

Madam Sue's Famous Slaves part 4

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

CHAPTER 12: GOOD GIRLS GO TO HEAVEN

Oliver is merrily going at it, fucking Brie's pussy in a doggy-style position, while half-paying attention to a stock-market TV show in the big monitor of his huge, lavish bedroom. It's so much easier, not having to bind the dumb bimbo every time she wants to 'fill her up'. A simple nod is all it takes for the pretty whore to present her holes for him.

Super Slut no.1 has come a long way since trying to bite the young man's dick through the round metal of her ring-gag. She now takes his long dick with unparalleled grace and a veteran pornstar's skill, clenching her pussy around his cock as she's been instructed and keeping her ass perked up and her waist alluringly bent. Oliver hasn't lost his mind, of course, leaving the woman totally free to attack him. The shock collar is still around the blonde movie-whore's neck, at any point ready to be triggered by the man's watch. Though he didn't have to do it a single time today.

His two rare Super Sluts have been good, recently. They haven't been 'reprimanded' by him for three whole weeks, and with the pace they're on, they are looking at a 4th consecutive week without an extra ribbon sewn on their thighs. Each time, they feel like there's no room for more, but there always is.

With her face mooshed into his covers with each rough thrust, Brie is not even thinking of ways to get the upper hand on Oliver, something that was a regular occupancy on her mind before. She just takes his dick like a champ, her hands behind her back, obscenely spreading her ass to make her pussy even tighter through its stretching. She stays focused on clenching it so that her Master feels better grip as he slides in and out of her. It's not comfortable, but she has to do it.

Miss Larson has recently been trying to find some enjoyment out of these frequent, mandatory booty-calls. As much as she hates to admit it, she definitely feels a lot more comfortable around Oliver, at

least in strictly physical terms. Fucking with someone practically every day for almost a year will do that.

Of course, their sex does not resemble anything a couple might opt for. Brie doesn't get any say in what she and her younger 'partner' do sexually. During a life that seems so far away from her, Brie would usually make her boyfriends go down on her, whenever she wanted to orgasm. Sex alone rarely did the trick.

Oliver has never stimulated her orally. But at least the sex doesn't feel AS BAD AS her initial rape sessions, which have been completely normalized nowadays. Nothing has changed really, apart from the girl's disposition on them. Sex has kinda lost its meaning in a lot of ways, being something you do for survival, rather than enjoyment. In those terms, 'sometimes feeling good' is more than Brie can say for the other things on her daily 'schedule'.

The young man squeezes the blonde's hips with one hand and grabs both her wrists pinning them on her waist with the other, taking even more control over the famous whore as he accelerates his pounding.

"Awwww...aww... Thank you Sir for pounding this Super Slut's little cunt... aww....awwww..." Brie moans with utter femininity with each hard, deep pound, turning behind her shoulder to look at Master as she takes his dick with increased speed. These demeaning, self-deprecating phrases have become automatic to her, since it's something Sir likes to hear often from her and Super Slut no.2.

Soon, Brie feels the all-too-familiar, hot, sticky slime shoot inside her loins. Oliver doesn't worry about pulling out. The morning-after pill is being mixed with their daily mush in powder form, so his nympho slut won't be having his babies anytime soon. "Thank you Sir, thank you for giving me your cum. This Super Slut is grateful" Brie utters in tired arousal.

Without even dignifying his slave's gratitude-filled words, Oliver retrieves his still throbbing member, dripping with cum. He turns to his bedside, where Gal Gadot waits patiently, her mouth already fully open and her alluring tongue sticking out of it towards her chin. Her hands are grasping her breasts and pushing out to Master, something she has instructed them to do when they don't know what to do with their hands. She was busier a few minutes ago, when she was eating the standing man's ass, as a not-that-subtle foreplay. Brie was sucking him off during that stage with her hands rubbing and capping his ball-sack.

It always felt so empowering to Oliver, having a woman pleasure your most vulnerable, sensitive spot against her will. She could squeeze it in her grasp at any moment, and try to make a break for it. But she never did, the fear of the horrid repercussions was too great for her to even risk it.

‘Wonder Woman’ quickly takes Oliver's dick in her mouth, sucking and licking all the remaining jizz from his penis, what isn't dripping out of Brie's gaped pussy. She knows to swirl her skillful tongue on the underside of the man's cockhead, to get eeeeeverything cleanly off. It was a strange feeling, being so familiar, so frequently intimate with the young man's cock. In many ways, satisfying that singular piece of flesh had become their whole life's purpose.

Just like Brie, Gal is also not bound or gagged in any way, only clad in her sexy stockings, ballet heels and corset.

Their restraints have been replaced by fear. Fear of him and what he can do to them. Faithful people mistake fear for worship, and that's what it looks like Brie and Gal are always doing to Oliver. Worshipping him like the God he very much appears like. He has almighty power over them and their lives, so why would that seem weird?

In a different part of the house, Emma Watson is serving as a living carpet, as the seated Sue is enjoying another relaxing morning. Besides letting her Mistress' soles step and trace her beautiful, slim body as they please, Emma is intently suckling on her Mistress' toes, holding her dainty little foot up close and on her (free of a head harness) face while the other hand is between her legs, masturbating for her beloved Madam. Emma would have never thought she could go to any 'happy place' under these horrible conditions she's been living in, but stranger things have happened during her stay here.

“MMFff!” a close-eyed Emma lets out a moan of pleasure, with her lips wrapped around Sue's big, pedicured toe. “Easy now Biscuit, orgasms are a no-no, remember?” Sue shifted her eyes off her tablet to remind her toy. “M-Hmm” Emma submissively nodded with a mouthful of toe and kept diddling herself a bit slower.

It was easy to get carried away and find yourself in close proximity to an orgasm, something that frustrated the pretty English girl more, since she knew very well that was out of the realm of possibility. Her orgasms control was solely at Madam's hands, not hers. Even when she was being brutally fucked by Madam's strap-on, Emma's arousal was contained by Sue's orders. Cumming would mean dreadful things for the poor slavegirl.

The debased damsel was even finding herself trying to grind her crotch against that uncomfortable pointy 'seat', late at night stashed in her box, to get some semblance of stimulation and reach a much needed orgasm, but the spikes and sharp point were not doing much to help her.

She just had to hope she was consistently good enough that Sue would reward her with one. She hadn't received a new ribbon in three weeks. 'Any day now', she thought, slurping at Sue's toes like they were five wonderful, tiny dicks, fingering herself like a slow roast.

The three slaves appeared to have taken Madam Sue's words to heart, during Ana's 'unveiling'. As their submission increased further, their hatred for the enslaved woman dissipated. They understood Ana much more, now, than that first day where she was licking Brie's spit of a boot or zapping them unconscious.

They understood what it meant to have no choice.

What made Oliver particularly pleased during his Super Sluts recent performance improvement was just how shameless the two women had become not just with his body, but with each other's.

At a literal click of his fingers (something he found very amusing) the two slaves would turn to each other like decades-long-lost lesbian lovers, kissing, groping and fingering each other like horny schoolgirls. Oliver enjoyed making his two Super Whores sixty-nine (one kneeling woman on top of the other, making a 69ing rectangle) and use the top slut's back as a handy foot-stool, while Brie and Gal were eating each other's muffs.

While Brie Larson and Gal Gadot had the faintest of acquaintances before the kidnapping, usually only greeting each other at the odd Hollywood party, now their relationship had grown as intimate as the one they had with their Master. With the added positive, that their sexual interactions were much more welcomed by both women, since they were on an equal field, both forced to do something, not forcing each other.

In a twisted way, this made their sex more...real, even more enjoyable than what it was with Oliver (even though you'd never guess by their exclamations of eternal gratitude towards Master). The feminine, tender touch each woman had for the other was received well, especially in dire times when a sexual touch could also be a comforting one.

Gal and Brie were not looking at each other the same way they did when awkwardly approaching their lips, or trying to not invade their already ruined boundaries. Their fondling was firm, their lips pressed into one another's intently, and the sensation of each other's lips and tongues on their perpetual raped holes was more than welcomed.

It was utterly fucked up, but through this violent journey towards blind submission, Brie and Gal had realized that they only had each other and that caused them to intensely romanticize their pornographic relationship.

Madam Sue was thrilled with Biscuit's overall progress, and so was Oliver regarding his two slaves. After two more weeks of flawless servitude by Emma Watson, Gal Gadot and Brie Larson, they agree it was to 'promote' them. After only a year and some of soul-crushing conditioning, the three celebrities were nothing like the relics of these women.

Sue had gathered all three of the hot sluts to kneel around her, similar to the time she 'unveiled' Cookie's identity to them. She wanted to give the three woman one final, degrading test.

"Let's do something fun" she started off by saying, the women not changing their demure expression. Sue produced a chocolate-chip cookie. The three slaves' eyes immediately fell on the sweet treat. They hadn't tasted anything sugary for some time. Sue's discharge was sometimes a little sweet, but nothing Emma would order at a bakery. Oliver's semen was more salty than sweet so Brie and Gal had little luck there, too.

"I want you to beg like sad, little doggies for the cookie. You know how, you're actors for fuck's sake" Sue chuckled at her own dig. "Whoever convinces me she wants it more, she can have the cookie" the girl waved it at her three pets.

In the past, the three women would awkwardly look at each other, waiting for who would make the first step, almost waiting for permission from a more shameless whore to do the same. There was a sense of not only shame towards themselves, but also, the other two.

Now, to Sue's utter delight, all three spread-legged, posture-perfect slaves started letting out high-pitched whimpers, like pleading puppies. The Chinese woman let out a smirk. "That cannot be enough. I want to see the full show" she let her slaves know.

In for a penny, in for a pound! The three slaves put their hands in front of them at chest level while doing little paws by bending their wrists. Emma, Brie and Gal added a long, protruding tongue sticking through, with quick doggy breaths, interspersed with more intense whining. All while their eyes looked longingly towards Sue, unblinking and genuine.

Madam Sue took out her phone and started recording her famous pets' 'show'. All three women wanted the earth to open up and swallow them. Somehow being filmed during these humiliating charades made things worse. But no one dared stop, begging intently. "Oliver will flip his shit when he sees this" Sue thought as she was filming the three once-adored and idolized women beg like desperate bitches. And the desperation was real, not a constructed emotion. The women were literally making "puppy" eyes for the camera. They REALLY needed this to work.

“Ok...” Sue approached the three toys, breaking the round cookie into three chunks. She then carefully placed each piece onto a pet’s lifted nose and between her eyes, making them balance the piece of cookie there indefinitely, with their cute paw-hands still in place.

She then left the three kneeling playthings to go prepare their transformation.

They had all passed.

Madam Sue returned about 15 minutes later, holding three leather hoods; similar to that Cookie was perpetually wearing, with cat-eye holes, nostril-holes and a petite, oval mouth hole, perfectly outlining their alluring lips. She was also holding a set of outfits identical to the ones Emma, Brie and Gal were already wearing, albeit three different colors. A burgundy red for Gal, a light-cyan for Emma, and a bright purple one for Brie. The three hoods matched these new outfits, comprised of the all-too-familiar ballet boots, leather thigh-highs, corset, bands and collar.

Perhaps more importantly than all of that, Sue was holding a clipper machine. Her three slaves did not break their posture or let their nose-resting mini cookies fall, only validating what was about to commence.

Sue circled around her kneeling toys, one by one gently grabbing the cookie from their noses and placing it in their mouths, a reward for being ‘good girls’. It felt so nice to have that single cookie bite. Pleasures like this were rare nowadays and therefore more valuable.

Without wasting time, Sue run the buzzing clippers through each woman’s long, beautiful, feminine hair, as they watched the chunks of hair slowly fall all around them. They remained silent throughout this, staring down at the floor stoically. Unresisting to this, just like with anything else Madam or Sir deemed fit for them.

At the end, the three beautiful women were shaved bald, traces of dark brown, light brown and blonde-dyed hair surrounding them. After being dusted off, their bald heads were graced by their respective hoods. A cyan for Emma Watson, a purple for Brie Larson and a burgundy red for Gal Gadot. Then the rest of their skin-hugging attire was placed on them. They were ready.

That night, the three women instead of being crammed into a metal frame and pushed inside their storage cupboard, were instead greeted by a new ‘renovated’ area, where their hated ‘storage

cupboard' was once located. In its place, a golden fenced space of about 10 square meters had been created. It appeared like the small area was being marked by these 3-foot-tall beautiful screens, like fire-guards. The floor inside these mesh golden guards was filled with big, velvety pillows, covered by them. On the wall behind this area were attached four thick, golden chains, 5-feet-long, ending in matching golden collars, in a symmetrical row. Ana de Armas, or rather, Cookie, was already there, collared and leashed on the furthest end.

This small space of the otherwise vast house would be the four women's new slave quarters.

CHAPTER 13: FREEDOM IS RELATIVE AND SO IS SEXUAL ATTRACTION

The four slaves' new designated spot came to be their resting place, at night and during periods of clear non-use, whenever Sue or Oliver were out of the house or would not bother with their sentient sex toys for the foreseeable future. These few squared feet were the only place in the world, that the slavegirls could relax and lay down. Outside of these short fences, they were to maintain an unbreaking slave posture, indefinitely in suspended wait until someone summoned them.

But at nights, they would at least lay on something softer than concrete, and stay warm in each other's embraces. It was so good to have each other's heat keeping them from their naked cold. Emma, Brie and Gal could not be more grateful just to be away from this grueling locker and have basic mobility of their bodies, something that all other people took for granted. The soft feeling of each other's bodies also gave them a comfort they truly needed.

Even Ana, who the girls despised until a few months ago, was now welcomed as their peer in this shared, difficult existence. Emma, Brie and Gal were as tender and caring towards her as they were with each other. It was tough to have someone understand what they were going through, and Ana was practically the only one. Thus, their connection was growing stronger each day.

Despite their relative leeway in these moments, the slaves' communication remained non-verbal. Naturally, Madam Sue didn't need her three slaves' chatter heard around the house, so whenever stashed in their pen she had each slave (except Ana, for obvious reasons) gagged with her very own, matching-colored, thick ballgag. She'd pull the leather straps tightly and snap a tiny padlock on the buckles for good measure. The keys would remain on her night-stand till they got out.

In these terms, Emma, Brie, Gal and Ana communicated only with their affectionate touch and expressive eyes. But it was more than enough and gave the four enslaved women a sense of belonging in a closely intimate group. Albeit one at the bottom of social hierarchy.

Their soothing touches, aided by their attractive, stripped forms, gradually developed into erotic ones. If the four women could use something during their stressful lives, it was some form of release. Like an orgasm. It wasn't so much that they had the hots for each other, as much as the pleasure they could offer each other and the intimacy this bizarre sisterhood provided.

So their contact smoothly transitioned from simple caresses or cuddling, to a stroke of their back, then the caress of the leg moved to the inner thigh and their pussies, or the rubbing of one's back moved on

to their neck, then their breasts. The women exchanged the kind of touching only reserved for Sue and Oliver, up to that point.

It was only natural that the hardships these women had gone through together had brought them close. Really close. It was the only rationalization they could find for these actions, but at their mentally shattered state, they didn't particularly search for one.

With their gags padlocked throughout their stay at their pillowy pen, Emma, Brie and Gal, would resort to their slender, dexterous fingers to do the 'dirty work' and slip inside their co-slaves more than welcoming pussies.

But they had to be very careful. Madam Sue did not allow orgasms being tossed around willy-nilly and her slaves knew that very well. They usually had to be certain the woman and her brother were out of the house, or in deep sleep, before attempting to sneak in an orgasm.

As for Ana de Armas, she had found the loophole. Without a gag in the way of the voiceless Cuban's lips, the wordless slave relished the chance to go down the three beautiful women she shared her pillow-bed with. For much longer than them, Ana did not have the joy of a gentle touch on her body for quite some time, and she was more than happy to reciprocate Emma, Brie or Gal's, fingering 'gestures'.

It's the dead of night. Suppressed moans of pleasure were coming from the pillow pile though the night, as the fiercely ballgagged, bald and hooded slaves try to keep stealthy and avoid anyone catching them in the act.

Emma and Brie are in snug, front-facing embrace, as each has their middle and index fingers, softly, sensually sliding inside each other's 'love-canals'. The once-blonde Californian and the once-brown-haired girl from Oxfordshire stared deeply into each other's eyes, their saliva-coated ballgags all but touching in their tight embrace. Their salivated much more when they were horny, and boy were both women close to coming.

Right next to them, Ana de Armas was wonderfully licking a thigh-sprawled Gal Gadot's juicy sex. "Hmmm...mmmfff" the already ballgagged woman placed her hand over her already gagged mouth, to stifle her lustful moans further. Ana was pleasuring her SO GOOD. She would return the favor.

Sue and Oliver were in deep sleep, tucked in far away from them in their lavish bedrooms. They couldn't take this away from them.

Was what the abducted, trained women doing perverse? Did it excuse the previous sexual acts they had part-taken in with Madam and Sir, earlier in the day? Did it degrade them even further, to sex-hungry animals? Did it justify their fate?

None of them thought so, but there wasn't much thought put in, anyway. Ana, Emma, Brie, or Gal, they all just offered some release to one another, some short-lived happiness. Maybe they did it simply because it was the only thing they could decide on.

The only thing they still held power over.

EPILOGUE

Madam Sue is enjoying a morning cigarette, lying sideways on the leather couch, half-watching a movie that is playing in the huge flat-screen T.V. Her cyan leather-clad, practically nude, hooded slave is kneeling by the end of the couch, with their thigh-high-covered knees on the marble floor.

Biscuit, now in her Madam's care for the past four years, is keeping Madam's feet nice and hydrated, sucking, kissing and licking the woman's naked toes and soles. At the same time, Emma's hands are massaging her Mistress' 'tired' calves.

Her sluttily open legs sport a slim thigh with 52 black ribbons decorating it all around. Biscuit hopes this is it, not wanting to add to this number any longer.

Though deadly silent besides the involuntary slurping or lip-smacking noises, the woman's mind is not that quiet, always on high alert:

EMMA: *I can't take this anymore. I've been rubbing and licking her feet for 40 minutes. My arms are killing me and my jaw is terribly sore! And I'm pretty sure I'm running out of saliva after so many kisses. Hope she has some stupid brunch to get to or something, otherwise my tendons are gonna burst in flames.*

"Dammit, I forgot my astray in the kitchen" Sue scoffs, speaking to herself rather than her meaningless slave. "Biscuit, come here" she orders without needing to yell or intimidate.

EMMA: *Quickly, quickly, yes! I'm here. Don't ruin your position! Tits out? Check. Arms behind back? Check. Legs wide? Check. Oh god, please, what does she want from me, now?*

"Yes, Madam" is all that's heard from the stone-faced slave, her anxious monologue kept only to herself.

"Open your mouth, it keep your stupid face titled up" Sue commands. "Yes, Madam" Emma replies again and does just that, opening her lips wide and invitingly and tilting her neck backwards.

EMMA: *Oh god...she's gonna tip the ash in my mouth. Try not to retch, try not to retch, try not to retch! Oooh, it tastes awful! Don't show your disgust. Keep still! Eyes up at her! Happy! Look happy! Dammit i feel the ash on my tongue.*

“Swallow, dummy. How are you gonna take the next one?” Sue mocks her slave, puffing more smoke.

EMMA: **GULP*, oohh god it is dreadful! My eyes are welling up. Don't close them! She doesn't like it when you close them. Open your mouth again, don't forget to stick your tongue out. Madam likes it when you stick it really far out.*

*Another tap of ash, ok brace for it...*gulp*...keep posture...ok, i can do this, i'll get used to the taste. Keep your eyes on her Emma, even if she's not looking at you. She might glance away from the TV and catch you not looking at her. She doesn't like that. Posture, don't forget your tits further out, Emma!*

When Sue's cigarette is almost down to the filter, she turns to Emma. “Make a little pool of saliva on your tongue, otherwise it'll scorch your tongue” Sue says and without waiting for much preparation slowly moves the cigarette towards Emma's gaping mouth.

EMMA: *OH GOD, OH GOD...make a little lake with it, oh god please don't miss...*sssshhh*...oh thank god it didn't burn me. Now what? Do i just keep it in my mouth? I'm too scared to spit it out, maybe Madam will get mad if I do. Just hold it on your tongue, Emma. Keep eyeing her.*

“What are you looking at me for? Down the gullet...” Sue says, turning her attention back to her movie. Emma downs the butt without a single thought. A bit of Sue's lipstick, stuck on the butt's end, is now travelling to her stomach along with the cigarette.

Silence returns, only the sound from the screen heard, as Emma returns to suckling on Sue's pretty toes and rubbing her feet. The film is an old, black and white one. “They don't make movies like they used to, right Biscuit?” Sue chuckles not even turning to look at her once movie careerist servant. “Yes, Madam, they don't” the bald, hooded slave says, interrupting her toe-fellating only for that brief moment, before returning to her duties.

Not far away from them, Brie and Gal are in Oliver's bedroom, doing their utter best to make sure Sir has an excellent orgasm. Brie is currently face-fucking herself onto the man's stationary cock, bruising the shit out of her own throat with deep, fast thrusts. Her 54 thigh-sewn ribbons make a nice accessory over her purple thigh-high leather stockings.

The naked Oliver is kneeling on the bed, seating on his other slave's face, as Gal is hungrily eating his ass, whilst serving as the young man's living seat.

BRIE: *My neck hurts sooo much! It's ok, Brie, you can do this, you've done it a million times. Just don't listen to your instinct and keep ramming your head down there. Throat is sore, but keep it relaxed and open and it'll slide easier in. My gag reflex must be all but gone, now. That's helpful.*

Keep your hands folded behind you. He doesn't like it when you touch him with your hands out of place, so just keep them out of trouble. Hopefully he'll switch to something else, or better, cum. Just concentrate on keeping a tight seal with your lips around it. Full strokes, full strokes, yes Sir, I'm doing full strokes! Please don't penalize me. Keep your eyes locked on his. He likes seeing your eyes. Oh my god, I don't have enough air. This is so exhausting! Just keep fucking your mouth on it.

GAL: *Bastard has his full weight on my face. Just keep swirling your tongue on his asshole. Don't panic, there's not much air, but keep calm and breathe in whenever he shifts his weight. God, it's so sweaty and salty. I can feel its wrinkle on my tongue. All I can see is his ballsack from here. UUUUWW, another one of Brie's throaty drool fell on my forehead. Just keep focused Gal, he knows when you've stopped eating him. Oh god, my nose and mouth are completely smothered. YES! I'M LOOKING AT YOU! IT'S YOUR BALLSACKS THAT'S IN THE WAY! Oh God, please, I'm licking. I'M LICKING!!*

Oliver then, grabs Brie by the metal ring on the top of her purple, leather hood and yanks it hard towards his groin, locking the fellating toy's lips to the base of his shaft, whilst his ass is being stimulated by his other toy.

BRIE: *Don't force me down, don't...dammit, i can't breathe, just keep calm Brie. It only gets worse if you struggle, cause then you choke and it's worse. He'll let you go eventually. Put your tongue on his balls while you're at it, he likes that. Maybe he'll leave you sooner that way. Uggh, just the strain to get to them makes me gag more easily. Ok, it's like 5 seconds now. Let me out. Let me out. Please let me out! I mustn't struggle, he'll be mad; he might hurt me if i do. Just count to 10. 1...2...3...4...oh my god i can't breathe!...Finally... *pant*... *pant*... *pant*...Yes I'll keep deep-throating you, just don't push my head down!"*

GAL: *His taint is crushing my nose. It smells so bad. So musty and sweaty. He hasn't shaved in a while, too. YES! OK! I'm sticking it inside your ass! God that's so disgusting. Just do it, Gal don't think about it! He's usually close to coming when he makes you stick your tongue in his butt. I can make out that Brie is moving her head pretty fast now, too, so hopefully he'll come, soon. I can't hang on smothered like this for long, I might pass out soon.*

Enjoying his slaves' intense, cooperative work on his body, Oliver ejaculates hard in Brie's mouth, with Gal tickling the inside of his rectum with her tongue. The purple Super Slut takes Master's cum in her mouth gratefully and swallows it savoringly, slowly, before opening up wide and showing him she made his semen disappear. Oliver takes his time to get off his burgundy Super Slut's ass-drenched face. 50 black ribbons around her tall, slim thigh match nicely with the burgundy of the rest of her slave attire.

The doorbell of the giant mansion is heard ringing. Normally, Ana would go and press the button that unlocked the front-door, downstairs. But she has not been with them for some time. Emma, Brie and Gal just saw Sue take her outside one morning, and they never saw her again. Sue had found a buyer for the 38-year-old bitch, before her age got too high and made her worthless. Still, she was a 'somebody', and that upped her price. Emma, Brie and Gal had mourned her departure, since in all likelihood they'd never see her again. They had shared many comforting (and erotic) moments together in these past few years.

Madam rushes up from the couch. She has been expecting something. A package. She buzzes the door open and soon, a couple of her guards bring a crate inside, similar to the one the women had arrived at, once. The giddy Asian woman hastily undoes the couple of locking mechanisms of the crate. Throughout this, Emma has not moved an inch from where Mistress left her.

Sue opens the crate. Inside it lies, strapped down every possible body part, a young brunette Latina, with a slim, petite frame and a pretty face that begs to be made to cry. She looks stunning, still in the short skirt, high heels and sexy top she was wearing last night. "MMMGGH! PPLEEEAHHH!" the young girl struggles and moans. She's not any ol' teenage whore. The girl is famous popstar Olivia Rodrigo!

"Fresh new meat?" Oliver enters the living room, looking relieved in his robe, with Gal and Brie following closely behind him, crawling on all fours. "She's a singer. Saw her videoclip on TV and I figured, why not treat myself on a young model? I could use a new cunt-licker, anyway" Sue informs, as

both brother and sister examine the terrified popstar from above. Olivia is nervously thrashing in place and moaning pitifully through her thick ballgag, looking up at them with wide, brown eyes.

“Bet she'll be easier to train, now that i got three pairs of hands to help me, right ladies?” Sue turns to the three experienced slaves. Emma, Brie and Gal reply in one voice.

"Yes, Madam"