

# Madam Sue's Famous Slaves part 2

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

## CHAPTER 2: GRAND PREMIERE

It would be hard for anyone to get a good night's sleep after what these women had been through. Gal was on the verge of a panic attack until she finally managed to fall into a restless, short sleep on Emma's embrace. Brie spent most of her night searching for weak spots on their metal cage, a quest that proved unfruitful. At one point, Brie and Emma discussed what their best option would be going forward, a weak Gal sleeping on Emma's lap. The graphic nakedness between them, whilst surreal, was the least of their worries.

There was no indicator that it was noon, when the basement lights were suddenly flicked on. It was Madam Sue, this time in one of her usual, black leather bodysuits. The pretty, masked gimp the girls saw yesterday was again leashed by her side, kneeling as meek as presumably ever. "Rise and shine, ladies!" Sue made her way down the stairs in an upbeat, cheery mood. They all raised their blood-shot, black -circled eyes to meet her. Sue was clad in a black, skin-tight bodysuit that showed off her tight rump and bare legs, adored with fishnet stockings and knee-high, heeled boots. In addition, the Chinese girl had had a large loop of hemp rope clipped to the side of her waist-belt, like a sexy handy(wo)man.

With their cage's door unlocked, Emma, Brie and Gal were soon all standing opposite their captor, appearing quite apprehensive, not knowing if they should attack her or play it safe. They couldn't help but glance at the crawled up slave, by Sue's feet. "Turn around and bring your wrists behind your back" Sue ordered all three slaves together.

As a response to the woman's command, the mean-mugging Brie defiantly spat on Sue's shiny, black boots, half of the spit hitting the target, half the dirty, cement floor. "Hmmm, I see..." Sue didn't seem

flustered, moving her hand to her wrist-watch and pressed a small nob at its side. Immediately, Brie felt a strong current of electricity blast her neck, coming from the shock-mechanism of her collar. The girl lost the strength of her feet, falling to the floor and convulsing in horrible pain next to her shocked co-slaves. "Stop, you're killing her!" Emma shouted, as red-faced Brie could barely take a breath in, being electrocuted before them.

Sue didn't flinch, watching the dumb bitch suffer in front of her, but her gimp-girl quickly crawled over to the saliva-stained shoe and started cleaning it with her tongue, taking Sue's spittle in her mouth, then once that was gone, she rubbed the bits of moisture left on the boot by her tongue with her dry palms. She then wiped her drool-wet palms on her naked body too dry them, then repeated once more, moving as quickly as she could.

Finally, the electroshock stopped. Sue's gimp had rendered her boot as clean and dry as it was before Brie's spitting. The Mistress remained unfazed in her commanding, stern expression.

"I won't ask again. Turn around and placed your wrists behind your backs" Miss Huang threatened with the calmest ASMR voice you could imagine, as a panting Brie was getting back up. She didn't need to yell to drive her point forwards. She needed to put the scare on these spoiled brats, or else she'd be there all day. Emma, Gal and Brie remained idle, so Sue pressed a different little button on her watch. This time, all three girls felt the helplessness brought to them by their padlocked collars, which shocked with the same intensity and fury. In utter panic and agony, they all clawed at their collars trying to avoid electrodes in contact with both sides of their delicate necks, but it was impossible. The gimp-girl watched with her big, green eyes letting the slightest hint of pity.

Having learned the results of their disobedience, the scared starlets placed their wrists on their lower backs. Skillfully, Sue pulled out the rope and swiftly tied Brie's wrists together. Like with hundreds and hundreds of sluts before, Sue worked the rope quickly and effectively to restrain the woman's delicate wrists, leaving no slack for her.

It honestly looked like a magic trick. If only Gal and Emma weren't terrified, they would be amazed. Next was, Emma, who was wrist-tied ruthlessly. When Sue was working on Gal's bondage, Emma and Brie exchanged a quick look and rushed towards the busy girl! This was their chance at getting the upper hand!

But before they could reach and tackle the petite Asian girl, Emma, Brie and even the obedient Gal felt once more the incapacitating pain of their shock collars. "You dump whores..." Sue mocked her writhing toys, who realized that the gimp girl had moved of her own accord for the first time. A trigger-button on the side of the gimp's collar operated the three shock-collars just as efficiently as Sue's watch.

The tiny bitch did have a safety net, after all. The gimp knew that failing to protect her owner would result in horrific punishment. Her green eyes seemed apathetic through the dark hood's eye-holes.

With her three newbie slaves securely bound and (at least for now) content to follow along, the black, leather-clad dominatrix added to Emma Watson and Brie Larson's bondage by wrapping some more rope above their delicate elbows, synching them so tight they touched. "Owww!" Emma yelped in pain, the fierce rope digging into her skin and hurting her princessy shoulders with how it pulled her arms back. She feared they would pop out, though Sue knew the posh skank was just whining. Brie had the same uncomfortable sensation. Not Gal, though, who had been left only wrist-tied. Sue had other plans for her.

Finally, the Asian slave-owner made a short chain-line, by clipping the three women's collars together with some short, sturdy chains. They were then led out of the basement as one slave-unit. No one was in the mood for rebellion, anymore, having witnessed (or in Brie's case, felt) the repercussions. The mansion was, of course, equipped with armed guards at all possible exits, but they could only speculate about that.

Pretty soon, the three women found themselves in a comfy, modernly-designed room, with grey-white stone flooring and wooden ceiling and walls of a light-brown color. It resembled what rich people would turn into a guest-room or a playroom, although this one was none of the two. There were all sorts of instruments of pain, hanging across an entire wall, with metal devices bolted on the floor, and two double beds on each side. You could say it was a specific kind of playroom. Oliver was already there, waiting for them. "Finally..." he let out, impatiently. "Don't complain if you don't do anything. Tomorrow you take them out" Sue shut him up.

Brie and Emma's chain leashes were attached to two nearby iron floor rings, next to each other. The chains on their collars left enough room for the two naked slaves to be sitting on the floor, but definitely not standing up or crawling away from their designated spot.

As for the scared Gal Gadot, she quickly found herself restrained by each limb on an X-shaped, wooden rack, laying perfectly flat about a meter from the floor. Two rows of sturdy, brown leather straps were holding down each limb, strapped over the woman's wrists and arms, as well as her thighs, knees and ankles. There was no real room for the nervously shifty damsel to move, apart from maybe swaying her feminine hips and shaking her head. Gal was breathing heavily again, the panic returning, especially when she raised her head to see the Asian lass going to the wall and picking out a mean-looking leather crop. This wasn't your run-of-the-mill sex-toy. It was thicker, sturdier and a bit wider in surface than the usual ones.

"Fucking monsters!" Brie exclaimed, furious at her inability to help. "Are they gonna talk? This is annoying" Oliver pointed out to Sue, bothered by their sentient sex toys 'preposterous' noise. "Well, gag them then, idiot" Sue responded as if this was the most obvious course of action. Oliver shook his head at his older sister and picked up two dark-blue masks. They resembled ninja masks, covering the mouth and nose of the subject, but Brie and Emma soon realized they were special gags. Their intricacies did not end there. The mouth part housed a 4-inch-long, 2-inch-wide rubber phallus on its inner side, while the nostril holes were blocked by a mesh material.

Emma and Brie were not receptive to the idea of wearing them, but collared and restrained as they were, Oliver wouldn't have much trouble putting them on. "NNNoo! Get away from meGNMMMNNGGH!" Brie tried to avoid the 'incoming' gag by rapidly turning her face left and right, but Oliver simply stood behind her and pulled it over her lower face with a quick, rough motion, filling her oral cavity with the rubber cock and covering her nose, too. Before the blonde bitch could do much to dislodge the violating face-wear, Oliver had tightly buckled the gag's leather straps behind the blonde starlet's head.

Brie immediately choked and gagged on the oral intruder that she could not spit out, shaking her body (and beautiful C-cup titties) in her angry distress. She tried to reach it with her strenuously bound arms, but squeezed as they were behind her back, they were far from accomplishing that. They just flailed behind her back uselessly. "Please, I won't make any sound, I promise" next to Brie, Emma pleaded Oliver with her delicate, feminine voice and English accent. "Yeah, right..." Oliver mocked her, disregarding her words and pressed that gag/mask over her face to stifle any possible words the little witch might think of uttering later. "Gmnn" the British girl whimpered sadly, as the uncomfortable phallus tickled her throat and took up all the space inside her dainty mouth. She didn't struggle and jerk as much as Brie, rather looking humiliated and sorrowful by her increased helplessness.

Very soon, the two famous sluts realized the disciplining, 'calming' nature their gags enforced on them. With their mouths fully plugged, inhaling through the nose was the only way to breathe. But even that was a difficult task, Emma and Brie eyeing Oliver with a worried, pitiful realization.

Besides the rubber dicks filling their mouths with soundproofing results, the plastic mesh on their nostril-caps of their gag limited their intake of air. If anyone tried causing a ruckus with this on, they would dangerously exhaust themselves immediately and risk suffocating.

In other words, Emma and Brie learned that the best course of action was to shut the fuck up and watch the show from their leashed spots on the floor. They didn't stop anxiously shifting their naked, gorgeous, arm-bound bodies against their bonds and the cold floor, though.

With their audience's chatter reduced to laborious nose-breathing and the faintest of choked moans, the siblings addressed their compromised crowd. "We though we make a little welcome party for you sluts. Something to set the pace for your stay here. And yes, it will be permanent" Sue explained, to the furious eyes of Brie, Emma's worried ones and Gal's utterly fearful eyes.

"So, Wonder Whore..." Sue turned to her spread-lying slave. "This is your first breaking session, that's why we'll start easy" the Asian chick introduced, standing between Gal's forcefully spread legs. "All you have to do for your first day is suck Oliver's dick. Simple, right?" Madam Sue informed the frightened celebrity. Gal had no head-rest in her contraption, so it wasn't hard to spot the young man's upside-down form, approaching her from the opposite end of Sue. His young, erect, large penis was waiting right next to Gal's inverted face, already out and pulsating with sexual energy, all juicy and stiff in all 7 inches. Even though it was clean, the poor actress could smell its mustiness from this intimate distance.

"Please, don't make me do this..." Gal begged in her Israeli-accented English, straining to face either the woman or the man that had abducted her. "Sooo I guess that's a no..." Madam assumed the answer. She then took her leather crop and without much brace or warning brought it down with full force on the woman's vulnerably exposed pussy.

The "smack" of hard leather meeting Gal's tender, sensitive pussy-flesh sounded horrible. It was followed by a painful cry from the bound hottie. "We have 9 more..." Sue informed, bringing it down again. The second one caught the defenseless Gal on her clit. It hurt so bad the model didn't produce a scream right away, as if someone stepped on her lungs. "...AAAAAAAAAaahaaaaaaa..." Gal's scream turned into a cry, her hard-closed eyes already welling up. Her pussy looked already 'inflamed' and red by the viciousness of its brief beating.

Sue didn't wait much for a breather, and beat the woman's labia again, and again. Though a small-statured girl with skinny arms, it was evident that Sue held nothing back in her strikes, bringing the crop's end through the slave's loins in her striking motion. Oliver simply watched, slowly stroking his cock, which he was also gently pressing against the side of the woman's inverted face. Gal was too focused suffering from her pussy-beating to even register much the added abuse. Kneeling a few feet from her on the floor, Brie and Emma could only watch, horrified.

"Pleaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaase, please! NO MOOOOOOOORE" Gal was full-on sobbing, the pain too great to handle. She was shaking in her tight bonds, her long, leather-strapped legs fully trembling each time she saw the much smaller Sue raise her weapon in the air. After the 5th strike, she screamed: "I'll do it, i'll suck him, please stop...Madam, Sir!" she tilted her neck up to face her tormentor, then backwards to get some sympathy from Oliver, too. She wanted to make it noted that she the 'desired' title for her owners.

"I like that you used the proper name for us. But i have to finish the ten lashes. Otherwise, what's the point of asking you that first time around?" Sue explained with an evil, soft grin. "Please Madam, I beg..."

"Shut up or I'll start over from the beginning" Sue stopped her slave's annoying whining. "MMmmm" Gal whimpered as silently as she could, biting her lips in pure misery, realizing she could not put an immediate end to her suffering. Her two slave-mates watched in gagged silence, with sorrowful eyes as Sue's crop worked again on Gal's reddened lips. Meanwhile, Oliver had wrapped Gal's dark-brown locks of hair around his shaft and was keeping himself in 'full attention', stroking his cock with the woman's hair.

Sue's 10 lashes were complete. It seemed like an hour, but Gal was only strapped for 8 minutes on the metal restraints. "Ok, now you can take his cock..." Madam allowed the frame-strapped, nude woman. She said it as if she was doing her a favor. Gal reluctantly tilted her neck backwards, her throat lined up perfectly horizontally, ready to receive Oliver's 'gift'. Her wavy hair fell majestically towards the floor, not long enough to touch.

As the young man placed his swollen, precum-oozing cockhead against her rosy lips, Gal instinctively kept them pursed. She didn't want to do this, of course. "Should i go for ten more?" Madam Sue asked, seeing her whore far from obedient. Like a Pavlovian dog, the celebrity opened her lips to receive Oliver's "present" and he thrust all the way inside her face-hole. "GUuggggnn!" the woman reflexively yelped at getting her throat prodded, but she didn't bite or close her mouth, simply letting Oliver go to town on her mouth. She couldn't take Sue's pain anymore. She had to avoid it at any cost.

"GNmmn!" Brie tried to take another stand, though her state did not lend much to that. Her moan barely registered to Oliver and Sue, who were having fun with Wonder Slut. Oliver fucked her mouth well, making the poor slave gag numerous times. "Keep your lips tightly wrapped around it" he placed his hand around the face-fucked woman's dick-bulging neck to further drive his point across. Indeed, Gal obeyed, wrapping those juicy lips around his thrusting shaft, which penetrate her mouth leisurely. Not with an alley-rapist's hurry, but a gentleman's patience. The blockbuster bitch wasn't going anywhere, so why rush?

Oliver slid in and out of his infamous cock-sheath at his own pace. He occasionally kept his long cock buried down Gal's throat, to see the beautiful whore's panicked convulsing on the rack, her wrists and ankles bouncing around the confines of her semicircular, metal stocks, her perky boobs and hips shaking vigorously. "Kh.....kh...." Hearing Gal's needy death rattles, trying to communicate her imminent need for oxygen, along with her panicky rattling on her frame, was a fun sight for both

siblings. He'd remove his dick only on the brink of suffocation. Tears were streaming from Gal's red eyes, both from the despair of her situation, as well as the difficulty to breathe with a cock blocking her airway.

Oliver's dear sister killed some time by rubbing the helpless woman's little love-button with her fingers, while she was servicing her brother. Each touch down there, elicited surprised moans from the blindsided Gal, who was already too overwhelmed on the other side. "GLAAaah!....!....!" her wet, lip-smacking, mouth-fucking noises would be interspersed by a loud, cock-plugged yelp of overstimulation whenever Sue was being overly 'nice' or 'mean' to her clitoris, sometimes flicking it with her fingers, sometimes rubbing it all nice. "Haha, she makes funny sounds" Oliver was entertained by Gal's involuntary cock-sucking yelps.

After a thorough abuse, Gal was unceremoniously removed from the wooden frame and stashed on another floor-ring, next to her two cellmates. It was now 'Captain Marvel's' turn. Sue removed Brie's asphyxiating gag and with the blonde's saliva still dripping from the phallic feature of it, stuffed it in Gal's mouth, buckling it just as tight. With the tall slut sitting quiet to ponder her future, alongside Emma, it was now Miss Larson's turn. Unlike Gal Gadot, she struggled fiercely while being taken to the X-shaped rack, after getting a good look of what was in store for her. She got zapped through her collar, which made her more 'cooperative'.

Even totally bound and helpless on that rack, the blonde beauty looked determined. Determined not to obey these psychos. Not to go along with their sick games. "I won't even ask you from the beginning, I'm sure it'll be a waste of our time" Madam said to her with her devilish blue eyes. She started cracking the leather hard onto Brie's most sensitive sex. "GGGgggguh" Brie clenched her teeth hard, trying to be strong. The hit stung SOOOOOOOO bad!

After 10 horrible lashes, the Chinese girl addressed Brie. "Will you suck my brother's cock?" she inquired, with a tone that sounded much more casual than the situation called for. "FUCK YOU, YOU TWISTED BITCH!" Brie hissed at her, once more. Her pussy was pulsing with intense pain, red from its recent cropping. "I like her, she's more of a challenge" Oliver commented to his sister. The fragile model had tapped out too early. "She did look like a real bitch in those promotional interviews. I figured she'd be a hard-ass" Sue replied, referencing a video of Brie she saw online, when the girl was promoting some Marvel movie.

With Brie being stubborn, 10 additional lashes followed. The gorgeous American girl was beating sweat, her pussy pulsating from the pain. She tried closing her eyes, screaming her lungs out. And

cursing, lots of cursing. But genitals are not created to be beaten like a tenderized steak, no matter what remedies you think of.

Still, 'Captain Pig-Head' as Sue and Oliver got to calling their slave did not break. So 10 more lashes came. Brie's face was a picture of pure misery. Desperately holding back tears, she failed to see an end to this torment. She was sweating all over her naked body from the sheer strain she was enduring.

10 more strikes. Each one feeling like an inevitability by this point. Sue and Oliver were not going to just abandon their efforts at some vague future, as Brie might have wished. They were there to drive a point forward. Resistance is futile, so obedience is the next best thing. Oliver enjoyed watching his famous present's internal struggle. The white bitch could not act tough forever.

10 more lashes decorated Brie's pussy, now a deep, deep red color. Each hit was now stashed on top of the previous ones, hurting 3 or 4 times more than in the beginning. Madam Sue was not worried. The crop was a handy tool to inflict pain, but not damage or permanently scar the area. Who liked a mangled pussy, after all?

"AAAAAAAAAOK!OK!... OK!" Brie yelled out before the petite, leather-clad woman could start another round of cropping. "Ok what?" asked Oliver. "I'll suck your dick...just stop..." Brie panted from the exhaustion of her torture, looking and sounding utterly ashamed. She had played and she had lost.

"Open up, I wanna see your tongue out" Oliver ordered, wanting to twist the knife. "Feminist icon my ass, haha" he laughed at the viral moment Brie had made of Captain Marvel in a feminist rant at an awards show. Brie did not look particularly feminist at the moment, eyeing her male captor with her mouth wide open to accept his cock and her tongue sticking out, teasing him involuntarily with her oral fuck-hole. Insulted by his comment, Brie eyed him with a look of a thousand daggers, but in due time that would change as well. No rush.

As he entered through her pretty lips and started fucking them, Sue was grabbing of a Hitachi-style vibrator. Oliver wasn't the only one who was getting horny. As the young man slow-fucked Brie's throat, his sister turned the vibrator on medium, and pressed it gently between Brie's sore pussy-lips.

"MMMMMNGG!" a long, intense moan could not help but escape the blonde's cock-stuffed lips. There was extreme stimulation in her presented genitals, 90% pain from the extreme soreness, but also a 10% of enforced sexual arousal. Brie blushed, wanting to break her leather bonds and punch this motherfucker right on the balls. She'd give her restraints the occasional tug of desperation, but it was mostly a way to vent her frustration. It was clear in her eyes she wanted more than anything to hurt Oliver.

"If I feel the slightest scrape of a tooth, my dear sister will double the beating she's already given you. Get it, Captain Feminist?" Oliver talked down to Brie as he kept his erection sloshing in and out of her



lips. “Gnnmhnnm” Brie groaned incoherently onto his cock, angry-faced, but in a way that seemed affirmative, almost nodding with a cock in her inverted mouth. What she really wanted to do was bite this prick right off the Asian prick but instead, Oliver kept face-fucking her like a sentient flesh-light, without any fear for his sex organ.

The Asian sibling duo kept dominating the arrogant Hollywood cunt, as Gal and Emma watched from the ‘sidelines’. Sue enjoyed cunt-buzzing Brie Larson to awfully tormenting levels. The sexual stimulation coupled with the heavy soreness of her poor pussy made for a terrible cocktail of both arousing and painful sensation. The Oscar-winning actress could not avoid Sue’s bulbous vibrator head in any way, strapped down from every possible angle.

At the same time, Madam Sue’s ‘little brother’ held the white bitch by the throat with both hands while face-fucking her. He’d sometimes switch to her beautiful breasts that were just there for the taking, or rather, groping. “GnnUUUUUUMMGH!” Brie cried out into the man’s girthy cock as he pinched both her nipples sharply and pulled her juicy jugs upwards.

Finally, without any heads up, Oliver busted down his untamed slave’s throat with a pleasurable grunt, causing semen to burst through her nostrils, forming semen bubbles that expanded and deflated with the woman’s tired breathe. “That probably brought her down some tiers from an A-lister” Sue joked, as semen was dripping down from Brie’s cum-splashed mouth down her defeated eyes and temples. “More like an F-lister, now” Oliver chipped in, still face-prodding Brie with his satisfied cock. The woman coughed on Oliver’s testicle-cream and slowly softening member.

When the last of the three whores was strapped down to the X-shaped table, Madam Sue knew what she wanted. Oliver was now the one holding the crop, in front of Emma’s delicate pussy. The English girl looked so petite and fragile, more so than smaller than the tall Gal and the curvier Brie. Madam Sue had relieved herself of her black bodysuit and her undergarments and was now tenderly stroking the girl’s beautiful hair, standing above Emma in only in her knee-high, shiny, black, heeled boots.

“Will you be so kind as to eat my sister’s asshole?” Oliver inquired of the bound girl with a joking formality. The polite tone and word choices did not ease her discomfort. “Pleaaaaase...ehm, Madam, there must be another way i can please you” Emma tried going with a diplomatic approach, addressing the Asian woman that was about her age.

The well-raised actress had never placed her lips or tongue on anyone’s anus and she didn’t want to start now. “I am asking you, not she” Oliver responded, curious to see where this would lead. Emma did a double take in her bound state, between the two doms. “Please ...Sir, can i pleasure her with my hand, instead?” Emma tried bargaining for a less degrading fate. “Mmmm” Oliver acted like he was considering her proposal. “No” he replied plainly, then raised the riding crop he was now in charge of.

“MmmMMHHH!” Emma's pained cries were muffled by Madam Sue's hand over her mouth. She loved listening to an agonizing bitch's moans. Oliver whipped Emma Watson's tender, delicate pussy raw, not pausing at any point. “NNNNNNNNNGGG!!!” the crying girl tensed her thighs and shifted her slim waist on the X, with Sue keeping her hand clamped over the head-shaking woman's mouth. Like the rest, she could not shift her body away from the violence.

The customary 10 strikes were over. “Should we go for another round?” Oliver asked again. For a lean guy, his strikes were still far stronger than his sister's. Emma's precious sex had visible line marks in every place the crop made direct impact. Sue let go of the teary-eyed Emma's mouth. “You have three seconds to answer” she said to her sternly.

“UHmmm, pl..please...!” Emma wasted them pleading under her breath, paralyzed by fear. The next 10 hits of the crop were even worse.

Half way through her 4th set of corporal ‘guidance’, Emma broke down, promising to be obedient in order for the pain to stop. All three celebrity slaves one way or the other realized that either with lots of pain, or with less, they'd do what was expected of them.

Emma would have the “honor”, as Sue put it, of pleasuring her Mistress' rim-hole. “Say it, may i have the honor of pleasuring your asshole?” Sue wanted to hear the words. Emma was trying really hard not to break down, but it was already happening. “May...may...” Emma struggled through tears and her own dignity. “SAY IT!” Sue slapped her hard across the face. “May i have the honor of pleasuring your asshole...Madam?” Emma said, feeling utterly humiliated.

“Yes, you may” she heard from a satisfied Sue. The woman reached under the table and with the help of Oliver, turned a big screw that lowered the level of the wooden frame about 20 centimeters. She wanted to be comfortable straddling the bitch's face. All the light was eclipsed from Emma's eyes by the shadow of Sue's perfectly round, gorgeous ass, towering over her.

The Asian girl faced the direction of her brother, as she pulled her supple peach apart to fully expose that slightly darker part of flesh, the money-spot. She lowered herself slightly, grabbing a generous tuft of the girl's wavy, brown hair and pulling it up towards her tailbone, while keeping one ass-cheek spread with the other hand. Emma could go nowhere.

“Go on, I wanna feel that tongue all around my wrinkly rose” Sue commanded. Simultaneously, Oliver had gotten his erection back from the show, and had begun penetrating an already overwhelmed Miss Watson's bruised pussy.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNnggi!” Emma squealed from the terrible pain of her beaten pussy-lips being stretched by a hard cock. The feeling of the girl crying onto her puckering ‘balloon knot’ felt spectacular to Sue. Soon enough, she also felt the little witch's delicate tongue, probing around her brown spot. Emma fought hard the urge to puke. While the woman's asshole was completely hairless, it did stink, like an asshole does. Couple that with the sweat Sue had built on her body, from the accumulating lust, and Emma was certainly experiencing a new taste. A taste she'd become very familiar with in her new life.

Only "relief" for that was that the way she was positioned over her, Sue's pussy was half-smothering Emma's nose. You can't smell much, if you can't breathe.

Oliver had leaned over the spread-eagle-bound slave and was fucking her nice and hard, as Emma was moaning from both pain and general misery as she pleased Sue's asshole. Every time Sue felt her fuck-toy's tongue wasn't thorough enough in its 'exploration' she'd bring her open palm down on the girl's chest with a loud smack. The message was being received, as each time the girl would improve her ass-licking efforts. Emma didn't care for improving her skills at this particular task, but Sue had made it clear that she wouldn't be done until her Madam came. So there was some incentive to perform well and end her agony sooner, rather than later.

If that wasn't enough, the sore-dicking she was receiving was excruciating, making focusing on her ring-licking task even more difficult. Oliver's 7-incher would probably hurt her under normal, consensual circumstances. Now, that she had been beaten red down there, it felt like he was tearing her in half.

Meanwhile, Gal and Brie were watching the girl getting raped with blank stares, still trying to cope with their own traumatic experience. They occasionally rattled their collar chains, pulling them towards Emma, and moaning incoherently in a protesting manner. It was an attempt to present some, any type of autonomy and free-will, but it was laughable how little agency they had at the moment.

“Yes, yes, twirl it around there, yesss...” Sue pointed under her breath, her living seat finding a good streak. With one hand brutally shoving the girl's face in her pale crack, and the other now furiously rubbing her clit, the woman shuddered into a powerful orgasm, her boot-covered legs trembling from the intense pleasure. Various small, red, hand-shapes that matched Sue's were visible on the poor girl's chest.

## CHAPTER 3: A NEW, DIFFICULT LIFE

The three slaves' attitude during their initial period of enslavement largely mirrored that first day on the X-shaped rack. Brie was combative and feisty, flaring out with bursts of hopeless rage that were always 'extinguished' by her painful discipline. Emma was diplomatic and torn between protecting her pride and lessening her suffering. Gal was overwhelmed by the distress of it all, falling into shape the quickest, and her pointless bargaining expressed in the shape of pleading tears.

However each damsel was approaching her tough predicament, Oliver and Sue had their ways of snuffing out the flames.

During those early days, when Emma, Brie and Gal hadn't fully grasped the permanence of their captivity, they tried to appeal to their captor's human sensibilities, at least in the cases where they weren't gnawing on a thick ballgag. They all tried the same things Sue had heard a million times before.

"We will give you as much money as you want"

"Don't you feel any guilt?"

"My family/husband/loved ones miss me"

Any attempt the three captives made at conversing with their captors was dealt with harsher pain, a quick gagging, or usually both.

The news outlets run amok, constantly updating on the state of the investigations regarding the famous missing women, arguably one of the biggest scandals Hollywood had ever seen. No clue of their disappearances had been unveiled, other than the signs of a struggle occurring at every one of the crime scenes. Despite the police treating the high-status case as a priority, the whereabouts or the identity of the culprit, remained completely unknown.

Though recognized all over the world, no one had spotted the three beautiful ladies. They appeared as if swallowed by the earth. And they would stay that way.

Contrary to the designer attire they pranced with at the red carpet, Emma, Brie and Gal's slave outfits were nothing but dignifying. Whenever outside their box in public view, the women were dressed in matching black, thigh-high, PU leather stockings, a pair of black ballet heels that made standing up almost impossible (not that they would do much walking anyway) and a matching, underbust leather corset that cinched their already slim waists even tighter. Leather wrist-bands and

ankle-bands made the three women perpetually 'hook-able' and bound-able at a moment's notice. Finally, a black, leather head harness with straps going across their pretty faces and their heads, was usually 'decorating' them. The straps going on either side of their lips had attachments from any gag their Masters wished, from ball-gags, to ring-gags, to double penis-gags, if Sue wanted to 'ride' Emma's face.

Their ever-present leather shock collars completed the slaves' look.

Madam Sue had commissioned a special 'storing cabinet' for her three precious slaves. Emma, Brie and Gal thought they would return to their shared basement cage, but that turned to only be a temporary solution. Their real 'resting place' was much more uncomfortable and degrading than the cage.

Located against a wall of the large hall that linked the living room to the dining room, and appearing at first like a pretty varnished wooden cabinet, with ornate, carved patterns on its doors and a flat surface on its top where various knickknacks were placed for decoration. The beautiful cupboard had three separate closet doors leading into three separate spaces, all side-by-side.

Each adult woman could barely fit into their respective, tightly-confining spaces. Though they weren't just pushed and kicked till they fitted. Each tiny closet-space featured a rectangular steel frame as large as the interior it was housed in. The metal frame could slide in and out of the closet via four runners attached to either side of the space's walls. Once the slave was securely attached to her frame, it was the frame then that was neatly pushed back into place and with a shut of the door, away from any curious eyes.

To do such a thing, each unfortunate actress was essentially forced into a tight ball in order to be strapped inside these hollow containers, which only contained a bottom, the rest was just the bars making up its sides. Each slave was facing what would be the door of each closet, going in 'ass first'.

Their legs would be folded at their knees, then folded to press against their bellies, before being cuffed at the ankles at two corners of this hollow cube. Similarly, their arms were folded at the elbows before being tightly pressed against their sides, next to their naked breasts, as their wrists were also attached to the bars that formed this cube's sides via cuffs.

Finally, the two steel bars in front of each slave's face ended in the middle on a round ring, which the slave was forced to bite, effectively a wide, jaw-spreading ring-gag. A rotatable, U-shaped bar attached

to the sides of these front bars was then flipped over so that it rested against the back of their heads, acting like a gag's straps to keep the riled bitches from getting off them.

The most 'fun' parts, as least in the dom-girl's opinion, were the attachments on the inside of the locker's doors, as well as the ones on the back walls of the slaves' storage spaces. The three damsels cried and wiggled in place as their tight cages were shoved all the way inside their snug storage and Emma, Brie and Gal 'found' a sharp metal edge, like a wooden horse flipped on its side, dig in the crevice of their lovely buttocks and press onto their poor assholes, taints and pussies. The back borders of their metal frame actually ended where their ankles laid, over their tailbones. This way, the girls' metal horses could really 'dig deep' in the soft flesh unobstructed.

Drilled into the wooden wall, the vertical prop was firmly buried in the women's crotches, making the slightest squirm of their hips or jerk of their behinds, cause pain and discomfort, since besides its sharp edge, its surface was also riddled with added metal spikes that brushed over their sensitive pussy-lips or puckering rim-hole with the faintest motion.

Then, on the other side, a long and thick, metal phallic protrusion was attached to the inside of the door, perfectly lined up to their oral cavities. As Sue or Oliver were closing the closet door to store their toys for later, (the actual door only an inch from their faces) the metal cock penetrated their mouths to the brim, tickling their throats when the door was finally all the way shut. Tormented from front to back, the three Hollywood stars were only able to squirm and whine in their relentlessly strict bondage.

Once closed, their throat-tickling doors of their closets would be locked shut with a cute silver key, Sue having Emma's key on her person and Oliver holding Brie and Gal's keys.

To each their own slaves.

The three, wealthy, privileged, fine-living women had to 'adjust' from sleeping in comfy, skin-caressing satin nightwear, dreamlike memory-foam mattresses and warm, goose-feathered covers to being ruthlessly packaged inside a 50cm wide by one meter long and 50 cm tall rectangle, smaller than most of the rich celebrities' multiple kitchen cupboards.

Fully naked, in cold, complete darkness, with their limbs tightly squeezed into their bodies, with their crotches constantly sore and their lips stuffed to the brim with fake cocks, the compressed damsels spent their whole nights and a big part of their days inside that hellish, lightless box, gagging on their silver 'lovers' and only able to wiggle in place.

Their horrible 'quarters' served as a slave-training in and of themselves, since the poor women would give everything for a chance to get out of their humiliating, uncomfortable 'rooms'. Not coincidentally, they mostly ever got out when they were expected to be of service to their new, young owners. The correlation could not be clearer.

Be useful to your owners→ stay out of your box.

## **CHAPTER 4: SUFFERING AND PRETTY RIBBONS**

Just like any other person thrust into this difficult setting, the three Hollywood actresses went through the same stages of trying to cope with their horrific ordeal. They only complied after some painful 'prompting', constantly adding to their punishment time and making things electrifyingly hard for them. The women's dignity still stood in the way of a 'proper' servant, as they whined, pleaded or in the occasional fits of frustration, outright refused to go along with their Master's orders.

With her job description essentially being making people do things they did not want, Sue was well-read in the subject of demoralizing a proud bitch. Torture was the fastest, most sure-fire way to strip away a person's resistance.

Sure, it sounded cliché, or obvious, but Madam had discovered with experience, how a persistent, relentless cycle of pain that fed into the fear of said pain and thus grew obedience, broke down any mental walls a captive tried to hold up.

Despite being no question that all of her methods were terrifying, Madam Sue prided herself on moving one step further and discover what particular form of torture "worked best" on each subject. The woman would stick patches on the left side of her subject's chests, stickers that wirelessly monitored the person's heartbeat. It wasn't the most exact science, but she liked her system. A higher heart rate was a safe bet for a heightened sense of fear and panic.

All she had to do was see what the pulse-meter wrote on her wireless, little heart monitor and see what each bitch dreaded the most. These small devices were also useful if a slave suddenly flat-lined from over-stress, sending a warning beep to the woman's phone. The girl wouldn't want to break her toys like that.

Madam Sue had created three main methods of torture to mold her three new slaves' into submissiveness. Each contraption, housed in Sue's dreaded 'playroom', was designed to elicit a different type of torment:



## THE VACUUM BED

The apparatus, made out of pitch-black, shiny latex, sealed a person between two flat layers of latex and took away all their senses. Simple enough. The tightness of the vacuum, in conjunction with the opaque latex, would render a person completely immobile and blind. Their speech would be practically taken away as well, as the cylindrical air-tube that was attached on the bed, and would be snugly fitted in their mouths, only allowed some breathy, fearful moans and on recognizable words.

This would already be a hellish state of being for anyone suffering of claustrophobia. Being encased like that with no idea of your surroundings and only able to breathe through a small tube would stress most people out.

But Sue wasn't just playing around. The extra gadget she could attach to their air-hose was what pushed this toy to new, sadistic heights. The electronic contraption, basically a round cap, with a remote control receiver, would be screwed over the air-tube. The cap was comprised of rows of small, metallic flaps that could rotate from a flat to a vertical position, either sealing the air hose shut, or letting air pass through.

Inputting the remote's settings, Sue could program any kind of pattern and duration that the air-hose could open and close and the program would take care of the rest. She usually went for 20 seconds shut followed by 5 seconds open, the pattern repeating ad nauseam, meaning for the duration of a slave's daily punishment. Could be one hour, could be eight.

That meant the encased subject had to go through cycle after cycle of asphyxia with a short window to catch their breath before the hose would shut again and suffocate them. The whole ordeal would cause complete panic to the encased girl, aided by the sensory deprivation and helplessness of the restraining nature of the bed, which only allowed the slightest twitching and rubbing. Feeling every inch of your skin pinned firmly down, hearing and seeing nothing, and a deadline on your oxygen, was like a sleep paralysis coming to life.

The poor women would writhe in place, in their snug, latex bedding, creating sounds similar to when you rub a balloon with your hand. It was so fun to watch! Sue couldn't help pressing a Hitachi vibrator on their latex-camel-toed sex-parts for a while, just to see that extra fight for life take place in front of her, as the women's breathing increased involuntarily, and their challenge became harder.

But the vibrator was certainly not necessary for a good spectacle. Sue and Oliver would enjoy the show their captives gave for 2 or 3 minutes, before getting bored and giving the miserable girl 'some privacy', leaving her for hours on end.

Gal Gadot was extremely claustrophobic, hyperventilating from just being stuck in elevators or very crowded areas. Encased in this latex tomb, the woman was having full on panic attacks, desperately squirming inside the latex prison like a fly in a spider's web.

Her heart rate would reach over 120 BPMs, much higher than Emma's and Brie's. If she put her cheek over it, Sue could actually feel the warmth of the air her screams produced, through the little mouth opening. "GGNNNNNNNNNNNGGNNNNN!!PHHHHHHHHEEEEEHHHHHHHHH!" the high-pitched feral squeals were music to her ears, particularly coupled with the pretty cunt's alluring body squirming against skin-tight latex.

As a result poor Miss Gadot was brought to the vac bed much more often than her two slave-buddies, Sue recognizing the girl's extreme fear for this particular method of discipline. "No, please, not that one!" the 37-year-old beauty would beg, literally shaking her whole naked body in fear, strapped down on the frame waiting for the late layer to come down over her. "Should've thought of that before whining to my brother" Sue replied, pressing the button that lowered the latex sheet to encase the poor damsel.

## THE BUG PIT

The snug, deep, underground space, as wide as a large floor tile and 7 feet deep, was accessible through a hatch in Sue's playroom floor. Similar to the closet cupboard that housed the slaves at night, this narrow pit featured a metal contraption fit for a single person to be hitched onto, tethering them on it by their side-pinned wrists, their necks, waists, knees and ankles. A proper cage, though only with a bar on each side of the slave. The contraption also forced the slave's mouth open via a ring-gag attached to the frame.

Once a slave was attached to their frame, then the "Bug" portion of the punishment would become apparent. The punished slave would first be sprayed with sugar water everywhere on their naked body (even inside their open mouth), before being lowered inside the spooky manhole and into a swarming sea of creepy-crawlies!

Spiders, cock-roaches, giant earthworms, centipedes and even scorpions would fill this hellish pit to the brim. The last ones had had their poison removed, but Sue always neglected sharing that tidbit of information. The 'menu' of disgusting insects changed every day, just to keep things exciting.

After closing the trapdoor over a naked woman and plunging her into a slimy, icky darkness, Sue could always hear the women's wide-mouthed screams, numbed by the thickness of the heavy door, as well as hindered by the bugs that found their open, warm little face holes an inviting area, sort of a refuge.

She'd always giggle at the distinct sound of their wide-mouthed cries being further inhibited by a bug crawling past their helpless lips, as she made her way out the room, to get on with her day.

Everyone is familiar with how sensitive a young woman can get over the discovery of an insect, crawling in the bathroom floor. After that ordeal, that experience would seem truly benign. Having literally thousands of crawling insects all over you to get that sweet, sweet sugar water was an (arguably) unique experience. None of the girls bonded with the misunderstood creatures, though, despite the plenty of time they shared together. Their whole, steel-bound bodies were covered in them, and there was nothing they could do but scream their lungs out and rattle their cage/frame in vain. The spine-shivering sensation of having a bug crawl on your naked skin was amplified by a million, with each girl buried up to her neck in bugs. It was unclear whether it was worse or better that they couldn't see anything in their dark pit, but it certainly did not help their terrible panic.

After a couple of hours, the screams were heard more labored and hoarse, sometimes reduced to mind-broken sobs. Sue would giggle at the futility of their incoherent pleas, softly audible through the closed hatch they were trying to reach out and amend for their sin of 'not sucking Oliver's cock hard enough' or 'pulling away' from their abusers' genitals.

Brie could not deal with her feat of bugs her entire life. Even the sight of one on a movie screen gave her unpleasant chills, never mind up close. The blonde actress could not hide how dreadful of a torture this was. Subsequently, Oliver was keen on putting her through it again and again, chipping away at her spirited resistance day by day she spent locked in that pit.

Sue worried she might kill the uppity bitch, checking at her heart monitor to see 125 BPMs at one point. Her screams could even be heard, her voice fully dead from hours of squealing. She neglected telling Oliver that, so that he would not give her shit. No harm, no foul. The stuck-up bitch was fine, just 'a tad' shaken, when she was finally let out. Sue noted there were no muffled swear words or body language protests coming from Miss Larson for a while after these 'play-dates' with her bugs. Every time she passed by a corridor to see her serving Oliver, Sue spotted that Miss Larson just had a blank, broken stare towards the floor. She marked that as progress.

## THE TICKLER

The final punishment a gynecologist's chair that the subject was firmly strapped on, with many, many leather straps going over their neck, chest and waist. Their arms were secured taut over their heads, to expose their armpits (an important aspect of the punishment) by more straps around their arms, forearms and wrists. Their spread legs were strapped on the chair's foot-holders and their feet were especially tethered, since each toe had been trapped in metal rings and pulled back to really stretch the subject's soles.

The really 'issue' was the device that surrounded the gyno chair. An advanced tickling machine. One slithering long part on each side of the subject, housed about a hundred feathers that could rotate and move by the device.

Someone might say that tickling someone pales in comparison to the two previous, undeniably horrid experiences. That someone should ask again, after an hour or say, four hours of relentless, unending tickling. The three damsel's chests and lungs hurt deeply after just a couple of hours of enforced, torturous laughing they could not avoid.

This device could really drive a person mad. It was a good thing the slaves were firmly restrained on that chair, because the shaking they did got so violent and desperate it often threatened to break the chair.

It never happened though, so Emma, Brie and Gal were forced to endure hours upon hours of tickling, that started on the inside of their forearms and arms, then continued on their armpits, then down their sides, the sides of their waist and hips before slithering down their outer labia, then lower at their inner thighs, then the back of their knees and their calves, before ending at the 'grand prize'; their vulnerable soles. A lot more feathers were there, as the runner split into two sections to cover the entirety of each sole, as well having a feather for each of a girl's cute, metal-trapped toes.

Emma was extremely ticklish, to the point of anxiousness. Not even her boyfriend was allowed to tickle her, not even a playful 'prod'. It got an instinctively intense reaction out of her, a huge flinch that gave a deeply unsafe feeling.

So naturally, the poor English gal was the worst (or in Sue's eyes, the best) candidate for this sort of punishment. When she was first strapped into the chair, she burst into tears just from the horrible anticipation alone, before Sue even turned the spinning, vibrating feathers on.

Emma's beautiful, stretched feet had to endure the ceaseless delicate tickling of the little feathers, wiggling across her soles with a literally robotic disregard. "HMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmm!!!

HHNNNNNNNNMMHHHMMHM!” it was tough to distinguish the young woman’s gagged cries from her enforced laughter. Not wanting to lose her hearing every time she paid the crying/laughing/screaming bitch a visit, Sue would gag Emma with various scarves, over her nose, usually after having stuffed her mouth with a few pairs of her underwear or her socks. She’d use about 5 or 6 scarves to really drown the girl’s annoying noises of agony or if she was bored she’d put the torturous gag/mask on her.

As much as shook her petite body, her strapping chair kept her there, to be tickled some more. The helplessness of being unable to pull her armpits, feet or sides (the three most ticklish parts of hers) away from the tormenting feathers drove Emma almost literally crazy.

It would only take about 20 minutes for poor Emma to be fully sweating by the horrible strain that tickling machine caused on her. She’d have lost a pound or two by the time Sue came to unhook her from this monstrosity. Her tears would dry by the time had concluded for the day, at which point she would vow never to return to this thing.

She would be mistaken.

If their grueling, long, and personally-catered punishments weren’t enough to sway their approach to this whole, ‘captured and enslaved’ thing, the three famous slaves were ‘rewarded’ with a ‘Ribbon of Shame’ at the end of each week. These were a symbol of the slaves’ failure to serve their Masters, and being a part of their bodies, it served as a reminder to not repeat the past’s mistakes.

The black, silk ribbons were just like the ones ‘Cookie’ had decorating her thigh all around. ‘Earning’ such a badge required a single infraction in the course of the entire week. The unruly gals ‘breezed over’ this low bar every week. Never mind a week, the newbie slaves racked up multiple ‘insults’ each day.

With a quick look at the gimp’s ribbon-covered right thigh, the girls had surmised she must have been punished about 60 weeks. In reality, Cookie hadn’t received a ribbon for over a year, being a good slave that had left her ‘troublesome’ attitude behind her long ago. Still, the sight was disturbing for what the future held for the three women if they kept this stubbornness up.

Not that the other occasions improved, but their first ‘ribboning’ was not a fun one. Emma, Brie and Gal found themselves hanging by their wrists, which were tied over-head by padded, leather cuffs, clipped onto a strong chain that travelled upwards to the ceiling. Their legs were forced obscenely

sprawled via ankle-bars attached to their bands. It hurt like hell, supporting their whole weight on their wrists, but this was just the start.

“MMffff!” Brie struggled to exhale, since the suffocating mask-gags that were covering their faces that first day, were again silencing them very effectively. The other two similarly swayed nervously in the air, finding it difficult to breath with their cruel mouth-stuffing penis gags that obscured their nostrils. They were pretty worried about what would commence.

Sue was back in black, with a tight, latex tube skirt that followed the curve of her thin waist and her fine rump, and a stylish corset that pushed her B-cups together. She had her signature ponytail on. By her side was Cookie, her loyal gimp-girl, whose identity was still a mystery to the three women.

“So...” the Asian woman addressed them. “...you all sucked at your first week as slaves. You have one simple rule to follow. You NEVER disobey an order” She couldn't have put more emphasis on that word if she wanted to. “When you're told to stay still, you stay still. Not until you feel otherwise, not until you get tired...but for as long as I want!” she preached at her wrist-dangling slaves. The three suspended women were all ears, despite the horrible pain, unable to as much as groan. They thought their shoulder would pop off any time soon.

“Cookie, you will do the honors of placing the ribbon on each whore” Sue looked down to her side at the voiceless hooded gimp-girl, who looked up at her with no real emotion. She gave the naked slave a thick sewing needle, its point glistening from how fine it was. On its other end, was already attached a beautiful dark silk ribbon, about 5 inches long and half an inch wide.

The three girls widened their eyes, seeing that huge needle. As if they needed another reason to hate that traitorous bitch, Cookie approached them meekly.

“Each week you fail to be a proper slave, you will get a ribbon added on you” Sue informed them as if this was the most natural item in the world to process, as her gimp was standing by a helplessly ‘open’ Brie, her wide thigh now at the same level as the girl’s green eyes.

“GNnn! NNNN!” Brie shook as much as her bondage allowed, which was not much, letting out gagged protest even though it took much oxygen out of her. She could not close her legs thanks to spreader bar, and suspended she could not shuffle away, either.

“It's up to you how many of these you wanna get” Madam Sue said with meaning in her voice, while Cookie was rubbing alcohol on Brie’s right, inner thigh. “Don't move, cause if she botches it, she’ll have to do it again” Sue warned the shifty blonde with a grin. Still, Brie could not stay still, struggled up in the air in a panic, moaning into her gag.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmm!” Brie shut her eyes tightly, letting out a terrible, drowned yelp of pain as the gimp fed the needle through her soft, tender thigh-meat, until it went out about an inch near the entry-point. Ignoring the few drops of blood, Cookie tied the ribbon into a cute bow, decorating Brie’s upper thigh.

Having seen what laid ahead, Emma and Gal tried in vain to kick the pretty gimp-girl away, letting out deep groans and making their suspended bodies sway in the air.

Whatever tiny leeway of struggling was taken away from her, when Sue approached and grabbed a hold of the spreader bar, keeping the rowdy Gal from flailing her spread legs any more. Another disturbing, gagged shriek later, Gal had the same ribbon on the inside of her right thigh as Brie.

Another ear-splitting scream, another ribbon, this time on Emma’s tender flesh. Despite having a preview of the two others, she was still shaking like a fish and crying into her gag, as Cookie guided the needle inside her thigh.

Despite her panic, the hanging slave noticed something new in the faceless gimp’s gorgeous large eyes. Something she was searching for all the past days. She could swear it was true, too. The slave girl’s eyes were beaming with a sorrowful sympathy. Despite her steady hands and unflinching demeanor, the hooded girl was opposed to what she was doing.

With one down, and how knows how many more ribbons to go, the poor slaves were then stashed in their wooden lockers for the night. Maybe next week they would fare better in their duties.

Probably not.

## CHAPTER 5: TEA AND BISCUIT

Apart from their degradingly stored nights and punishment-filled hours, the three slaves were used to their Madam Sue's and her brother's content. Either carnally satisfying them, or just being an object that shined status and power over their owners, the three women had no say in their own lives.

Sue did not waste time training the little English slut in how to best serve her. She named her 'Biscuit', since it amused her to have the English equivalent of her other slave's name, Cookie. It was not fun for Emma to have to respond to such a demeaning name, like a pet. Every time Sue called her that, she had a guttural urge to punch her, growing stronger by the fact she couldn't.

Collared and leashed, the fetishily-dressed girl would usually be brought to Sue's lavish living room and be made to kneel on her thick, Persian carpet, forced to stay in a submissive stance of idleness until she was required. She was expected to be still and not make a peep, only waiting for her Mistress' orders.

Emma remembered the heat emanating from the fire on the front of her naked body, feeling its warmth and savoring it. She hadn't gotten used to her chest or pelvis being that constantly naked, and she often shivered even in the air-conditioned room. Her perky nipples were usually rock-hard from the chill.

"I'll leave you without a gag. Are you gonna behave?" Madam asked her currently ungagged (though still head-harnessed) slave, leaning over her kneeling slave from the comfort of her big, leather sofa chair, the slave kneeling by her side, facing sideways, too. She was dressed in a seductive leather pencil skirt and a monochrome sleeveless, futuristic top. Heels were always on her feet. Her long, black hair was left to fall on either side of her small chest, indicating her similarly loosened state.

"Y...yes..." Emma answered coyly, followed by a hard slap from the woman across the face. "Yes...MADAM" Sue annunciated. That stage, where the slaves could not retain any lesson, was always annoying. "That's one hour of punishment for you" Sue informed the girl, who tried not to show her disappointment. One hour at the tickling chair was already too long.

"Yes...madam" Emma tried to not break out into tears. The brown-haired girl spotted the gimp-girl - that Sue called by the name Cookie - sitting a few feet away from them right against the wall. She had



the same kneeling, spread-legged position as always. She eyed Emma through her ever-present, dehumanizing hood. Emma searched for some sort of emotion. A look of sympathy, of pity, maybe even a conspiratory one, something that signified that they could cooperate to escape.

She found nothing.

“All you have to do is kneel with your legs spread, like Cookie” she pointed with her eyes towards the complying slave a few feet over to the side, against the wall “...and hold this tray with my teacup and teapot” Sue shifted her look to a silver serving tray, with beautifully engraved lines and images on it. It had a fine china cup and a gorgeous, matching teapot on it. “If you drop my tray, i will hurt you much worse than you imagine” Sue told her with a stern look.

Emma did as she was told, albeit not as fast as Sue wanted. She got zapped for being slow, then quickly opened her legs and keeping her arms at her alluring chest’s level, held the tray flat on her palms. “Head and eyes forward; back and neck straight; palms flat; elbows at a right angle. And **never** close your legs” Sue micromanaged every inch of the girl’s body. She had total control over the nude damsel, molding her into position. This exercise would force the girl to be constantly mindful of her obedience and not let her mind trail off and slouch.

With that, Sue turned her attention away from the dumb trainee bitch and on to her tablet, browsing the internet like most millennials. Just because she was a slave-owner didn’t mean she didn’t enjoy some mindless fun.

Time passed. While Sue was relaxing, Emma's task was as mind-numbing as it was difficult, her skinny arms trembling from keeping the tray for so long. Not to mention the strain from her strict posture, which earned her repeated shocks every time she broke it, but the absence of any meaning or end goal from her “duties” was almost a torture of itself. Was she supposed to just stand there like an object, like a table basically, until told otherwise? She could not move, look, talk, and all her thoughts were focused on keeping her posture correct and the tray still. It was draining in its own way.

The girl had had enough. “You know what? I won't stand for this!” She put the tray down. “You can't treat us like this. It's completely barbaric!” she could not keep her composure, anymore, raising her voice at her captors. But before she could continue her prideful rant, Sue pressed the button on her watch, and this time, kept her finger on it for a prolonged time. Emma's whole body tensed and trembled simultaneously. Her muscles paralyzing, she could only experience tremendous pain, before dropping on the floor.

Sue sighed annoyed, not stopping her tablet browsing with crossed legs. Almost waiting for the 'disciplined' cunt to get back to position, having learned her lesson. "That's two more hours of punishment for whatever the fuck this was" she informed her slave without even dignifying to take her eyes of the screen.

The floor-slithering Emma tried grabbing Sue's leg (she had them crossed on her seat), only to be shocked again. "Don't give me this shit, girl! That's another hour. You got five so far" Sue leaned over the tedious slut. Defeated and with tears streaming down her bloodshot eyes from, Emma returned to her tedious role, picking up the tray with an ego as hurt as her body.

Sue decided she had enough of her slave's insolence, and grabbed a penis-gag attachment from a drawer. "Please, I won't speak anymoGGGNMFFF!" Emma did not push back much as Sue shoved a girthy rubber cock past her lips, then passed the leather strap of her head harness through a slit at the cock's base and attached it on the other side, securing the cock fully buried in Emma's mouth.

"I know you won't" Sue replied and left her dick-choking slave to hold her tray as she returned to her seat. Emma regretted her decisions, silently gagging on the throat-invader she could not spit out.

As the days progressed, Emma kept having difficulties acclimating to the 'relaxing afternoons' she spent with Madam Sue. Whenever not testing her 'noisiness', Sue kept her leather-clad slave quiet with a huge, 2-inch wide red ballgag that glistened with the bitch's dribble. Soundless, still and mindless as an object, the English girl was 'aided' into her servile state by her repeating punishments, which happened after she wasn't needed by Sue any longer. Not to mention the most immediate negative re-enforcement of the dreadful electric shocks coming from Emma's collar.

Sue always counted the slave's 'infractions' and added usually an hour to her punishment's duration for each one. Oliver used the same system to train his two slaves. Not a negligible amount of time. Emma came to think twice or thrice about going against Sue's wishes, never mind (trying to) talk back or antagonize her.

Whilst often not having particularly complex 'duties' for her humiliated, naked slave than holding her tea-tray, keeping her table up at her eye-level while she watched a movie, or being a little more than a sentient foot-stool, Sue expected absolute obedience from her very own Hermione.

At seemingly random, duller moments, the Asian woman could suddenly be feeling less entertained by her funny internet videos or relaxing book and looking for more...carnal gratification, ordering the

skinny maiden to pleasure her, though not without some quick 'precautions'. The famous bitch was not yet tamed enough to allow loose while a vulnerable Sue approached an orgasm.

And so, once Emma had promptly crawled over toward the sofa-seated woman, Sue would easily connect the D-rings of her wrist-bands behind her back, then push a wide, metal ring behind the girl's pretty teeth, attaching it to her head harness. "Guuugnnhhhh!" an indignant moan would always leave the British girl's pried-open lips.

This way, the still untrained slave could not harm her Mistress' precious nether regions. Truly like an untrained, muzzled bitch. Even though Emma did not make it clear whether she planned on assaulting her captor, it was a good safety measure. The proud actress still despised her owner to her very core, and giving her full freedom in this stage would be silly. The feeling of Emma kissing her Madam's lovely pussy-lips would have to wait for just a bit longer.

It would take quite the 'convincing', meaning plenty of zaps and some hair-yanking towards her sex, but eventually Emma would sticking her pretty, moist tongue through the round, rigid opening of her uncomfortable gag and start working it along the surface of Madam Sue's needy, wet pussy-lips, savoring the Asian girl's taste and making her happy. "Slower, longer laps, Biscuit" Sue instructed her slave on how to optimally service her sexual needs. Just because she couldn't use her lips did not mean the harlot could not learn a thing or two about cunt-lapping.

Sue enjoyed the view of Emma's pretty eyes picking pitifully over her shaved pubic mount, as she stroked (or more often, tightly grabbed and pulled closer) the slave's wavy brown hair. At the later stages of her arousal, the woman got even less tender, pushing Emma's face onto her sex so hard the poor girl thought she'd get her nose broken.

Whenever Miss Watson's, or rather, Biscuit's, pussy-lapping felt uninspired, Sue had no problems triggering her shock collar to remind her what was at stake. "GGGGMMMMMnnnn!" a muff-muffled yelp from her famous slavegirl always cheered Sue up, especially since Biscuit was much more active in her cunnilingus, following her zaps. Her tongue moved with much more urgency and skill, no matter how tired Emma was and how much her tongue was cramping and sore.

Still, Emma was whiny and very late to act on her Mistress' needs. She still believed she was not a slave, but a person with her own free will and dignity. She needed time and patience in order to realize that was not the case anymore.

## CHAPTER 5: SUPER SLUTS

Meanwhile, Oliver was not any kinder to his two superhero-portraying slaves from the get-go. He loved degrading them and watching their pathetic pleas (mostly from Gal) or suppressed fuming (mostly from Brie) as he did with them as he pleased. Though far from being well-broken, the two Hollywood starlets start to fall into line with the help of the electrocuting collars, Oliver's 'guiding' cane and the fear of punishments.

Oliver would often make his two 'gifts' drop to the floor, face-down, ass-up and present their holes and nice, round buns for his pleasure alone. Propped like bitches in heat, Oliver would make them wiggle their asses at him indefinitely, like teasing him to fuck them. Brie and Gal felt so stupid, so shameful, doing these obscene things. But their shock collars and even more so, their subsequent punishments later in the day were very convincing.

In general, Oliver liked to keep his whores 'occupied', making the 'super-sluts' (as he had named the slave pair, even getting Brie a "Super Slut 1" and Gal a "Super Slut 2" tag on their collars) perform humiliating tasks for his viewing pleasure, regardless of how much attention he might pay to them.

Making his slaves make-out and fondle each other was a frequent one, with Brie and Gal looking apologetically at each other throughout their ordeal. None of the heterosexual women wanted to touch or kiss each other and the show they 'put up' lacked commitment even after many zaps. Their movements lacked any sensuality or sex-appeal, stiff with utter fear and disgust and what they were doing.

"Picture it's a scene" the tougher-shelled Brie whispered once at an inconsolable Gal, who had tears streaming down her pretty eyes as the blonde girl brushed Gal's dark-brown hair aside and brought her lips up to meet hers. Their pretty, moist lips smacked as the two women gave each other some cute pecks on the lips, their hands kind of aimlessly brushing against each other's breasts.

"More passion, what kind of shitty actors are you? Stick your tongues in!" Oliver cheered with a beer in his hand, fully sunken into his couch, and zapped both bitches' on their collared necks. With their heads still ringing from the horrible electric shock, Gal and Brie closed their eyes (as if to be less

present in what would commence) and frenched each other deeply, groping each other's breasts more firmly.

They would need to shut their eyes harder as later Oliver would make them finger each other. It mostly ended in collar zaps.

"Yeah, no...that stock is toast. Better just tossing your money in the fire" Oliver spoke on the phone to some investor buddy, this time he was the one relaxing on his huge veranda, under the nice shade. He was freshly showered and in his silk, long, purple robe, having recently returned from playing squash with other immensely rich dudes.

His half-naked slaves had each of his bare feet on their leg-folded laps, letting it rest on their bare, fused thighs as they rubbed them meticulously. Brie was eyeing him with a repressed hatred, more so sneaking in glances of hate, since Oliver did not want his own slave mean-eyeing him, and regularly zapped Brie for that offense. Next to her, a similarly naked Gal was eyeing Master a bit more sorrowfully, pitifully, as her slender fingers never stopped working on his sole, massaging it thoroughly.

At this moment though, Mister Huang's slaves were not left without stimuli. No, each got to chew on the young man's filthy boxers (Brie) and pair of sweat-drenched socks (Gal), both soaked from the recent squash game. Each mouth-stuffing had been taped tightly over their mouths with some transparent tape, so that Oliver could enjoy that added visual of his dirty laundry poking between his slut's tape-pressed lips.

"GMMMM!" Gal Gadot let a surprise, pained moan into her awful, dry-heave-inducing gag, her hand instinctively clutching the side of her neck, where the electrodes of her shock collar where, as Oliver spotted that her 'partner', Brie, had paused her foot-massaging for no good reason whatsoever. To be honest, there was never a good enough reason for the two slaves to stall on their Master's wishes.

Oliver had taken a method of punishing the other slave for her mate's misdoings, at least when it came to their collar-shocking. This meant that despite Brie being the more rowdy one, it was actually Gal who was 'collecting' more electric shocks from the blonde woman's insults.

Oliver could already see some results though, as the pleading looks the more timid, fragile Gal was giving Brie already had the desired effect of lessening the blonde cunt's resistance. Brie could not help but feel trapped by this rule; it only made her hatred for Oliver boil over.

"No slacking" Oliver scolded Brie, who very half-heartedly got back to kneading his sole, unable to avoid tasting the ass-sweat that had sipped in his briefs and which the girl was now involuntarily cleaning off the cotton fabric. Gal had already been zapped four times because Brie was not being very soft and tender in her touch, something the stubborn slave was doing on purpose. It wasn't working very well for her.

Beside her, Gal's cautious eyes glanced at her massage partner next to her, hoping she would massage the man's naked foot better and don't push back so much. She did not want to be zapped again.

On the opposite side of things, Oliver had shocked Brie twice, because Gal wasn't maintaining a nice, alluring posture during her duties, something that messed with the man's esthetics. Her back was not arched nicely, and her tits were not perked up towards him as he wanted. What a lousy whore.

"Who would figure you were ever a model?" Oliver rubbed Gal's inadequacy in, as she in turn, silently rubbed his sole.

Oliver's amorous ways weren't any kinder. Though just like his sister who wanted to keep her clit on her person, he was careful not to lose a penis over his danger-ignorant, stupid trainee whores. Whenever in a mood for a double fellatio, he had both Gal Gadot and Brie Larson ring-gagged with wide, jaw-trapping metal attached to their head harness and their pesky arms also bound behind them via their wrist-bands.

It was fun, having the two global superstars kneeling before his erect cock and even more fun 'servicing' it. Oliver had to zap them quite a few times, since he didn't want to have to actually grab and maneuver their stupid faces onto his cock, but rather, have them lean over his cock and fuck their own faces, with no thrusting or any action required from him. That was no easy task, as both Brie and Gal refused to obey and take his cock in their spread mouths. After the 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> zap though, which also meant 5 or 6 hours of punishment for that day, they would start to realize that their fight had always been a lost one and they would reluctantly do the bare minimum to keep Oliver from disciplining them again, mostly letting him go to town on their sore throats, guiding their heads on his boner as he pleased. It was still tremendous.

Oliver liked to make them slide their ring-gag-poking tongues all across opposite sides of his shaft, making it nice and wet with their saliva. It was fun, looking at Gal and Brie's pathetic pairs of eyes, which had to strictly remain up at his, looking up at him as lustfully as possible. Sure, the two Super Sluts had some work to do on the lustful part, but they mostly kept their eyes locked with their Master, since any time they darted away the other one would be horrible zapped.

After coating his long, thick erection like a slip-n-slide, Oliver would choose one of them to envelope his cock with her moist fuckhole, while the other had to move to 'ball-duty' licking the man's ball-sack with upbeat enthusiasm. Both 'positions' were bad, requiring a 5\$ hooker's dedication to avoid zapping. Oliver wanted his cocksucker to bob her head by herself up and down his cock until it disappeared into her throat, something Brie Larson and Gal Gadot had not mastered yet, nor where they very eager to do. Lots of shocks and caning on their sweet tits and behinds stemmed from that. In addition, if the man felt as much as a split second of his balls not being stimulated by a slithering, wet, but idle tongue, then there was more electrocuting hell to pay.

His unfair, blackmailing system of punishing the opposite slave created this total dependency between Brie and Gal. They couldn't as easily slack off or antagonize their Master, since it wasn't even them that paid the price of their insolence, but the poor slave next to them. This helped Oliver's cause of molding the two sluts and a slave unit, rather than two distinct people. As their objectifying number names indicated, there would not be a Brie and a Gal, a Trixie and a Pixie.

Just, 'Oliver's Super Sluts'.

Unlike the characters they depicted on the big screen, Oliver's Super Sluts were not yet particularly 'Super'. But they would get there.

## **CHAPTER 6: SEX SCENES ARE ALWAYS NERVE-RACKING**

At night-time, a frisky Oliver and Sue would often take the poor women to their private boudoir for more comprehensive sexual training. These 'lessons', apart from being a hell of a good time for Sue and Oliver, also aimed at improving the slaves' sexual performance. Arguably the most frequent used skill they would need to survive here.

Oliver would clip the D-ring at the top of Brie or Gal's head harness to the top of his bedpost, locking the ball-gagged, arm-bound, kneeling lasses in a bend-forward position, anchored by their heads and knees only, and with their backsides easily accessible. An untamed slave needed time to flourish into a sex-hungry semen-junkie, who volunteered for her Master's cock. So Oliver opted for heavy bondage during that early stage of his slaves' development, in order to break these sluts' spirits in half.

On top of that, he often had his home staff dress his two Super Sluts in humiliating versions of their superhero outfits. Captain Marvel's signature red, blue and gold bodysuit was sluttified into a skin-tight, spandex bodysuit that outlined Brie's breasts down to their protruding nipples. It ended like a one-piece bikini on the woman's crotch, a simple clip-button giving access to Brie's holes. The red ballet-heels kept everything on theme while presenting the heroine-slut as whorishly as possible.

Similarly, Gal's Wonder Woman costume consisted of a microscopic, blue latex skirt that did not cover anything on the woman's pelvis really, showing off both her pussy and her tight ass. Ballet heeled knee-high boots added more deprived femininity to the famous superheroine. Finally, the red-and-gold top of her armor was replaced with a red and gold corset that squeezed her waist and bared 2/3rds of the woman's ample breasts, barely covering her nipples.

Each whore was gagged with huge, green neon, stone like ball gags, reminiscent of kryptonite. Oliver thought it was cool despite not properly fitting the lore. He couldn't care much about that.

The roleplaying super-heroines' priceless pussies felt great around Oliver's cock, who didn't hold back in pounding Gal and Brie to pieces. The fact the squirming cunts tried to fight his advances, even in their heavy bondage, only excited him more.



‘Captain Marvel’ seemed much less in charge, when being fucked raw against her will, and Wonder Woman seemed less ‘wondrous’ when semen flew across her pretty tits. Oliver was living every comic-book nerd’s wet-dream, in real life. For him, it was just a fun Tuesday night.

Of course, it wasn't just their crotch holes that were getting use. Oliver also "instructed" Brie Larson and Gal Gadot on the proper (meaning his favorite) fellatio techniques. Similarly, his sister did not lose a chance to teach the British cunt a thing or two about how her pussy ‘works’.

What mattered was for the three slaves to remain attached (figuratively and literally) to their Master’s genitalia. The sensitivity of Sue’s little nub, the softness of her delicate labia lips and their tiny folds, the taste of her aroused moisture, the texture of her anal ring. Emma would come to recognize them in the dark.

On the other side, Brie and Emma got to really know the soft texture of Oliver’s swollen head, the shape of his urethra, the specific musty scent of his cock and balls, the generous length and noteworthy girth, the wrinkles and sensitivity of his testicles, the distinct taste of his semen and his taint. All these things needed to feel as familiar and ever-present as the slaves' own body parts, for them to fully be in tune with their Master’s needs and worship him accordingly.

In the increased comfort of their bedrooms, both siblings used some long, handy canes, to "correct" any mistakes or push-backs in real time, leaving the more utilitarian shock collars aside. It was fun to ‘paint’ the pompous celebrities’ tits and asses with cane marks. The girls’ ring-gagged moans of pain, each time they were being ‘guided’ to a satisfying performance, were endearing to Sue and Oliver's ears.

At the early stages, it was mostly the lack of enthusiasm and effort that were getting punished, than anything else. Soon, more the proper technique was also expected to be followed, too, their anatomy teachers becoming stricter.

It was a double-edged sword, not having the freedom of their own mouths. The dreaded ring-gags offered ‘Sir’ unlimited access to facefuck Brie and Gal as he wished, and made Emma's task of licking Sue's divine cunt very hard, causing a cramping, tired tongue very quickly.

Sue expected lots of great, chaotic movement from it, flicks, circles, 8s, all that nice stuff, even after the 20-minute mark. Emma would feel her Madam’s cane on her skin increasingly around that time, when her strength was betraying her.

Oliver could not wait for his two slaves to be broken enough where he could take their ring-gags off. Judging by their increased obedience, it wouldn't take that long.

He had so much to teach them about how to please him.