cosmetics, and tidying her hair, brushing out snarls and tangles until she was presentable.

She finished, turning her head to make sure her styling wouldn't earn her a reprimand (or a shock!) from Rebecca, before returning to the main room. Ishani was dragging Aiko, now fully dressed and coiffed for work, although she was working tenderly, has ass not yet fully healed. Ishani smiled at Nora, keeping a firm grip on Aiko.

'You enjoyed your ass-reaming last night, didn't you? That was what you did to me. You should be able to manage.' Aiko winced and tensed up, her eyes downcast. Ishani tightened her grip, groping Aiko's breasts. 'They enjoyed you. You're a good slutty little schoolgirl, aren't you? But we're working today, so we need to pay attention. Isn't that right?' She squeezed Aiko's breasts until they responded, shaking a little, trying to twist away from Ishani.

'Are all of you ready? Nora, if you could look after Skye, she's still a little shaky.' Rebecca was pulling Skye with her, now fully dressed. A panel gag had been slid over her mouth, locking it shut, her eyes slightly glassy, a leash hanging limply from her collar. Nora took it, feeling empowered as she tugged on it, Skye trotting along.

Rebecca led them from the apartment, through the hallways of the tower – how long had it been since they had gone properly outside? Other than being hunted? They walked in a line behind Rebecca, Skye trotting obediently along behind, not fighting the leash. The lift door opened as they approached, and they stood inside, feeling as it transported them smoothly upwards.

The door opened into actual office-space, standing desks home to other women, all in the same "uniform" of sleek skirts and tight blouses, collars bright around necks. One of them suddenly whimpered, long hair flicking about as she was shocked.

'I want all of you to do me proud – you're being displayed to a wider audience today. Including senior management. So don't mess up, or you'll be punished. Now, in here.'

Nora felt a little intimidated walking past all the other women, all looking strict and professional, although a few of them were mounted atop dildo-poles, the scent of their pussy-juice making Nora sweaty and tingly. Maybe she could be mounted on one? At least then she might be able to get off? Maybe?

She pulled on the leash, pulling Skye close, drawing to draw some confidence from her, as Rebecca ushered them into another office-room, with several desks already set up. And the spanking-devices on little rails behind them, clean and fresh. Ishani ignored Aiko's whimpers and shoved her into place, slipping cuffs over her wrists to lock her against the desk.

Nora followed suit, pulling Skye around and attaching her into place, Skye pliant and unresisting. She made a soft murmur when Nora stroked her back, before locking wrist-cuffs into place, sealing Skye against the desk, unable to move far away. She couldn't resist bending over and feeling Skye's backside, stroking the soft curves through the pencil skirt, squeezing the buttocks, feeling them tense up beneath her fingers.

‘Very good, Nora. Nice to see you taking some initiative. And Skye seems to be a little under the weather, so I’m sure she appreciates the help. Now, please strap yourself in as well. Unless you wish me to do it?’

Nora gave Skye’s buttocks another stroke, wanting to spank them, before rising upwards and walking to the last desk, watching as Ishani snapped her own wrist restraints into place. Having the leather slide around her wrists, snug and tight around her skin, made her feel contained, but also secure. This was her place, and now she was locked in place, only able to move her hands enough to reach the keyboard and not much else.

‘There’s a lot of work that needs doing, so I’m going to wire you all up fully.’ Rebecca approached Nora from behind and slid her hands over breasts, tweaking her clothing, feeling at erect nipples and giving them a gentle pinch, making Nora whimper. She could feel herself heat up, her body wanting more stimulation, tensing her legs and sliding her thighs together. She didn’t want the damn belt on! Rebecca stroked her breasts a few more times, before reaching around and tapping the desk, where there was a breathing mask on the end of a stiff rubber tube.

‘Put that on, while I start connecting everything else. And remember, you’re here to work – if you enjoy yourself, then you’ll be punished!’ She gave Nora a kiss on the top of an ear, sweet and gentle, before lifting up Nora’s skirt, fingers sliding between her legs, gently pushing them apart and then reaching up. The material of her sleeves was teasing and soft against Nora’s thighs, and then her ears caught the soft click of metal, the crotch-piece of the chastity belt getting removed. She tried to ignore the surge of lust, having to lean forward to get enough reach on her hands to pick up the breathing mask, secure straps running around her head, sealing it over her mouth. It immediately misted with condensation, before a flow of clean air started up. The straps went into plastic boxes around the back of her head, meaning she couldn’t remove it herself now it was on.

After removing the metal band, Rebecca’s fingers pulled apart Nora’s buttocks, brushing against the knot of her butthole, smearing cool lube around. Then something rubbery and slightly squidgy pushed against her, slowly spreading her hole wide as it pressed into her. She took a deep breath and tried to relax, letting to move into her, before it was past the tipping point and the rest smoothly slid in, now firmly lodged.

‘And now the pole. Up on your toes.’

Nora leaned forward on the desk, hearing metal slide behind her, trying to twist to see what was happening, although the collar and the wrist-cuffs both limited her movement. A rubbery shaft pressed against her buttock, before sliding downwards, leaving a smear of lube across her buttock.

When Rebecca reached through her thighs against, this time sliding fingers against her pussy-lips to spread them wide, Nora felt delirious, her body reacting immediately, her pussy starting to seep juice. Rebecca chuckled.

‘Good girl! Nice and keen. Let’s get this inside, and then you can start.’

A dildo was slowly pushed upwards, a full and comfortable firmness wedged inside of her, as she settled back onto her heels. She could use the desk to pull herself slightly upwards, but could feel that it was sprung, moving up if she did, but keeping her firmly lodged in place.

Rebecca spanked her ass, her hand slapping against a buttock, making Nora squirm and jump, the motion just impaling her, sending a wave of desire through her. But without using the desk to support herself, she couldn’t move up and down enough to get off.

‘Start your work. I’ll get the others sorted, but I’m sure you know what’ll happen if you don’t work hard enough.’

The screen in front of her flickered into life, showing an image of her own face, already flushed with desire, mouth hidden behind the mask, each breath leaving a faint misting of condensation before it faded, cool, fresh air flowing in. Her name flashed up, and then the screen was filled with columns of numbers. She started trying to tally them up, although the throbbing wetness between her legs was a continual distraction – no matter how she tensed her thighs, there wasn't enough traction there to get her over the edge.

Her collar suddenly snapped at her, making her suck in a sharp breath, of air that suddenly wasn't there. She whimpered behind her mask, her chest starting to burn with a painful heat as the lack of oxygen started to cut through her, her body getting heavy and leaden. Her eyes flicked around the screen, trying to find her error, before hastily correcting it.

Air flowed back, letting her breath again. She tried to focus on her work, but the cock buried instead of her made it hard! And the thing in her ass was feeling larger and larger, a fat weight settled into her bowels, making her feel stuffed and uncomfortable, and turned on. Was that moving inside of her, or was that just her imagination? She felt like she was filling up inside, getting more and more filled.

Whenever she slowed working, the collar would bite, or the flow of fresh air would slow, forcing her to try and focus. A camera stared at her, and if she even looked away, punishment was swift and unforgiving. And the cock was oh-so-slowly twisting around, lumps and ridges spreading her walls wide, but not offering her any release. She couldn't see the others without turning her head enough that it triggered punishment, but she could hear them, their grunts and gasps easy to distinguish, from Aiko's short squeaks, to Ishani's deeper, breathier gasps, and Skye's long and drawn-out grunts. At least the breathing-mask meant that she couldn't smell their mutual lust – in the small enclosure of the room, it would be unbearable!

But as they worked, all of them had to suffer, getting tweaked with small shocks, or gasping for breath, getting tormented by the butt-plugs and the dildos. Nora tried to loose herself in the numbers and columns, but couldn't stop her body from reacting as she was forced towards a continual, breathless edge of an orgasm, her vision tunneled so that she couldn't see anything else.

There was a smooth metallic sound from behind her, and then a paddle cracked against her buttocks, her skirt giving no protection, just as she ran out of air, leaving her unable to gasp in pain.

'You really should focus more, Nora. You've got a lot more work to do!'

The paddle smacked forward again, hard enough to jerk Nora around, at least the small amount she could with the dildo pinning her in place. She heard it ratchet back for another hit, this time able to mentally prepare herself for the impact, even though it still hurt and her vision was starting to darken, and she leaned forward, feeling weakness course through her. As she started to fall unconscious, the collar zapped her, helping to banish the darkness for a moment, as she tried to suck as hard as she could to inhale, desperate for cool, fresh air to start flowing through the tube.

The dildo gave a sharp twist as air flowed, although now it had a funny taste to it. But her vision started to clear, and she kept working, as the paddle slowly moved forward in an eerily gentle tap, as though reminding her of what would happen if she failed. She'd have to try and do well!

Chapter Eighteen: Personal Training

Nora heard a squeal, as Aiko was shocked, her body tumbling downwards, Ishani and Rebecca both managing to catch her before she hit the floor. She tried to fight them off, but without any success, Nora slowly approaching as Aiko's office-wear was swiftly stripped, Rebecca unleashing more lightning shocks whenever Aiko wriggled too strongly. It didn't take long for the petite woman to be rendered completely naked, except for her collar and chastity belt.

'You should be proud that you have been chosen for some specialized training. Now, stop squirming so that you can be dressed!'

Nora held up the maid outfit – the skirt was short and fluffy, with a high, Chinese-style collar, made to tightly fit the breasts of the wearer.

Aiko managed to splutter out words. 'I'm not.. a doll!' Her head jolted around as she was shocked again, giving Ishani the chance to drag her back to her feet, grabbing at her breasts more tightly than seemed necessary, painted nails scratching at soft skin. Furious eyes glared at Nora as she got closer, more shocks making Aiko grunt and whimper, until her body sagged, eyelids fluttering.

Nora didn't waste any time in dressing her – fortunately, the dress unzipped at the back, and Ishani moved Aiko's floppy arms through the arm-holes. It must have been custom-tailored, the fit precise and perfect, sheathing Aiko's body. Despite the high neck-line, there was a cutout between the breasts, showing off the curve of her bosom, the skirt puffing out from a slender waist-line with petticoats peeping out from beneath the black material.

Before Aiko could recover, Nora slid thigh-high socks onto the woman's legs, rolling the white fabric into place, making sure they were properly aligned. From above her, came an annoyed grunt, Rebecca shoved a fat ballgag into place, a hole in the center of it.

'If you were better behaved, then this wouldn't be necessary. But naughty girls are punished. Drag her arms behind her back.'

Ishani obeyed, pulling Aiko's shoulders together, as several leather straps were applied, binding Aiko's elbows in place behind her back. Then Ishani wrapped her arms around Aiko's waist and lifted, hauling the smaller woman off the ground. Nora took the chance to slid smart black Mary-janes onto Aiko's feet, the buckles locking shut, pushing her up onto chunky and solid 3-inch heels.

'Each of you has been assigned a specific role to learn, to increase your value. Aiko, you will be a maid and living assistant, so you need to get used to cleaning and such like. And you have the perfect body for it, as well as being nice and small so you can get everywhere and clean. And you'll be easy to pack away when you're not busy – like a Roomba, but a lot more attractive. Nora, you are going to be trained as a PA, so you'll be organizing meetings and events for a few of the executives. Ishani, you will be getting trained as a secretary – it's a very important role, and a good route to promotion. Skye is being trained as a transport specialist, so she won't be around for a few days.'

Aiko's consciousness was starting to return, and she twisted unhappily against Ishani, straining at her bonds. Rebecca shocked her, until she stopped grumbling, then twisted a dry mop into the slot in the gag, the rod stretching out from Aiko's gagged mouth.

'This would be easier with your hands unbound, but you should have been more obedient. I expect everything shiny and clean! And no breakages, unless you want to be punished.'

A low growl came from behind the gag, before it was suddenly stifled by another collar-shock, Aiko dipping her head in defeat.

'It's an important job, and the outfit looks very good on you. Now, go and start with the kitchen – make sure everything is tidied away. Nora, Ishani, let me have a look at the two of you.'

Aiko managed to tear herself from of Ishani's grasp, stomping away towards the kitchen, her petticoats swaying and fluffing around her ass. She was shocked again.

'Remember your position, and make an attempt at grace!'

Aiko started walking more slowly, placing each foot in front of the other, the action exaggerating the sway of her hips, petticoats now rising up to show her buttocks and the metal of her chastity belt.

Nora took a position next to Ishani – they were dressed similarly, but her outfit was of more expensive material, her skirt a little longer on the leg than Ishani's, the blouse a little less see-through. Did that mean she was a higher rank? Although it seemed unlikely that Ishani would let herself be commanded.

'Good, the both of you certainly are appealing to look at. I'll be taking some recordings of you as well, for the company files. So if you could try and look as professional as possible.'

Was a collar and chastity belt "professional"? But at this point, they felt normal and natural, the metal settled over her neck and crotch, smart black heels pushing her legs to be tight and taut.

'The two of you will be working in here. I expect you to keep an eye on Aiko, and to punish her if she slacks off, but you will also have your own work to do. I expect you to use your initiative in order to balance your workloads. You especially, Nora. This is intended to simulate what it can be like to work for a demanding boss that steps in to oversee you, and also punishes or rewards you throughout the day. Or who just likes to play with their underlings! I also expect you not to get distracted – I am being generous and allowing you to work from here for today.'

Nora glanced around – there was no sign of the bot with the paddle, ready to swing against her ass. Rebecca chuckled. 'This is intended to teach you to function, so there will be less punishment. Although if you do err, then you will be punished through your collars. Or elsewhere.'

She fiddled with her phone, and a small tingle conducted itself into Nora's pussy, not strong enough to hurt, making her heart flutter in excitement.

'If you're good, then you might get something nice. But you'll have to do well! I've bought some laptops for you – they should be loaded with your profiles already.'

There was a clatter from the kitchen. Rebecca sighed, jabbing at her phone and listening to the yelps of pain that sounded back out.

'I want it spotless! Any mess, I'll make you lick off the floor! Now, shall we get the two of you started? Remember, the both of you will be dealing with real customers, so I don't want any problems or complaints. Otherwise you will be dealt with severely!' She glared at the two of them until they responded.

'Yes, Rebecca.'

'Good. Now, let me get your equipment, and then you can start.'

She walked to her room, quickly coming back with a pair of laptops, the company etched onto the outside, then handed them over. Nora opened hers up, taking a seat on the couch and putting it next to her. She had to lean forward awkwardly to bring her collar close to the screen before it acknowledged her and unlocked, showing a picture of her face for a moment.

‘You’ll need this as well. And you, Ishani.’ She produced headsets as well, lights blinking as they synched with the laptops.

A telephone icon appeared, Nora fumbling to get the headset on before clicking it. A voice came through, clear and female, and sounding annoyed.

‘The asset you sent me is broken!’

A sound that Nora recognized as a gagged mumble sounded through the phone, as a video window opened up. Nora hurriedly moved the laptop so that her face was central on her end. She was talking to a very professional-looking woman, sleek black hair framing a pale face. Furious, angry grunting was coming from behind her, where another woman was in an office chair, tape wrapped around her wrists to bind her in place, more wrapped over her mouth as she shook her head, auburn curls flicking about as she tried to free herself. A collar was around her neck, metal bright and shiny.

‘She’s refusing to work!’

‘My apologies, Miss, uh...’ Fortunately, the call window listed the woman’s names. ‘Miss Chatham. Have you used the control collar?’

Nora flicked her fingers across the touchpad, bringing up the remote control panel. She slid the shock controller up to the maximum and hit the button, wincing in sympathy. There was a moment of delay, and then it took effect. The woman in the chair tensed up, her struggles weakening, eyes half-closing from the shock.

Nora kept her finger on the button, in case they started misbehaving again. ‘Have there been any previous incidents?’

‘She’s been off her food recently.’

‘Have you allowed her any pleasure recently?’

‘She’s here to work, not get off! Although she did seem a little frustrated at having to service some of the clients and customers. I shocked her and put her away for the night like normal though.’

Nora pulled up biometrics – it looked as though they hadn’t enjoyed a climax for... over a month? A quiver ran through her loins – she’d have to try and do well, so she didn’t end up in a similar position herself! And she was starting to rouse herself, shoulders starting to shift and tense against the tape holding her wrists in place.

‘Some of the, um, assets sometimes need pleasure to keep them... well-maintained.’ As they started to struggle again, Nora shocked them, ignoring the look of frustrated fury in their eyes.

‘I can temporarily unlock a higher shock level for you, but it may be easiest to allow her release. With your permission, I can do that? It might help settle her mood, and restore her functionality?’

The caller looked back over her shoulder at the captive “asset” before nodding. ‘If you think it will help.’

‘Of course.’

It took several more clicks to find the controller for the vibrator built into their chastity belt. She could hear it thrumming when she turned it all the way up to maximum, feeling her own pussy slicken. Would she be allowed control of her own devices at some point? Or even to take

the things off? She had to tense her thighs to try and keep herself under control and focused on the screen.

With the vibrator set onto maximum, it didn't take long before they were shaking and twitching, their sounds now of pleasure rather than frustration, their hips twitching, eyes wide and unfocused. They came, back tensing up, heeled feet drumming against the floor. The seat of the chair darkened from her fluids, and then she sagged against the chair, an orgasm torn from her body.

'When she wakes up, then she should be better behaved. I will unlock the higher level of shock-control for a day for you, in case the asset continues to misbehave. Is that acceptable?'

'I hope she gets back to normal, there's some important clients visiting later!'

'She may be a little dazed for the next hour or so. In future, unless she is very badly behaved, I would recommend granting her occasional release and relief. It helps keep them on an even keel.'

Nora wanted to get off herself! She tensed her thighs again, trying to focus. It didn't seem fair that the asset got to get off, although the lightning-shocks would have been brutal beforehand. She gave them a mild jolt, both from jealousy and to try and wake them up.

'Your contract does allow her to be traded in for a temporary replacement, once per 6-month period. I could arrange a replacement to be shipped to you within the day?'

'Hmm... I've just about managed to get this one into a regular routine. I think I'll keep her for a few more days at least – if she doesn't improve, then I might have to take you up on your offer.'

'Of course. Please don't hesitate to call again if there are any further issues. Is there anything else?'

The "asset" had a look of blank and blissed relief on her face, no longer struggling. Nora watched as the woman slapped her across the face, awareness starting to return.

'No, I'll let you know if there are any further problems.' She ripped the mouth-tape off, eliciting a grunt of pain and leaving red marks around their mouth, bright red lipstick smeared across the back of the tape. Dribble oozed out of the asset's mouth, life starting to return to her eyes, her expression getting less slack. 'Be a good girl or I'll test the new shock setting on you, understand.'

They mumbled something back, before the line went dead, the video-feed blacking out. Nora let herself relax for a moment, making herself comfortable on the sofa, hoping she had done well.

A message-box popped up, with a picture of Rebecca's on it – she looked weird in an office outfit rather than her maid-wear!

Need to deal with some other business. Until I get back, you're in charge. But everything is recorded, so no slacking! I'm giving you access to the collars for Aiko and Ishani.

Nora hesitated before typing back. *I'll do my best!*

Make sure they both work! Aiko especially. Here's her camera feed, so you can keep an eye on her.

Another window opened up – it was the view from Aiko's collar, currently showing part of the kitchen, and not moving.

Eugh, lazy! Give her a shock. I'm sorry to do this, but I've been called to a meeting about what's going to be done with your four, so I need to be there in person. And Alicia will be there! This was followed by several heart icons. Nora looked up, to see Rebecca heading for the door, throwing a coat over her maid dress. She winked at Nora before speaking.

‘Everyone be good while I’m gone. Everything is being monitored, so no slacking.’ She raised her voice. ‘That includes you as well, Aiko! I’m not hearing any cleaning!’

A clatter sounded from the kitchen – through the video-feed, Nora could see movement, arms awkwardly cleaning up dishes, Aiko’s reach forcibly shortened by her restraints. She grinned, then sent a shock through the collar, although only on a low setting. The camera-view jolted, before the hands started to move faster.

‘Good work on that call as well – keep it up! And you as well, Ishani.’

Ishani had leaned forward, showing off a deep line of cleavage, her voice practically purring as she spoke to a customer, her voice soft and flirtatious as she tried to reassure them. With a final nod to Nora, Rebecca left, leaving them to work.

Between calls, Nora kept an eye on Aiko’s progress, nipping her with shocks whenever she was too slow. Hearing the stifled grunts and gasps made her smile, the barely-suppressed sounds of pain helping her feel more confident and in control.

At about lunch-time, she set the collar to activate in a rapid burst of shocks, making Aiko squeal in pain, the camera showing that she had to grab at the side in order to stay standing.

‘I think it’s time for lunch.’

Ishani stretched her arms up, the motion pushing her breasts forward, dark nipples visible through the thin blouse. ‘Yes. And we should have some fun with our maid as well!’ Her hand went down between her legs. ‘Even if we can’t do too much. But we’re meant to be keeping an eye on her.’

They stood and went into the kitchen, Nora carrying her laptop with her – it was cleaner, although there were still signs of mess and dirt, with food-powder on the floor. Aiko was looking bedraggled, with water having splashed down the front of her dress at some point, sticking it to her body and making it partially translucent. She tried to flinch away as Ishani descended, grabbing at her. The mop attached to her face, now wet, slapped against Ishani’s face, before she pushed it aside, the movement wrenching Aiko’s head around and making her yelp.

‘You’re meant to be our maid, so you should have made us lunch!’

‘Grrrph!’

Nora activated the collar, smiling down at the woman. ‘Ishani is right. Now, be a good girl, and we’ll let you eat as well.’ Another shock bought tears to Aiko’s eyes, but she dropped her head in defeat, going limp in Ishani’s grip, although not before grumbling again. Ishani was already stroking the smaller woman’s soggy breasts, manicured nails scratching at soft skin.

‘If you could bring through three bowls of food then? And be quick about it.’ Ishani kissed Aiko on the neck, hard enough to leave a mark. ‘You’ve got a lot of work to do still, so don’t take too long.’

She let Aiko go, the woman scurrying to one of the cupboards and opening it up to reveal several bags of the body. With her stunted arms, she struggled to open the bag, grunting in frustration before managing it, then awkwardly using a plastic scoop to dole out the powder into bowls, spilling some and making more of a mess on the side. When that was done, she went to a tap on the wall, having to twist all the way around in order to reach it, thrusting her ass out. Ishani took the opportunity to slap at it, her hand impacting on a buttock and making Aiko squeal, water spilling out.

Nora closed her laptop and took the bowl, the powder and water mixing together into dull beige paste as she went to get spoons. When Aiko filled up a third bowl with powder, Ishani

stopped her from adding water, instead dragging her back to the living room. Nora followed them, starting to eat, wincing at the bland taste, before speaking again.

‘Aiko, kneel. Ishani, let her go. We should have a little entertainment on our lunch break, shouldn’t we?’

Ishani took a seat in front of Aiko, who settled into a suspicious kneeling position, scowling up at the two of them, water dripping from her mop-gag. Nora looked down at her smart, black shoes – the glossy black leather was marred with flecks of food powder.

‘It looks like you haven’t done your job properly – so you need to clean it up. Ishani, ungag her. And if you disobey or misbehave, then I’ll use your collar.’

Aiko growled again, as Ishani gave her a pat on the head, before unbuckling her gag, putting the ball and mop aside. Nora gestured the woman forward, raising her stained shoe upwards.

‘Tongue out. I want to see it.’

A wet, pink tongue slid out of Aiko’s mouth, despite the glare in her expression, hesitantly moving towards Nora’s shoe. She stretched her leg out further, staring down at Aiko, watching as the tongue licked against the leather, sliding over the grains of powder, leaving the black leather shiny with spit.

‘All the way around.’

The tongue kept sliding around the shoe, Aiko obediently kissing the leather clean until it was spotless, black and shiny again.

‘Good girl. Now clean Ishani’s as well, and then you might be allowed some food.’

Despite a growl of protest, Aiko crawled forward and stuck her head out, kissing and licking at Ishani’s shoes, Ishani purring in pleasure. As soon as that was done, she looked up at Nora, her tone sickly sweet, despite the annoyance in her expression.

‘May I eat please?’

Ishani grabbed her again, lifting her up and sitting her on her knee, giving her a long and breath-sucking kiss.

‘May I feed her, Nora?’ She lifted up the bowl of dry powder.

‘Don’t make a mess!’ Nora took another spoonful of her own, watching as Ishani grabbed Aiko’s jaw and squeezed, forcing it open, then poured a spoonful of dry powder in. Aiko spluttered, and then Ishani spat, a gobbet of spittle landing inside of Aiko’s mouth.

‘You don’t deserve an easy meal, with the mess you’ve made. So this is what you get.’ She spat again, Nora hurriedly opening up her laptop, ready to shock Aiko at the first sign of any rebellion. ‘Don’t you dare spit it up, otherwise you’ll be punished! Isn’t that right, Nora?’

Another spoonful of the bone-dry powder went in, Aiko’s tongue swilling it around, desperately trying to wet it, as Ishani spat into her mouth again. Tears started to form in the corners of Aiko’s eyes, but she didn’t rebel, trying to make the stuff manageable without choking on it.

‘Good girl. You’re such a pretty little maid! I hope you get dressed like that more often.’

Aiko’s arms tensed, but with her elbows bound, there was nothing that she could do beyond impotently tense her fists, as more and more of the powder was shoveled into her throat.

By the time the bowl was empty, tears were trickling down her face, and Nora reached forward and squeezed at a breast, the soggy material giving no protection. ‘Now back to work! Gag back in, and no slacking.’ She slapped Aiko across the face, but only lightly, enjoying the satisfaction and sense of power, as Aiko coughed, motes of powder spluttering out.

Ishani shoved the gag back in, ignoring Aiko’s feeble attempts at resistance. ‘Yes, you’ve still got a lot to do. And then when you’re down, I think you would make a lovely footstall.’

‘Grpph!’ Aiko managed to wrench herself away and strode back to the kitchen, as Nora returned to work.

Chapter Nineteen: Client-Facing Activities

Nora's ass was sore from several days at the standing desks, with the paddle-bot punishing her whenever she slowed down. Her buttocks throbbed, the pencil skirt chafing her skin, her butt feeling reddened and sensitive. Her legs were sore from having to stand all day in the heels, locked against the desk, with the plug shoved into her ass every day, pumping her ass and cleaning out her insides. Having the dildo buried deep into her every day, filling her up, locking her into place but without allowing her the leverage to get off meant that she was aroused, but without being able to climax, her body now used to a permanent intruder, stretching out her walls.

They were in a large room somewhere in the tower-block, most of it concealed behind a movable partition wall, a solitary table along one wall with a decanter of water and some plastic cups on, as well as some sachets of instant coffee. The space was large enough that the air was slightly chill, Nora crossing her arms over her chest to try and stay warm, her blouse so thin it did little to retain heat.

'It's time for the four of you to be displayed to potential clients.' Rebecca's hands stroked over Nora's clothing, stroking and tweaking the material. 'Something of a formal presentation, so that they can see what they will be buying. Well, renting, at least. A little less personal than the previous times, but I'm sure you will try and put on the best possible face, isn't that right?'

'Yes, Rebecca.' The woman's hands were warm and sure, stroking around Nora's breasts before moving away and tending to Skye. 'Not that I need to tell you, but I hope that all of you will be on your best behavior? And that includes the both of you – Ishani, Aiko, if you could not be too rambunctious? The guests do enjoy your interactions, but if you could refrain for now?'

Ishani was gripping onto Aiko, her grip strong on the smaller woman, Aiko grimacing but not trying to break free, even as Ishani squeezed her, resting her chin on the top of Aiko's head, squeezing her breasts.

'I did give some thought to punishing the pair of you, but I think it would be better to display you individually. Even though there is a pleasing aspect to the two of you, for now, you will be separate. In order to prove your worth, you will be thoroughly assessed. Nothing that should be a concern for you, but it would be troublesome if there were any problems. This is an important occasion!'

Rebecca seemed flustered as she worked over Skye, adjusting the woman's outfit. Skye's hands were still shackled to her waist, limiting her movement, but she had a little more color and animation as she moved, not resting Rebecca's attentions.

'As this is to show you off for possible customers, then you will need to be dressed in your work uniforms. I know you like you to dress more fancily, especially you Ishani, but you will have to endure in your mundane clothing.'

Aiko squirmed against Ishani, who tightened her grip, lifting her slightly off the ground, the shorter woman's legs kicking as she was raised out of contact with the floor.

'Will we have to be put into the machines again? I don't like... oww!'

Ishani had nibbled Aiko on the back of the neck.

‘No, this will not be a practical exercise. Your skills are all above the level required, and it isn’t very interesting to see. And I’m sure all of you would appreciate a little time without your backsides being spanked.’

Nora’s ass gave a twinge of soreness, reddened from repeated impacts of the spanking paddle. But if they weren’t dressing up, and they weren’t being locked into the machines, then what were they going to do?

‘A specialist will be arriving to inspect and certify you. And there’s a few other recruits being displayed as well – while they might not be quite as talented as you, they are still important company assets.’ The bell chimed, Rebecca giving Skye a final pat before walking to the door. ‘Best behavior everybody!’

Aiko managed to wrench herself free, kicking Ishani in the leg and immediately moving away before she could be grabbed again. Rebecca was only gone for a moment before returning, with three women in tow – all were wearing matching white latex mini-dresses, with shiny stockings sheathing their legs, their faces half-covered by surgical masks, one of them carrying a large plastic case. Their arms were already wrapped in elbow-length gloves, their hair pinned underneath nurse’s caps.

‘These are the four. If you could make sure they are thoroughly inspected.’

‘Of course.’

Hearing a voice come from behind the mask was something of a surprise – Nora had half-expected them to be gagged or silent, although they still looked intimidating, all three of them a similar height, mostly distinguished by different hair-color. A brunette led, a blonde carrying the case as the third, with bright blue hair, moved towards the partition and pulled it aside, a chill breeze gushing out.

The brunette approached Nora, taking her chin in hand and looking into her eyes. ‘Let’s get you started then. I hope that you will be obedient?’

Nora paused before nodding, the woman then pulling on her collar-ring to drag her forward. Nora didn’t resist, letting herself be pulled towards the open gap in the partition, keeping her arms at her side as she was pulled forward.

On the other side, the larger space was lit only by intermittent spotlights, illuminating individual medical bays, each with an examination chair and medical equipment, clean and shining.

Despite her misgivings, Nora let herself be pulled forward, towards the nearest one. She was turned around and tugged into position, before getting shoved and pushed, falling back, her butt hitting the metal seat. The cold material and the impact made her ass throb, with her limbs settling into grooves in the arm- and leg-rests.

‘Good. Now, let me get this started...’ The nurse put a headband into place, spoiling the smooth lines of her hair, a camera now in place. A TV screen blinked on, showing what the nurse could see, with a text channel alongside it. It quickly filled with comments, clearly about her, some commenting on her skills, but most admiring her body. Seeing herself from the outside was strange, especially with her legs spread wide enough to draw her skirt upwards, showing off her legs. She felt something click behind her head, metal latching onto her collar and holding her head in place, only permitting her to rock it slightly from side-to-side, although at least there was a small cushion to make the metal less uncomfortable. Although she didn’t like the look of some of the tools laid out!

‘Let’s have a look at you then.’ The nurse approached, camera focusing on Nora, firm fingers wrapping a metal bar over Nora’s wrist to lock it down, repeating this with each limb, locking Nora into place.

‘Open wide!’ Despite her intimidating appearance, her tone was cheery, and Nora obeyed. A dental gag slid into place, metal bars sliding behind her teeth, metal ratchetting and holding her mouth open. Fingers probed into her mouth, running along her teeth. ‘That’s good, nice and clean. Rebecca’s not spoiling you with sugary treats.’ The fingers tasted antiseptic and clean, latex-smooth as they ran around inside her mouth, the camera showing it off to whoever was watching. She mumbled, unable to say anything coherent, trying to at least look good. Somewhere out of sight, she could hear Aiko squeak and grumble, as she was probably probed and tested in the same fashion.

‘And your eyes are good as well. And lovely clear skin! Not quite as nice as that red-head, but then they’re always blessed with fair skin.’ She wiped her fingers clean on a towel before stroking Nora’s forehead, moving her finger back and forth and watching as Nora’s eyes moved to track it. ‘Let’s get onto the interesting part.’

She picked up some shiny steel scissors, carefully sliding them between two of the buttons of Nora’s blouse and then snipping them shut, the metal sharp enough that it could easily slice through the fabric. Nora grunted a protest, but it was entirely ignored, as her top was sliced off, leaving her covered just by her bra.

‘Now, these are a good size.’ The nurse groped at Nora’s breasts with her empty hand, before snipping away at the material and tugging at it, Nora arcing her back to let the straps be pulled away. ‘Not excessively large, but more than a handful. Something to be enjoyed.’ Fingers stroked a nipple, before suddenly pinching. Nora squealed, her tongue sliding off the metal gag-bars. ‘And she’s good and sensitive. Let’s try the clamps.’

Nora tried to protest, but the gag held her mouth open, reducing her to weak and pathetic mumbles. She couldn’t even shake her head to object, hearing a metallic slither as the clamp-chain scraped over the metal tray, watching as the sprung metal curves snipped open, the spiked teeth crushing her sensitive nipple. She tensed up, pressing herself against the metal chair but couldn’t escape, the initial surge of pain starting to fade to a dull throb.

The woman tugged on the chain, stretching out Nora’s breasts, making her give an annoyed grunt.

‘Yup, she’s definitely nice and soft and sensitive there! I know quite a few of you like to kiss and lick, so she’ll be too your liking.’ The nurse gave the chain another tug, before letting the chain drape across Nora’s skin, and tickling her hands down Nora’s bare chest. As a finger ran around the lip of her belly-button, Nora shivered, her hands tensing against the metal rests, fingers pressing hard against the chill surface.

Then they tugged against the waist band of her skirt, sliding over her flesh until they found the clasp, unclipping it and flicking the fabric aside, revealing the chastity belt beneath.

‘Ah yes, this one is a virgin – dildo-trained, but her precious little pussy hasn’t been sullied by a real cock.’

Nora felt her face reddening. No-one needed to know that! Although she could feel her lust behind the belt, already wet and sloppy. She squeak-grunted through the gag, hearing a fleshy slap and a squeal of pain – had that been Ishani? Or maybe Skye?

‘So one of you could be the first to go where a lot of men are going to go! But would you like to see more?’

Messages flashed up, faster than Nora could see, but the fragments she could read were both very complimentary, and very descriptive, making her blush deepen and intensify. She could wriggle her torso around a little, but didn't want to risk angering or annoying the nurse.

A hand pressed down against her belly, pushing the air from her, feeling the strength of her core.

'Hmm, she's a little pampered, and could do with some more exercise, but I suppose some prefer a little bit of squidge.' She pinched her fingers, squeezing at Nora's flesh, and making her grunt indignantly – she wasn't as toned as Skye, but she wasn't fat! The chastity belt was tapped, sending a shiver through her cunt, before the hands moved down her legs. From the screen, she could see her own legs as the nurse saw them – smooth and soft, stretched out by the chair. They looked good, well-shaped and invited, and then the nurse's hands ran between her thighs. If her mouth hadn't been forced open, Nora would have bitten lip in frustrated focus, not wanting to show off how aroused she was.

But the fingers continued to stroke down her legs, feeling at her thighs, then her knees and calves, all while delivering a commentary on Nora's body. She tried to ignore it, instead focusing on the vision of her own body, legs stretched wide. But the arousal between her legs was getting hotter and stronger, the metal barely keeping her juices back, not helped by the fingers stroking and teasing against her legs.

'And now I suppose we should let everyone see your main appeal.' She tapped the belt, before her fingers moved over the lock, the metal clicking open. As soon as she heard the sound, passion surged between her thighs, and she had to dig her fingers painfully hard into the armrests to maintain any focus at all. The nurse chuckled, Nora unable to look away from the view of her pussy – shaved, immaculate and glistening.

A finger slid into her, easily penetrating without resistance, and her vision blurred as it pushed in – one knuckle, and then the next.

'As you can see, she's nice and sensitive. I'm sure she'd be a good girl if given the chance to earn a little pleasure. Isn't that right?' The finger twisted around inside of Nora, and a whine tore itself from her throat. She wanted more! And something bigger and fatter than just a finger! She wanted to be filled and stuffed, a fat cock inside of her. But even the finger felt deliriously good, and she tried to tense around it, desperate for more stimulation. Out of sight, came Ishani's desperate keening whine, as she was probably getting teased and stroked herself. But Nora didn't care about that, she just wanted to get off!

'If anything, she might be a little too eager. But she has been trained to be accommodating in all holes.' The finger gave a twist inside of her before withdrawing, sending a tremor through Nora's body. 'Let's test the capacity of her mouth first.' Not having the finger in her made her feel cold and empty – she wanted to be stuffed and used!

The nurse picked up a black lump attached to a tube and a bulb, before pushing it into Nora's mouth. It had the faint test of stale spit, not having been cleaned from a previous user, sitting heavily against her tongue. The bulb was squeezed, and Nora felt the thing stiffen inside her mouth, another squeeze making it even bigger and harder, starting to puff out her cheeks. It didn't just expand around though, but also forward, the nurse using her hand to ensure that it started to expand into Nora's throat. She felt it expand and violate into her, forcing the narrow space open, making her gag and splutter. She had to suck air in through her nose now, her throat fully blocked, making it impossible to make any noises but the softest whimpering. It hurt, stretching out her throat, but there was no way for her to push it out, and she tried to suppress the

feeling of discomfort, even as the nurse squeezed the bulb again, making the thing even bigger and harder.

‘Yes, she should be able to accommodate a nice fat cock with ease – her throat is well-trained.’

‘Gphhh....’ Having her throat filled and violated by the now-hard length was uncomfortable! And her cunt was still warm and desperate.

‘Let’s see what her other holes are like.’ She clipped something between the dental gag and the inflated lump, keeping it held in place, no matter how much she tried to make it move by tensing her throat.

The nurse took up position between Nora’s legs, the screen now filled with a vision of her wet pussy. One of the nurse’s hands spread her lips wide, a single finger stroking along her pussy, slowly pushing into her and then withdrawing, now gleaming and wet.

‘Her cute butthole first.’

Nora couldn’t more than just the top of the nurse’s head, but on the screen she could see her own pussy and asshole, before a dildo moved in from out of shot, pushing against the ring of muscle. It started to slide into her, pushing open her back passage. She could feel every individual lump and bump on the oversized shaft as it started to violate her, the nurse twisting the thing into her. All she could do was make weak and pathetic mewls, not even tensing up around the shaft. It pushed into her, plunging deeper and deeper into her, opening up her sphincter and then into her bowels. It was lubed enough that it slid in without much resistance, her asshole used to being forced open.

‘As you can see, she’s taken the whole length into herself – if you wanted to keep her plugged all day, her body will readily accept that.’ She started to slide the dildo back and forth, shoving it in and out of Nora’s asshole. She could feel her body warp and distend around the cock, her asshole easily getting stretched wide.

‘But most of you are probably only interested in her pussy, aren’t you?’

The dildo continued to slide back and forth as two fingers pushed into her.

‘She’s loose and easy.’

Seeing the twin violations happen to her made her heat up, passion overwhelming her. She wanted to get off! Although having it on camera made her feel used, but it felt so *good*!

‘I don’t think it’s really permitted for her to come.’ Nora whined in protest, at least as much as possible with her mouth blocked. A red line suddenly appeared on the message section, locking out any comments.

‘Oh, it seems this one has just been removed from sale, by order of management.’ The fingers suddenly withdrew from her pussy, leaving her throbbing and unfulfilled. She tried tensing her asshole around the intruder, but that wasn’t enough to get off, just making her feel even more stuffed, her bowels getting squashed and squished.

The fingers smeared pussy juice around her bellybutton, and she whined in frustration. The nurse started to stroke her body, latex-wrapped limbs smooth against Nora’s soft skin.

‘I suppose I’ll have to go check on the others. That tall one seems very popular.’

There was the crackle of electricity, and then Ishani whimpered in pain, followed by the sound of a slap.

‘I’ll let you watch, I suppose.’

The screen changed to show Ishani, her limbs spread out in another inspection chair, mouth cranked open. A metal rod had been inserted into her vagina, and her entire body tensed up as she was shocked from the inside again. Tears were trickling down her face, her tongue wagging

in her mouth, bright and wet against the dark void of her mouth. Just like Nora, her tits were clamped, dark nubs squashed by bright metal.

A finger pushed into Ishani's anus, her eyes rolling back in her head.

'She's very popular! Looks like someone wants her and the small one. Although I suppose I should go and poke her, let the customers know what they're getting.' She gave the anal-dildo a twist, making Nora whine, before standing up. The screen changed back to showing the nurse's head camera, as she walked away, until she was looking at a spread-out and restrained Aiko, already stripped naked and gagged. She slapped at Aiko's pussy, making her squeal.

Nora leaned back in her chair, half-heartedly twisting against her restraints despite knowing that it was futile, the metal far too strong for her. Aiko was examined and tormented, a fist sliding into her asshole, leaving her panting and gasping as her belly distended. Nora whimpered – she didn't want that much inside of her, but she still wanted to be fucked! But her pussy was cooling off now, without stimulation, leaving her to sag backwards in despair.

Chapter Twenty: Meet the New Boss

Nora started to wake up from another chemically-induced sleep, her neck sore from the needle the nurse had jabbed into her. Latex sucked at her flesh, pressing down on her, clean and filtered air coming into her mouth and nose, a breathing mask securely in place. Where was she? She'd been removed from... sale? Did that mean that no-one had wanted her? She gave a brief attempt at wrestling against the latex, but to no avail – it was too strong, keeping her on her back on a supporting platform. And there was still the yearning warmth between her legs, her cunt soft, wet and wanting to be filled.

A hand pressed against her breast, fingers squeezing it, then running against her belly. Who was it? It felt heavier and stronger than Rebecca. A palm moved over her belly, then down between her legs, pressing down on her. Through the latex, she couldn't be fingered, not properly, but just that pressure was enough to excite her, her warm wetness seeping out.

The sucking latex started to release its pressure, loosening around her body, releasing her from its grip. She forced herself to relax, suppressing the fear of who might be groping her skin. She could feel the collar still around her neck, allowing someone to shock her at any moment. Although at least she wasn't in her belt!

It relaxed enough that she could wriggle about a bit, moving her limbs. The hand moved down her legs, although the feeling was vaguer now, without the latex being pulled tight. The sheet slowly lifted off her body, her sweat making it peel away, cooler air rushing in beneath as the seal was broken.

She closed her eyes in preparation, light coming through, only slowly opening them to let her vision adjust without blinding her, tensing up in anticipation of some pain.

But there was nothing, at least not yet. She opened her eyes, fresh light – actual daylight – trickling in. She was staring up at a ceiling, clean and white, with a modernistic lampshade dangling down, sunlight illuminating an off-white wall. Her eyes moved down the wall, finding an empty shelf, black wood, still new enough to be shiny.

'You can take the mask off.' The voice was male, startling her as she pulled herself up, body feeling weak and woozy.

The speaker was the young man from the hunting party, Dillon. He was dressed more casually now, in smart jeans and a shirt, one hand holding a smartphone. The sight of that made her shiver – it could probably control her collar! But his command slowly trickled through into her brain, and she reached up, feeling the strap around her head and pulling the mask off. A faint aching line was around her mouth and the bridge of her nose where it had pressed against her skin for however long she had been contained inside it.

'Time for work! You were showered before being put in, so you should be clean already. I doubt anyone's told you, but you're my PA now.' He moved in close, his eyes bright. 'You'll need to get dressed. And if you're a good girl, you might get a reward. If not, then I'm sure by now you know what happens.' He held up his phone. 'There's a lot of fun features, although I think you've experienced most of them yourself already. Can you stand up?'

Her legs felt weak and wobbly, but she forced herself to move, sliding off the platform she had been on, feeling for the floor, feet touching against a hardwood floor. Dillon wrapped an arm around her waist to support her, his arms strong and warm, his body pressing against hers. The touch and the pressure made her whimper, sending a thrum of desire through her crotch.

‘Good girl. Now, get dressed, I think I’ve got a lot to do? I’ve not been here long myself though. There’s some clothing for you, over there.’ He gestured with his other hand at an outfit hanging on the wall – a sleek-looking skirt, a thin blouse, and a fresh pack of stockings. Having someone, a man especially, so close to her, was fogging her thoughts, a blush coming over her face, lust burning into her.

He steered her forward, letting her look around the room a little more – it had a wardrobe, the empty shelves, the raised vacbed-block, and a person-sized chest, with several dials and vials on the outside. He saw her looking and chuckled.

‘That’s for if we ever need to spend some time away – a nice, convenient way to package you up for flight. Although if you’re a good girl, you can fly with me and keep me entertained. Would you prefer that?’

It was a struggle to speak, her jaw so used to being wrapped or gagged that she had to focus to make words.

‘Yes, please...’

Her collar sparked, nipping at her neck.

‘You should called me “Master”, or “Sir” or suchlike. I am your manager, after all.’

The only thing keeping him up was his arm, the electricity making her head feel light and numb. It took her several moments before she could recover herself. ‘Sorry, Sir! I’ll... I’ll get dressed.’

He helped her over towards the hanging clothing – her ID badge was dangling there as well, her face staring back at her. She reached out and took the stockings, breaking open the packaging, leaning back on a chest of drawers, looking around the room more – there was a window, an actual, real window, showing an internal garden, completely surrounded by internal walls, but the smear of bright green grass was welcome after so long stuck inside!

‘You’re still in London, but this is my place. I’ve not had much time to decorate it yet.’ He had let her go, but his eyes followed her movements as she pulled a stocking on, rolling it up her leg, letting the band snap tightly around her thigh. She wanted to touch herself! She could feel her wet and loose she was, her pussy yearning for attention, especially without the belt in the way. But he just watched her with a faint smile, as she pulled her other stocking up, before getting the garter belt around her waist, the snugness of the material feeling good and relaxing, before attaching the clasps, holding the stockings up.

There were no panties, but at least there was no sign of the chastity belt either, and the bra provided was a perfect fit, snug and lacey cups supporting her breasts.

‘So from today you will be my PA – I will be helping with sales and horizontal integration. Which I don’t think is a euphemism, although it’s always hard to tell with mum. And Alicia will be wanting some time to train you, so it’s probably in your best interests to behave well, otherwise I’ll let her use all her toys.’

Nora tried to focus on getting dressed as quickly as possible.

‘You’ll also be used as a test-bed for any collar advancements. I’m told you’re tough enough to endure it?’

His finger was hovering over his phone again, and Nora answered. ‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Good. I want you to be nice and obedient. Although from what Rebecca says, that won’t be hard.’

‘No, Sir.’ The blouse slipped over her skin, soft and almost sheer, tight enough that it showed off her cleavage, her bra pushing her breasts up and together, making her collar obvious.

‘I’ll be holding weekly review sessions, to determine if you’re allowed to come. At least to start with, I won’t be keeping you belted, but if you touch yourself without permission, then you’ll be punished very harshly. I’ve had a few ideas about that myself – but there’s plenty of time for that later.’

Her pussy gave another desperate pang of yearning, as she pulled the skirt up – it was, of course, a sleek and tight pencil skirt, tight against her ass, with a small slit on the thigh to make it easier to move. It wasn’t long enough to cover even to the tops of her stockings, showing off the suspender straps and stocking-tops, and if she were to bend over, then it would show off even more!

‘And these as well. Something new to test.’ He held out some wrist-cuffs – shiny leather, embossed with the company logo behind a metal D-ring, but also with metal pressure points on the inside. ‘They’ll help monitor your vitals. As well as where your hands are, so if you do touch yourself, then I’ll know. Is that understood?’

‘Yes, Sir.’ Her heart sank – she wanted to touch herself! But at least she was dressed now, feeling more comfortable with clothing on, as the wrist-cuffs were locked into position, snug against her flesh. ‘May I do my hair and makeup?’

‘You may. But be quick about it. Although for now, we’re working from home, so at least there’s no commute. We have a call in...’ He checked his phone, Nora tensing in case of a shock, even though none came. ‘Twenty minutes. That should be long enough, right? It’s just through there, come through when you’re done. And remember – no touching! Everything you need should be in the wardrobe, although it still needs unpacking.’

He gave her a gentle swat on the ass as he moved away from her, squeezing a buttock and then leaving. As soon as he was gone, Nora went to the wardrobe and opened it up – the scent of clean, new clothing spilled out, the space full of more office outfits, as well as evening gowns, and very tight latex dresses, and heels, most of them looking painfully high. But there were several boxes of cosmetics and other supplies as well – she found a brush and comb, running them through her hair to try and pull it into some kind of order, quickly tying it back with a band, before assembling the makeup she needed, as well as a mirror. She tried to apply foundation, lipstick, mascara and eyeliner as fast as she could – she couldn’t tell how long she had taken, and being late would be bad!

Finally, she slipped her feet into heels – the shortest pair she could find were still 3-inches, forcing her legs taut, leather straps binding them over her stockinged legs. But now she was fully dressed, and she did look good. And no chastity belt! Even if, without any panties, she was just getting more and more aroused.

She went to the door, pushing against it, surprised not to find it locked and stepping outside, into a large and open living space, dominated by a massive TV, a games console plugged in beneath. An expensive-looking couch was in front of it, and there was a large and empty set of shelves on the wall – he must only just have moved in? Off to one side, there was a small kitchen, looking equally sparse, and several closed doors. She looked at them uncertainly, before one opened, Dillon emerging.

‘Oh good, you’re ready. Just in time! In here.’ He gestured her forward and she obeyed, walking in behind him, into a... home office? There was a smart-looking black desk with a

computer monitor on it, currently showing an empty video-chat room, a notepad at the ready. In front of it was an expensive-looking office chair. There was a cage in the back corner, just about big enough for a person, and another, cheaper-looking office chair, this one with a hole in the seat, and restraints built into the armrests. A pair of handcuffs with a long chain between them was wound around the pillar supporting the seat, and there was another strap that could come across the neck of whoever sat in it.

‘Would you prefer to sit or stand?’

‘I think I’ll stand, Sir.’

‘Very good.’

He pressed a button, and the part of the desk with the other laptop on raised up with a smooth electric whirr.

‘Now get logged in.’

She opened up the laptop, the thing starting up, showing an image of herself. She had to lean forward, putting her collar close to it in order to make it login her in. As soon as she did so, then a meeting invite popped up, and she opened it.

‘Put yourself on mute, otherwise the feedback will be horrible. Oh, and just to set expectations, then if you make any mistakes, then you will be punished. So be a good girl and take notes, unless you want a spanking, or worse.’

The words made her ass tingle, her pussy still wet and desperate. Being put over his knee wouldn’t be that bad, would it? But before she could respond, the meeting started. A head appeared on screen – a strict looking woman, wearing a blouse buttoned up to her neck, but that couldn’t quite hide the collar there, even if it wasn’t as bulky as Nora’s. A label appeared on the screen – “Veronica Taylor”.

Dillon settled himself into his chair, the thing creaking beneath him as he smiled. ‘Good morning Veronica.’

‘Dillon.’ There were no other pleasantries, as the woman launched straight into speaking. ‘You are going to be assisting with our sales team, as well as other managerial duties. I see that you have your assigned assistant already – as she has come through our internal training scheme, then I would hope she has the stamina to endure. As you know, we have quite a high burnout rate. Although we are able to dispose of most, that makes less profit than hiring them out on a longer-term basis.’

Out of sight of the camera, a hand cupped one of Nora’s buttocks, and she managed not to squeak in surprise, forcing herself to keep a straight face as fingers mauled her soft flesh, before sliding beneath the short skirt, groping her directly.

She opened up a notepad and started scribbling notes, although couldn’t control herself from pushing her butt out, leaning into the fingers, hoping that they would venture around the front and touch her wet pussy.

‘The three other subjects from the test program are currently with their initial contractors, and will be placed under your management when they return.’

‘Have the initial assessments been returned? Some of the contractors seemed very enthusiastic.’

‘Yes.’ A sub-window blipped into existence, a video starting to play. It showed Aiko, dressed in a tiny schoolgirl outfit, a plaid skirt that was little more than a fabric belt, with her hands tied behind her back, a gag-harness around her head and a look of frustration in her eyes. She was down on her knees, a suited man pulling on a leash to drag her forward, making her

topple over. Before she could stand, he put a shoed foot on her head, keeping her in place as he started to place with himself.

Behind this, Ishani was stood up, with chains attached to her wrists and ankles, forcing her into a wide “X”, and wearing the ragged remnants of an office outfit, the skirt mostly torn away, her blouse slashed apart by a whip, her skin showing the signs of impact beneath. Cum was smeared across her breasts, her breath coming in short, savage pants, through the bit pushed between her teeth. Dribble was oozing down, falling between her breasts, leaving a dirty line all the way to her crotch. A hand spanked against her ass, as Nora felt the hand squeeze her own backside more firmly, and she ground back against it.

A man walked up behind Ishani, taking a firm grasp of her hair, using that to pull her head backwards, before he started to fuck her, rough and hard. Meanwhile, the man mounted Aiko, easily pinning her to the floor, starting to push into her, his weight keeping her locked into place. The image froze, although the hand molesting Nora didn’t.

Dillon spoke. ‘Some satisfied customers, I think. Those two seem likely to be popular as a matched pair – both have expressed strong desires to try and dominate the other. How long is their current contract for?’

‘Three weeks. We will be monitoring their health in case they are excessively mistreated, but it is a repeat customer, so we are not expecting any problems. There are some problems with the other one, though.’

The video was replaced, a new one starting, showing Skye. She was bent over a desk, rope around her neck, her arms tied in place with rough hemp, digging into her skin. Her body was shaking as she was fucked, hands visible on her hips, but she seemed vacant, the effects barely registering.

‘Ah, yes, I’ve seen her file. I think a certain amount of denial therapy – she seems to have not adjusted entirely well. I have some simple tasks she can manage, when she is returned to us. If nothing else, she has impressive stamina, so could be a useful assistant and test-subject.’ The fingers squeezed harder, digging into a buttock, one sliding over Nora’s asshole and making her shiver, just barely managing not to gasp. ‘It would be a shame to let her body go to waste, she is quite a looker.’

‘Yes, it would be a shame if she had to be discarded. Very well, I’ll ensure she is sent to you once she is back. She is only on a short contract, so you can expect her in a week. On that note, Tartarus are now dealing with all of our shipments – our developers will be working with theirs to upgrade the control app. Please review the documentation so that you know how everything works.’

‘Of course.’ He used his other hand to open up a window, a more complicated looking version of the control app from the phone, and scrolled through pictures, Nora’s face flicking past, before Veronica’s ID picture appeared, and he clicked on it. ‘As I understand it, we’re expecting some hardware rollouts in Q3? I look forward to seeing what the new collars can do.’

He opened up the control options, glancing up at Nora with a wicked grin, before moving a slider across the screen. Veronica’s eyes widened and she sucked in breath, pupils dilating.

‘Yes, that is the current... plan.’ A slight pink was coming to her cheeks, and she shifted in her seat. ‘The new models will have... larger battery life, and... additional drug... reservoirs.’ Dillon slid the pointer back to the left, back to 0, and she sagged in her seat, coughing to try and collect herself, one hand coming up to touch against her collar.

‘If you could have the test models sent to me when available?’ He slammed the pointer to maximum, and she arched her spine, head lolling backwards.

‘Yes...’

Nora couldn’t tell if she was agreeing, or that was simply the pleasure forced upon the woman, her composure shattered.

‘Excellent. Anything else to report?’

She was shaking around now, hair flicking about her face, eyes glazed and unfocused. Dillon kept groping Nora’s ass with one hand, his other moving the slider bar, teasing Veronica – she must have something inside of herself, probably kept there by a chastity belt, thrumming against her walls. Nora felt herself, still wet and loose, trying to concentrate through her own lust, taking notes.

‘The new training... facilities are almost complete, as is... transport infrastructure...’ She trailed off, Dillon turning her vibe down to 0, her eyes wet. ‘Everything is scaling up according to... the plan.’

‘Good work. Keep me updated if there are any changes.’ He closed the call, the last image being of Veronica’s face, desperate and yearning before vanishing. ‘Well, that seems to be going well. Now, let me see your notes.’

She passed over the notes, glad that she had at least managed to keep everything on the lines, although her handwriting was a little sloppy in places. He read them over.

‘Good, that seems to cover everything. Now, on your knees, time for your reward, and to test your oral skills.’ His hand let go of her ass, and she didn’t even think about disobeying, dropping down as he spun around in the chair. She opened her mouth wide to show obedience as he unzipped his jeans, before settling back and looking at her expectantly.

She crawled forward as he spread his legs wide, carefully reaching out and gently starting to stroke his cock. It was currently soft, but she started to rub and stroke it, the length expanding against her palm, until it was large enough for her to lean forward and lick at the tip, where it emerged from her grip. He tasted clean, the cock growing further inside her hand, and she started to gently pump it as she nuzzled on the tip, slowly sliding it into her mouth.

Her other hand dropped between her legs, and she started to stroke herself, fumbling around her skirt. Her collar tingled, and she grunted around the cock, pushing it against her cheek.

‘Not yet! Only when given permission.’

She softly whined in protest, but continued sucking at the cock, using her tongue to slide around the tip, then onto the full length. He rested a hand on her head, gently steering her, until he came, filling her mouth with thick, sticky cum. As she drew back, she gave the cock-crown a slow kiss, cleaning it off.

‘You may swallow.’

She gulped, feeling the cum sliding down her throat, an overpowering flavor that turned her on even more.

‘Now back to work!’ As his cock shrank away, he tucked himself away and zipped up his flies. ‘I want you to sort out my schedule. Make a long appointment to train Skye when she’s back in a week, I’ve got plans for her. And make a weekly review session with yourself – if you’ve been good, I’ll let you come, otherwise it’ll be something less pleasant.’

She didn’t like the sound of that, as she stood up, the taste of cum strong in her mouth still, smoothing her skirt back into place and trying to calm herself down, returning to her computer and opening up Outlook, looking through the calendar and starting to make appointments.

Chapter Twenty-One: The New Team

Nora was working, tapping away on the keyboard, drafting a message for Dillon to check when her computer when the door opened. Aiko entered, taking small and careful steps – she was dressed as a maid, wearing a tiny, fluffy skirt that did nothing to cover her ass or pussy, her legs sheathed in stockings, the suspender-straps visible on her pale legs. Between her thighs was the metal plates of her chastity belt, and her slender waist had a strap around it, holding up a plastic tray, also supported by straps running from the rim to a bit between her teeth, her jaw clenched in place. On the rim, Nora could see a tilt-sensor, a little bubble floating between two vertical bars, wobbling around as Aiko moved, her gait hindered by the 6-inch heels.

The front of the outfit came up into a high-cut cloth collar, not quite hiding the collar beneath, and with a cut-out to show her cleavage, some dribble having fallen down and stained her breasts. Her arms were tied at the elbow, her hands free, but her reach limited.

On the tray were some papers and a glass of water, filled almost to the top. With every step, water slopped inside the glass, almost spilling outwards. Aiko made a grunting noise, unable to speak without letting the bit go and dropping everything. Nora looked at her.

‘Yes? I’m very busy.’

A look of irritation came into Aiko’s eyes as she grunted again, gently shaking her hips to push the tray forward.

‘Has Master Dillon sent you?’

‘Mpph!’ The tray shook again, her jaw rigid and tight around the bit. Nora resisted the urge to reach out and grab a breast, to torment Aiko further, but relented. She took the papers, looking through them – most were dull and dry technical documentation, the specs for the upgraded collars. She made sure they were all in order before putting them aside – Dillon would have to sign them himself, but that all looked in order. Beneath them was an itinerary – she already knew most of it, but it was nice to have physically printed out, just in case her tablet didn’t work or ran out of batteries.

Aiko grunted again, shaking her hips, this time splashing some of the water onto the tray. The balance-bubble shifted over the vertical line, and a crackle ran through Aiko, her collar shocking her. The tray jolted around more violently, and Nora reached out to grab at the glass before it was spilled everywhere.

As soon as she did so, Aiko’s jaw relaxed, the tray falling and slapping her in the thighs. She was shocked in the neck again, her restrained arms coming down, just barely able to reach the top of the tray, but without being able to exert enough pressure to lift it back up.

Nora let her squirm in punishment, hearing her try to restrain from cursing, watching as she shook and shivered. Watching Aiko get punished was always fun!

‘Please!’ She shook again, the shocks getting stronger, her hands still trying to pull the tray back to the horizontal position.

‘Will you be good?’

‘Ow! Yes! Just... ow! Help, please!’

Nora took mercy on her, lifting the tray up, taking the bit and pushing it against Aiko's lips. With a barely-audible snarl, she opened her mouth, letting the bit be reinserted so that the tray was held upright again, Aiko's jaw tight around it.

'I think it will be easier if you travel in your crate. You fold up so nice and small, it's easy to transport you.'

Aiko growled, her throat vibrating against the collar.

'We'll unpack you at the other end, when your services are needed. And you can display everything you've been trained in.' Nora grasped the edge of the tray, Aiko trying to keep it under control as Nora started to tilt it. She couldn't form any words, just mumbling from behind the gag. 'Follow me.'

Aiko mumbled something that was less rebellious-sounding, dropping her head in defeat.

'Good girl. And have you picked everything Master Dillon needs?'

Aiko nodded her head, although slowly and carefully.

'Good.' She let the tray go, Aiko dipping her head in defeat and leaving, Nora admiring the tight lines of her ass, her skirt not covering them at all. Then she sent an e-mail to Master Dillon, asking to be detached from the desk – she was fettered at the ankle, a chain running between her and the desk-leg, keeping her locked in place.

A few moments later, the fetter on her ankle popped open, releasing her. She locked the computer before standing, and going into the main room. Several travelling crates were piled up near the door, all securely locked shut and with labels on them. Aiko walked along behind her, grunting in annoyance at the shuffling speed imposed onto her.

Ishani was there, at a standing desk but more securely restrained, with a pole running up her skirt, the ass cut out so that the dildo on the top could be seen penetrating into her, her juices running down it. A thick leather posture collar was around her neck, making it impossible for her to turn around, although she twitched, obviously able to hear Nora.

Without moving into her field of vision, Nora spoke. 'Have there been any messages I need to know?'

Ishani grunted, the posture-collar covering her mouth, before her fingers tapped away, a tinny and electronic voice sounding out. 'No.'

Nora approached her from behind, looking at her bare ass, the edge of the dildo visible, glistening with juices. Her feet were in high heels, the cock alone keeping her captive – she couldn't raise herself high enough to ever escape, without help, or the cock being lowered. She slapped her hand against the dusky buttocks, enjoying the plush softness of Ishani's body, ignoring the sighing squeal that she made.

She dug her fingers in, feeling Ishani squirm, unable to move while she was impaled. 'You're coming along to do all the boring paperwork so I don't have to, and to look good.' She squeezed harder. 'We've got a travel crate just for you, with some new advancements in place. So you'll be nice and entertained throughout the journey – you and Aiko will be sharing the same air supply, so the two of you can stay together.' That made Ishani grunt in annoyance. 'And if one of you dares to come, then the other one will be punished.' She slid fingers between Ishani's plump thighs, reaching around and feeling the wet, forced-open cunt, with the dildo firmly wedged in place. She gave it a shake, Ishani inhaling swiftly, Nora feeling her fluids oozing downwards. 'You've not been good enough to earn yourself a release for quite a while, have you?'

'Grrphh.'

‘Now, I’ll go and get your crate, but you’ll need to remove your clothing first.’ She reached around and squeezed one of Ishani’s breasts. ‘I’ll go get that, I expect you naked when I return.’
‘Mph.’

As Nora withdrew, she gave Ishani another swat on the ass, watching her for a moment as she started to undress, unbuttoning her blouse, revealing her smooth, dusky skin, with a few welt-marks across her back.

As she stripped, Nora went into one of the other rooms, where Ishani’s crate was, ready for her. It was larger than standard, with extra-large batteries and food containers, and already on a wheeled platform. She pushed it back into the main room, where Ishani was now entirely naked except for her shoes and stockings, which she could bend enough to remove, and the posture collar, which was locked on. The lack of clothing made her impalement even more obvious, the pole shoved up into her wet cunt.

‘\Good girl. You’re going to be set up with some of the mental conditioning – you get to be one of the test subjects!’ She wheeled the crate closer, pressing a button on the lid to open it up. Hydraulics hissed as the lid slowly opened, revealing the padded interior, carefully shaped to Ishani’s form, complete with straps to hold her in, and tubes to insert into her.

‘You’re not going to struggle, are you? I’ve been given authority to punish you.’

Ishani stiffened, not liking the reminder of her position, but not resisting as Nora stroked her body.

‘You’re a good demonstration model, as long as you’re kept silent.’

‘Mph...’

‘Now, I’m going to take the muzzle off. But you’ll be a good girl and stay silent, won’t you?’

‘Mph.’

The clasp on the back of the posture collar was a fiddly one, especially as Nora had to reach up on her tiptoes, unable to bring Ishani down while she was impaled. But she managed to get it open, the thing popping open, Nora peeling it off her neck, revealing the collar beneath. With it removed, Ishani could move her neck more, stretching and making her joints pop. Nora pinched a buttock, making Ishani yelp in pain.

‘Thank you, Nora.’

‘Good. Now, you’ll be fed and drained in the crate, so you don’t need to be fed or go to the bathroom first. So I’m going to lower the shaft and then we can get you put away.’

Ishani grunted in acknowledgement, until Nora squeezed her buttock again, and she answered properly. ‘Yes, Nora.’

Squatting down between Ishani’s thighs exposed her to the full scent of the woman’s lust, hot and heavy, the dildo and metal both sticky with her juices. Nora could feel her own desire starting to throb inside her, sealed behind the chastity belt. If she was good, then maybe she might get fucked again? She wanted a cock inside of herself, as soon as possible! But she couldn’t do anything about that by herself. If she was a good girl, then maybe, soon?

She lowered the shaft, the cock sliding out of Ishani, making the smell even stronger, the length of the shaft liberally smeared with Ishani’s juices.

‘Aiko, a leaning task for you.’ She turned to the smaller woman, first untying the strap from her waist, and then taking the weight of the tray as Aiko released the bit gag. ‘Lick that clean. You like Ishani’s taste anyway, so you should enjoy this.’

Aiko dropped to her knees and crawled forward as Ishani sagged, now able to stand without her legs fully tensed, Nora supporting her. Aiko started to lick at the shaft, cleaning all of Ishani's pussy-juice off, her face flushed as she did so.

Nora didn't have to support Ishani very far, just a few steps before they were next to the crate, Ishani getting in and laying down, the padding perfectly shaped for her. It didn't take much work to apply the straps, soft bands sliding over thighs, arms and belly, sealing her in completely. When that was done, Nora continued to attach the required tubs – the rubber tips slid easily in, the first into Ishani's asshole, now trained to accept such intrusions, Ishani barely making a sound as it pushed into her sphincter. Her front-hole was also simple, a device sliding in that could pleasure her, but also suck away any waste.

With those down, Nora went to stand above Ishani's head, pulling the mask down from the inside of the lid. It had a cock-prong on the inside, which slid between Ishani's lips. She lifted her head to let Nora strap it around her head. It covered her mouth and nose with rubbery plastic, her air flowing in from outside. And food would be dispensed through it as well – this one was equipped with almost a week's worth, food-sludge that could flow through the tube and into the occupant's mouth.

There were also electrical pads – Nora unpeeled the sticky surfaces, attaching them to Ishani's inner thighs, the soles of her feet, her belly and nipples.

'It's important that your muscles are stimulated while you're in confinement.'

With the prong in place, Ishani couldn't say anything, having to just lay there and accept whatever was going to happen. She could move her hands and wriggle her feet a little, but that was it – until she was released, there was nothing else she could do.

'And now the headset. I'm not sure what it's been loaded with, but I'm told it's good for your education. Probably obedience training?' It was mounted inside of the case, a block designed to cover the eyes, with padding where it touched the face, and Nora pushed it into position, locking it into place.

Ishani was now completely sealed and isolated from the world. Once the lid was shut, then she wouldn't be able to hear anything either, except through the speakers mounted close to her head. All her bodily needs would be taken care of, and it would probably tease her, even if not to the point of completion.

'Good girl.' Nora brought the lid of the casket down, locking Ishani in. It immediately stirred into life, valves pumping air in and out, a panel blinking on, showing Ishani's vital signs – all were green and stable.

'Now, you need packing away as well.'

Aiko was still licking away at the dildo, cleaning off Ishani's juices, kissing at the vertical shaft. She looked up at Nora, fear in her eyes.

'You'll be unpacked to be a good little maid once we get there. Master Dillon even got that maid outfit made specially for you. But you'll have to take it off to be transported. So take it off, unless you want to be shocked. Now hurry up, we don't want to be late.'

Aiko took a deep breath, but then obeyed, pulling her dress over her head, revealing her slender body beneath, clad only in a collar, chastity belt and her stockings and heels.

'This way. I should have bought your travel-crate out as well.'

While Nora had her own bedroom, with the vacbed, Aiko didn't – she was kept in a corner of one of the spare rooms, sealed into a box until she was released early in the morning, to make breakfast for Dillon and start the housework.

Her travel crate was the size of a large suitcase, complete with wheels at one end and a handle so it could be pulled along, a small panel on top showing the occupant's vital signals. Nora put it on its side and opened it up, revealing the padded space inside.

'In.'

'Do I... have to? Please let me travel with you!'

'No.' Nora's voice was firm. 'In, or you'll be punished.'

Aiko grumbled but obeyed, climbing inside, forced to curl into the fetal position, sinking into the padding. Nora reached around her, shoving tubes into Aiko's asshole and pussy, plugging her up. The straps were simpler, just two bands that ran over her legs and shoulders to keep her contained. Her face nestled into a groove in the material, a breathing and food tube poking through, which she sucked on.

'You see? Nice and simple. Would you like some sound?'

Aiko's voice was muffled by the packing and the tube. 'Yes please.'

There were some wireless earbuds on a side-table, and Nora picked one up, pushing it into Aiko's ear. The other she just dropped in, letting it fall alongside Aiko's body, rattling towards the bottom. 'I'll put something on for you when we start travelling.' She shut the case on Aiko, locking it from the outside. There was a small hole, through which Aiko breathed – Nora put her finger over it, feeling warm, slightly moist air push against her as Aiko tried to breathe, unseen and unheard. Nora held her finger in place for several seconds before releasing it, then pulling the case up to ready for movement.

That was everybody packed away – now there was just her own things, which were already packed. She took Aiko's case by the handle and pulled on it, the wheels making it easy to pull, even with Aiko's weight inside. It was a rigid shell that could take a lot of punishment, making it safe to toss around without a care for the occupant.

Back in the main room, Ishani's crate had already vanished. The front door opened up, Skye entered – she was wearing tight black shorts and a tight black shirt, the high collar not hiding her collar beneath it, long sleeves covering her arms. A black peaked cap was on her head, while a muzzle-gag covered her mouth and nose, leaving just her eyes visible. Suspender straps ran down her legs, holding up black stockings, with leather gloves on her hands. Her red hair was still in thick braids, contrasting against the black of the rest of her outfit.

She dipped her head towards Nora, gesturing at Aiko's suitcase.

'Thank you, if you could take it. Is Ishani fully packed away?'

Skye nodded, then advanced and took the handle of the suitcase from Aiko, wheeling it towards the door. Nora took her own case and followed along behind, letting Nora open the front door of the apartment. Ahead of them was a service elevator, Ishani's crate already there.

As soon as they were inside, Nora hit the button to close the door and start heading downwards, feeling it rumble and shake. She moved close to Nora, grabbing the woman's butt before giving it a swift spank, hearing their swift exhalation from the impact. With the muzzle in place, Skye couldn't talk, but she was mostly quiet anyway, except when she was being used, when she would gasp and squeal. Nora felt between her legs, feeling the metal beneath her tight shorts, stroking at her body. She was nice and warm, her breasts soft, as Nora kissed her on the neck.

It didn't take long before they reached the underground carpark – a people-carrier was there, the boot open, complete with a ramp to let Ishani be wheeled up into the back, the wheels of her crate locked down. Aiko was just laid in the back, treated like luggage.

‘Good, you’ve got everyone.’ Dillon was already there, with his luggage stowed, looking back at them from his seat. ‘I sent Skye up to help. She’ll be doing the driving – I think she makes a good chauffeur. And it seems to relax her. Now, you need to strap yourself in, and then we’ll be off. Your special seat is ready for you.’

Nora went around to the side of the van and stepped inside – one of the seats had a dildo poking up, attached to a motor.

‘Let me just get your belt off.’ As he was already inside, Dillon had to awkwardly stoop-shuffle over towards Nora, as she hitched her skirt up, letting him fiddle with the crotch-band, before pulling it away from Nora’s body. ‘Now, sit down.’

She positioned herself above the cock, slowly settling herself down atop it. She was so wet that it easily entered her, fat and full, making her feel satisfied and stuffed as she sat down.

Dillon leaned over, strapping her into her seat.

‘Something to keep you entertained as we travel!’

With the thing inside of her, it was hard to think straight, her mind immediately filling with lustful fuzz.

‘Well, there’s no work you need to do as we travel, so you can be entertained. Although I think a gag might be best, just in case you get noisy. Try not to make too much mess.’ The dildo twisted, sending a shiver of pleasure all the way through her. There was a ballgag on the seat next to her, and she opened her mouth wide to slide it in, buckling it around her head.

‘I’ve read the notes you sent – very detailed. This should be a nice, simple meeting, and then I can have some fun with you. But first we need to show off Aiko and Ishani – they’re both excellent test subjects.’

Skye sat in the drivers seat, the door clicking shut before the engine started up, the vehicle starting to move. The rumbling made the dildo shake and vibrate, teasing her further as they sit off, and she tried not to lose her focus entirely.

THE END

About the Author and Artist

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking.

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink.

Digital Slave Preview Chapter: A New Life Starts

Present Day

The pressure on her shoulders was intense, wrists cuffed together behind her back, a chain running to the ceiling and pulling them up. This forced her into a painful strappado position, unable to properly stand without wrenching her shoulders out of position. Her mouth was full, a large sphere of black rubber strapped between her lips, slow trickles of spittle flowing over her red-painted lips, down her chin. Around her neck was a collar, a chunky band of bright metal, chunky metal bracelets of the same material on her wrists. Ever since she had started wearing it, she had become intimately familiar with the devices it contained – at the moment it was as loose as it got, although it could tighten without notice to choke her, or shock her.

She had lost track of how long she'd been held in this position – the apartment had no clocks, and the windows were blacked out, the time of day impossible to tell. Her slender body, something that she had always been proud of, even used to draw attention to herself, was dressed in a silk blouse and black pencil skirt. In the pale glow of emergency lighting, the fringe of a lacey bra could be seen beneath the blouse, her skirt short enough to show the patterns on her stockings around her thighs. If it wasn't for the collar, gag, and position, she could have been any office worker.

She whimpered, trying to shift, find some element of comfort. How long had it been since she had been here? Days, weeks, months? She was kept here, every element of her life controlled, only allowed out in what the owner permitted. She had nothing of her own, everything she had, everything she had become, was what the owner desired.

But she had never seen the owner, her owner. She had been shaped and molded, without ever even being touched by him. She twisted in her bonds, thoughts of her previous life bubbling upwards. She had had a name then. Been able to go out. Had control of herself, been able to choose her own clothing. What had her name been? Her twisting strengthened as she twisted, the chain softly clinking.

Her collar beeped, and she froze in fear. It tightened, not even to choke her, but a warning. Was her owner watching? She knew there must be cameras, watching her, knowing when she was bad or good. But he couldn't read her mind, could he? The AC whirred into life, cold air beating down on her, her clothing doing little to protect her. The memories died within her as the cold air blew, until her stirring stopped.

The thing between her legs briefly stirred into life, an empty promise of warmth. Not long enough to give her any relief or pleasure, simply a reminder that she lacked even the control to pleasure herself. She shuffled awkwardly, stilettos clicking on the floor. If she was good, if she managed to maintain this position for long enough, maybe she would be allowed to sleep on the floor, rather than restrained. Maybe she would be allowed out – her clothing chosen for her, her mouth sealed behind a gag, but *outside*, where she could pretend to be a person.

The pressure in the air changed, the AC shutting down. The door, path to the outside world, always locked to her, clicked open, light spilling in. She was bound facing away from the door, unable to see who was standing there. Was it the owner? Or someone else? She didn't dare

twist to see, in case she was punished for it. The shadow moved closer, footsteps seemingly as loud as thunder. A hand reached out, slapping her ass in a possessive way, and she couldn't restrain herself from squeaking. Had her owner finally come to claim her, or was this someone else to service? Either way, she had to please them. She parted her legs slightly, hoping they would find her pleasing.

Days, Weeks or Months ago...

Sophia's heart sank, blood turning cold. She pressed refresh, in the desperate hope that things would be different. They couldn't have dropped that fast. The screen reloaded – everything was in the red. *Deep* into the red. Could she move money from anywhere else? No, everywhere was tapped out. Everything had been riding on this. But how could everything have dropped like that? The market shouldn't move like that, something should have gone up. She refreshed again. It was even worse. She'd bet her apartment on this, everything she owned!

She felt a presence, before a hand touched her shoulder, nails pressing against her flesh through her thin blouse. 'Go home for the rest of the week, Sophia. We'll talk about this soon.' The woman squeezed her shoulder, red-painted nails digging in harder, just for a moment. Then she turned and left, heels clicking against the trading room floor.

Sophia glanced around, seeing rumors already spreading amongst her colleagues, looking at her with pity or contempt. She ignored the sting of pride, trying to look calm and collected, picking up her handbag and left the office.

She went to get drunk. A fancy bar, piano playing, no shortage of people willing to buy drinks for her – even without getting changed, her silk blouse, unbuttoned to show the edge of her bra beneath, tight pencil-skirt short enough that the tops of her stockings flashed into view as she walked, or crossed her legs were enticement enough. She might have lost big today, lost everything she owned, but all she needed was some seed money to get started again.

Who could she hit up for a loan? Stephen was normally a sucker, especially if she wore something tight and black. And he wasn't even pushy enough to demand sex, just a quick handjob was normally enough. Although he was out of town, having taken a new job in Hong Kong. Maybe Ken? Although his latest wife was a pushy bitch. Another drink appeared, the spirits burning into her stomach, her thoughts turning into alcohol-infused mush as night fell.

She awoke, in sunlight. Crisp sheets wrinkled beneath her hands, discreet buzz of a phone alarm vibrating nearby. Where was she? She blinked sleep from her eyes and looked around – not a place she recognized, but it oozed wealth. Sunlight streamed in from full-height windows, showing views over a park. The bed was massive, what looked to be a walk-in wardrobe opposite, floor-length mirrors, grey and chrome drawers and cupboards. And she was naked. Well, if it was whoever owned this place, then she had done well – she rolled over, finding the bed empty. She didn't feel satisfied, so they must have been too drunk to have sex.

The rest of the apartment was small, but the view outside the window showed that it was right in the heart of the city, worth several million, at the least. The whole place shared the same chrome-and-steel coloring, probably designed by some tech-bro nerd, everything electronically controlled, both austere and massively expensive. A screen blinked on, displaying a message.

Had to go to work, but last night was great. This place was my ex's, feel free to crash here. She was about the same size as you, use her clothes if you want.

Well, this seemed to be quite fortunate. She had no recollection of who the mysterious owner was, but they were clearly wealthy, which was what she needed right now. Everything

was chrome and metal, custom-fitted and expensive. Near the entrance was a strange piece of modern art, dangling from a chain on the ceiling— a roughly female shape of solid black plastic, a head, the swell of breasts and curve of hips, a hole for a mouth and another between the legs, edges stained slightly. She'd always preferred more classical art and sculpture but having such a thing on casual display showed vast wealth. She looked at more closely – there was a tiny hairline crack around the edge, the thing cast in two halves. She gave it a gentle shove, setting it swinging. Something tickled the edge of her hearing; was that a moan? She must have imagined it, an apartment like this would be fully sound-proofed.

She returned to the walk-in wardrobe, the door sliding open with an electronic beep. Inside was a carousel device filled with clothing, so only a single outfit was accessible at any given time, like a giant vending machine. More sealed lockers lined the walls, all currently shut. The current outfit was very much in line with her own preferences - sleek and sexy office-wear, a skirt, tight and black and short, a silk blouse, along with a lace thong and bra. One of the lockers popped open, revealing a pair of very high heels and some stockings. The ex must have been about the same size as her, conveniently. Before dressing she had a shower, luxuriating in the steaming hot water, rubbing herself down, feeling the fug of last night retreating under the steam and heat.

When she was done, she applied her makeup – this ex had similar coloration as well; the owner must have a distinct 'type'. Well, that would make him easier to butter up for some money. With her lips tinted red, mascara around her eyes, hair pulled back into a ponytail, she felt decidedly more in control, more like herself, especially when she dressed as well. She admired herself in the mirror, blowing herself a kiss.

Another message blinked onto the screen in the main room, accompanied by a faint chiming noise.

You lost your phone last night, here's a replacement. I loaded my number onto it.

A drawer opened with a pneumatic pop. Inside was a smartphone, sleek, black and unbranded, the sort of prestigious item normally seen in the hands of millionaires. She pressed her thumb against it, as it unlocked for her - even the programming was something she didn't recognize, although most of the functionality appeared to be locked. There was only one number listed: 'Owner', with no other details listed.

Well, he had been so nice, he deserved a treat, and something to keep him keen and friendly. She found the camera function and posed for a selfie, tweaking her blouse to make sure it showed her cleavage, making a seductive face.

Thanks for last night "owner", you were great. See you soon!

She took several pictures, making sure to find the best one before hitting 'send'. Then she explored the rest of the apartment. It was small, little more than the bathroom, a kitchen-diner, and a box room, with the colossal bedroom and walk-in wardrobe taking the largest amount of space. This close to the center though, it must have cost a fortune – she took her new phone out and tried to access the internet, to look up the value, but couldn't find any way to access it.

All the draws in the kitchen had an RFID scanner, remaining stubbornly locked, surfaces too smooth to pull open. Denied there, she went to the wardrobe – it would have been a decent-sized room by itself, but the carousel device took most of the space, leaving only a small space to get changed. She rotated through the other outfits – beyond a variety of office-wear and gorgeous (and expensive!) evening gowns, there was a variety of more 'special' outfits - a latex nurse's outfit, several skin-tight catsuits, a schoolgirl outfit, a shiny nun's habit with holes at the crotch... Well, those wouldn't be getting used, at least not on her. She liked to be in charge,

not the one being dominated. She smiled at past memories – keeping someone on the edge, just shy of climax, could be a powerful incentive when negotiating. Although she hated the feel, taste and scent of cum, so always tried to slip a condom on first.

Her stomach rumbled – she hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday. She went to the front door, running her hand against the card reader – there was no handle, nothing to force it open. When she tapped it, a prompt appeared; “Present Owner authentication”. Without that, it wouldn't open.

Another bell chimed, message appearing. *Nice pic, you're a doll. Have some food.*

A drawer popped open, revealing a bowl full of powder. She grimaced. *Of course* a techbro would be into food-substitute powder. She gave it a sniff. Flavorless food substitute, to boot. Enough of that, and even the taste of cum would be a welcome change. She turned to the tap, trying to figure out how to turn it on – there was nothing to twist or turn. She waved the bowl beneath the tap, water rushing out. Just enough to turn the powder into a paste, nutritional enough to keep her alive, but bland and tasteless. She'd have to convince him to take her out somewhere proper, or this relationship wouldn't last long. She ate the paste, then put the bowl back into the drawer which slid shut and locked itself.

Unable to leave, she explored the apartment – everything was sealed away, the place spartan and barren, no pictures or any other touches of life. In the bathroom were fresh toiletries, a sealed toothbrush and paste, the cabinet locking shut once she had cleaned her teeth. There was a TV in each room, but no remote control, nor any buttons on the units themselves.

She bent over to look under the bed, finding what she expected – a large box, filled with more ‘toys’, those for obviously female use. She pulled it out, having to strain to shift the weight; if she was stuck here while some dickless techbro was spending his time hacking code, she may as well enjoy herself. The ex must have been feeling frustrated, if the amount of stuff present was any indication, and most of it still unopened.

At the bottom of the box, and the reason it was so heavy, was a heavy block, a vibrating pad at the top – a sybian. She'd seen one used at a party before, an unwilling escort made to mount it only when threatened with being stripped and forcibly ejected onto the streets. From the sounds the girl had made, it had been quite intense, although that might just have been to try and please whoever had hired her or hoping to get them to let her go.

She managed to find a plug socket (even that was behind a metal panel, although at least it was open rather than locked) and plugged it in. This one looked pretty heavy-duty, with straps to ensure the occupant didn't fall off, the controls on the front of the box where they would be hard to access when in use. She straddled it, then took another picture.

Think I should go for a ride?

It didn't take long until there was a response.

Strap yourself in, it's a hell of a thing!

She squirted lube over the dildo, shimmying her thong off, playing with herself to get herself ready. This was how she wanted to live, surrounded by luxury, although with rather more control herself. She played with herself, loosening herself up, then slowly eased herself onto the prong. The thing was cold inside her, although was a comfortable size, satisfyingly solid. She strapped the bands around her thighs, then reached forward, fumbling along the front of the device for the ‘on’ switch.

It buzzed to life. She immediately grabbed her phone, trying to concentrate through the vibrations and stimulation, pressure swiftly building inside of her. This selfie wouldn't be very

well focused, but... Her thoughts went white as the vibrations rumbled through her, bringing her to a peak. If it hadn't been for the straps, she would have fallen off already.

The phone fell from her hand as she was shoved into another orgasm, hands covering her mouth as she tried not to yell. She came again, the buzzing seeming louder. Oh god, was it getting faster? A cry tore itself from her lips, audible even through her hands, and then she sagged forward as the buzzing slowed slightly. Her hands scrabbled over the front of the panel, fumbling for the controls.

It started to vibrate again, her nails scraping against knobs and dials, flicking a switch and the thing powering down. It took her a long moment to collect herself, head swimming as she slowly pulled herself off it, the dildo now slick with her juices. She could understand now why that escort had started to beg after the sixth orgasm had been ripped from her, the onlookers only turning it up higher and laughing.

She climbed off, needing to collect herself. That thing was powerful! Her pussy was drenched, thighs moist with her own juices, as she wiped herself down on the bedsheets. She didn't have any other clothing, and the device in the closet seemed to have jammed, leaving her reeking of sex as she put the thong back on, taking a moment to rearrange her own clothing as the message bell chimed again.

Nice look, doll, suits you. Wonder how long you can go for if it wasn't turned off? Called in a favor, got you a job. Close by, phone will tell you the way.

It had fallen against the wall, fortunately undamaged. A map had appeared, showing her current location, a destination not far away. Who was this guy? The place shown was an office building, filled with super-expensive lawyers and consultants. For a one-night stand she couldn't even remember, he was very generous. Even when drunk, she wouldn't have been picked someone ugly so he must be a looker, and wealthy as well.

The bathroom door had sealed itself, so she couldn't shower again. The door to outside opened, allowing her to leave, hissing shut as soon as she passed through.