

# A Feminine Touch

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

(DISCLAIMER: All Characters are 18+ years old in this story setting)

The five witch friends were relaxing, one a sunny Saturday morning, in their favorite spot, drinking lemonades at chatting about boys. With school out of the way for good, they were now eager to spend some summer fun. "Sooo, how did the date with Matt go?" Cornelia asked Will, with a playfully sly look. "It was ok..." Will responded, kind of underwhelmed, as her four friends were hanging from her words for any "spicy" detail. "We went to the movies, and then for some ice cream, and theeeeen that was it" Will said. "No kiss?! No romantic gesture?!" asked Irma, the more sensitive of the group. "Nothing" Will replied sighing disappointed. Matt Olsen was her big crush ever since her junior year of high-school, but still, he didn't seem to notice her in more than a friendly way. She was a huge fan of his music, going at most of his shows. "I wished he'd see me more as a girl, rather than a friend" Will said. Even though she was 18, Will had left most of puberty behind, but she still hadn't "developed" as much as other girls her age.

The petite redhead was always a bit of a tomboy, never wearing skirts, or make-up, or any jewellery. She liked her style, and hated having to compromise her identity for any boy, but still, it hurt that she wasn't getting the attention she'd like from Matt.

"Don't worry Will, next time will be different. I'm sure Matt needs a little more time" the always polite and comforting Taranee said to her friend. "I hope so..." Will let the conversation die down, slurping her lemonade louder than everyone else.

Sometime later, while Irma and Hay Lin were playing with the shop's arcade machine, Will went to the bathroom with Cornelia. Ever since high-school, her blonde friend was an expert on "relationship stuff" and Will needed her advice now more than ever. They entered two neighboring bathroom stalls, safe in the knowledge that no one else was around.

"I just don't know how to approach him, how to get him to notice me" Will said disheartened to Cornelia through the thin wall separating their stalls. At the same time, she was sliding down her pink panties, and sitting on the toilet. Might as well pee while in here.

"Don't think about it too much" advised Cornelia. "I know you're confident when it comes to everything else, just cut yourself some slack, ok?" she heard Cornelia's voice coming from the nearby stall. "Why don't you let me fix your hair a bit, maybe put on some liiipstiiiiick...?" Cornelia said, despite expecting her friend's reply.

"You know i don't like these sorts of things..." Will was annoyed at the proposition, but also annoyed at herself. She knew trying something different, something that might accentuate her feminine features, might help Matt see her in a more romantic light, like the young woman she very much was. As she stared down at the floor, contemplating, absorbed in her thoughts, she didn't notice the pair of hands, coming magically through the wall, behind her.

"Anyway, i believe in you girl, and if Matt can't see what a catch he's missing, he is an idiot" Cornelia said. Will would have replied with a scream for help, if the hands weren't tightly clenched over her mouth, gagging her. "I mean, you are a cool, pretty girl, you don't deserve having anyone leading you on like that" Cornelia continued her rant, unknown to the fact that her friend was in danger.

"Mmmgg, mmmfff!" the tiniest of moans, couldn't be heard by her friends. Will struggled in vain, feeling the hands pull her, seemingly towards the wall behind her. Her eyes widened as she realized she was being pulled INSIDE the wall, her loose fitting pants and panties still around her ankles. "Will?...Will?" her blonde friend was puzzled by the sudden silence. She got up and out of the stall, and knocked on Will's stall door. "Are you even listening to me?" she knocked again. "Fine, i'm coming in. Don't yell at me if we suddenly become much closer than you'd like" she said, clearly annoyed, and slid the door open. To her shock, the stall was empty, as if her friends had vanished out of thin air.

## **CHAPTER A: ANKLE HIGH**

"Well, well, look who's finally waking up" Will had heard this voice before. As she opened her eyes, the upside-down view of her captor, comfortably sitting in a large, antique style, wooden chair, confirmed her suspicions. It was Nerissa, Looking down at her, in her youthful body. They were in her huge attic, wooden floors, but not much else around her. All focus was on her. Her beautiful legs were crossed and her arms laid on the chairs elaborate, carved arm-rests. She was wearing the same outfit she had when she had once infiltrated Will's high-school, a white, buttoned up shirt, with a purple skirt, and white socks, ending just below her knees.

The teenage brat tried to rotate her head to an upright position, but she discovered she could not. Her head and hands were inside wooden stocks, about a foot from the floor. Turning her head more than 90 degrees was impossible, due to her stockinged wrists. Her head was resting on a small wooden plate. She could see the soles of Nerissa's shoes very clearly.

In addition, her naked, slim body was suspended upside down, from a single rope on the ceiling, tied around her ankles. Her knees were also pressed together with rope. She wanted to curse at the dreaded witch so bad, but her attempts were rendered pointless by a long scarf, tightly tied behind her head. Whilst moaning angrily at her captor, Will noticed that something had been stuffed inside her mouth, the piece of cloth keeping it well wedged inside. The feeling of laced cotton on her tongue, made her realize what it might be. "Enjoying your panties, little girl?" asked Nerissa, her on-top leg swaying up and down with a relaxed air of dominance.

Will could only sway in the air from side to side in her bonds, heavily secured by her bondage. The nipples of her still A cup breasts and her tight butt feeling the cold of the room. It was difficult for anyone to feel more vulnerable than her at the moment.

As she scanned the room upside down, Will saw a pile of her clothes, tossed on the floor, a few feet from Nerissa's chair. A pair of loose brown pants, almost like sweat pants. A plain pink t-shirt and a pink hoodie. A pair of sneakers. "You'll have to excuse me, but i had to remove those dreadful clothes you were wearing" Nerissa continued, uninterrupted by the girl's occasional moans. "Luckily for you, you found someone who's gonna turn you into the epitome of femininity. You won't have to dress like a paper boy anymore. Will's struggling intensified, mad at her inability to do anything to the woman sitting before her.

"For my services, though, i'm going to need some compensation, don't you think? I think turning you into my little plaything will do just fine" she said with an excited smirk. Will's eyes widened, at hearing these words. "Plaything?" she thought. "What does that even mean?" She liked how she looked just fine. She never dressed very girly, it always seemed alien to her.

The long/black haired lass didn't stop her speech for Will's thoughts. "You and i are gonna get to know each other, more... intimately, than any boy you ever wanted to hold your hand, or look you lovingly in the eyes" Nerissa continued twisting the knife. She knew all about Will and her big crush, Matt.

As she stood inches away from her floored victim, Nerissa started removing her purple, 3-inch, chunky heeled, Mary-Jane shoes. She pushed down the back of the heel with the front of her other foot, then did the same to the other shoe with her socked foot. Her socks resembled soccer socks, with two purple,

thin lines on the top, although they were much softer to the touch. They definitely were meant for a woman to wear. "Do you like my new socks, Will? I got them just for you. I was wearing them for three days now, in anticipation of your "arrival" hehe" she chuckled, holding off the urge to touch herself. The bound girl shot her a defiant look. "Who cares about your stupid socks, you filthy old witch!" Will thought to herself, trying in vain to pull herself off the stocks, her nostrils flaring with rage.

She could smell the dirty soles of Nerissa's feet without any further help, but the young woman teasingly lowered her feet, until they rested on the girl's face. "MMMMMMMMMM" the girl protested. The smell was awful and intense! Will tried to swiff her face anywhere to avoid being smothered by Nerissa's stinky feet. The girl had no problem keeping up with the slightest movements, the only ones the girl could achieve, in her secured state. The wooden base that supported her head was now also trapping it under her captor's feet.

"Come on...they can't be that bad!" the girl joked, making sure to have her socked feet hover, only millimeters away from the girl's nose, keeping them pressed against her face, but without fully asphyxiating her. After all, if the girl could not inhale, she could not get that sweet-sweet sock-scent into her nostrils. Nerissa wanted the little bitch to truly "savor" her gift. Gagged with her own panties, the young redhead could only inhale through her nose, taking in big whiffs of Nerissa's dirty socks. All the while the smug witch was sitting comfortably in her antique chair, like a queen, toying with a poor peasant that had dared cross her.

Once she got bored of her little smelly game, Nerissa found another for her new little toy. She pushed her chair a little further towards Will, and without much warning, pinched the girl's nose shut, with her perfectly manicured fingers. Will didn't not expect the assault, striving to shake her head as violently as she could, to avoid the smothering hands.

"Uh-uh-uh, don't you go anywhere" smiled Nerissa, grabbing a good handful of the girl's hair, immobilizing her even more. The once loud and externalized moans of the girl had now subsided to internal ones, coming from within her throat. Will was not good at keeping her breath for long, and Nerissa was already 30 seconds into it. She tried to claw her way out her predicament, but her thin hands were far off Nerissa's reach. "Stop it! I'll say when you're free to breath" Nerissa scolded her riled up victim. The little brat would breathe when she deemed.

Will thought she would burst, there was no oxygen left in her lungs. Finally, her nemesis removed her hands from her, letting the girl greedily suck in air with the nose. "That was a little demonstration of your position, in relation to mine" Nerissa said, looking down at her toy. "I will do anything i want with you, and i expect you to fully accept it, whatever it might be".

The evil witch tormented the girl for a good while, having a blast. She liked suffocating her for increasing amounts of time, pinching the girl's nose with her index and thumb, watching the change in the color of her face, and the increase in Will's panic, at the last few seconds. 55 seconds, then 60, then 65. She managed to break the 1.5-minute mark. Well...Will did, with the witch's "guidance".

"I'm tired" Nerissa yawned, ready for bed-time. "I'll leave you with a welcoming gift" she said, and started pulling her white, over-worn socks. "You got acquainted with the outside of my socks, now, but you didn't get a taste of the inside" she said, then proceeded to pull the stretchy sock, over Will's face, until the part that was in contact with Nerissa's feet for days, was now pressed over the redhead's face. Will thought she would faint. The woman took the second sock, and after wrapping it around her head, nesting over her nose, she tied it neatly behind the wooden headrest. If Will could somewhat swift her head before, she was even more powerless now.

Nerissa left the girl with no choice but to breathe in her feet's fumes, then headed off to bed, not before taking the girl's bundled clothes and tossing them in the garbage.

"Sooo...she just disappeared out of thin air?" Irma asked, dumbfounded. "I'm telling you!" Cornelia repeated. "She was with me, and then a moment later...poof".

The 4 girls started suspecting that more than human resources were at play here. "We have to find Will" Hay Lin said, determined. "No matter what" Taranee added. "I just hope she's ok" Cornelia said with a worried look.

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Will was far from ok. After the awful night she'd been through, barely getting any sleep, with the scent of Nerissa's dirty socks a constant torment, she now found herself cleaned and strapped in a make-up chair, albeit a more elaborate version. For one, this particular chair had arm and leg rests. On the edge of each rest, was a metal shield, designed to rotate and lock over a person's fingers and toes, trapping them securely via a simple screw on each "nub".

Additionally, a PVC collar attached to the chair, held the girl's neck securely, while a metal bar of adjustable length with a U-shaped chin-holder on its top, held the girl's head still, exactly where Nerissa wanted it. Finally, a medical gag was wedged behind her teeth and its screws turned to the desired size. It forced the girl's mouth to open wide. Put it simply, the feisty ginger girl wasn't going anywhere.

"Let's start with your nails, which look horrific" Nerissa, dressed in her silk, long purple dress, commented. She took a nail file, out of a drawer full of beauty tools, and wasted no time. "AAAAaah" the sensation was very rough for Will, sending ugly shivers down her spine. She felt like someone was scratching nails against a green-board. As much as she wanted to, she couldn't pull her fingers away from Nerissa's "care". After 15 minutes of meticulous work, Nerissa was ready for the next step.

She produced two bottles of girly-pink, nail polish, specially made to be removed only with a special thinner, which would of course be out of her plaything's reach. "I hope you like the color, cause it's not coming off for quite a while" Nerissa informed her captive, if only to watch her shocked reaction. As the black haired woman dipped the tiny brush inside the pink bottle, Will was already breathing heavily, saliva dripping from her sore jaw. "Tch, tch, show some respect, a lady never drools like that" Nerissa chuckled at her own silly joke.

She cheerfully began applying the polish to each fingernail. After getting bored with the first few fingers, she motioned her hands, and the objects sprang magically to life, suspended in the air! Without any need for guidance, the brushes worked simultaneously on each respective hand, finishing up with Will's fingers, before repeating the same process on the girl's toenails, giving her a pedicure other women would pay good money for. Will on the other hand, hated every second of it. She was already thinking if she could chew the polish off, given a chance.

Next, it was time for Will's hair, which was always brushed on the sides, for convenience. "Let's do something more... interesting" Nerissa said, running her hands on the girl's ginger-red hair. Each strand she run her fingers across, turned into a black color, much to Will's surprise. She always liked her red hair, and had never thought of changing their color, or shape. Nerissa similarly dyed the rest of the hair a pink color, giving her black colored hair pink highlights. She then motioned for her trusty magical scissors to take charge, giving the teenager straight bangs, before pulling her hair into two cute, wavy pigtails, sticking out from above her ears. The witch then used her enchanted flying curling iron to make the pigtails nice and wavy. Will's hair wasn't as long as she wanted for the pigtails to go below her shoulders, so she used some of her magical powers, to lengthen the girl's hair.

"There, that's how it should look" she reassured the girl satisfied, as if Will cared for any of this. If she wasn't restrained and unable to speak, she could block each of these mundane spells with ease. But now, that they were cast on her, there was no way for her to reverse them, even if she did have her freedom back.

Her make-up was next, that one, also removable with a special concoction, made by the crafty witch. Apart from the make-up, brightening up her face, Nerissa gave the girl pouty, red lips, meticulously tracing the lipstick, and then the lip-gloss over Will's lips, currently forced into an O-shape by the spreader gag. Turning her face totally girly, was a thing too fun to just let her instruments do it for her, so Nerissa relished the process.

As she moved on, the girl's lip-gloss was followed by her rose cheeks, and the necessary mascara. Will was on the verge of tears throughout the "make-over" as Nerissa playfully called it, but she tried to stay tough. She was always a tough cookie to break, and she wasn't going to give her enemy that satisfaction.

When her eyelashes were magically enlarged, giving her an overly feminine, snow-white type of look, she was finally ready. Nerissa brought a round mirror in front of the girl, who couldn't believe she was looking at herself! "I look...unrecognizable!" thought Will, shifting between shocked looks at her captor and her reflection.

The girl's spirit looked shuttered. If her bonds would let her, she would crumble from her chair to the ground. "I'm so proud of you! Your first make-over!" Nerissa was genuinely delighted. "Because you were such a good girl today, i'll give a reward" she said. Will didn't know what could make up for this, other than having everything reversed. The chair-tied girl watched, as the taller woman produced a cordless, Hitachi-style vibrator, taping the holder so that the vibrating head nested snugly between the girls' thighs. It was making some firm contact with Will's "flower". "I'm not done yet" Nerissa explained, producing a pair of black, thigh-high stockings. They looked a little too small to belong to her. "These are your new stockings. I expect you to wear them often, so i want you to feel...close to them" she said with a hidden meaning. "We won't need this" she continued, turning the screws of the medical gag and pulling it off the girl's mouth.

"You bitch, what have you done to me? Let me go! The other girls will be looking for me!" Will rushed to speak while she had the chance. "I know, i don't really care" Nerissa replied with beaming confidence, before shoving the one half of the stockings inside her mouth. "MMMMmmmmphh,llllt mmmmm gggggg!" was all Will could utter again, as Nerissa shut her up with numerous coils of duct tape, wrapped around and between the girl's teeth and glossy lips, packing the nylon fabric deep inside her mouth and squeezing her rosy cheeks. "Don't worry, it won't ruin your make-up" she said, taking the second stocking and placing it right over the girl's nose. She then produced a final item, a rectangular white scarf and tied it over the girl's nose and mouth, securing the balled-up stocking against the girl's nostrils. Even if Will could shake her head, there was little to no chance to dislodge the over-the-nose gag, never mind now with her chair's collar on.

Immediately, Will's nostrils were met with the distinct smell of nylon, the fabric pressing against her nostrils. But, contrary to what she anticipated, this pair was new, clean, untouched. Will definitely wasn't feeling like she was being tortured. It wasn't like yesterday. The stockings actually... smelled wonderful! The perfume Nerissa had sprayed them with had a strong aphrodisiac in it, unbeknownst to the girl. The girl already had a dizzy, high feeling, of the fumes. Then, Nerissa flipped the switch on the vibrator.

At once, Will tensed up, as if someone had plugged her body into an electrical socket. The feeling between her legs was intense and her pulsating pussy loved it, even though Will detested what was

taking place without her consent. "Mmmmmmm!" involuntary moans of pleasure escaped the teen's sealed lips.

"Well look at that, you're a natural little whore, after all" Nerissa teased her bound witch-toy. The sensation was amazing! Will's brave, defiant persona had gone bye-bye. With the great help of the aphrodisiac fumes, the girl surprised even herself with an orgasm within the first few minutes. And it all happened while she was completely restrained, sniffing her new stockings.

Nerissa smiled, and turned the vibrator's setting to max. Before she left the room, she turned to her shivering victim and said "I don't like Will, it's like a boy's name. I think i'll call you.....Cindy...nice, girly name..."

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Will Vandom had lost track of time. She had orgasmed, god knows how many times. She was squirming like a snake under a boot, the once powerful witch and leader of the Guardians of Kandracar, now reduced to a puddle of mess and bodily fluids. The taste of the nylon fabric on her tongue, its intoxicating smell, it was all she could experience, along with the stimulating ride she was given on her make-up chair. When Nerissa returned to get her, the young girl was a sweaty, cum-drunk mess.

"Time to dress you up, Cindy..." Nerissa said to the quivering puddle of nerves that was Will. She unstrapped her from the chair, and took her to her bedroom. It was a spacious room, with a queen size bed, with elaborate wooden bed-posts on all four corners, and dark blue, velvet covers. The house had the same, classical aesthetic she had seen earlier. The girl spotted a cage on the corner of the room. It looked big enough for a large dog. "There is your room" notified Nerissa. Before the girl could come to her senses, she felt a black leather collar, surround her neck, then buckled. She never saw the word Cindy, engraved on the collar with pink, calligraphic letters.

"This is your new attire, go on... get dressed" the witch pointed on her bed. All Will could see was a pair of pink, thigh-high socks, with large, white stripes across them. In front of them, on the floor, were waiting a pair of black, 5-inch Mary Jane heels. The girl stumbled her way towards her new "outfit".

Reluctantly, the girl obeyed her captor's orders, slowly pulling the socks all the way up, until their top reached the middle of her thin thighs. She then wore the dreaded heels, buckling the tiny strap in place. "Up you go, on your feet" Nerissa signaled the girl to rise from the bed. But Will was too afraid; she knew she couldn't possible balance on these stilt-like shoes. She had never worn heels before, not even



the smaller ones. On top of that, her legs were already shaky from the orgasm-roller coaster she was on earlier.

"Don't be shy, here, i'll help you" the dominant woman stood next to Will. It was very weird, needing your captor's help, but Will was in no shape to attempt an escape, or go against Nerissa wishes. So she took her hand, making tremendously slow steps, her ankles constantly ready to snap, her feet shaking. "You'll get used to them" Nerissa comforted her, as she led her half-naked victim into her cage. She lowered Will's head to pass through the entrance, then locked "Cindy" inside. The frightened girl discovered her cage to be empty, except for a bowl filled with water. The cage's floor was also covered with a softer pad, something she was glad for. The bowl also had the word "Cindy" written on it.

Will felt so humiliated, forced to stay inside a cage. But she was too exhausted to protest, and soon she was dead asleep, while Nerissa slept like a baby in her huge, comfy bed, dressed in a silky baby-doll.

Next morning, Will was rudely woken up by her captor, rattling the cage's metal bars with a long cane. Will had regained her strength, but was still sleepy. Nerissa made her poke her hands out of the cage, in order for her to tie them together with rope, giving her a 25cm slack between the wrists. She then unlocked the cage for her pet to exit. Will crawled out of her cage, still in her high socks and heels, shooting daggers towards Nerissa with her eyes. Now that she was more conscious, the young witch wanted nothing more than to gouge this cheerleader's eyes out and be down with this stupid mess. But, she wasn't in much of a position to do any harm. The woman turned her around and bound her elbows, tightly behind her back, until they almost touched. These, along with the previous tie, completely immobilized Will's arms against her sides.

"I didn't sleep much, thinking of all the fun things i will do with you" the brunette confessed to the girl, who was now kneeling bound in front of her. Nerissa was still in her baby-doll, and only had to lower her panties down, for Will to start to worry. Without wasting much time, the witch grabbed a hold of the girl's side-pig tails, with each hand, and violently pulled the girl's face right on her pussy.

"Don't even THINK of biting..." Nerissa anticipated what Will was ready to do, giving her perky ass a good stinky hit with the crop, for good measure. "MMMMMM" Will felt the stink immediately leave a red mark across her butt-cheek. "Lick me good... all over" she instructed, giving the girl a couple of lighter, encouraging cane-smacks. "MMmmmmfffff" the girl's painful yelp was again muffled by Nerissa's pussy, smothering her. She was pretty certain she couldn't breathe, so tightly was the woman pulling her pigtails towards her cunt. "Move that tongue of yours, or you don't get air" Nerissa was starting to get impatient, ready to get that orgasm she was fantasizing about all night.

The girl had no way to know how to pleasure a woman, hell she didn't yet know if she was kissing correctly, but she did what she was told. She got her tongue out, and waved it all around the woman's

tender lips. It didn't taste great. Nerissa's "morning pussy" wasn't helping with the girl's first attempt at cunnilingus. "Ooooooooooh" Nerissa let out a moan. The girl down there had no idea what she was doing, but at this point, it didn't matter. The feeling was amazing, and Nerissa climaxed quickly, almost breaking the poor girl's nose, by how hard she was pressing her face. "Fuuu....fuuuu...keep licking it" she ordered the girl, panting. She liked to be licked for a few more seconds after orgasm, as a wonderful end to her ride. "That's not bad, for a first" the sadistic witch thought to herself.

Will felt so degraded, by the way Nerissa was treating her. It didn't help that the only clothes she was allowed to wear were stockings or socks, heels, and a collar. The woman dehumanized her every chance she got. Nerissa spend most of her afternoon, sitting on the couch, with a bowl of popcorn on her lap, watching T.V shows and movies. Will acted as her foot-stool, one that was always in use, for the girl to rest her crossed legs on. Will was on all fours, in her usual getup, this time it was a pair of red stockings with the same black heels, with the added bonus of Nerissa's panties, draped over her face.

"I want you to get really acquainted with my smell down there. This will help" Nerissa commented as the weight of her feet was already a considerable pain on the girl's slim lower back. "They are the ones i was wearing last night, so excuse me if they are a little...moist" Nerissa chuckled. She had soaked her panties wet throughout the night, in anticipation of what the next day would bring.

Will wanted to tell her to stop, how demeaning this felt, but her tongue had been pulled out of her mouth and secured in place with a metal clip, attached to her collar. The silky underwear were in constant contact with her tongue, whether she liked it or not. After the first few attempts, she refrained from trying to speak, as she sounded completely ridiculous, without the use of her tongue. Nerissa would burst in laughter every time Will tried to show some defiance. The girl blushed with shame every time that happened, and so just kept to her drooling self.

It was a tormenting 4 hours, Nerissa a big fan of binge-watching all types of shows, especially horror ones. "Cindy" buckled numerous times, painfully fatigued, but each time the brunette's handy-cane (she always had it within reach) corrected her erroneous stance, with a swift strike on her bottom. Will's little ass had dozens of red lines across her cheeks, lines that would not go away for a few days.

"As things stand now, you're definitely not getting a reward" said Nerissa to her ungagged human foot-stool, after returning from the kitchen with a soda in hand. "Your only saving grace is to do a good job down there, she said" suggestively raising the front of her pretty yellow dress, to reveal her pantyless pussy, giving the girl a glimpse of her future. Will's tongue was already very sore from the stinking alligator clamped that was holding it out, but now she also had to put it to use.

"Go to hell! I'm not doing anything else for you!" Will snapped. Nerissa looked down at her with an intriguing confusion. "I don't think you're in a position to argue with me ever again" Nerissa responded, with a matter-of-fact tone. She then took her cane, and moved closer to the girl, raising it up, ready to strike. "WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!" the girl could not take any more beatings. "Just...don't hurt me anymore...please..." Will could not believe herself for saying those words. She felt sick to her stomach, she felt like she had betrayed herself.

"It's up to you" the imposing woman half-lied to her. It was only kind of true. While Cindy could avoid some of the torment coming her way, and earn some small rewards along the way, Nerissa would never treat the little witch as anything more than a fun toy to play with. "If you're REALLY well-behaved, you might even spend your nights in my bed, instead of that cold cage" she winked.

The girl hesitantly crawled over to the couch, where Nerissa had made herself comfortable, her legs spread. Nerissa looked down at the girl's permanently dolled face, her scared eyes looking back, and she was already wet. Then, she saw the girl's face disappear under her knee-low dress, there was work needed to be done. Nerissa was glad that this time she didn't have to pull Cindy's pigtails in order to do her bidding. "Lower, i want your tongue inside" she said, with a breathy, horny voice.

Will already had to adapt to new techniques, but she tried her best, especially as Nerissa never stopped rubbing the girl's ass-cheek with long side of her cane, as a reminder of what could go wrong. Will's tongue ached so much, just the contact with Nerissa's pussy was painful, having to rapidly move it up and down, side to side, for 40 minutes, was excruciating. At many points, her tongue and jaw were cramping up. But she never stopped licking, or using her red-painted lips, to kiss and lightly nibble on her new mistress' inner lips, another thing that the woman enjoyed immensely.

After Nerissa finally squirted all over the girl's face in a powerful orgasm, she remained still for a few minutes, drained but blissful. Her pet remained curled up on all fours at the floor, waiting for her mistress' next command. "Go get me some water" Nerissa ordered Will. When her toy returned, the witch informed her that due to her initial refusal to serve her, she still needed to be punished, despite her excellent work on her mistress' cunt. Will didn't take the news well, pleading and begging Nerissa, something she'd sworn to never do from the first minute she got there, but the woman wasn't having any of it.

So, instead of an orgasm and her cage, Will spent the night "stocked" in Nerissa's attic, desperately trying to inhale some air through one of Nerissa's thickest white socks, now used as a very tight hood over her head. Another pair of socks Nerissa had used during her afternoon jogging was stuffed in her mouth, held there not only by the sock-hood, but by a third long sock, tight like a cleave-gag around her

head. Only the outline of her eyes, her button-nose and her lips on either side of her sock-gag were visible through the white sock/hood. Arguably, Will found it very difficult to sleep. The fact that she had swallowed almost as much foot-sweat as her own saliva didn't help matters.

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Over the next days, the evil witch practiced a strict protocol. Whenever her toy was docile, obedient, had pleased her mistress enough and was showing enthusiastic “involvement” in said pleasing her, she was getting the “kind” treatment.

An abundance of orgasms, forced nonetheless, but with each day passing by, they were all the more welcomed by the captive. Every "reward" always incorporated "Cindy's" own socks, stockings, or pantyhose in some way, items that the girl would wear, whenever she was being "played with" by her captor. Whether she had them stuffed in her mouth, forced under her nose, wearing them, or all of the above, Will would get oddly close to the feeling these items gave her, largely helped along with Nerissa's aphrodisiac infused perfume, always sprayed on the girl's ONLY clothes.

Frequent were incidents where Will was actually “cocooned” by a few pairs of waist-high stockings, or pantyhose, during her bound, “fun” rides. The girl felt the soft nylon making firm contact with every inch of her body, embracing tightly around her face, grabbing her neck, caressing her arms, pressing her chest. Her entire body was covered with Nerissa's nylons.

Slowly but surely, a strong mental connection between these nylon undergarments and erotic pleasure formed in the girl's mind.

Subsequently, any time her mistress was displeased with Cindy, she would often torture her with “naturally-scented” socks or stockings, scents that indicated urgency for a bath. So, Whether Will would have a good or a bad experience with her cotton/nylon friends, depended largely on the girl's obedience.

## CHAPTER B: KNEE HIGH

Four weeks had passed since her abduction, but none of Will's friends had any clue where she might be. The no.1 suspect's whereabouts were a mystery.

Meanwhile, Miss Vandom had gone through an arguably very eventful week. Though still she fought with her arch nemesis, it was more internally, in her brain, during various daydreams, times of bondage, with nothing else to do but suffer, and hope. The various scenarios that always featured Will managing to escape and get back at her dreaded captor, only came to fruition in her head. Some of them were already starting to repeat.

Will couldn't get over the drastic change in her looks. She looked so girly. In her twisted, traumatized logic, she wondered if Matt would like her now, the way she was. Cornelia always told her that her boyish, sporty style would put off most boys. She always encouraged her to dress up more, or do something with her hair, but Will always turned her down. She didn't know if her current appearance was what her friend had in mind, but she certainly didn't like it.

"Time to go shopping today!" said Nerissa with apparent joy. "What did this mean?" Will wondered. "Maybe i can have a chance to escape" Will's eyes popped wide, looking at Nerissa through her cage's bars. "I know what you're thinking, Cindy, but i have it all planned" Nerissa read her thoughts.

As soon as her girly toy was out of her cage/home, Nerissa showed the girl her new outfit. It looked like a popular schoolgirl-type getup, a dark red shirt, with a flannel skirt, barely reaching her knees and a jean jacket, paired with some black, high platform, knee high boots, that Will hoped she could walk on.

Nerissa ordered her slave-girl to put these on quickly, with everything except the jacket. As she was being dressed - with her white thigh stockings still on, Will wondered whether she'd receive any underwear, but knew better not to ask.

When "Cindy" was all dressed up, Nerissa got to work, with some "added" features. She first proceeded to buckle two leather belt-straps, on the girl's thighs, which were then linked together with a 3 inch-chain, long enough for Will to be able to walk slowly. Her skirt easily covered the binding tools. Nerissa then passed a fancy, chess-patterned belt around her skirt. What was particular about that belt was the fact that it had two round straps on each side, which Nerissa used to secure Will's wrists with.

The girl looked like she had her hands close to her waist, at all times, but Nerissa didn't worry. Once the jacket would be draped casually over her, no one would be able to tell. "Now to keep you nice and quiet" mumbled Nerissa, as she produced a strip of clear tape, and carefully applied over the girl's permanently red lips.

Nerissa then gave the girl's nipple a hard pinch, through her thin shirt. "MMMMMMMMmmm" the girl protested. "Hmmm, too noisy" Nerissa frowned. "Maybe this will help" she said and removed a cute sock with bears on it, the same she had spent all yesterday in. "Open up..." she signaled, removing the tape. Will pressed her lips closed, until the woman was fed up and pinched Will's nose. "You know i don't have time for this..." she said annoyed, until Will reaaaally needed to breathe, and opened up to receive the soundproofing invader.

Once she was taped up again, Nerissa repeated the noise test. "Mmmm" Will's moan was now much softer. The evil witch then waved her hand over the tape, and at once, the shiny texture of the tape was gone, along with the once visible edges of the tape. To anyone, it looked like Will was just not in the mood for small talk. Satisfied, Nerissa propped the jean jacket over the girl's shoulders, disguising any bonds. To make sure the girl wouldn't just toss it off her, she tied a couple of knots, securing Will's bound forearms on the inside of the jacket, through a couple of rings.

For the final touch, Nerissa took out some Ray-ban looking sunglasses, and placed them over the girl's eyes. "And no-one will be the wiser" she finally commented, as she wrapped her arm around Cindy and pushed her along.

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Shopping was a blast, for Nerissa. Will, or Cindy, as everyone called her, and her choker-collar indicated, was in complete distress. When she wasn't desperately trying to get any passersby's or shop-keeper's attention and signal her need for help, she was being used as a living mannequin, with Nerissa trying all sorts of cutesy dressed and outfits on her, all of course in the safety of the dressing room. She didn't need to go through the trouble of untying and retying the helpless girl, a simple spell transported the clothes under all the ropes and thigh-shackles.

Will was trapped in her own body, as loud as she moaned; Nerissa heartbreaking story about her mute sister always did the trick. Warning anyone with her eyes proved also impossible, through her dark shades, which were never removed among strangers. She could just follow where Nerissa took her, at a slow pace because of her secretly bound legs.

Nerissa filled her bags with all sorts of accessories and clothes. A tight and glittery, black tube dress, a frilly, strapless dress, lots of short skirts, leather, jean, cotton you name it! Lots of cute tops, most of them showing off Will's belly-button. And of course, shoes! Heels, platforms, Mary-Janes, they all had one thing in common. They were sexy. No flats were purchased.

The shopping "besties" didn't forget to stop by the jewellery shop. "What's a woman without some bling-bling, right?" Nerissa teased her involuntary shopping pal, who did not respond. Nerissa bought lots of earrings, hoop ones, dangly ones, the like. She also got Cindy a silver necklace, with her name engraved on it, along with some more necklaces and bracelets. She finally thought it was cute if Cindy had an ankle bracelet, and she couldn't resist purchasing it.

Their shopping spree could not be concluded anywhere else but the lingerie shop. No bras or panties were necessary for this slutty redhead, though. Dozens of pairs of socks and stocking filled Nerissa's cart. Usually knee-high socks and thigh-high stockings, but variety was encouraged. Will would always have a pair at the ready.

As they made their way through the mall, always arm in arm, like two girlfriends, Nerissa spotted Will's four witch friends, enjoying a burger at the mall's fast-food place. Irma, Taranee, Cornelia, and Hay Lin were all sitting across each other, on a tall, round table, one of the outdoor ones of the store.

"Dammit" the long-haired villain mumbled under her breath, dragging her captive by her arm faster, though she couldn't follow quicker. When Will realized that her rescue was just 25-30 meters away, she tried her loudest to alert them, stomping and pulling at Nerissa's secure arm-lock. But the crowd was huge. Dozens of people stood between Will and her friends, and no one really paid attention to them. Her friends kept laughing together and enjoying their meal.

But Nerissa had to do something, the girl was causing a fuss, and soon eyes would turn towards them, the last thing she wanted. As her secretly bound and gagged toy thrashed around, Nerissa spotted an older gentleman, approach the two, worried. "MMMMNng!" Will tried alerting the man, but at the corner of her eyes she spotted that Nerissa was mumbling something. The next moment, Will felt a light tap on her forehead by the woman. This was the last thing she remembered, as Nerissa's spell knocked her out.

"Oh no, she's fine. She got a little light-headed is all" Nerissa reassured the approaching man, who continued his course. She supported the unconscious girl in her arms, until they reached the exit. None of her friends had any idea, how close they were to finding Will.

As fun as Nerissa had picking clothes for her little minion, the truth was that Cindy would rarely have the privilege of clothing around her house, apart from her trademark socks and heels. Nonetheless, Nerissa loved dressing her little doll up, especially if she had the chance to parade her around her equally heartless girlfriends. She'd invite all the college-like girls to her house, or bring Cindy to theirs.

One of the group's favorite games was sitting on this long, 5-seated couch and lay their fairly bound slave-toy on the floor in front of them. Then they'd rub their socked or stocking-wearing feet all over Will's face and body, essentially stomping the petite girl to submission. Will could only suffer through anything these devilish girls had in mind.

Besides the obvious pain and humiliating torment she was being subjected to, Will also hated the way Nerissa used her as a cute mannequin of sorts, usually to show off a cute new outfit she'd bought for her, like her fluffy, all-yellow dress, or her light-blue pin-up type dress, with big roses all over it. Stylish skirts, tiny jean shorts, flowy tops, bows on every possible part of the body, and stockings. Lots and lots of stockings and socks to accompany Cindy's look. The girl felt these items of clothing as seconds skin, as they were always there, making their presence known on her delicate legs and feet.

The overall look had been carefully prepped by Nerissa, setting her toy in front of her bedroom mirror, and doing her thing. Even after all these days, Will never got used to her dolled up look, her painted nails and her glossy lips. She felt like only mindless, superficial girls looked like that, and the fact that she looked like one of these girls, made her self-esteem, and subsequently, her resistance to Nerissa, drop dramatically.

One of Nerissa's friends, a sadistic blonde, named Trish, always loved to make Nerissa's toy lick her bare feet. For that reason, Will hated her the most out of her mistress' friends, but she could do little to avoid being used however Nerissa's guests wanted. Trish liked having Cindy tracing her skillful tongue up and down the length of her sole, then slithering it inside the crevices between the woman's polished toes. Trish always made Cindy pick out every last strand of cotton or dirt, that might be stuck in there, before signaling her (always with her friend's overused cane) to gulp down her big toe, and suck it like it was Nerissa's dildo.

Nerissa and the others rarely paid attention to Trish's escapades with Cindy, as they were all relaxing around her on the couch and sofa's, in front of the T.V., gossiping and laughing. After all, it wasn't like they would devote all their time to a mere slave-toy. Cindy was used when needed, then discarded in a corner of the room, always on the floor, with only her stocking for company. She was never allowed to talk, unless addressed.



Meanwhile, Will's Pavlovian conditioning into a lustful, orgasm-hungry slave continued at a rigorous pace. Good Cindy got orgasms and nice smells. Bad Cindy got beatings and bad smells. Sure, it was more complicated than that, but the fact was that after 3 months under Nerissa's roof, Will was craving the positive affirmation with every passing seconds. Being a degraded, stocking-wearing plaything wasn't the most fun or exciting gig someone could have.

But, even though she hated to admit it, Will increasingly cherished the moment she'd be close to her obscenely attractive pairs of thick, cotton socks, or her nylon stockings. In these moments, she felt like she truly lost herself in ecstasy, transported to a better place, full of bliss and joy! Her once inexperienced pussy was now pretty familiar with the feeling of the witch's "magic wand" (no pun intended) buzzing furiously against her young sex.

Even more interestingly, the inseparable link created between her arousal and the ever-present socks/stockings, decorating her feet and legs, intensified this sexual craving. Will felt them encase her cute feet, hug her thin calves 24/7. She felt the band of her stockings circling her thighs all day and night and this reminder, this feeling of the soft fabric against her skin, caused a constant need for sexual release. A small fire was always crackling between her legs.

To put it off, "all" she had to do was service her mistress well.

This was something that the girl was starting to improve in. The taste and smell of Nerissa's pussy was something she was really accustomed to. It was as common as the smell of morning coffee. Besides licking pussy like an oasis in a dry desert, Will also learned to stretch her throat, to accommodate Nerissa's huge strap-on dildo. When she first tried to fit it inside her mouth, the teenage girl thought the corners of her lips would tear. With persistence, meaning repeated face-fucks, Nerissa trained the little girl's gag reflex to all but disappear. Sure, Miss Vandom would prefer if she had some more liberties during those times, like not being bound or being able to control the speed and depth of the dildo's motion inside her throat, but these were all things Nerissa was in charge of.

The black-haired young woman loved having her toy coat the 7-inch dildo with her saliva, before ramming it in the girl's pussy. Will's pussy was very inexperienced and so the feeling was much less pleasant than the one caused by Nerissa's vibrator. With time, she'd become a champ at taking her mistress' dick. Nerissa on the other hand, had a blast. She'll never forget the first time she popped the little witch's cherry:

Will was wearing a pair of tall, shiny, pink platform boots on, and matching pink thigh-high socks. She had her hands tied behind her back in a box-tie. Nerissa had her frightened toy silenced with a leather head harness, featuring a big red ball-gag. The harness had a metal hook on the top, which Nerissa had passed a rope through, feeding it then through a pulley on the ceiling, and holding the other end of the rope on her hand.

All that remained was to prop her little fuck-toy on the table, strap her ankles down on the table's corners and go to town on her poor pussy. She could easily control the girl's position with the handy rope she was holding.

Will felt like she would die from shame, being maneuvered like that from her head harness felt sooo dehumanizing. She was totally powerless to stop Nerissa, who inched her rubber dick closer and closer, until it reached the girl's opening. "Thank your mistress for using lube" she spanked the girl's ass really hard. "AAAAaaaaaaaaww, 'ank 'ouuu miftref..." Will instinctively replied, loathing herself. It appeared she should be grateful, especially when the thing penetrated her small cunt.

Nerissa was patient enough, taking her time to ease her toy into her first love-making session. Will was panting through her ball-gag, taking quick, sharp breaths to deal with the pain.

"MMMMMMMMmmmmghh" the girl's painful yelps were non-stop. 6/7ths of the dildo were inside the girl, when Nerissa felt Will's cervix against her fake dick. There no more room for the large phallus to dig into. Will thought she might burst from the internal pressure. She couldn't measure it at the time, but this rubber cock felt like it half her height in length.

"Easy now, Cindy" Nerissa said, easily holding the girl's head with the rope, keep Will's body torso to the table. The pounding that followed was relentless, and Nerissa orgasmed hard, from destroying her little toy's pussy.

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One day, Nerissa got a special delivery to her home. At first glance, it didn't look like your ordinary armchair; the design was much more elaborate and unique. There was a wooden frame underneath the seat, also extending about a foot, behind the chair. The purple velvet of the seat the chair's back had an oval-shaped hole in the middle.

Nerissa drugged her heavy purchase in front of the T.V. There was gonna plenty of binge-watching on that new piece of furniture. The chair looked majestic, with dark-brown, natural wood, perfectly varnished. It had some intricate, royal armrests on each side. Will looked at the contraption with much

worry. There were leather straps, both on the back and front of the seat and also on the two tall ears of it.

Will, dressed in some white thigh-high socks, with red hearts on them, matching her red heels, was brought in front of the chair. She was the last missing piece! In seconds, the teen found herself inside that narrow compartment under the seat, facing up. Nerissa cranked a small wheel-lever on the chair's side, raising Will's wooden frame up until the girl's face poked through the hole in the velvet seat. She could not remove it or turn her head.

The girl's legs were then raised upwards behind the chair, and secured from the ankles on the chair's ears, half-spread. Though her arms were left surprisingly free, a leather strap was placed over her belly to pin her against her frame. As much as the girl struggled, she was tightly restrained, wiggling her cute, socked toes, behind the head-rest.

Nerissa then produced the three wires that came with her delivery. On one end, they had a male auxiliary plug, on the other, some small, metal clamps, like tweezers. Nerissa plugged the three wires on three inputs under the right armrest. She then went behind the chair, where Will's vulnerable genitals were on display. "Stay still, Cindy" she mentioned as she snapped the clamps over the girl's left, right labia, and the last one on her clitoris, each time producing a pained yelp from Will. With that, her toy was set-up.

"Wait right there, I'll go get some ice" Nerissa said to her bound toy, an inside joke that still hadn't lost its charm for her. "Why would she need ice?" Will wondered, worried. Her question was answered moments later, when she Nerissa grabbed her lower jaw and pulled it open. "In they go!" Nerissa said, pushing 3 or 4 ice-cubes inside the girl's gaping mouth. "AAaaammmmmmmggh" the girl was shocked, first from the oral assault, then from the freezing object in her mouth.

"Come on, it's not that bad" Nerissa said, keeping her hand over the girl's mouth so that she won't spit the cubes out. The brunette woman removed her laced panties and propped her perky butt up on the seat, plunging it over Will's face. "MMmmmmmm" the redhead's moans were muffled by Nerissa's bottom; the girl's face was deep in her ass-crack. With nowhere to turn to, Will had to endure this indignity.

"Sssh, my show is about to start" the young woman was reprimanded, as Nerissa started tossing popcorn in her mouth. Her right hand then moved to a dial on the chair's right armrest. It was a measurement of voltage, ranging from low to high. Nerissa turned the dial to low, and was delighted to feel the muffled moan of Will vibrate on her crotch as she was lightly electrocuted. It made the ice-cubes rattle in the girl's mouth and subsequently tickled her crotch. The combination of this cold, wet surface with the warmth of the girl's lips felt amazing!

"Massage my feet" she ordered the girl. Zapped and suffocating, Will quickly located her mistress' bare feet with her free hands. At once, she started massaging each one with one hand, doing her best to please her mistress. "Stronger, don't just caress them" Will barely heard anything through the woman's booty over her ears, but she did feel the increase in voltage, her tender pussy and clitoris received. She started licking and rubbing more vigorously.

The reality show marathon was 3 hours long, and Nerissa wouldn't miss a second...

The show was only paused for re-fills of ice for Will's mouth and pop-corn for Nerissa's. Will's relationship with her captor's asshole grew into a very close one with the addition of this piece of furniture. Nerissa loved the cold feeling of the ice on her rim, mixing in with Cindy's warm tongue, swirling all around and - to Will's big dismay- inside it. The pig-tailed girl didn't have any options though. It was either that or having her poor pussy fried. Her nose was constantly under the girl's pussy, when it wasn't blocked completely, so air was scarce "down there".

Will had gotten very used to Nerissa's smell and taste, but this took it to another level, the girl getting very physical with the girl's rim-hole, kissing, licking it and tonguing it. If hers was a regular lipstick, Will would have it all over Nerissa' backdoor ring. To top it all off, Will's hands were cramping from the non-stop rubbing they were giving Nerissa's soles.

At least, Nerissa told the girl she was satisfied with her performance, and that she had earned herself a place in the bed! That was unheard of! As much as Will had pleased her, Nerissa had never given her the "honor" of her bed-side. Sure, she did get her stocking orgasms, but she always ended up locked in her cage for the night.

Will hated to admit it, but she was really looking forward to having a mattress to lie on, instead of the cage's usual padded bottom. It was late when Nerissa moved into the bedroom with her purple, silky night-gown, to find Cindy, waiting anxiously on the carpeted floor. She just had her orgasm reward, something like 12 consecutive orgasms, (even though her record was 20), and was very loopy and tired.

"Bedtime, Cindy" called Nerissa, like an owner calls her pet to come. Will moved slowly and hesitantly, afraid of messing something up, and returning to her cage. "Shoes are off, leave the rest to me" Nerissa ordered, and Will was left with her hearty high socks. Nerissa then approached the girl from behind and begun tracing her body, mouthing some incoherent spell. Before her eyes, Will saw that each part Nerissa was tracing left a tight, unyielding hemp rope against her body, until her body was covered in a web of ropes, in a shibari-style rope harness. Will immediately noticed the knots pressing against her naked sex, by the harness' crotch rope.

After Nerissa buckled a red-colored ball-gag to its tightest notch, Cindy was almost ready for bed. Will wasn't sure if her troubles were worth what her night awaited her. Her owner laid her on the bed. On both upper and down bed frames were attached two large, metal rings. Its use would soon be apparent. Nerissa bind Will's ankles together on a single leather strap, which was leashed to a chain. Nerissa clipped a second chain on Cindy's black collar, and the girl was ready for bed. Completely bound, gagged and unable to leave her owner's side.

Nerissa fell asleep, spooning her young plaything like a big teddy bear, while Will would have a rougher night than she would have hoped for.

## **CHAPTER C: THIGH HIGH**

Time flew by, and the more it did, the less Will felt like her old self. She often wondered if the powerful and feisty Will was still hidden somewhere, deep inside her. Wherever she was, Nerissa had stomped her down. Whenever she found herself with idle hands, standing in the corner of a room awaiting orders, the young girl often found her hands being drawn between her stocking-covered thighs, eager to satisfy a tingling, frustrating sensation.

Nerissa forbid her toy from touching itself, but Will managed to sneak a finger (or two) inside her moist cunt, when the night was at its darkest and she was jailed inside her cage. Nerissa was too busy enjoying a deep sleep to reprimand her. Either by tracing her free hand up and down the fabric, or using to shove the clothing in front of her face and taking generous whiffs, Will always incorporated her stockings or socks to get off quietly without alerting her mistress and getting herself punished.

She had become a proper nylon slut.

Despite all the transformative changes that Nerissa had inflicted on her appearance, wearing these socks was the most feminine of them all. When she was wearing her socks or stockings, especially if accompanied with some sexy heels, Will felt like a real woman, like an intensely sexual being, something she never thought of herself before. She was hot and she felt like it!

Nerissa often stole glances towards her toy, in these moments of its indulging narcissism and she couldn't be happier. Her conditioning had worked wonders.

Sometimes, when "Good girl Cindy" was getting her rewards, Nerissa toyed with her nylon/cotton addicted slave, by taking all the stocking or socks she was normally dressed and bound with from her. Will was much less responsive, barely orgasming most times. Withholding these precious items for her had to put a roadblock to her erotic climax.

"Pl...please? Can i have my stockings?" she asked with puppy eyes, strapped down on her "happy chair" as it was known. Nerissa had pulled this mean trick a few times already. Mistress raised her eyebrow at hearing that. Speaking without permission was a huge violation, and Will knew that well, hence the terrified expression on her face. The brunette smirked satisfied. "You know what? You were a good toy today, you finished me 4 times" she said, producing a plain white knee-high sock and tying it around the girl's mouth like a cleave-gag. Will/Cindy's brown eyes lit up like fireworks.

She didn't even care how or where the stockings/socks would end up. She was just excited that she would be with them again. Nerissa was generous enough to let the girl actually wear them. That day, Cindy broke her old record of 20 orgasms, climaxing 31 times. Nerissa never needed to spray any aphrodisiac perfume on the girl's stockings or socks ever again.

After a year in Nerissa's captivity, just the sight of them was enough to send a tingling sensation between the girl's legs. She was trained like another Pavlov's bitch, to respond instinctively to the only thing that she had linked with pleasure, the only pleasure her mistress' allowed. Nerissa was really happy; her toy-slave was now regularly orgasming numerous times, when she was being dildo-fucked to the ground, just as long as she was wearing her high-thighs. So dependent had Will become of her lovely socks, she was becoming delusional, often begging her mistress to give her a new, "fresh" sock or one sleeve of stockings, for her to sniff and rub her body with, while on her cage. Of course, she would have to be at her best behavior, and work really hard for them, but she was always thrilled to get them.

Nerissa had truly broken the young girl's mind, turning a strong witch into a sex-driven sock-junkie.

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Nerissa was having coffee with her usual gang of friends, in their usual spot, always a corner table of the store. The brunette witch had brought her slave-girl Cindy along, dressed in her yellow dress, with white stockings, with a small bow on the top of each, and yellow, matching heels. Of course, she wasn't sitting along with Nerissa's friends, but she was crawled underneath their table. Trish was extra glad,

because she could now have her bare toes licked, while drinking her coffee and goofing around with her friends. Sure, it looked weird, but Cindy was barely visible, between a sea of oiled up, pampered legs, and the few people who might spot her, were too embarrassed to say anything. It's not like they were doing anything illegal, after all. Just weird.

"So, anyway, I'll be heading home. I have to see that new serial-killer documentary. Also i haven't used my armchair in a while, and Cindy must be itching to clean my asshole with her tongue. Isn't that right, Cindy?" Nerissa asked, just loud enough for anyone under the table to hear her. "Yes, mistress" a monotone, removed, tired reply was heard from Cindy from under the table, the girl only stopping her busy foot-licking to answer, before continuing her work. She had gone down to Nerissa for 2 hours before they had arrived at the coffee shop, and then she found out she had to lick Trish's feet. She was exhausted, but unresponsive, not even really thinking about anything, but always in kind of a horny train, mostly because of the stockings hugging her legs all day. She was docile, obedient, stoic. A well broken toy.

Trish asked for Nerissa to let her hold on to the girl for the night, but Nerissa was already picturing her afternoon in the "ice chair" as she liked calling it.

As Nerissa and her dolled up toy made their way to the coffee shop's exit, a young man entered the store. He had long, brown, messed up hair, and a small beard on his chin. He was carrying a guitar on his back. Will's eyes were kind of droopy, from the exhaustion, thinking of nothing, a blank stare. But, when she realized who was in front of her, they opened as if awoken from a huge slumber. It was Matt! The guy she so desperately wanted, once.

Nerissa watched as he walked towards her and Will. "M...Matt" she uttered in a weak, shy voice, as the guy almost walked past them. He turned stunned, not expecting anyone to address him. The look he gave Will was one of confusion. "Ehm, excuse me, i don't think i know you" she said to the strange girl, apparently named Cindy, judging by the strange collar around her neck. Even if the girl told him she was Will Vandom, he wouldn't believe her. Everything in this girl in front of him looked opposite to that girl he used to hang out with.

"Excuse me pal, she's a bit hangover from last night" Nerissa told the man, dragging Cindy by the hand and leading her towards the exit. Will managed to turn to have one last look at Matt, her crush, that didn't even recognize her, while Nerissa was generously copping a feel of the girl's pantyless ass, under her girly, yellow dress.