

Natalie's New Career

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

LIGHTS!

"Miss Portman, your limo will be outside shortly" the helper notified. "Thanks Georgina, i might return a little later than usual, with the after party and all" Natalie replied. It took a good couple of hours, but she was ready for the grand premiere of her new film. She was really excited about this one, she had big hopes for it. If she ever was to get a seconds Oscar, this was definitely it.

Her luxurious limo took her and her husband, right where the red carpet started, in front of a huge crowd of photographers and lifestyle reporters. An assistant opened the door for her to step up and immediately, all eyes were stuck on her. The gorgeous 37 year old actress was as stunning as ever, dress in a long, red, strapless dress. She smiled for the cameras, and posed like a real model. Natalie was a part of the star system ever since she could remember herself, but still, being on the spotlight was something she took in with pleasure, even to this day.

With the flashing lights and the busy chatter slowly dying down, the crowd gathered inside for the screening portion of the night. Natalie sat in the first row, her long, brown hair cascading down her left shoulder, her golden earrings and necklace still shining through the dark screening hall. She looked up at the big screen with a smile of accomplishment. The movie looked great, and she looked great in it.

After about 2 hours, and a quick speech from the director, the crowd stood up, ready to head on to the after party of the premiere. "Here" Natalie's husband handed her a stylish but warm jacket, along with a thick scarf. Hanging out with a fabulous dress was all good and fun, but the cold outside was chilling, and Natalie wanted nothing less than to go outside in this little fabric.

"Just wait a second, i need to go to the bathroom" she said to him, and headed off, their limo waiting where it had left them. The long halls, around the movie theater, were much emptier than one would expect. Natalie wasn't sure where the restroom was, but how hard would it be to find it. As she made her way through the halls, she spotted a couple of gentlemen, both dressed up for the event. One was bald and clean-shaven, while the other looked to have more of Balkan origins, sporting a moderately

trimmed beard. They were both very big and strong-looking, the tiny woman would probably need a stool just to reach eye-level. "Hello Miss Portman, another great performance, as usual" the bald man complimented her. "Thank you very much..." Natalie tried to be done with the pleasantries politely but quickly, but the man continued. "Actually, we are associates of Mister Spielberg, and he wanted to meet you in person to congratulate you. He also said to inform you of a role opportunity you has for you" the man said with a warm smile.

"Spielberg, here?" Natalie was taken aback by that sentence. "Yes, he wanted to remain away from the press, he just came here to talk to you" the man said and raised her hand, pointing towards his boss' whereabouts. "I guess i have to say hello" Natalie thought. She was always a huge fan of the director, and she'd never pass on a chance to work with him. The two, bodyguard like men, escorted Miss Portman through the halls, taking quite a few turns. "He is sitting in one of the more hidden green rooms, he didn't want to cause a ruckus" the man apologized for the longer than expected route.

Natalie was started to get irritated, when they went down a metal, circular staircase, seemingly not leading to anywhere. She was right, when the staircase ended, they were just in a pretty dark room, only a big red safety light was on, on one of the walls. The woman was now seriously worried. "I...think i'll...meet with Mister Spielberg another time, she went to back off the men, but she was flanked between them, her back hitting against the bearded guy behind her.

Before she could do much else, he swiftly pinned her arms on her sides with one massive grab, while putting his other hand over her mouth, before she could have a chance to scream.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMmffff" the woman jerked and struggled, while remaining in place. The man could subdue three of her at the same time, never mind one. "Actually Miss Portman, you'll be coming with us" the bald man replied, with a much colder tone than before.

As the woman pointlessly twisted and turned, moaning in the Balkan guy's grip, the man produced a rag from his pocket, along with some duct tape. Natalie was free to speak for approximately 0.23 seconds, before the rag was forcibly stuffed into her mouth. A couple of strips of tape were then pressed over her glossy lips. Natalie was then turned around, so the man could bind her arms together with tape. He did the same to her wrists and above her elbows, so the woman could not even squirm. The jacket and scarf that Natalie was caring along her walk were now on the floor. The man picked them up and proceeded to fix the jacket over the woman's shoulders. He then twirled the scarfed around the woman's neck and lower face, hiding the tape-gag very well. Finally, he took out a pair of dark sunglasses, and placed them over the young woman's eyes. It was a usual celebrity trick, to remain unspotted, so no one would think of it differently. He then nodded to his accomplice to continue their course.

The bound and gagged actress was led through the underground corridors of the theater, for a couple of more minutes. They finally reached a small exit door, where a young man was waiting for them, smoking a cigarette. "Finally" he told them with a cool attitude. No one else was around the small alley. The exit was a secret way out for celebrities who wanted to escape the paparazzi's eyes, without much trouble. Not many knew this path but this man. He was a low-end worker for the theater, looking to make an easy money grab.

"So, about my payment" He said with same smug look. He had been promised 10000 dollars for this gig. "Sure" the Balkan guy responded in a broken accent. He then raised a silenced pistol and shot her right in the forehead. Natalie would have screamed her lungs out, if she wasn't just frozen with shock! Things were looking really bad right now.

The man stashed the dead body into the corner of the doorway. "Shall we, Miss Portman" said the bald man, putting his arm around the woman, as if to escort her. The bearded man approached Natalie from the other side. The actress could feel the barrel of his gun, against her side.

The exit was far away from the glamorous entrance of the huge building. They walked across the empty alley way, as fast as a celebrity actually moves when avoiding unwanted attention. A black limo with tinted windows was waiting for them at the end of the alley. Only dangerous part was the 3-4 yards they had to clear, on the sidewalk. As the men "escorted" the famous actress, a small group of girls, hanging outside a nearby store, recognized her. "Natalie! Natalie! Can i please take a photo with you?" one of them approached them. "She's too tired for photos, girl" the bald man replied to her, while helping - or rather pushing - the woman into the limo's back seat. As soon as they were all inside, the car took off, in front of the girls' eyes.

"Pff, such a stuck up bitch!" the young girl scoffed, hurt. "I knew she'd be like that, she always gave me this snobby vibe" one of her friend's commented.

The long drive was more stressful than tiring for the pretty movie star. Forced to sit between her two kidnappers, bound, gagged, and terrified of what was next. After securing their target on the car's leather seats, with a leather strap across her neck, and two more around her waist and ankles The men wanted to kill some time, after staying pretty quiet for the first 40 minutes. "I really like dat vendetta movie you were on" the Balkan man said to the captive woman, with the same accent. She looked up at him, with a puzzled look that said "What do you want me to do with this information?"

"It was ok..." his partner shook his head, pondering. "The kidnap scene, though, not very realistic" he told his friend, as if the woman they were talking about wasn't standing between them. "Yes, bag over head, very bad way... easy to escape" the bearded man agreed.

The ride continued for about 20 more minutes, with the men chatting relaxed, until they reached a small field, where a small jet was waiting for them. It was well past midnight, and the area was clear of any homes, like an abandoned airport. The car's lights illuminated the plane. One, equally well dressed man, was waiting outside the plane's entrance, while two others were carrying inside the jet what looked like a big, rectangular box, like a small coffin. Natalie was taken out of the car, the bald man easily pulling her along from her restrained arms.

"Number 2198?" the man asked. He wasn't in the mood for much chatting, and was just following protocol. "Yes" the bald man replied. Natalie could now see another box like the one she'd seen earlier, lying on the ground near them. It was actually a wooden crate. It had the number 2198, stamped on the lid with black ink.

"This is the last one" he said to the other two, as they were returning from inside the plane. The men were too tired of waiting for the last "package" to be delivered and so, they didn't waste any more time. Without a word or a warning, the two new men began ripping Natalie's expensive dress and jewellery off, like they were simply obstacles to their work. "Nnnnnn! Pllllls! NNNNN!" she begged them to stop, but they continued as if she wasn't even there. Her bra and underwear were on the floor in seconds, along with her red, Versace dress and her heels.

One of the plane guys opened the crate's lid. The inside looked like a plastic container, with a dent, the size of a human body, outlined. The outline of the hollow silhouette had foam padding around it, too be able to secure snuggle any size of female. Around the "place-holder" were some strategically placed straps, along with an oxygen tank and a clear mask, on the bottom. With a swift move, Natalie was off the ground, and before she had time to realize it, she had been placed inside the plastic "vessel" feeling the foam surrounding her body, covering everything but her front. As much as she had struggled, and it was a lot for her, the two new men had no trouble strapping the first leather strap over her eyes, securing her head, the second and third over her upper and lower chest, the fourth one over her waist, the fifth one over her knees, and the last one securing her ankles. Natalie was moaning pathetically now, losing more and more control over her situation. She only felt the oxygen mask being applied over her taped mouth and nose, and the canister turned on with a couple of rotations of its screw.

Natalie then heard the sounds of a hammer, nailing the lid on the crate she was now well trapped in. She then felt the crate being raised off the ground, as she was carried inside the jet, with around 10 more crates, already waiting to be transferred.

CAMERA!

The trip from California to Tijuana lasted about an hour. It was an easier way to transport new arrivals to the base, as cars took way longer, and they run the added risk of police checks. The operation had two planes, one from Chicago, one from California, so the entire country was well covered.

Natalie would have liked to put up more of a fight, but the oxygen was spiked with some added sedatives, to calm all the admittedly distressed souls being transported. If she was well secured already, the drugs she was forced to breathe in with her oxygen, made her dizzy and even more disoriented, than her enforced darkness already did. She barely registered the plane landing, and her crate being carried off outside, along with the others. She only realized something had changed at the sound of the lid's nails, being removed. She then felt the air mask being removed, then her blindfolding head strap follow.

"No way!" she heard before she could clearly see, a well-built woman in her 30s, looking down at the crate's contents with almost childlike wonder. "Matt, check this out, we have a famous one!" Natalie could only watch, as the woman gathered two other men, who were also opening crates, to come and see. "Haha, somebody must have paid a fortune for her" one guy chuckled. "I've always wanted a piece of her, she must have cost like 100 million dollars" the other guy speculated, as all three were checking her out. Miss Portman felt totally objectified, being stared at like that, naked and helpless. "Ok, back to work" the woman shooed the young men away. There were new goods to be processed.

Without much fuss, Natalie was taken out of the box, along with the other female "products". Natalie's eyes shifted around a large storage facility. She witnessed about a dozen women, all tremendously beautiful, some tall, some short, brunettes, blondes or redheads. Apart from their undoubted beauty, they all had one more thing in common. Attracting the interest of someone, ruthless and rich enough to actually purchase them, like a pair of shoes or a car they really liked. Natalie didn't know yet her reason for being there, but she now knew she wasn't alone in this. The duct tape on her body was removed, only to be immediately replaced with new restraints from the facility. Namely, a large, red ball-gag, some steel handcuffs and shackles were fastened on the girls' wrists and ankles. The shackles were connected with a small chain in between the woman's ankles, limiting her movement. Additionally, the two pairs of restraints were connected by another chain, such so that each woman could only raise her bound arms at about waist level. Finally, a black, leather collar was buckled around her neck, with one metal ring on the front, one on the back.

Every worker in the room worked fast and efficiently, as they had done this process too many times to remember. Natalie whined as her gag was buckled to the tightest notch. To her shock, she saw the woman that had opened up her crate, approach a trembling red-haired girl, not older than 21, with a piercing gun and some nose pliers. After grabbing a good hold of her septum, the girl could go nowhere, as she was pierced with a round ring on her nose. A chain-leash was then clipped on the newly pierced ring, and the girl was led out of the room. Natalie's eyes grew wider, when she saw the young guy from earlier approach her with the same tools in hand. "MMMMMMMMMMMMMM" she moaned and twisted, trying to get away from him, but he grabbed her before she could make more than two small steps. "Eaaaasy now, don't fight it" the man cooed her, as if this was helping. The sharp stink of the needle puncturing her septum, caused tears to run from the girl's eyes. As much as she wanted to resist being pulled to where this man wanted her to go, the pressure on her nose was too great, even with a slight pull on the chain Natalie would follow wherever she needed to be. The small length of the chain linking her two shackles, made her unable to grab onto the nose-chain, in order to try and oppose her handler.

The new girls were all nose-led inside a vast room, known as the holding area. She always thought of herself as a creative, imaginative person, but what Natalie saw was beyond her weirdest dreams. Between the white, almost clinical walls of the room, were almost a hundred naked, restrained women, all bound in the same way. Each one was bend over a thick, steel bar, into a right ankle, their shackles attached to large rings bolted on the ground, forcing them to spread their legs and allow access to any hole. Their inability to raise themselves up was due to a second vertical bar, which housed on its top a lockable steel stock, where the poor women's heads were trapped in. Their arms were secured on either side of the steel pole, by a pair of thick cuffs that could slide along the length of the pole, and screwed snugly in place at any height.

A choir of desperate moans echoed on the building's tall, triangular ceiling. As they were passed by them, Natalie witnessed that about a third of them was being sexually abused, in some way or another. Whether they were getting roasted by a couple of men, or speed-fucked by a dildo strapping woman, they all looked miserable.

Natalie tried to pull away from her handler, realizing that she was seeing was her own future unveiled. Each time a small pull on her leash reminded her how helpless she was. They finally stopped in front of an unoccupied "stall" which had the number 2198 engraved on its base, on both sides. The actress was then "installed" on the metal contraption, after her ball-gag and shackles were removed. The metal restraints contorted her fragile frame in a semi-comfortable position. Soon enough, all the writhing females were locked in their stalls.

"Please, there must be a mistake!" Natalie yelled at her first opportunity to communicate with her captors, but all she got for it was a cattle prod, shoved with little regard, against her belly. "No talking"

the man warned her, not bothering to confirm or deny her statement, leaving the woman alone, among hundreds of others.

Natalie expected at some point an evil mastermind, the head of this whole operation, or frankly anyone, to talk to them and tell them what was about to happen. But this never happened. They were being treated like livestock, like informing them wouldn't change a thing. Natalie didn't want to be zapped again. The last shock still lingered on her petite body. After a few minutes of anxiously waiting, she saw a blonde woman, dressed in a lab coat, approach the newly captured females. She had her hair in a bun, and wore some square, black glasses. She wasn't older than 35.

The woman approached the restrained movie-star, holding a clip-board, some medical tools in a little pouch. She stood right in front of the woman's face, which was now conveniently positioned at crotch height, and wrote something on her clipboard, usual bureaucratic stuff. She looked at the woman's face, as she was writing, then did a small double take, her neutral expression remaining the same. It was the slightest sign that she recognized the woman bound and naked in front of her.

The doctor, as she was simply called around the facility, proceeded to take out a metal, medical gag and fix it behind Natalie's front teeth. "Nooo htoooooop..." the woman tried to avoid the new intruder, in vain. The lab-coat dressed woman turned a small screw on the side of the gag, stretching the woman's jaw wider and wider. Natalie was worried that crazy woman would break her jaw, but when she reached enough resistance, the woman stopped turning. With a small ruler she measured the distance between the top and bottom bars of the gag, and noted it. Natalie then saw the woman disappear behind her. Letting out breathy moans, she was more worried now that she couldn't see what blonde was up to.

Without any verbal warning, she felt the cold feeling of a lubricated, rubber object, poking firmly against her sphincter. "AAaaa..aaaaaa" she protested, but the woman had little trouble pushing the rubber dildo inside her. It wasn't very thick, but it was about 7-inches long. The actress felt it travel through her ass, until it was entirely hidden inside. From the end of the dildo, dropped a squeeze pump, with a tiny, round counter attached. Natalie's legs started struggling instinctively, when she felt the doctor slowly inflate the rubber phallus inside her rectum.

Natalie was now sure she would burst, the pressure building up painfully. The doctor gauged her reactions, and the resistance of her muscle tissue. She was a tiny woman, too tiny for any porno-penis. The woman stopped before Natalie's ass would tear. No one wanted the products damaged, as it would lower their value. Natalie was in so much pain, tears forming again in her eyes. Thankfully, the devil woman deflated the dildo soon enough. The process was repeated with a different dildo in her petite pussy, which had a cute bush to go with it. Again, Miss Portman was violated with the rubber

dick which was pumped up to her limit. The doctor again, measured the depth and endurance of her pussy. "23 centimeters deep, 8 centimeters diameter" the doctor wrote down on her notes.

It was a mortifying, degrading process. Every time Natalie thought that her pussy could not take any more, or her jaw could not open any wider, the doctor would wait for a few seconds, then find the extra slack. The notes taken would be the measurements of the ring-gag she would have, and the limits of the dildos or actual penises that would penetrate her. A slave had to be trained to endure being filled to her upmost capacity; otherwise she was just not trying her best.

Blonde doctor handed her notepad, filled with stats from all the new entries, over to an assistant. Soon enough, Natalie found herself ring-gagged with a 7 centimeter ring-gag - her mouth could take a stretching. She tried to dislodge it, but it was buckled very snugly around her head, and the metal ring was well wedged behind her teeth.

The famous actress drooled involuntarily for the next couple of hours, shuffling in the minimum room that her bonds allowed her, scanning the room for any signs of escape. She only saw various women in the same or worse situation than herself, lots of guards on the 5 double-doors around the facility. And the ever-present sobs, yelps and moans of women. It was truly as if she was transported to hell, while less than 24 hours ago she was at the center of the world.

After quite some time, the bound and gagged woman spotted a man and a woman, approach her stall. They both looked extremely fit, with lean, athletic bodies. They were both dressed in a lot of black; the woman had a pair of tight, spandex pants on, and a top that mostly resembled a bra, leaving her belly and most of her chest visible. The man had a pair of black jeans on, with a long, dark coat that flowed behind him with every step. They both wore black, high, military boots.

The woman stood behind her, while the man right in front of her face. The woman was already wearing a strap-belt, and was already screwing a pretty big dildo on its holder, as large as doctor's numbers allowed. The guy's dick also seemed to barely fit through the metal ring-gag. "Whoa, she's that actress chick, right?" the woman chatted with the man, who much to Natalie's worry, was already lowering the zipper of his pants. "Yeah, he nodded, not as excited as she was. They both had a holster, with a couple of instruments on each, but this time, they both took out some thick, wooden canes.

The man didn't waste any more time, grabbing Natalie's hair - as if she needed further restraint- and shoving his already half erect cock inside her gaping mouth. "MMMmmggghhh" she reacted to the abrupt invasion, but the 40-something year old man, didn't care much. They all reacted the same. Whether a low-life junkie, taken for a cheap price, a girl-next-door barista that some customer "fell in love with" or a famous movie star. None of them liked having his 7-inch dick shoved down their throats.

Natalie had to quickly keep track of her limited breathing, to not suffocate from the rhythmic poundings her mouth was getting. Before she had much time to adjust to her first oral-session, she felt her pussy being split open by the brunette's dildo. "AAuuuuuughhhh" she moaned in both pain and surprise, but all she got to calm down were a couple of hard spansks from the cane on her propped up ass. "Calm down girly, it's ok" the mistress petted her already marked ass-cheek.

The two kept "spit-roasting" the helpless, young mother, rarely stopping for a break and a small, mundane chat. They gradually instructed her on some small things, like using her tongue or propping her pussy right for fucking. The first days were mainly for breaking down a slave's spirit, rather than for any heavy instructions and training. Every time they felt like she was slacking off, or not really trying to keep the dick down her throat, she got a good dose of caning, either on her ass and thighs by the woman, or on her tits and arms by the guy. At the end, she was a used up puddle of sweat, saliva, and red cane marks.

There were many more aspects that Natalie and her "inmates" would be trained at, but for now she was simply left to cool down a bit, as the women mounted on her left and right were getting busy...

The restrained actress spend the rest of the day, being used in all her holes by her various trainers, male and female. They treated the soon-to-be sex slaves with the integrity of a worm, too insignificant to even acknowledge. Even when they were getting fucked, little attention or energy was exchanged between the trainers and their naked subjects.

Sure, it was fun, as fun as a job could get, but the staff had fucked countless pussies, asses and mouths before, all hot and inviting, even without their consent. Natalie lost count of the times she was raped. Everything seemed too surreal, too horrible to be true. At the half-way point, her eyes were already dry of tears and her throat sore from crying.

Being 37, Natalie might have been older than most of the girls captured alongside herself, but that didn't stop her getting more attention than any of them, her fame working against her in this occasion. Two particular trainers, guys not older than 27-28, didn't Miss the chance to get a little personal memoir of her. Even though it was against the facility rules, Natalie saw him sneakily take out his cellphone. "I gotta film this" said one of them, hitting the record button. He made himself a porn clip that some would pay thousands to see. Natalie Portman, bound and spit-roasted, that would make an alluring title. "Eyes up here, you know where the camera is, right? You're a professional" he twisted the knife as he rammed his thick cock in and out of Natalie's throat, the other guy working her inexperienced asshole. She very reluctantly obeyed, with the encouraging smack of the cane, locking her eyes on his phone's camera.

She could see after many hours, through the thin windows at the top of the walls, that it was night-time. About 6 or 7 handlers came and released each woman from her restraining device, except for 12 women, who were left as they were, as part of a continuing punishment, for god knows what reason. They were fitted into the shackles they had known from when they first arrived, but with the ball-gags missing. Each handler could lead about 20 women around, with the simple trick of clipping a slave's nose-chain to another slave's collar ring. That way, a handler could have 5 leashes in each hand, but each slave would also drag behind her another one. This efficient method had the slaves transported into the "showers" an area where the girls were unceremoniously lined up and sprayed with a powerful hose, containing soapy water. They were then each handed a small plastic bowl, with something that Natalie hoped was mashed potatoes. She was partially true, but her meal tasted worse than any meal she'd had in decades, if ever. Still, she was too scared and tired to refuse it, gobbling it up in seconds, without any utensils, just scooping it with her hands. She felt so pathetic, forced to eat like that.

A couple of the new girls, a punk-looking purple-haired girl, with half side of her head shaven, the other long-haired, along with a tall and skinny girl, probably a supermodel of some sorts both thought it would be smart to angrily throw the bowls back at the guards, and defiantly stating that they would rather starve than continue to suffer through this. Their hunger strike lasted as long as the time the guards had to grab them and fit them inside their "feeding cages". These were rectangular, barred cages, a row of them sitting unused in the room, for just these cases. All the other women watched in shock, as the screaming and protesting girls were violently compressed inside these tiny steel cages, large enough to fit one person inside, uncomfortably. Only their heads stuck out, through a stock in the middle. The cages opened from the top, so after the girls were crammed inside on all fours, and the top was locked above them, they couldn't go anywhere.

At least they thought that was it. Once inside, their elbows were zip-tied together and against the top bars of their "cell" then their wrists followed, then their ankles, tied to the corners of the cage. Finally, their thighs were zip-tied also against the vertical bars. Now, they truly couldn't move an inch! The fact that all this was taking place in front of everyone was deliberate, for all the women to see the fate that awaited any feisty slave who disobeyed.

A semicircular steel bar, which housed a big metal ball on the middle, was fixed on the bars, on each side of the girls' stocks, gagging their annoying chatter with the steel ball very well. It was more uncomfortable than their rubber gags, as the metal was not easy on their teeth. The girls also saw that a bar of the cage was also missing, right behind their rear. A rubber dildo, attached together with a generously large butt plug, both an inch from each other, were forced inside them with little resistance, before they were also clipped on the nearby bars securely.

Natalie could only watch the horrific ordeal unfold before her eyes, along with the other, terrified inmates. The crowd noise that once filled the room had completely died down. Nothing was heard but the desperate squeals of the two girls.

The "feeding part" came last, as they defenseless rebels saw their handlers take two thin, plastic tubes, which came down from a cylindrical vessel at the top corner of the cage, and insert them inside their nostrils. Just like the ones they'd use in hospitals and asylums, the tubes were pushed deep into the girl's nostrils. Their gooey meal was then poured into the containers, and was pressed down with a syringe-like press, sending it right through the girl's nostrils. Their now pitiful eyes and gurgling moans told the whole story. After spending three days confined there, the two loud mouths would have much more appreciation for the chance to not ingest their food through their noses.

Leaving the troublemakers behind, the new shackled slaves were taken to what would be their cells, although even the term "cell" seemed generous for what was waiting for them. Natalie was led into a nearby room. She saw something she had never seen before. The vast room featured hundreds of rectangular small cells, inside all four walls of the room. Each one looked like a cemented, small, sleeping pod, with a steel barred door the only source of light. Some women were already locked inside some of them, some were empty. The jailed women shifted their eyes at the sudden company. The guards quieted down a couple of overly noisy inmates by poking their cattle prods through their bars.

The design of this room already could "house" about 150 slaves, with 5 horizontal rows and about 30 vertical ones. But the floor was also utilized, with more cells crafted inside it. These were vertical, cylindrical cells, which let the subjects sit up-right, in exchange for taking their ability to lie down. The cell's barred round doors were essentially part of the floor, the few captive girls looking up at their tormentors.

The famous actress found herself jailed in one of these "floored cells" one of the 50 filling the room. Only thing she found inside was a small hole to urinate and defecate on. The shackles and cuffs did not leave her company, but she was too exhausted to care, falling asleep in seconds, against the cold, cement wall of her prison.

ACTION!

The next morning started abruptly, as the brown-haired starlet was rudely awakened by a metal pipe, the handler was using to rattle all the bars of the cells. "Rise and shine!" the handler exclaimed, as each girl's cell was unlocked. After each girl was quickly ball-gagged, they were taken to their daily tasks, different groups to different ones. Natalie was amongst 30-something other girls, who still dazed from their sleep, were being led by their septum rings to the "training camp" they made their way outside of the mostly dirty, industrial looking facility. Natalie felt the cold breeze on many more parts of her body than she would've liked. The place they were led to was much cleaner and well preserved, albeit still dark and unnerving.

Natalie's collar was attached via a chain on a short pole, as was the case with every other slave. This was to be her first oral training day. She would leave this place, sucking dick like a horny pornstar. As it was her first day, her arms, along with everyone else's, were tied behind her back, for security reasons. She couldn't be trusted yet to use her hands on someone. The girl was visibly shaking, worried what was next.

After a few minutes, a man approached Natalie, holding a long cane. He was dressed like the trainers from yesterday. He had a really dominant, experienced look in his eyes. He appeared to be in his 40s, lots of white hairs on his sideburns and his nicely trimmed beard. "Hmmm" he looked down at her, her fame not missing him. "Well, i'm glad to be your first instructor" his voiced sounded calm, almost sweat, as if nothing horrific was about to happen. "Come on, open up" he encouraged the girl, trying to play good cop. "NNNu uuuh" Natalie kept her mouth shut, squeezing her lips. The guy didn't lose his cool, he simply pinched the woman's nose shut, speeding up the girl's breath-holding fit with a few mild, but repeating smack of the cane on her sides. "mmmmmmAAA..." Natalie's yelp was quickly silenced, by the man's thick cock. "Use your tongue and lots of saliva" the man instructed calmly. He didn't even need to yell, one way or another, they always followed his lead.

Natalie hated the assault, doing the bare minimum, showing no enthusiasm. She wanted to bite him so much, but was too afraid to figure out what would happen next. The man looked down at her disappointed. "You must be a really good actress, because your dick sucking is terrible" he said to her, like a friendly joke, while making use of his cane on her perky ass. "Step it up a bit" he said, still in a warm tone, if a little more serious. Natalie complied, only because her ass was red and burning with cane marks. She tried to lick and lubricate the man's dick more, making slow progress. The girl's leashed beside her and in front of her were all going through the same learning curve. Throughout this four month-long "program" pain would guide them all to perform as a good slave should.

With her ass filled with cane marks, the girl was doing her mediocre best, to please the man using her. Things got harder during her deep-throating 101 lessons. The man had trouble fitting his 6-inch dick entirely down, with the tiny woman convulsing and choking with the slightest press of her head,

making terrible gagging sounds at each attempt. "Look at me" he said to her locking eyes, his penis still half-way shoved in her mouth. "Relax your throat, we'll do it slower, not rushing, i have all the time in the world" he assured her. Natalie's eyes remained locked up to his, with a look of fear and worry that she'd fail his test. The man seemed rather kind, if you forget the whole rape aspect. He even let the nervous woman move her head back and forth herself, despite most trainers preferring a more hands-on, maneuvering approach. After a difficult first lesson, Natalie managed to relax her gag reflex enough to reach her nose on the man's pubis, just once, something she had never done with any lover, before. "Outta girl" he congratulated her effort, rewarding her with a small break and some squirts of precious water. Natalie's knees were aching from the non-stop kneeling she had to endure, although she was very thankful for the padding that covered the floor. Things could have been worse.

During her noon break, where she was back in her usual handcuffs, she was thrown a piece of bread for lunch, which she was weirdly thankful for. Acquiring fame at a young age, Natalie could only remember dining at the finest restaurants, her tastes shaped to be eclectic and high-quality. But, this simple piece of bread tasted really good at the moment, and it wasn't even fresh. She worried if she was already giving up, or if it was a survival instinct thing?

Her first love-making lesson was next. Natalie was ordered into a "doggy" position, for a warm up. Facility rules stated that if a slave's mouth wasn't being used for training or feeding, she was to be always ball-gagged. Natalie didn't like that rule, but her "instructor" didn't ask. It was at that time that she noticed some slaves had different colored ball-gags on. Most of them were red, like hers, but a few girls had yellow ones, and even fewer ones, green. Before she could wonder what that meant, she felt her all-too-familiar instructor's cock, rubbing up and down her pussy lips.

Natalie's holes were worked up from yesterday, but they wouldn't rest today. She took all of him with a muffled grunt, feeling his 2-inch thick penis filling her up well. "Now, bounce on my dick like a good girl" the calm man ordered her, with a nudging "tap" of the cane on her ass-cheek. "MMmmm" the hot mother moaned, trying to fuck herself on the man's dick. He stood with his back straight, observing his trainee's performance. He'd occasionally help her along to speed up with his cane, and also instruct her to "squeeze" his dick with her pussy. Natalie felt like a true slut, following these orders, but she obeyed nonetheless. Her next drill however, made her change her mind.

This time, the man lied down, still fully dressed, except for his cock sticking out of his zipper, as he was all day. He forced her to squat on his dick, keeping her shackled hands behind her head. Natalie was beating sweat by the first couple of minutes of this. She had trouble just keeping her stance, never mind taking his cock at the same time. She'd let out desperate moans, from her thighs burning from the strain. "Come on, 5 more" he'd cane her wide open thighs, like a twisted coach. She'd let her rest for a few seconds, then repeat. It was so humiliating, being forced to impale yourself with a stranger's cock, Natalie wanted to just die right there. The cane didn't let her give up, always a good motivator.

The sun was setting when she was finally done. Natalie was taken to her cell along with most of the other girls. She got tossed another piece of bread through the bars of her cylindrical cell, then it was lights out. Tomorrow she'd have to do better, as there was no tolerance for slacking off. Every slave had to improve, day by day. Before her eyes closed, she wondered how tough the next days would be, if this was her first.

The next days established a pattern. The world famous celebrity was taken through an array of courses, in sexual pleasure and performance. She was instructed on sucking and taking dick, in all sorts of positions, building up endurance and dexterity. She was taught to milk dicks with her hands, her mouth, her pussy and asshole.

She was trained to lick pussy like she was always a lesbian. A lot of information and a lot of hard work, were in store for her every day. Natalie actually came to Miss her first instructor, as he proved to be one of the gentler ones. The women were particularly vicious, inflicting the most pain for the slightest mistakes. The majority of the men had often little patience for her, often grabbing her by the hair and face-fucking her, contrary to her easier day-1. After her usual meal - either a piece of bread or some more nutritious goo, Natalie would return to her tiny cell for the night.

After a few days, Natalie was generally worse, compared to some other cock-suckers she saw around her. Her stamina was also a problem, all these things translating to more cane marks on her fragile body. Step by step, she'd have to match their performance. She didn't have any other choice. The pressure and weight of all of daily torture, finally took its toll, when she bit one of her trainers' cock, during a difficult blowjob practice. She apologized profusely, but physically attacking a trainer like that, was a big misdemeanor.

The next day, Natalie was awakened as usual. This time she saw a yellow ball-gag, wrapped tightly around her face. Her nose-leash was pulled to a group of other women. They all had yellow ball-gags on. Natalie spotted the two girls from the first day, the ones that had talked back and were disciplined in the "feeding cages". They both looked much less energetic, black circles visible under their eyes. They appeared much more passive and docile than that first day, following their leashes direction before it applied pressure on their septum.

The group of a dozen girls was led outside on the fields, between the faculties. Natalie and the others saw a place where no grass grew. Instead, there were some iron round hatches, with a round hole in the middle. Rust was covering the heavy trapdoors completely, giving them a red and brown color. Once the trapdoors were opened, the girls saw that the holes inside were large enough to squeeze someone inside. There was a pungent smell, permeating the area. Every girl was sure it was

piss. "If you didn't already know, the yellow gags mean you screwed up in some way, so some humility lessons are in store" Madam Sue, a Japanese, ponytailed woman informed them. She then nodded to the handlers, to replace the girls' gags with some metal ring-gags. Natalie wanted to leave and return to her cell, but her nose was pulled towards the underground hole.

Once they were inside, with their heads in the iron stocks, poking out of the ground, a valve on the hatch was rotated, causing a rotatable portal to close around the women's necks, stopping just as it contacted skin. It was evident that they weren't going anywhere. The handlers continued by grabbing each woman's hair and after tying a rope around a hurried ponytail of sorts, they tied the other end on a rusty handle-bar, behind the slave's head. This forced each woman to face upwards, whether she wanted to or not.

"Now" the mistress continued, "to motivate you to be a better slave, and to help you appreciate what you already had, you'll spend some time as our human urinals" the woman said, the reality of what was coming out her lips not phasing her the least. "Silence!" she yelled, and the small noise of nervous moans seized. "Every member of the staff knows to relieve himself here, when on duty. There are about 60 workers here" she gave them a hint. "I don't want to hear any complaints from anyone, otherwise this particular slave will spend much more time here than she would otherwise" the Asian woman warned. "Now, my bladder is full. Who should do us the honors?" she gave a quick scan across the terrain of open mouths, all trying to avoid making eye contact. "Let's go with the famous one" Natalie heard the words she dreaded the most.

Natalie looked up at the Asian approaching her menacingly. She wore some knee-high military boots and a black, leather mini-dress with short sleeves. All she had to do was stand with each leg on either side of Natalie's head, and raise her dress up slightly. She did a small squat, locking eyes with the terrified damsel looking up at her. "I've always wanted to have my hands on one of you Hollywood bitches" she said with sear lust, as she relaxed her urethra. Natalie saw the yellow stream, before it splashed on her face. "AAAAAaggggg" she tried to lower her head away from the stream of urine, but her bound hair didn't let her. The ring-gag behind her teeth also let in any drops of the hot liquid reach Natalie's mouth.

The woman choked in a vain attempt to spit the disgusting liquid, the taste making her retch adding to her discomfort. Madam Sue made sure to get as much piss into her mouth as she could, and it was evident she had lots of practice. "Down it, slave. If I see it spill anywhere, I'll make it my Mission you're the only one getting used". Amongst the panic, and fear of the woman's threat, Natalie opened her throat, swallowing with much difficulty the foul bodily fluid. "Ghl...ghl...ghl" the ring-gag making things harder. "Show me" Madam Sue instructed her. "Tongue out" and Natalie obeyed, hating herself for succumbing so easily to the woman's will. She had just drunk piss. Nothing would change that, even if she was rescued from this hell. It left a scratchy feeling in her throat, not to mention a vile taste on her tongue. She put her tongue as far out as it could, her mouth visibly clean, even though there were still drops of it, mixing with her saliva.

"Hmm" the woman simply nodded, satisfied, as the group of male and female handlers, got to have their share of a morning piss.

Natalie thought her days incarcerated inside her little cell, waiting to be sexually abused, were disturbingly awful. But she had to reconsider, after the 5 days she spent, as a human piss pot. When she wasn't just waiting endlessly in a cold field, along with similarly incapacitated women, she had to endure the occasional worker emptying his/her bladder, every hour or so. Being a famous actress only made things worse for her, as she was easily the favorite. Couple of times during the day, someone would come to spray some water mixed with nutrients down their gullet. Before everyone got to bed, they would throw a big, heat-resistant blanket over their heads, to cover them from the night's cold. After all, if a slave got ill and died, it would cost the company a lot of money.

When she was finally let out, Natalie along with all the others, vowed to do anything in their power to avoid returning there.

Coming back to her cozy -who'd thought she'd ever call it that- cement cage, was surprisingly refreshing for the 37 year old mother. She gnawed at her piece of old bread, wondering if anyone had made progress, in finding her. She thought about them every night, since her arrival, but now Natalie was missing her family. The thought of never seeing them again, was too hard to dwell on.

Her training returned to her planned schedule. She was already behind most inmates when her punishment was administered, so she now had even more distance to catch up. Blowjob lessons, cunnilingus lessons, fucking lessons, she even had her first hand-job lessons, something she was very careful not to get any ideas about hurting her instructor. She did great, her delicate little fingers working magic on each cock she laid hands on. She still had her yellow ball-gag on, though; something that meant that after training, her metal stall, with the number 2198 was waiting for her. She was still in the low ranks among slaves. She'd have to keep up her good work, if she was to return to her previous status.

The days passed, they became weeks, and like that, Natalie was half-way through her training. She had worked really hard to squeeze each cock that filled her pussy or ass. Especially the last one, Natalie never in a million years thought she would do. She had never done anal sex before being enslaved, and the experience had gone from traumatizingly painful, to bearable to almost enjoyable. Something that

was already a guilty secret for her pussy-pounding sessions. Being jailed and tortured so viciously and repeatedly, had driven the woman to take solace in the slightest perks of her daily life, whether that was a moment of peace inside her cell, with a bowl of tasty (or at least very palatable) mash, or the pleasure of a sexual encounter, even if it was devoid of any emotional meaning.

Her cunnilingus skills had also improved, despite being a complete novice at the start. Natalie was now capable of licking a woman to climax, albeit she still lacked in some of the finer details of that skill. But she could still rely on her thin fingers, to slide into a demanding pussy and get the job done, working in unison with her suckling lips, something she excelled at.

As a heterosexual woman, Natalie preferred serving male trainers, as they also proved less violent to their female counterparts. She even had her favorites, and her least favorites. The one with the white sideburns, whose name she'd heard was Dylan, was her favorite. He had the ability to almost sweet-talk her into submission, with little use any weapons.

Madam Vanessa on the other hand, was the most dreaded out of all the trainers. She was a bitch-blond haired bitch, with an obsession with perfectionism. She believed that great service unwilling slave, could be coerced out of a slave, with enough pressure and discipline. Those came from her favorite riding crop. Not that she had a specific one, as she had broken hundreds of them on her poor trainees' bodies. Natalie always cursed the times the heartless bitch was assigned on her, as it meant she'd be leaving beaten and marked, before she'd reach the level of expertise the woman's pussy demanded. It wasn't that she had to please a specific way, but rather the fact that any instruction from a mistress or master should be followed absolutely and flawlessly.

Along with the lessons of a strictly sexual nature, Natalie also began learning what it meant to be a true slave, a servant in every sense of the word.

During these courses with Madam Sue, the girls were going through some tough posture training, having to hold a certain position for large periods of time. Madam Sue wanted them to be docile, not giving in to their bodies' pleas to collapse. She wanted her slaves serene in their servitude. Like actual objects.

Natalie will never forget the strenuous afternoon she had spent, having to walk from wall to wall, in some tall, ballerina style heels, her arms painfully tied in a reverse prayer behind her back, while simultaneously having to balance a book of encyclopedia-like weight, on her head. Every time a slave dropped a book, they were given 10 lashes of Madam Sue's bullwhip, so all of them were eager to keep them on their heads.

Natalie and her other "classmates" had already trouble standing up in the obscene shoes, never mind holding their posture perfectly straight and still for the book's to not fall. Wall to wall, again and again, the practice instilled a kind of meditative quality to the girls' servitude. Thinking of nothing, while at the same time, having a tunnel-vision type of focus on their body, and their posture, the same grey wall in front of them, and the same opposite one. At the hour mark, Natalie almost felt an out of body experience, almost like watching herself from the outside. Despite her trembling, fatigued legs, she made it through unscathed, her early ballet years helping her.

The second aspect of the perfect servant, aimed for the slave to fully disregard their own pride, or dignity. These lessons were geared towards shredding any feelings of self-esteem these women might still possess. As a result, the twisted Asian brawd, along with her associates, drilled the women into some servicing acts. She was a big fan of feet worshiping, something her slaves learned very well. She took Natalie and another woman, a young ginger-haired, hippie girl, named Sapphire. After making herself comfortable on a sofa-chair, she removed her boots, which had sealed in hours of walking sweat. Madam Sue was a busy woman after all. "Lick, one sole each" she then signaled with a crack of her riding crop on the women's backs. Her fellow trainers did the same, each one training a pair of slaves.

Crawling on the dirty floor, the two women reluctantly obeyed, sticking their tongues on the woman's dirty soles. "I want you to love my feet, don't make those faces" she gave each girl a good whack for being -understandably- visibly disgusted at their task. Natalie just closed her eyes, and tried to imagine that Madam Sue's feet were a strawberry lollipop, like those she loved as a kid. This couldn't be further from the truth, judging from the dirt and sweat and foot smell she was getting, but it partially helped. Inches next to her, the hippy-girl struggled to follow through. As many hits as she got, she wasn't very good at worshiping her mistress' feet, earning her a yellow ball-gag, and a trip to the stall room. As much as she protested and begged for a second chance - even though no one could understand her through the yellow ball-gag, she had missed her chance. "Good slave" Natalie was relieved to hear from Madam Sue. As shitty as she felt about herself at this moment, that feeling was subsided by the knowledge she would sleep in an actual cell that night, something Sapphire could not say.

It was necessary to not be alone through this hell. Natalie had made herself a couple of friends. A curvy brunette in her early thirties by the name of Jordan. A very determined, go-getter type of person. Working in the executive field, she had meddled in some of her company's less than legal or ethical affairs. This was not very beneficial for the shareholders, who found an easy way to get rid of her, without jeopardizing their wallets. She was now waiting to join a Saudi Prince's harem. The other was a small girl, 19 years of age who Natalie had developed an almost motherly care towards. Her name was

Claudia, a Portuguese girl with straight, black hair, and a darker complexion. Whenever she was semi-free and around her, Natalie tried to protect the girl, sometimes giving her from her own food, and always trying to comfort her in her arms.

These two helped her cope a lot. Having someone to talk to at night - even without being able to see them inside her cell - or during the limited breaks of their training, was important.

As the -former- Hollywood star entered the second phase of her training in the facility, she could actually find her pussy and ass more welcoming to any intrusion, since her first day. Her jaw and tongue had also taken quite the practice, and her gag reflex had almost but vanished. With her hard work, Natalie had earned the red ball-gag yet again, something that reduced her stays at the "stalls" by a lot. Every time she was being nose-led from building to building, she could see in the distance, the small field of heads, waiting in anguish. She felt horrible for them, but at the same time, was truly grateful for not being in their place. What was worrisome was she had gotten acclimated to each thing that happened to her daily, no matter how degrading or sadistic it might be. Natalie had attributed it to being good at coping, strong, resilient. But the truth of the matter was, that at some point during those two months, hard to spot when, but Natalie had stopped fighting her captors. Even if she never admitted it to herself or her slave-friends, She had given up on the possibility of returning home, and just followed any orders given to her, accepting her new place. For a charismatic, talented, Harvard educated starlet, she surprisingly made for an excellent slave.

But she still wasn't getting the most satisfaction out of her sexual encounters. Sure, some pleasurable feelings were there, especially if the threat of a punishing cane or cattle prod was low, but never enough to make the woman climax. That had not happen, ever since her last night in bed with her husband. But that would change soon.

A LONG LOVE SCENE

At the brink of their final month, the "sophomores" of this twisted academy, still with sleep in their eyes, were nose-led into a room Natalie had never been in. Rows of sybian machines were lined up, about 10 in one row, then another 10, in opposition. Each one housed a girthy, 7-inch phallus on it, and another textured pad in front of it, where a girl's clitoris would sit. At the front of each sybian, a metal bar had been manufactured onto. At about half a meter height, the bar housed a small wooden block, with a 7-inch dildo, sticking out from it. Above and below the rubber dick, were two round buttons.

Each woman was strapped on their respective sybian machines, a couple of leather belts going over each thigh, frog-tying them to the device. Another belt was strapped around the belt, which secured their arms against their lower backs. Finally, a couple of more straps, around their wrist and above their elbows, constricted their arms together. Natalie had gotten somewhat used to that particular

pain, as her hands were very often tied like that during her training, but she still let out a annoyed moan. She then saw the trainer pull out a ring-gag. She knew well by now, not to oppose anyone, so she opened her mouth compliantly, accepting the metal ring, and keeping her mouth open. Most women had reached that same level of obedience, obedience they built internally with much suffering.

Madam Vanessa entered the room, and all the gagged and sybian-bound women turned their eyes straight at her, hanging on her lips. "Good morning, slaves" the cheery blonde said. It was barely 7 in the morning, but you couldn't see it on her at all. "Today we start your training in orgasm control and denial" she announced to her naked crowd. "But first things first, if you're to become the slutty whore your future masters and mistress need, first you need to learn to get off, a lot". Natalie was starting to worry.

"Your sybians have the technology to detect an orgasm, by the contractions of your pussies. Natalie then spotted the electronic counter, on the side of her sybian. "As a good motivation, the ten girls with the lowest count will have the honor of spending the night in my newly arrived latex "vac-beds". Natalie eyes darted across the room. There were 20 of them; she would have to make the top half. She was very claustrophobic, even her tiny cell caused her some minor panic attacks during her first days.

"Oh, one last thing" Madam Vanessa purposely forgot. The sybians will be powered at a moderate speed, barely enough for reaching climax. IF...you want to get an extra boost of power in your machine, all you have to do is press those two buttons in front of you at the same time.

You didn't need to be a rocket scientist to know what this meant. Bound like a sausage, the only way the girls could press both buttons was by deep-throating that rubber dick in front of their faces. "You have until 5:00 P.M." the mistress said, pressing a switch on the wall next to her. All the sybians sprang to life at once, a moderate humming filling the room.

"Ooooooooooooooh..." an involuntary moan escaped Natalie's and every else's gaping mouths, their pussies mechanically stimulated. Natalie was too shy to believe she could orgasm in front of so many strangers, never mind without her consent. Orgasming was a very private and sensual feeling for her. She needed lots of comfort and trust, in order to be able to be this vulnerable with someone. This setting had none of these things.

Natalie closed her eyes, in an attempt to transport herself somewhere better with her mind, somewhere calmer, somewhere nice. She tried to focus on the sensation in her clit, the vibrations both her inside and outside G-spot were getting. It felt...nice. No more, no less. Natalie tried this for the next 30

minutes, but it never progressed. The surrounding moans of her slave-mates, or the feeling of her bonds, tight against her skin, often bringing her back to reality.

Natalie noticed the woman next to her, was already approaching an orgasm, judging from her shivering body, her closed eyes and her attempts at fitting the entire length of her black colored penis in her mouth and throat.

At the 2 hour mark, Natalie had started to worry. Most girls had already broken the 3 orgasm mark, and were in line for the fourth. Natalie was getting nervous she was trailing her competitors, something that only hindered her efforts to relax and find an orgasm. Then, she saw the white side-burn trainer, her favorite. Master Gordon. The only guy in this damn she might have not shot to death, had she had the opportunity. He was pacing back and forth, checking in on the slaves progress. Her pleading eyes didn't go unnoticed by him. "Having trouble, sweetie?" he said to her, even though she was probably the oldest in the group. She nodded pathetically, more drool escaping from her gaping lips, onto the small river formed from her neck down to her pubes.

He turned left, then right, checking to see he was alone at this time, and approached the bound woman, who was riding this buzzing horse. He grabbed her in his warm arms from behind, putting his face next to hers. "Shhh, calm down, relax, close your eyes" he said in his deep voice, relaxing like it always was. Natalie listened, his embrace already making her feel a lot better. The other slaves were watching this unfold, but it's not like anyone cared what they had to say.

He fondled her breasts, and then lowered his hand on the woman's pubes, grabbing a handful and pulling them, gently. His touch, along with his reassuring voice, guided the girl over the hump. As the man held her neck, firmly, but not roughly, Natalie orgasmed with a blissful, releasing squeal. "Now, on your own" the man said with a satisfied smile, giving the woman a good spank on her bottom, before leaving.

The clock ticked, along with the counters on the sybians. Fatigue started affecting the slaves, the trainers occasionally squirting water into their mouths. Sweat and sex fumes filled the room. Natalie was still far behind, some of the counters showing double figures by noon.

But the first orgasm had given the actress a boost. Her blowjob training working wonders, she had little trouble gagging herself with the large phallus, when she felt she was close to another one. She had to work fast, as the rubber dick blocked her airway. She closed her eyes, and pushed as far as it went, until she felt the dick feeling her throat, and her nose and chin press against the buttons. The sybian roared into full gear. Natalie would scream from the intensity of the stimulation, but the huge dick blocked any sound. Before she could pass out, Natalie felt her pussy tighten around the sybian's dildo. The counter went from 1 to 2.

Madam Vanessa came to check on the slaves' progress, after her lunch. Around her was a sea of exhausted women, drenched in a mixture of sweat and their own saliva, their bodies drying up with each consecutive orgasm. Vanessa "congratulated" the slave who was in the lead, a blonde little, theology major, with straight hair down to her shoulders. She was one of the shyest girls when she arrived at the facility, now made into a real sex-addicted slut. Her sybian's counter wrote 13. Miss Portman had sped up, but she was still at a meek 3, well below her group's average. "Such a letdown... who has even bought you?" she teased the bound and gagged woman's score. Natalie thought about her question, something that had stopped crossing her mind, after the first couple of days.

Natalie tried her best, but by the time the girls' "deadline" had expired, the girl was third from last, with 5 orgasms. To her dismay, she spent the same night, encased inside of Madam Vanessa's new, latex, vacuum beds.

The tube-frames were attached vertical against the walls of the building. After an exhausting ordeal, the last thing Natalie and the others wanted was to spend their night there. But M. Vanessa's cattle prod didn't hear any protests. She and other 9 souls were left to wrestle against the latex, pressing against every inch of their body, with only two nostril holes on the latex sheet. Natalie didn't get much sleep, fighting her claustrophobia the whole night through. Her panicky, quick nose-breaths, mixed in with the surrounding moans of fear or desperation, from her fellow "losers".

Her training continued with the same intensity. For the next week, the bottom half of slaves would spend the night, trapped inside Madam Vanessa's vac-beds. Natalie improved, determined to not spend another night encased in latex. Some days she made it, some days not. Her "numbers" however, improved greatly. By the end of the week, she could climax up to 20 times. The demanding training

forced all women to turn their bodies into an orgasm factory. What good would a sex-slave serve, if she couldn't express her appreciation for her master's cock, or her mistress' pussy?

The next skill a good slave should possess was the ability to orgasm by command. The slaves were secured in the same setup, only this time, the trainers that were pacing back and forth the rows of sybians, would randomly order a girl to orgasm. She would have to obey pretty fast and climax within the next 5-6 seconds, if her trainer was to be satisfied. This new drill forced every bound and ball-gagged woman to be constantly near the edge of pleasure, as when a trainer would order her to climax was unknown. For an added challenge, each girl was blindfolded with leather blindfold, something that only increased their nervousness and anticipation of the order. Natalie tried to be prepared, getting some rhythm going, grinding on the sybian as much as her frog-tied legs let her move.

Sometimes the guards would approach a girl, whispering in her ears, only to tease her, without giving any actual order. One slave, a brown haired, wife of a cop, whose head-banging with the mafia had earned her a place in a mobster's bedroom, lost her cool, and actually orgasmed when she felt Madam Sue place her hand on her shoulder. The Asian mistress wasn't happy about that, switching the woman's red gag with a yellow one right then and there. Natalie did well, focusing all her power to reach a long-anticipated orgasm, once Master Blain, a blonde, lean, playboy of a trainer, lean over her and simply said to her: "cum".

Natalie was lucky to avoid the vac-beds, for the entirety of her second week of orgasm training.

The third week was actually the last one. The facility simply stored the slaves during the last week, in order for them to recover from any bruising or marks, and have the appropriate strength to serve their new master/mistresses at once. A proper sex slave needed not only to cum when her owner wanted her, but also be able to withstand this primal need, at any point. Natalie found herself on the sybian again. She had lost about 6 kilos from all the cardio she was doing, coming for basically two weeks straight - those would be reimbursed during her last week.

Madam Vanessa ordered each slave to start fellating the dildos pointing towards their faces, as she flipped the sybian switch. They all obeyed. Natalie sucked the phallus as if it was real, as if she tried to pleasure it. "That's the spirit, Princess Leia" Madam Vanessa called out on Natalie, with a nickname she had made up for her, over her first month. A new feature of the sybians' was in effect. A small meter, similar to that of a battery's life, was visible where the counter once was. The machine's dildo sensed the level of arousal from each slave, and depicted it on the little screen. "I want all your bars to be full" Madam Vanessa made very clear, whipping any girl with 3 bars or lower on her "pleasure meter". Natalie got a good couple of strikes on her thighs, shooting angry dangers towards the blonde bitch, which quickly turned to fearful puppy-eyes after the second strike.

That informed each trainer where to head off next. When a slave's bar was full, a trainer simply approached her, and made sure she did not achieve an orgasm, without permission. It was the most difficult out of the sybian drills, every bound woman agreed to that. Natalie watched, unable to do anything, her little Portuguese protégé, Claudia, writhe in her bonds, failing to contain her body from climaxing. Natalie sighed, saddened. The young girl had suffered so much already, any innocence she might still have, destroyed in these 4 months. Natalie just hoped she would not join her on the latex lodge, later that night.

THAT'S A WRAP!

Natalie is waiting in her cell. It's almost 6 A.M, but she hasn't gotten any sleep. Four months ago, she was abducted during the grand premiere of her new film. She hadn't felt an item of clothing on her body for the same period. She had promised Claudia and Jordan that she'd stay awake to be with them, during the final moments together. Not that if she didn't, she could close her eyes. Anxiety and anticipation had taken over. She has not stepped fidgeting with her septum ring, something she always did when she was nervous. Who had bought her? Who was responsible for all this? Did she know him? What would her fate be? These questions circled around her head throughout the night.

Finally, she hears the key turn inside the lock, and the door open with the all-too-familiar, rusty screeching. The jumpsuit wearing handlers pull her out of her hole-room. She, along with 20 other women, is led outside towards the storage place. The place she first witnessed upon arriving here. Natalie's septum piercing is snapped with a cutter. In the storage are 20 wooden boxes, all with a corresponding number to each slave's coded. They are 30cm by 100cm by 100cm in dimensions. There is also an arrow with "THIS SIDE UP" written on one of the long sides. Natalie could swear no one can fit inside them.

The crates look completely inconspicuous, like any heavy cargo someone could deliver. The inside, revealed the true boxes true use. It was fully lined with PVC all over, with another layer of something, like a soundproofing bubble wrap, attached on top of the PVC. They weren't just gonna let a head-bump due to some turbulence destroy all the hard work they'd put into the "product". On the inside wall of the box, there were numerous holes, strategically placed to secure their subject in a specific position. As much as safety was important, so was presentation of the product. The girls would look like Barbie Dolls, just waiting to be let out of their box.

An actual make-up artist was there, to "pretty up" the girls for their trip. The look was simple. Hot red or hot pink lipstick, some make up and rose and pig-tailed hair, with matching colored bows on each pigtail. Then each girl got their matching (red or pink) ball-gag to go along. A pretty ribbon was tied around their waist and through their crotch, like an thong, a big, beautiful bow carefully tied over their clits, a true gift to be unwrapped.

With the presentation part over, the women were forced inside the tiny boxes. In order to make things easier, the "Up-Side" of the box was placed sideways. Natalie was positioned inside the square frame, her hands raised at head height, bending at the elbows. U shaped, metal pins were then pushed into the corresponding holes on either side of her wrists, elbows and the top of her forearms, securing her. The ends of the U shaped tools were then screwed on the PVC frame behind Natalie, with some nuts.

Similarly shaped U bars were then placed around her neck, and her waist. Her legs were uncomfortably spread wide, essentially flattening her frame then bent at the knees, for the slave to fit. Natalie felt like a frog about to be dissected, or a butterfly, pinned on a glass frame. The U-bars were placed around her thighs, her knees, and finally around her ankles. They truly resembled those plastic cable ties you had to unwind to free your dolls limbs.

All the women are bound in an identical way. Not an inch of movement was available. All that's left is for the only open side of the box to be closed. A small air vent on the corner ensures recycled air, without any danger of asphyxiating. Natalie, positioned looking up at the ceiling, lowers her gaze and sees the woman handler carry the last side that is missing from the package. She's the last person she sees, before the lid is drilled over her, plunging her into total darkness. Her face is about an inch away from the lid. She tries to calm her claustrophobic feelings down, as she feels like she is being lifted off the ground.

A man is waiting in a tiny apartment, only a computer on a small table, a couple of chairs, and a small bed, are around. Boxes of pizza and noodles scattered all around the floor and the table. The man wasn't always living like that. Until very recently, he actually had a privileged, rich life, his IT business had skyrocketed half a decade ago, earning him more millions than he knew what to do with. He was around 120 kilos - as always, and had the same geeky glasses and greasy ponytail look, he had before he'd become a millionaire.

His gaze was locked on the PC monitor, mindlessly clicking away in an RPG videogame, but his mind was elsewhere. He expected something, that day. When the doorbell rang, he almost fell off his computer chair. "Delivery for a Mr. Schumann?" the guy said to him, with a wooden, narrow box beside him. He signs immediately and closes the door back. He left the box in the middle of the small room, shaking with anticipation, staring at it. Ever since he saw the Star Wars prequels, as a 12 year old kid, he had fallen in love with Padme, or even more so, the woman playing her. His obsession had caused him to sell all the hard work he'd done with his company, to pay the 80 million dollar price tag, for such a job. With no family of his own or many friends, this was by far his most valuable possession.

After a couple of silent minutes, he takes a crowbar, stashed in the only small closet of his home, and opens it. He looks down and she's the scared woman, looking back at him, displayed for him in the most graphic manner.

He bites his lip, eyeing his prize. His dream has come true, before his eyes.