



DEMONIA II

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Two days after the gathering and I was once again suspended in the frame. Once more steel jaws crushed my tortured nipples. As always sweat mingles with tears as my owner beats a staccato rhythm upon my flesh.

But there is now a difference. An addition. Around my neck, there is a collar. Gaudy for the BDSM world; patent leather and chrome rings. Sculptured curves to fit flush to my throat, it is secured with two brass padlocks. A reward for passing a landmark says my Mistress. But apparently not the final collar I shall wear.

"I am yours, Mistress," I had confessed as the locks clicked closed.

"Nearly my pet, I have your body and mind, but not your heart."

I remain silent. What can I say? I cannot lie, she would smell it upon me. "When I have your heart, you shall truly be mine. On that day I will gift you with a rare collar and mark your flesh so all will know you are my famula."

"How will you know, Mistress?" I'd asked, but I already knew the answer.

"You will smell like alabaster, my sweet, when you crave to be mine. You'll yearn to be owned and you will reek of it."

"Yes, Mistress," I offer. She owns me. But she is correct about my heart. If I could I would still run. I am conquered but not defeated. So, as the whip cracks once more I cannot imagine what she could do to make me love her.



After my owner had had her fill, I'm was taken to the bedroom and for once I'm not put in the box. Instead a short stout chain is locked to the collar around my throat and I'm allowed on the bed.

"Not the box tonight, Mistress?" I ask almost giddy with hope.

"Not tonight my pet, a reward for being so obedient. Besides it has wrought its effect. It is little more now than a handy place to store you when you're not needed."

"Yes, Mistress," I'd responded submissively. That was me now, a thing to be put away when not in use.

Narlinea stripped and climbed onto the bed next to me. Idly she started to stroke me. What was this? After all this time some aftercare? Was this affection?

"Mistress, do you really care for me?" I ventured.

"Claudia, in time we will be closer than you can imagine. I know you do not fully understand yet but the bond between Demonica and famula is both emotional and symbiotic."

"Symbiotic, Mistress?"

"There are many advantages to being held in a Demonica's collar."

Emboldened I'd asked, "Such as, Mistress?"

"You will heal faster and age slower."

"How, Mistress?"

"Time under my whip, feeding from my sex, these things will change you. In a century or so you'll barely recognise yourself."



I attempted to bolt upright in shock, but the chain at my collar arrests my rise. I flop back onto the pillow and stare up at my owner.

"A century, Mistress? How long will I live?"

Narlinea smirks at me but answers my question with one of her own. "How old do you think I am?"

The query confounds me and I realise I'd assumed her to be a similar age to my own. Yet she moved with clinical grace. Was the air of confidence she exuded the product of her superior station or the wisdom of years she did not show.

"Your late twenties, Mistress?" I ventured.

"Charles VI was Holy Roman Emperor when I was born. I was about your age when Charles VII succeeded him."

I clearly looked as bewildered as I was, as she added, "I was in my mid fifties when your country declared its independence."

I was unprepared for this, I could not comprehend the information. I had grown accustomed to her alienness. I had forgotten she was not human.

"How... How... How long will I live, Mistress?"

"It's hard to say. Not as long as me. I expect to have three or four famula in my life. You can expect two or three centuries, my pet."



As I stared in shock at my owner, trying to come to terms with the concept of centuries enslaved. As I gawped Narlinea straddled my chest. The steel-hard strength of her writhed upon me. She pinned my arms under her legs.

"Time now for your first draught from the fountain of youth, girl. Make sure I enjoy it as much as you do."

With that Narlinea grasped a handful of my hair and propelled my face into her sex.

Dutifully I set to work as my head still spun from the info just imparted. I considered not swallowing the juices flowing into my mouth but soon the option became moot as if I didn't I would surely choke.

With a loud cry of triumph my owner dismounted, "Very good, Claudia," she praised.

"Mistress, will I not age at all?" I still had only one thing on my mind.

"Your hair will still go white, but your skin will darken, ultimately to black, rather than wrinkle. Your ears will keep growing and eventually get kind of pointy.

The fantasy creatures called drow or dark elves have their roots in the appearance of famula. But you'll be fit and agile. No rheumatism or cataracts, no osteoporosis either. A long and happy life in my collar awaits, my dear.



Could what my Mistress be telling me be true? I had initially fought her dominance. A futile act, I was a feather in a hurricane. But as I learnt to submit and accepted my station I had put aside the information I had silently scoffed at.

I had learnt to do and not think. Unquestioning obedience, devoted submission. I was hers, a thing, property, her slave. I'd even been collared like an animal. It was not my place to question but to obey, suffer and serve.

Yet now my Demonia, my Mistress, seemed intent on educating her slave. Now questions were expected of me. What was a good question to ask?

"Mistress, what is a famula?"

Her cold smile displayed pleasure, "At last you ask a pertinent question." She crossed her legs and settled herself before answering. "Female Demonia lack a strong maternal instinct.

However they form a strong symbiotic bond with a female human called a famula. The famula acts as both wet nurse and mother to her owners offspring. Your suffering will feed my children and they will grow to call you mama.

You will also run my household, manage my thralls, find me food or feed me. In return you are 'Protejat' or protected. No Demonia will harm another's famula for to do so could harm the children. You will live free of disease, for centuries as my slave."



"Find you food, Mistress?" It was all I could think to ask. I was in shock at what my owner was telling me.

"Once you are trained, Claudia, I will not feed on you as much. There will be acolytes eager to pay tithes for the chance to writhe under my whip. Others we will ensnare to gain control or political advantage."

My owner leant forward and crushed my nipple between finger and thumb. I kept still as Narlinea toyed with her slave.

"In time you will become powerful amongst humans. You will control access to me and that will give you dominance over them. But you will always be collared, my slave, and the first and last thought you will have each day will be how can you please me."

"I see, Mistress, and this training starts when I smell of alabaster?"

"Your training is underway. There will be big changes tomorrow. You have learnt to obey me through fear of the whip. As you come to love me you will crave the chance to suffer for me. But there is no rush and you look beautiful in chains my pet."



I lay in the gloom gagged and tethered to the bed by the collar. Narlinea was elsewhere in the flat having left me to sleep. Yet sleep, despite deep physical exhaustion, would not come.

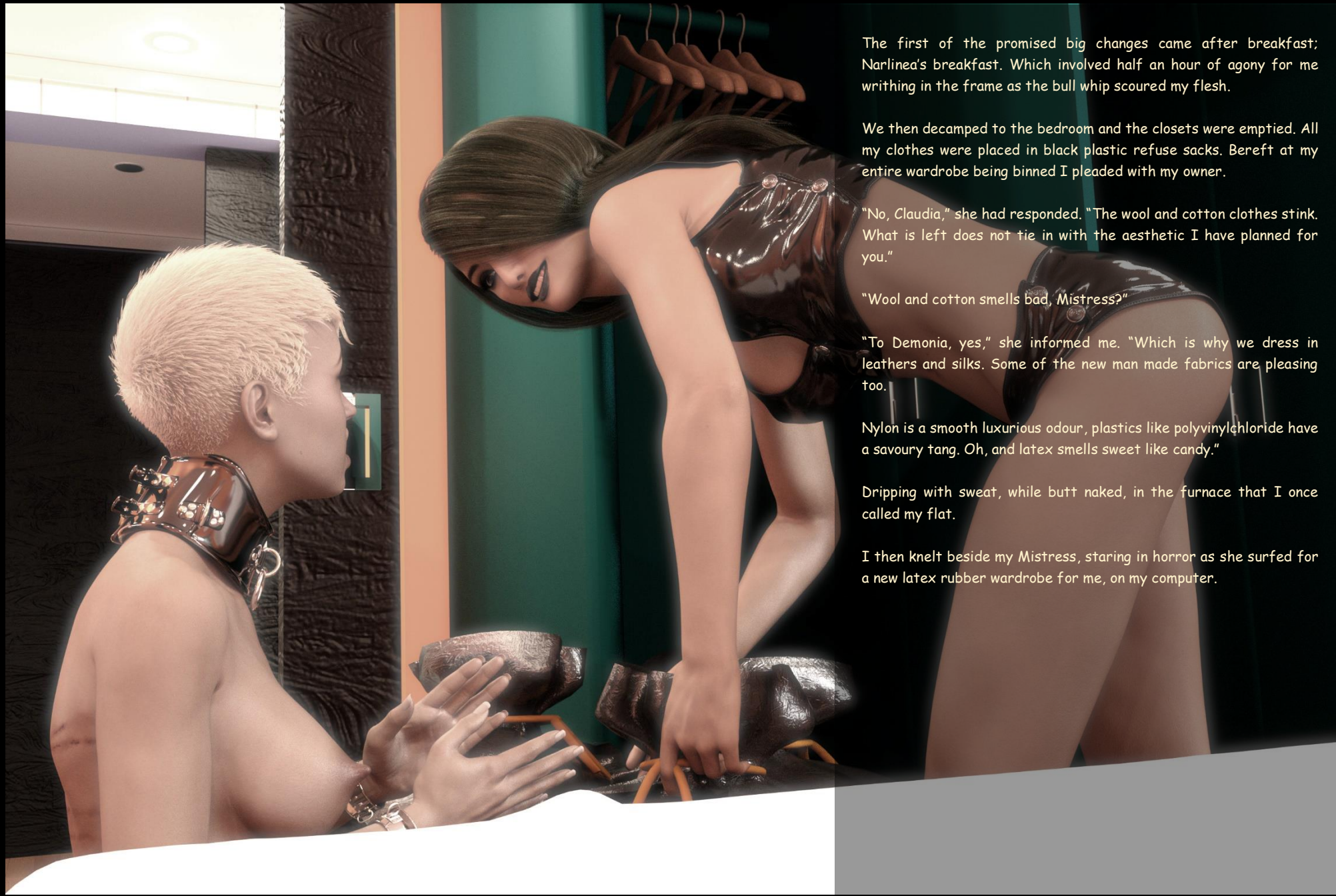
I had been doomed from the moment my owner set her sights upon me. Centuries as her slave. I could not properly comprehend it. I felt the fetter about my throat.

I hated the thing but sensed that Narlinea enjoyed my shame. Everyone I ever met in the future would see a collar locked about my throat and know I was a slave.

Intellectually I recognised the futility of my position. I could not escape. I also had to admit that I was enjoying many of the physical stimuli I was forced to endure. I had been a masochist long before my Mistress caught me in her web.

I'd been forced to accept my owners explanations of who and what she was by the evidence of my own eyes. Narlinea never ate, nor slept. Her strength and speed were phenomenal and her perception of my moods and thoughts bordered on the uncanny.

Could she be right about my heart too? Would I really learn to, could it truly come to pass, that I would fall in love with Narlinea?



The first of the promised big changes came after breakfast; Narlinea's breakfast. Which involved half an hour of agony for me writhing in the frame as the bull whip scoured my flesh.

We then decamped to the bedroom and the closets were emptied. All my clothes were placed in black plastic refuse sacks. Bereft at my entire wardrobe being binned I pleaded with my owner.

"No, Claudia," she had responded. "The wool and cotton clothes stink. What is left does not tie in with the aesthetic I have planned for you."

"Wool and cotton smells bad, Mistress?"

"To Demonia, yes," she informed me. "Which is why we dress in leathers and silks. Some of the new man made fabrics are pleasing too.

Nylon is a smooth luxurious odour, plastics like polyvinylchloride have a savoury tang. Oh, and latex smells sweet like candy."

Dripping with sweat, while butt naked, in the furnace that I once called my flat.

I then knelt beside my Mistress, staring in horror as she surfed for a new latex rubber wardrobe for me, on my computer.



Sweat ran into my eyes, and stung, a subtle accompaniment to the burning welts that decorated my body. My owner was out with Venarius.

Primarily they had left to dispose of the sacks containing my old clothes. What else they may have had planned they did not share with me.

I still did not smell right, and so had been secured in the frame, the red ball of the gag strapped in tight. Bullet vibes were cruelly clamped to my nips and my Mistress had also installed a butt plug smeared with toothpaste.

As a parting gift she had delivered an excruciating flogging that the pair seemed to enjoy with relish.

Alone now with my pain I was ruminating over the toys and clothes Narlinea had bought via the internet. Soon a plethora of latex items for me to wear for her enjoyment would be delivered.

Also a range of leather restraints, impact toys, corsets and fetish inspired footwear as well as body jewelry. I'd asked her why to be reminded humiliation smelt like honey to her.



Abruptly I stiffen in fear. There is a man in the room.

He is a little smaller than Venarius, and older, much older. But the tell-tale signs he is Demonius are there.

The black eyes and the perfectly symmetrical face. His hair is steel grey and he is dressed with the conservative elegance of an older businessman.

His gaze wanders the room until he perceives me displayed in my wooden frame. He examines me from top to tail with an amused but somehow courteous look upon his face.

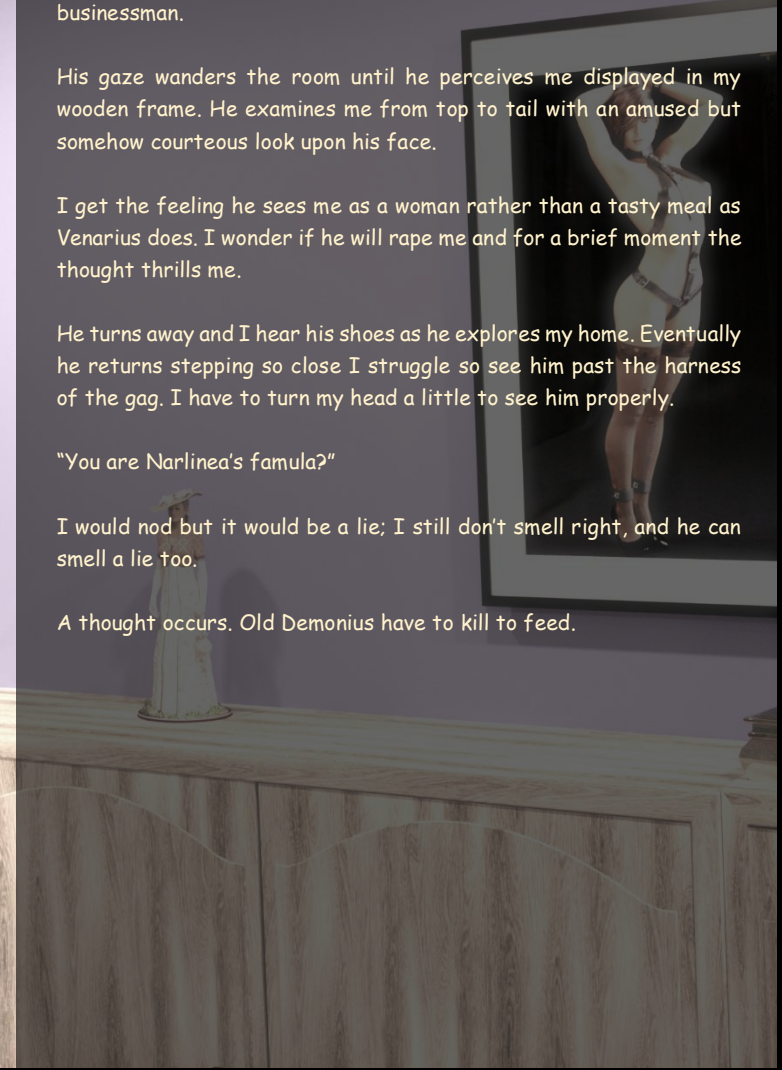
I get the feeling he sees me as a woman rather than a tasty meal as Venarius does. I wonder if he will rape me and for a brief moment the thought thrills me.

He turns away and I hear his shoes as he explores my home. Eventually he returns stepping so close I struggle so see him past the harness of the gag. I have to turn my head a little to see him properly.

"You are Narlinea's famula?"

I would nod but it would be a lie; I still don't smell right, and he can smell a lie too.

A thought occurs. Old Demonius have to kill to feed.





"Fear not," he soothed, "I'm not here to feed. Besides you may not have become but you're close."

His nostrils flared imperceptibly, "You're feeding I see, yes she has chosen well... You'll be quite... magnificent. So... She's not present right now?"

I shook my head in answer. This was a killer? He seemed so civilised. As he extracted reading glasses from his jacket he seemed so well mannered, cultivated even.

"That is a shame. I don't suppose she told you when she was coming back?"

Once again I shook my head.

"Of course she didn't, you're not yet the confidant... So then, there is nothing you can do."

He reaches into his jacket again and extracts a fountain pen and a yellow note pad. Implementing the living room table he writes.

He does not take long and tears off and folds the sheet twice. He writes something on the outside of the folded paper and turns to me.

"Right or left my beauty?"

I stare back uncomprehending. Doubtless the gag makes me look even more stupid.

"I'll decide then," he declares reaching towards the clamp on my right nipple. He opens it enough to insert the note and allows it to close holding the note in place.



I stare at the note clamped to my tit. Is that what I am, Claudia the noticeboard? Perhaps I should count my blessings; my sewing box is on the dresser. I could be Claudia the pin-board.

He circles me and the frame. I almost feel his gaze upon my skin. Undoubtedly he's enjoying my suffering even if it does not sustain him.

Bound and exposed I am displayed for his enjoyment. Sweat trickles over my flesh as I feel him drink in my visage.

Standing in front of me again he raises a hand and gently brushes my cheek with his fingertips. He stares at me over his glasses. There are laughter lines at the corners of his eyes.

"She has chosen well. You will keep her safe. It is clear you love ferociously. I thank you for that..."

For a brief moment he looks tired, almost melancholy, and then the look is gone. He drops his hand and then removes his glasses, returning them to his jacket along with notepad and pen.

"I wish you a pleasant day," he says. Turning and walking out without a backwards glance.

It's almost embarrassing but this man, with his odd courtesies, has given my confidence a huge boost.



As I await my owner I try to distract myself from the pain. Everything hurts but my shoulders and wrists are screaming now. When Narlinea left it was the fresh welts just applied along with the clamps and anal plug. But as they faded the stress of hanging in the frame comes to the fore. In desperation I turn inward, into my mind, to escape the nightmare of my reality. Once again I try to imagine what I will look like if my owners predictions hold true. Black skin with white hair, it is hard to envisage.

Probably dressed in latex if my keepers last online shopping spree was an indicator. Collared, Narlinea had promised me that. With me leashed at her feet, adoring her. The fantasy was almost appealing if the reality was not so excruciatingly painful, sore, sweaty, humiliating and uncomfortable. I'd had boyfriends who had role played with me in the past. They got off on the power not my pain. Sure they swung the crop and delighted in my cries. But the trip for them was the temporary dominion over me. Narlinea enjoyed my suffering. Relished in my agony. Fed off my pain. Her dominion over me was assumed as the natural order. The perfect sadist to my masochist she would hold me in bondage for life. It was terrifyingly erotic.

The doorbell rang. Then a knock on the door. A brief wait and then silence. What was that about?



Hours later she entered alone, a vision in skintight glossy leather. The light flashed off her thighs as she strode towards me, pert nipples strained under a lustrous top.

She was beaming with delight and carrying in boxes that had been left by the door. I should have known she would select express delivery.

For a fraction of a second I wanted the fantasy, the collar, the leash and to love and worship her. Mistress pulled up short and with eyes half lidded murmured, "Alabaster..."

The word sent chills of terror through me. Narlinea opened her eyes and grinned at me, "You're close my pet."

She spotted the note and snatched it away without opening the clamp. My cry of pain muffled by the gag.

The note was quickly read and the gag rapidly removed, "How long ago was he here? Did he say anything? How did he look?"

"Mistress, thee hours or more. Yes, he thanked me. Tired, Mistress."



I sit at the kitchen table and listen to my Mistress talk. After a brief interrogation I was removed from the frame and set to helping Narlinea bring in the remaining packages at the door.

They were all stacked on my bed before we retired to the kitchen table.

I was not free of pain or bondage. My arms, no longer needed for carrying, had been bound behind me in a reverse prayer position. A short chain attached to the cuffs had been secured to the rear of my collar. 12:00

A leather strap painfully pulled my elbows towards each other. I was almost grateful to the strap though, as it held my arms up and stoped me throttling myself by lowering them.

We wait for Venarius, they will hold a council of war I suppose, though it turns out he is several hours away.

My visitor was one of the old ones after all. One who kills. We have been discovered. She discusses it with me as if I were one of them.

It's a strange feeling, similar to our earlier discussions, she takes me seriously as a human being. It is at these moments that it is most difficult to resist her.

On the table rests the note. Neatly printed upon it is one line and four addresses. The line reads, "You were right, Tranamus."

Three of the addresses are in States west of here. One address is in ours. Quite close actually.



"Mistress, who was that man? Why is he helping us?" I am frightened now that I have thought through the implications of his visit.

Narlinea is setting up an outpost. We are away from the support of her 'council'. If she has to return what becomes of me?

"His name was, Tranamus. He conceded that the way forward for Demonia is the new way."

"Without killing, Mistress?"

"Yes, and he has given us addresses of four more of the old ones."

"What will you do, Mistress?"

"That will be decided later, slave. You said he looked tired?"

"He examined me. Brushed my cheek, Mistress. After that, for just a moment, he looked so weary. Then it was gone. He wished me well and left."

"He said nothing else?"

"He thanked me for protecting you. Said I loved ferociously. What did he mean, Mistress?"

"Like me, he could see you will be a magnificent famula, my dear."

"Do you know him well, Mistress? Will he return?"

Narlinea let out a wistful sigh, "He was my father, by now he will be dead."



I stammer my condolences to be cut off with a smile, "My pretty famula, he acted not out of love or compassion. Perhaps it could be described as loyalty though we are not a very loyal race.

It is sad that he has passed, but inevitable." Abruptly Narlinea stood, "We have time to kill and new toys to play with, slave. Let us inspect the new purchases. Follow!"

Obediently I followed my owner from the kitchen into the bedroom. There was no leash in her hand but with me collared and bound there was no need. I found myself actually checking out her leather clad backside as I trailed my mistress.

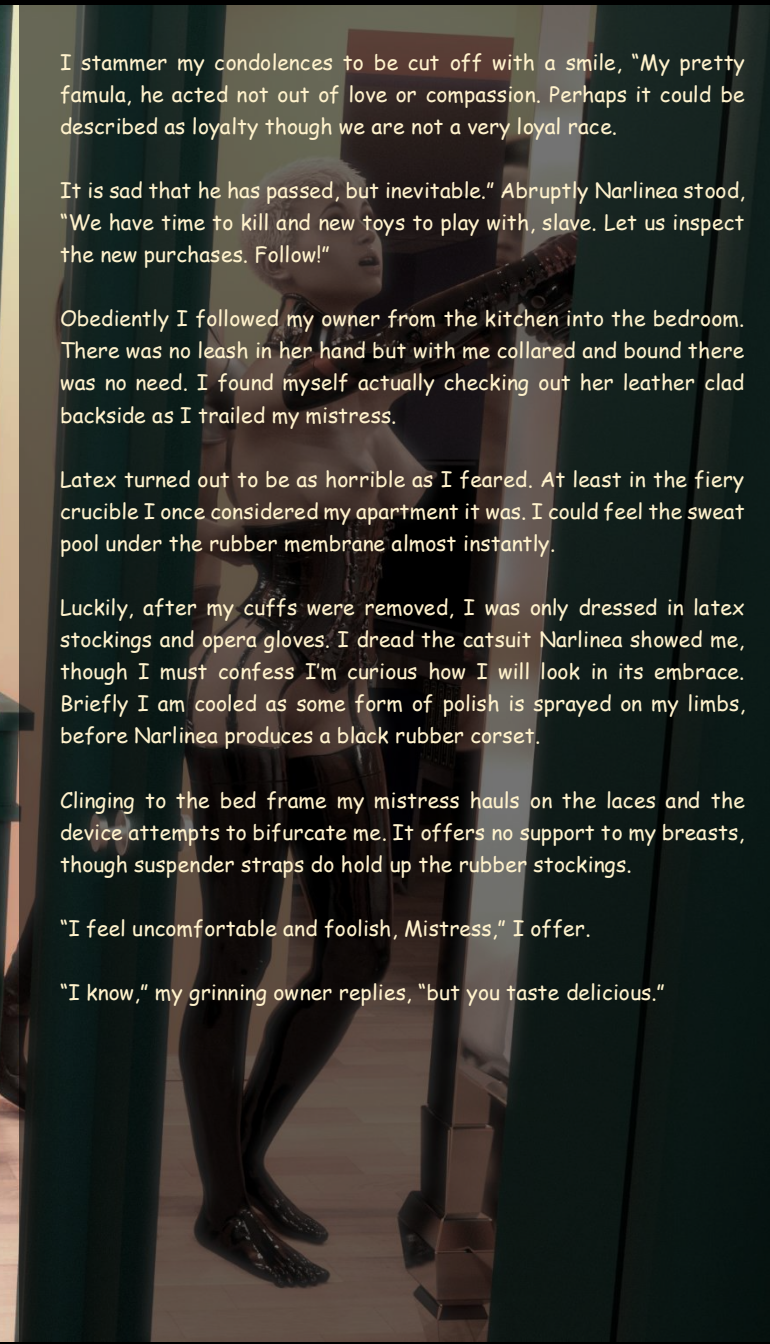
Latex turned out to be as horrible as I feared. At least in the fiery crucible I once considered my apartment it was. I could feel the sweat pool under the rubber membrane almost instantly.

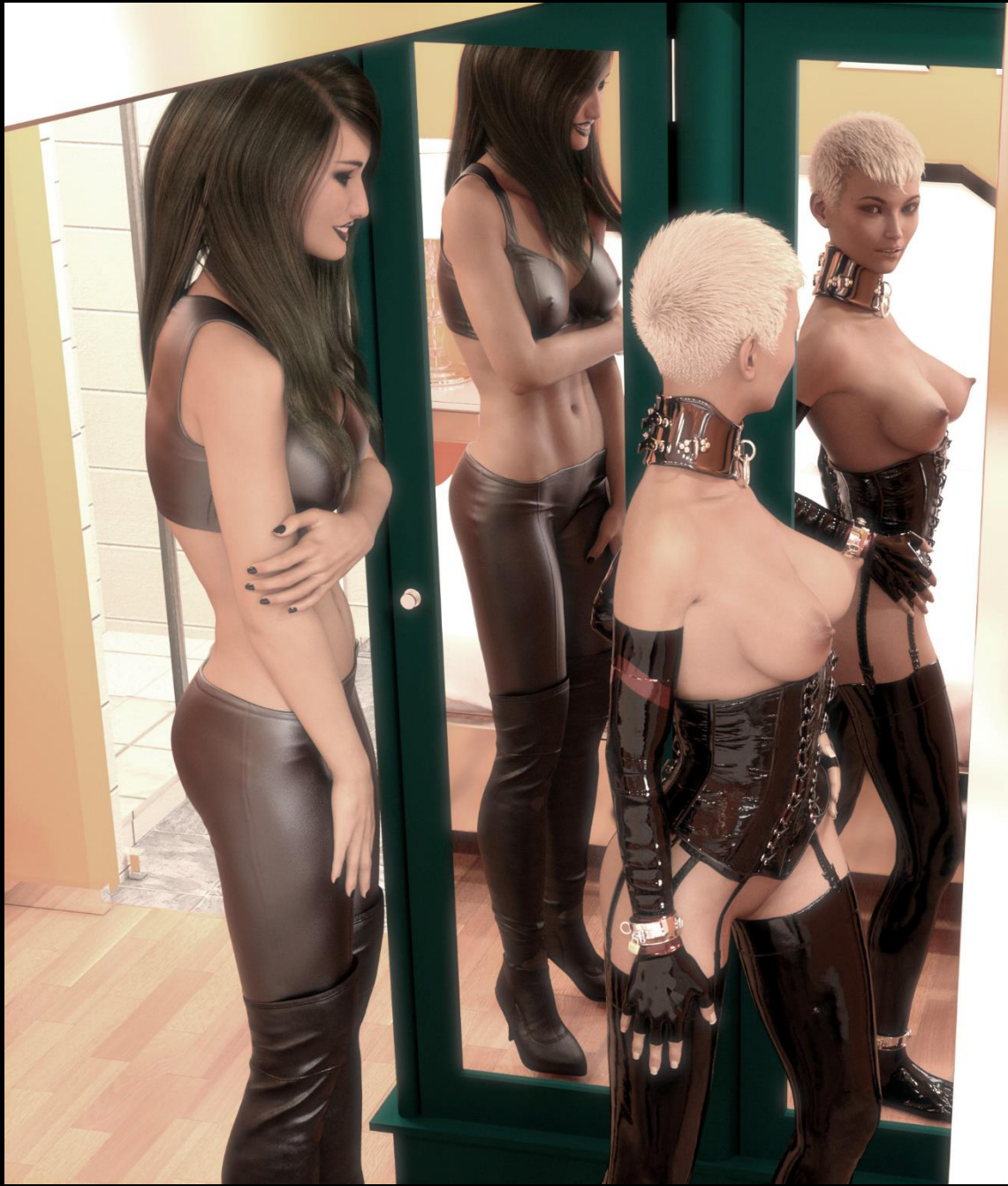
Luckily, after my cuffs were removed, I was only dressed in latex stockings and opera gloves. I dread the catsuit Narlinea showed me, though I must confess I'm curious how I will look in its embrace. Briefly I am cooled as some form of polish is sprayed on my limbs, before Narlinea produces a black rubber corset.

Clinging to the bed frame my mistress hauls on the laces and the device attempts to bifurcate me. It offers no support to my breasts, though suspender straps do hold up the rubber stockings.

"I feel uncomfortable and foolish, Mistress," I offer.

"I know," my grinning owner replies, "but you taste delicious."





The steel cuffs are locked back on over the rubber gloves. Even I must admit they looked good against the black latex. If only it was not my freedom they curtailed.

Weirdly, now partially dressed, I feel more naked than when nude. "Do I taste of honey, Mistress?"

"Slave, honey, the sweet tang of latex, notes of gold and silver you are as beautiful a bouquet as you are pretty to behold. These early days are to be cherished as your signature will morph over time."

"Mistress?"

"You are embarrassed and shamed to be dressed this way. A little aroused too, though you don't want to admit it to yourself. You fear being seen like this, yet you thrill at the inevitability. You are enjoying the lack of control. You are uncomfortable with the sweat under the rubber but yearn to see yourself in the catsuit. This outfit makes you feel naked. Am I wrong?"

"No, Mistress, you are not wrong," it can be uncomfortable to have your mind read by your owner.

"In time these will be working overalls to you. The shame will go. The gold of lust will increase, and you'll crave pain more. You'll yearn for the whip and sulk when denied. In short your taste will change much sooner than your looks, but you'll be just as delicious."



Narlinea next produces a pair of ballet boots. I take one look at them and unthinking declare, "I'll never be able to wear those, Mistress."

"Indeed?" Narlinea drawled a quizzical eyebrow raised. "Let us return to your frame and see, my most knowledgeable famula."

I am stood under the frame and given two chains, each attached to the upper corners of the frame, to hold. They are not fastened to my cuffs. A third short chain is attached centrally above my head and to the ring on the front of my collar. It is slack, but I will not be able to kneel without choking myself. Inwardly I groan. I can see where this is going.

My mistress kneels at my feet and guides each foot into one of the diabolical boots. They are fastened and locked in place. As soon as I put my weight on the first I knew it was going to be as bad as I feared.

I sucked in air through clenched teeth desperately trying to process the pain. I dare not let go of the chains, each wobble caused even more agony.

Narlinea fetches herself a glass and jug of water. Grinning as she sipped her drink in front of me my owner feasted on my suffering.



"Please, Mistress," I beg as I wobble once more.

"Claudia, my dear, you look magnificent in them. You must learn to walk in them for your debut at the local nightclub. I want you to be the star attraction."

My ears prick up at this. She's taking me out? In public? The possibility of escape resurfaces. But first I must learn to walk in these torture shoes?

I'm trying to take some of my weight off my feet by pulling on the chains. Gingerly I ease my grip. The pain does not get noticeably worse. I take a micro step forward.

"Well done, Claudia. See what you can achieve when you try?"

"Yes, Mistress," I hiss through my pain.

She steps close and tweaks a nipple. "I think we'll put some rings in these too, before your big night out. Would you like that, slave?"

I just stare at her. Pierce my nipples? The truth was I had actually considered it once, but chickened out.

Narlinea grinned at me, "Thought so. Such a pain slut, Claudia."



I continue to shuffle around under the frame in the insane boots. Narlinea grins, clearly delighted with my predicament.

"Claudia, my sweet, what would happen if I removed the chain to your collar?"

"I would collapse in relief, Mistress," I confess.

"Yet the thought of choking, or worse, keeps you up, slave. Isn't pain a wonderful motivator? I've heard some say it is not possible to walk in ballet heels straight away. I'd say they were not properly motivated."

My owner puts down her drink and steps up to me. With an arm around my corseted waist she pulls me close. Her free hand caresses my cheek. "I am so, so proud of you my famula. A treat now, to bring you comfort."

So saying Narlinea kissed me. Her lips were cool, like her touch, but her tongue was on fire. It was as if her saliva were acid or laced with the hottest chillies known. The kiss was passionate and despite myself I found myself responding.

When my owner broke off I realised she held me now by the ring on the front of my collar. The fire from the kiss spread through me and momentarily it seemed all my skin tingled as if freshly flayed.

Then I shivered with cold... Unbelievably, I was cold!



"How, Mistress?"

"Ever the scientist, Claudia. Can't you accept the kiss of a Demonia has magical properties?"

The pain in my toes temporarily forgotten I tried to work it out. Unable to, I looked askance at my owner.

"Oh very well," Narlinea mocked me, "my saliva is slightly poisonous. But now you have fed from me you are immune. However, your body's response to fighting the toxin alters your core temperature. Thus you are now comfortable in this climate like me, your Mistress."

"You kill with a kiss, Mistress?"

"I am incapable of killing. Just as Demonius had to kill, the self-same emotions at the moment of death can be fatal to Demonia. No, the poison weakens only.

If I were to kiss an unprotected human they would feel weak and perhaps collapse or faint. So, once again it is the root of many legends; Succubi draining souls through sex or the burning kiss of a daemon."

Narlinea reached to the front of my collar.

"I'm going to remove the chain, slave. Understand if you fall or collapse now, now that I know you can walk in those boots... You'll wish the chain was still attached and snapped your neck."



I'm instructed to talk walk around the living room some more. I feel foolish in the rubber clothes wobbling around for her pleasure.

But that shame probably enhances my flavour for her. After a bit of practice I gain confidence and lengthen my stride.

"Excellent, Claudia, I am pleased," beams Narlinea. I find myself angry that her praise lifted me momentarily. "Come sit at the table, slave. We can implement another change now."

I sit in relief, glad to get my weight off my tortured feet. I hope fervently that once mastered I am seldom required to wear these ridiculous boots.

My mistress sits down next to me with a towel and a make-up bag. After vigorously rubbing my hair and wiping my face she starts to make me up. The process is alien to me.

I've never been the sort who lets others apply make-up for me. But I hold still as this has to be preferable to a flogging or marching in these boots.

Happy with my face my owner sets about my hands. I am treated to a manicure, and my stubby nails are painted a glossy black to match my owners talons. A quick brush of my hair and she instructs me to go to the bathroom and inspect her handiwork.

Somehow my toes hurt even more as I stand. But I make it to the bathroom and am shocked at what I see in the mirror.

I'd expected something gothic or tarty and garish. But I was actually impressed with what she had done.

Narlinea hugs me from behind, resting her chin on my shoulder, "You will shower after my breakfast each morning slave. Then you will make yourself up like this."



We return to the dining area where I am allowed to kneel at her feet. I'm given instruction on even this. It is clear I have progressed to slave finishing school.

Abruptly my owners face clouds over, "Claudia, why are you fighting so. I'm endeavouring to treat you Today."

I know better than to lie, "Mistress, I don't think I want this. I want to be free."

"Really? Claudia, I don't think you know yourself. Are you really...? No... Gah! Look at the prints you have on the wall there. A famous actress dressed in red with some intimidating boots.

A submissive woman in nylons and cuffs standing to attention, and by your bedroom door a print of two slaves in steel collars connected by a short chain tenderly embracing."

"Your bed is a steel frame four poster. Perfect for bondage. Your dining chairs are similarly suitable for bondage. Your toy bag was stuffed full of impact toys and quality hemp rope."

"Mistress, being into BDSM does not mean I want to be a real slave."

"Your browsing history says different. The stories you read, the sites you visit plus the pictures you download.

I did not pick you at random, girl. Look me in the eye and tell me your favourite fantasy, whilst masturbating, is not being abducted and enslaved for life."

I was saved the embarrassment of answering by a knock at the door.



"Answer the door, slave," instructs Narlinea.

"You trust me, Mistress?"

"It'll be Venarius. But even if it's not you'll not run. You like being owned. It's simple, safe and you like it. You've even stopped hating the collar. You're getting used to it, soon it'll feel odd if it's taken off."

Narlinea gave me her most condescending smile, "Be a good girl and welcome our visitors to the residence of your owner, Mistress Narlinea. Be polite and gracious, you are representing me now."

Stiffly, I stood once more in the impossible boots. Quietly seething inside at the pointed barbs that had all hit home I teetered to the hall and the front door.

It did not help my mood that each step was agonising, or that I had to reach out for stabilising hand holds along the way.

I had fantasised being owned. But not like this or by someone like her. A man, a kind but firm man, who set fair rules and was not cruel when discipline was called for.

None of this freakish rubber gear or stupid, painful boots that hurt to stand in. Not being kept in a box or hung by my wrists for hours.

I looked through the peephole in the door. Venarius was not alone. There was a woman with him. I opened the door to greet them, "Welcome to the residence of my owner, Mistress Narlinea. Please, come on in."



The woman was quite a sight and took me by surprise. She was clearly a famula, but nothing like I imagined. She was short, Venarius towered over her. Her skin was ebony black though her face structure was clearly northern European.

Bright blue eyes, almost twinkling with delight, returned my quizzical gaze. Her eyebrows were white too and her ears were not the huge drow things I had first envisaged. Instead, whilst definitely pointed, they resembled a Vulcans ears from Star Trek.

She was wearing a short sable fur jacket of sufficient quality I could not tell if the fur was real or fake. Open at the throat it revealed a golden collar encrusted with diamonds, though inevitably there was still a ring to attach a leash to.

Her nose had a small silver ring set in the septum and both ears had silver helix rings with light chains descending to rings in the lobes.

I took a lot of this in later. What happened after I greeted the couple was the woman, clearly bubbling, let out a long low whistle.

"Well, get a load of the new girl," she declared in a thick eastern European accent. "Venarius, you sly dog, you didn't tell me she was this hot."

I did not know where to look. Venarius was getting a bumper helping of shame to soak up. "Look at those titties! I cannot believe Narlinea has not pierced those nips yet."

"Let us enter, Anoushka," interjected Venarius, "you can drool over Claudia in the warm."



"Patience, big guy. When a lady dresses to impress it's polite to show some appreciation. I know you just view us girlies as dinner but this hot totty is a new sister. She needs welcoming to the gang," admonished Anoushka.

Anoushka stepped up to me smiling and air kissed me three times. Then giving me a conspiratorial wink said, "Thank you sister Claudia for that gracious welcome. Please lead on to your Mistress that I may offer my homage to her ladyship."

My heart soared. A friend! I could have friends? A dimension to my enslavement I had never considered. So far my collar had brought only sex, agony and suffering.

That this world could contain camaraderie, fun, and levity. Suddenly the pain in my feet did not matter and I found myself grinning foolishly at this petite woman.

"This way, ma'am, Sir."

As I turned Anoushka touched my arm, "It's sister not ma'am between us. But don't worry, you'll pick it up."

"Sorry, I'm very new."

"I know dear, but you lucked out with Narlinea. Soreana, your predecessor, was both happy and spoilt."



As soon as we entered the living room Anoushka dropped to her knees at Narlinea's feet, forehead pressed to the floor.

"Mistress Narlinea I beg permission to enter your demesne. I have instructions from the council."

"Get up Anu," beamed Narlina. "The archaic fossils back home can wait. How are you? How is your Mistress?"

Standing Anoushka continued, "I am well, as is my owner, Mistress. Not much changes back home.

Even when it should. May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on your new slave? It is clear she was worth the journey, such a beauty."

"I'll admit I was not keen on the councils orders, but she is pretty spectacular isn't she? I think you two will get on. Let her serve you while I greet Venarius. Then we can get on to council business."

Anoushka turned to me, slipping off her fur coat to reveal a shimmering blue blouse.

"Anywhere I can hang this?" She asked holding out the coat, before adding, "Do you have anything to eat? Got to admit I'm famished."



Tits and twat on display and dressed in latex I teetered around the kitchen in boots that must have been invented by a man.

I was trying to rustle up something for Anoushka but my mind was whirring away with all the new info I had just gleaned.

The way Anoushka had spoken to Venarius. The fact he tolerated it. Her familiarity with Narlinea. Mistress had called her Anu.

My predecessor, Soreana, had been happy to be Narlinea's slave. What did all this mean?

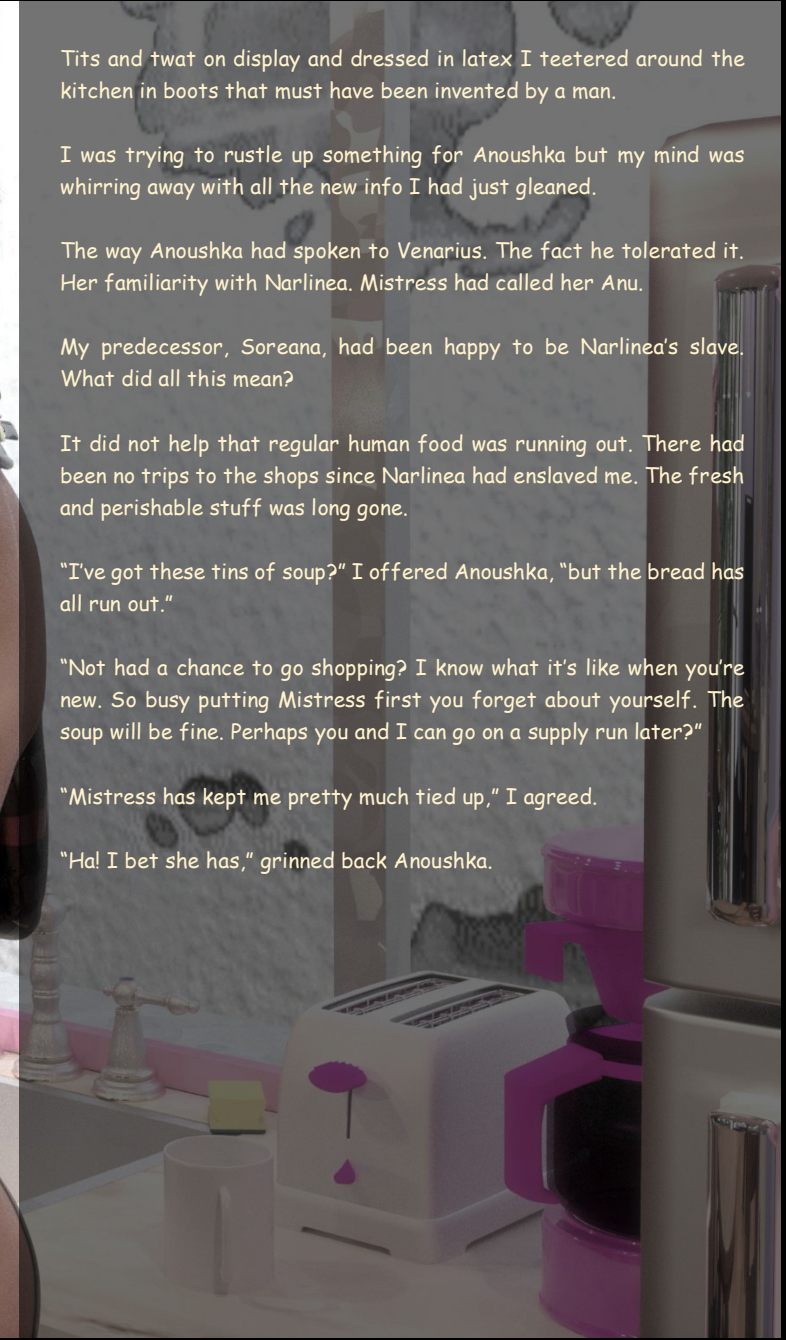
It did not help that regular human food was running out. There had been no trips to the shops since Narlinea had enslaved me. The fresh and perishable stuff was long gone.

"I've got these tins of soup?" I offered Anoushka, "but the bread has all run out."

"Not had a chance to go shopping? I know what it's like when you're new. So busy putting Mistress first you forget about yourself. The soup will be fine. Perhaps you and I can go on a supply run later?"

"Mistress has kept me pretty much tied up," I agreed.

"Ha! I bet she has," grinned back Anoushka.





We ate the soup at the table. Mistress and Venarius had disappeared into the bedroom. A doctorate in the science of rocketry was not required to work out what they were up to.

Anoushka caught me looking at the bedroom door, "There's no need to be jealous you know. They're just breeding."

"I beg your pardon?" Her statement caught me totally off guard.

"Demonia don't view sex like we do. Or family for that matter. Your mistress is using Venarius. Yet she'll take nearly no interest in the offspring either.

I mean she's doubtless having fun in there. Venarius too. But they're not in love. So don't be jealous."

"Oh, I see. Don't worry, not jealous."

"Good for you. Still, this is a good time for questions. I'll wager anything you like you're full of them right now. So ask away. Anything you like."

"Umm, I'll look like you one day?"

"Yes, dear, but it's a long way off. I was still like you at fifty."





"Can I ask..."

"...How old I am?" She finished. Anoushka smiled and tapped her collar with her left hand, "This was gifted me, and locked in place, after I opened up to my love. It was made by a young man called Carl in St Petersburg. He was young and not yet a Master in his craft but I thought him very dashing. He'd been on the Grand Tour and studied in many countries. That was eighteen seventy-three and I was twenty-one."

"Fabergé?"

"Yes, dear."

"What's it been like, living so long?"

"Oh, you know how it is. Each year seems shorter than the last. My Mistress keeps me busy. Every so often something makes you look twice. Wars are terrible. Things have gotten very fast these days, plus people are very tall too."

"That's it? People are tall."

"It's not something I can explain easily. People are people. Better educated these days, but the world is in a rush. It is a good thing the men have changed at last."



"About the men," I ask, "How is it you talk to Venarius like that and get away with it?"

"Oh he's... Well... Look Demonia are a matriarchy. They have all the power and all the money. They've spent the last millennia keeping the men out of trouble.

The council is a group of the eldest women. If your owner is on the council you have some reflected power. My Love is high up in the council. The boys know I speak for my Mistress and she listens to me. Thus, I'm polite and deferential to Demonia. Demonius though, well you'll learn. Take Venarius for instance.

He got a foot in the door while Narlinea had no Famula. If he wants a second bite of the cherry in the future he'll come to you first to ask on his behalf."

"So he'll have to be nice to me," I reasoned aloud.

"Something like that," I noticed Anoushka was looking hard at my ear, "Claudia why are you not wearing ear chains?"

"Like yours? They're very nice. Mistress has hinted at piercing my nipples. But nothing about ears."

Anoushka looked shocked, "You've not turned?"

"No. Everyone keeps telling me I'm going to be this awesome famula. But I don't understand how you people think you can make me love someone."



If Anoushka's ebony face could have gone white I think it would. The horror written there in her visage scared me.

"Anoushka, what's the matter? Did you not know?"

"Mirram, who visited with the delegation, said you were on the cusp. I'd assumed... Claudia... Oh God, Claudia, I am so, so sorry."

Anoushka put down her spoon and crossed to the bedroom door. Frightened I trailed after her, clumsily holding onto the frame for support as Anoushka knocked on the door.

When Narlinea answered she was naked, and clearly cross.

Before Narlinea could give voice to her displeasure Anoushka blurted out, "Mistress Narlinea I apologise profusely. I've just come into some information of the utmost urgency. May I respectfully suggest Lord Venarius entertain himself with Claudia whilst I brief you?"

Narlinea turned to look at Venarius sprawled languidly upon the bed. I did not see an exchange but the Demonius, also buck naked, climbed from the bed and stepped from the room.

Anoushka and Narlinea wordlessly closed the bedroom door behind themselves. Leaving me alone with the poker faced Venarius.



Just as when my owner cut my hair, Venarius had strung me up high and wide within the frame. The bullwhip whistled through the air and found its mark. He was every bit as accurate, precise and sadistically methodical as my Mistress.

Gagged, my screams of anguish escaped as muffled squeaks. The clothing offered no protection. Venarius' aim simply focused on what bare flesh was available.

I was getting lost in the pain, barely aware of self or surroundings, when Narlinea's scream pulled me back into the now. I have never heard a scream of such pure and utter rage and fury.

A simple, "No!" Stretched out and brought forth from the depth of my captors soul. An utter denial layered with complete rejection. I actually feared not just for myself but Anoushka too.

The whip struck once more but was barely noticed. So focused was I on the voices emanating from the bedroom.

Venarius, perceiving the futility of trying to feed, listened in with me.

"She is mine. No! I will not obey."

"Mistress, please. It was perceived she would have turned. These instructions... We did not think..."

"I am invested too much. She will be incredible. I will not destroy such a treasure."



"Mistress Narlinea, these orders are from The Council. I'll admit they were an addendum, should she not have turned.

They did not think they would apply. But surely you must see? She knows too much."

Venarius marched past my bound form at speed and burst into the bedroom.

"Fools!" He hissed, "She can hear every word."

The door was closed and I hung in the frame alone. I was trembling, not from pain or shock, but in fear. They were going to kill me! All this crap about famula's being important.

A symbiotic relationship indeed. It was nothing. I was nothing. I was bound and helpless. I was going to die.

Futilely, I thrashed about in the frame, screaming into the gag. Eventually, exhausted, I hung limp. Still now,

I could hear them conspire. I could not perceive every word but every so often I could make out snatches.

"Tranamus... ..must leave... ..Oklahoma and California... Must look like... ..How?... ..Who... I'll make arrangements."

After a while the door opened and Venarius and Anoushka emerged. Avoiding my gaze Anoushka gathered her coat and the couple left.



I hung limp in the frame. Despair had won out. Defeated I waited for my owner, my captor, my enslaver, my Mistress to exit my old bedroom and end my life. To metamorphose into my executioner.

I had been on the cusp of loving this woman. I could admit this to myself now. Her realness had scared me.

I had not dared... Fantasies had been just that. What she had offered had terrified me.

Yet as she had correctly divined, many a lonely night had been spent, eyes screwed shut, fingers rubbing frantically as I imagined cold steel around my throat and the words, "For life, slave."

Why had I not fallen for her? She was the perfect domme. Cold, sadistic, and dominant, she had been utterly assured of her station and mine.

Too cold? Too distanced? Too cruel? Did I need my owner to love me back? Was that unreasonable? I guess I'll never know now.

Narlinea emerged dressed in full dominatrix regalia. Leather catsuit and crotch high boots.

A studded choker at her throat and a belt hung with whips and fetters on her hips. Any other time I would have been impressed. Now, in this moment, I just stared blankly.

Physically helpless, mentally I cursed the gag. Silently I willed her to get it over with, "Just kill me already. Please don't drag it out."



Narlinea stepped in close and lifted my chin, "I need to feed, pet. I sense your fear and despair. Know this; so long as you wear my collar, and I intend to keep you enslaved for life, I will let no one else harm a hair on your head. You are mine and I will not give you up."

Confused, I frowned at my owner. Had I misheard? "We will talk after, slave," she responded, "but I am exhausted and need to replenish. However, I will use this meal to educate you further."

What happened next was a cliché. Too often described with yet more clichés. There was pain. Indeed agony would be closer to it. But Narlinea showed me what she had learned in the millennia.

There were tender caresses, gentle strokes. She nuzzled me then stung me harder. I was played upon, used, toyed with.

I lost it.

Control left me.

I writhed for her.

I screamed for her.

She took everything and I willingly gave it up.

I was unaware of when it stopped. I simply became aware my Mistress was releasing me from the frame. I collapsed to the floor, utterly spent.

"Kneel at the end of the coffee table, slave."

Doubtless looking like some poorly animated zombie, I obediently crawled and assumed the position.



Narlinea sat on a couch and regarded me. I was kneeling as taught but I did not know how. Everywhere hurt.

Narlinea lent forward and undid my gag. She lent back and quietly informed, "I have been ordered back to the old country. We are exposed here and unsafe. You, as my famula, were supposed to accompany me. But as you have not turned, and thus cannot be trusted, the council have ordered that you be terminated. You know too much."

I looked up from the floor at my owner. Defiantly held her gaze before bitterly spitting out, "Then why am I alive? What was with the earlier speech?"

"I have never lied to you, nor will I ever. I told you I cannot kill. It is a fact. Anoushka and Venarius will return in two days after making travel arrangements. Anoushka will escort me home. Venarius... Venarius will be your executioner."

"How?"

"Given all that has transpired here... He'll fake an autoerotic asphyxiation accident."

"He'll hang me?" I was horrified, "So you have lied."

"I have no intention of letting it happen, slave."



"How can you stop him?"

"Slave, that is the last time you will talk to me without showing due deference and it go unpunished. You will use my title. I do not care how angry or upset you are, you are still my slave. Apologise."

I stared at her mouth agape. She was serious. I could think of no other retort than to obey, "Mistress I am sorry. I forgot myself, it will not happen again."

"Good enough. Now there are two paths open to us. The most obvious; we run. I have funds independent of the council, so all we need do is depart here before Venarius returns. Preferable though is you turn before then."

"Mistress, with the upmost respect, no one ever fell in love with a gun to their head."

"My dear, I am not threatening your life, I am trying to save it. Trust me, love me, open your heart."

"Mistress, I was close. I can admit that now, to you, as well as myself. Now I don't know what to think."

It's true I've fantasised being enslaved. But the reality is so far from the fantasy. You ask me to open my heart. To trust too. I honestly don't know how I can."

"Hmmm, in truth you have not yet experienced the reality, slave. You have yet to blossom, to become a true famula."



"Mistress, I don't think I want to be a real slave, or a famula."

"This is where we were before Anoushka arrived... Wait here."

My owner stood and entered the bedroom. She returned with the bag she had first arrived with. From within the bag she retrieved two black cases of similar size.

I gasped for I recognised one. It was the case for a particular brand of collar from Northern Europe.

"I see you recognise the case. Do you want to see it's contents?" Asked a grinning Narlinea.

I simply nodded. Narlinea unzipped the item and extracted the collar from within.

"I ordered it before I came here to enslave you. Three pounds and one ounce of solid stainless steel. Nearly two inches tall it is the very collar you have drooled over since you found the site that sells them.

The collar you fantasise being enslaved with. Girl, I even know the words you say in your head as you imagine your enslaver locking it in place."

Mouth dry with a feeling of panic growing in me I stared hard at the gorgeous, beautiful collar, "What's in the other case, Mistress?"

"This is my piercing kit, slave."



"Piercing kit, Mistress?"

"I like to accessorise my slaves, Claudia."

"Ear chains, Mistress?"

"You catch on at last, this is how we will proceed. I will adorn you as if you have turned. You can rest up after, it is getting late, plus the weather is turning."

As if to reinforce my owner's words the sound of rain started drumming against the windows.

"After you have slept," she continued, "we will leave together and head west."

"Where will we go, Mistress?"

"San Francisco will do. You in bondage on a leash will not raise too many eyebrows there. Especially once I have decorated you."

"Decorated, Mistress?"

"There is little point in tattoos as your skin will change colour. Later I will brand you, slave. But for now, I shall install some metal. Items that both look good and work when I feed or play."

"May I ask, Mistress?"

"Apart from your ears? Septum, tongue, nipples and some in your genitals."

"I see, Mistress," I quailed. Doubtless, Narlinea would not let me chicken out.



"Now, this will not be the collaring ceremony I had planned. But still, a special moment."

Narlinea stood and moved behind me. The padlocks were removed from my collar.

My heart raced as my Mistress removed it. Sitting back in front, she leant in and placed the tenderest of kisses on my lips.

She then lifted the steel collar into place and closed it.

"For life, slave," she whispered as she lifted the front plate and engaged the lock. It was cold, heavy and a perfect fit.

I stared into my Mistress' black eyes, trying to work out if what she had done to me meant anything to her.

Doubtless, she could detect my turmoil.

My heart wanted to surrender once more. The weight of the collar, its tightness, its very gravitas was breaking my will. But my head said no, it was a fantasy, a dream.

Not a way to lead a life. But then I knew she meant it too. Not roleplay; she meant for this collar to mean all she said and more.

Narlinea smiled at me, "You look beautiful in it, slave. Do you like it? Is it how you imagined?"

She must know the answers, did she need me to say it out loud? "Just as I imagined, Mistress. Do you mean it? Is it never coming off?"

"Hmm, now who is looking for reinforcement? The odd costume change perhaps. But, yes Claudia, all day every day going forward you will wear this collar around your throat."



Narlinea moved to her kit, "So now you are suitably collared slave, let us add some matching accessories."

I watched horrified as the forceps and boxes of needles were removed from the case. It was happening, and this time there was no chickening out.

"Is that a needle, Mistress?" I asked horrified at the thickness of a steel tube being placed in a metal bowl.

"No, slave, it is a receiving tube." Narlinea lifted my chin and forced me to look into her eyes once more.

"Claudia, you stink of copper. You kneel before me with your back still glowing from the lash and yet you fear tiny needles?"

"I'm sorry, Mistress, I can't help it."

"Hmm, look up at the ceiling then, girl. I'll do your septum first. Perhaps with one under your belt you can learn to enjoy this."

"Enjoy, Mistress?"

"Famula heal quickly, you're a masochist. I feed off this. Piercing you will become routine, slave. You may as well learn to enjoy the process."

I averted my gaze but the sounds of preparation seemed worse somehow.

Each clink of metal, even the sound of Mistress donning rubber gloves, stoked my anxiety.



Abruptly Mistress grasped my face. Something was inserted up my nostrils and then my septum was squeezed.

I looked down, but Mistress' hands blocked my view.

The needle was driven through.

It felt like I had been punched in the nose. My eyes teared up so much I could not see. I felt rather than saw Mistress push the needle through with the ring.

A click indicated the captive bead being installed.

Mistress held up a hand mirror as I blinked the tears from my eyes. I gasped when I saw it.

I stared in fascinated horror. I could not pull my gaze from the thing. Unlike Anu's it was huge, the bead resting on the top of my lips, my nostrils nearly filled with steel.

My nose throbbed, but there was no blood. The pain was subsiding as I struggled to comprehend what my owner had done to me. I was her slave, her property.

I understood and accepted this as simple fact. My bondage was something I could not debate. But the clothes, the cuffs, the boots and even the collar were decoration that could easily be stripped away.

This ring changed me. Not just jewellery but an anchor-point. Strong enough, and large enough, to accept a leash or a hooked finger. A fetter set in my face for all to see.

What I was struggling with the most was not its size, its meaning or even that I could not stop staring at it.

I could not comprehend just why I loved it so, or why I was so aroused at the thought of further piercings.



"Mistress, it is huge! But for some reason I love it."

I caught site of my new collar in the mirror. It really was stunning. For life? Narlinea was changing me, and despite my initial reservations, I was liking what she was changing me into.

I smiled at my owner, "Thank you, Mistress. It is beautiful."

Narlinea smiled warmly back, "Good girl, Claudia. Let us do your ears next so you pass as a famula, to other famula, at least."

I sat still as Narlinea worked on first my left and then my right ear. The lobes were almost painless, the rings in the shell of the ear were another matter.

Mistress gave me the hand mirror again as she prepared to pierce my tongue. As I stared at myself I realised I was happy, really happy.

Mistress was forcing me out. Making me accept who I really was. Stripping away the public persona I presented to the world.

Revealing my true identity, my true nature, the being I fantasised becoming.

I looked up at my owner. My owner. I was owned. I was a slave. I was collared. Locked in bondage. Incredibly I was happy with this. My Mistress was beautiful, powerful and I lov...

Mistress Narlinea was looking behind me with eyes wide in pure horror.



A loud crash from behind had me ducking reflexively. Before I could turn to look Narlinea screamed at me, "Run, my Love! Flee, girl! Don't look back!"



Mistress grasped me around the waist, lifting me to my feet as if I weighed nothing. She propelled me, almost flung me, towards the kitchen. Teetering forwards I heard crashes and grunts from behind.

Somehow I made it to the kitchen door, but despite her orders I looked back. Narlinea was sprawled unconscious half across the kitchen table as if tossed like a toy doll.

Advancing upon me was the most terrifying thing I'd ever seen. A huge man, his face twisted with rage, blood dripping down his face from a gash on his brow.

I spun to flee the scene but the stupid boots offered no traction. Grasping the frame of the kitchen door, I tried to fling myself towards the front door.

A hand as hard as iron grasped my shoulder.

It squeezed and I screamed in agony.

My knees buckled beneath me.

As I dropped the hand shoved and I fell face forward to the floor. A weight descended upon me pinning me down.

Then he grabbed my hair at the crown and pulled my head back. My collar dug into my neck painfully.

"You stink of fear, slave," hissed a voice in my ear. "No famular here, you pathetic worm."

The weight of him lifted momentarily as he flipped me onto my back.

"Your terror is delicious. Any last words?"



I stared up in horror at the monstrous man. Pinned between his legs I squirmed in vain.

"Please don't," was all I could manage as his hands reached for my throat below the collar.

He smirked, "Sorry to disappoint, slut, but I need this meal."

His hands were rough. Calluses scraped my skin as he slowly squeezed. He could easily snap my neck but he was feeding on my terror, dragging it out.

I was going to die! Dressed like a slut, locked in a collar, a ring set in my nose! My family would be told.

A sex game gone wrong. Shame boiled up with my terror. It was all so fucking pathetic.

My dad would be destroyed, my mother shamed. He was taking more than just my life. Panic gripped me but I could not break free.

His face leered into my own as he squeezed tighter crushing my throat. His blood dripped onto my face, his eyes rolled up in ecstasy. I was going to die watching this cunt cum!

Slowly it got darker. I could hear myself choke, but the sound seemed distant. My vision narrowed and all I could see was his face. It was so unfair.

His hands spasmed and his eyes snapped open. Eyes wide he fixed me with a terrible glare.



He released his grip on my throat, his hands now clawing at his own. Still his weight crushed me.

Blood started pouring out of his mouth. Then I saw it; The tip of a knife blade protruding from his windpipe.

A look of shock on his face as he fell to one side. To reveal my Mistress on her knees behind him. She was clutching her stomach, convulsing in agony.

It hit me like a train. She had killed him to save me. At the cost of her own life!

"Mistress, no!"

I slithered out from under his twitching form over to my collapsing owner. Kneeling I lifted her head onto my lap.

"Why, Mistress?"

"Silly girl," she gasped, "I could not let him hurt my love."

"Your... Your love?"

"From the moment I first saw you. You had to... wear... wear my collar. You'd stolen my heart."

"Fuck!" She loved me!

"You smell... You smell of..." Narlinea, my Mistress, eyes wide open, went limp in my arms. A last ragged breath whistled out past her lips.



Clutching her limp form to me I sobbed. With her gone I finally knew. I had wanted the fantasy.

I was sold on the dream. That she had loved me made it worse. Wracked with self pity, guilt and grief I bawled my heart out.

Some time later I became aware of the chill of the air. The curtains flapped in the wind of the storm outside.

Rain was making puddles on my living room floor. The pain in my shoulder and my throat started to register too. Emotionally numb I tenderly laid out Narlinea. Rising to my feet I surveyed my home. It was destroyed.

A pool of blood was spreading out from our attacker's corpse. I staggered into the bathroom and caught sight of my reflection in the mirror. I did not recognise the woman who stared back at me.

My face blotched and puffy from crying. Streaks of blood running down my face, purple and yellow bruising on my shoulder. The short hair, the septum ring and the collar.

I did not know this alien creature. I tried to recall how I had looked before Narlinea had made me hers. Long hair, cute tee's and daisy dukes. It seemed a lifetime ago.

I went to the bedroom and searched through Narlinea's stuff. I quickly found her phone and a bunch of keys.

I unlocked the cuffs and boots then stripped. My calf muscles screamed at me as I placed my feet flat on the ground.

I climbed in the shower and washed the blood and grime away. Feeling the collar around my throat as I washed I started to sob once more.



I stood in front of my opened closet and frowned. Everything was latex.

I needed to dress... but latex. Narlinea's stuff did not fit, which left me my own wardrobe and rubber clothes.

In desperation I pulled out a tee and a pair of leggings. Just as I had with the gloves and stockings I rub on the dressing aid before wriggling into the garments. After a quick polish I examine the effect in the mirror.

With some make-up I may meet Narlinea's exacting standards. I don't have time for make-up now.

All the footwear is ballet heels. Just because I can walk in them does not mean I want to. Barefoot I set about straightening my home.

Once the furniture is straightened up I drag the bleeding corpse into the shower and mop the floor.

I keep looking at Narlinea. Wishing her to rise. Vainly hoping she's not dead. After laying towels down to soak up the rainwater I consider my options.

What do I do with the bodies? I do not want to involve the law. After autopsies are carried out I'd be asked a lot of questions I did not want to answer.

Especially as I had been changed by feeding from Narlinea. Could I end up on a slab too?

A comedian I once saw said, "A friend will help you move home. A good friend will help you move a body." Trouble was I was new in town and far from any good friends.



Reasoning I was no longer a threat to the Demonia I decided to call Venarius. I had to hold Narlinea's phone to her face to open it. Her contact list was long. Going to the recent call list found me his number.

"Venarius, it's Claudia. We've been attacked. The attacker is dead. Narlinea... Narlinea killed him. She's dead too."

His response jarred me, "Are the bodies getting hot?"

Anger flared in me, "Yes, Venarius, I AM okay."

"Calm down, slave. I do have your wellbeing in mind. Now tell me. Are the bodies getting hot?"

"I'll have to check. Why?"

"Do it. Do it quickly, slave." Flabbergasted I did as I was bid. Narlinea was her usual cool self, but dead guy in the shower did indeed appear to have a fever. I told Venarius.

"Narlinea is not dead. He is. Turn the shower on, cold water only. Don't let the body get any hotter."

"SHE'S ALIVE?"

"She would be as hot as he is if she had passed. Now tell me slowly and in detail what happened."



I stood on the sidewalk and felt the rain on my face. It was good to be outside, I'd lost track of how long it had been.

The storm meant the street was almost deserted. The lack of potential spectators I was pleased about, as I was still dressed in the height of fetish fashion.

A scarlet latex trench coat concealed the other rubber clothes but did not hide the ballet boots I had been forced to put back on.

The few people that were about were covering under umbrellas, and so my bizarre appearance was going largely unnoticed. At least in the torrential rain, my shiny rubber coat did not seem quite so out of place.

Venarius had been adamant. I had to get out of the flat. It was not safe. The attacker could have had an accomplice or a neighbour could have called the police.

He was coming over, but I had to meet him down the street. There were some benches under a willow opposite the church further up the street. I was to await him there.

I noticed a short bald man locking up the pharmacy on the other side of the street. He was holding a newspaper over his head in defence of the rain. It was a poor umbrella.

His task finished, he turned and noticed me staring. The look of repugnance on his face shocked me.

I was young and fit. Though, while not vain, I knew I was attractive. Did a septum ring and a rubber coat really render me ugly?

Unsettled I set off up the street towards the benches.



No one was sitting out in the rain when I arrived at the benches. Venarius had said he would be quick so I decided to endure the boots and stand.

I would surely look even more peculiar than I already did if I were to sit on a bench in a downpour like it was a sunny day.

As I waited for the Demonius, I thought about Narlinea. She loved me! More than that, she had risked her life for me. I too had to accept that I reciprocated her feelings.

Especially now that I knew I was loved. Why had she not told me sooner? What did this mean? Also, would she recover? Had she simply fainted or was her catatonic state indicative of something more grave? Had I found love only to have it stolen from me?

Before leaving the flat, I had moved Narlinea to the bed. She had seemed incredibly light and had me wondering if this was yet another contrast between Demonia and humans.

Yet she had seemed heavy enough when I fed from her and the attacker had been able to pin me down with his weight.

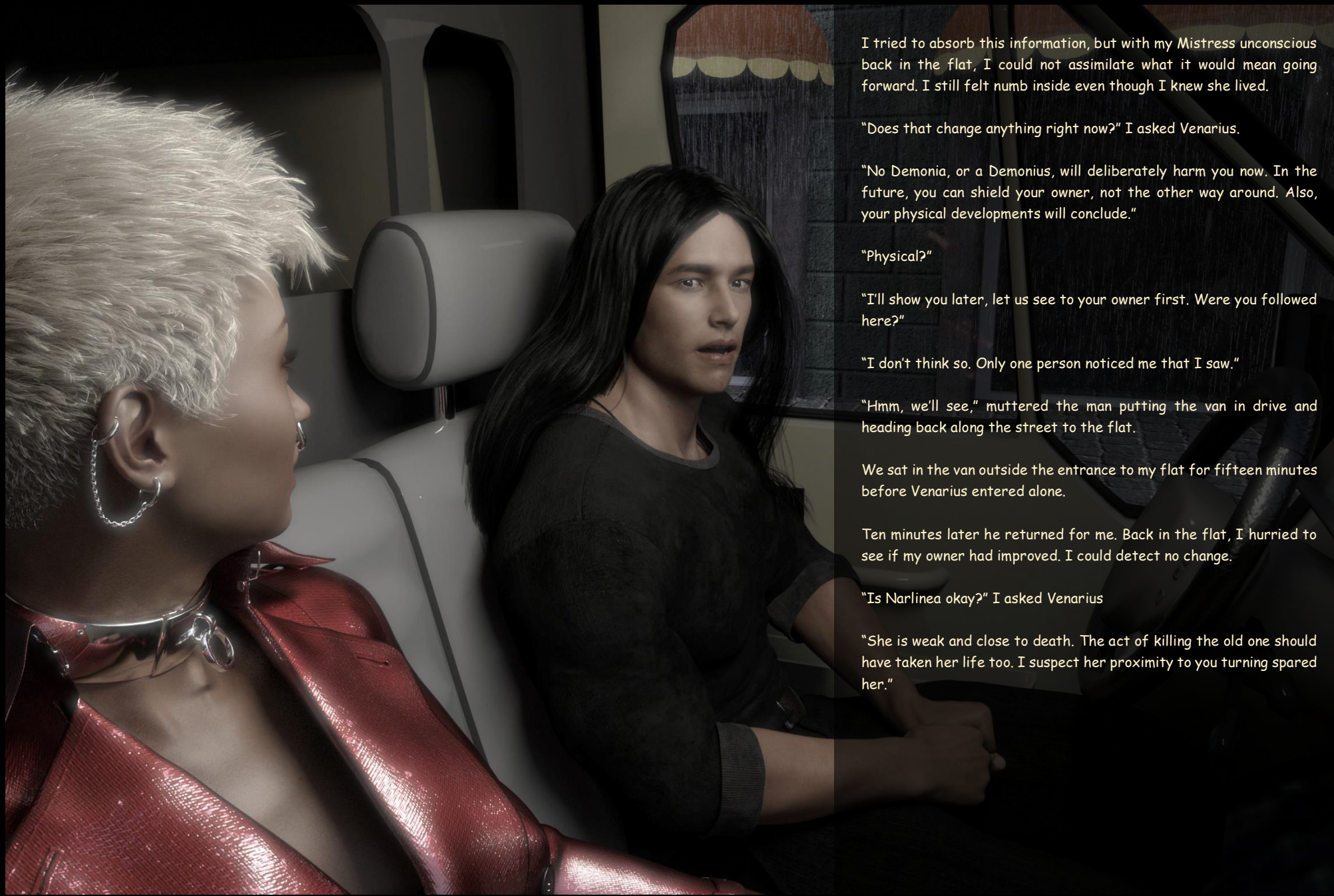
As I fretted, Venarius drew up in a large black van. I climbed up into the passenger seat.

His nose flared slightly as I sat. I was picking up on such details more often now.

"Welcome, famula," he smirked.

"Oh! You mean the ear chains?"

"No, girl, you have turned. You stink of alabaster."



I tried to absorb this information, but with my Mistress unconscious back in the flat, I could not assimilate what it would mean going forward. I still felt numb inside even though I knew she lived.

"Does that change anything right now?" I asked Venarius.

"No Demonia, or a Demonius, will deliberately harm you now. In the future, you can shield your owner, not the other way around. Also, your physical developments will conclude."

"Physical?"

"I'll show you later, let us see to your owner first. Were you followed here?"

"I don't think so. Only one person noticed me that I saw."

"Hmm, we'll see," muttered the man putting the van in drive and heading back along the street to the flat.

We sat in the van outside the entrance to my flat for fifteen minutes before Venarius entered alone.

Ten minutes later he returned for me. Back in the flat, I hurried to see if my owner had improved. I could detect no change.

"Is Narlinea okay?" I asked Venarius

"She is weak and close to death. The act of killing the old one should have taken her life too. I suspect her proximity to you turning spared her."



"I saved her?"

"Inadvertently, yes, I think you did."

I looked down on my new love, "Is there anything I can do to help her?"

"Not here; This location is not safe. We'll move her to my place."

"Your place?"

"Yes, I have recently started leasing a loft in the area. The feeding is good in this town, plus with Narlinea setting up here it seemed wise long term."

"Putting down roots, Venarius?"

"Not at all; I have properties in many countries. Now get a bag and pack for the pair of you. I'll then take you both there and return to dispose of the body."

"Oh yeah, what's with the body getting hot?"

"Like humans, we have bacteria in our gut. Unlike you, however, ours can start an exothermic reaction after death."

"The shower though?"

"We also have a higher concentration of phosphor in our gut. Allowed to run unchecked a demonia corpse can spontaneously combust."

"Why am I no longer surprised by this!"



"So, laughing boy in the shower is a fire risk? I suppose you're going to tell me this is another source of vampire myth?"

"Claudia, I understand why you are bitter. But we need to move swiftly, we are exposed here. Now pack for you and your Mistress. I have some impact toys at my loft but bring any of hers you know she likes."

"I should include things to make me suffer?" I asked incredulously.

"Fool! She'll need to feed if she wakes. You forget your place, slave. You may have discovered your love, but she has known her heart for months. Yet she feeds from you.

Hopefully, she will again. You are property; hers. Now do as you are told or do I have to discipline you?"

Shocked, I stared slack-jawed at him. Yet he was right. If she awoke, Narlinea would not remove the collar. She had meant it when she said it was for life.

"I'm sorry, Venarius. You are right. I've also not thanked you for helping my Mistress and me. We are in your debt. Please accept my apology."

"Accepted, famula. Now, please, for the third time, pack. Her life and your future hang in the balance. There is no time to waste."

I did as I was bid and, as I struggled to close the suitcase on a mountain of rubber clothes,

I had a strong sense of *déjà vu*. I was sure this was how this had all started.



Venarius had carried Narlinea down to the van. I had followed after with two huge suitcases full of our stuff.

I ought to have struggled, but the cases seemed to be lighter than I anticipated. I did not question this though, I was grateful for small mercies given all that had transpired.

The drive to Venarius' loft was short. It being on the edge of the red light district in the fringe of the industrial quarter.

His home was on the fifth floor, entrance was gained via an industrial elevator, the sort you could load pallets in.

His loft was huge, impressive and mostly open plan. One wall was fully glazed with a fantastic view of the city at night.

With the streets wet from the rain, the street lights were reflected in myriad forms to make even the sleaziest ally look beautiful.

The decor was spartan and very masculine. One area was dedicated to exercise. A treadmill, a punching bag as well as padded mats and a weight bench were prominent amongst the equipment.

There was a kitchen, but like my own, it was small and looked unused. There was no TV nor soft furnishings.

Two doors at the far end led, I assumed, to a bathroom and sleeping quarters.

Unsurprisingly there was an area dedicated to BDSM. A St Andrews Cross, a flogging horse as well as chains hanging down from the high ceiling.

Also, kneeling by a large cage, nude bar a collar similar to my own, was a woman.

"My thrall," introduced Venarius, "her name is Gaby."



"How may I serve, Master?" Enquired the kneeling slave, head bowed, her gaze fixed to the floor.

"At present there is nothing you can usefully do, slave," responded Venarius.

"However, look up, this is Mistress Claudia. She is your superior. You will show her the respect you do me and follow her orders as if I had given them."

Gaby looked at me and her brow furrowed in confusion, "Master, she wears a collar like mine. Is she not a slave?"

"She is, girl, but the slave of a Demonia. Thus she will always outrank you." Venarius turned to me, "We'll put your Mistress in the bedroom."

So saying the Demoniush marched off towards the far door nearest the glazed wall. I dutifully trailed after with our cases.

The bedroom beyond the door was massive. Venarius tenderly laid my owner on the king sized divan.

He turned to me his face creased with concern.

"Claudia, your owner is near death and in truth there is not much that can be done. Time will be the best healer.

However you will need to feed her. I would ask you do not use Gaby just yet, perhaps in a week or so."

"Use, Gaby?" I asked bewildered.

"To feed your owner," responded Venarius. "For now it would be best if you self-flagellated until you have acclimatised."



"Venarius, I'm sorry, I don't understand. Am I missing something?"

"I think maybe you are. Narlinea will be okay for a few more minutes. Remove your coat and follow me." So saying Venarius led me back over to his weight bench.

"You were in shape when Narlinea enslaved you. Do you go to a gym?"

"I used to, but I mostly did aerobics and spin classes."

"Do you know how much you can bench press?"

"No idea, I've never done free weights. Venarius what has this got to do with anything?"

"You'll see... What do you weigh, girl?"

"I'm not sure, one hundred and five, perhaps one ten?"

"That sounds right. I clock in at around one ninety but I'm about a foot taller and I work out. There's two hundred on that bar on the bench. See if you can lift it. I'll spot you."

Rather than sneer at him I was reminded how light the cases had seemed.

So I did as I was bid. Incredibly I not only lifted it with ease but pressed it three times. Looking up at him from the bench I asked, "The physical changes you mentioned?"

"Yes, your reactions will be faster now too."



"How is this possible?"

"Normally humans need to dump special hormones into their systems to achieve such results. The 'fight or flight' reflex being the most famous. Having fed and turned you don't need to be frightened or startled to tap your full potential."

I sat up from the bench. "This is why I cannot 'use' your slave?"

"Yes, you'll need to acclimatise to your abilities else you could do her harm. Work up to things slowly with yourself too. One caution; extra exertion will require fuel. Make sure you eat well else you may find yourself prone to fainting."

"I understand, thank you, Venarius."

"Now, I suggest you go feed your owner. I'm going to return to your old flat. I'll board up that window and get rid of the body. I may be a while. Send Gaby out for food if you want. She knows where the petty cash is."

I thanked Venarius again and returned to the bedroom. As I opened the case with the toys in it struck me what I was about to do.

A surreal sense of detachment came over me as I extracted a heavy flogger and peeled off the latex top.

Kneeling on the floor next to Narlinea I experimentally swung the whip over my shoulder.

It stung, but not in an altogether unpleasant way. I tried again, this time a little harder.



Sweat ran into my eyes and dripped from my nose.

I had set up a steady rhythm with the whip after the first few lashes had failed to elicit a response from my love.

The pain had transcended into an inferno upon my back. Each blow sending white hot searing agony to my inner core.

Unsure if the pain alone would be enough, I muttered a devotional mantra under my breath and in my head. Each line being punctuated with another swing of the whip.

The double 's' of Mistress often turning into a hiss of anguish.

*"I am your slave, Mistress.
I'll wear your collar for life, Mistress.
I love you, Mistress.
I am happy to serve, Mistress.
I am yours, Mistress."*

As I suffered I realised I meant every word. More, I yearned for my love to be the one wielding the flogger.

Eventually I could push myself no further. Stiffly I shuffled on my knees to examine my supine owner.

I could detect no change. Taking solace that at least she appeared no worse I made my way back into the living area of the loft.

"Are you okay, Mistress?"

The question caught me by surprise. I had forgotten about Venarius' girl. "Yes, I'll be fine. I just need a minute is all," I reassured.



Gaby and I knelt on the floor in front of her cage. Open between us was a pizza box with the remains of the meal within.

We each had a soda too, and I was enjoying the sugar rush of mine as I washed down the last mouthful of pie.

I was quickly realising I liked Gaby a lot. She seemed naturally up beat as well as genuinely eager and willing to please.

When I had emerged from feeding my Mistress, Gaby had helped me to the bathroom. She had filled the bath for me, helped me undress and left me soaking as she went to fetch food.

Upon her return she had helped me dry, dabbing at my tender back with a large white fluffy towel.

Gaby had then assisted me as I dressed. I had decided to embrace the latex and extracted the catsuit from the suitcase. I did not put the boots back on, but did get the young slave to lace the corset on over my catsuit.

As we ate she entertained me with stories about a competition she had entered to win a modelling contract. It sounded outlandish to me but she seemed very genuine.

"Did you win the contract?" I asked when she finished.

"No, Mistress, but I did meet Master while taking part. So, a much better result for me in the long run. I don't think I really wanted to be a model."



"If you didn't want to be a model why did you enter the competition?"

"Well, there was a pretty good cash prize too, Mistress. But mostly it was to find out if I truly wanted to be a submissive."

"I beg your pardon? You did not know before entering?" I was incredulous.

"It made sense to me at the time, Mistress. It's a bit of a long story really."

"Do you have any pressing tasks to complete?"

"Umm, no, Mistress."

"So tell me all about it. Venarius will be some time and, unless my Mistress awakes, we have not much else to do."

"Okay, Mistress, but it's not that exciting a tale."

"It ends with you locked in a collar enslaved by Venarius. Given I know he has not been in the country that long I am already interested."

"Yes, Mistress... Umm, so I grew up in a really small town in Ohio. My parents owned a diner and me and my sister helped run it. Now don't get me wrong, my parents are loving and I had a happy childhood. But in a small rural conservative town privacy is a foreign concept. For a young bisexual woman going through puberty, who also has masochistic and fetishistic leanings. Well, that's just Hell."



"There was no possibility to experiment. Anything I did got back to my parents. The added wrinkle was my sister, Izzy, is my identical twin. In a village of just over one thousand souls that practically makes you a superstar."

Gaby took a swig of her soda and continued, "Every day in the diner I would be asked 'Was that you or your sister I saw doing such and such?' It was just so claustrophobic. Neither of us could get away from each other, and it was causing a bit of a rift."

Gaby grimaced, "It didn't help that dad could not afford to pay us much or the customers were such lousy tippers. Plus with all this scrutiny, I had almost no way to explore all the kinky stuff that I was finding so appealing on the internet."

"The internet was my only escape, plus I was fascinated with what I found there. It called to me on a level I find hard to describe. I read stories, trolled through picture sites and online catalogues. I avidly scoured the web for info, but I could not risk revealing this side of me to the real world."

"I yearned to find out what it was like to actually be bound. To be at someone's mercy. Would I like being whipped? Was I truly submissive? I remember once watching the family dog greet my dad on returning home. I wondered what it would be like to love so unconditionally, so slavishly. Could I love somebody that much?" "The most I dared do was buy a pair of leather pants and a leather choker. But I only ever wore them in my room. Too scared of what my mom would say if I emerged from my own personal closet in such clothing."



"Anyway, two months after graduating from high school, two strangers came into the diner. One was a stunningly beautiful black woman, the other a more mature woman who was so ginger you wondered how she braved the midday sun."

"Things were quiet so, after taking their order, I chatted a bit.

The younger was getting a lift off the other to the East Coast, where she had a small business specialising in German food."

"When they asked for their check Monica, the black girl, asked if there was anything to do in town. Turned out ginger was popping in to visit friends and would return for her later that day. I stifled the urge to laugh at her question and explained there was nothing to do or see. Feeling sorry for her, and figuring I'd get a better tip, I told her she was welcome to stay as there were lots of free tables."

"In actual fact, things were so slow we got to talking. Because she was from out of town, I found myself opening up to her. I mean, I didn't tell her about my kinks, but I did tell her how frustrated I was. Monica was easy to talk to, a good listener as well as beautiful. I found myself lamenting that I was not free to just head east with her."

"I think Monica felt sorry for me because before her lift returned, she asked me for my number. She said if she found a job opening east, she'd give me a call."

"To be honest, I forgot about her offer after she left. But three days later she calls and explains she has not found a job but, amazingly, she offers me her spare room, so long as I pay the rent arrears once I find work for myself. I took her arm off at the elbow."



"Dad took it well. Mum cried, and Izzy was clearly furious. I didn't blame her really. With me already gone, she would be under extra pressure to stay and help my parents. I did feel bad about that. But I was excited too. I was escaping to a big city."

"Monica's flat was small, and she herself was full of surprises. The first was her odd taste in music. I'd never have guessed she was into Irish folk music. The Pogues, The Dubliners and The Chieftains were blaring out of her room nearly constantly."

"The second surprise came when I'd had enough of listening to The Seven Drunken Nights a million times back to back. I'd barged into her room, full of anger, only to find Monica tied up on her bed.

It looked like someone had properly gone to town on her. Ball gag, blindfold and a mess of ropes had her bound on her stomach and tethered to the headboard of her bed."

Gaby grinned ruefully, "If I'd been a little more experienced I'd have recognised a self-bondage tie. As it was, I rushed over in a panic and started untying her. Monica was not pleased."

"So she and I got to talking about BDSM. Neither of us had any real experience. Her self-bondage experiments being a lowly step ahead of me as she had had a little privacy.

We resolved we would help each other and decided the first step was to visit a fetish nightclub in town."



"I bought a leather mini dress. Monica borrowed my leather pants. We went down the pet store and bought a collar and lead.

We flipped a coin so see which one of us would be the submissive for the night. I won so chose to 'be' the 'slave.'"

"The nightclub was amazing. As we were attending as a couple we weren't getting hit on. Everyone was friendly and looked fantastic. I think I knew then I wanted BDSM to be my life. I was dancing with Monica in a collar and leash and I had never felt so free."

"Late in the evening a stunning dominatrix took the stage. She announced the competition I've already told you about. Said if anyone was interested to get an entry form at the door. We both applied and vowed to come back to the club the next weekend. This time with Monica as the 'slave.' It had been an amazing night. We never did of course, as we both got accepted for the competition."

"Master, erm... Venarius, approached me, after I dropped out of the competition, in the changing rooms. Said he'd been very impressed with me, could see I was a natural submissive and a true masochist. He had a job I may be interested in that would suit my talents."



I noticed that Gabys face shone with delight as she recalled this next part of her journey, "He brought me back here. Explained that he needed a live-in maid and play partner. Showed me the cage, the bondage furniture. Suggested I try a day in service to see if I liked working for him. I just looked at him. The man is a god, his physique, his face. He is so beautiful. I'd have sold my soul to sleep with him. I just barely managed to whisper, 'yes.'"

Gaby shed tears as she recalled, "What Venarius did to me then bordered on a religious experience for me. He took control of my body. Delivered such pain, inflicted more pure agony than I had ever felt.

Yet lifted me so high, such... such... damn, 'exquisite' has to be used. I came so fucking hard. He said I tasted delightful. That I offered the opportunity to develop into a magnificent slave..."

"I begged him to keep me for real. He said I had the job, but to ask again in three days if I truly wanted to be a real slave. He started as he has continued. I sleep in this cage. I have no clothes..."

"Hold on," I interrupted, "What did you wear when you went out for the pizza?"

"Oh, there is a black mac like yours and a pair of heels in the kitchen cupboard, Mistress. I'm only allowed to wear them when out for food."

"I'm sorry, continue Gaby," I encouraged.



"Not much more to tell, Mistress. I waited for three days and begged again. He said yes. I cried. He gave me that coat and told me to settle my affairs. I went around to Monica's to collect my stuff. Told her what happened. She seemed genuinely pleased for me. I phoned my parents and told them where I was. Explained I was working as a Personal Assistant to an international businessman. Asked them not to call unless it was an emergency. Sometimes I call them when out for food, just to keep them happy. I called Mistress Tawny and asked her to give the key to this collar to Master, not me."

"Gaby," I asked, "has Venarius explained what he is?"

"Oh, you mean the Demonius and Demonia thing? Yes, Mistress, he sat me down after the first time he used me and explained how he did what he did."

"You believed him?"

"Not straight away, no. But after some time watching him you have to accept it, don't you? He never sleeps or eats. He practically glows after flogging me. I've watched him train too; so damn fast and strong. Mistress, I saw you lift those weights. Are you one of them?"

I considered the young slave's question. What was I now?

"I'm... I'm something different, Gaby," I answered.



"May I ask what happened to Mistress Narlinea?" Inquired Gaby.

"You know my Mistress?"

"She visited here with Master a few days ago. She is so beautiful, Mistress. I think you are very fortunate to be owned by her."

"We were attacked in our home. My Mistress sacrificed herself, saving me. I thought her dead. Venarius says she may yet..." I couldn't help myself, the tears came once more.

Gaby hugged me close, "Don't worry, I'm sure she'll be fine. You'll find a way to help her."

"I feel so helpless. You saw the state of me earlier. I could detect no change after I flogged myself as hard as she has ever flogged me."

"Your back did look sore, Mistress."

Ruefully I chuckled, "I probably did overdo things. Still, it'll be healed by tomorrow."

"Really?" Gaby sounded dubious.

"Really, one of the benefits of being a Famula, along with the strength you saw earlier."

"Can I help?"

"Possibly, though your owner asked me not to use you just yet."

"Ooo!" Exclaimed Gaby, a hand involuntarily straying to her crotch. "I have an 'Owner'," she murmured, smiling. I grinned back despite my melancholy. I knew that feeling: when you were accidentally reminded your fantasy was real.



We talked late into that first evening. Venarius returned just as we were both beginning to stifle yawns.

He commanded us both to empty our bladders before locking us in the cage. I personally did not see the point.

We were both happy to be collared and ready to serve. Locking us both away seemed counter-intuitive.

But Gaby seemed delighted to be caged. Even more so, that I was incarcerated with her. Eagerly she offered to spoon with me as we settled upon the hard floor to sleep.

The next few days blurred together in their similarity. Venarius would release us both, and 'use' Gaby, whilst I fed my unconscious owner. We would then help soothe each other before we continued with the day,

Gaby was given cleaning duties while Venarius trained me. I was made to exercise hard, plus Venarius also started training me on how to fight. The only downside of this was he made me do this in the ballet boots.

"Your Mistress likes you in them," he explained. "Thus inevitably you'll be wearing them the day you may have to fight for real. So you learn to fight in them."

This reasoning included corsets, catsuits and even some other bondage restraints too.

Gaby and I were allowed out of the loft to eat. The only rule Venarius insisted on was I keep Gaby on a leash. With our location near the red light district, we mostly got hostile looks off of hookers.

Clearly unsure if we were trying to steal their trade.



After a week in Venarius' loft I was getting concerned for my Mistress. There was no change that I could detect and Venarius was always noncommittal when asked for a prognosis.

I decided I'd press him on the matter. But was distracted from my goal, when I caught him staring hungrily at his slave girl, while he was training me to fight.

She was on her knees, ass in the air, as she cleaned on the far side of the loft.

"Do you love her, Venarius?" I asked as he stared.

"Not the way your Mistress does you, girl. Proud, satisfied or content would cover it better. She is an excellent slave."

"She's head over heels for you though."

"Thralls often are. She is happy to be collared. She is lucky, few humans find their place."

"She has wants you know. But dares not ask."

Venarius turned smirking at me, "Oh? What are these wants then?"

"She's jealous of my clothes. God knows why, I've tried putting her off, latex is not fun to wear all day every day. She craves long term bondage for some insane reason too. Being bound, beaten and fucked each morning is somehow insufficient."

"She has confessed this to you?"

"Yes, I told her about the box I was kept in, and the long hours spent hung in chains. Silly cow professed envy."



Venarius continued to stare at his slave as he asked, "Do you have a maids uniform in your wardrobe?"

"I'm sure you know I do, Venarius."

"Put her in it. If you have a spare pair of boots that fit her... put her in them too."

"That's just mean, it'll slow her down too. I thought you liked her working."

"I'd like the odour of her suffering more. Now, no more chatting, you need to practice your high kicks. Those heels can be an asset used as weapons."

After training I did as Venarius bid. Gaby squealed with joy when I approached her with the boots and rubber uniform.

I'd chosen the thigh high boots as I figured they'd save the girl's knees if she was forced to crawl in them. No way was I teaching her to walk in ballet heels the same way Narlinea taught me.

She looked really cute in the maids outfit especially once we had her polished up and smoothed out.

She was clearly delighted with the boots too. Quickly sliding her slender legs into the enveloping leather and lacing them up tightly.

Boots laced closed she rose to her feet and gave a pirouette, "What do you think, Mistress?"

"How can you walk so well in those boots?" I wailed in surprise.

"Oh, ballet lessons, Mistress. Every Tuesday's at Madame Beauchamp's School of Dance, from the age of six until I was fifteen."



Despite the boots not causing the discomfort Venarius had been hoping for, Gaby was allowed to keep them.

Judging from the looks Venarius gave the slave, as she teetered about in her new uniform, he at least found the girl visually appealing. Even if the clothes were not causing her distress.

Gaby for her part clung to the outfit like a toddler and its blankie. Carefully polishing it and the boots she took untold delight in posing in front of the many mirrors in her owners loft.

For my part I'd taken to wearing little or nothing at all. Struggling in and out of latex was not my idea of entertainment.

Plus the work-outs Venarius was putting me through meant I needed to sweat, not something I could do dressed in rubber. No, I'd do it for my love, if she woke, but not for fun.

Gaby had taken a keen interest in my nose and ear rings. Like me she was keen on the look of body jewellery, but scared witless of the installation process.

It was as she expressed her fear that the penny dropped. I knew then what I had to do, to rouse my love.

I approached Venarius to ask his permission. But was caught off guard when, after giving me a green light, he announced he would be leaving for a few days.

"You are at least capable of seeing off any human intruders now. I need to act on the info Tranamus gave us while it is fresh. There are still three Old Ones out there. They no longer know our address, but we know their's."



After seeing Venarius off I decided to act straight away. I ordered Gaby to strip and took her into the bedroom.

I had her kneel on the bed next to my love and promptly frog tied her legs with two broad leather belts. Using two more I bound the slave's arms behind her. I was pleased to note her elbows now touched, a goal she had been working on for Venarius.

Wordlessly, I then produced Narlinea's piercing kit. I methodically then marked up the young slave's most sensitive parts.

Happy that any piercings would look straight and neat I began applying forceps. Gaby whimpered as I clamped her septum and she was visibly trembling as I applied forceps to her tongue and then each nipple.

I then grinned maliciously, before placing a hand on her chest and pushing her back so I could work on her pussy. I decided to be really evil, and clamped four forceps on each of her outer labia, before finally crushing her visibly swollen clit between the jaws of yet another pair of spoon ended forceps.

With Gaby prepared I hooked a finger in the ring of her collar and pulled her back up to a kneeling position.

She looked faintly ridiculous with all the forceps hanging from her. But more than that, she looked utterly terrified too.

I then began repeating the process upon myself. Obviously I did not bind myself, and my septum was already pierced, but when I was finished I had just as many marks and a set of forceps hanging from my nips.

I'd not marked my tongue as I could not see it well enough. Besides I needed to be able to talk to my sister slave.



"So, Gaby, I'm guessing you know what happens next?"

Her tongue lolling with a pair of forceps clamped to it, Gaby simply nodded. Her eyes wide with terror at the next stage in this process.

"I can see you are frightened, slave. I'll be honest, I need you to be. It's what is missing when I whip myself. It's like tickling yourself; it is not the same as when someone tickles you. So your fear is going to help me wake my owner. Well, your fear, and the pain you are going to suffer too. I imagine a needle through your clit will be agony."

Gaby let out a low moan of despair. I coolly grinned at her as if butter would not melt in my mouth.

Little did she know the half of what I had planned. I was not as cruel as she thought, though I was happy to torture her a little, if this saved my love.

"Okay, just so you can see what's involved, I'll do my nipples first." This was the important bit. This, along with my pain, was when Gaby saw we were really doing this. That should really heighten her terror.

Trying not to think about it I took a needle and grasped the forceps at the same time as holding a cork to the side against the nipple.

Gritting my teeth,

I lined the needle up, and then pushed...



The pain was indescribable. I may as well have tried to cut my nipple off with a razor. My vision dimmed and I concentrated on my breathing. A few breaths and I looked up at Gaby.

The horror on her face nearly matched what I felt at the realisation I had to keep going.

Holding the needle I pulled off the cork I had just driven it into. My tit kept throbbing with pain and for a moment my eyes blurred with tears. I took an open ring, a twin for the monster my owner had set in my nose. Clamping my jaw I used it to push the needle through. I could not help myself and squealed as the ring followed the needle through my tit.

Hand trembling I picked up a bead and, using a pair of pliers, I somehow managed to close the ring about it. Every movement was excruciating. I could feel the sweat on my brow as the bead clicked into place.

I looked to my love. She was staring at me! She was awake!

"That was bravely done, my love," she whispered.

"MISTRESS!" Pain forgotten,

I threw myself at her.

The remaining forceps twisted my nipple cruelly but I did not care.

I wrapped my love in a hug and squeezed smothering her cheek in kisses.

"Mistress, you are awake," I cried redundantly.

I don't think I have ever been happier.



"Claudia... Claudia... Slave, stop!" My love was still motionless. She made no move to return my embrace.

I broke off smothering my love and looked again at her, "Mistress, are you not recovered?"

"Not fully, girl. I'm sorry, I'm going to have to ask you to do that again. Plus, that quivering morsel's tits as well."

The last was delivered as Narlinea looked over at Gaby, who let out a moan of fear at the import of the words.

"Yes, Mistress," I responded, my mouth suddenly dry with fear once more. I'd never planned to actually pierce Gaby. I'd hoped, nay prayed, that it would not be necessary to call that bluff.

My second nipple was worse. Maybe because of my earlier gymnastics with the forceps attached. How I did not pass out is beyond me.

After a few quick breaths to compose myself I turned to my sister in bondage. She'd seen my agony, there were no words of comfort I could offer. So I tried to get it over with as quickly as I could.

Gaby grunted as the needle slid through. Her breathing accelerated too. First ring done, I moved on to the second, after a brief look into her eyes to see if she was okay.

"Well done, slave," congratulated Mistress in a much improved tone. "Now take those other forceps off the poor girl." Gaby sighed in exaggerated relief.

"I'll do her clit some other day."



After removing the forceps from Gaby, Mistress had me take her back to her cage.

Before I placed her within I kissed her deeply.

"Silly me, for being jealous, huh?" Gaby murmured ruefully after the kiss broke.

"Gaby, dear, please know I had no intention of actually piercing you. I admit I wanted you frightened. But I did not plan on Mistress making me."

"It's okay, I'm already growing to like them. Do you think your mistress was joking about my clit?"

"Honestly? I have no idea. I'd think it would damage you though, so it's unlikely. But I'll ask when I go back."

Back in the bedroom I kept my promise.

"Her actual clit? No, without your healing properties, it would damage her. I may do yours though, you'd recover."

I felt the blood drain from my face, "You're joking, Mistress?"

Narlinea laughed. A sound that made my heart soar. Locking me in her gaze, she patted the bed beside herself, "Slave, get your skinny ass in this bed. I've slept too long, and I'm feeling randy."

"Oh, yes, Mistress!" I ran, tits still stinging, to my love.



Unsurprisingly my owner was as good a lover as she was at whipping me. It was like the time in the frame but, excepting my sore nipples, no pain.

I have never been fucked like it. Mistress could sense my every mood or desire.

Her fiery kisses were pure nectar, and her own tongue a prehensile monster prepared to delve between my thighs as eagerly as reach for my tonsils.

Once again I drank deep from her, but this time it tasted sweet, almost unctuous.

My collar was not removed and I called my owner Mistress, but although she called me slave I remained unfettered.

Our ranks temporarily put aside we simply made love. Momentarily equal in each others arms, both as eager to please and sate the other.

Our love mutually consummated it was some time before we collapsed in the sheets utterly spent.

After a long blissful silence my lover rolled onto her side and started toying with the ring on my collar with an idle finger.

"You are so pretty, slave. I'm so glad I found you. I was beginning to doubt myself for coming here."

"Glad you did now, Mistress?"

"Delighted... So... You have feelings for Gaby. Fucked her yet?"

I bounced to my knees in shock, "Mistress, I don't. I wouldn't. No, I am yours."

"Silly, slave," Narlinea smiled up at me. "It's a famula's job to keep the slaves happy."



"Repeat it back to me, so I know you have understood," commanded my Mistress.

"Mistress, you will breed with Demonius. I will negotiate access to you. Though you'll brief me first on what to negotiate. You will only ever make love to me. Feeding does not count. You will feed on whoever. Slaves I supply, or those that you take or even me. I must look after the slaves. I am in charge of them. I must also sate their urges. It is unwise to allow them to fuck each other. It is polite to let a Demonius' head slave drink from me."

"Good girl, now explain the reasons for these rules as I explained them to you."

"Yes, Mistress, umm... I negotiate to keep relations impersonal. Obviously you decide how much you do or do not want to breed with them, Mistress. Feeding is not sex for you even if the prey has a good time. I am in charge of the slaves as the head slave. Chain of command, Mistress. I should not let them fuck in case I want or need to sell one. If they are not in relationships they cannot be hurt by being separated. As a famula, humans that drink from me hold onto their looks and health but don't live long lives. This is why I should fuck your slaves and allow a Demonius' slave access to me, Mistress."

I was kneeling to attention, if that is a thing.

Back straight, wrists crossed behind me.

Mistress was still beaming up at me though.

"So, slave, explain to me the feelings you have for Gaby."



My first urge was to utter another denial, but then the penny dropped. Mistress had not accused me of loving the girl. She was asking how I felt about her.

"I'm worried for her, Mistress. She is so young. She is deeply in love with Venarius, yet he does not love her. She is making life changing decisions while besotted with a man who does not feel the same way about her."

"Is she unhappy to be enslaved?"

"No, Mistress, but he'll break her heart."

"Undoubtedly, yet who has not had their heart broken while young?"

I let out a long sigh, "I just don't want to see her hurt, Mistress. I care about the little twit."

"Ahh, there at last, my famula, is the truth. That was not so hard to say now, was it?"

"I'm sorry, Mistress."

"Not to worry, my dear. I have a solution."

"You do, Mistress? Are we supposed to interfere with another's slaves? Will Venarius not be upset?"

"Hardly, Claudia, the solution is simple. I will purchase her for you. I'm fairly sure that's why he acquired her. He knows full well I'm going to need a stable of girls pretty soon."



Buy Gaby? Despite the fact Mistress had been talking about me having to buy or sell slaves. It took adding a name to the act, to make it hit home. Real slaves.

As far as the Demonia were concerned the enslavement of humans was both acceptable and normal. Technically I was a slave as well.

Mistress was claiming too, that Venarius had probably acquired Gaby with a view to selling her in the near future.

"Mistress," I asked, "would you ever sell me?"

"Silly, no. You are my right arm, my shield and my love. Never!"

"Then why are famula slaves, Mistress?"

"How long do humans remain married? As they learn to live longer, few marriages survive full term. Marriages require compromise. Eventually the equilibrium is broken. Out of balance they fail. I own you. You are mine forever. You are my slave now and you will always be. I am your everything. No compromise, my word is law. Thus our equilibrium will last and our union will too."

As Mistress spoke these words I found my hand reach for my collar.

It would never be removed.

"Forever, Mistress?"

"Forever, slave, and put your hand back in position. Did I say you could move, girl?"

"No, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress."



"Which brings me to your appearance, girl. No makeup, no clothes and the state of your nails is atrocious. Is there any varnish left?"

I could of made excuses, but why bother? I was guilty of letting Mistress's orders slide as she slept. "I'm sorry, Mistress."

"Claudia, things are going to start moving quickly now you have turned. I am going to need at least three, maybe four new slaves. You are going to be in charge of them. You will be their 'Mistress,' and you will refer to me as Mother Superior to them. As their Mistress, and my representative, you will have to set an example. Your makeup will be perfect. Your clothing polished and immaculate. You will keep them naked, barefoot and in awe of us both. I will not interfere in your running of the house. But you will run it to serve me and my offspring."

"Yes, Mistress," I blurted, puzzled as to why Mistress wanted more slaves quickly.

Narlinea rose from the bed, "Now, my love, I'm peckish after our lovemaking. I'm going to snack on the girl in the cage. While I do, smarten yourself up, and be on your knees by my side before I finish."

My owner lent forward and kissed me on my forehead, then turned and left the room.

My head was spinning.

The greatest lay of my life followed by class and then a dressing down.

Mistress was going to buy Gaby.

More slaves.

Me, a dominatrix!

I shook my head to clear my thoughts.

Did I even know where the black nail varnish was?



I knelt and watched my love feed on Gaby.

I had never washed and dressed so quickly in my life. My hair was brushed, my nails were glossy black again and my makeup perfect.

I was fully dressed in latex that I had endeavoured to bring to a lustrous shine. My back was straight, and my knees spread wide. My wrists were crossed and held in the small of my back. Shoulders back, tits out, I was her slave once more.

Mistress was giving Gaby the full works.

I was surprised I felt no jealousy.

Gaby was being edged mercilessly.

She so desperately wanted to climax. Bound to one of Venarius' frames the girl writhed as Narlinea toyed with her. Was my owner testing out a possible future purchase, or showing Gaby the grass was greener on the other side? Conceivably both perhaps?

In our industrial loft Mistress had foregone a gag. Instead letting the young girl beg and cry out her anguish. Every so often Mistress would switch from tormentor to interrogator.

Though I suspected that was merely to reinforce the lesson she was giving the young masochist.

"What are you, girl?"

"A slave, Mistress."

"Happy in your collar, slut?"

"So happy, Mistress. I love my Master."

"Do you, slave? Prey, how do you feel about me?"

"Oooooo... Mistress... Mistress, I love you too!"



When Narlinea had had her fill of Gaby she left her hanging in the frame, beckoning me to join her in the kitchen area.

"We'll leave her to hang there, much as I did with you," said my owner.

"She's so blissed out she's barely aware where she is. Get your coat, slave, and a leash too. There's a restaurant I think we should visit."

I did as I was bid, and soon found myself in the elevator with Narlinea. She was dressed heavily in leather and holding my leash, just as I did with Gaby when we went out for food.

"You look good in the red, Claudia," stated my lover, "I knew you would."

"Thank you, Mistress," I responded. I decided to risk a question. "Mistress, why do you need more slaves?"

"To look after, and feed, my young, Claudia. I've mated with Venarius a few times now. I'm almost certainly pregnant."

"Oh! Congratulations, Mistress."

"Congratulations? Hmm, yes I suppose so. They'll be the start of the new house here in America. You, though,

Claudia, will be raising them. We Demonia take a very hands off approach to child rearing."

"Yes, Mistress," I responded. I was raising babies? I had not one jot of an idea how to raise kids.

Certainly not kids that fed on pain. Suddenly the idea of recruiting more help made a lot of sense.



The restaurant was blue with a red awning. They had shutters on the top windows and tables on the sidewalk like they did in Europe.

Gaby and I had tried it a few times, they did mostly Italian food.

Mistress asked the maître d' for a table out front. Our waitress blushed deeply at the sight of Mistress and me.

It was clear she knew full well I was a submissive in some sort of BDSM relationship for, after establishing Narlinea wanted a light salad and a glass of water asked Narlinea, "... and for your girl?"

Mistress responded with a smile, "My slave will have the ravioli."

It was my turn to blush at her words, though I quickly thanked my Mistress for ordering me a hearty meal.

When the food arrived the waitress took the opportunity to whisper in my ear as she placed my plate, "Love your outfit. Über jelly that you are living the dream."

The poor girl was unaware just how good Demonica hearing was.

"There is no need to be jealous, my dear. We'd be delighted if you wanted to join in," smirked my owner.

The girl looked hard at Narlinea, "I've seen you down The Club in the past. Your offer... You are being serious?"

"As a heart attack," purred Narlinea.



"This is not role-play?"

Narlinea shook her head, "Lifestyle. This would be an audition. There is a permanent position available within our family."

"You barely know me. Why are you offering this?"

"I know enough about you to know you are a suitable candidate."

"I have needs... I need... I need pain."

I struggled not to burst out laughing at this confession. My lover noticed.

"You have something to say, Claudia?"

I looked up at the waitress, "My dear, if you surrender just once to Mistress Narlinea, three things will happen. You'll suffer more pain, utter exquisite agony in fact, than you thought you could bear. You'll cum harder and longer than you ever have, and finally, you'll end the session begging, pleading and grovelling for her collar and the privilege to be her slave."

Flustered the girl fled to attend another of her tables.

"You know her, Mistress?" I asked.

"I've seen her about the local scene. She is not too bright, hence the career in the restaurant industry. But like you she reeks of masochism. She nearly became a meal while I was searching for you. But she was involved with another back then. Clearly from her recent reaction she does not feel committed at this time."



I tucked into my food. Mistress ignored her salad and sipped her water.

"We have one other problem, my love."

"Mistress?"

"There is a traitor in The Council."

This was new. My owner was discussing the politics of Demonica with me like an equal. It felt a little like the time after I was visited by Tranamus. I thought about her statement.

"Mistress, could Tranamus have told the other old one where we were?"

"Unlikely, besides, who told Tranamus? No, our woes started after the council sent it's representatives to inspect you. I should have moved you to a neutral location. But it was the council that sent me. I foolishly thought they were of one mind."

"Do you suspect anyone in particular, Mistress?"

"The Council is chaired by Taydem, Anoushka's owner. There is a caucus within it's members led by an individual called Vanda. Vanda hates Taydem's progressive ways. She would be the obvious suspect. But, honestly, I trust none of that nest of vipers."

"How can I help, Mistress?"

"Until Venarius returns, keep your eyes peeled and trust no one."



Just as I was nearing the end of my meal, the waitress approached Narlinea. Squatting, so they were level, the young girl's face twisted in anguish.

"Ma'am, I have something to tell you," the girl started, "but I'm not sure you are going to be pleased to hear it."

Narlinea's eyes narrowed, and I noticed her nostrils flare slightly. "Go on, child," encouraged my owner.

"Ummm... About a week ago, a man approached me. He said he could tell I was the sort of person a certain woman would be interested in. He went on to describe you. Umm... you have similar eyes. Is he a relation?"

"Not a close one, dear, is that all he said?"

"Erm... No, he gave me some money, actually, a lot of money. Said there would be more if I called him if I saw you. He gave me his number and suggested I allow him to track my phone."

"I see. Have you called this man?"

"No... He gave me the creeps. I just said yes so he would go away. But I've seen him across the street twice since."

"My dear, this man is a wanted criminal. I believe he is wanted for murder. I believe he wants to kidnap me. I don't think you are safe now either. I'm afraid I am going to have to insist on that earlier invite."

"You can protect me?"

"Yes, dear, and hide you too."



Narlinea placed some bills on the table and stood. I followed her lead despite not finishing my meal.

"What is your name, dear?"

"Jess," responded the waitress. "Well, actually it's Jessica, but all my friends call me Jess. Only my mum uses my full name."

"Indeed, Jessica, and what time does your shift finish?"

"I'm on 'till four, so a couple of hours yet."

"Jessica, for your protection, may I have your phone? The further you are from it at this time, the safer you are."

"You want my phone?"

"Yes, my dear, so he cannot track you."

"Oh, that's a good idea I get it back though?"

"Of course, my dear," purred Narlinea as she took the proffered phone. "We'll be back at four to take you somewhere safe."

"Should I call the police?"

"No, dear, he has informants amongst them too. We'll be back at four."

Narlinea led me down the street. Snapping the girl's phone in half and dropping it in the first trash can we passed.

"Mistress, will we be going back for her?"

"Yes, Claudia, but first, we need to go to the bank to open you a new account."





Half an hour later, we stepped from the bank. I now had a new bank card, a new name, and was on paper at least, a multi-millionaire.

"Claudia Vladislav, Mistress?"

"Indeed, slave," smiled my love, "the collar at your throat means you don't get to choose what you are called."

"But you have given me your family name, Mistress?"

"Yes, dear."

"Thank you so much, Mistress, and the money, Mistress?"

"If I send you out to get something, I expect you to be able to pay for it, slave." Narlinea flashed me a happy smile. "On that subject, we need to get a collar for the new girl, don't we? There is a sex shop on the way back to the restaurant."

Inside the shop, I finally felt less conspicuous. Even though I was getting just as many sideways glances from the other customers. Mistress bought a metal collar that was not as nice, in my biased opinion, as mine. Though the clerk assured us it was stainless and safe to leave on twenty-four seven.

When I spotted a mannequin with a chastity belt locked on, I remembered Mistress' rule about not letting the slaves in my charge fuck. Narlinea caught me looking at them.

"An excellent idea, girl, get five."



I remember a friend once confided to me they could never visit a sex shop. As they felt they would die of shame, when they stepped back out carrying one of those anonymous parcels.

Yet I stepped out of that shop dressed in latex, being led on a leash. The collar and bags of sex toys were just the cherry on top of the shame sundae.

My Mistress pulled me in close to whisper in my ear. "You smell divine my love," she murmured before kissing my cheek.

Jess was waiting outside the front of the restaurant when we arrived.

A short leather jacket protected her against the cooling afternoon air, and signalled to those customers seated outside she was off duty.

"My phone?" She enquired of Narlinea as we approached.

"In a safe place, my dear," cooed my love, linking arms with the girl and marching her down the road.

At the corner we hailed a taxi and rode it away from the loft, nearly to the other side of town. After disembarking Mistress hailed another cab.

Once in that taxi Narlinea produced a blindfold and placed it on Jess. She then searched the girl and systematically threw everything she found on the girl out the car window. Once the possessions were gone the clothes started to follow.

When we arrived outside the loft Jess had her jacket and skirt and nothing else. Barefoot the blindfolded girl shivered on the sidewalk.

"Now, Jessica," instructed my owner as the cab drove away. "Remove your coat and skirt, please."



Once the girl was naked my owner handed me the skirt and jacket. Narlinea gave the bags of shopping to the blindfolded submissive, admonishing her when she tried to use the bags to conceal her nudity.

Unclipping my leash Narlinea whispered to me, "Take those clothes at least a block away and dump them. I'll take this morsel in and collar it."

I quickly did as I was ordered, disposing of the clothes in a dumpster in a dark ally. I understood the threat the Old Ones posed.

But it occurred to me these precautions, whilst protecting us from being followed or located, also made it easier to enslave the girl. Regardless of her view on the matter.

When I emerged from the lift my love was on the phone. Jess was still blindfolded but kneeling with her wrists cuffed behind her.

She was now collared, but Mistress had used my old tall leather collar, not the new one just bought for her.

Doubtless she would have to earn the steel collar over time.

Gaby still hung in the frame and was twisting to try and look over her shoulder at what we were up to.

The phone call finished Narlinea turned to me, "You'll be pleased to hear Venarius has eliminated one of our foes. I've also apprised him of our news."

My Mistress then smiled, "Claudia, my love, take young Gaby into the bedroom and have her practice her cunnilingus. Ensure the slave drinks deeply of your nectar. I'll use this time to educate Gaby's new sister on the realities of becoming a genuine slave, and just what her true limits were, and why they no longer matter."



Gaby proved to be a tender playmate. Nowhere near as skilled as our owner, the young slave girl was both keen and gentle.

Or should I infer timid? It was odd, having fallen for Narlinea, to be sent to have sex with another. But that was all it was; sex.

I cared for this girl, but I did not love her.

All that said I was mildly surprised at just how hard I came whilst astride the slaves face. Whatever was now intermingled in my fluids Gaby received a heady draught.

Mindful too that she would no longer get release elsewhere, I donned a strap-on and gifted her a long hard fucking.

A reward that she both visibly and vocally enjoyed.

All of our activities were conducted to the backing track of Jessica's initiation into the role of a Demonia's slave.

Her screams of lust, pain and pleasure continued throughout our activities. Even as we rested post-coital the metronomic crack of the whip and Jess's screams continued.

As we listened Gaby started asking the questions I had predicted to our owner.

"Mistress?"

"What is it, Gaby?"

"Mistress Narlinea said I'm hers now. Is that true?"

"She discussed buying you with me. She was on the phone to Venarius when I arrived. It could be. Does this upset you?"

There was a long pause before the girl replied, "Yes, Mistress, I think it does. I thought he loved me."



"It is more likely he acquired you to sell to Narlinea, Gaby."

"Oh..? Fuck..! Erm, I'm sorry Mistress."

I turned to look at the girl and saw silent tears running down her cheeks.

"It's alright, Gaby. I understand. You loved him. It's not nice being used."

"I'm still a slave though, aren't I, Mistress? Mistress Narlinea won't let me go, will she?"

"No, Gaby, she won't. She views you as her possession, as you say, her slave."

"So, it's not a total bust then at least, Mistress," Gaby tried to crack a smile.

"You are still happy to be enslaved?"

"The best bit of belonging to Venarius was being a slave, Mistress. I knew as soon as I was collared I never wanted to be free again. Mistress, I love being in bondage."

"Ah, well, um," I was thrown by this from Gaby.

I'd expected her to want to return to her parents, "So... no, the collar is staying right there. You will be reporting to me. We are both owned by Mistress Narlinea, you should refer to her as Mother Superior from now on... Umm, you are really happy to be a slave?"

"Mistress, I don't feel very happy at the moment, but yes, I still want to be a slave. It makes me feel safe, the sex is incredible. I actually feel liberated in this collar. I get to be who I've always wanted to be."



After a visit to the bathroom to freshen up I dressed as per our owners instructions.

This time in the stockings and corset I wore back in the flat. As I did a thought occurred to me.

Running with my idea I dug out a pair of ballet boots matching mine and had Gaby put them on.

I then added an under-bust corset before securing her in one of the new belts just purchased.

It was immediately clear that Gaby was not impressed with the belt.

"Why, Mistress? Is this a punishment?"

"No, dear, but you have a new sister. This is to ensure you two save yourselves for Mother Superior and me."

"Oh!" Gaby pondered this for a moment before asking, "Are there going to be many more new slaves, Mistress?"

"Yes, Gaby, also I'm thinking I want you to be my second in command."

"I'm not very good at being bossy or giving orders, Mistress."

"I know, girl. But you know and accept that our owner is not human. That we are real slaves and this is not role play. Plus your time in your collar means you know the rules. I'm not going to ask you to start wielding a whip. Just be my representative, when I'm not there, is all."

"I'll try my best, Mistress."

"That is all I can expect, Gaby," I smiled. Then grinned, "But I will be expecting it, slave."



Emerging from the bedroom, Gaby and I knelt to one side as Narlinea finished up with Jess.

Even though I had danced and writhed under my love's whip, and seen Gaby do the same.

I was still amazed at how she extracted every soupçon of pain and agony, and kept the girl teetering on the edge.

Spotting our kneeling presence our owner caressed Jess in spots clearly sensitive to the girl.

The climax almost bordered on a fit or convulsions as the girl, bereft of control, shuddered and thrashed in her bonds.

Narlinea smiled in satisfaction, breathing deeply in. It was clear Jess had been a hearty meal after dining on Gaby earlier.

I found myself wondering when I would be lucky enough to swap places and dance once more for my love.

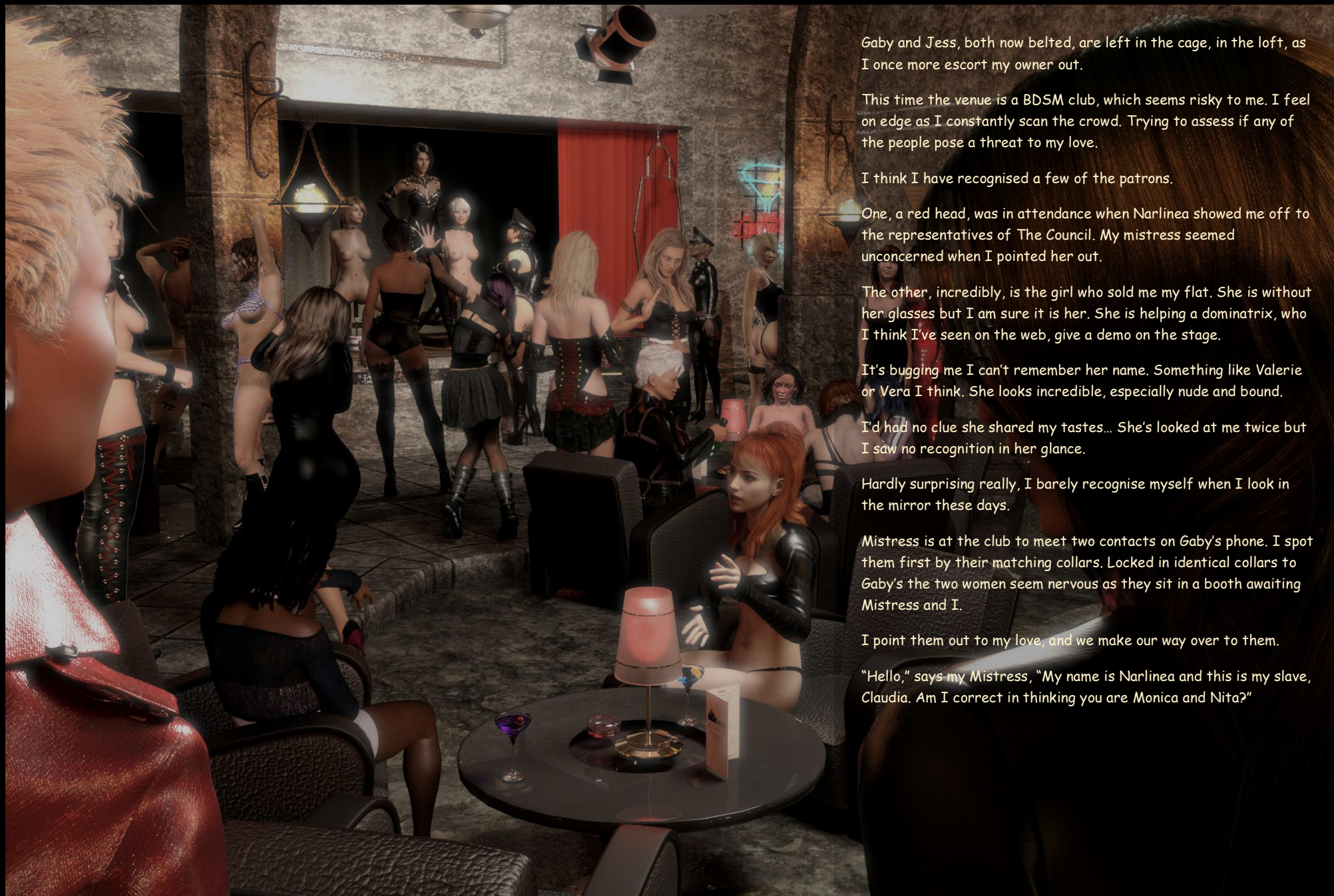
"You've given Gaby clothes?" The question was clear in the statement from my love.

"Mistress, I am trying her out as my second. I thought the boots and corset could serve as a corporals stripe."

"Ah, I see. The title is puella, Claudia. Traditionally puella are allowed to wear their hair up, while the other slaves are not... But we are on a new continent and I like your idea."

Narlinea turned to Gaby, "Puella Gaby, take your new sister down and get her cleaned up.

Bring her to Famula Claudia to be belted once she is washed.



Gaby and Jess, both now belted, are left in the cage, in the loft, as I once more escort my owner out.

This time the venue is a BDSM club, which seems risky to me. I feel on edge as I constantly scan the crowd. Trying to assess if any of the people pose a threat to my love.

I think I have recognised a few of the patrons.

One, a red head, was in attendance when Narlinea showed me off to the representatives of The Council. My mistress seemed unconcerned when I pointed her out.

The other, incredibly, is the girl who sold me my flat. She is without her glasses but I am sure it is her. She is helping a dominatrix, who I think I've seen on the web, give a demo on the stage.

It's bugging me I can't remember her name. Something like Valerie or Vera I think. She looks incredible, especially nude and bound.

I'd had no clue she shared my tastes... She's looked at me twice but I saw no recognition in her glance.

Hardly surprising really, I barely recognise myself when I look in the mirror these days.

Mistress is at the club to meet two contacts on Gaby's phone. I spot them first by their matching collars. Locked in identical collars to Gaby's the two women seem nervous as they sit in a booth awaiting Mistress and I.

I point them out to my love, and we make our way over to them.

"Hello," says my Mistress, "My name is Narlinea and this is my slave, Claudia. Am I correct in thinking you are Monica and Nita?"



"So first day back at work, despite a turtle neck top, my collar is spotted. First I'm summoned by HR. When they establish I cannot remove it an emergency quorum of the board is called.

I'm voted out of my own company before I know what is going on!"

Nita is lamenting to my owner on her woes since being collared in the same competition Gaby had entered.

"Why did you not have the shares to win?" Asked my Mistress.

"I was the largest shareholder, but I started the company with a friend as a partnership. Together we had fifty-one percent, but she voted with the rest of the board.

They forced me to sell my shares. I'm minted right now, but my name is mud in the industry. Which is why your offer is so intriguing."

"I need an accountant, but I want to be clear, if you accept this offer you will be my slave. That collar will stay on and you will be treated as a sex slave, nothing more. Just as Monica will, even though I need her culinary skills."

"There is a probationary period? We can back out if it's not to our taste?"

"Yes, you have until the dominatrix who collared you supplies the keys to those collars.

If you want to leave before then you can."

That was my cue to chip in, "Both your friend Gaby and I have committed to serve Mistress Narlinea for life. I am confident you will soon feel the same way."



I'm sent to the bar to get more drinks. As I wait for the bartender, the redhead I spotted earlier sits down next to me.

"Hello Claudia, perhaps you remember me? My name is Suzie."

I look hard at the woman. Symmetrical features and black irises, she is Demonia.

"How may I help, Mistress?" I enquire demurely.

"Actually, it is I that can help you, dear. You see, I think your owner is a bit confused as to who her friends are at this time."

As she spoke, I frantically scanned the other patrons I could see. There were a couple of butch women dressed in leather leering at me. But I could see nobody who looked like...

"If you're looking for my famula, dear, she is where all good famula should be. At home, looking after the children."

"I'm sorry, Mistress. We were recently attacked."

"I know, dear, and you don't even know by who, do you?" Suzie took my silence as confirmation. "So, as I said, I'm here to help."

"How, Mistress?" I asked bluntly.

"Well, dear, let us have a chat and see if I can fill in some blanks for you."

"My Mistress..."

"...knows you are talking to me, so sit and listen."



"Claudia, have you ever noticed that people often get stuck in time?"

"I don't think I understand?"

"As people age, dear, they settle on a look or style. Eventually, they stop trying to keep up. It's why pensioners look like they escaped from the seventies. It is also why some of the Demonica you saw at your flat, looked like they had escaped from the set of a costume drama."

"I see, Mistress," I responded though I was still unsure of her actual point.

Suzie then did that mind-reading thing that Narlinea often did. "My point is that Demonica, before the mutation in the men, divided into two cliques or camps. Those who embraced the current fashions and technology and those who did not. Narlinea and I would fall into the former."

"I understand, but what..."

"Let me continue, slave. Your Mistress has made some grave mistakes. By erroneously assuming that all the progressive Demonica are delighted at the mutation in the men. Also, that all those Demonica that do not embrace current trends would be resistant to the change this mutation heralds."

"I see, then how do..."

"...you know who to trust? It is tricky, but I can put you on a path that may help. Demonica traditionally has not been big on family. Narlinea has not considered this, but the question you need to ask is this: Who is Venarius' mother?"



"His mother?"

"We Demonia are not immune to vanity my dear. As poor parents as we are, any Demonia would be proud to have spawned the fruit that would replace the present murderous stock."

"I understand," I acknowledged.

"The other question she needs to ask is: Why was she really sent away from the old country on the eve of a war and who stood to gain from her absence."

"Mistress, why are you telling me this?"

Suzie smiled and stood to leave, "Now, dear, try to be gentle with these two fools. Aim for soft bits, as deaths, even in self defence, attract unwanted attention."

I frowned in confusion at her retreating form until a voice behind me clued me in.

"Hello, Sugar-Tits, does your mommy know you are out?" I turned to find the two butch leather wearers smirking at me.

"Now, now Al," chimed in the other, "be nice to the little waif, she's probably lost."

I tried for diplomacy, "Ladies I've been collared by Mistress Narlinea. You'd not want to upset her by interfering with her property?"

"Never heard of her, Sweet-Cheeks," sneered the larger of the two. "Besides, if she valued her property she'd keep it on a shorter leash."



The bartender arrived so I turned from my assailants and placed my order. As she turned to make the drinks I felt a hand grasp my ass.

Without turning to look who it was I simply declared out loud, "Remove the hand, or I will break the arm attached to it."

The hand squeezed. So, just as Venarius had taught me, I quickly turned and punched sharply downward at the forearm.

My increased strength and speed took effect and there was a sickening crack.

The owner of the arm screamed in pain as she stared in shock at her broken arm.

"I did warn you," I admonished.

"You Bitch!" Screamed her cohort as she threw a punch at my face. It was not as bad as in the movies like the Matrix, but the punch did seem slow, and was easily dodged. Stepping to one side I grasped her arm and pulled her forward so she fell into the bar.

As she passed me I placed my hand on the back of her head and pushed her face into the bar-top.

This time the crack was either teeth or her nose breaking.

It was over before it started and I realised I was attracting a lot of stares. I turned to look at the clearly shocked bartender.

"I'm sorry but I did warn them," I offered.

"It's alright, I saw what happened. I'm just not sure I believe it. Take your drinks and go sit down. I'll get security to deal with these two."



As I arrived back at the booth my love quickly detected I'd been in a fight.

"You stink of violence," declared Narlinea, her eyes dancing with glee. "Are you harmed?"

"No, Mistress, I am fine."

"Your adversaries?"

"Some broken bones, a bloodied nose. Perhaps a few teeth lost. Mistress, I am sorry. I did not..."

"Nonsense, girl, I am delighted you defended your owners property. Are we good with the establishment?"

"The bartender witnessed the attack in the bar mirror, Mistress. She instructed me to return to you while she called security on the wounded."

"Excellent! The red head, I assume she said what she had to say?"

"Mistress how did you..."

"I saw her before you pointed her out. She signalled me she had some information. I signalled she should approach you when she could."

"Mistress she said you are trusting the wrong people. That you should ask Venarius who his mother is."



"Of course," murmured my love.

"Mistress, I don't understand."

"Many Demonia would have shunned the male half of the race in the past, slave. We are ashamed that they must murder to survive. My bond with my father was weak because he was a killer when I cannot. The ramifications of this schism have eluded me. Venarius' mother will be proud of her son. It also follows that those powerful under the old order may be unhappy with the new status quo."

"Mistress, Suzie also said you should consider why you were really sent away from the old country on the eve of a war, and who stood to gain from your absence."

My owner stared into the distance for a moment, and then abruptly turned to the two prospects who were sipping the drinks I had returned with.

"Ladies, are you ready for another adventure?" Both girls nodded. "Excellent! Then accompany Claudia and me home, where I shall demonstrate why that competition you entered was mere play acting, and show you the joys of true, pure, unadulterated submission. Plus, what it actually means to be a real slave."

We collected our coats and made our way to the exit. As we neared the door my love halted me with a touch to the arm. "Darling, Claudia, you may have to fight once more."



We stepped out onto a crowded street. Many leather-clad, butch looking, women were gathered around the back of an ambulance.

Mistress turned away from the throng and the girls and I followed.

"That's the fucking bitch that broke my nose!" Shrieked out a voice behind me. "The blonde cow, the skinny bitch in the red mac."

Mistress had briefed me before we stepped out. I turned to face my accusers as Narlinea escorted the two new slaves to safety.

"Try not to kill anybody, but protect yourself above all," my love had said. The four women advancing on me seemed to have murder in their eyes.

"Grab her," screamed one, and an arm slowly lunged at me. I pulled the woman off balance and as she fell drove my knee up hard into her face. As she crumpled in a heap,

I spun on my toe and delivered a stinging high kick to the side of one of my assailants head. Unconscious she joined her compadre on the sidewalk.

A third was now in range of my fist and I delighted in smearing her nose across her face.

This power was intoxicating. These fools were so slow and weak! This was actually fun.

The fourth had pulled up short. She was crouched as if to lunge. An ugly serrated knife in her hand.



I kept my eye on the knife as I spoke to the woman.

"That'll hurt when I stick it in your leg. Walk away now before you get hurt."

A crowd was beginning to form around us. I really didn't need an audience.

"I'm gonna skewer you like..."

I did not wait for her to finish the sentence. Shifting up a gear I stepped forward and chopped her wrist with my knuckles. As the knife dropped from her hand I drove it deep into her thigh.

I stepped back, slowed down, and then turned and stepped into the confused crowd. As people parted before me a wail of agony rose up behind, as the woman found her knife.

Smirking I turned into an ally and started making my way back to the loft. Suzie stepped out of the shadows in front of me.

"Nicely done, Famula."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"Did you know in times past we used to fight our slaves against each other. Not the Famula though... They were far too dangerous. You are impressive, slave. My brother taught you well."

"Your brother, Mistress?"

"Indeed, check with him. He's back at your loft. I've just been informed Anu has been west. Heaven knows what damage that evil cunt has done. Get home quickly."



I must have arrived right on the heels of my love, as I stepped from the lift into a scene that risked tipping into chaos.

My owner, and love of my life, was in animated conversation with Venarius who was sporting a nasty scar over his left eye. Monica and Nita had discovered the other slaves in the cage.

They were in equally lively discussions with Gaby and Jess. Until my Mistress requested me I figured I'd get the slaves under control at least.

Ordering silence, I had the two new girls strip. While they disrobed I collected a new belt and some ball gags. Locking Monica in a chastity belt I had Gaby gag Jess and herself.

After gaging Monica and placing her in the cage, I led Nita over to the frame and prepared her for either my love or Venarius.

The girls squared away I made my way over to my love and knelt by her side. It was Venarius who noticed me first though.

"Claudia's been fighting?"

"A bar brawl, nothing serious," responded my owner. Turning to look down at me she asked, "Any issues after I left you, slave?"

"Mistress, once again I met Mistress Suzie, Lord Venarius' sister. She informed me that Famula Anoushka has been west. Her precise words were, 'Heaven knows what damage that evil cunt has done.'"



"She's your fucking sister?"

"That's what you take from that message? I made it clear that my brothers and sister's identities would be secret when I came over. The war was triggered when my brothers and I came of age and did not kill. Suzie matured slightly ahead of us boys."

Venarius turned and looked out of the window into the night.

"Suzie gave birth to a litter of six three months ago. They are still in Europe with Suzie's famula, Sydney."

Venarius turned back to face my love,

"Narlinea, I sometimes think you don't get it. You're the head of the oldest and wealthiest house in Europe, yet take no part in the politics. Instead letting that bitch Taydem bully everyone, while she uses your name to scare everyone into line. Just because she shares your fashion sense. Taydem has risen to power with you inactive and the Demonius killing. Why on earth would she be happy when my family produced offspring who threatened the status quo she had nurtured for centuries?"

My owner stared at Venarius, her poker face betraying no emotion. Eventually coolly asking,

"Sir, I have been remiss, may I have your full name so I may honour your house?"

Venarius grimaced, "Indeed Madame, my name is Venarius Bismarck."

"Bismarck!" The shock was evident on my owners face. "Your mother's Vanda?"



"Yes, and she has been trying to help you from the moment Taydem tried to get rid of you. It was Suzie who told your father where to find you. It was Anoushka who sold you out to the Old Ones. Trouble is we didn't know this until I found and wrung Percy's neck," Venarius gently felt the scar on his head.

"The order to terminate Claudia?" Asked my love.

"Fabricated. I think you were supposed to bolt and make it easier for your attacker."

"That fuckin' BITCH!"

"Revenge comes later. Why was she out west?"

"Why has she not given this location to our enemies?"

"Because being attacked here would single her out and expose her... Who has she talked to?" Venarius marched over to the caged slaves. "Gaby did you talk to Anu?" Gaby nodded.

"Did you tell her where you were from?" Once again the gagged slave nodded affirmation.

"Claudia get her phone from the kitchen draw."

I rushed to the draw and got out Gaby's phone. I turned it on and the thing sprung to life in my hands. Hundreds of messages and missed calls. Feeling sick, I took the phone over to Gaby so she could unlock it.



Gaby, Mistress and I sat in silence as the van sped through the night. I had my foot to the floor not caring if we caught speeding tickets. It was nice to be in ordinary heels, but I wished it had been under any other circumstances.

Gaby's parents were dead. Killed in a hit and run auto 'accident.' Izzy, Gaby's sister was coming apart and had dissolved into tears when Gaby called her back.

To us it was clearly a trap. But one our eyes were open for at least. We were not unprepared.

Gaby, grey of face with bloodshot eyes, stared forlornly ahead as tears ran silently down her cheeks. Our owner was texting furiously on her phone as I drove.

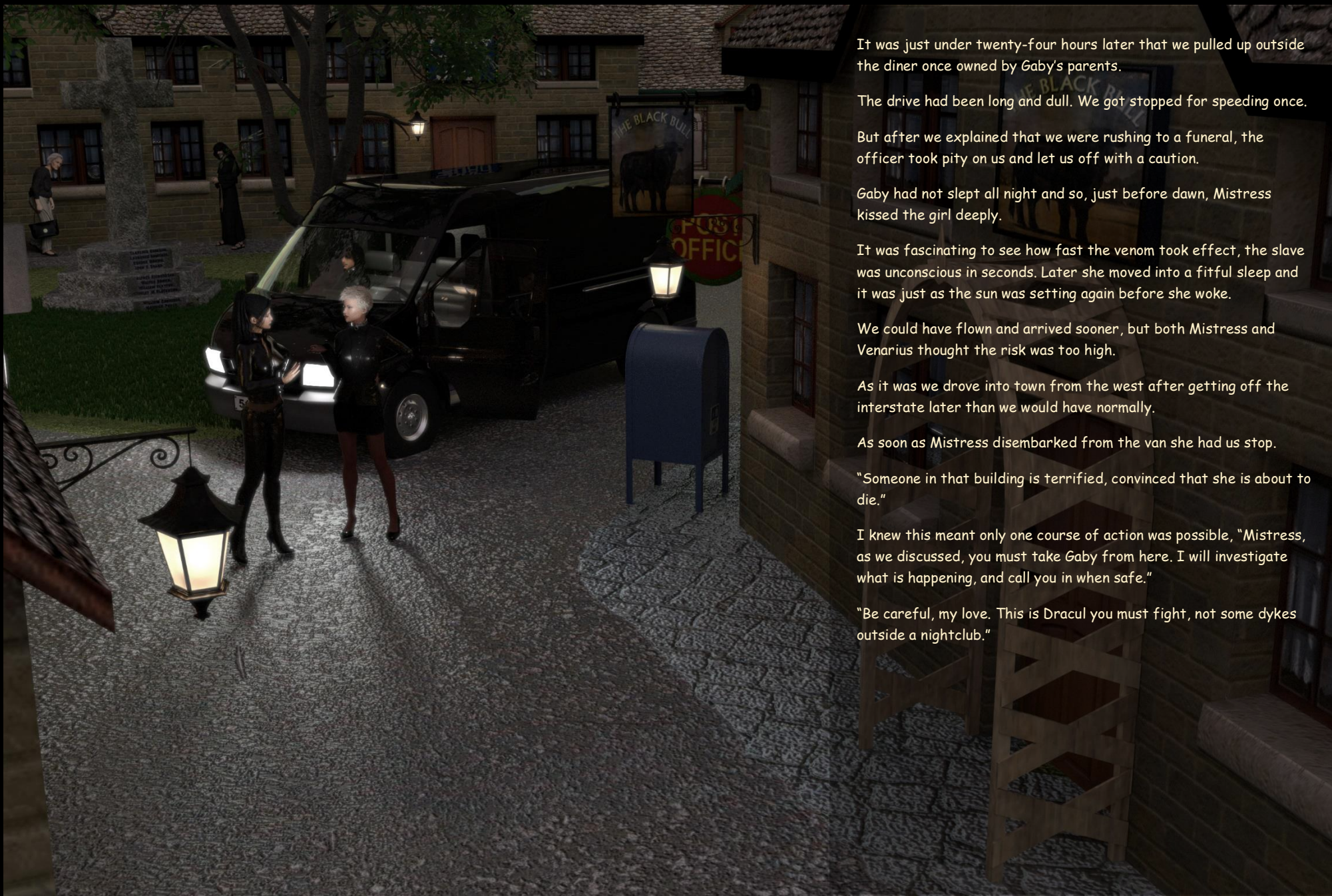
Venarius was back at the loft with the other slaves, trying to make it look like we had not left. Ready, if the attack came there.

Narlinea put away her phone and rested a hand on each of our thighs, "Okay girls, that's sorted. We just need to get to Izzy as quickly as we can now."

"Yes, Mistress," I responded automatically.

"Pull in for gas at the next station. I'll drive on from there so you two can sleep."

"Yes, Mistress," I repeated, though I did not think either Gaby or I could sleep.



It was just under twenty-four hours later that we pulled up outside the diner once owned by Gaby's parents.

The drive had been long and dull. We got stopped for speeding once.

But after we explained that we were rushing to a funeral, the officer took pity on us and let us off with a caution.

Gaby had not slept all night and so, just before dawn, Mistress kissed the girl deeply.

It was fascinating to see how fast the venom took effect, the slave was unconscious in seconds. Later she moved into a fitful sleep and it was just as the sun was setting again before she woke.

We could have flown and arrived sooner, but both Mistress and Venarius thought the risk was too high.

As it was we drove into town from the west after getting off the interstate later than we would have normally.

As soon as Mistress disembarked from the van she had us stop.

"Someone in that building is terrified, convinced that she is about to die."

I knew this meant only one course of action was possible, "Mistress, as we discussed, you must take Gaby from here. I will investigate what is happening, and call you in when safe."

"Be careful, my love. This is Dracul you must fight, not some dykes outside a nightclub."



After watching the van leave, I turned to face the door to the diner. Dracul almost certainly waited within.

It seemed fitting that the last Old One in the USA had such an absurdly apt name. I had one advantage; as a famula I was theoretically Protejat or protected.

All Demonia were hard wired to not attack or harm a famula, the carers of their young.

But my love had killed when she ought not be able to, and Dracul was fighting for his life.

Stepping inside I was met with a scene of pure horror.

Izzy was Gaby's identical twin, and so it looked to me as if Gaby stood in peril before me.

Izzy wobbled on one leg atop a chair, her limbs bound to her in a mess of leather straps. Poor Izzy was nude, and her flesh bore angry welts that hinted at a heavy session with a bull whip.

Her arms bound behind her and her shoulders cruelly pulled back. It was eerie, but only the thick bush of pubic hair, and the lack of nipple rings, betrayed this was not Gaby.

Izzy's face was blotchy and tear streaked, but the worst of it was the noose, chokingly tight, around her throat. The rope somehow attached within the false ceiling. If Izzy fell she would surely hang.

A muffled voice rasped out of the shadows, "Anu said you would come. I thought her a fool. But is seems she was right and you are the fools."



I could not make out Dracul in the shadows behind Izzy. For all I knew he could have a gun on me. Nervously I stalled for time.

"Dracul, you don't have to do this. Don't sully your name so."

"Sully my name? You know not of what you speak."

"You're a Vladislav. Your father showed the way a real man..."

"My sister has filled your head with nonsense, child. Our father starved himself to death in shame. It was he who sullied our name."

His voice was still muffled as if he had a box over his head. Izzy was gesticulating wildly with her eyes that he was to my right.

"This child is too young..." I started.

"Nonsense!" He cut me off, "She is bound in her own equipment. Even as she teeters on the brink this mewling cunt is slick with lust."

I was inching closer, though still unsure how to free the girl. Suddenly he exploded from the shadows. A huge black cape and hood masking his true form, his face hidden by a gas mask.

A glimmer of silver betrayed a blade and I ducked under it by a hair's breadth. Wildly I punched where his wrist ought to be.



My fist connected with something hard and the shock numbed my arm. I gasped in pain but the knife clattered to the floor.

Before he could recover I dropped to the floor and grasped the handle of the blade. Rolling onto my back, I saw him kick out at Izzy's chair. He then turned to me. As he loomed over my supine form I threw the knife in desperation. He dodged the missile easily.

Pushing away with my feet I tried to slide away from him. Desperate to gain some distance so I could regain my feet.

Dracul, in a billowing cloud of black cloth, advanced as fast as I could retreat.

As he closed in upon me I kicked out but he dodged my thrusts as easily as the blade. The faceless monster towered above me so, wretchedly,

I tried a leg sweep.

He jumped but my shin caught his boot.

It was enough to spin him in the air.

Arms flailing the side of his head came down hard on a table.

His neck made a sickening crack and his body fell limp to the floor.

I stared hard at his cadaver for what seemed like an age, terrified it would reanimate. Then I gave a start and looked up to where I expected to see Izzy hanging.

But Izzy was on the floor, thrashing and making horrible choking noises. In a panic I scrambled over Dracul to reach her.



The noose was tight about her throat. Grabbing the knot I removed the hideous thing from her neck.

Instantly Izzy drew in huge lungfuls of air through her nose, as I worked on releasing the gag.

Eventually, after much fumbling behind her head I got the thing off.

Letting her head drop onto my lap I looked into her eyes.

The panic was gone, she seemed okay.

"Thank you," she gushed. Then, "Who are you?"

How did I describe my relationship to her sister? "I'm Claudia, Izzy, I brought your sister home for the funeral."

"Gaby's here? Quick, get these straps off me."

"Izzy, first an understanding, we do not call the police."

"What? Why? Are you scared, as that was totally self defence. That throw with the knife though! Damn I thought I was dead and then the knife whistled through the rope. Wow!"

I looked up at the ceiling to see the knife embedded there. Did I confess it was a fluke?

"No police, Izzy."

"Then what do we do with the body?"

"We'll work something out."



The reunion between Gaby and Izzy was almost comical. Gaby fussing over her sister's wounds.

Izzy far more interested in Gaby's collar, and when she found out about them, her nipple rings too.

The funeral was a largish affair mostly because Gaby and Izzy's parents were so well liked in the community. The numbers disguised the security Narlinea arranged in case Taydem did not recognise her defeat.

After the service, Gaby was given some time by Narlinea, to say her goodbyes to her sister. However, when they returned, Izzy asked if she could come back with us. Neither Mistress, or I, were surprised.

It turned out the diner had an industrial hog roaster out back. So Dracul's body went in there. Gaby had fun, with a hammer, making sure there were no teeth or recognisable bone fragments afterwards.

Happily, I fed my love twice while we were away. We fucked afterwards both times. I felt like the luckiest girl on the planet, that I was going to live for centuries in my lover's collar.

Laying in Narlinea's arms, in a motel bed, on the journey home.

I aired a worry that had crossed my mind at the funeral, "Mistress, will I outlive all the girls? Will I have to bury them when they die?"

"Unlikely, my love, perhaps Jess, but you never know. Demonia typically pick their first famula from the slaves that feed them. Thus with each new daughter there will be some turnover amongst the slaves."

"So they'll be like me?"

"Yes, slave, like you. Now stop talking, and put that magical tongue of yours to better use, girl."



Things moved pretty quickly once we returned back to the loft. Venarius met us with the news that Taydem had gone to ground.

A search party had been sent to her home in Spain to discover the place deserted.

My love decided to put the woman out of her head and start focusing on building a new demesne. She had me haggle with Venarius officially. A lot of it was moot as it had happened already.

But the loft was officially Narlinea's along with Gaby. The price was the right to sire her next litter and another at a later time after she had mated with some other Demonius.

Narlinea turned all the remaining girls in the cage. Izzy, Nita, Jess and Monica all begged in turn to be enslaved for life.

I have to confess I found their submission arousing. To watch my love turn enthusiastic fetishist's into willing, but very real, slaves was incredibly erotic.

Afterwards she had me fit each with steel manacles connected by two foot of chain. No more going out or wearing clothes for the girls in my charge.

Next she decided to make the loft more conducive to our lifestyle. Nearly all of the gym equipment Venarius had treasured was removed.

You should have seen the faces of the removal men when they caught sight of the girls, who took great delight in teasing them.

A long table and seating filled the empty space along with a fridge and stove so Monica could cook for her sisters.

We even got a couch and TV, though I kept that off until all the daily chores were done.



One nice highlight was the collaring of the girls. Though that was preceded by a most unusual visitation.

The dominatrix who held the keys to Nita, Monica and Gaby's collars insisted in visiting the women before handing so many keys over to one person.

She arrived on a motorbike with her own submissive on a leash. The slave was beautiful, and I was sure I recognised her from somewhere.

Dressed in an amazing catsuit, and tall boots, she looked a vision on her lover's arm. I made a note to copy this beauty's style.

Initially I wondered if her owner may be Demonia, until I caught her ice blue gaze regarding me over her spectacles.

I escorted her to the girls, where I was surprised it was Nita who spoke up on behalf of them all. Reassuring Mistress Tawny that she and her sisters were happy. They were under no duress, and very much wanted to remain Mistress Narlinea's slaves.

To reinforce this, my love had me open the cage, and told the girls they were free to leave with Mistress Tawny if they wished.

The girls stared back at their owner blankly not knowing what to say, until Izzy stepped forward and pulled the cage door shut once more. Which provoked a lot of laughter from everyone.

Mistress Tawny then happily handed over the keys, and asked if she could gift Narlinea some collars for Jess and Izzy, so all her girls matched.

My owner happily accepted the offer, inviting her to return the next day to help collar the girls.



Mistress Tawny accepted the invite and departed on her monster motorcycle, her latex clad submissive hugging her from behind.

"Mistress, would you like a motorbike?" I asked wistfully, slightly jealous of the Gallic beauty's excuse to hug her owner.

"They are fun, love, but if you want a hug just ask," responded my mistress. Doing that thing where she seemed to read my mind.

"I encountered Tawny's girl a fair while back you know. She was in the company of some ugly characters. I almost considered making her mine that night."

"What stopped you, Mistress?"

"The girl loves ferociously and exclusively. Wonderful traits in a lover, but not quite right to be a famula. Tawny is a lucky woman, they make a beautiful couple."

"They did seemed nice, Mistress," I offered unsure what else to say.

"In the future, slave, should the opportunity arise, let them drink from you. Nice people should catch a break now and then."

"You'll make them thralls?"

"No, slave, those two would make powerful friends."



Mistress Tawny returned the next day, this time in a luxury sports car. Both she and her girl were dressed elegantly in beautiful gowns.

My love changed into a gorgeous dress in black silk, with a luxurious fur cape, but I was reduced to nakedness the same as my sister slaves.

Venarius arrived dressed as smartly as the women and so the ceremony began.

The girls were made to kneel in a row before the two Demonia and the two humans.

One at a time I escorted each one up to stand before our owner. If they had a collar on Mistress removed it and asked them to beg for it back.

Each girl did, and Mistress collared her in a stainless steel collar matching mine, uttering the words that melts me every time.

"For life, slave."

Once all the girls were collared, Mistress called me up and repeated the ritual. I found myself crying with joy as my love replaced my collar.

Afterwards, I returned the girls to the cage. As I returned to the party I heard Berseh ask my love why it was so hot.

My owner smoothly replied, "I keep my girls naked, it would be cruel to make them shiver too."



A few days later Mistress and I were watching TV. A gagged Nita hung close by, my love having recently fed from her. The TV was showing the devastation caused by wild fires globally. The pictures of misery were hard to watch.

"Mistress, have Taydem and Anu been caught yet?"

"Caught, my love? I don't think anyone is actually after them."

"They tried to kill us, Mistress."

"But they failed, and they lost the war."

"Gabby and Izzy's parents? Will there be no retribution."

"There already is my dear. Vanda heads The Council, and Taydem has no power. Everything she wanted has been taken away from her."

"But that seems unfair, should there not be a trial, Mistress?"

"Claudia, one day two lowly slaves will be raised up, and will have the ears of two Demonia just as powerful as Taydem. Justice will be done... Eventually."

"You mean Gabby and Izzy, Mistress?"

"Of course, slave. I have no doubt my future daughters, if my past ones are anything to go by, will be keen to wreak havoc to make their new loves happy."



"Mistress is that how Demonia operate? Are there no laws?"

"To be honest with you, Claudia, The Council has been mostly occupied with keeping the acts of the Demonius secret and the men out of jail. We have a bit of a watershed moment before us now. I'm not sure, beyond increasing our numbers once more, what the future holds."

I stared at the TV lost in thought, as pictures of flooding now, from a storm down south, paraded across the screen.

"Mistress, how long am I going to live?"

"This again, slave? Two, three centuries, why?"

"Where will we live Mistress?"

"This place is a bit cozy. Tawny said there are some places near hers..."

"I think I know what Demonia need to do now, Mistress. If we want to survive."

"Go on," encouraged my love.

"Mistress, we have to stop the humans from making this planet uninhabitable."

My love looked at me, and then hugged me close. "Claudia, my love, that is a wonderful idea."



EPILOGUE:

So here we are twenty years after the end of the Demonius War, as it is now being called. Posing for a family threedee, heck we're even letting the slaves kneel at the front.

Demonia don't celebrate annual events, but this seems a watershed moment and Narlinea wanted to mark it with a ceremony.

My love bore Venarius' litter; three boys and two girls. The boys take after their father, especially in the most important way. It is a relief to know a Demonius need never kill to feed again.

The girls, both great beauties, and as smart as their mother. Mihaela took Nita to be her first famula, and Crina selected Monica. Neither choice was a surprise to anyone.

The girls being inseparable from their slaves almost as soon as they could talk.

With the creche empty I'm fending off Venarius' brothers looking to bed Narlinea. As head of The American Council we can afford to be choosy.

We stayed in the loft for just six months until Tawny found us an estate much more in keeping with the Vladislav name.

Mistress Tawny has been such a close friend of my love. She also helped us acquire the club and hit on the idea of the special Torture Weekends to recruit slaves.

Talking of friends Mistress Suzie settled in Santa Carla and runs the West Coast now. Though Mistress is lining her up to replace her as Council leader now we are getting ready to leave.



The estate is all a buzz with preparations for our departure. Mihaela is coming with us, but Crina is staying and taking over the demesne.

Narlinea, as a gift, gave Crina two slaves to start her stable. Jess, and a firecracker called Murphy.

Murphy was one of the better finds at Sturgis, Mistress taking me each year to the rally, mostly I think to show me off. Though I think she enjoys the ride there and back as much as the partying.

We are always a hit, I mean heck, a latex slave on a leash in a biker bar? For me the ride is everything. Hundreds of miles on the back of a Harley, hugging my love.

We mainly travel to find new slaves. Mostly because it is hard not to source from friends social circles if you hunt too close to home. As free as Tomsen Town is, everyone knows everyone else.

My love engineered her wish with Mistress Tawny and Berseh. It turns out Tawny likes to switch from time to time. It comforts me that my gift was given to the couple. Especially someone as kind as Berseh.

But it's time to move. Both to start the mission and because when you don't visibly age it's difficult to stay still.

So finally I get to go to Australia. It's going to be a challenge. But saving the world... No one said it would be easy. But in my love's collar nothing seems impossible.

I sometimes think of the foolish girl who resisted and fought Narlinea two decades ago. I wonder what she would make of me? A slave, in love, and happy to be collared.

THE END