

Madam Sue's Famous Slaves part 3

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

CHAPTER 8: COOKIE

The woman known to Emma, Brie and Gal as only 'Cookie', slept on a soft doggy bed by the side of her Madam's bed, with her collar padlocked to the leg of the bed. It wasn't much, but compared to having to somehow fall asleep crushed into a tight ball and with your mouth stuffed and crotch prodded by a pointy seat, curling up on that cozy, fluffy bed looked like heaven to Emma, Brie and Gal. It certainly felt like heaven to the worn woman, who had been through much to get there.

As soon as her beloved Mistress opened her eyes, Cookie had crawled her tight ass up the bed and under the woman's soft covers, to give her Mistress a wonderful morning greeting with her skillful tongue and lips gracing the Asian girl's morning, smelly pussy. Cookie had become well accustomed to that fishy morning scent, though watching her bury her bald, hooded face between Sue's legs you'd think she adored it like the most intoxicating perfume.

She'd start softly though, her Mistress was only awakened for a few seconds, after all. Her full lips would linger on the woman's loins and inner thighs, or her pubic mount, giving them soft, tender kisses to ease Madam into the mood. Then, when she'd hear the first couple of long exhales of pleasure, she'd go for the 'main course', lapping at the girl's pussy-lips, passing by her clit, just for a little while, since it was still sensitive for much more.

When Sue pushed her head 'deeper' into her sex, Cookie knew the woman wanted more. And more she'd give her, wrapping her lips around that erect little nub and gently sucking on it, alternating it between long, pressing tongue-laps of the woman's inner labia.

Cookie had to be mindful of her breathing, especially in the later stages of Madam's arousal, when her face was generously smothered by a wet, needy Asian cunt. She could easily run out of air if she wasn't careful and then her oral service would lack and she wouldn't hear the end of it from Madam. Not a good way to start your day as a sex slave.

After Sue started her day off with a wonderful orgasm, with Cookie 'bringing her down' from it with some more tender kisses around her sex, she'd get up from bed and start dressing, freshening up and going about her day. At some point during the morning or noon, she'd put some food on Cookie's silver bowl, usually chopped fruit and nuts.

Cookie gobbled them like a hungry puppy, since she wouldn't eat again until afternoon, usually something with more protein like boiled chicken breast. In comparison to the tasteless, dry pebbles akin to dog food Emma, Brie and Gal were constantly being treated to, Cookie's meals sounded like a delicacy. The slave-girl was not allowed to use her hands to eat, only leaning over her bowl and taking it in her mouth like a pet. But she had gotten used to that a long time ago and it didn't faze her.

The beautiful, mute slave would remain mindlessly idle in her doggy bed, either napping or fidgeting with the chain that connected her pierced nipples or her beautiful black thigh ribbons, until Sue decided she wanted her 'company', at which point she'd be leashed and made to crawl beside her Mistress wherever she was led. She generally appeared like nothing much was in her mind, like her personality and intelligence had been sucked out from copious amounts of psychological and physical trauma. That idea was not wrong.

The gimp would spend her time with Mistress dutifully by her side, in her perfect posture of opened legs, presented chest and straight, alluring backside, her arms held behind her in a square manner. She looked very much like an object in those times, so stiff and thoughtless, by her Madam's side, who usually fidgeted with the metal ring at the top of the girl's hood, or her arcing breast-chain, the way someone would with a pencil or a fidget spinner.

She sometimes made Cookie give her a leg or a back rub, or lick her boots clean, something to make the dumb whore useful when she wasn't eating her out. The woman did all of it without the slightest hesitation, robotic in her obedience.

At night, if she wasn't out on some extravagant party or chiller drinks with friends, the beautiful Asian girl would 'Netflix and Chill' in bed, with her slave's face by her crotch keeping it lazily horny, slow-brewing. Sue might elect to not do anything about that nice sensation, or she might press the bald bitch's face between her legs to 'finish her off'. If she was feeling more energetic, she might strap-on her favorite, clit-buzzing, 8-inch dildo and go to town on her slave's poor pussy for a more power-thrill-filled orgasm. It always felt nice to mount the all-fours-waiting bitch and fuck her like an animal from behind. Really dominate her by stretching her cunt with her fake cock.

As much as it hurt, Cookie had grown fond of her Madam's deep-dicking, to the point where a much coveted paingasm could be achieved despite the soreness the slave's pussy would have later. It was one of the few objective joys the woman could experience and she'd rather take along with plenty of pain, than not have it at all.

Still, it was up to Madam Sue whether that permission was granted. The default was a 'no orgasms' rule, so unless Madam explicitly allowed her toy to come, Cookie had to contain herself, to not be painfully reprimanded. With her asshole plugged by her shiny accessory, the slave would take her doggie-fucking as gracefully as she could, always making sure to maintain an attractive, appearance for her Madam throughout. Never slouch her back and waist, always keeping that S curve on her slim, feminine body.

After all that, it was back to her chain and doggy bed for lights out.

Still, compared to Emma Watson's, Brie Larson's and Gal Gadot's daily routine, Cookie's life currently appeared like it belong in a different social class. A product of her flawless service, the gimp did not spent hours and hours of horrific punishments in the intervals between sexual abuse and frequent collar shocks. As demeaning as it was, her life appeared eerily serene, in its absence of pain.

Madam Sue often noted to all three of her recognizable property that following on Cookie's example was the best option for them. Thought not exempt from a possible discipline, Madam Sue made a clear distinction of Cookie's status as a sort of 'graduated' slave. Something that the three stubborn whores should aspire to. Something that would cement the success of their training, and get them out of at least some of their daily troubles.

"You don't wanna sleep squeezed in a box forever, right?" She'd say to Emma at times, when the girl would be submissive and go with her demands. "No, Madam" the slavegirl would reply with a saddened, English-accented tone and would keep kissing her Madam's smooth-shaven calf, right above the girl's cute socks.

During the first few months, the feisty slaves hated the gimp-girl with a passion. Not only because she was often shocking them on her Mistress' behalf, or personally applying their weekly ribbons (which by now had reached double figures on their beautiful thighs). But more importantly, they hated her because she embodied their future. A future they were desperately trying to avoid, but also couldn't help but see approaching.

CHAPTER 9: SIXTEEN RIBBONS

Emma Watson, or rather, Biscuit, was kneeling by her Mistress' side, as per usual. Her skinny legs, clad in tight, leather high-thigh stockings were open graphically wide, baring sight to her shaved sex. Just above her high-thighs, a row of 16, matching black ribbons adored her soft flesh. 16 weeks that she and Brie and Gal were imprisoned in this house. 16 weeks she had failed to have a 'clean run' as Madam Sue's slave.

Her hands were grabbing her forearms behind her back, in the classic submissive pose. Her pretty eyes, forced nowhere but straight ahead, caught the fireplace that was in her field of vision. It was actually a good idea to just stare into the fire. At least the flames moved, gave her something to watch, to focus on. But it was hard to zone out for more than 5 minutes, because a relaxed mind, meant a relaxed posture, and that would earn her a non-relaxing zap on her neck.

Sue would occasionally get up and leave, not even paying attention to her. She knew very well (as did Emma) that an attempt at just running away would end very abruptly at her many house guards, not to mention very painfully from the discipline that would follow.

Once in a blue moon, Madam was gentler to her fetish-dressed slave. With Emma immobile in her servile position, Sue would often run her fingers through the damsel's pretty hair, caressing her fiercely ball-gagged pet absentmindedly, with her eyes on her book or tablet. Emma still despised her captor and tormentor passionately, but strangely, the woman's tender touch offered the slightest bit of comfort.

Madam Sue knew that being too rough on a slave usually brought worse results than giving a little something back. "Three punches and a kiss" was Sue's rule in developing some Stockholm Syndrome-like effects on her novice, anxious slaves.

Throughout these past months, Emma was really coming to view Sue as the beginning and end of her world. Nothing else mattered or came second.

She wasn't the only one. Gal Gadot and Brie Larson were also running on fumes, regarding their ability to push back on their Master's degrading demands. Madam Sue's elaborate, specialized torture sessions were to thank for the three famous cunts' gradual compliance.

You'd think that agony, like all feelings of the human experience, would be something you could adapt to, get used to. Become accustomed to it. But what the three actresses were going through was unmanageable.

In her years of experience, Sue had noticed that a person cannot keep up groaning or screaming indefinitely with such continuous, long-lasting suffering. The human throat can take so much pounding, and the lungs hurt after so much screaming.

Gal's latex-smothered moans weren't the ear-splitting, soul-wrenching screams of despair that Sue had become used to during the first month or two. They now sounded very hoarse, weak, like labored, suffocated squeals. "Hang in there, only three more hours to go, hehe" Sue would pat the writhing, blinded, encased damsel on her pussy, as her air-valve would shut off once more and suffocate her for the 500th time.

Their breath-holding capabilities had been forcefully increased by the vac-bed and its suffocating gadget, so Sue had to adjust its settings, to avoid turning the bed into a relaxing, sensory deprivation chamber. She had set the pattern to 25 seconds of no air with only 4 seconds of breathing time. "Mg....m....m.....g...» Sue loved watching a latex-covered slave, usually Gal, heave her pretty, latex-wrapped chest way up and way down, as her lungs burned for air.

Rarely a pip was heard from inside the bug-box either; to the point where Sue was wondering what new, disgusting creature she could add to the rotation. Off course, despite the relative quiet, inside the box its occupant would be shaking uncontrollably and sobbing non-stop in their tight metal constraints, counting down the seconds to the hours until her release.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHkkkkkkkkkhhhhhhhh....khhhhhhhhAAAAAAAA!" a ring-gagged scream and intense gagging, coming from the underground usually indicated that a bug was roaming inside the slave's 'welcoming' mouth, something that all three actresses dreaded. No one more than Brie though, who shook in a frenzy inside her metal frame each time it was lowered into a pit full of swarming centipedes or jumpy grasshoppers. The sensation of every part of your naked, metal-tethered body being crawled on by bugs could not be described. It was a pure nightmare.

Even after reducing her daily 'visits' to the pit for only 2 or 3 hours, Brie was always catatonic after her torture sessions, having to be zapped a few times just so that she'd listen to her Master's voice.

As for the tickling machine, the women felt like they were being lobotomized after each session. The torment was so overwhelming; you could not focus on anything else. There was no rest, no break, from the tickling feathers that literally drove the girls insane, helpless to only shake in their bonds and laugh uncontrollably into their gags.

Emma was especially jumpy after her torture sessions, not wanting to be touched by anything ever again.

To avoid these horrific fates, the three women's interactions with their two masters had become much more appropriate, going from reluctant relenting to an automatic obedience. Now, all three women never neglected to use their master's pronouns (Sir and Madam) and were pretty stoic in their responses and demeanor, not wanting to get an hour of hell for anything 'silly'.

After 5 months, even the tougher Brie Larson had changed her tune. The air of snobbish superiority she clinked to during interviews or press had evaporated completely. Though she still hated her Master, there wasn't any sign of that on her face. The fear of torture drove their every move, their every word.

Even their difficult 'bedtime', which during the first couple of weeks required numerous collar shocks, almost to the point of knocking them out in order to fit inside their little cage-frames, was now a necessary evil, with the three grown women blankly getting in place to be stored like mistreated cattle. It was bizarre how much their training was working.

Their vocabulary had grown much, much shorter over these though months. Never mind cursing their owners out, the three women barely made a pip anymore, even if it was something imminent like their bursting bladder or some immense discomfort.

"Yes, Sir"

"As you wish, Madam"

"I'm sorry, Sir"

"Of course, Madam"

were the most consecutive words they spoke during the day.

If someone would bother asking them, they'd hear that Emma, Brie and Gal didn't particularly 'feel' loyal to their two captors, but their actions showed nothing but undying loyalty. Slowly and methodically, that fine line between true submission and doing what was necessary to avoid agony would blur so much it would vanish.

One time, when Oliver and Sue had all three bitches bend over in a row, with their drum-tight asses high up in the air, massaging and kissing their bare feet, (they looooooved getting foot massages) Madam Sue blurted out to them that they don't see many other slaves around, because when she kills the ones that don't perform adequately. All three women kept rubbing their master's soles in silence, but their eyes betrayed their fear at hearing Sue's words.

Of course, Sue did not kill any problematic slaves. That would just not be efficient. And Madam Sue didn't live in such luxury without thinking these things through. She simply sold any slave she had no more patience for, or was proven to be outside her tastes.

Apart from their more protocol-based obedience, Biscuit and the two Super Sluts had gotten quite skilled at not just knowing how to sexually please their owners, but also delivering that skill with precision and eagerness.

It had been more than a couple of months since Sue had deemed perfectly safe to remove Emma's ring-gag during her oral service. And she was thrilled to have the Bri'ish whore (she always mocked her by saying that word with a funny accent) servicing her with a free mouth. She loved having Hermione giving her tender, sensual kisses all over her outer labia, then slowly making her way towards that more sensitive area, her tongue soon joining in.

Emma's improvement on the pearl-diving front had not come without hardship. Her caned asscheeks knew that very well. But she could now get the Chinese woman to the point of climax within about 15 minutes of her lips making contact with the woman's pale skin. Emma had learned the ins and outs (not just figuratively) of Sue's holes, learning the 'correct' way to please her, just like Cookie already knew.

During more homey, comfortable times, the skinny, Asian lass would lay down for that, on the bed, with Emma's ass up her face, and Emma's face buried almost like a 69 stance in the 30 year old's crotch, so that whilst being eaten out, Sue had her hand free to reach around the girl's play-holes, and stimulate them as she pleased. Emma couldn't keep a couple of moans from escaping, each time she was going down her kidnapper. Sue was also inserting a small butt-plug in the girl's virgin (before her capture) rectum, during their play-dates. It was a warm-up for what the following weeks had in store for Emma.

Oliver was even happier to have his two whores' lips free to wrap around his cock and slide along its length. The young Asian guy was very tutoring to his two slaves, indicating the air-tight seal he wanted their lips to have on his hard member, sucking intently so that their cheeks dented from the pressure

like a pro cocksucker. Once that level of suction was achieved, he needed his sluts to bob their mouths onto his shaft with full, uninterrupted strokes, from the undercarriage of his head down to his pelvis, at the base of his shaft, regardless if that motion plugged their windpipes shut and caused them to gag. As if that wasn't difficult enough, Oliver also 'requested' his two Super Suckers to maintain an active, mobile tongue that swirled around his shaft and his cockhead in tandem with their volunteered face-fucking.

The few-years-younger than them Sir often pinned the two poor women against one another, timing them to see who could make him bust faster. If Gal had sucked him off during his morning coffee, it would be Brie's turn in the afternoon and vice versa. The loser got one punishment pin, one extra hour of punishment tacked on their existing tally. So as much as they hated being debased like that, Brie and Gal hated being tortured in Madam Sue's playroom even more. You could see the urgency in their eyes, as they bobbed their lips up and down Oliver's shaft, locking their submissive eyes to his, doing everything in their power (though holding their arms behind their backs in a box-shape) to make Master cum fast. Brie and Gal worked their Master's cock like automatic cum-drainers.

"Your time waaaaa 3 minutes 25. Unfortunately your fellow slut did 3 minutes and 4 seconds" Oliver informed a panting, kneeling Gal, who had just swallowed her Master's cum, a bit more dripping down the corner of her lips. The look of heart-sinking disappointment on Gal Gadot's face was adorable. She would have to endure one more hour in the latex vac bed. "This Super Slut will do better next time, Sir" Gal uttered words she could never think she would say about herself, in a monotone, submissive voice.

Oliver had copiously instructed his two slaves to refer to one another as Super Sluts 1 and 2. Unlike Sue, who wanted her piece from Biscuit, Oliver's slaves were generally more encouraged to speak, though they'd both wished they'd be gagged instead, with the humiliating ways they had to refer to themselves.

"Your buddy's got some cum on her face. Clean it up" Oliver turned to a demure Brie, who wasted little time crawling over towards Gal and whorishly licked the drip of cum from the woman's chin, as the two slaves got Master's 'hint' and started making out in front of him.

Whenever fucking them, Oliver demanded of his two sentient cock-squeezers to do most of the work, even in strict bondage. Whenever their head-harness' ring was hitched to a rope going up to the bedroom's ceiling, the arm bound, bent-forward sluts were required to do push their asses back into the man's thrusting, in the speed and tempo of his thrusting, to give his cock that extra-deep feeling.

"GMmm...gmmm...gmmm!" the ball-gagged beauties moaned, pounding themselves onto the kneeling man's pelvis behind them, stabbing their pummeled cunt with his rock-hard prick. Feeling like junkie hookers doing everything for a dose, it was so degrading, having to inflict further pain upon themselves

for their Master's pleasure. But that's exactly what Brie and Gal were doing, ramming their jiggling asses onto that flesh sword harder and harder, not daring to stop for a second, since that would only grant them a smack of the cane on their full buttocks and an hour of added torment later in Madam's playroom.

Though Oliver often just caned the lousy sluts for no apparent reason than his own enjoyment. Whenever he had either Gal or Brie bobbing their hips up and down his cock, straddling it like good dick-riders, Oliver liked to keep his hard-working Super Sluts 'on their toes' with some nice swings of the cane across their bare tits. "MMMGGF!" they would yelp in their huge ballgags, but they would not stop plunging themselves on Master's erection, with their arms stashed inside leather armbinders 'out of the way'.

Both women had become proper anal whores, with their sphincters grown accustomed to the stretching pressure of Oliver's girthy cock burrowing its way inside them. When not ramming them from behind, Oliver liked to hitch his slaves' ballet-boot-wearing feet high above their heads and with the bound women lying on their backs, fill their assholes up to the breaking point.

"Thank you Sir for filling this Super Slut's ass" Brie expressed a robotic gratitude, after about 2-3 minutes of a violent ass-pounding she was clearly wincing from. Oliver had made known that he liked his sex toys to be vocal about how much they enjoyed their rape (at least when their gags were off).

"Thank you Sir... for fucking this... Super Slut's pussy" a fully red-faced Gal mustered a difficult exclamation, since Master was fully choking her as she pummeled her pussy like a stallion. It didn't matter of the bitch could not breathe. She should express her gratitude for being used regardless. During their 'nightly fun' Oliver wanted his two Super Sluts to utter a sentiment of thankfulness usually every 5 minutes. It wasn't enough that the two actresses were being degradingly raped in all sorts of ways, they had to be mindful of 'praising' their Master for their abuse, too.

Forgetting to be thankful to 'Sir' was as punishable an offence as any other. Brie and Gal were so overworked in their Master's presence they never had time to stop and think about the awfulness of their actions. The foot was always on the gas. Like hamsters constantly running on their wheels, Emma, Brie and Gal were running away from the horrible punishments awaiting them at every misstep.

Madam Sue was understandably enamored with her new precious toy, Biscuit. Just like a little girl that tossed her old dolls aside to play with the shiny new one, Sue's gimp girl was not seeing as much 'usage' as before. But the rare times that Sue didn't wanna bother with teaching her still-shitty slave how to please her without much fuss, she opted for the trusty ol' mute bitch.

It was at these times that the three slaves, but especially Emma Watson (since she was more often in Madam Sue's presence) witnessed first-hand what it looked like to be fully subservient and eager to please their masters.

The unknown Latino woman appeared utterly doubtless in her devotion to whatever Sue expected from her, namely worshipping her divine pussy like the goddess she was. It was as awful as it was mesmerizing to see with how much unbending dedication the gimp moved her tongue and lips on Sue's sex, pleasing it precisely how the woman liked. No bondage or anything necessary.

Whether Madam Sue's stinky, bare feet or her smelly, leather-trapped cunt, Cookie licked and worshipped them with the outmost reverence, savoring every molecule of Madam's 'essence'.

"Watch and learn" Madam Sue said one time to her idly presented, ballgagged Biscuit, as she took off her lace panties from her heeled platform thigh-high boots and handed them over her perfectly docile gimp. "Touch yourself for me, Cookie" Sue spoke to the hooded girl, though despite her calm tone, it went without saying that anything she said to her was an order.

Without hesitation or delay, the already leg-spread, kneeling slave brought her Mistress' underwear to her face, sniffing them intently, as her other hand traveled to her sex and started softly stroking her clit. Emma watched with silent amazement, unable to believe the deprived levels the poor woman had sunk to in order to survive this place. Would she have the same fate?

With her nostrils sucking in the (apparently wonderful) fumes of her owner's crotch, the gimp-girl kept diddling herself with increasing tempo, climbing up the hill of arousal. "Shove them in your mouth" a cross-legged, seated Sue 'prompted' and her gimp did not waste a single second, stuffing the underwear in past her lips, and keeping them there as she kept masturbating for her and Emma to see. "I want you to look at Biscuit, don't take your eye off her" Sue orchestrated this twisted show-off of her trained slave, to show Emma what she ultimately expected from her in the long run.

Emma did not want to look at the slave, especially since her pretty green eyes were fully stuck on her as per her Madam's orders, whilst she kept twirling her finger around her sex-button, periodically inserting it inside herself too, then back out for some more clit-stroking. It was spectacular the robotic focus the slave had in her humiliating task. It was clear the woman was actually aroused, her body language and subtle air-grinding indicating she was close to orgasming. Her finger was glistening with her sexual moisture.

"I can keep her doing that for as long as I want" Sue spoke to her newer slave, not expecting a reply. "And unless I tell her, she knows she can't cum" the Asian girl grinned. "She could be at it for hours, but she knows she can't cum and she knows she can't stop, either" Madam Sue demonstrated how far her years-long training had gotten her mute toy, who kept its eyes uncomfortably stuck on Emma, riding the wave of a seemingly perpetual self-pleasure.

“Ok, Cookie, you have 5 seconds to cum” Sue calmly informed her diddling slave. With her beautiful, round chest rapidly heaving up and down from her elevated heartbeat, the hooded gimp rapidly flicked her erect clit. It was weird to see a woman climax without the faintest of moans, but that’s what Emma witnessed, as the gimp barely blinked (as to not go against Sue’s orders of looking at Emma throughout), orgasming with her Madam’s panties in her mouth.

CHAPTER 10: IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES

As much as Emma, Brie and Gal tried to sneak in the faintest of communication, their strict schedule of mouth-plugged storage, relentless punishments and unflappable service hours did not lent themselves to much 'chatter'. Through the course of their captivity, the three women exchanged mostly wordless sentiments, during their humiliating feeding time or stressful, time-sensitive bathroom breaks.

A look of understanding, a comforting glance. That was about it.

This was intentional from Sue's part, as forbidding the slaves' from forming some sort of alliance would have negative impact on their transformation from Hollywood Elites into ego-less scum. Sue didn't like her slaves' feeding off its others' support and creating a daily routine of isolation centered the three whores' attention on one thing only.

How to best serve their sibling Masters and avoid the repercussions of failing that.

In her attempts to break the girls further apart, but also because it was so darn fun, Madam Sue often pitted them against each other, in entertaining (for her and Oliver) games that none of three celebrities wanted to partake in.

She had created one setup based on a pulley she had once installed on the playroom's ceiling and rarely used. The two 'participants' arms would be encased inside ultra-snug, leather arm-binders, would be then raised in a strict strappado position by a shared rope that went through the pulley system above them.

Naturally both women would strive to raise their alluring, corseted bodies and simultaneously lower their lifted wrists to alleviate the painful position. But due to the rope linking them to the other slave, they could not do, without pulling on the other girl's rope and causing them very significant pain.

This was just a painful order in itself, but where was the game? For that, Madam Sue installed a couple of dildo-sticks (industry term for exactly that, a wooden pole with a well-hang, rubber dildo attached on the end) on the floor. The poles had the added feature of a red, round button, situated on the base of each dildo. Connect the button to a small speaker, and you had a buzzer. A buzzer that would declare the winner of Sue's little game, the coveted prize being a much desired exemption from the day's torture sessions.

The "contestants" had to be the first to shove their throats down the 8-inch phallus and press the buzzer with their nose. It was a tug-of-war meets deep-throating contest, as a "player" would have to overpower the other's pull on the rope, and get their lips first down that rubber dick's base. The slaves' ever-present head-harness was also attached to the same rope their arm binders were, securing their heads to the rope. That meant that the alluring sluts would have to bend their full bodies at the waist to get their lips on that 'finish line', instead of reaching down with their neck, a visually unappealing spectacle.

Naturally, the still not fully-broken slaves initially opposed such a demeaning agreement. When Sue first placed Brie and Emma on opposite sides, they both seemed apprehensive about going along. But when Sue threatened that if they did not play ball they would both be sent them on their way to the Vac-Bed and Bug Box for 8 hours straight, a PTSD spark in their widened eyes was all it took for them to forget all about their pride.

Nobody likes being tortured. And if one can avoid torture, their body and mind, their very soul, will strive to do so. It's not like there was much honor to be claimed by such a concession. Madam Sue didn't give them any medals of fair-play.

So eventually, each woman began fighting for herself, to earn that precious day-off from hell, to skip the agony, just for a little while. The chances were rare, maybe once a week Sue would have these little games. She even did little rounds to lengthen the game (and her fun), like best out of 5, best out of 7. She'd watch these 'duels' along with her brother, sometimes cheering for a specific slave. It was so surreal to watch three acclaimed, beloved starlets, pulling at each other's strappado rope like race-dogs, trying to shove their throats down a rubber shaft with genuine urgency. The women tried to think of the prize, rather than how humiliating that ordeal felt, because otherwise, they'd surely lose focus, then the game.

Another fun game she had come up with was the 'Breath-Taking Ride' as she jokingly called it. This game forced the slaves to bud heads on a twisted seesaw, or more accurately, bud lungs.

The two women would be bound on a shared Sybian machine by their knees and ankles, metal polls on either side holding them upright by a simple clip on their collars. Then, gas-masks would be affixed over their heads, masks that were connected by a common air hose. This basically created a vacuum, save for a small hole, on the middle of the pipe.

The objective of the game was simple. Don't pass out from lack of oxygen! Which was easier said than done, considering you had to share every tiny intake of air with another person, and on top of that, your privates were being strongly stimulated by a buzzing mechanical bull you could NOT fall off from.

This game was just a joy to behold. Gal would be triggered by the claustrophobic gas mask, and hyperventilate, ironically resorting in the woman on the other end left without much air. Worried moans would escape the asphyxiating women, especially the ones that were being cheated out of precious oxygen. Sue left them ungagged, since she liked hearing the women's desperate pleas, half-muffled through their masks, then watch as both struggled furiously to cooperate and share what would probably be enough air for half a person already.

They'd sometimes start off calm and keep a tempo of short, steady breaths, but inevitable someone would panic or get too flushed with the influx of arousing stimulation and everything would go downhill for them. When Sue would see a head slump over to the side of the pole, meaning one of them had fainted, the game was over. Sure, her slaves had definitely lost a few brain-cells here and there, from all the oxygen deprivation and carbon dioxide poisoning, but who cares???

They didn't need that many for what she needed them for, to begin with.

CHAPTER II: THOSE BIG GREEN EYES

Despite Oliver and Sue being pretty confident in the three famous sluts' rehabilitation into obedient cunt-munchers (Emma) and cock-sheaths (Gal and Brie), there were still the odd times of boiled over desperation, manifesting themselves in very inappropriate very unslavelike fits of rage. These moments, Emma, Brie (most usually of the three) or even the meeker Israeli actress, would lose all their bearings and their mind would fog with bad judgement. In hindsight, these explosions of emotion were always a bad idea, since they earned them terrible, prolonged time in Madam Sue's haunting playroom.

In one of those occasions, Oliver and his dear sister were relaxing in the living room. Gal was softly, almost lovingly sucking her young Master off, looking up at him with big, loving eyes, even though he didn't pay any attention to her, reading the Wall Street Journal. Oliver's robe was open just enough for his slave to be able to 'access' him.

Sue didn't bud an eye at her brother's activity, as her own slave's gorgeous, corset and stocking-clad body was draped at Sue's feet, hugging her boot and quietly licking it like a good pet, as her Mistress was peacefully browsing memes on her favorite tablet.

Sue had thought of plenty of funny Harry Potter captions she could make, with the photos she had taken of Emma eating her pussy and ass like a hungry hamster. She wasn't in the mood for an orgasm now, though. Maybe later.

Meanwhile, Super Slut 1, once known as Brie Larson, was laying by her Master's feet, next to the busier Gal. Not wanting his slave to be 'too lazy', Oliver had tasked her with licking the marbled floors she was on clean of any specks of dust or dirt that the housecleaner might have missed.

Brie had a tired, stressed look in her eyes, as her tongue traced the cold marble again and again. She appeared out of her body, like in many tasks that crushed her soul. The American blondie was already on edge after having just got out of four hours 'pickling' in a vat of worms. She was reaching a real breaking point in her psyche.

"Mmm" Gal softly, not even distressed as much as lightly flinching, moaned as she felt Master's hot jizz shoot inside her mouth. The taste and texture had become as familiar to her as water. "Give it to your

buddy, I want her to swallow it” Oliver said to Gal before she did what she always did in that scenario, which was obediently swallow like a good girl. Holding the ‘load-ful’ of semen in her mouth, Gal’s eyes turned to Brie, presumably waiting for her to come ‘collect’ Master’s ‘gift’ from her mouth.

Instead, the furious Brie was overcome with a helpless anger that was rising for many days. With her ballet boots not really allowing her to fully stand up, the woman actually hurled herself at a surprised Oliver and clawed at the young socialite.

There was no plan to her actions. She just wanted to harm him, inflict ANY TYPE OF PAIN! It would still pale to the amount she had endured.

Thankfully for Mister Huang, Cookie, Madam Sue’s gimp, who was perpetually presented in the living room, like a silent watch-dog, acted quickly and pressed the button on the side of her leather collar, triggering a horrible shock that incapacitated Brie and left her writhing and twitching on the floor. Oliver had gotten off with only a small scratch on his chest. Barely drawn blood.

Naturally after such an incident, Brie was sent straight back to the punishment room. A few hours gasping for oxygen encased in constricting latex ought to do the riled up bitch some good.

Later that night, with the three damsels pitifully trying to find a way for sleep to take them, crammed inside their snug wooden lockers, amidst cramping muscles, sore throats and agonizingly prodded labias, a shadowy figure slowly crept its way through the night, only reflected from the faint moonlight making its way through the windows’ curtains.

Cookie knew she’d most likely be painfully reprimanded for leaving her dear Mistress’ bedside, even if it was Sue’s mistake to not clip her collar properly. But she needed to do this. Guilt was eating her from the inside, it she couldn’t bear the afternoon incident.

The naked, hooded slave-girl reached the three-piece wooden cupboard in the living room’s hall. Faint, plugged groans of discomfort could be heard from it frequently, each time by a different slave. Especially Brie, who went from the asphyxiating vacuum bed straight to her box, was now on the brink of total physical and mental collapse.

Cookie crawled over to one side of the cupboard, unable to tell which slave is well. It didn’t matter really. Her sentiments were pertinent to all three women.

Tap-tap-tap...tap.....tap.....tap.....tap tap.....tap....

With no way of verbal communicating, the woman started softly knocking on the side of the cupboard. During the shooting of a movie she had grown interested with Morse code, and had picked it up as a fun challenge.

Tap-tap.....tap tap.....tap

With an expression of deep remorse partially hidden by her dehumanizing hood, the beautiful woman kept knocking on the fine wood. Tears had started welling up in her gorgeous green eyes, poking through the two cat-eye holes of her hood. Tears that sparked in the dark room.

Even though none of the three boxed slaves could discern Morse, Cookie continued this weird stick regardless. She needed to say something, even if just for herself. Emma, Brie and Gal could only hear the soft knocks. Even though they couldn't see her, it didn't take a detective to realize that it was Cookie that was reaching out in this bizarre, voiceless way. Who else would it be?

The message the Cuban woman communicated again and again, simply translated to:

Sorry

A few days later, with Oliver off to another debauched rich party, Madam Sue had gathered all three of her abducted toys near the fireplace, taking a seat on her favorite sofa chair. Clad in their ever-present head-harness, corset, fawx-leather thigh-highs and ballet heels, Emma, Brie and Gal, with tired eyes, kneeled side by side, opposite their mistress in an arc that faced her. Each of their right thighs had 21 black ribbons, their skin pierced 42 times for the pretty things to stay on.

Sue was wearing her favorite black, leather bodysuit and heeled platform boots. Her ponytail was pristinely brushed, reaching down her skinny waist with all silky hairs parallel.

"Posture, whores" she simply said in a no-bullshit tone, and the three women assumed the position in a flash. Spread thighs, straight back, tits out, arms grabbing each other behind the back, in a box-tie fashion. All three women had gotten too many zaps to not get this stance perfectly right, after over 5 months in Sue's 'custody'.

"Hmmm" the 30-year-old Asian woman observed their obedience unfold, examining everything from their body language to their demeanor and their fearful eyes. She had been meaning to do a check-up on her slaves' progress. That lazy boy Oliver preferred to just have fun than set a more long-lasting lesson.

All three women looked Madam Sue in her gorgeous blue eyes, beautiful but at the same time dangerous, like a witch that would trick you into selling her your soul. As far as Emma, Brie and Gal's eyes were concerned, there wasn't anything aggressive left in them. Only submissive fear.

Several seconds passed in silence, Sue examining them from her comfy seat with seductively crossed legs, while pondering what she wanted to say. Gal, Emma and Brie felt the warmth of the crackling fire on their backs. It was always welcomed in their exposing nakedness, which had become second nature by now.

"Cookie..." Sue called on her most trusted slave, not even turning to face her. The hooded woman obediently crawled from her faraway spot on the opposite wall and knelt beside her mistress' boots. "Do you love me?" Sue lowered her gaze and asked the gimp-girl, with a tone more resembling of a job interview than something a loved one would say.

Emma, Brie and Gal quietly watched as the mute girl responded by wrapping both arms around Sue's lower leg and nuzzling her leather-covered head against her leather boot. Looking at her eyes through those cat-eye holes of her mask, showed nothing but the devotion of a fully loyal...being. Even calling her 'person' seemed wrong at this moment. More like a dumb pet.

"You see, ladies?" Sue turned towards her three newer slaves, while the Gimp continued her public display of affection, now giving her sparkling boots pecking kisses. "See how content Cookie is?" she said, the image of the woman kissing her boot burning into Emma, Brie and Gal's eyes. Truthfully, there appeared to be not a shard of shame, apprehension or disgust in the slave's eyes, as her lips met the leather of her Madam's Sue again and again, and she practically humped her leg she was hugging it so firmly.

"She wasn't always like this, you know" Madam continued her monologue, none of the ungagged slaves daring to interrupt her. "That bitch had a spunk in her. She was feistier than any of you soft bitches. She was a reaaal tough cookie, hence the name i picked for her" she chuckled, looking down at the gimp-girl that looked like she would never harm her in a million years.

"Ever since she finished her training, she has NEVER disappointed me. Not that discipline ever ends. She knows she can go back to it at any second. I haven't added a ribbon on her in over a year" Sue spoke about her boot-kissing pet as if she wasn't there, or didn't comprehend human language. Might as well, since Cookie was not externally affected by anything the Asian girl was saying, worshipping her Mistress as asked.

"Sure, she was in denial at first, just like you are now, but eventually she realized what was best for her. She moved on." Sue talked with a clear reference to the three women's remaining crumbs of defiance. Even though their daily punishment hours had declined, they still got a ribbon each week,

falling short of something, some order. Sue was drawing a line between the end product, Cookie and the three tormented souls that were stuck in this limbo between their past and new lives.

Emma, Brie and Gal kept listening, eyeing the pair of the sexily clothed woman and her naked toy.

"If you don't accept your place here, you'll never put an end to your suffering. She has... and look at her! She's not sleeping in a 3-foot-long locker. She's not being constantly tortured. Hell, I'd say she lives in relative comfort! No worries about money, career, or relationships. She has only one care in the world. Me!" Madam Sue said, without the slightest hint of sarcasm.

"You think she's just some roadside skank? Some junkie I picked off the street?" she referred to her masked slave, who was now stroking her leather boots with both hands. Sue appeared to be insulted by the sheer notion she would get such lowly scum for her personal slave.

The women then saw Sue lean over her slightly tan-skinned slave and pull up the zip, located on the back of her leather hood. The three women were left with gaping mouths. They all recognized the person Sue revealed. Despite not having a single hair on her head, the woman's face was known to all three.

It was famous Cuban actress, Ana De Armas!

The three women were left gawking at the sight of the woman. Last they'd heard of her, was about three years, ago, when the news reported she'd been in a terrible car accident. Her car engulfed in flames, her body could not be properly identified.

The Latina actress was once a talented, confident, sexy woman, with her career taking off. But now, none of these character traits were visible in Brie, Emma or Gal's eyes. She appeared timid and shy, feeling somehow vulnerable as her face was revealed in front of the people she had helped Sue torture. Her face shouted remorse and guilt.

"I had went to the movies to see that 'Knives Out' movie. I knew instantly I wanted to have this bitch crawling around me" Sue giggled, her hands rubbing Ana's bald head. This was indeed the last movie the Cuban beauty got to finish before being abducted by Sue's men.

In a flashback, we see Ana's initial period in Sue's captivity. She appeared much more different woman back then. She was fiery, combative, fighting Sue at every turn and never going down easy. She was like an untrainable beast. Some would say.

"I'm not doing anything for you, you twisted psycho!!!" we see the (then) 32-year-old beauty yell towards her new owner, her wavy brunette hair falling down her bare chest.

Then, at a later time, we see her cursing her out even through a giant red ball-gag that was stretching her jaw to the max, struggling in her arm-binder like a banshee, truly making a scene (pun intended).

Fed up with the brat's noisiness, we see Sue injecting the frantically squirming, arm-bound damsel with a sedative needle in her neck. "Hush, little puta. I'll make sure you're nice and quiet when you wake up" the weakening Ana faintly heard Sue's grinning words right before losing consciousness.

When she woke up, the huge ballgag was missing from between her teeth, but a big scar was across her neck. As much as she rattled the straps that held her down a surgical table, no sound escaped her cut vocal chords. Ana was only moving her lips up at a satisfied Sue, with angry tears dripping from either side of her face.

"Did I say you could stop loving me!?" back in the present, Sue suddenly scolded a now 34-year-old Ana, who had gone all blanked-out and had seized her caresses and kisses on her leg. Was Ana remembering the previous memory? Hard to find out from her.

The actress' gorgeous eyes sparked with a fear at her Mistress' words, that kind of PTSD that only war-veterans have. She immediately returned to her duties, kissing and rubbing Sue's leg with increased eagerness.

Sue unzipped the crotch-part of her bodysuit, and gently pushed Ana's hairless head towards her loins, which had gotten wet from that nostalgic trip down memory lane. Without a verbal or signaling prompt, Ana got to slurpin' without a peep, shoving her face between Sue's opening legs like a dog on a peanut butter-covered toy.

"All I need to see from you, is some long-lasting commitment to your role here, and I can assure you I'll make your lives here much easier" Sue concluded her 'pitch' whilst having her cunt lapped.

The whole sight appeared even more surreal to the three slaves. They could not believe that this person was the one behind such torment inflicted on them, from their weekly 'sewing' to the sabotaging shocks at every corner. Even though it was Sue's orders that motivated her, the pent up hatred towards this gimp made them think she might some sort of sick, deranged person, enjoying her treatment.

With this revelation, all they were currently feeling towards Ana was pity.

That night, none of them could fall asleep, even more so than already difficult task of sleeping bound inside their boxes. The sight of Ana, looking pitifully at them with her tongue and lips on Sue's boots, was taunting them. They had been shown their ticket out of the bug box, the vac bed, or the tickling chair. Out of their torturous 'bedding', too, which made something as fulfilling and refreshing as going to sleep an ordeal. Even though the uncertainty of their future was a cause of terrible angst, knowing exactly what they had to do strangely felt worse.

They didn't like what the answer was.