

Madam Sue's Famous Slaves part 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

CHAPTER I: FAME CUTS BOTH WAYS

"Over here Gal!"....."You look spectacular"....."one more"...."Love you Gal!!!"..."that dress is amazing!"..... "You're a role model for all girls"....."So sexy!"....."Stunning!"....

Thud the back door of the limousine closed. All this ruckus from the photographers trying to get the best angle for tomorrow's tabloid and all the cheering fans shoving and reaching their hands for an autograph or (can you imagine?!) a selfie, all the camera flashes, the excited screams, the noise directed specifically her way, instantly appeared as if it was thrown on the deep waters of a calm lake, quiet as a low hum, never to torment her again. Well, at least until the next time.

"My god, I'm so tired" Gal Gadot sighed, mumbling to herself as the car slowly took off. She wanted nothing more than to go home, take a shower, and plop on the bed like a heavy rock. Her English had improved greatly, but they she still held that faint Israeli accent. It was not a big deal. After all, her career was soaring through the skies, kinda like all these superheroes in Gal's movies.

Finally, home! It was huge, too big for anyone, but Gal was not gonna complain about something like that. She had gotten quite used to the luxuries that fame and fortune offered. Even though she'd definitely let you know all about the hard work she did to get where she is today, Gal would not mention that beauty was indeed the best asset anyone can have to get forward in life.

After a nice, refreshing shower, the woman slipped into her cream colored, satin night-gown (long enough to barely cover her alluring ass) and jumped into her King-sized bed, caressed by the softest and warmest of covers. She needed her sleep, for tomorrow early morning she had an interview to promote her new movie.

"Emma, it's late, please come to bed" her boyfriend implored. "I'm sorry; i have to finish this letter. It's for the United Nation's website. I promise it won't take too long". Emma Watson was typing away on her keyboard with conviction, condemning the recent abortion bans.

Her three-story house in central London had no lights left on, except for the one on Emma's desk. She was getting really into it, after having spent 40 minutes looking at a blank page on her screen. She hadn't even taken off her rather formal (especially for her young age) buttoned shirt and Capri pants since she got home. Fires were sparking off her fingertips. She was taking a stand. Changing the world? That sounded arrogant. Actors are there to entertain. But they can also influence. What was important for Emma was standing up against oppression and sexism.

"Brianne, it's a reporter. He says he wants to interview you" an old woman held up the landline phone, one of those old-timey ones that are connected to the wall, speaking to her daughter in her birth name. "Mooom, what have I said about these things? Don't pick up strange numbers" the young woman lightly scolded her mother, mindlessly tousling her straight, dyed-blond hair that reached her shoulders.

Though publicity and celebrity were signs that her career was progressing splendidly, that didn't mean that Brie Larson enjoyed everything fame had to offer. "Mom, I came here to see you and to have some relaxing days of privacy. Please don't answer to stranger calls while I'm here, ok?" she asked her mother. "I'm sorry, mon dear" she apologized in half French, half English, as Brie had been raised. "Want me to make you that chocolate milk you always begged me for when you were little?" she hit her daughter right on the nostalgia. "Sure" Brie replied with a smile. She hadn't enjoyed a nice warm, cup of mom's chocolate milk in ages. It was nice to take a break from all the chaos and toxicity of show business.

"I'm going to bed" her mom said after a few minutes, handing her a nice, steaming cup of cocoa. "Bonne nuit, je t'aime" she bid her good-night. "Je t'aime, mama" Brie said in her childhood's language and gave her mom a quick peck on the cheek. With her mom departing behind her, Brie took a sip, comfy on the soft couch. She was already curled up in her cute, cyan pajamas. The plan was simple. Put on some harmless, dumb movie, and fall asleep under the blanket before it has finished.

Three shadowy figures stood inside Miss Gadot's dark, empty living room, getting access through the back of the gated area. After easily lock-picking the sliding glass door that offered entrance from the garden and disabling the alarm with a quick snip of the right wire, they were inside the house. Two men, one woman, dressed completely in black, black sport-jackets, black slim tracksuits, black shoes and black rubber gloves. They wore masks over their eyes that obscured their faces from the nose up. With the snug hood of the jacket over their heads, there were no discernible hairstyles. Nothing would go wrong, it wasn't the first time they were doing this job, but being thorough was part of being a pro.

They moved through the house, upstairs where the bedrooms were. They didn't have to slouch and tippy-toe to be stealthy, like those old cartoons always did. Finally, they reached the bedroom in question. All three slid through the crack of the door. No reason to risk a sudden creaking sound.

They were now looming over the brunette sleeping beauty, lying at the center of the oversized bed. Ready in positions. The protocol was always the same. The woman sat on the left side of the bed, the other guy on the right. The third man stood facing the foot of the bed. Their Israeli Aphrodite was in dream land, blissfully unaware of the impending danger. She wasn't even snoring or doing dumb faces or anything. Bitch was hot even while asleep.

The men locked eyes with their female partner. She raised her gloved hand, and raised her thumb, index and middle fingers. Silent as a grave, she started removing fingers, counting down.

3...2...1...

Everything happened simultaneously. The man on the one bedside pulled aside the bed-covers in one, swift move and pinned one of the woman's arms down with one hand, while pressing his other hand over her mouth to smother any screams. The other man grabbed firmly on Miss Gadot's bare ankles with each hand, strongly keeping her long, shapely legs from the - much anticipated - flailing and kicking. Lastly, the woman agent took care of the girl's last free arm, while holding a small syringe in her unused hand.

It all happened in the blink of an eye. Gal opened her mesmerizing, dark-brown eyes as soon as the 'whooshing' sound of her blankets being pulled, woke her up. But she had literally no time to react, as she suddenly found herself hand-gagged and each limb pinned down on her own bed by three mysterious invaders.

"MMMMmmmgg...MMMM!" looking up at them with those wide, scared eyes, Gal moaned and jerked her satin, scantily-clad form against her assailants' overpowering grip, for as long as three seconds. Precisely the time it took the masked woman to plunge the needle of the syringe in the side of her neck and empty its contents in one swift motion. Very soon, Gal Gadot's wide-eyed, terrified look gave place to an extremely 'tired' one, as her eyelids got too heavy. "Mmm...mmm..." Gal slowly shifted her

head from side to side, the man having an easy time keeping her gloved hand over her lips. With her moans matching her increasingly reduced energy, the actress soon went 'back to sleep'.

While 'Wonder Woman' was experiencing the effects of heavy sedatives, another well-known actress was also having a few night-time guests. These too, were uninvited. Emma Watson had almost finished her article. She was really pleased with it. Having an opinion does not mean you can always express it in the best way. But now, she was two or three more paragraphs from calling it. Her boyfriend might be a little groggy tomorrow, because of her absence from his bedside, but it was fine. He'd get over it.

Absorbed in her passionate speech, the brown-haired English lass paid no attention to the steps up the staircase, nor the soft sliding of her office-door. Three male intruders had violated the privacy of her home. Emma did not notice anything out of the ordinary, until her eyes were suddenly plunged into darkness, by a black bag swiftly and roughly tossed over her head!

Panicking and disoriented, the girl tried calling out for help, but the same man who had compromised her vision was now keeping both of his hands firmly over the bag, where her mouth and nose were, effectively suffocating her, while also keeping her head pinned securely against his body. A professional like that knew a smothered victim produced even less noise than one with their airway free, and with a second subject inside the house, they had to be extra careful.

Everything was premeditated to precision, every move quicker than the last one. As soon as he had bagged and hand-gagged the girl, he simultaneously pulled backwards the still sitting target, along with her desk-chair. That way, her flailing legs would not reach the desk. A thud by such a kick would alert anyone.

All these precautions offered the petite girl with no choices but to blindly flail, in an attempt to reach her attacker with her arms. "Hnmmmmm, hhhhh!pppp!!!" the slender, dainty Emma exerted her limited air trying to scream and reach the home invader, hoping to gauge an eye or pull a strand of hair. But she was no self-defense expert by any stretch. Her awkward clawing and punching efforts lasted for about half a second, as long as it took for the second agent to grab her left arm and pull it behind her chair's back, locking it in some kind of wrestling hold. He was not bothered by her lone, flailing arm now, as he plunged a needle in her neck, knocking her out instantaneously.

When all four hands let go of her, Emma Watson's body was slumped limp on the desk-chair, almost slipping of the seat, her arms dangling lifelessly from either side, her head fallen backward, behind the chair's back, the black bag still obscuring her loose, half-gaping lips and her closed eyes.

The last section of this high-danger operation was in effect. Los Angeles and London had given the thumbs up. But everything needed to happen over the same night. If making a movie-star disappear was difficult, making three A-listers vanish from the face of the earth would be almost impossible. The news of a disappearance or even worse, of an abduction of a Hollywood star would surely alarm her female "colleagues" into upping their security personnel and generally being a pain to take by surprise.

Except, if it all happened at once.

In a quiet, suburban house in Sacramento, three more masked individuals had broken into a retired couple's home. Normally, there's not anything of particular value to steal in this kind of homey, humble place. But tonight, there is.

Brie had almost fallen asleep, but her damn bladder had to ruin it for her. She got up, wearing some cute, light green pajamas, and headed to the bathroom. She did the deed, washed her hands and wiped them with a towel. When you're alone in the house at night, every sound, from the water running through the faucet, to the faintest creaking of the door, to even hands rubbing against the towel, seem loud.

As soon as she closed the bathroom door behind her, Brie felt multiple hands grab her at the same time!

"NNNNNnnnhhhgggg...mmmmfff!" she groaned instinctively. Besides the gloved hand over her lips, both her arms have been grappled behind her back by the same home invader. Sensing she had no leverage to move forward, the pretty woman tried to push back her assailant, hopefully throwing him against the wall behind and stunning him enough to get away from their grip.

But as she tried to push with her legs, she found it impossible, since they had already been grabbed and lifted up in the air, her calves held securely by another dark figure. Hand-gagged and manhandled, Brie could only wiggle her alluring body in the air, unable to deter the hooded figures.

Despite all the copious martial art training she got for that Captain Marvel movie, it didn't do her much good in overpowering her outnumbering attackers. There was no actual danger during these scenes. Now, all the girl was doing was trying to kick every which way, but her naked feet could only shuffle.

The only light, coming from the movie still playing on the T.V screen, faintly illuminated a third masked person, who quickly approached her from the shadows. "M M....mmmMMM!" the scared blondie tried to shake her head, voicing a very firm disapproval into the handgagging glove. But the needle was snappily inserted into the vein of her neck, regardless. Its contents quickly made her way

through her bloodstream. The tension on Brie's muscles dissipated like running water and in three seconds, Brie's once furiously struggling body sunk in the embrace of her gloved guests. Holding her by the arms and legs, the captors carried the unconscious starlet through the back door of her mom's kitchen.

In the end, the sound from the movie playing, at a soft, non-intrusive volume, was the only audible thing left in the dark living room.

Emma Watson slowly opened her eyes. Her surroundings were totally dark. She laid flat somewhere, like she was inside some form of casing. A sprinkle of light passed through the horizontal gaps of the wooden crate. The petite British girl only heard the hum of a truck and its wheels making their way through the empty highways at these dark hours of the night. She was still in her buttoned white shirt, capris and flat shoes, just like she was a few hours back in her own house. Her kidnappers had only bothered with her restraints. The undressing would be left to the buyer.

The logo on the truck's side read "Wolverhampton Moving Company". But there were no furniture or cardboard boxes along with the young actress. That didn't mean she was alone. Two more crates were lying beside her own, their occupants still in deep, chemically-induced sleep. Emma didn't know that, as well as the fact that she had crossed the Atlantic not long ago. The sedative in Miss Gadot and Miss Larson's bodies would not dissipate for another couple of hours.

"Hmmmfff" Emma quickly realized her vocal freedom had been limited by a black, shiny rubber ballgag buckled behind her teeth and stretching her jaw painfully. Her wrists were secured by thick, metal straps on either side of her head that keep her pinned on a concave frame. Her ankles, her thighs, her neck and her waist all shared the same fate, surrounded by snug steel. "Hmmmfffnnggg" the young woman let out another muffled, frustrated groan, the danger of her predicament gradually setting in. She spotted a shadow, moving across the thin slice of light on her sides.

A couple of seconds later, the captive girl heard some more movement, the click of a lock disengaged, and then the lid of her crate was opened by its hinges. Emma saw a Chinese woman with pitch black, immaculately brushed straight, glistening hair, which were caught in a very long ponytail, down to her waist. The rather small-sized woman, about 5'3", was wearing a black, leather jumpsuit with a belt around her waist emphasizing her skinny physique. A pair of black, heeled boots adored her feet. All the 'blackness' really made the Asian woman's pale skin stand out, along with her red, full lips. The light bulb located behind the ominous woman, on the truck's ceiling, created a halo effect around her dark silhouette.

An ominous foreshadowing, considering how the woman would soon expect Emma to view her as.

The woman, appearing to be in her early thirties, looked down at the bound girl, with a cold, almost examining look. Her name was once Sue Huang, but she was mostly known by a different one, ever since she found her true calling in life. Madam Sue. She liked how empowering and feminine it sounded at the same time. Elegant. Prestigious. It suited her.

It also suited her job description, one of a slave trainer. And not the sensual, latex-clad dominatrices you'd see in a porn video, the pretend to step on your nuts or give you gentle spanks with a cute paddle. No, a **real** slave trainer.

The girl had whipped countless of terrified, abducted girls into submission, including beloved actress Natalie Portman, who had 'mysteriously' disappeared a few years back, now serving as some lucky neckbeard's oral smegma-cleaner. And doing a pretty good job at it, thanks to Sue's 'perseverance' in disciplining the prideful cunt.

Sue had a thing for famous whores and always relished the chance to be on the frontlines of beating a smug Instagram Influencer or C-list singer, actress or Youtuber into a good sex slave, at the rare times they were brought to the "Training Camp". Something about these women's elevated status made bringing them back down to earth the more fun.

Emma looked up at the dominant woman, breathing heavily with both anticipation and rising worry, not daring speak or move. At the least, she was expecting to get some sort of insight as to what was going on, who was this person, and what did she want from her. In this moment, she was hanging from this stranger's lips. The only thing Madam Sue gave her captive was a quick examining glance and a satisfied smirk, before she returned the lid in its place over the bound woman's form and locked Emma back into isolation. She always liked these small, sneak peeks at her toys, before she took them out to 'play'. It made her feel like a little girl, marveling at her Barbie-dolls through their plastic box.

The road to San Diego was long, but in these late hours, it was safer to take the road, rather than arrange a jet flight. Madam Sue was always careful with these things. The location of her large mansion also offered her convenience in her actual job, training soon-to-be slave-girls in a training facility, hidden in the middle of nowhere, Tijuana.

As the long road-trip concluded, the truck finally entered a long driveway, zig-zagging along its stone floors, and finally stopped inside a big garage. Emma heard footsteps, her fearful anticipation building up again. She then felt her crate being lifted by a couple of strong arms. "Hmnnnn?" she inquired, as if someone would answer her moan. She was usually a very controlled, well-spoken, intelligent young lady, but at this moment, Emma was operating on sheer instinct, driven solely by fear.

She couldn't discern much from these millimeter wide gaps, only different colors and shades of light alternating, as all three crates were carefully moved up an elevator and through various rooms of Madam's Sue's lavish manor.

The posh actress felt her crate being placed down on the floor. All three crates were now situated in the middle of a festive living room. After all, it would be Christmas in a few days. A large, ornate Christmas tree was placed in the corner. The fireplace was still warm from last night's flames. The room was vast, basically a dining area/living room combo. Whoever lived here had no money troubles. Expensive carpentry adored the floors and fine art the walls of the establishment.

The "delivery service" left as soon as it placed the "packages" down. It was dawn now and the sun was modestly peeking through the closed drapes.

Brie Larson had recently woken up from her peaceful slumber and was not at all happy with her current situation. Emma could now hear angry groans and muffled thuds, coming from Miss Larson slamming herself with the tiniest of leeway she had onto the frame she was secured on. At this stage, Emma couldn't see or know who it was, but she realized she wasn't alone in this predicament. The realization that she shared her peril with others made little difference though.

Brie was not handling her predicament with a cool head. Still in the cozy, cyan pajamas she was abducted in, she thrashed and pulled at her steel restraints, with no result. "Fffffk, LLL MMMM UUUUGGG!" (*FUCK! LET ME GO!*) she screamed through the same, thick ballgag, Emma and Gal were also 'wearing'.

Only about 10 minutes passed, although they felt like an eternity to the two, bound women. Gal Gadot was being spared from the realization of her new reality, still passed out from the drug.

The sound of footsteps put a flinching pause in Brie's futile struggles. A lean, but athletic Asian man, only 22 years of age, entered the room, followed by the woman named Sue. "Did you actually brought me a Christmas present?" he said with a disbelieving smile to his sister, the ponytailed woman a decade older than him. Sue wasn't leather-clad like a few minutes ago, having changed into something more comfy and homey. No shoes, just some black, warm, thigh-high socks along with a black skirt with suspenders across a light grey, long-sleeved, striped top. Even at home, black was her color. "Not one, two presents...and you'll owe me for that..." Sue responded, walking right behind him. "It was a pain to get these" she added. She always had a close relationship with her little brother. Of course, she didn't splurge every time for his likes, but this was a special occasion. What she had accomplished was almost bragging rights, like she was showing off to him.

Oliver Huang, with the look of a clean shaven playboy, with short, perfectly gelled, dark hair, was dressed in a silver suit, ready to go out to a "corporate event" as these were called, even though they were mostly excuses to drink in the morning, along with a few speeches. He'd known nothing but a rich, privileged life. His big sister had stopped him on the way out, promising a surprise.

They both reached the living room. The three, mysterious wooden crates laid in the middle of the room. No label or anything informative written on them.

When the young man unlocked and opened the crate's lid, he was left speechless. "Is that?...." he turned to his sister in excited disbelief, doing a double-take towards the sight of a bound and gagged Brie Larson, presented right in front of him.

"Yep, Captain Marvel, in the flesh" Madam Sue responded nonchalantly, playing down her gift, even though inside, she was sooo proud of herself for getting such a high-status 'catch'. "Holy crap" the guy could not stop staring at the bound celebrity. The blonde woman looked back at them with brown eyes full of hatred, blurring incoherent curses that made drool drip from the corners of her gaping lips and down her cheeks. "Check out the other box, too" Madam Sue advised him, winking.

Looking at her with a look of "no way this is what i think it is" the man moved to the crate next to Brie's, leaving the woman momentarily to angrily snort by herself.

When Oliver witnessed an unconscious Gal Gadot, with only her night-gown and panties on, strapped and gagged in front of him, he turned again with wide eyes towards Sue. "Are you kidding me? You got Wonder Woman, too?" he said, amazed. "You're the best sis' in the whooooooole world!" he beamed with joy, being sincere despite his usual snobby, smartass demeanor.

The chat the two siblings had a couple of months ago had stuck with Sue. They were watching Wonder-Woman on T.V and her brother had remarked about how fun it would be, having these empowering, feminist, female characters under his metaphorical - and literal- boot. He had some strong opinions about what he'd like to see them do, instead of beating bad guys and striking poses. "It'd just be extra hot to break that girl-power attitude of theirs" he told his sister. Oliver had seen Captain Marvel two weeks prior and his sentiment towards that character was identical to that of the Amazon Princess. Obnoxious whores who would be far better of worshipping his cock than 'flying all over the place'.

Partly because of Madam Sue's work, partly due to their carefree, upfront relationship, the two siblings often discussed matters of a sexual nature. The fact that they were both heartless sadists only increased their bond over this shared 'hobby'. There were no taboos around their household, which they shared for half the year, when Oliver wasn't living abroad in London or at their place back in Tokyo. Coupling that with both brother and sister being 'bulletproof' to concepts like morality or sympathy, the two complimented each other very nicely.

So when Oliver expressed his ultimate fantasy of dominating Wonder Woman and Captain Marvel, Sue got him the next best thing.

"Merry Christmas, little brother" Sue gave her little brother a quick hug, before turning her attention towards the third crate. This gift she had given to herself. She was always a big Harry Potter fan, following the books and the movies from a young age. It was one of her biggest wet-dreams, even as a teenage girl, dominating a helpless Hermione Granger, usually in her Hogwarts school uniform. So, when her slaver connections were getting very much established, she vowed to get the closest thing to 'Miss Granger'.

That teenage dream was coming to fruition as she opened the crate once again. Finally, 'Hermione' was hers and hers alone. Her anticipation had built up too much since the moment she took a peek at the truck. Her panties were soaking wet now. "Scissors" she audibly reminded herself, leaving for a few seconds, only to return with a couple at hand. "Thanks" Oliver took one. He had some unwrapping to do himself, with Captain potty-mouth over there struggling and moaning ever so delightfully. The sleeping beauty next to her could wait a bit longer.

The sound of the shears running across various fabrics, tearing through pants, shirts and everything else was complimented with upset gagged moans and nose puffing by the two "newcomers". After the initial cut at the edge of fabric, the shears run smooth as butter across them, Emma's Capris making a particularly fun ripping sound as they were sliced in half to expose Emma's shapely legs. Securely bound in their metal frames, Brie and Emma could do little but writhe helpless and bear witness to their involuntary stripping. Their metal straps kept 'em in check even as clothing after clothing was pulled off them.

Brie and Emma's discarded clothing soon created a common pile of shredded fabric on the floor. Oliver had less work to do, ripping through the top and bottom of Brie's pajamas. Brie had already relieved herself of a bra voluntarily, earlier that night. "Hmm, they really do starve them over in Hollywood. Looks hot, though" Oliver commented upon gazing at the naked actress' pristine, slim body, trapped in its frame with metal.

Every word coming out of his mouth enraged Brie more. She spoke about her like an object; like she wasn't able to register his words; or wasn't there. The fact that he looked so aloof and casual about the whole thing angered her further. It was as if kidnapping and stripping her meant nothing to his conscience.

In all honesty, it did not.

Brie couldn't do much except whine furiously muffled obscenities, drool now coating her chin. "Do you know there are actually people online that make these videos where they just take things out of their packaging? It's called unboxing or something" he said to his sister, the process reminding him of such a thing.

"Yeah, we should be making these videos. We would go viral, don't you think?" she responded.

Seconds later, the two frame-strapped girls were as nude as the day they were born. It had taken Oliver two more snips of the scissors to render Gal Gadot equally exposed, her expensive satin baby-doll and pricy thong discarded with the rest of the fireplace fuel. The tall model was still out of it, so a couple of quick slaps on the cheek were in order.

"Gnnuh?" Gal was rudely awakened, flinching her pinned head as she whined in her gag. She widened her eyes as she saw her nakedness, her bonds and the man and woman in front of her, all at once. "Hmffff!" she let a heart-sinking whimper through her jaw-spreading ballgag, and began weakly pulling at her metal bonds, shifting in place, riddled with nervousness. Her furrowed brows signaled nothing but fear at what was happening.

"Hello Wonder Slut. Feeling chilly?" Oliver teased the scared, naked damsel, groping her beautiful, B-sized breast with no hesitation, and giving it a good, firm jiggle in his grasp. Attached to her frame and in strict bondage, Gal could not back away from the man's intimate and unwelcome touch. Oliver could truly feel her up as he liked and that's what he did, moving his hand south to trace her slim waist and wide hips. "NNNGGUUH!" (NOOO!) Gal couldn't help but protest as the young man's hands tussled her cute, dark-brown curly pubes, trimmed nicely and modestly.

"What a treat this will be, right? I've never fucked a superhero pussy before" Oliver talked to Gal as if she shouldn't be horrified by his words. She very much was.

As Oliver was getting handsy with his new present, which quickly resorted to more, meowing protests, his sister got to know 'Hermione' more intimately. Emma's eyes were affixed on Sue, with a look of both defiance and restrained worry. She was trying to keep her cool. Certainly a perplexed mental state.

"I've been waiting for this for so long" Sue explained with a smile full of giddiness, not seeming to care about the girl's will. "I've tamed thousands of bitches, you have no idea...But i think you're gonna be my most precious possession" the woman said, running her fingernails across Emma's body, from her slim arms to her delicate neck, to her perky B-cups, down to the inward curvature on her flat belly, and finishing the trip on her trimmed little bush and her soft pussy-lips. Emma just gnawed on her big ballgag, shifting like a captured animal, objecting to this treatment only with huffs and puffs on her gag. She didn't want to scream.

Madam Sue couldn't resist sliding a finger between her guest's legs, eliciting a surprised squeal from the defenseless girl. Emma tried to jerk her legs, in response to the assault, but the steel straps held them both in place, unable to be pressed together, no matter how much the girl wanted. Whatever this vile person had in store for her, it would happen.

Sue gave the girl's pussy a few good, introductory rubs, before retrieving her finger. She put in her mouth, tasting the girl with excitement. Her pussy tasted like heaven! Madam Sue was so horny she

would bang a table's corner to an orgasm. "I want her now..." she whispered to no one, reaching under her skirt and pulling off her soaked panties in a hurry. She left her thigh-high socks, platform Mary Jane shoes and short circle skirt on, along with her long-sleeved blouse. She didn't need to remove anything else, for what she had in mind.

The Chinese woman knelt with each socked knee on either side of Emma's face. There was little composure left in the English bawd's face. And justifiably so. She was about to be molested. Madam Sue hastily undid the buckle of the girl's ballgag, freeing her mouth. She could probably orgasm with her own fingers, at such an aroused state, but she wanted to use her. The first of many uses to come.

"Pl...pleasMMNNn!....." Emma had been granted about a second of adorable pleading, before the woman plopped her thirsty, hairless pussy down on her face. The woman's skirt covered the girl's face, until Sue held it up to have a better look. "Stick your tongue out..." Sue sighed aroused, looking down at her toy with eyes that despite emanating pure lust, left no room for negotiation. Emma obeyed as reluctantly as possible, sticking out her tongue to make contact with the wet, 'fishy' flesh. The fact that the girl was effectively being smothered by Sue's clean-shaven cunt, only sped up her decision-making process. With no air, there was no time to ponder.

Next to her, Oliver was unzipping his fine pants and pulling his 7-inch boner out, getting his body over the naked Gal and getting for a quick 'test run', too. The corporate event could wait for 10 minutes.

"HNNNNNNNNN! NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNgghh!" the brunette starlet had fully lost her composure, screaming like a banshee in her thick ballgag and pulling at her steel restraints with more urgency, though with the same result. With the metal straps trapping her thighs apart, the hottie could not close her legs to avoid Oliver hand-guiding his cock inside her. "MMMMnnnn!" the famous bitch yelped from both the pain and the indignity, as she felt the cock penetrate her heavenly pussy. A pussy that millions of men were dreaming of fucking.

Meanwhile, Brie was not of much help to the two ladies, though she rarely stopped testing her bonds and antagonizing the two people that had abducted them, her head turned towards them as much as her frame allowed. "HHTTTUPP, YUU FUKKKKH!" (*STO, YOU FUCKERS!*) she yelled in a defiance she could not support. Though her words were largely rendered incoherent by her large gag, the beautiful short-haired lass gave it her best.

Oliver was fucking his new celebrity slave with increasing vigor, giving it to her nice and deep as his nicely suited body was over her naked, bound one. Gal could only try to find a way to endure this. While looking up at him with teary, begging eyes at first, she was now averting her face from him, sobbing in her gag and pitifully yelping at the tempo of his thrusting.

Pinning her already stuck body with his, Oliver wrapped his hand around Gal's long, slender neck, squeezing it. "Gm!....ggk...!" Gal's ballgagged face got red, and she squirmed adorably to try and avoid the young man's choking. She met his intimate gaze, pleading for oxygen as she was getting rammed. "Your cunt feels nice" a heavy-breathing Oliver whispered to her, stabbing her harder with his erection. He felt so powerful holding the famous bitch's life in his hands.

Holding her roughly by the neck, Oliver pumped faster until he busted inside the stunning movie star with a small grunt and only then let her breath again. As soon as she felt the warm coating of semen inside her, snatched her eyes tightly shut, feeling utterly used.

The utterly satisfied Asian man stood up and fixed himself back to a presentable shape, with his semen dripping out of the traumatized Gal's sex hole. "Cheers, sis" Oliver did not ever dignify a word to the woman he had just raped and left his cummed sex toy all messy and out in the open. His servants would 'clean up' anyway.

Sue ignored her brother's farewell, focused solely in the good vibes London girl was giving her, her eyes closed and her lips parted as she straddled the little witch's face. Objectively, Emma was not doing a good pussy-lapping job. She lacked enthusiasm and technique. But for the moment, Sue couldn't care less. This was just wish-fulfillment, not a performance worthy of a trained slave.

Just the feeling of Emma's lips pressing against her cuntlips, coupled with the gorgeous, bird's eye view of the girl's helpless, degraded state, was more than gratifying for the young Asian woman, who kept viciously rubbing her crotch against 'Hermione's increasingly redder face. "Gnnnnmm...gnnn..." the British whore made her need for air apparent, smothered by Sue's pussy, though the Asian girl couldn't give a fuck, ridding the bound girl's sex-juice-soaked face until she climaxed into a thundering orgasm, then some more for the slut to bring her slowly back down from ecstasy.

The three women found themselves inside a steel cage, maybe comfy for one occupant, but not so much for three. A small hole on one corner, led to a pipe of the house's plumbing. They'd have to relieve themselves over it. There was not enough height to stand up, only kneel, and only enough space for someone to lie curled up, in an intimate fashion with her inmates. Gal, Brie and Emma were naked apart from a dark, leather collar around their necks.

Around them, the surprisingly plentiful lights illuminated a large, albeit pretty empty, basement space. The worrying sight was all the instruments of pleasure and pain, hanging from the walls, by large tool-boards. Some of these instruments' purpose was not clear, which only made them more ominous. Some empty cages and mysterious boxes, containing god knows what, were stored in this basement. Madam Sue did not spare any expenses or imagination when it came to her profession's gear. And she used most of that on her personal life, too.

The women had an objectively tough night, but they were too restless to fall asleep, not to mention very cold, as there was no AC in the basement. They were still traumatized from their recent ordeal, with faint marks on their cheeks of where the ballgag straps were pressing a few hours ago. They had also acquired some bruised wrists, ankles and thighs from the intense bras defer they all had with their bonds, Brie's were the worst and deepest. Emma Watson was staring into empty space, trying to recover from the assault she'd just experienced. Gal was weeping, in the fetal position in a corner of the cage. Arguably, she didn't seem to be holding up very well. She tried to eat from the load of bread they found in the cage, but she spat most of it, as it was a bit moldy.

"These people are nuts. We have to find a way to get out of here" Brie spoke with whatever confidence she had left. "Who are they? Do any of you know?" Emma tried to piece this mystery together. Both of her cell-mates shook their heads, Gal still with non-stop tears decorating her face. Emma placed her hand on the Israeli woman's back. "We're gonna get through this..." she rubbed the woman's bare back, reassuringly. The English girl always had an optimistic spirit. Even in such grim situations, she tried to think positively. Meanwhile, Brie was testing the cage's locking mechanism. It seemed to be fully functional.

The eerie calm that hovered for quite a while was abruptly broken when the door opened with a hollow echo. The Asian woman that had violated Emma earlier walked downstairs, in her leathery attire from last night. The heels of her knee-high boots clanked in the metal steps with a force of a thousand soldiers. But, she was not alone. Another creature, no, a person, was crawling beside her on all fours, being led a by a leather leash, attached to the person's collar.

As they reached the same level as their cage, the three actresses could see clearer. Besides their captor, crawled another woman. She was naked as them, but her face was generously covered by a black, leather hood. Only her eyes were visible, via two cat-like, eye-holes. Two more small, nostril-holes and a mouth-hole around her lips, made up all of the hood's features. Beneath the girl's nipples

dangled a silver chain, forming a small U-shaped arc. The chain connected the woman's two nipples, via two bar-piercings on each one.

The silent gimp-girl appeared to be following Sue everywhere, always by her side at every step, without any tension from the leash. She looked like she didn't want to displease her in any way. Brie, Emma and Gal examined her silently. Her body was extremely beautiful, a slim waist and a full rump, perky, round breasts. Her skin had a light tone, but not one of a Caucasian person. Gal noticed the woman's gorgeous, large green eyes. The eyes themselves reminded her of someone, but she couldn't quite put her finger on whom.

The Chinese woman finally stopped, a few feet away from her new guests. As soon as she did, her gimp-slave quickly assumed a "waiting" servile position, kneeling by her side, with fully spread legs, and arms folded in a box shape behind her back. With her legs open, the three slaves could better see that the gimp's entire right thigh was covered with appeared to be black silky ribbons, each tied in a tiny bow onto the girl's actual flesh, going around her upper thigh. The ribbons started about where her pelvis ended and her thigh begun and continued downwards, ending a few inches above her knee. Her smooth soft thigh flesh was riddled with these otherwise cute, black bows, the nameless slave girl must have had around 80 or so of them running down the inside right thigh. The two holes that each ribbon was coming through meant that they had literally been sewn onto the poor woman's flesh, before tied into a bow. The sight was just as mysterious, as it was disturbing to all three captives. Why would someone in their right mind do that to another human being?

"So that's what you want from us? To crawl around naked, like animals?" Brie hissed at her captor, with equal amounts of sarcasm and anger, snapping her slave-mates attention from the gimp's bow-covered leg.

"What? This?" Sue pointed to her docile slave with just her eyes. "Heh, this is only a fraction of the things I'll be expecting from you" she giggled, amused by the question. "Please Miss, we beg you, you don't have to do this. If you release us right now, we will not tell anyone about this..." Emma implored the leather-clad woman with her adorable Oxford accent.

"Why does anyone thing this shit might work? I can never wrap my head around it. Is it because you whores are famous you think you can get away with it?" Madam Sue inquired genuinely, although the question was not necessarily directed at Emma, Brie or Gal in particular.

"Anyway, listen up you uppity sluts" Sue returned to a more imposing air. "My name is Madam Sue, but you will only address me as Madam, from now on. Any question or command I gave will be followed by the phrase "Yes, Madam" Sue informed them. "Unless, of course, I expect you to say no, in which case it'll be "No, Madam, hehe" she concluded with a smirk, casually correcting herself on that

technicality. "You will do anything I want, whenever I want it, without hesitation. Your whole lives will revolve around me and my well-being".

The three actresses listened, in pure disbelief at the audacity of the hot Asian girl's words. During her "lecture" Sue was tapping her fingers on the top of her slave's hooded head. She probably couldn't be disrespecting this person further, if she tried, using her like a coffee table or an armrest. "Same goes for my dear brother, whom you'll be addressing as "Sir" at all times" she added.

"Fuck you, you pompous, twisted bitch!" Brie grabbed a hold of the cage bars with both hands. "Who do you think you are? Ordering us around like that?"

Silence took over the basement for a few seconds. Sue looked at the woman cursing her way, not so much insulted, as intrigued. Certainly not losing her composure. "You talk too much, Captain Moody..." she spoke to Brie, in a calm tone. "Wanna see what I do to chatty girls?" she asked with a knowing look.

Brie did not respond, but simply watched as the woman reached down to her docile slave's neck and unbuckled her collar. As soon as she took it off, everyone could see a lighter-toned, almost white, horizontal scar, across the front of the girl's neck. The implication was obvious. This woman had her vocal chords irreversibly severed. There was no need for a gag to silence her.

Madam Sue made sure all three take a good look at her gimp's inhumane condition. As she was once more a spectacle, an example to be avoided, the masked woman remained demure, eyes down on the floor, keeping the position she'd probably been trained well to hold. Too well.

"That's all for now whores. Make yourselves at home and I'll see you later, hehe" the Chinese girl bid them farewell as if they were just making small talk. As her gimp turned to follow by her side, a diamond-shaped, sparkly gem could be spotted, right where her asshole was. Her ass was filled to the brim with a girthy anal plug, whose shiny exterior drew the eye to it.

As she departed, Sue turned off the basement's lights. Her toys would need some rest for what she had in store for them.