

Fallen Angels

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

SLAM

Yet another guard's body slammed limply against the wall, before plopping to the ground, unconsciously. Though he was as armed like a shark and geared like a marine, he was simply no match for Jane's ferocious chest kick. Just like with all the previous surprised guards, everything had happened too fast for him to signal the alarm.

"Will you leave some of them for us?" Sabina whispered annoyed towards her associate. "You do your little thigh chokeholds, let me kick some ass" Jane bit back with a playful smile. "Nothing little about these, girlfriend!" Sabina bounced back, giving her strong, shapely thigh a slap. "Guys, be quiet, there's another one coming up!" Elena, the nerdier (and more focused) of the group, alerted them in the same low-volume voice.

Charlie's Angels waited patiently on the corner of the narrow hall. They were all narrow halls, dark ones too. "The Countess" played right into their stealthy hands. The infiltration of this despicable baddy's hideout -built inside a mountain's cliffside - was going peachy! Soon, the Angels will have apprehended the criminal mastermind, one they've been tracking down for years.

"Ok, you can have this one" Jane offered the next unsuspecting "prey" to her colleagues. The three hottie agents were all dressed in some very flattering skin-tight, bodysuits, the fabric flexible and elastic like spandex, though much more durable for a secret mission like this. Each suit had a long zipper going from their pubic mount up through their breasts and up to their neck. A tight belt was around their waists, and two more were around their thighs, containing extra gadgets that might come in handy. Matching combat boots adored their feet.

Jane, the English brown-skinned girl with long, straight dark-brown hair and full, juicy lips was dressed in a full-black bodysuit, accentuating the curves of her tall, lean body. She was the more arrogant of the group, but also the most fun.

Sabina, the short-haired wise-ass of the group, was dressed in a red bodysuit. Her naturally brown hair had cool, blonde highlights all across her head. While the Caucasian girl's default vibe was more boyish than the other two, she could switch it up at any second, turning into a Lolita bimbo for the purposes of the mission. Her slim body and pretty face helped that cause.

Lastly, Elena, the shy, more delicate Angel, was dressed in a purple bodysuit. Her brown hair and brown eyes could mesmerize any "target", as could her gorgeous physique. Elena wasn't your typical computer geek. Being a skilled martial artist like the rest of her squad, Elena could melt your heart one second, then stop it from beating at the very next.

"Yeah, like I would ask your permission..." Sabina replied to Jane's "kind offering". A brief, knowing glance between her and Elena was all it took. Feeling the guard approaching from just around their corner, the two angels jumped in front of him.

Before the guard could react at the sudden presence in front of him, Elena swiftly kicked the automatic weapon from his arms, then dropped to the ground in a runner's pose, just in time for a running Sabina to rush behind her and jump on her back, flying up in the air towards the stunned guard's head. As she flew towards him, Sabina bent backwards, making her body parallel to the ground and opened her legs, so that she met frozen man's neck crotch-first. As soon as she tackled him to the ground, her thighs were already wrapped around his neck, squeezing his windpipe.

"Tsk, ts, the ol' flying thighs routine..." Jane left her hiding spot to sigh at the two girls undeniably awesome fighting choreography. "You're just jealous" Elena gave a satisfied smirk, as Sabina was almost done knocking the guard out. He was really red in the face.

"I'm sure that's how every man would want to go to sleep" Jane commented, standing over the guard, who was struggling to free himself from Sabina's inescapable leg-trap. "Ditto" Elena added, as the guard finally plopped limp and Sabina could release her killer-thighs and join the girls.

"We're closing in" Elena spoke to her watch/communication device. "Keep moving Angels. The countess is on the end of this maze!" the young Angels heard Rebekah's voice through her ear bug device. Otherwise known with the code name Bosley 342, the 45-year-old operative of this feisty squad was typing away at a laptop, the hacking technology allowing her an x-ray view of the Countess' ruddy dark lair. Three flashing red dots moved along the narrow hallways. "You got it Bos" Elena replied in the intercom.

“Take a left here” the beautiful woman guided her agents. She was sitting on the back of a non-descript van, parked in remote wilderness, about a mile away from the Countess’ fortress. The cougar was wearing her favorite light-brown coat with its trademark huge collar reaching down her belly. Her pretty blue eyes were covered behind her signature yellow-tinted large aviator sunglasses, paired nicely with the woman’s pristinely styled, platinum blonde, shoulder-length hair.

Finally, the three body-suited agents reached a huge, wide space. It gave off the scent of a throne-room. It appeared devoid of people. There was nothing artificial on the endlessly tall ceilings, which ended in bare, untouched rock that formed gnarly stalactites pointing downwards. The actual floors were made of pitch-black marble, which glistened under the lights coming from all angles of the almost round room.

Clap....clap.....clap.....

“Well done Angels...you’ve reached the end” an imposing black woman, around 35, gave the infiltrators a slow clap, though dignifying them enough to rise up from her throne-like leather chair. Her voice echoed in the vast emptiness of the room, as she spoke from across the vast room. The countess was standing on a semicircular platform, elevated about 10 feet from the Angels’ level.

The black woman’s appearance was rather true to her nickname, as she wore a modernized version of a countess’ strapless dress. A black leather overbust corset hugged her voluptuous DDD-size breasts leaving her cleavage, collar bone, neck and shoulders exposed. Beneath the corset, the wide, red skirt of her dress, full of intricate lace details, reached down to her ankles. The woman’s alluring lips were painted a dark-red color and her black braids, woven majestically together into a single strand of bulky dark hair, reached all the way down to her thighs. It was adored with plenty of jewellery across its length. While the Countess wasn’t taller than 5’11” her stature and dominant aura made her appear like an amazon.

“It’s over, Countess!” Jane spoke with a defiant tone. “Surrender now and we’ll make sure your cell is as comfy as this room” Sabina added, as she and the other two agents approached the platform. “Well, maybe less spacious...” the short-haired chick added, as she, Jane and Elena reached in front of the Countess’ platform, looking up determined towards the confident woman.

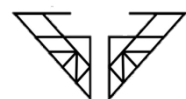
“Haha, you girls are funny...” the black woman stood up from her royal chair at her own pace, her 6-inch heels clicking with grace as she approached near the edge of her platform. She did not appear the least bit worried about her impending arrest. There were no stairs or anything else for the Angels to currently reach her.

“...but I don’t have any intention of leaving this place” the woman replied with a confident smirk. “In fact, I’d prefer you staying here...” she said and before the three agents could realize what was happening, the Countess pressed the lone button of a detonator in her hand. Suddenly, the three women lost the floor under the feet, as a huge, square-sized trap-door opened underneath, sending them falling a good 15 feet into an oubliette. The three parkour-savvy agents managed to somewhat break their fall and not really hurt themselves, but this was the only silver-lining in sight. As soon as they fell, a clear Plexiglas floor automatically slid in the place of the collapsed one, sealing the women in this deep cell.

“Bos’, do you copy? We’ve been compromised! Rebekah?!” Elena yelled at her watch/transmitter. Silence came from the other side of the line. As the identical desperate calls of Elena came all grainy through Rebekah’s laptop speakers, the woman was busy being chloroformed by three guards, two holding the struggling, moaning woman down while the 3rd was pressing the soaked rag over her mouth. It appeared that the Countess had done her homework and was prepared for this undercover invasion, hitting all points at once. With her hand hopelessly reaching out towards the laptop, towards Elena’s worrying voice, Rebekah’s eyelids weakened, along with her struggling, until they finally closed.

Back in their pit, the three Angels tried to run climb up the vertical walls of their enclosure, with no luck. It was way too high, without a single crevice to hold on to. “You won’t get away with this” Jane warned the Countess through her teeth. All three agents looked up at the villainess with pure hatred, having the tables flipped on them. “We don’t talk during nap time...” the smirking woman said before detonating the chamber’s knock-out gas to flow from the vents located under the women’s feet on the floor.

Immediately, the girls’ area was filled with a thick ominous mist. The three Angels started coughing, desperately trying not to inhale the sedative gas, but without succeeding. Sabina went to reach for the tether hook on her right thigh’s belt-pocket. Maybe she could hook it onto the Plexiglas wall and rise herself above the fumes. She unclipped the pocket, took out the small gun-shaped device and before she could aim it somewhere high, she lost her senses and collapsed on the floor. Her two friends followed seconds later, falling lifeless next to her.



CHAPTER 1: BOUND ANGEL WINGS

The four captive women's eyes slowly opened, their heads still ringing from the recent sedation. They were all bound in an upright spread-eagle. Their ankles were tethered with leather cuffs metal floor rings. Their arms were equally spread in an X-shape, their leather cuffs attached to horizontal metal long bars, jutting from the wall behind them. That way, anyone could not only marvel at their bound form from all angles, they could also walk around their restrained forms with ease. The four secret agents were all lined in a row, facing the same direction.

"Hmfff...mmfff?" Elena, Jane, Sabina and Rebekah quickly realized their inability to speak, caused by the very thick, black leather bit-gags that had been wedged behind their teeth and buckled tightly behind their heads. Drool was already dripping from the leather stuffed between their lips onto their sexy bodysuits.

"Finally, I haven't gotten all day, you know" the Countess entered the much "cozier" room than the previous one. Two guards stood at either side of the closed door. The lighting was dim here, focused beams of it shining both from the ceiling and from the floor towards the girl's spread, vulnerable bodies. Things looked bad for the three agents and their boss.

"Hi Miss... Bosley, long time no see" the Countess approached her 10 years older blonde, letting her code name linger. She had been waiting too long to get the former Angel in her claws. The X-spread woman did not dignify a moan, simply eyeing her captor with daggers. "Let me make you a bit more comfortable" the sensual black woman said, before producing a switchblade, which sprang from the handle with a metallic swish sound. "MMffff! MMmmmm" that got Rebekah talking, as her coat was soon torn to shreds off her body, followed swiftly by her white blouse and bra. As much as she struggled, the four points of her bondage were not budging at all. The three Angels could only witness the indecency, gagged and bound inches away.

"Not bad for an aging hag like yourself...I'm sure I can find some role for you in my humble home" the Countess twisted the metaphorical knife, eyeing the 45-year-old woman's exposed breasts. Accounting for the mature cougar's age, they were not particularly shaggy, offering a nice spectacle, along with her slim figure. With little delay, the Countess run the sharp blade from the belt of the woman's stylish grey pants, along her thigh, knee until it sliced through down to her ankle. "GNffffgffnnnnnn!" Rebekah tried saying something, only causing more drool to escape her red lips. "It's okaaay, almost there..." the Countess replied cooingly, as she repeated the cut to the second pant-leg, until the blonde woman was only left with her panties (and heels) on.

“Wouldn’t it be craazy if I just sliced your throat right here?” the black woman said as she stood real close to Rebekah, then suddenly grabbed a good blonde tuft and placed her blade right up to her neck. “MMMNNGGGGff! NNNNNMMMMHHH!” a symphony of frightened, protesting moans came from the 3 bound angels, seeing their leader’s life all but gone. The Countess kept the knife menacingly, watching Rebekah breathe heavily through her huge, leather gag, her blue eyes fixed on her dark ones.

“Thaaaat wouldn’t be fun, though” she broke the tension by letting go of her terrified captive. “It’d be too easy, too quick” she surmised. Rebekah looked traumatized, though the three girls could not be looking at their taunting captor with more hatred.

“What do you think, Miss Tomboy?” the teasing villain turned her attention towards the identically restrained Sabina. “FUUKK YUHH!” the feisty chick tried exerting some defiance, dribbling saliva down her suited body. “Oh you’d love that wouldn’t you? Such a closet carpet-muncher if I’ve ever seen one” the Countess paced behind the helpless girl, infuriating her more. As much as Sabina tried to insult the woman, all that came from behind that thick bit-gag was gibberish.

“Oooh, don’t tell me you wouldn’t love a tour down my muff” the Countess whispered right in the girl’s ear, as she wrapped her arms around Sabina’s chest. “I’ll shave it just for you, give you a clean field to learn in...” she continued, groping Sabina’s perky - barely a B-cup - breasts over the skin-tight suit. “MMMMmfff!” the short-haired girl let out a pained groan, though it was mostly her pride that was hurting. “Let’s help you out of this...” the Countess said as she pulled the red bodysuit’s zipper down, from Sabina’s neck below her chest, uncovering her belly button and ending just above her pubis. With a dangerous, but precise flick of her blade, she made Sabina’s bra useless, cutting it through the middle to reveal Sabina’s small, supple tits. She then spread the opened suit on Sabina’s chest to clearly display her breasts.

“Nice...” the sardonic woman commented, twisting the girl’s nipple and eliciting another moan. Sabina shook furiously in her bonds, finding no slack. She could not wait to kill this bitch at the first opportunity.

“Should I tame the proudest of the group first, Miss Kano?” the femme-fatale moved on to Jane, who was fuming, panting with anger next to Sabina. “Then everyone else will follow suit, right?” she addressed the girl of a milk-chocolate complexion, lighter than hers. Jane tried not to make a fool out of herself with gagged moans, simply eyeing her captor. Her eyes though, betrayed her deep worry. This was NOT how the evening should have concluded.

“Maybe I should cut your pretty little throat...you know, set an example?” the woman stood behind Jane as well, putting the blade against her soft neck. “I can still roll with 3 new slaves, instead of 4” she

terrorized the (self-proclaimed fearless) damsel, squeezing her C-cup tit over her black suit. "Mmm...mmmm...mmm..." Jane's breathing turned into audible moaning, with the possibility of her life ending at any moment. "Naah, that's too much of a juicy piece of ass to get rid of" the Countess removed the blade, taking a look at the bound girl's dark-clad behind. She pulled on the skin-taut fabric on the girl's asscheek and sliced it with her blade, starting a tear which she worked around the girl's behind, until all of Jane's firm booty was exposed. Her underwear was similarly discarded quickly, giving sight to Jane's chocolate "buns", poking through her full-black bodysuit.

Smack

The woman's dark palms echoed in the small room as they smack-grabbed Jane's asscheeks, the satisfying flesh-slapping sound indicative of the agent's "cushion". "Ffff...ffff....ffff" Jane was now fighting an internal battle to compose herself through this insulting treatment, her heavy breaths "slamming" against her leather gag. "Calm down there filly" the Countess blurt out as she gave Jane an infuriating "there-there" kind of slap on the face, before making her way towards her final plaything.

Elena appeared the most speechless and scared out of the 4, fighting her cowardice to keep her eyes locked with the Countess'. "How cute! You'll be my favorite toy for sure!" the villainess saw right through Elena's attempt at a "tough-gal act". "MMMMmmnnnggrr!" Elena mumbled some incoherent response, only making her female captor happier.

With little "foreplay", the black woman yanked at the front of the purple suit's crotch, where Elena's private were covered, then tore it with her blade like butter. Another couple of slices on the woman's panties left Elena's youthful, hairless cunt the only visible part of skin that her mangled purple bodysuit showed off.

The Countess had little respect for the woman's consent or bodily autonomy, prodding her finger inside the spread-thighed girl's pussy. "NNNGGGGG!" Elena moaned. "Do you still have your hymen, little one?" the Countess felt around the inside of the woman's sex. "You must be too busy for a boyfriend...fighting crime and such" the countess moved face-to-face with her restrained captive, her nose almost touching Elena's.

"My knife can take care of that V-card for you" she said, placing the flat side of her blade up against the woman's delicate labia. "Hmmmffff!" a pitiful cry escaped Elena's lips, the young Angel fighting back tears, trying to appear stronger than she currently was. "It's ok, i have plenty of other instruments to stab your cunt with..." the Countess whispered, giving a small, tender kiss on the poor woman's forehead. A promise that definitely sounded more like a threat.

The Countess then turned away from Elena, changing her whole femme-fatale tune and addressing her many guards in the room. “Finish up here” she ordered them with a stern, strict voice, then started walking towards the exit. She never turned behind her back to gaze as Jane, Sabina, Elena and Rebekah writhed and screamed into their gags as 8 guards approached their spread-bound forms, with unfortunate intentions for the women’s clothing. Her toys would need to be fully “disrobed”, in order to get into their new outfits.



CHAPTER 2: A ONE-SIDED CHIT-CHAT

The Countess' living room was unlike anything else. With architecture and décor reminiscent of a fetish castle, the dominant woman certainly had her own taste in things. Lots of unconventional lighting, without any lamps or chandeliers, but coming through the walls and floors. The strong lights countered the dark-colored elements of the space, making the many rubbery or metal surfaces glisten under them. This aesthetic permeated the rest of her vast private manor, which (amongst her plentiful staff) she shared with her beloved 15-year-old only-daughter, Artemis.

The dark-skinned woman, elegant as ever, was relaxing on her leather sofa, sipping a glass of dark-red wine. Even she, in her reserved, imposing presence, had difficulty containing the excitedly nervous shake that the top one of her crossed legs was exhibiting. She was, to put it lightly, gleeful, dressed in a dark-blue, midi leather skirt and a matching sexy top (more like a bra). A hooded dark cape covered the top of her head and ran down her ankles.

"MMMUUUUUUUUUnnggff!" a quartet of muffled protests came from one of the hallways, as her four most recent "guests" were brought into the room by four guards. Their hands were restrained behind their back with thick, leather cuffs and so were their elbows, pulling their shoulder-blades together and forcing their tits to press out "proudly".

If they weren't being manhandled/dragged by the Countess' henchmen, they'd have a tough time walking in their new footwear, over-the-knee, shiny ballet boots. As it travelled lower, their 7-inch-tall heels fused with the shoes' platform into one precarious ball-point in the middle of the shoe's underside, making them literally impossible to stand on. Where the boots ended on their thighs, sprang wide, frilly rubber thigh-bands. Like the rest of their attire, the pair was "compromising" to say the least.

The four captured agents were dressed in material of the same shininess as their obscene, unwalkable boots, the latex fabric pressing tightly against the curvature of their bodies. Each outfit and its accessories matched the Angel's recently destroyed bodysuits in color. A shiny black for Jane, a blood red for Sabina, a bright purple for Elena and a light blue for Rebekah, matching her pretty eyes. Though someone could call these outfits "bodysuits" in their one regard, they were much less dignified than the previous ones.

Resembling a latex, one-sleeved, bikini onesie, the backsides of the suits displayed 2/3rds of the women's asses. A zipper on the crotch gave readily access to the women's privates at their owner's whim. As if to demonize the body-part itself, a pentagram is displayed on the suit covering their pubis. While the latex covered their bellies with skin-tight pressure, it exposed their breasts in a full and crude way, through a cavity of the suit in the chest. The chest-hole was in the shape of the lower half of the Leviathan cross symbol (or Satan's cross), comprised of an open infinity-shaped (or horizontal figure 8) part where the women's tits went through. The second part, an upside-down double cross, was not hollowed out, only formed through stitch-lines on the latex fabric, the cross ending up at the suit's collar.

Matching-colored nipple covers in the shape of pentagrams had been irremovably adhered over their nipples, with tassels dangling from them. Over the suit's neck-tight latex collar, a metal choker necklace was secured around each of their necks. They were as sleek as they were ominously snug around their wearer's throats, making their presence constantly felt. The choker collars' seemed like an intricate piece of technology, emanating a neon light from a line all around it. The black, red, purple and blue lights respectively were softly flashing on and off.

The countess wanted to display the captured agents like the fallen "Angels" that they were. An image of a pair of devilish demon-wings had been sewn on the shoulder-blades of each suit and cute little devil-tails protruded from the back of their suits, with the characteristic pointy tip at their end.

The four humiliated women were brought a few feet away of the Countess, pushed down to the floor by the guards and forced to kneel. As soon as they were done, the guards backed away, leaving the floor to their mistress.

"GUUUUGGGGghhhh!" Jane hurt her goal of appearing the least bit intimidating, whilst trying to menace the Countess through a wide, ring-gag that painfully stretched her jaw agape. It only made drool slip from her rounded lips and fall onto her pristine floors. All the other agents wore identical gags of matching color, trying their best to not make a fool out of themselves. Jane's dark-painted lips and mascara matched the tone of her slave-suit. Similarly, Sabina wore a red lipstick and mascara, Elena a purple set of make-up elements and Rebekah a blue one. They all wore long artificial eye-lashes and wore Alice-bands with cute little devil horns on them.

"Soooo..." the Countess observed her four toys' new appearance, seeming very pleased with it. "I have my four Angels, well...that name doesn't suit you much, anymore" she said, standing up to approach the row of kneeling slaves. "Horny cunts sounds more accurate" she said, fake-pricking the tip of her finger on Sabina's PVC horns. "Your individual names I've already taken care off, though" she said, turning her attention to the engraving on Sabina's metal slave-collar. "Isn't that right, Giggles?" she cooed at Sabina. The word "Giggles" was calligraphically carved on the front of the girl's metal collar.

Though she didn't understand the implication of this new nickname, Sabina felt insulted by it nonetheless. She had a name and it sure as hell wasn't "Giggles", or Smiley or any other silly adjective. The short-haired brat moaned enraged, putting one knee forward with her wobbly ballet boot down and trying to get up and brute-force charge at her captor.

"Calm down, Giggles..." the Countess spoke in a relaxed tone, already having a diminutive name for Sabina's slave-name, then pointed the little remote towards the woman and pressed one of the two buttons. Immediately, Sabina was struck by a sharp pain and fell to the floor, convulsing as electric current passed through her whole body from her triggered collar. Her whole body spasmed, her legs flailed randomly as her face was in contact with the floor and her saliva becoming foamy as it dripped from the ring-gagged lips onto it. Sabina's eyes had rolled back in her head. All the other 3 could do was watch in terror.

"Anyway, I hope you like them, since I won't be bothering to ever change them." the black woman said, finally releasing her thumb from the button and ending Sabina's electrifying "lesson". The Countess kept slowly strutting in front of the four women, three kneeling and one floored now. The three women shortly after would learn their newly assigned slave-names, handpicked for reasons that would become painfully obvious as their stay progressed:

- Jane had been renamed "Brownie" and not because of her chocolaty complexion.
- Elena was now addressed as "Drippy". While she was a sensitive gal, this only created a double meaning for her new, more literal name.
- Finally, Rebekah's collar had the name "Shaggy" an insulting (and incredibly harsh) description of the 45-year-old woman's perfectly fine breasts. Unlike the three Angels' mysterious slave-name origins, this was a straight up dig from the Countess, toward the Operative spy that had given her much trouble in the past. Rebekah's naturally slightly shagging breasts would now be the woman's primal characteristic, her identifying feature in this new "household". Though the Countess had larger, heavier breasts, her name was not going to change anytime soon.

"So, the way your new lives will work is very simple" the Countess picked up where she'd left off, before Sabina had so rudely interrupted her. She had four pairs of hopeless eyes all rather focused on her. Elena was fighting back humiliated tears, while Jane was trying to compose herself to not tackle the black woman and needlessly earn herself a shock.

"You belong to me. You will do exactly as I say, without hesitation. Any refusal or failure to comply will result in a world of suffering for you" the Countess spoke to her ring-gagged, bare-chested slave-group.

“Nuuu...UUH!” Rebekah shook her head defiantly as she looked up at the Countess, refusing to participate and standing up for herself and her spy-team. Her tongue was adorably poking through the large ring wedged behind her teeth, undercutting her proud stance. The other three Angels also moaned similarly, not dignifying the Countess’ “proposal”.

“Case and point...” the chocolate-skinned woman replied composed, expecting this push-back. Using the same tiny controller as before, but pressing the second button which controlled all four collars, the mistress showed her slaves how “encouraging” electrical current passing through a human body could prove. All four women involuntarily dropped on the floor, twitching and convulsing by the electrocuting shocks. This was not your typical touch-the-door-handle zap of static electricity. More the “do-they-use-this-on-the-electric-chair?” type of voltage.

“Since you are so outspoken, you’ll have the honor of pleasing me first, Shaggy” the Countess approached Rebekah while pulling the zipper down the side of her leather skirt, letting it drop to the floor and her heels stepping out of it to reveal a naked, gorgeous cunt, with a pretty curly pubic bush on top. Rebekah and the other spies were still catching their breath from the torture, gagged and bound on the woman’s floor.

“Get up!” the Countess was not playing anymore; Rebekah obliged getting back on her knees. The black woman, shorter than all of them, grabbed two tufts of the woman’s blonde hair and pulled Rebekah’s head between her loins. “Gugkmmmm!” Rebekah moaned and shook her whole body tried to pull away, but she had zero leverage to avoid the woman’s pulling. “If you don’t start licking at once, I will zap you and all your spy bitches until you’ll be as good as lobotomized. Same deal to me” the Countess disarmed the blue-latex-clad woman’s struggles.

With a defeated whimper and all three Angels eyeing her with sad eyes, Rebekah stuck her tongue through the ring-gag, stimulating her enemy’s pussy. “Eyes up her loose-tits!” the Countess insisted, giving Rebekah a momentary shock, with the spy’s face remained buried in her cunt.

“One inch closer and I’ll fry her brains out of her skull” the Countess saw an enraged Jane trying to sneak closer and attack her, threatening to make the orally busy Rebekah pay for her friend’s scheme. Jane stood perfectly still, fuming at her inability to help.

“Not bad for a first time, though after a few days in the punishment room, I’m sure you’ll all pick things up” the Countess said to the pussy-smothered Rebekah, who eyed her with malice over her hairy pubic mount. “You will all learn to pleasure me perfectly, just how I enjoy it” she said to the rest of her frozen slaves while her pussy was being tongue-lashed by her Caucasian slave. “Nothing better than some white bitches to worship my pussy” the Countess smiled, looking down at the white, blonde spy. “Don’t worry sugar, you’ll be busy “frenching” my “balloon knot” she eyed the frozen, gagged Jane, referring to

her anal ring. It was now painfully clear why the name Brownie was chosen. “Ngguuuuuhh!” Jane moaned some random curses, unable to contain them from the sheer indignity. The Countess gave her a 5-second timeout of electricity to calm down.

The anticipation and the sheer sight of having the famous Bosley 342 lapping at her pussylips was enough for the woman to achieve a great orgasm. Only then did the black woman let go of the spy’s blonde hair, and Rebekah’s head snapped back, as she coughed through her ring-gag.

“That was fun, but to be honest, your performance was pathetic” the Countess criticized her inexperienced heterosexual slave’s pussy-eating skills. “You should thank your Mistress for letting you lick such divine pussy” she said looking down at Rebekah. She meant it, too. “Go on, thank me” she said to the puzzled enslaved woman. “U uhh” Rebekah bravely shook her head, baring her teeth with her gagged growling. “Alright” the Countess said, and Rebekah found herself once again spasming onto her floor by another electric shock. Rebekah lost once again all control of her body, trapped in unbearable pain for as long as the woman wished.

“Next time, all four of you will get it” the Countess was losing her patience. Rebekah stumbled to get her torso back over her legs. She sighed, utterly humiliated, but left with no choice. “Huunk ‘ouuu, ‘lhtrehhh” **Thank you, Mistress** she said through her obstructing ring-gag. “Fooooor?” the Countess wanted to hear the rest. Rebekah furrowed her brows, angrily, sighing again. “...Hor lu’ing muh lek ‘or ‘e’ine ‘uhy” **For letting me lick your divine pussy**. Rebekah was mortified, and the other three shared her humiliation.

The Countess nodded, satisfied, before turning to her guards. “Take them away to the punishment room. Show ‘em what they can be looking forward to with such lousy pussy-licking.” the woman ordered her security staff, which dragged away the screaming, hopelessly fighting women out of the villainess’ living-room.



CHAPTER 3: AGONY IS ONLY A GUIDE

There was no room for misinterpretation or mystery surrounding what the “punishment room” entailed for the four captive agents. Different “disciplinary” stations were located, spread across the large room, which was otherwise empty to a sterilized level. The cream-white tiled floors and similarly light and blank walls completed the room’s cold vibe. The visual vacancy of the room made it look like the combination of a medical facility and a divine shrine. In a way, both these terms were accurate, as this place would in large, “cure” its guests of their troublesome human traits, like pride and self-respect, though a mentally transforming process that a lot of cultures would deem ritualistic in nature.

Though Jane, Sabina, Elena and Rebekah might object to that notion. Each woman was hitched onto a different apparatus, designed for her prolonged torment.

Jane, the heart and pride of the group, found herself in a rather undignified position. She was kneeling bound inside a clear, Plexiglas box, not much larger than her body. Ankles and knees were tethered to the box’s floors through metal cuffs. Her arms were restrained behind her back, onto a vertical metal bar that her back was leaning against. But Jane’s bondage was not her biggest worry, but rather where she was bound.

A beautiful glistening porcelain toilet was at the front of Jane’s Plexiglas cell, elevated by the small, three-steps-high platform it was on. A clear, rubber tube, around 2 inches wide, started from the back of the toilet and ended up in a black, PVC panel gag/mask, which was tightly affixed over Jane’s face. The mask reached over the girl’s nose, able to smother it with two retractable nostril plugs on the inside of the nose-cover.

Currently, Jane could breathe just fine through her nostrils, but only through those, since the trap-door component on her mask/gag was currently sealed fully shut. And that was the point, since the last thing the black spy wanted to do was smell her surroundings. Already risen more than 5 inches in height and covering most of Jane’s floor-touching, naked legs, was putrid, brownish sewer water. The entire sewer plumping of the Countess’ vast mansion ended up here, through a round hole in the back of the wall-adjacent box. The Countess had dozens upon dozens of staff, working at her property at any given moment. Any flush of a toilet, brought the toilet wastes to splash inside Jane’s box, adding to this filthy compartment.

The nail in the coffin of the girl’s ego and self-esteem was her completely missing hair, her pretty dark-brown long locks shaven clean off her head. The Countess had a good feeling that losing her hair would hurt Jane more than any other Angel. She was right. Miss Kano wanted to die from sheer misery.

The bald woman was swaying her gorgeous naked body back and forth (as far as her bonds allowed), taking continuous constitutional “damage” from the fecal scent that was invading her nose, appearing as if she had been dozed with a terrible drug. She had already vomited a couple of times from the stench, but with her gag blocking any “exit”, she had swallowed everything back up. Besides her neon-lit steel slave collar, which (like her spy-mates) had been welded around their necks, rendered irremovable, the black Angel was devoid of her slave-suit, only clad in a semitransparent, rubber bib around her neck, which ended in frills on its round edge. It was so small it didn’t even cover the young woman’s luscious jugs.

“MMMMMMMMmmmmmm!” Jane furiously struggled in her enclosure and bondage, causing the disgusting puddle surrounding and half-covering her body to splash around. She could NOT take the small anymore, and she was only locked in there for about an hour. A distant flushing sound was heard and a few seconds later another gallon or so of toilet water (along with a few “solid” ingredients) washed through the hole, adding to Jane’s misery.

About 20 feet away from her, in a different contraption of the punishment room, Sabina was not having a better time. Only different. The bratty Angel, also stripped of her fetishy slave-clothing (except her flashing collar), was bound onto a mechanical contraption, the frame on which she was lying on making a 45° angle with the floor. Sabina was much more restrained than her previous spy partner. Leather straps, springing from slit on the frame’s surface, tightly wrapped around her ankles and above the knees, forcing her legs half-spread and her genitals exposed. More wraps went over her waist, under bust and neck. Her arms were also restrained taut above her head at the wrists, so that they touched. The tautness of the position left no room for any motion.

But that was not even all for Sabina’s bondage. Special attention had been given to the woman’s size 7.5, exposed feet, which were prevented from moving in any direction. Trapped around the base of each toe was a brass-knuckle like toe-trap, only specifically molded to Sabina’s feet and toe-size. The trap was rendered immobile due to two metal bars, springing from the frame and attaching on its sides. Thus, Sabina’s feet were also frozen in space, nothing but the faintest of toe wiggles allowed.

And Sabina would have LOOOOOVED to be able to move her soles, given the assault they were under. Her feet, along with various spots all across her naked body, where being mercilessly tickled by an automated tickling machine. Seemingly hundreds of mechanical arm-nobs, each with a little feather at it tip, was making soft, oscillating movements of various speeds and range, all upon the young woman’s defenseless form. Besides the concentrated “attention” on the surface of her soles and her trapped toes, rows of feathered “ticklers” were spamming all along the length of Sabina’s legs, with large density of tickles focused on the inside of the girl’s thighs. Moving up along the “coast” of the girl’s sides, many more “work” was being done, especially on the woman’s rib-sides were being given an intense treatment. The woman’s belly was also being treated to a continuous tickling. Finally, Sabina’s lifted and

exposed armpits were given considerable “affection” by the machine, as was the entire length of her taut arms.

Sabina was never the effeminate, stereotypically charming gal that would enable her date’s stupid jokes with fake-giggles and submissive energy. She was usually the one cracking jokes, especially on her spy team. You’d never see more than a naughty smirk on the smartass girl’s face. Now, she would give back all those laughs hundredfold.

“MMMMm...MMMM mmm mmm mmm!!!!.....MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM mmm mmm mmm!!!” the bratty agent let out unwilling moans of inflicted laughter, sounding more like wailing like any expression of joy, through a white panel gag/mask similar to Jane’s. As if to add insult to injury, the mask had a cheeky artwork of a cartoony laughter over the girl’s actual mouth. Over the girl’s white, leather blindfold, a couple of laughing cartoon eyes came to complete the taunting appearance that was hiding the true torment of the girl.

What was more intriguing (at least to a computer-geek bystander, since for Sabina it was horrible) about these tickling appendages was that their operating patterns were not set, but slightly alternated and changed with time. This was due to the data-feed that the microphone attached on Sabina’s gag was sending the machine. Measuring the volume or laughter (or more accurately, moaning) and coordinating it with the tickling pattern, the machine calibrated its “arms” to double-down on the areas of “high response” i.e. lots of laughter. With each progressive “appointment”, the machine would learn Sabina’s weak points, her most sensitive spots and exploit them for maximum torture. The short-haired punk was already suffering “pretty successfully”, sweating buckets after only an hour. Her breathing was coming out labored, from the instinctive spasming strain that the continuous tickling brought to her whole body.

The gas-mask’s use appeared mysterious for now, simply an opaque plastic tube disappearing inside the machine. The, a red light flashed momentarily on the machine and a slow hissing sound erupted, as a gas travelled through the tube and into the helpless woman’s system.

“MMm...MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMGGGG!” Sabina screamed, realizing the laughing gas being “pumped” into her. She had no way to avoid breathing it in.

On a different corner of the room, Elena was in different, albeit equivalent peril. The Angel was standing beneath a rectangular frame. Her ankles were shackled with not enough slack for the girl to really close her thighs, and her arms were tethered to opposite corners of her frame, above her head. While she was more dressed than Jane and Sabina, her outfit actually made her blush more than if she was stark-naked. Dressed like a trashy rubber slut, the demure agent was wearing 7-inch-tall, magenta-

colored sandal heels with plenty of straps crisscrossing up to her knees. Her toenails (as well as her fingernails) had been polished a matching magenta.

Moving up, a TIIIIINY magenta rubber skirt with cute pleats all around only pretended to cover her up. The skirt was so short it did nothing to hide the girl's tight ass, as well as her crotch, both displayed shamelessly to everyone. The girl had a tramp-stamp spiral tattoo (a very real one, because why not?) and her navel pierced with a dangling heart.

Elena's face had been "done-up" with even more exaggerated make-up than her previous one, her lipglossed, magenta lips wrapped around a big glossy, bright pink ball-gag. Her matching mascara completed a look reminiscent of a real fuck-doll. Huge trashy hoop earrings adored Elena's ears, matching her outfit. Her hair, dyed also a strong pink, had received a buzz cut on one side. The word **"SLUT"** was visibly shaver-written on that side. The countess had not yet decided how to "interfere" with Sabina or Rebekah's hair, but she loved the choice she'd made for her youngest one and Jane.

Elena's sexy titties were squeezed into a rubber bra that operated more like a chest harness, pushing each tit out through a triangular hole and giving easy view of two pink, vibrating eggs, taped right over the young agent's hardened nipples, with two strips of thin, but strong, pink tape. The eggs were buzzing with intensity, making the young spy squirm, chained as she was on this steel bar-frame.

If only these were the only instruments of her enforced arousal! Clearly visible through her barely existent clothing, a two-sizes-too-small, pink, rubber thong, with straps that reached way above the skirt and dug around her waist, kept a Magic-wand style vibrator firmly pressed against poor Elena's inexperienced cunt. The head of the Hitachi was removable, so that the thin base of the sex-toy was going through the small hole in the girl's "underwear". No matter how much she furiously shook her hips, Elena had no way of dislodging either the torturous sex-toy, or the wedgie-giving thong that held it in place.

For the cherry-on-top, Elena's pure little asshole had also been violated with a vibrating anal-plug. The "external" component of the sex-toy, a cute, pink gem glistened between Miss Houghlin's tight ass-cheeks.

"MMMMMMMMNNNNfff!" Elena cried out as she desperately pulled against the chains of her leather wrist-cuffs and stomped her tall, fuck-me-dry sandal pumps on the floor. She was trying her best to mentally travel away from these arousing feelings.

And for a good reason. As soon as her cunt contracted with another spasm of sexual release, Elena received a violent electric shock for her sinful reaction, causing her whole body to convulse in its bonds. The small censor sticker inside her pussy picked up any physiological response to her enforced pleasure and punished her for it with a mean 3-second-long zap, triggered on all three sex-toys.

So it wasn't just the humiliating sexual stimulation that tortured the young damsel, but also the painful repercussions of her body's natural, involuntary instincts.

Elena was always the least sexualized gal of the agency. While her beauty could seduce the most cunning of crime-lords, Miss Houghlin preferred to leave that sort of dirty-work for Sabina or Jane. They appeared to enjoy it more anyway. Elena always dressed respectfully and acted accordingly, except of course, when some asskicking was due. Now, she looked like a rubber whore of the lowest grade, condemned to indefinitely suffer for her lustful ways.

The cordless vibrator, dangling from between the girl's slim thighs, was soaked in Elena's sex juices, dripping down from the toy onto the clean floor. Never had the young Angel received such intense "treatment" on any of these erotic zones, never mind all three simultaneously! "Mnnnggg" a stifled moan escaped her drooling pink lips as another involuntary Kegel from her horned up pussy caused another disciplinary jolt. Her whole weight was now hanging by Elena's wrists, as she appeared completely exhausted.

Drained, in more ways than one and terrified in anticipation of the next moment her own body would "shock" her.

Lastly, Rebekah, the leader of this "neutralized" spy team, appeared to be stripped of any authority along with any self-respecting clothing. With a 5-centimeter thick ball-gag in the form of a rainbow lollipop, wedged behind her teeth, the bound woman could do nothing but incoherently protest her degrading treatment. Dressed like a naughty latex schoolgirl, a concept that by itself mocked her "past-her-prime" age, Rebekah was wearing a black-and-red plaid and pleated latex miniskirt, though the skirt's backside was mysteriously missing, exposing the woman's ass liberally. She also wore a white, rubber shirt with its buttons aptly undone to reveal plenty of cleavage. Her platinum blonde hair was styled in some very girly pigtails, with red ribbons on each one. Red, 6-inch-heeled platforms covered her feet.

Like the rest of Countess' new slaves, Rebekah had been allowed limited movement. The blonde, blue-eyed agent's wrists were manacled a few inches off the floor with a short chain. But what kept the chain and her arms taut was the fact that the woman was forced to bend over at the waist over a steel U-shaped bar, just wide enough for her hips to lay over it with no wiggle-room. The short height of the bar and the woman's floor-shackled ankles meant that Rebekah's naked ass was perked up and flaunted behind her, in a rather vulnerable fashion.

This vulnerability was currently being taken advantage by the automatic spanking machine, which was repeatedly slapping each asscheek at high velocity, at a steady beat of 1 spanking-per-second. The device consisted of two metal bars mounted on the floor, behind and to the side of Rebekah's rather plump white booty.

Much like a flag on a pole, each bar had a flexible, leather paddle attached on the top. These were not solid like the ones a dominatrix swings with her hand, rather, elastic like thick, heavy whips. The bars rotated via a motor, swinging the paddles along with them. Sadly for Rebekah, her exposed ass was right on the path of their trajectory. They simultaneously slapped the woman's tender flesh, getting pinker and pinker with every spank. One paddle, the one striking Rebekah's right "cheek", was red and had the word "**silence**" on it, while the left one was black and wrote "**please**" across its flat surface.

The "request" was much more than a theme-fitting joke. The tiny microphone installed inside the woman's red ball-gag was triggered at any human sound of 25 decibels or higher, administering a VILE electric shock to the two electrodes snapped over each of the spy's exposed cunt-lips. Since the shock was so brutal it always produced a squeal of pain, the ballgag's mic was inactive for 2 seconds during that period.

"Mmmm...MMMNGGUUAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUGH!" poor Rebekah writhed as the slightest moan escaped her red-lips upon paddle-impact, causing her genitals to be fried as a result.

And that was only one half of the spy's predicament. Right in front of her ball-gagged face, was attached a small tablet, its screen simulating a teacher's blackboard. Rebekah's ballgag had a small, white, short stylus sticking out of the ball's front, appearing much like a piece of chalk. Rebekah had been "tasked" with mouth-writing onto the tablet/board with her chalk the phrase:

I've been a naughty school-girl and deserve to be punished

Hindered as she already was, the woman had to write down the phrase in under 60 seconds, and otherwise the speed of her spank-machine would increase by 20BPM.

Over this past hour, Rebekah had already gotten from 20 BPM to 60, and although she had improved her mouth-writing skills, things were not looking good for her. The tablet would recognize if the woman was scribbling nonsense and only register "proper" lettering, so she couldn't "cheat" to save time.

Having to concentrate on both shutting up and taking her corporal punishment like a good girl AND complete her "affirmations" on the board, was physically and mentally taxing. Her tenderized bottom was becoming increasingly more sensitive and sore with each powerful strike of the paddles, making the woman's enforced vow of silence tougher to keep.

Rebekah clinched her eyelids shut, straining to swallow her yelp, as the paddles “rained down” on her ass again and again, with no end in sight. Things could not improve, only get worse.

“How are we all faring out?” the Countess entered the room, receiving four looks from four pairs of hateful, worn out eyes for her sarcastic comment (well...three, since Sabina was blindfolded). The villainess was joined by a 18-year-old girl, looking much similar to her, with the same darker complexion and her long, braided dark hair. It was Artemis, her only daughter. She appeared much like a younger version of her mother, equally beautiful and with the same grandiose self-importance. Her style was fittingly more youthful than her mothers, though just as eccentric and avant-garde. Pairing together seemingly separate elements like her short, blood-red leather miniskirt with these thick, almost rope-like, black fishnet stockings, and chunky ankle-high platform boots. Above, she wore a colorful and extremely loose blouse, running below her skirt. It was completely mesh with huge gaps, which allowed view of the teen girl’s tight belly and her bra. Many tattoos adored her slim body, and a pair of elaborate earrings completed her teen-Diva look.

“Ooo, the tickly machine, you haven’t used that in a while, mom” Artemis skipped with a carefree air towards the writhing Sabina. The Countess followed her daughter with a much slower stride, gazing upon her suffering subjects. “This thing must be really be doing a number on you, huh?” Artemis bend over the gagged, blindfolded Sabina, who could only listen while trying to withstand the unending tickling torture. “I’ll do you a favor, so that you’ll like me” Artemis left little subtext, though her tone was often sarcastic. The young girl closed the tickling apparatus, and all the feathery fingers retracted at once.

“MMmm...mmmm...mmmm...” Sabina used this sudden break to catch her breath, exhaling and inhaling deeply through her mask/gag. Rebekah, Elena and Jane could only observe at the two black women’s standing over their frame-bound partner. “That’s nicer, isn’t it?” Artemis started gently caressing Sabina’s naked body, moving from her thin waist to her slightly poking ribs then up to her breasts, barely touching them with the lightest hand. Sabina’s body language was stiff and the bound spy-girl was silent, not appearing to appreciate the impromptu tenderness. The Countess simply stood beside her daughter, watching her play cat-and-mouse with her new toys, silently proud.

“Oh...you don’t like my caresses? I can do other things, too” Artemis said, starting to tickle Sabina’s armpits with the tips of her perfectly, fuchsia-manicured fingers.

“MMnnngg...MMMMMhmmhmmhmm...PPPMmmmmMMMMM!” Sabina jerked desperately in place, subject to the teen’s whims by all the straps keeping her immobile. Her armpits were as available to Artemis’ hands as a 5-dollar-whore’s mouth is to an incoming cock.

“I’m bored, gonna go check the toilet one” Artemis left Sabina as quickly as she begun torturing her. While her daughter was poking against Jane’s Plexiglas cage, making her feel like the sewer version of an aquarium fish, the Countess turned Sabina’s machine back on.

Fsssssssssssst

Another hiss of the laughing gas was triggered, set to a timer. “Oh, it’s THAT low? Can’t have that...” the 35-year-old woman said, turning the nob from 5% to 20%. There was more laughter coming Sabina’s way.

Artemis appeared intrigued with her mother’s new slaves, much like a kid when their parents bring home a new pet. Artemis “fooled around” with all of them. With only a single letter remaining to complete the “naughty schoolgirl” phrase, Artemis grabbed Rebekah’s pigtails so that she couldn’t reach the virtual blackboard, just long enough until her time-limit to expire, and her spanking tempo to increase. “What are you, dumb? It’s a simple sentence...” Artemis could not stop giggling, though the frustrated, gagged blondie did not find the joke one bit amusing.

Elena got some teasing from Artemis, too, in the shape of some tender “foreplay”. The teen did not have any sexual reservations, kissing the 10-years-senior woman on the neck, nibbling and biting. Despite her young age, she knew what she was doing. Elena could not have been feeling more violated, despite the barely adult girl’s gentle touch. But it was a touch that brought her more unwilling arousal. Artemis “stirred” the round head of the Hitachi up against Elena’s sopping-wet cunt and gave her tight ass a good groping.

“Mom’s says you’re the nerd of the group...” Artemis said with her hands wrapped around Elena’s hickey-marked neck and ball-gagged face, looking at her plaything from really up-close. “I think the skills you’ll learn to please me and mom will push all the computer jargon out of your little head” she said, giving Elena a kiss on the top of her thick pink ball-gag, pecking her upper lip.

The Countess was expecting to partake in this fun intimidation toying, but watching Artemis do that dance a spider does with its webbed prey, just as well as mom, gave the woman a huge satisfaction, if not a tingling feeling between her legs. Her daughter could be an integral part of her new slaves’ lives. “Ok, Artemis” the Countess spoke in that authoritative motherly tone. “Mom needs to use the restroom, so if you please...” she raised her brows suggestively. A naughty smirk formed in Artemis’ face. “I’m

going to have a large piece of chocolate cake, then an iced latte and I'll come visit you, Brownie!" Artemis tapped on Jane's glass before exiting the room with the same lively pace.

"I love her, but she can be a bit...overwhelming at times" the Countess addressed Jane as soon as the door closed behind Artemis. Jane, of course, as all the other Angels, could only listen to their mistress, with eyes betraying their apprehension. "But having a child is a wonderful experience..." the Countess spoke as her heels clicked on the three steps that led up to her porcelain throne. "Pity you will never experience that joy" the woman still addressed Jane, even though she could no longer see her, as she lowered her knickers and sat on the toilet. "I guess your pleasures in life will be simpler... rarer..." the Countess spoke while she urinated. "MMmmngg! MMG!" Jane battled with her bonds once more, though her lean muscle was no match for thick steel.

"Look at it this way. You'll come to appreciate all the little things..." the mistress spoke, relieving her bowels. She did not care whatsoever that the rest of the Angels bared witness to this private moment. They would all be acquainted with her private affairs very intimately, anyway.

After wiping herself and tossing the dirty paper in the bowl, she stood up, looking down at her slave soaking in her filth, through the top of the glass box. The black spy-girl's eyes met hers with a fiery struggle. She marveled at her slave's spirit for an extra second. When that fire would be ultimately gone from those long-lashed eyes, it would never return. Best savor these moments.

"Bon appetit" the Countess then pressed the flush button. The yellow and brown contents of the bowl were swiftly drained with only one way to go: Through the tube connected to Jane's gag.

As soon as the flush was activated, a wireless signal was sent to Jane's gag/mask, plugging her nostrils while simultaneously opening the previously sealed gag. "AAAAuuuggh!" Naaaaaaauuh!" the black girl writhed and screamed, shaking her head frantically, as if this did anything to overt the waste's path. Her captor's piss and shit traveled fast through the tube with one way direction to Jane's pretty lips. The flush's water did very little to dilute this disgusting "flood" incoming. If anything, it made it larger in volume.

The liquid and solid waste, fresh out of the Countess' body, reached Jane's face. With her nostrils plugged shut by her mask, the girl was being suffocated. Only way to find air was to "consume"

everything blocking her mouth's airway. The girl twitched desperately, looking around to the other Angels, as if they could do anything to save her from this peril.

"Gugghh, *cough* cough* ghhkkK!" Jane's survival instinct soon kicked in as she started swallowing the Countess' piss. The woman's two-piece excrement had found blockage on the lower part of the tube, against Jane's lower lip. The shit only "tainted" the flowing piss with their vile taste. Jane had to use all her willpower not to start coughing or she'd surely drown in her mistress' waste. As more piss flowed with the flush's force, the solid excrement, along with the mushy, brown-stain toilet paper, all but completely smothered Jane's mouth, being pushed towards her gullet by the yellow flow. In a moment of ego-shattering debauchery, Jane opened her lips and let the excrement and the pulverized traces of paper flow into her mouth. With her oxygen dangerously running out, she started downing the feces, piece by piece! Her whole body was convulsing and shaking, her eyes were pressed tightly shut. This could not be happening!

Miss Kano might have always thought of herself as "hot shit", but that metaphor was hitting to close to home right now. The Countess' excrement was still pretty warm from being inside her body seconds ago. Jane prayed for her taste buds to fully die at this moment, but they were rather functional. There were no words to describe this vile taste. Tears were flowing from her fake-lashed eyes. It appeared the rubber bib was only there for show, since with the airtight seal of the tube-mask, nothing missed the damsel's mouth.

Rebekah and Elena watched horrified, unable to help. With some last, desperate gurgling sounds, poor Jane managed to swallow her horrific meal, only a few traces of fecal matter remaining on the bottom of her mouth-tube. They would be "cleaned" by the next flush. Jane started heavily sobbing from this degrading act she was forced to. The Countess saw everything from atop her little platform, and could not be more satisfied. "I'll get you for this you little BMMmmm...mgmgg!" the automatic timer of the flush (2 minutes) run out and her gag once again returned to a "smelling-only" mode, gagging her curses.

The Countess let out the slightest chuckle, stepping down from her private bathroom stall. "Nobody needs to hear your whining, shit-breath" she replied to Jane's furious, trauma-induced moaning, before leaving her and the rest of the Angels to "take in" the remaining of their painful lesson.



CHAPTER 4: WEARING THEM OUT

-Hmmm...mmgg!

-Come on, Baldy, get your tongue deep into my asshole. You already know how shit tastes like anyway!

Artemis turned over her shoulder as she was standing up, to reprimand the much older girl. Jane's face was currently buried between her naked, perky asscheeks. Meanwhile, Sabina was on the other side of the naked-from-the-waist-down girl, slurping at her dainty pussy. Countess Jr. was having her crotch delightfully eaten by the two adult spy-girls. "Eyes up here, Miss double O Dyke" Artemis said, pulling harder at the girl's short, blonde hair, already in her tight grasp. "And don't neglect my clit!" she added.

Sabina, ordered into a deep, thigh-spread squat by her underage mistress, obeyed reluctantly, her gaze meeting up at the young girl's. The loathing in her eyes was palpable. She could snap this girl's neck like a twig, but here so was, lapping at her adolescent cunt with the urgency of a sex addict.

Artemis liked "playing" with all four of her new house-pets, but something had clicked to her about these two in particular. Maybe because it was more fun poking into these two women's ego, since they could be wound up so easily, with the slightest comment or degrading order. Jane and Sabina were the less cool-headed of the group, and so the girl's demeaning treatment easily drove them wild with rage, rage. Then the best part for Artemis was watching the two girls struggle to contain said rage, in order to avoid further "discipline".

The women's current situation was not unlike their previous days in the Countess' manor, during which the captive spies quickly became acquainted with the Countess and her daughter's naked, milk-chocolate bodies. Their sole purpose was to pleasure the two black women in any way they desired. And ANY was truly an all-caps word in this setting.

At any point during the day, often multiple times, the latex devil-slaves would be ordered to orally pleasure the black woman and her teenage daughter to their hearts' desire. Eating their pussy and ass, licking their nipples, but also their feet or armpits. Nothing was off limits. Whether it was the older woman's plump, juicy booty or her daughter's slimmer, tight buttocks, Brownie/Jane was always assigned to the women's "brown rings", staying true to her name, while Rebekah, Elena and Sabina became increasingly versed in the hidden secrets of their captors' cunts, be it the Countess' meatier, more womanly one, or Artemis' delicate little flower. Both needed to reach climax and with an exciting "journey" to boot.

The expert martial-artists were still restrained from their waist up, their arms strictly strap-bound behind their backs, whenever “serving” their mistresses. Watching them eat ass and lap pussy like common whores, it would be easy to forget that these were killing machines that only needed the slightest opportunity to get the upper hand on you. But as much as they searched for the tiniest, split-second, their useless hands and restrained movement did not aid any karate-chops or flying kicks. The Countess had left the skilled spies no room to MacGyver a synchronized escape attempt. It did not help that the Countess had an emergency button on her bracelet, which could alert her guards, in case things miraculously did get out of hand.

In general, the four slaves very much objected to the idea of sexually servicing these two women for the rest of their natural lives. They would NEVER submit to such humiliating lows. But any objection, delay or protest was quickly disciplined by the slaves’ shock collars. The debilitating pain was enough to steer the stubborn spy-girls towards the path of least resistance, though it didn’t improve their cunnilingus (or anilingus in Jane’s case, or any other ...lingus for that matter) prowess.

Exhibiting an utter lack of enthusiasm, lousy technique, shitty posture, minimum eye-contact, and low energy, the spy-girls’ first days were a demonstration of what a proper sex-slave should not be. The Countess wanted them to NEED to drown in her cunt-juices, to SAVOR her sweaty taste, to LOVE every part of her flesh with their entire being. The four Angels appeared like depressing 5-dollar hookers, while the Countess needed her whores to be mind-broken, sex-junkie, ahgao-faced sluts, begging to be degraded for free.

The four slave-girls were still being too reluctant, too calculating regarding their approach to their new craft, to their new purpose. They had not checked their egos at the punishment room. But that was to be expected. They still had a long way to go.

The Countess was not particularly worried, though. Her slaves were still untamed, but time was on her side. The grueling punishments the women were subjected to, every day for about 8 to 10 hours, would shape them into the proper slaves she desired. The incentive was simple. Do a good enough job pleasing Mistress, and avoid punishment for the day. But since all four angels were being mulish in their refusal to be good little sluts, they all failed to impress the Countess and her daughter, and would therefore earn a date in the punishment room.

Slowly but surely, the continuous, merciless torture was starting to take its toll on them.

Jane became well versed in the taste, texture and smell of the Countess' and her daughter's piss and shit, while constantly stewing in a shallow lake of human waste. Though she was thoroughly cleaned every time she was taken out of her glass enclosure, her ordeal lingered hours later, not only on her nostrils and her tongue, but more importantly, on her psyche. She had a tough time looking any of her crime-fighting partners in the eye, overcome by deep, guttural shame.

The experience had shattered her ego. Being reduced to your enemy's toilet could only destroy one's self-esteem. The agonizingly vile smell of her encasement and her complete helplessness made her feel so small. Losing her precious hair was only the cherry on top.

As for Sabina, she was gradually losing her mind, as a result of the continuous tickling torment. Even after hours upon hours of this instinctive bodily reaction that evolution had created to protect a person's vulnerable areas, the machine (and its useful laughing gas) always found ways to mercilessly squeeze more laughter – and therefore, suffering - out of the poor lass. Like squeezing a visibly empty tube of toothpaste, Sabina always had some more laughs in her, whether she liked it or not.

Her torment had caused the normally handsy girl to be heavily triggered by any type of physical contact, even as innocent as a reassuring hand on her shoulder, coming from her friends. Her lungs and chest constantly hurt from involuntarily contracting with laughing cries for most of the day. The sensory deprivation she was experiencing during her torture affected her, too. Even during her sleep, Sabina was getting glimpses of invincible hands tickling her and she would often flinch awake.

Elena was feeling terrible shame at being seen “enjoying” her sexual torture, something proven (at least in theory) by the constant electric shocks she was receiving. Besides the humiliating nature of her ordeal, the constant arousal was relentless. With her cunt-sensors forbidding any full orgasm, Elena was in a perpetual state of edging, a tease with no goal or end. Her body must have been losing a couple of pounds of sweat each day, the sex-toys literally draining the poor girl dry.

Her torture had taken a huge toll on her mental fatigue, since the young brunette spent the majority of her time shackled there, trying to “will” her body out of existence. The constant arousal appeared to be killing her brain cells, making her dumber with each passing day. Elena always prided herself on her smarts, but this torture appeared to be turning her into a mindless bimbo. It was as if her mind was melting away by pure lust.

The spy-girl tried to dissociate from her suffering, to reach some sort of fugue state, where external stimuli of the flesh did not reach her. But going against her natural biology always failed, causing Elena to slow-roast her pussy, asshole and nipples for the duration of her “time-out”.

Lastly, regarding Rebekah, her degrading torment was retroactively shaping her into an obedient, silent little slave. Having to endure her torture without the slightest moan (or face a terrible zapping of her labia) was really conditioning the older Angel into the proper slave traits. With her mind simultaneously busy with having to constantly doodle her humiliating mantra onto the digital blackboard, Rebekah had no time to reflect on why she was going along with this meaningless shit. The reason was simple though. Lessen her agony.

Her terribly sore, purple-colored asscheeks told the whole story. Her ass had no time to heal for the next day's ass-whooping, making each successive punishment worse than the last. As much as she hated herself for following right in line with the Countess' wishes, Rebekah soon became an expert in ball-gag writing, to lessen some of the pain on her poor peach. Her torment was the most physically demanding and stressful out of all the Angels, putting the spy-leader through the ringer.

There were no windows or clocks in that room, for the Angels to have any clue as to the passage of time. Only factor was their deteriorating physical and mental state. It was always night-time when the Countess' assistants would remove the women's decrepit flesh husks from their disciplinary stations. The four women could barely stand up or get any words out from the exhaustion. After getting them naked and hosing them down with powerful streams of cold soapy water (the Countess would tolerate no sweaty, stinky slaves at her presence) the staff would then dress the weakened slaves back in their standard latex outfits, before leading them to their owner's bedroom, to be stored away for the night. By this point, the captive secret agents were too worn out to mouth to counter with any curse or protest throughout this.

A place of inconspicuous wooden flooring in the Countess' vast bedroom opened to reveal a hatch. These were the four slaves' "quarters". Mistress liked the idea of her slaves sleeping "with" her, in a very broad sense. The small space consisted of a wall-to-wall soundproof-padded, but well-ventilated room. Even if all four of them screamed at the top of their lungs, not a pip would escape the hatch and disturb the Countess' peaceful sleep. A thin mattress covered the entire surface of its flooring, which was also the slaves' bedding. The space was tall enough for the women to kneel or squat inside, but not stand up. Two bowls of some nondescript dry food and water were the only items in this 6x6 feet-wide space, along with a single, flickering light-bulb that was attached to the ceiling/trapdoor.

The four women would try to share a few comforting words of encouragement, before plopping dead-asleep. Even their private communications though, had been "tampered" by their vindictive nemesis. Their irremovable, glowing collars were equipped with internal microphones that could be programmed

to “pick up” certain trigger words/sounds and could also recognize the timber of an individual’s voice. The Countess wanted her slaves to only refer to each other by their newly-given slave names.

Simply saying a word or phrase into the mic 5 or 6 times was enough for the program to recognize it and input it into the “trigger list”. The Angels were “requested” to do as such, both with their past, human names as with their slave names. To work around the possibility of her slaves “cheating” and not referring to anyone by name, the mic had to pick up any of the shortlisted names as one of the first 3 words the wearer spoke (between a 5 second time-spam of silence).

The list of words was their dreaded new slave-names: Brownie, Giggles, Drippy and Shaggy. The words “Mistress” and “Whores” were also registered, to allow the slaves to address the Countess, as well as their own group as a whole.

If anything other than those words was the first or second thing spoken by a slave in a 5-second-long silent spam, her collar triggered, sending a powerful electric shock to course through the “offender’s” body. This function was constantly on, making it impossible for the captured girls to converse without addressing each other with their captor’s demeaning nicknames. The effect of this obstacle was that the girl’s refrained from talking to each other much, their comradery fading quicker that way. Every time someone spoke, they felt such self-loathing and shame.

Their predicament was designed to alienate them from each other and lead them down the path of meek obedience and the enslaved women could do little to counteract their slaver’s measures. Nobody was in the mood for more needless pain, especially after what they’ve been through all day.

Whenever they were not used to service their two mistresses or enduring a long “tutoring” punishment, the Angels were stored back in their windowless cell. They could only look forward to more indecency coming their way. The Countess made it clear that on the other side, on the path of submission, things were better. Easier. But she needed to see true effort and submission from their part. Things she had not seen.

The two weeks and 14 straight punishments that the Angels endured since the day of their capture were the longest two weeks of their lives. Though every night they reminded each other to stick together and weather this storm as one, morale was gradually plummeting.

Back to this wonderful family scene, while Artemis was being double-eaten by her two adult slaves, a few feet away from her, her mother was playing a more “active” role to her fun-time. Standing up, the woman was pegging poor little Drippy in her ass, while the magenta-haired slave was propped onto a low table, head-down and ass-up. Rebekah, or Shaggy as she was now known, had been “tasked” with keeping Mistress’ huge strap-on dildo regularly lubed, by lying under her pegged friend and keeping her face right underneath her gaped rimhole, her cheek literally pressed against Elena’s pussy. With her pretty lips wrapped around the bottom semicircle of the rubber black dick’s profile and her tongue ready and wet, every thrust caused Rebekah’s tongue to trace the length of the Countess’ artificial penis and get it nice and sloppily wet for “re-entry” into Drippy’s anus. The female Bosley was being used like nothing more than a human oil-pump, making sure all 8 inches of the Countess’ cock slid nice and breezy through Elena’s rectum.

It made little difference that Miss Houghlin was in tears from the pain of her anal rape. She felt like her asshole would tear at any second, but could only take the pounding that the black woman was giving her.

“Come on Shaggy, slobber some more! I guess you like watching your agent getting raw-dogged...don’t take those pretty blue eyes off me!” the Countess mocked Rebekah before reprimanding her, even though she was doing her best to produce saliva and lick her mistress’ dildo as best as she could to alleviate some of Elena’s rectal pain. Rebekah did not respond to any of the insulting words, coating the huge black dong in more spit and dribble, her eyes fixed on the Countess.

The Countess loved the dynamic created by pairing the blonde spy-leader with her 20-year-younger subordinate. There were so many fun possibilities to explore. She was envisioning turning her two slaves into a sort of D/s slave-couple. The details of this were still unclear to her, but whatever she would ultimately decide on, she wanted Drippy to play the bottom role and Shaggy the top.

Their distinct punishment roles were largely set. Giggles was being turned into a tickled voodoo-doll, Brownie enjoyed her mistresses’ browns, Drippy dripped all over her everlasting vibrators and Shaggy was being perpetually spanked for being a naughty little schoolgirl. But the Countess liked occasionally changing things around, to keep her poor slave-trainees on their toes, and to add some variety for her sake.

During the 12th day of punishment, the Angels came across a different setup. One they would all share. For starters, they were all dressed in what could only be described as slutty, latex Cheongsam, traditional body-hugging Chinese dresses, with floral patterns. Though these outfits were normally rather classy and beautiful, the particulars the slaves wore were very short and outlined the women’s breasts, nipples and hips with detail. Each one matched the slave’s default color pattern. Jane’s was dark, Sabina’s red, Elena’s purple and Rebekah’s blue.

The reference for their new look was the Chinese water torture awaiting them. Each damsel was strapped meticulously onto a rectangular board of beautiful dark-brown wood, their lined bodies forming a cross with their heads towards the center. After multiple thick leather belts, all attached on the board, bound them to the wood, a similar leather belt was brought over their eyes (with a little nook for their nose). In addition to blinding them, they also pinned their heads on the board and kept them from turning, a necessary part of the impending practice. Each slave's setup featured a dripping mechanism, with droplets of water slowly falling, but not on their foreheads. Instead, the drops fell onto a rectangular, stretched piece of cloth which was suspended a few inches above their faces. Its four corners were pulled taut and attached to vertical bars screwed into the wooden frame, that operated like runners, able to electronically slide up and down.

The setup was reminiscent of another horrible punishment, one every experienced spy was familiar with at one point or another. Waterboarding.

The unseeing women were left to take in their new vulnerable state for a few minutes. Nothing appeared to be happening, except from the few random drops of water, falling from the soaked rag above their heads. Though with every passing second of inactivity, an eery tension was building. An awful anticipation.

Just then, the silence broke when Elena's taut rag was swiftly pulled downwards by the four mechanical runners to completely smother her face, effectively suffocating her!

"MMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmm.....ggggggggggghh!" muffled, drowning screams left the struggling girl, who was suddenly terrified of this abrupt lack of oxygen. The others could only hear her gut-wrenching wails, their faces all a few inches away from each other's. Their friend was dying right next to them and they could do nothing to stop it. "Elena!..AAAuughh!" Rebekah instinctively called out and her collar shocked her for speaking the slave's dead name. "Aaaaaaauuuuuuuu.....guuuuuuuuuuuuh!" Elena's open mouth was outlined by the wet fabric that was making an air-tight seal over her lips. Even the girl's teeth were visible from underneath the smooth moist cloth, as she made these hollow squeals that the women had never heard anyone make before.

Suddenly, the wet square rag was removed as automatically and quickly as it when it "attacked" Elena. The poor spy-girl panted heavily, coughing again and again. Before Elena had finished recuperating from this sudden assault, Jane's mechanism was randomly triggered, and before she knew it, she was the one drowning under a thin vale of water. Before Brownie's abrupt asphyxiation was over, Rebekah's begun.

It soon became apparent that this was a mix of the stress-inducing unpredictability of the dripping torture, with the horrific sensation of waterboarding. The girls had no clue when the next torture would begin or how long it would last. All seemed arbitrary. Besides the Countess setting an upper limit of 1 minute per each individual “smother” (she wouldn’t just kill her slaves for a fun punishment) the programming of the machine was truly randomized.

Each woman was panting nervously, terrified, overcompensating for the next breath that might never arrive. Hearing the horrible sound of their friends, suffocating right beside them, only increased their already heightened anxiety and their fear. Keeping a cool head under these circumstances would be a huge feat for a superhero, never mind mortal females.

The beautiful women wildly bucked as much as the straps circling their bodies and limbs allowed, which was very little. Nightmare-inducing muffled cries, often coming from multiple girls, filled the otherwise silent room. The steady drip of water kept the rags always fully soaked, not letting a single pore of fabric for the women to breathe through. At one point, Elena was full-on sobbing, having a panic attack by the sheer anticipation of another “dive”. The other three Angels were not faring much better, their heavy bondage only adding to their sense of helplessness and panic.

This horrifying ordeal lasted for a good 7 hours, during which, the Angels alternated between energetic struggling and drained stillness, which was only momentary until their air was roughly stolen from them again. The Countess paid them a couple of visits throughout, “checking-in” on them. “You’re doing really well, dear” the black women said, sweetly caressing an asphyxiating Rebekah’s forehead, over the wet rag. The blonde spy could only writhe and suffer mutely, strapped in place.



CHAPTER 5: A CRACK IN THE GLASS

It was another fine day in the Countess' manor. For her and her dear Artemis at least. It was an entirely different story for her four trainee slaves. Jane, Sabina and Elena, Charlie's Angels, along with their team leader Rebekah, found themselves once again surrounding their mistress, who was seated on her lavish throne/chair. As was their mandatory submissive posture, they all knelt with their thighs obscenely spread. Their arms were box-tied behind their backs, as per the usual "safety measures". All wore the same wide ring-gags they wore during their first meet-up in their owner's living room, about a month ago.

The Countess was free of clothing from the waist down, but wore a beautiful long yellow dress, the buttons on it undone to let the woman's big juicy breasts free, only gently supported by an under-bust corset. The villainess had sunk comfortably onto her seat and was currently enjoying Elena's nice, wet tongue twirling around her black cunt. Jane had been left to worship the woman's bare feet, specifically sucking the toes and licking the sole of the foot that was propped up on the woman's thigh, since the black woman was seated comfortably with one leg vertically crossed over the other. Elena's head was between the small hole her shapely thighs were creating.

Drippy's pitiful brown eyes peaked over the woman's pubes, silently begging for air. "Keep at it, Drippy...you'll breathe when I say you can" the Countess said, keeping the headlock firmly around Elena's shaking head, with her strong legs. She didn't want her slave's tiny little mind to be focused on silly things like survival, only on her Mistress' pleasure.

Meanwhile, Sabina and Rebekah were given the task of worshipping the Countess' nipples. With their legs trembling as they strained to stand on their feet on either side of their mistress, barely balancing on their ballet ball-point boots and bent over at the waist like proper sluts, the red and blue slaves were sticking their tongues through their ring-gags, each seductively tracing it on and around the nipple closer to her side. Their mistress had instructed them to also gently sway their exposed tits left and right, making the tussles on them swing delightfully. Their ordeal was a real circus-like performance act.

"Careful down there, Brownie, these are real rhinestones you're tongue-cleaning" the Countess referred to the small precious pebbles she had on her black-polished toenails. There was never a moment the woman did not look dazzling. Even her pedicure featured lavish jewellery. Jane continued suckling the woman's toes one by one and hating every second of it. Her heart was definitely not in it.

“If any of the stones go missing, I’ll make you lick the floors until you find themnnngg...” she said, her preaching interrupted by a wonderful moan of pleasure. Drippy was REALLY hitting the sweet spot, today!

“Yes...yes...” the African goddess closed her eyes, savoring the good vibes that her little slut was giving her. Elena’s bright pink hair still had the word very visible on the side of her head. Her face was equally pink, deprived of much oxygen. Usually, her slaves’ tongues were randomly flailing against her moist flesh, without much skill or insight. But to the Countess’ surprise, her purple slave-girl was checking all the marks today. It appeared that the little cunt was actually trying. The Countess looked down at those pretty brown eyes, looking up at her wet with a submissive glow. No head jerking or mean looks, simply a devotion to her oral cause was visible on Elena’s eyes.

“Keep... going...don’t...stop...AAAAAaaaaahhhh!” the woman squealed, climaxing majestically, finally letting Elena take in air after a couple of more seconds of lapping to bring her mistress down easily. The other three latex-clad slaves did not dare stop their “care-taking” of the woman’s feet, not during nor after she had reached an orgasm. Though their eyes were curiously gazing at Elena’s sudden vigor.

“Hunk uu, M’htruhh f’ l’tnh muh hur’ yuh” **Thank you Mistress for letting my serve you** Elena tried to speak through her large ring-gag, still panting and with her owner’s sex juices still dripping from her lips and chin. Her attempt at human speech only made her drool more on her skin-tight latex outfit and her tits. That phrase made the Countess even more pleased. She always made her slaves verbally thank her after their sexual services were over, but that usually took a prompt from the mistress, and more often than not, an added collar shock. But this was an improvement! Elena had spoken of her own accord.

“You’re welcome, Drippy. To show you that I am a fair mistress, you won’t be punished today” the black woman announced to her kneeling slave, awarding not only the slavish initiative, but the excellent pussy-licking on top. “Hunk ‘uu Mh’truh” a grateful Elena bowed. Rebekah, Sabina and Jane could not believe their eyes.

This bitch was betraying their rebellious cause!

The Countess was rather true to her word. Conforming to her desires drastically improved one’s quality of life. While her demon-friends burned in the hell-pit that was their captor’s punishment room, Elena spend a rather peaceful afternoon, locked inside a big metal birdcage, which dangled about 3 feet from the floor of the Countess’ living room. The cage had black-painted, thick bars, and resembled a

blown-out version of the classic birdcage look, cylindrical body with a hemispherical top. On its center was an actual swing that the girl could perch on, like the exotic bird she'd been turned into.

Though birds are beautiful and soon be seen, too much chirping can be annoying, so Elena was wearing her thick purple ball-gag throughout her stay in the cage, the buckle locked behind her head. A purple bejeweled tiara, like the ones won on beauty pageants, adored the girl's magenta hair, a symbol of her "victorious day". This was also clipped on her hair with lockable clips, only opening with a key. Elena's hands were free, though being locked inside a human-sized cage limited her range anyway.

Just like a pet bird, the Countess had little interaction with Drippy during her day. The pretty woman was there essentially to be marveled at, laying down on the soft pillows of her cage, or swaying on her seat. Elena was not being tortured, which was the most pleasant of changes, but she was feeling completely objectified. More importantly, she was feeling terrible for what her friends were going through at the same time.

At one point, Artemis returned home, feeling frisky. She took Drippy out of her cage, and clipping a leather leash onto the ring of her collar, led her living sex toy into her room. "Hmmm!" Elena stumbled, making small careful steps in her impossible ballet boots of a single point of floor-contact, as the teenager pulled on her leash a tad faster than she could move. "Chop-chop, on the bed" Artemis ordered and Elena obeyed with little to no pause. Artemis opened her closet and pulled out a pair of thigh-to-wrist metal cuffs, one hoop being obviously larger than the other. She locked them so that Elena's right wrist was secured by her right thigh and respectively for her left side.

"Be a quiet little spy-girl" the 18-year-old girl said removing Elena's jaw-gaping ballgag, a trail of drool connecting the ball and her lips before it was tossed aside. Elena was just that, made to lie on the teen's bed. Artemis hastily tossed her panties on the floor and straddled the girl's face, facing her feet. Without much warning, she sat on Elena's face. "Get to it" she simply said, expecting her sex toy to "turn-on" immediately. "MMmmmmmm" Elena whimpered, but got to sucking and licking the teen's crotch nonetheless. Her button nose was practically pressed against the young girl's anal ring, and her lips were conveniently right under Artemis' tight, unfucked cunt.

"Uhuuu, uhhh" the youthful woman let out feminine moans of pleasure, instinctively bobbing her hips up and down her slave's face. She then grabbed a hold of Elena's nipples, readily available right in front of her, and pulled at them roughly. "MMMMMMMMMMMMMnng!" her crotch muffled Elena's yelp of pain. The slave-girl began lapping faster, presuming that her pain was a result of lackluster "performance". It wasn't, but Artemis did not complain for the initiative.

Pretty worked up already, Artemis climaxed soon after, coating Elena's face with her maiden sex juices.

Besides her abusing sex –doll treatment, Elena spent her time locked in the cage, doing nothing. The sexual service she gave Artemis and her mom where only a fraction of the time she spent writhing inside that hellish room. Dehumanizing as it was, this felt like a small price to pay for not constantly suffering in a limbo of sexual edging and genital/anal electroshocks. She was given regular, human food (some potato mash and even chicken) and her presence went generally ignored. Just what she preferred. Elena spent her night in the cage, curled over and around many pillows.

Their softness was only taking some of the guilt that was eating away at her. Her mates were probably hating her right about now. But in her mind, she did what she had to do to survive.



CHAPTER 6: TOXIC JEALOUSY

Rebekah, Jane and Sabina were less than pleased with their mate's decision. Even more so when the next time they met, Elena repeated her "coup" by being a fantastic little whore for the Countess, pleasing her immensely with her submissive demeanor and overall performance. The three women could not accept how Elena was opting to debase herself in order to avoid suffering. This happened the following day, and the day after that. Elena had chosen a path and was sticking to it. Though, the deeper the spy-girl enjoyed the perks of being the Countess' prized caged pet, the more she spiraled into a state of mindlessness and submission. Her mind was becoming numb, feelings of personal agency and self-esteem started fading and becoming abstract concepts.

Elena's "promotion", beneficial as it seemed at first, had largely distanced her from her friends. She became more dissociative, jaded and closed-off. The only time she saw the other Angels was during the moments they collectively served their two Royal Mistresses. And there was not much time for chitchat then. But simply the looks she saw around her, spoke loud and clear. While Jane and Rebekah appeared deeply hurt, Sabina was fuming at the little bitch that had sold her team out. Elena's expression was purely apologetic. But in her mind, they had simply chosen a different route than hers.

The red, black and blue latex slaves appeared more fatigued and lifeless, the punishments affecting them more and more. Though the Countess (and Artemis) still expected nothing short of perfection when it came to their slaves pleasing them. As a result, not only had Elena been "sold" on the concept of less ego = less pain, but she was also in a better shape to please her two black mistresses, compared to the others.

"You know...you're doing the right thing" the Countess spoke to a caged Elena, one quite evening. Elena looked down at her captor through the dark bars, from her elevated cage. "If only your pals could see that their stubbornness will get them nowhere" Elena simply listened to her owner. Her ball-gag prohibited any dialogue, anyway.

"You were always the smartest girl amongst them, you know that this is for the best" the Countess sugarcoated this twisted red pill. "As long as you keep being a good little slave-girl, your privileges will only increase" the woman promised vaguely. "But I need your help to show them the proper path" the charismatic temptress gas-lit her slave. "Hurting them does not bring me any more joy than it brings you" the evil woman lied. "But they still believe they can escape, which is very troubling, since it will never happen" the Countess.

“Charlie is not even looking for you. I’ve staged your deaths to perfection” the Countess explained with disarming detail. Elena listened, her heart sinking with every passing second. The worst, the most painful feeling was that she kind of agreed with her captor. Their chances of freedom were slim to none.

That night, after being well-fed, Elena was brought into the Countess’ bedroom pit to join the others. “Drippy...” Sabina grimaced at having to start her sentence this way, “...what the fuck are you talking about? What you are doing spits on everyone’s faces. We had a pact that we’d never surrender to this bitch!” Sabina was holding herself to not lunge her hands around Elena’s neck. These words were bouncing inside her head for weeks, but instead of remorse, Sabina and the rest were hearing Elena implore them to “play along” and how she “didn’t want anyone to suffer anymore”. Sabina and Rebekah looked Elena with an unconvinced, betrayed look. They also wished their torment could end, but at what cost? Throughout this, Jane was silent, appeared the most traumatized out of all. She looked conflicted while hearing Elena’s words.

“Hmmm! Someone is hungry for ass, this morning” the Countess said, while filing her long perfect nails. She was sitting on a red leather stool, her legs crossed femininely over each other. She was really enjoying the sensation on her naked asshole. This stool was especially designed for Brownie, having a face-shaped hole in the middle of the seat, where Jane’s ring-gagged face was placed at the same level as the seat, securely kept there by a leather strap on the seat’s underside, strapped tightly behind her bald head. Jane’s breasts – perked outwards by her snugly bound arms and elbows - were hugging either side of the single metal pole of the stool, essentially causing the cold metal bar to “motorboating” her C-cup titties. Her folded legs snugly surrounded either side of the bar’s wider base.

The Countess loved starting her day with a nice, “waking” ass-eating. She made sure to delay her morning shower until after this little “treat”, to let Brownie really savor or those tasteful “notes” of her asshole. She sometimes, if she had used the “ladies’ room” beforehand, “forgot” that last wipe you do to really clean everything, leaving her slave to “clean” those leftover traces of filth from her queen’s knot. Such was that day, though you wouldn’t be able to tell from the black slave’s eagerness. Jane was giving her mistress’ dark canyon loong, deep tongue-strides and getting the tip of her tongue within the woman’s anal wrinkles. Usually, the strap behind her head was working overtime to keep Jane’s head-pulling in check, but today, it was almost obsolete. Jane was practically digging her face deeper between the Countess’ asscheeks, as if hungrily fishing for “brown pearls”.

It was apparent that Jane had also switched camps. She decided to be a good little slave-girl from now on. Her dedication to her mistress' satisfaction was rewarded with no punishment for the day, while Elena, despite being obedient and present, became aware of the sudden competition, returning to the punishment room. The seed of antagonism between the spy slaves had been planted, and it would soon blossom.

Elena and Jane went back and forth, trying to one up each other for a week, while Rebekah and Sabina remained subpar in their servicing, thusly never avoiding torture. It was very gratifying for the Countess and Artemis to watch the black and purple latex slave-girls compete for their affection. More accurately, for their mercy. Even though they could have easily allowed both women to rest on their fresh submission, having only one pain-free spot per day did wonders for the way Jane and Elena saw each other. Not as sisters, trapped in the same predicament, but as opponents, able to steal each other's peace and condemn the other to suffer.

Seeing their humbleness increase, Jane and Elena's gags were now often absent during their "use", in order to serve their mistresses better. The two young slaves had more freedom to kiss, suck and generally pleasure their mistresses' bodies more adequately. Of course, not the slightest hush was allowed, a rule that Drippy and Brownie obeyed faithfully. Not proven themselves yet, Shaggy and Giggles remained ring-gagged, still disciplined from time to time for whining without a rhyme or reason through their gags.

But the red and blue slaves were only running on the fumes of their resilience. With half the squad gone, and with their never-stopping punishments crumbling their strength (both mental and physical) both knew, even though they didn't admit, that it was only a matter of time before they joined Elena and Jane.



CHAPTER 7: A RACE TO THE BOTTOM

Two months had passed since Charlie's Angels tragically failed to bring the evil Countess to justice, resulting in their humiliating slavery at the hands of the femme fatale. It might not seem that long, but for Rebekah and Sabina, or rather "Shaggy" and "Giggles" as they were now known as, this timespan added up to 60 consecutive days of harrowing torture. Over 500 hours of merciless tickling and spanking. An insane amount of agony for any normal person to withstand.

Rebekah's tight buns were an unchanging purple color, never really having time to properly heal before the next punishment "tenderized" them again. Her neck hurt from constantly ballgag-writing. Her pussy-lips were constantly sore from the electrical current that had passed through them.

The self-learning AI of Sabina's tickling machine had accumulated plenty of data, having learned her "weaknesses", meaning her most sensitive spots, inside and out. It paid extra "attention" on the girl's armpits and the middle of her soles, "stimulating" there in volumes. Even away from the punishment room, the young spy-girl offered appeared like a twitchy junkie. This torture had taken much of her sanity away from her.

Jane and Elena felt bad, but not so bad that they'd stop showing nothing but effort and gratitude towards their "kind slavers".

"Wow, Giggles, easyyyy, haha!" Artemis was taken aback by the vigor with which Sabina was lapping at her petite little black cunt. The kneeling white girl had shoved her face between the standing black girl's slim thighs as much as she possibly could, her tongue going apeshit on the girl's pussy. "It's ok, I know you wanna be good" Artemis affectionately stroked the girl's blonde hair, which had grown in length since her capture. "Start gentle, then when I say work your way up, ok Giggles?" Artemis showed kindness to the broken woman. She would help her to help herself. "Yuhh Mu'htruh" *Yes Mistress* Sabina retrieved her moist face from the girl's cunt only for the split second to respond, then got right back into it, working carefully and meticulously on pleasing Artemis.

Meanwhile, Rebekah's approach towards her captor had also shifted. "Look at you Shaggy, fighting for my love" the Countess commented as the blonde MILF had dug her ring-gagged face between the woman's dark loins. The woman had assigned both Elena and Rebekah to lick her off, but the blonde, blue-latex slave had literally shoved Elena's face aside with her cheek, to get a better spot to the woman's pussy. Annoyed by this rude move, Elena retaliated by pushing her own cheek against Rebekah's, as both the women's tongues worked copiously on the Countess' sex. The seated woman was thrilled, watching her slave-pets fight for her affection.

From the day on, a free-for-all of sexual debauchery commenced. It was bizarre to see the four, previously confident and proud women, compete to see who would sink lower to satisfy the Countess' sadistic standards. While initiatives like offering their "services" unprompted, often with extra self-deprecating pleads like "Please Mistress, let this whore eat your holy asshole" were always fun to witness, at the end of the day, these were slaves. And good slaves should be meek and demure. There was a clear window of opportunity for each latex slave to really make an impression. Though that didn't stop them from always presenting properly, with good stiff slave posture, pushing out their tits and ass, seductively jingling the tussles of their nipple covers, or eyeing their mistress with that submissive look that screamed "please fuck my face mommy". Anything the women could do to get a leg up over the others. It was now everyone for themselves.

Artemis and her mom were ripping the rewards of their slaves' patient conditioning. They enjoyed the best orgasms of their lives, and were having so much fun watching the once mighty Angels act like low-life whores. Rather, much, much lower than that.

Usually, the two out of the four slaves that had performed the worst would be punished. At this point, though, balanced were so tight that a split-seconds delay to catch their breath or simply uninspired facial expressions during "service" could spell doom for a poor slave-girl. So the four slaves were learning their two mistresses' bodies inside and out.

- How they liked their pussy-lips kissed,
- How deep should their sex-hole be tongued
- How lightly should their clit be sucked
- All body signs that indicated they were approaching climax
- How to lick their nipples
- And how to gradually built up the intensity of the stimulation for a perfect orgasm

The 18-year-old girl's and her mother's sex became the most intimate subject the four booksmart women were ever versed on. In addition to "studying" the women's sexual preferences in detail, the women had to use their slutty charm to titillate the imagination further. Those long fake lashes were flattering like crazy and their eyes often exhibited that coy look of a tiny pornstar amongst 5 huge dicks, as each slave was trying to appear as slutty and submissive as possible.

The Countess had successfully broken her tough spy-slaves' spirit to crumbles. Their mind was exclusively stuck on chasing that big birdcage. Avoiding punishment was not simply their biggest goal. It was their only goal.

One day, the Countess gathered her four latex slaves over to the living room. Having been excellently pleased to completion by her slaves no longer than 5 hours ago, she wasn't in a frisky mood. Her

slaves awaited for orders, kneeling with their thighs spread and their tits out. Despite no gags of any kind, they were all as silent as a grave. Their eyes were stuck on their 35-year-old mistress.

“I have something fun planned for you” the woman said, trying to hide her giddiness. She turned her gaze towards a seemingly non-discreet part of the room, only for the wall to automatically rise open and reveal a hidden circular room behind it, about 20 feet wide. The room was bathed in a bright neon blue light, coming from its round edge. It featured a fully reflective mirror floor and was all but empty, except for two large, rubber dildos, 10 inches long, sticking upwards from the center of the room’s floor, about a foot apart from each other.

“I really like games, it’s such a fun way to pass the time, you know?” the Countess smirked at her slaves, who despite the extravagant presentation of this hidden game-room were not looking impressed, trying to hide their worry. There were two person-sized round placeholders on two opposite ends of the room. The four women were made to kneel there in two teams. Elena next to Sabina and Jane next to Rebekah. It wasn’t an easy task getting there, stumbling on their tall ballet platforms. It was evident that any escape run on these was always futile.

“I’ll explain the rules” the Countess said. “Your two...lovers over there, have a pressure censor along their length” she referred to the two dildos waiting idly for them. Each phallus can climax with a separate, predetermined, but unknown amount of ‘lip-pumps’. Could be 5, 10 or 50. The two gals who manage to get the ejaculate of the two penises win and the others well...lose and get punished!” she said shrugging her shoulders. Visible with soft neon light, going around the shaft of the dildos, 4-inches from the top, was a thin line, indicating the depth that a cocksucker should reach with her lips in order for 1 “stroke” to be registered and tallied.

“You’ll be competing 1 versus 1. Drippy against Giggles and Brownie against Shaggy. Understood?” the Countess concluded. “Yes, Mistress” a fully synchronize response came from the four slaves. It was rather monotone and lifeless during the first times the slaves spoke in unison, but as the days progressed it had gotten more eager and determined. Like Countess wanted.

“May the neediest whore win” the Countess chuckled and tossed a handkerchief on the mirrored floor. As soon as it touched the ground, the four slaves gunned it towards the two rubber cocks at the center, covering the 10-foot distance on their boot-covered knees. While Jane beat Rebekah to wrap her

pouty lips first around the rubber shaft, Sabina bodied Elena with her shoulder, making her lose her balance and getting first to the prized cock. Immediately the two girls started graphically deep-throating the long phalluses. With their arms bound behind their backs in conjunction with the dicks' low, floor-level, the slaves had to bend forward and balance on their knees to really hog down that rubber cock. Stifled coughing and gagging sound came from Jane's and Sabina's filled throats, but that didn't stop them from rigorously face-fucking themselves. Any humiliation brought to them from seeing their debauched reflections on the floor's fully reflective surface, was ignored. There was no room for dignity left in any of them. The light around each shaft flashed, each time a pair of lips made firm contact with it. Eating so much pussy had kind of made the girls forget how "solids" needed to be handled. Their gag reflex was rusty.

"MMMMmmmm!" Jane let a determined moan, keeping her mouth tightly clenched over the cock, as Rebekah had reached her and was now trying to shove the black, bald slave away from the dick. At the same time, Elena cleverly weaseled her body underneath Sabina's, lifting her head and catching the red-clad slave straight on the jaw, pushing her off the rubber phallus. The purple slave was now the one fellating the fake penis, though moving too slowly in order to reach the "triggering depth". "You have to relax that throat Drippy" the Countess "commentated" from the sidelines, loving the display.

With Jane bearing down over the dildo, Rebekah had to resort to a different strategy, digging her teeth into Jane's exposed, juicy ass. The unexpected pain caused Jane to yelp and flinch enough for Rebekah to body her off away from the cock, knocking the arm-bound woman to the floor. Rebekah did not lose any time, sucking this plastic dick off like she was drunk on her honeymoon.

The Countess loved this game of reverse hot-potato. Each contestant wanted to catch this different kind of explosion, not avoid it.

With Elena hungrily choking on her 10-inches-long lover, Sabina approached to regain the lead. She sat on her butt and aimed her tall ballet boots towards Elena's sides! The girl tried to put her fused arms in front of the kick to block it, but Sabina's legs were too strong. "MMMMMmnnng" Elena cried out in pain with a mouthful of cock, but she kept fellating it, hoping she could withstand the assault until the cock would "burst". Sabina kicked her once spy-mate again, this time on her belly. That second hit properly dislodged Elena from her place, her purple lips flying off the rubber dildo.

With their opponents momentarily disabled, Rebekah and Sabina jackhammered their faces over the long cocks, their heads all but touching from the cocks' proximity. It was an obscene sight, the women exhibited absolute shamelessness. The Countess could not be more pleased. At the 28th "lip-pump" Rebekah's dildo blew a comically huge, luminescent orange load, fully coating not only the inside of the woman's mouth, but kept "coming" like a fountain, spraying Rebekah's face and exposed tits with more thick liquid. Before Elena could rush Sabina again, her "fountain" also exploded with similar yellow "semen", the sheer volume and force splashing all over her.

“Tongues out!” the Countess cheered and all four slaves obeyed at once. The artificial semen had painted Sabina’s tongue a bright yellow, like childish lollipop. Similarly, Rebekah’s tongue had a clear orange shade to it. Since the splash could get everybody dirty, it was the color of the “contestant’s” tongue that determined the winners.

“Shaggy and Giggles wiiiiiiin!” Artemis cheered, standing behind her mother. She had stepped into the living room midway of the “game” and was watching entertained. “Yes they did. Now giiiirls, be courteous and thank your slave-mate for the punishment they just earned you” the Countess said with folded arms. She loved stirring the coals of her slaves’ already burning animosity.

“Thank you Giggles for my punishment” Elena spoke in a completely straight tone, doing her best to mask the pain this sentence was bringing to her. Similarly, Jane hid her misery, addressing Rebekah. “Thank you Shaggy for my punishment” she said, averting her eyes. Suddenly, Elena and Jane found themselves zapped in their collars. What had they done wrong to suffer?

“Nonono, more enthusiasm, more gratefulness!” the Countess demanded. “...And stern eye contact” she added. “Thank you Giggles for my punishment!” Elena smiled widely as she addressed Sabina with uncanny thrill. “Thank you Shaggy for my punishment!!!” Jane appeared almost comically grateful to her co-slave, her face expressing nothing but sheer joy at the terrible fate awaiting her.

“That’s more like it” the Countess nodded, before a simple gaze at her guards was enough for them to grab Brownie and Drippy and lead them off towards the punishment room.



CHAPTER 8: TONGUES RUNNING THROUGH SILICONE HOOPS

With her four slave-pets delightfully broken and “house-trained”, the Countess could not be more pleased with herself. Each of her latex sluts exhibited exemplary amounts of devotion to their mistresses. Gone were the ego-driven protests, the rebellious pulling on their bondage, the mean looks and the defiant growls. The four kickass spies had been transformed into docile, tamed pets, their fate inseparably linked to their two mistress’ well-being. Their every second dictated by the two black women’s mood.

Like four little rodents, constantly running on a hamster wheel, the Angels’ were exclusively consumed by the quest to lessen their suffering. Suffering they had already withstood wayyyyyy too much of, but that the Countess could always deliver them. Since complete and utter obedience was what it took to avoid such suffering, it was all the four beautiful women were focused on. It didn’t matter one bit that it was their own allies who were standing between them and the bliss of not stepping into the haunting punishment room.

The Countess’ cock-pleasing game became a real riot! For the black woman and her teen daughter it was a great spectacle. For the four latex slave-girls, it was a real battlefield. The nature of the game, with their bound-behind-the-back arms, their useless boots and the time urgency of the end goal, made much strategizing obsolete. Hail Mary was more like the idea, as each slave-girl literally threw herself over the rubber cocks at center-stage, hoping to be the one with a colored tongue at the end of it. Waiting for their opponent to clock up the “sucking-counter” and steal it at the end was also risky, since nobody knew if the cock was destined to “burst” prematurely or after many, many face-thrusts. With the prize being so coveted, the slave-girls always came away with bruises from the hard shoving, head-bumps and even some cuts on their lips or bleeding gums, from being “dislodged” off their rubber lovers from their opponent in a less than gentle way. Everything was fair game.

At the end of each “match”, the loser knelt in front of the victor and declared their “gratefulness” for receiving a punishment by them:

“Drippy, thank you for the exquisite punishment!” we see Jane exclaim loud and clear with artificial, hiding her dread at the impending suffering.

Cut to different instance

“Brownie, thank you for this lovely punishment!” Rebekah uttered, having excelled at covering her anger at herself for losing.

Cut to different instance

“Shaggy, thank you so much for the wonderful punishment!” Elena uttered with fake enthusiasm, masking her fear.

The women’s spirit died another death, each time they were forced to utter such degrading words. To welcome their suffering with such joy was another stab to whatever dignity they were clinging onto.

Meanwhile the Countess was already planning the next fun game her playthings would compete in. What the Angels saw when they were first introduced to it was a couple of wooden seesaws, rather long, waiting for them on the Countess’ living room floor. On the edges of the lengthy wooden flat bar there were no “seats” to speak of, rather only a 5-centimeter-wide hole, right where the women would sit. Underneath that hole was 4.5-centimeter-thick rubber dildo, lined up perfectly with the hole. The zipper on the slaves’ crotch-part of their latex suits was undone and the four women were made to take their seats on the two seesaws. The latex slave-girls groaned as at a perfectly level seesaw, their cunts were penetrated about 2-inches by the long and girthy, albeit generously lubed up, rubber cocks. With their wrists and elbows already tightly belt-bound behind their backs, their wrist-straps were locked onto a U-shaped metal ring behind them, securing them on the seat.

On the center of each seesaw, was a small oxygen tank, with two black corrugated pipes going from either side towards the edges of the wooden plank and ending on two gas-masks, ending just below their long-lashed eyes and color-matching their slave uniform. The house-staff buckled each gas mask snugly over the slave’s face, making an air-tight seal around it.

“Are you ready for a new fun game?” the Countess asked, sitting comfortably on her own throne-chair, Artemis by her side on a little smaller one. “Yes, Mistress!” the four slaves exclaimed loudly in one perfectly synchronized voice, through their gas-masks. Sabina was seated across with Rebekah and Jane was paired with Elena. With their imbalanced boots they tried to stay still on their wooden seats, and not cause any friction on their penetrated pussies.

“Good, I can see you are all breathing” the Countess spoke. “That soon won’t be the case” she said ominously. “You are seated on pumps, which are connected to the oxygen-tank in front of you, which is connected to both your gas-masks. So you’ll unfortunately have to share the air that’s inside the tank” the Countess explained, not seeming very sad by the “unfortunate” part of her design. The nervous slaves lowered their gaze underneath their seat to notice the wrinkly, accordion-like appearance of an air-pump, attached underneath the very edge of their seats and also bolt-secured to the floor.

“Last one standing on each seesaw wins” the black villainess said casually and before the four women could really absorb the information, she pressed a button on a remote control and instantly, any air was vacuum-sucked out of their gas-masks, simultaneously opening the air-tank’s hatch and setting all the dildos to a strong vibrate mode!

Mute gasps were made all around by the four demon-slaves, who apart from being abruptly sexually stimulated, also found themselves in a sudden, dire need for air. After a few seconds of initial panic, they realized there was only way to clench their “thirst” for oxygen. “Aaawww” Jane carefully lowered herself deeper into her cock-seat, pressing the air-pump slightly and getting a small dose of air in her gas-mask. The seesaw then gently swung the other way, as Jane’s buzzing dildo slid out of her slit and it was now Elena who shyly fucked herself for some air. Both girls greedily sucked the oxygen in their lungs, but as soon as they did, they needed another “fix”. Sabina and Rebekah were discovering the same thing, their chests burning for air.

Nobody overtly told the girls they necessarily had to fuck themselves. A simple breath-holding contest could determine a winner. But their competitive nature and their greed slowly caused each slave to penetrate herself deeper and deeper onto the long cocks, in an attempt to steal some air and get an edge over their opponents. This caused each girl to try and fill her cunt as much as possible, whilst also bobbing her hips up and down the thick shaft to get as much air as possible and not allow her elevated opponent any.

Artemis and her mom enjoyed the show, which exhibited their playthings’ utter lack of care for their slave-mates, evident by this ruthless struggle for “victory”. As if there was any glory in humiliatingly riding a dildo like a filthy pornstar, all in an attempt to not asphyxiate. The pounding self-given to the slaves by the vibrating, utterly filling dildos only drained the girls’ air-reserve quicker. They were literally fucking themselves breathless.

“Does Brownie enjoy her life-giving penis?” The Countess asked, sipping her drink from a glass of fine crystal. “Yes Mistress! **squat** Brownie loves **squat** her penis **squat** very much!” Jane replied loud and clear to her mistress in a panting voice while bouncing on the seesaw, not neglecting to refer to herself in the 3rd person with her slave-name, as the Countess insisted for all of them.

“How about you, Giggles? Isn’t it thrilling to fuck yourself for oxygen?” the Countess enjoyed the degrading banter. “Giggles really enjoys it, my Mistress!” the tired Sabina replied without missing a beat, even though she was using all her strength and concentration to keep pumping air into her lungs.

After a few minutes, Jane, with her stronger legs and core appeared to overwhelm the slimmer Elena, the white girl having a tough time reaching her cunt down her shaft. The tricky part was that Jane could not simply sit (*pun intended*) on her winnings. The pump would not grand her air if it wasn’t being pressed. So a careless rise to replant herself could sway the leverage over to the other side.

Next to them, Rebekah and Sabina were going at it more evenly, both alternating between dick-thrusts and mostly bobbing up and down, trying to gain a steady flow of air. In this adrenaline-filled peril, they didn't have much time to think what they would do when the air-tank eventually emptied.

"Nice strong thighs, Brownie!" Artemis said, having flown off her chair and gently putting her hands on the black, bald slave's shoulders, not caring that she was literally fighting for her life. "I think drippy should get a feel for that nice big cock too, though, don't you think?" the girl fake-asked Jane, as she stepped over to Elena's side and pushed her seesaw down, fully stabbing the white girl's pussy with the long dildo poking through her seat. "OOOOOoooooooooooooooooo!" Elena let out a painful yelp, before the young girl left them to go torment the other duo.

The Countess said nothing, watching her daughter jump on the center of the seesaw that Sabina and Rebekah were hitched on and beginning to sharply sway it on way then the other by shifting the weight with her legs. Both slaves widened their eyes, being fucked way too hard and way too deep for their liking, the dildos bruising their cervixes. "What? I thought you gals wanted some fresh air?" Artemis played dumb, before gracefully jumping off the wooden plank.

As the repeated squatting caused fatigue, the constant cunt-pounding soreness and the air inside the oxygen tanks got thinner and thinner, the four slave-girls gradually lost their initial spark, their movements weaker and more labored with each penetrating "descent". Their pussies were dripping by the continuous stimulation, sex fluids dripping down the large cock-poles onto the floor. Their breathing turned deep and slow, each breath more precious than the last.

Elena's head swayed in an oxygen-deprived dazed, as Jane had pumped more air down her mask than her. Her brown eyes with drooping long eyelashes met Jane's across the seesaw. There was no real empathy in the black girl's gorgeous eyes, only exhaustion and cold determination. Jane did what she had to do. Winning was beyond the purple slave's reach, now.

With zero air left in her gas-mask, Drippy was only sucking in vacuum. Jane bared down with her full weight on her side of the seesaw, simply holding the struggling, moaning girl high enough to be out of reach of any cock or pump, running the clock out. Finally, Elena slowly went limp on her wooden seat and her eyes closed as she fainted from the lack of air. Before her unconscious body could topple over the side of the seesaw, the Countess' maids were there to hold the girl and remove both the slaves' gas-mask. Jane had succeeded!

"Hurray for Brownie!" Artemis cheerfully clapped, while the battle between Shaggy and Giggles was still going, much tighter. The air they pumped with each cock-squat they did was stale. They both

groaned as they tried to overpower each other. In the final stretches, Sabina fully lifted her feet off the floor, causing her pussy to fully lodge itself onto the huge long dildo, tossing Rebekah in the air. The blonde spy kicked flailing her legs while Sabina gave herself some leg-up dick pumps, now literally seating on the girthy phallus. The extra air she gained from this shameless move was enough to give her the edge, as Rebekah was left short of any “refills” of air. A few moments later, Shaggy collapsed at the hands of the Countess maids’, granting Giggles the victory!

“Giggles, thank you for the punishment!” a still dazed Rebekah uttered, albeit with the volume that the villain required. “Brownie, thank you very much for giving me this punishment!” Elena thanked Jane in turn.

The seesaw game was a huge hit. Artemis and her mother rarely missed a chance to play it, taking a break from the fellatio game, though they often got back to it. The key of their most recent game lied on how slutty the slave-girls would elect to be, since how hard they sunk their cunts over the wall-stretching cocks gave them an advantage against a more restrained, wholesome opponent. The most whorish player ultimately controlled the air-pump’s output, and therefore the game.

It was so fun watching the four Angel-sluts abuse their sex simply for a few breaths of air that the Countess and her daughter so mockingly enjoyed in abundance, a few feet from them.

Regarding their daily sexual escapades, the four latex whores were at an all-time high, performance-wise. Artemis and her mom enjoyed the very best the world could offer in terms of a fine pussy-licking from Rebekah, Elena and Sabina and the finest ass-eating from poor Jane. And every other foreplay and cherry-on-top in between all this pleasure. The four women had been transformed into four truly FINE slaves. The Countess could now just lay back and enjoy them. It wasn’t easy breaking them, but it was totally worth it.

Lately, the Countess had installed another form of “disciplinary measures”. She didn’t even care that her idea required the creation of a tiny wooden room, taking up one corner of the punishment room. The small room was essentially a tiny sauna steam room, though there were not benches surrounding, or any seating for that matter. There were only two, strong metal hooks on the ceiling, from which dangled a human-shaped sack, made of a strong, elastic and rubber.

That day it was Sabina and Rebekah who looked worried as they were brought in front of this thing, having previously fully disrobed and not fully knowing what to expect. Their worry intensified when they were both placed inside the same, semi-clear, red rubber sack, with their backs against each other. The single zipper going from across the whole left side of this suit was closed over them and then padlocked. Before they knew it, a strong motor was turned on and a hissing sound, as a tube on the top of the sack sucked all the air from inside their rubber prison. The two naked women were helplessly encased from head to toe inside this two-person rubber body-bag, which was suspended only a few inches from the floor.

Completely mummified inside this rubber cocoon, the two women writhed and struggled as one entity, the backsides of their bodies firmly pressed against each other all across their height. Due to the strength of this special rubber material and the vacuum they were inside, the rubber adhered to every curve and crevice of their form with extreme elasticity, not even bending to the gravity of their weight. It was so tight that Rebekah and Sabina's hip bones, ribs and collarbones could be clearly seen outlined inside their encasement. Same was the case for the nipples and the shape of their face. As slim as the material was, it was unyielding to their panicked shuffling. Only a gentle sway was caused by their suspended struggles.

"NNNNUUUUUUAAAAWW!" both spy-girls moaned in unison, squirming inside their dangling cocoon like the freshest catch of a giant spider. Only holes in their new "attire" were the two round PVC tube-gags, installed on the suit, fitted inside their whining mouths. They had to breathe somehow.

For some, the frightening sensory deprivation, the acute claustrophobia and utter helplessness of this extremely tight encasement would be enough torment of itself. But Countess was not like most sadists. "Giggles, stop moaning, i know you can hear me over the rubber" the Countess said, as she stood there watching their slaves initial hissy fit. Even in their terrified state, Rebekah and Sabina obeyed, managing to stifle their screams and somehow subdue their panic, only breathing deeply through their tube-gags. The Countess delayed her words for a few more seconds, marveling at how the two women's breasts heaved through the tight red rubber with each inhale. Their heads were stuck together so snugly, to the point where they could barely turn.

"I'm gonna turn on the steam, now" the Countess explained. She could have just done it and left them, but she liked the fear her introduction would instill on them. Quicker, audible panting was heard from both mummified women, as soon as they heard there was more to their predicament. The rubber you're encased in shrinks at high temperatures" the black woman explained. "I look at it as simply bringing you two closer together" she smiled, though her blinded toys could not see that. "I'll leave you two to bond..." she said, setting the thermostat at 65° and leaving her two screaming, mummified slaves inside the already steaming room.

“Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuughhh!” yet another muffled, feral scream escaped Rebekah’s gaping lips. It wasn’t long since the Countess had left them to “steam” but to the two damsels it felt like much too long. Rebekah and Sabina had each lost 7-8 pounds of sweat, though you’d be hard-pressed to see any by looking at the red, squirming body-bag. The two women felt like they were being slow-cooked, like they were sealed inside a giant cooking bag that had been dropped in boiling water. The unbearable heat, coupled with their complete inability to move, was an experience unlike anything they could anticipate. Straight from the depth of hell.

The rubber was pressing even tighter against every pore of their skin, having shrunk by the heat. They could feel this pressure on any and every body part, giving them the added sensation of being slowly squeezed further and further inside their rubber capsule, like being crushed with equal force throughout their body. After a while, their lungs were finding it difficult to fully expand, burdening their breathing and adding more panic to their already considerable distress. Smothered in complete darkness and inescapable bondage, they had no idea when the Countess, their beloved mistress, their one and true ruler, would elect to return and free them.

The Countess knew leaving her slaves to marinate on their own sweat and tears, under such intense heat for way too long could cause a heart attack or stroke. She had gone through too much trouble training her devoted slaves to simply lose them to carelessness. She had Artemis periodically check on them. Every time she stopped by, the black teen teased the rubber-packaged duo, rubbing their perfectly outlined cunts over the smothering rubber and groping their rubbery boobs, always eliciting a distressed moan and squirms from them, before she’d get bored and leave.

Eventually, through failing in some game or another, all of the Countess’ latex spy-sluts got to experience her new toys. Always sacked in pairs, never alone, the Angels were left to squirm, suspended in the air, inside their skin-tight rubber case. Only sensation on their skin besides the shrinking rubber was the body of their peers, pressed up against their own, spasming and shifting so little you could barely spot it, with no slack left inside their “packaging” whatsoever. Their agonizing, pitiful open-mouthed cries were music to the mother and her daughter’s ears.

Overall, the Countess kept her slaves on their toes by keeping things “fresh” inside the punishment room. Though the Angels’ individual, name-specific punishments did not become any more tolerable than before (how could such ruthless torture ever be?) the Countess’ kept her loyal subjects antsy with the new punishments she devised for them. It was one thing to expect your horrible fate, but this added level of mystery, of unknown, made the four slaves even more terrified of displeasing their mistress or ending up in the “losers” bracket.



CHAPTER 9: LOSERS WEEPERS

After a year under mind-numbing captivity and ego-crashing slavery, few things were left to remind someone of Jane Kano, Elena Houghlin, Sabina Wilson and Rebekah, otherwise known with her spy alias Bosley 342. Though her appearance hadn't changed that drastically, nor had time aged their faces and bodies, it was the detrimental effects of their ruthless mental conditioning that had done something to them. Their eyes were devoid of any spark, of any excitement or joy. They just wanted to earn a place at the Countess' birdcage, to have some tranquility. Anything else paled in comparison to that wish.

In a more literal sense, they had some physical changes as well. While their bodies were kept nice, slim and "appropriately" meaty in all the right places with their stern diet coming straight from their doggy bowl, the Countess had made a few changes. While Jane was always left deprived of her once lovely hair, a bald slave-slut, and Elena's magenta-colored SLUT-written haircut remained, the Countess had also taken the time to modify the others' hair.

She thought it'd be funny if the once tomboyish and androgen Sabina had a very bimbo-y, feminine haircut, so she died the girl's hair bright red, matching her latex slave outfit, then straightened them completely and let them until grow they reached below the girl's exposed breasts, down to her waist. As for Rebekah, while her platinum blonde color was left intact, her hair was fashioned into two girly and curly pigtails, going nicely with her schoolgirl punishment "persona".

Throughout their time, the Countess devised more games and more punishments for her own amusement. There were so many delightful ways to have her slaves "duke it out" for one (or two) places at the coveted birdcage.

- **Snake Maze**

This fun little sadistic game was simple in theory. Navigate the round maze and reach the end at its center to find the prize, a plush mouse. The game's difficulty lied on the first word of its name, since all slave-girls were "dressed" into a mono-sleeve kind of snake outfit, which covered them completely from head to toe, only leaving a mouth-hole where their painted lips could pass through. The suit tightly hugged the slaves' curves and completely encased them inside, its exterior having that satisfying smooth texture of a snake's hide. Each snake-suit matched its wearer's color scheme, featuring some beautiful snake patterns across it.

Blinded and without the use of their legs (which were fused into the suit's leg-binder part) and their arms (which were pinned to their sides by the skin-tight snake-suit) the girls had to slither on the Countess' floor, like hungry little snakes, to get to their mousy meal. It was as demeaning of a treatment as one could get, but the four slavegirls did not lose a second over that, instead trying their best to crawl their way to victory, folding their bodies in half and stretching them out again.

The Countess would be more than happy to leave the four sluts to bump against the meter-high walls of the maze again and again until they reached the mouse by mostly luck. After all, it was so adorable to watch their latex-covered heads blindly trace along the wall, trying to determine where it ended and another begun.

But Artemis came up with an idea that elevated the game. The plush prize would be equipped with a transmitter, connected to four insertable vibrators, which would be "stored" inside each contestant's pussy. The sex toys would vibrate at a volume that corresponded with the distance between the vibrator (meaning the snake-girl) and the transmitter (meaning the prize). The closer a girl was at the plush mouse, the stronger the buzzing in her cunt got. It was the only way the eyeless snakeys had to tell whether they were progressing in the maze or not.

The sight was as hilarious to the two African ladies, as it was humiliating for the four slave-girls. Artemis and her mom thoroughly enjoyed, watching the poor sacked women try to worm their way towards the makeshift little maze. Its short fences were easy for anyone to get a foot over, but for the cocooned slave-girls they posed an impossible obstacle. It was adorable watching their The four slaves tried to concentrate on the feeling of their stimulated cunts to gauge their progress, but still, they often wondered aimlessly searching for the correct path. The winner was the snake-girl that took the plushie mouse into her maw.

- **Pole Dancing Contest**

The Countess wanted to have her slaves take some initiative in granting their mistress entertainment. A seductive pole dancing contest was just the thing! A platform and a mirror stripper pole and some flashy lights all around were set and the girls were ordered to seduce their mistress with a sexy strip-tease. Dressed in regular heels (albeit still sluttilly tall) and only a tiny latex top and skirt (simply something to be removed) and with their hands free, the demon-slaves gave it their all to impress the Countess with their moves and sex appeal. They hadn't stood fully up in over a year, never mind performed more coordinated body movements like dancing. The once athletic, strong and agile women did their best to woo their mistress.

The once modest Elena was now fully spreading her thighs into a whorish squat, displaying her pussy for mistress, looking at the seated woman with a sex-hungry look. Lowering her long lashes in that mesmerizing way and not breaking eye-contact, she then reached her two fingers down inside her. Then as she kept dancing she seductively licked her fingers with a long tongue. Utterly true to the word shaved on the side of her head.

Jane's dance featured lots of shameless twerking of her thicker booty, while Sabina spend plenty of time using the shiny pole to simulate her fellating abilities, licking it up and down like a real nympho while sliding her tits along its length, giving it the Spanish treatment. As for Rebekah, her moves were solid as the rest, and she was quite the tease, building up some good anticipation until the "reveal". The Countess admired the notion of her long-time rival now trying her best to seduce her. The fact that the blonde agent hated it made the black woman moist.

- **Easter Egg Scavenger Hunt**

Though Artemis had come up with this game around the Easter holidays, it was so fun she kept at it long after. Dressing their four naked playthings with long bunny-ear Alice bands their heads (matching their assigned colors) their arms and legs were then folded and placed inside leather binders of the same color, forcing them to crawl on their elbows and knees.

Each round, a bunny would "hold" the colorful Easter egg, which was nothing more than an egg-shaped butt-plug, with a fluffy white bunny tail sticking out the other end. Once the tail-plug was inserted in the Bunny's ass, the actual game would begin! Caged inside a 5x5 meter-wide fenced area, the egg-filled bunny had to fend off the other three, who had 5 minutes to gang up on her and take the egg away from it, meaning pull the butt-plug egg out of its warm nest.

With no ability to use their hands, the bunnies quickly realized that the most straightforward way to grab a hold of the fluffy tail sticking from between the naked slavegirl's buns was by using their teeth to bite down on the fluff then yank the butt-plug out with their mouth, a rather painful experience for the lone, tailed bunny. The "egg-holding" bunny had to be smart and not get herself cornered by the three attackers, because then it was much easier for the two bunnies to pin her down with their bodies and hold her while the third removed the Easter egg.

The "egg-bearer" was rotated until all damsels had played as one. The Countess liked making all her slaves lube the anal-plug with their tongues before each reinsertion. The winner or winners was the bunny-girl that managed to keep the egg in their rectum when the 5 minutes were up, meaning that this game could have multiple winners, or none, if no girl safeguarded her colorful insertable.

The game was a real hoot for Artemis and her mother. Watching their slaves desperately crawl after the egg "hidden" in their slave-mate's colon was hilarious as well as a huge power-trip (like every ordeal they enforced on them). It was funny watching a surrounded bunny trying to use its folded stump arms to protect itself against the incoming onslaught of naked bodies. If she had to resort to that, it was already too late.

Whatever the game was, the four broken spies gave it their best shot to avoid a horrible punishment. At the end of each one, in accordance with the protocol the Countess had made mandatory, the loser slaves “thanked” their winners for the punishment they would receive because of them, always addressing them with their humiliating slave names.

The Countess had also devised two more recent punishment methods, both rather tongue-in-cheek in regards to their stylization and theme.

- **Hot and Spicy**

The punished damsels were bent over a bench and given an anal enema containing a hot chili sauce with spiciness reaching around a million Scoville Units. The kind of stuff that was too dangerous to simply dip a French fry or chicken wing into without heavily diluting it. After the hot enema was sealed inside them with a nice butt-plug, the already suffering ladies were taken to the punishment room, where, dressed in individually colored skimpy outfits that resembled a type of Hooters girl (tight-fitting, crop top with a tied knot under the cleavage and tiny shorts and cute tennis shoes) they were hooked onto one of four rectangular shaped bars in a standing spread eagle position. Looking from the ceiling down, the bars created a square shape, meaning the women were bound opposite each other.

After thick ball-gags were strapped behind their teeth, the Countess approached them ominously, holding a small nasal spray bottle, which sadly for them, contained the same debilitatingly hot sauce that was now circulating their colon and intestines. A full spraying in each nostril later, and you had yourself a very unhappy, very red and very sweaty Hooters’ slave.

“MMMMMMMMNNNNGGGG...MMMMmmmmm!” The women cried into their gags with copious tears and watery snot running down their face, which along with their insides felt like they were on fire! The tormented females could only pull at their chains as the butt-plug only kept their spicy enema sloshing inside them, causing even more pain and knotting their intestines up. The buttplugs made sure no condiment escaped the poor women.

Having the sauce going through their nose was even worse than eating it. Their eyes were fully red as their nasal canal and esophagus was continuously being scorched by the concentrated hot sauce. After just 5-10 minutes of the burning sensation not dissipating whatsoever, the slaves were in a true frenzy, having drenched their cotton outfits in sweat, bouncing around their confining bonds, panting heavily while crying their lungs out. The Countess would not get them out of there for a few hours.

- **Drugs and Rock n Roll**

Similar to the previous punishment, this simply featured the slavegirls hitched on the previous spread-eagle bondage. But the “magic” lied elsewhere. The punished slaves were fashioned into what resembled the “heavy metal-chick” look, dressed with only a leather jacket on top, their breasts and belly revealed from the unzipped clothing. The jacket featured metal spikes on the shoulders, as well as chains and metal studs all over it. The women wore leather, skin-tight pants and heeled, calf-high boots.

Once bound in their designated spot, the unfortunate women would be injected with not only a generous shot of adrenaline, but also a mix of strong hallucinogenic drugs. They were then gagged with a thick, steel bit-gag (matching the metal aesthetic) and leather blindfolds were buckled over their eyes, with more metal spikes sprouting where the eyes were.

To make her slaves’ trip even more “memorable”, the Countess would place ear-buds in their ears. To keep them from being dislodged by a frantic shoulder rub, the ear-buds were inside a malleable and sticky material, like play-doh. Abrasive, death and speed metal music would then play at an extremely loud volume from the irremovable, wireless earphones.

The experience was like a drug-trip from the depths of hell. The sensory deprivation made things much, much worse, working in tandem with the drugs and the brain-piercing music to create a fully agonizing and terrifying predicament. The adrenaline kept the Angels constantly on the edge, their hearts pounding like crazy, the harsh sounds coupled with the psychedelics gave the women’s darkened sight horrific visions and hallucinations that you wouldn’t wish on your worst enemy. Though the Countess did not have the slightest apprehension about handing this punishment out like it was a single slap in the face. Watching her “underachieving” slaves writhe in their spread-eagle sensory overload, alternating between heart-wrenching screams and shaking to beaten down, limp whimpering, was a real treat.

And thus were the famous Charlie’s Angels rendered a bunch of glorified toys, used solely to entertain and pleasure their owner. There was no relation between them whatsoever. Only thing that united them was their common goal. Please the Countess, please Artemis, and avoid further pain. Fail and face the consequences. After so long, it felt like an axiom, like an irrefutable law of nature, like gravity or the passage of time itself. Being a good little cunt-lapping slut for Mistress and her daughter was no longer even a dilemma. It was just the way things were. The flamboyant woman’s sadistic games felt as mundane to the four women as the daily challenges a normal person might face at work or at a relationship. There was no point in not trying.

Such was life.



EPILOGUE

A black, beautiful woman in her late 30s was enjoying her morning tea, out in the veranda of her huge, lavish mansion. The weather was an autumn one, with sunrays that, while brightly shining through the few clouds, carried a chilly breeze with them. While the gracefully seated woman wore enough soft layers to not worry about such trivialities, the other two women, nervously crawling on all fours around her ankles, did not share that sentiment.

Rebekah and Elena, Shaggy and Drippy looked nothing like the latex demon-slaves that the Countess had turned into 4 years ago. The magenta dye in Elena's hair had mostly washed away by the passage of time, her brown hair back to a more basic length, albeit wild and unbrushed. Beastly, just like Rebekah's tussled blonde hair.

What remained consistent was their "accessories" color palette, a purple for Drippy and a sea-blue for Shaggy. They women wore leather, paw-mittens encasing their hands. Their legs were folded at the knee by leather straps going across their shins and thighs. The lower half of their faces was covered by over-the-nose masks, strapped with double straps behind their heads. Each mask was outlining a dog snout on the outside with monotone colors but clear features, while also housing a big ball on the inside, currently filling each pet's mouth. While Elena's snout-mask was a much shorter, puppy-esque snout, Rebekah's was long like a hound's, extending about 5 inches from her human face. Elena had an Alice-band with flappy purple dog ears on her head, while Rebekah had a triangular, pointy pair. Finally, a couple of hairy dog-tails were sticking out from betwixt their bottom-cheeks, kept there by two girthy ass-plugs.

The Countess took another sip from her tasty tea blend, rarely glancing at her two human pets. They used to be dangerous women. It was strange to think that these pitiful naked beasts had once come close to dismantling her criminal enterprises. Looking at them now, the two human-like creatures exuded nothing but weakness, dependence and fear. The woman had enjoyed quite some time using them as high-maintenance sex toys. And while those were truly marvelous times, after a while, the woman needed some actual power exchange to "get off". These slaves were too drained of their karma, like a tug of war where only one is pulling the rope.

So she got new ones. Fresh slaves. People that still thought of themselves as people. These were the fun ones to use, to make them do things they'd never envision themselves doing. So these older slaves were turned into a fun novelty, into her two pet bitches. She kept their initial names, though, as evident by their leather collar's that bared the names "Shaggy" and "Drippy" across them.

The woman's dark predatory eyes fell onto her seemingly mindless animals, curled up on her veranda. Half-bored, she wanted to see a little show. "Come on Shaggy, fuck the little puppy" she cooed, pressing a button on a tiny remote. Rebekah was wearing a tiny leather thong, with a strap-on dildo of a deflated dog penis attached to it. As soon as the button was pressed, the dog's "knot" started inflating, getting harder and harder. Simultaneously, the deflated insertable part nesting inside Shaggy's cunt was getting filled up. "AArf!" Rebekah barked as excitedly as possible, responding to her mistress.

With a hard canine cock now wobbling up and down between her thighs, Shaggy crawled over to an apprehensive Drippy and before the female "pup" could move away, she properly mounted her and stuck her dog-like erect cock inside her! The blonde woman immediately began humping away at the mounted puppy-girl's cunt. Elena's face was pressed on the veranda's floor, in between her nestled paws, her hips high up to "accommodate" her lover.

"Good giiiiir! Drippy! Let me hear how much you like it" the Countess cooed, sipping some more tea. "Owooooo!" Elena let out a high-pitched howl through her puppy mask, which was momentarily stifled by each thrust Rebekah was giving her.

The novelty wore off in about 5 seconds and the Countess turned her attention away from their enamored human dogs and back to the beautiful landscape that spanned for miles in front of her. So banal was this degrading, humanity-stealing act for her, she couldn't even be bothered observing her pets "going at it" for more than a few seconds. This of course did not stop them at all, Rebekah kept dildo-fucking her 20-years-junior agent, simply enjoying the nice sensation in her sex. Elena did so, too, maintaining a passive role, receiving her dicking like a good bitch. Rebekah's anatomically correct, swollen dog penis felt great sliding inside her.

It was one of the few joys in life left for them. They were long past the point of feeling shame for anything. Their roles were clearly defined, with only Rebekah possessing a penis, she was the hound in this "relationship" and Elena was the bitch. Only allowed barks and howls and never human speech, the two pets let out synchronized human-voiced barks; signaling their building pleasure. Shaggy thrust harder and quicker, with her pawed arms wrapped around Elena's waist, her bare tits pressing against the woman's back, her hips slamming against Elena's naked, perked cheeks, until they both erupted in a feral orgasm, within only seconds from each other. At the peak of ecstasy, they both howled loudly. Just for giggles, the Countess remotely inflated Shaggy's rubber cock a bit more, causing the knot on the hound-penis to get stuck inside Drippy's cunt.

"Oooow, are you cuties stuck? Hahaha" she chuckled, watching her fur-browed pets hopelessly trying to unstuck themselves, connected at the genitals.

Inside the mansion, in one of them more recently redecorated rooms, Artemis was playing with her two dolls. One could surmise that a 22-year-old girl should not be playing with dolls at this age. But Artemis' dolls were rather special.

"Mommy, I love your boobies!" an unrecognizable Sabina exclaimed with enthusiasm, before shoving her face back onto the girl's petite black tit, continuing to suck at Artemis' nipple with the urgency of a hungry infant. "Your milky tasted delicious, mamma!" Jane also popped her pouting lips momentarily off of Artemis' other nipple to comment without a hint of sarcasm, even though the girl was not lactating a drop of breast-milk. Just like Sabina, as soon as she said spoke, the black slave got straight back to nipple-sucking, her eyes longingly stuck up towards Artemis. It was uncanny just how sincere the two slave-girls' acted, not featuring a hint of regret, shame or apprehension.

Artemis looked down motherly at her two babies, lying bare-chested on giant pile of plushies with her back raised, wearing her sneakers, a pair of pink jeans and nothing else, while her two slave-dolls were splayed on either side of her, their arms lovingly wrapped around her torso while they each suckled from each of the brown girl's dark-brown nipples.

Sabina and Jane's appearance was as ridiculous as their infant-like behavior. Dressed like latex Lolita dolls, each woman wore a suffocating-tight leather under-bust corset that squeezed her waist into an hourglass figure. Underneath, she wore a latex dress with incredibly puffy, short sleeves with silk-lace ending. Latex gloves covered their hands, with ruffles around the wrists.

Silky lines of lace traced around the collar, as well as the many more layers of ruffles adorning the dress' skirt, which was very wide and puffy, though rather short, ending way above the knees. Semi-transparent, thigh-high rubber stockings hugged the slaves' legs and 6-inch Mary-Jane heels adored their feet. A latex bonnet was on their girlishly-styled hair, dyed a deep black for Sabina and a stark white for Jane, both done in obscenely huge pigtails sticking out the side of their head and reaching below their chest. The slaves' hair color matched the entirety of their Lolita outfits. Sabina's was fully black, while Jane wore a milky white, the outfits contrasting with the women's skin complexion.

It was 18 months ago that Artemis decided to turn her mom's largely discarded old spy-slaves into an adorable pair of latex Lolitas. Though Jane and Sabina's "involvement" with the teenage girl was mostly sexual, Artemis got a kick out of her two dollies treating her like a dominant Momma archetype, despite being about half their age. Having the two women unwillingly acting like two spineless latex sissies tickled her in the best way. Though how much the term unwilling matched their broken psyche was another question.

“Mommy can I touch myself while I feed from your tittie?” Sabina requested in the same bimbo, ultra-feminine tone. “Yes you may, Giggles” Artemis allowed and the 28-year-old adult lowered one of her gloved hands down between her pantyless crotch and started “diddling” herself. The notion of what was arousing to the two poor souls what been completely reshaped by their young mistress.

“Can I please kiss your kitty, mommy?” Jane asked with the exact same affect as a kid asking for a lollipop, referring to her teen “mommy’s” cunt. “Maybe later...” Artemis said with relaxed, closed eyes and her hands behind her head, enjoying the present, while her two loli-slaves kept gently nibbling at her nipples and caressing all along her exposed upper body with their gloved hands.

