

# **Cult**

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## **Acknowledgements**

Shout-out to all the readers that have left comments and reviews! If you're enjoying this, or there's more of something you'd like to see, let me know!

## Chapter One: Staying Late, Darkness Rises

‘Damn, I can see why the boys keep staring at you!’ Mary groped at Amelia’s breasts before her hands were swatted away. ‘And such fancy lingerie!’

‘Hey, just because you don’t dress up.’ Amelia gestured at Mary’s plain sports bra and white cotton panties.

‘We both reek of chlorine from all that swimming, don’t see the point in getting all fancied up. There’s not going to be anyone else around this time of night. Unless you want to seduce a ghost. Janet says she saw one, you know, when she was practicing last week.’

Amelia shivered. ‘Don’t! You know I don’t like spooky things.’

‘Heh, you’re cute when you’re scared. Can see why all the boys are wanting to tap that tight little butt of yours.’ She reached out and hooked a finger into the waistband of Amelia’s panties and tugged on the patterned lace as Amelia stepped back. There was a *rip*, the skimpy material tearing and falling down.

‘Goddamit! Great, now I’m walking back to the college dorms commando. Thanks – some swim-team captain you are.’

Mary shrugged. ‘Maybe it’ll make you walk faster! This place is a bit spooky at night, not gonna lie. That skirt of yours is pretty damn short, have to be careful not to show off the goodies to any ghosties or ghoulies.’

She was getting dressed herself, her wet swimsuit bagged up along with her towel, pulling on tight denim shorts and a crop top, before pulling thigh-high socks on, then her trainers. ‘Come on, let’s go. Before the lights shut off and we have to find our way out in pitch darkness.’

‘Give me a sec, I need to look good.’

Mary rolled her eyes as Amelia tossed the torn panties into the trash, before pulling on a short, pleated skirt that came to mid-thigh, along with a short-sleeved blouse, the material clinging to her still slightly wet body, the black of her bra showing through. Then she shook her head, long brown hair flicking to the side before she snapped a band around it, sealing it into a high ponytail. She applied lipstick, pursing her lips to make them a bright red, as Mary picked up the bag of towels and swimsuits.

‘Are you finally ready? I’m impressed you can manage in those things.’

Amelia slid her feet into strappy heels, boosting her height up further. ‘Hey, I like to look good. And I’m sure if any ghosts do appear, you’ll protect me.’ She stepped forward, tall enough in her heels to look down on Mary. ‘After all, you’re the captain, you should be willing to take one for the team! Especially when *you’re* the reason I have no panties on.’

‘Sounds like a “you” problem, not a “me” problem.’

Mary went to the changing room door and pushed it open. ‘C’mom. It looked cloudy earlier, I hope it doesn’t...’

Thunder rumbled, shaking the air and making Amelia jump, grabbing tightly onto Mary with a nervous squeak, breasts squashing against her.

‘C’mom then, scaredy cat! Before the ghosts and ghoulies get us both.’

Outside the changing room, the lights were already off, a barely-visible hallway of abyssal darkness leading away. Mary pressed her hand against the wall, her other hand taking Amelia's as she tried to lead the way. It was hard work going navigating in the utter darkness, the only light that from the emergency exit signs. She tried one, but it just rattled at her without opening – was that even legal?

‘We'll have to go through the gym, all the way to the main entrance.’

Thunder rumbled again, the only other sound that of Amelia's heels clicking on the floor as she pressed herself closely against Mary. Mary leaned in and kissed her on the neck, tasting the chlorine on her skin, licking the sensitive flesh.

Amelia drew back but didn't let go of Mary's hand. ‘I've told you before! I'm not into girls.’

‘Hey, can't blame me for trying! I could push you up against the wall, have my wicked and depraved way with you, here and now.’ She gripped Mary's hand herself, using her other hand to reach around and grope at Amelia's backside, feeling the taut and honed buttocks. ‘Mmm, bet you'd be a good lay!’

‘Not now!’ Thunder rumbled again, making Amelia squeak in fear. ‘Can we get out of here? Please?’ She twisted her hips to shake off Mary's hand, before starting to pull on her hand.

‘Fine, fine, play hard to get, you little tease! But yeah, be glad to get out of here. This way.’

She led the way down the pitch-black hallway, slowly feeling with her feet, hoping there wouldn't be any obstructions left in the way, until they reached the main gym.

It was a large and cavernous space, able to host all sorts of different sports and events. And, at the moment, vast and entirely unlit. Mary pulled Amelia forward with her, glad of the company – not that she would admit it but being all alone in the darkness here would be bloody creepy!

She took a step forward, then yelped when her foot touched something soft and squishy. Amelia gave a fearful squeak, making another when Mary let her hand go and slowly knelt to pick the thing up – countless plastic-y strands around an internal core – a cheerleader's pom-pom, dumped onto the floor and never picked up! She tossed it at a slightly darker patch of blackness that she thought was Amelia.

The resulting scream made her shudder and stick her finger in her ears until it had died away, the sound lingering in the air for far longer than it should have. Amelia stumbled forward and grabbed at Mary, squeezing her tightly, their bodies pressed together, so tight that Mary could feel her heart pounding, sweat starting to slick her friend's body.

‘It was just a pom-pom! Sorry, shouldn't have done that. But Jesus Christ, you're loud.’

Amelia buried her face against Mary's shoulder. ‘I *really* don't like scary things! Don't do that!’

Mary hugged her back – it would have been nice to cop a feel, but it didn't really seem a good time. But it was still nice having the slender, pretty woman pressed tightly against her, heart racing. Maybe she would be more amenable to a quick tumble later now? ‘Sorry, I won't. Once we get out of here, then it's not far to the main entrance, and that shouldn't be locked. I think it's this way.’

Navigating in the darkness was hard, with nothing to get any sort of placement from, but having Amelia's hand in her own gave Mary some courage. It still came as a shock when her questing hand encountered something solid – the wooden bleachers! That meant, if she could just follow them around, then they must be near the door.

In other circumstances, having Amelia pressed so close against her would have been kind of hot, and she definitely would have taken advantage to grope and play with Amelia's body – tall and lean, toned from all their swimming exercises, with breasts that just invited squeezing and caressing! It was unfair that she was so boring and straight, not even willing to experiment. Well, maybe tonight, when she was so frightened, would be a good chance to broaden her experiences a bit? She was already commando – thoughts of that bare pussy, sweet and shaved, made Mary bite her lip in horny frustration, feeling herself slick slightly.

The curved handle of the double-doors slid into her hand and she pushed forward, the door rattling. 'Come on!' Was it even possible to lock it? I had never been locked before!

'Try pulling?'

Mary shifted her group and pulled backwards, the door smoothly opening, as she let out a sigh of relief. Not that there was anything she could see! She pulled Amelia forward, feeling the way with her hand. It should be a short walk down the wide hallway, and then they would be outside. Another rumble of thunder echoed weirdly, sounding strangely flat. Walking back in the rain would be shit, but a drenched Amelia could be kind of hot. And if she was cold, and needed a warming hug, and maybe a few drinks... Well, that could go pleasurable places as well!

She had only taken a few steps forward when her hand touched against cold, hard metal, some kind of smooth panel or plate. It felt like construction material, the sort of thing used to seal doors of derelict buildings. Amelia walked into her, as metal scraped behind them, something thudding against the floor. She rapped her knuckle against the smooth metal plate, before turning to the side and feeling more of the same there. When she tried to turn around and move backwards, there was another panel there, sealing them in.

'Hey! Who's there? Let us out!' She knocked her fist against the walls again, the sound echoing around and hurting her ears.

'Mary, what's... what's going on?' Amelia tried striking the metal herself. 'What is this?'

'I don't know, this must be a prank or something?'

Mary felt above herself – there was a metal roof, low enough that she couldn't even fully extend her arms. There was no sign of any openings, and when she stamped her feet, it was clear that it was metal beneath them as well – they were completely sealed in.

'Very funny, guys! Let us out now. Please?'

The box started to move, sending the two of them colliding into each other, Amelia hugging her tightly.

'Hey! Let us out!' Amelia struck the metal again, the sound making Mary's ears hurt, as another rumble of thunder shook the air. Who was pulling it, and where to? There was a metallic screech, and a flashlight shone into their eyes, blinding them before Mary felt something rubbery and squidgy fall against her face. It dropped to the floor, as metal scraped again and the light blinked out. The box shifted, making them wobble as it was pushed.

The thrumming of a vehicle engine could be heard, and then the box tilted slightly – they must be going up a slight slope, then they levelled off, the box now vibrating. Were they being loaded into a van? What was happening? Mary struck the wall again, achieving nothing but hurting her fist, before picking up whatever had been tossed in.

It felt slick and rubbery, a thing of thin latex, cold and flexible. From the shape... it was a hood, with a collar and lock on the neck-piece. It had a mouth-hole, but nothing for the eyes.

As she felt at it, air started to circulate inside the box, fiercely hot, pumped in from above, another motor running. It was making her start to sweat, her skin beading and prickling. 'Hey! What the fuck? This isn't funny! Trey, if this is you, you better let us go!'

There was no response, the air just getting hotter and hotter. Amelia pressed against her, body now slippery with sweat, head resting against Mary's shoulder. 'What is this? What are these things?' There was a snapping noise as she stretched out the hood and let it revert back into shape.

'It's a hood... But there's no eye-holes.'

'THE ASPIRANTS SHALL ENDURE. ONLY THE BLIND SHALL BE GRANTED RELIEF.'

The voice was loud and booming, echoing around the tiny space, making Mary grab tightly onto Amelia, until the booming echoes died away. What the hell was this? Some hazing thing? She slammed her fists against the walls again, feeling the vibrations through the box – they were being driven somewhere. But the air was getting hotter and hotter, feeling like it was siphoning the fluid from her body, as she tried to pant to cool herself, Amelia's sticky, sweaty body clinging to her own.

'I... I think we have to put the hoods on? Otherwise the air's going to get hotter and hotter.'

Tears were starting to trickle down Amelia's face, her makeup running down from her eyes as Mary raised the hood, feeling around for the mouth-hole. 'Do... do we have to...?'

'Don't think there's much choice. When I get my hands on whoever thought this was a good idea, I'm going to tear them a new one!' She gave Amelia a kiss on the lips, tasting the salt of her sweat, still mixed with the tang of pool-chlorine. 'Shhh, don't worry.' Before Amelia could protest, she slid the hood down over her head, feeling the sweat slip and slide under the clinging material.

'Please, I don't... I don't like this.'

Mary kissed her again, longer this time, savoring the taste and feel, before clicking the padlock shut, sealing the hood-mask in place.

'Don't worry, I won't leave you.' She hugged her friend tightly, their tongues sliding together before she withdrew. The box was still getting hotter and hotter, and she could feel her head swimming. It wouldn't be long until she passed out anyway! She lifted the other hood, flinching at the slippery, squidgy feel of it, the thicker padding around the neckpiece, a metal ring that would sit over her throat, another on the top of her head. Before her fear could overwhelm her, she pulled it on, the thing adhering to her face, glad that the sweat served to help it slide into place. It pressed against her eyes, robbing her of sight even if there was any light.

Amelia embraced her, clothing sweaty, body sticky and hot, Mary hugging her back. They kissed again, Amelia shifting around, her legs spreading, Mary suddenly acutely aware of Amelia's naked slit rubbing against her calf. She was starting to feel delirious, as she ground herself against Amelia.

The gushing, burning air stopped, to be replaced by something with a sickly-sweet scent. She tried holding her breath, but when sparks started to dance in her vision, she gulped in a deep breath. Darkness, harsh and hot, surged over her. Amelia succumbed first, falling backwards, the metal clanging as her head struck it. It was only a few breaths later and Mary felt herself falling into the deep and sickly darkness herself, the ache from her head as it struck the wall something she barely felt.

## Chapter Two: Initiation Begins

The unconsciousness didn't seem to last long, more of a long, hazy breath before Mary felt cooler air, sweet and pure, wash into the box. Some of the grogginess started to fade, as hands grabbed her wrists, pulling them together behind her back. She wasn't yet in command of herself, unable to move her body to try and fight back, unable to do more than slightly tense herself, not even able to raise a protest. The hands felt soft and smooth, and then someone grabbed her head. Fingers pushed into her mouth, fondling her tongue for a moment before withdrawing.

Then strong hands grabbed her beneath the arms, more grabbing her ankles, and she was pulled up and carried. She still couldn't move her body, but could sense she was outside, and hear a fire, loud and fierce, firewood cracking and popping. There were the sounds of movement, of other people walking about, although no words were exchanged. If this was some dumbass fraternity hazing, then someone was going to be force-fed their own bollocks! Although she wouldn't object to being "forced" to engage in some sexy activities with Amelia, as long as her face was covered so it couldn't be recorded. She was dropped to the ground, none-too-gently, feeling bare dirt beneath herself, grit and mud sticking to her sweaty skin.

Some sense of motion was starting to return, a force pulling from the ring on the top of her head and dragging her along the ground. She just barely had the strength to pull herself onto all fours, crawling along the dirty and uneven ground, feeling twigs and leaves brushing against her legs. She tried to speak but couldn't manage more than a vague and pathetic mewling, although she could sense the fire, getting closer, the heat fierce, making her sweat even more.

**'THE ASPIRANTS WILL APPROACH WITH HUMILITY'**

The voice was so loud Mary couldn't even tell what direction it was coming, the command rattling through her skull. She crawled forward, her head still being pulled, hearing lusty and fervent groans, the sounds of fucking. Goddam lousy fratboy fuckers! She tried to stand up, but her legs didn't entirely obey, and she stumbled, falling to the ground before she was able to pick herself up. She could feel grit falling from her belly as she moved again, still getting dragged forward, the heat getting stronger against her body. She managed to raise a hand, feeling a chain connected to the top of her head, a clunky padlock sealing it in place.

Then the angle of the force changed, pulling her upwards. She stumbled, hands grabbing her and jerking her to her feet. She was able to move her arms more forcefully now, and tried to fend them off, but her wrists were grabbed and held apart. Leather cuffs wrapped around her wrists as she tried to struggle free, but whoever was grabbing her was too strong. Her hands brushed against a person, feeling the fabric of their clothing – something rough, like sackcloth, before she was released. Her arms were now stretched wide, enough force being applied that she couldn't pull them back in, the chain on her head making her stand straight up. There was a rusty-sounding clank, and she was pulled higher up, now forced to stand on her tip-toes, legs stretched and taut.



Close by, she heard a pained squeak – that must be Amelia. She tried tugging on her bindings again, but whatever they were tethered to had no give, no sign her struggles made any difference.

‘THE ASPIRANTS MUST SUBMIT THEMSELVES TO THE TRIAL.’

It seemed closer now, rattling her body, making her head throb and ache. She was now stood as high as she could go, on her tiptoes, feeling her legs strain, as she managed to speak, although couldn’t yet make more than quiet whispers.

‘Hey! Fuck off and let me go!’ A hand slapped her across the jaw, hard enough to sting. ‘Owww!’

‘THE ASPIRANT WILL SILENCE HERSELF, OR SHE WILL BE SILENCED.’

Mary spoke again, louder now, trying to shake her head free of the hood without success. ‘Let us go now! This is going way too far!’

Something was pushed against her lips, smooth rubber sliding in, forcing her to almost kiss it, her tongue slicking the ball.

‘Mmmmmppphhh!’ A strap went around the back of her head, locking the gag in place. She grunted in frustration and tried to push the thing out, but it was too tightly bound into place. She didn’t like BDSM, at least nothing more than some light spanking!

A hand grabbed her left leg and bent it backwards so her foot was just below her ass, rope snaking around her thigh and ankle, forcing all her weight onto her right leg, already stretched to its full extent.

‘Leeeppphhh meph gooooppphhh!’ There was still no give in the unyielding chains, and the hands yanked her shoe off, nails scraping down her sole and making her try to twist away. She felt another hand move over the bottom of her back before nails suddenly slashed and scraped against her skin, harsh and savage. She moaned in pain, unable to even move enough to shake them off as her assailant pressed themselves tightly against Mary’s defenseless body, breasts wrapped in rough fabric compressing against Mary as a voice whispered into her ear.

‘Sweet little innocent, our lord has had his eye on you for a while now.’ A hand moved around to her front, nail tickling against her belly, tracing a line around her navel, tracing into it and making Mary shiver. A rich and intoxicating scent filled her nostrils, overpowering even the latex as lips brushed against her shoulder, a tongue flicking out and licking her. ‘Such a delicious morsel! I hope you fail the tests, little one. Then I can take you under my wing.’ The woman continued to stroke a hand against Mary’s belly, before sharp teeth worried at her skin. ‘It has been some time since I had a plaything of my own.’

‘Mmmmmppphhhh!’ She tried to twist around to force the woman away, but was already off-balance, and grunted in pain again as the nails dug through her top into her breast. ‘Pllleaph!’

‘Oh no, little one. You are one of us now.’ There was a harsh tearing sound as her top was ripped away, and then the woman chuckled. ‘These are a nice size.’ Fingers teased and rolled her nipples, as Mary’s tongue flailed against the gag. Fingers pinched her nostrils shut and she spluttered, trying to breath through her obstructed mouth, feeling spittle well up around the edges and flow down her chin. ‘Your friend has a bit more of a sexy look, but I prefer tomboys. They’re far more fun to break, especially when they start to cry.’

The hands continued to grope at her now-bare breasts, Mary feeling tears welling up beneath the hood, unable to even shake her head in refusal.

‘THE TRIAL SHALL NOW BEGIN.’

Lips, soft and wet, brushed against her nipple, tongue rolling the nub of flesh around, before teeth, sharp and cruel, compressed tender skin and made Mary yelp.

‘Ssshhh, little one. Behave well, and you may be allowed to service your new lord and master yourself. But fail, and you will be mine. And I do so want you, as a sweet little toy.’ The woman’s voice was cloying and seductive, even as Mary tried to shake her head in refusal. She didn’t want this! She didn’t want any of whatever was happening!

But then the woman stepped back, and she was abandoned to the darkness and the crackling heat of the fire, her tit throbbing in pain from the bite, and somehow that was worse. She could hear Amelia blubbing close by – she had probably been treated the same. The thought of Amelia tied up flashed into Mary’s mind – those long, tanned legs, pulled taut by the chains, arms stretched out, her large breasts exposed to be used and played with, blouse torn off. And only that short and tight skirt hiding her shaven slit, scarcely any protection at all! Although this really wasn’t the time, she couldn’t help but feel a little sting of lust, wanting to slake herself on her defenseless friend, feeling herself loosen and slicken within her tight shorts.

‘THE ASPIRANTS SHALL ENDURE.’

Pain blossomed across her back as cords struck there, several lashing her at the same time and making her gasp in pain. Another blow struck, the cords falling atop the fresh welts, even more painful than the first.

Amelia screamed – how come she wasn’t gagged? All Mary could do was blubber into her gag, feeling warm and wet spit flow down her chin, some landing on her stomach, sliding down her body and making her feel dirty and used. Metal, spiked and cruel, clamped onto a nipple, and she tried to shake it off, feeling a weight drag at her skin, stretching her breast out.

‘Npppphh!’

A similar device was clamped onto her other breast, weights jangling as she shifted, metal falling against her body, spikes falling against her body, scraping her skin again. She shook around again, feeling spiked metal stab at her.

‘Lepppphhh mephhh gpppphh!’

Shaking around just made it hurt more, her nipples crushed by the clamps, the weights pulling and dragging at her skin. Another blow cracked against her back, making her grunt in pain and making the weights jump and jolt on to chest, hurting as the spiked weights impacted.

‘Pllleaaaapppphhh!’

‘WEAKNESS SHALL BE ELIMINATED.’

The fire flared, embers falling against her body and making her twist around even more, her motions making her hurt herself. Amelia’s screams were suddenly garbled and muted, as her own mouth must have been gagged, her cries now wordless and pained.

‘ALL WORSHIP OUR LORD, HE WHO DWELLS IN DARKNESS AND FIRE.’

An answering chorus came back, the sounds echoed and crazed as Mary struggled against her restraints, her un-bound leg straining her own weight.

‘We worship you, our lord and master.’

‘Pleaph!’ Mary’s begging went entirely unheard, before another blow cracked against her buttocks, the weights on her tits flying upwards before slamming and spiking into her skin.

‘THE ASPIRANTS SUFFER IN DARKNESS. FOR THE LIGHT, THEY MUST SHOW DESIRE TO SUFFER.’

A nailed hand trickled fingers down her back, the nails now only light and teasing. ‘Well, little one? How much are you willing to suffer to see again? Or do you want to remain in the darkness, alone and abandoned, forever?’

‘Npppphhhh! Pleaph....’

‘THE ASPIRANTS MUST DESIRE TO SUFFER.’

The gag was removed from her mouth, a wave of spit flowing down onto her body. She wanted to scream for help, but the pain was intense as another blow welted her buttocks, sharp nails pinching her back. ‘Well, little one? Would you like to see again?’

‘Yes... Take the hood off...’

The nails withdrew, then suddenly raked down her back, harsh and savage.

‘Please! Hurt me! Just let me see!’

She was clawed again, the pain building together with that from the lash-welts and choked out another sob.

‘THE ASPIRANT WILL SUBMIT TO SUFFERING, THAT SHE MIGHT GAIN THE LIGHT OF WISDOM.’

‘Yes, please! Let me see, let me see!’ Mary knew that she was babbling, but a delirium was starting to creep into her brain, her senses taut with pain but otherwise numb. The nails withdrew and then she was struck again – this time, a whip, a single cord, lashed against her back, an agonizing line of pain opening along her back. Again, and again, until she had lost count of the strikes, each one making the vicious clamps twitch and dance, their spikes further assaulting her stomach.

Even though she was ungagged, she couldn’t manage any words, anything more than whimpered cries of pain and suffering, not wanting to have her mouth sealed, her speech removed again.

And then, as suddenly as it had started, the whipping seemed to stop. The nails stroked her again, their every touch making her nerves jangle with pain.

‘As you have given of yourself, so shall you see.’

She felt fingers brush against her neck as the collar was unlocked and the hood pulled upwards. There was a moment of panic when it moved in front of her mouth, and she couldn’t breathe before it was pulled away from her face.

The fire, blazing painfully bright, blinded her, everything cast in flickering oranges and reds, the heat washing against her face. A hand grasped her hair and forced her to look to the side, where Amelia was bound in the same way as Mary was, with her arms spread wide, although her ankles were shackled to posts as well. Her head was still hooded, spit flowing from her gagged mouth as a robed figure whipped her. The metal balls attached to her breasts danced up and down, their spikes gouging at soft flesh.

Mary glanced down – the clamps still gouged into her own tits, and, up close, she could see that that metal spheres dangling from her breasts had spikes around them, ensuring that they would spike the wearer no matter how they fell. They were made of dark and pitted iron, seeming to drink in the firelight.

‘Your friend resists. In time, she will see the truth. But now is the time of truth when all shall be revealed.’

Her single leg was still having to take her full weight, and she could feel it starting to burn from the strain. ‘Please... just don’t hurt me...’

The hand on her hair didn’t let go. ‘You start to belong to our master now.’

Another whip-crack sounded out, Amelia grunting in pain, managing to choke out some garbled words. Her gag was removed, spit staining her tortured breasts, another twinge of arousal stirring inside of Mary.

‘Please! Let me see the light! Hurt me, just let me see!’

Amelia's hood was pulled off, her brown hair cascading into her face, a blotchy mess of ruined makeup and tears.

'And now the trials shall continue, little one.' Still unseen, her tormentor teased and stroked her hand, offering only a glimpse of her hand – slender and pale, the nails carefully maintained and painted a bright, brilliant red. 'How will you manage, I wonder? I do so hope you fail, you would make such a lovely pet.' The fingers returned to lazily trail over Mary's stomach again, fever-hot as they traced idle loops and circles. 'Such a lovely body! But as you have passed the first trial, then I cannot yet claim you.'

**'THE ASPIRANTS HAVE STARTED THEIR PATH FROM THE DARKNESS OF IGNORANCE TO THE FIRES OF WISDOM!' The loud, booming voice was coming from the other side of the bonfire, the speaker hard to see, other than that they were almost inhumanly large, twisted horns spiraling from their head. 'THE ASPIRANTS SHALL BE READIED FOR THEIR NEXT TRIAL! LET THE FIRST SIGN OF THEIR SUBMISSION BE APPLIED.'**

Another biting kiss nipped Mary between her shoulder-blades and made her whimper, the woman's hair brushing against her back and making the welts and wounds flare up with agony again. 'Such a sweet little thing!' Metal clicked around her neck, cold and hard, with spikes on the inside, threatening to prick her if she moved her head too fast.

'What... what is this?'

'The collar of submission, little one. To make sure you know your place.'

She tried to shake her head in denial, but the collar was already locked in place, heavy on her shoulder blades, already scraping the skin, spikes scraping at her neck, making her whimper in pain.

## Chapter Three: Flight into Darkness

Mary shifted her head, feeling the collar prick her neck, spikes threatening soft skin. A hand reached around and unclipped the clamps. Blood and feeling rushed back, her whole body tensing as pain surged up inside of her. She must have screamed without realizing, the woman chuckling and stroking her back, sending more tremors of suffering through her body. Her leg was released from the rope, allowing her to put both feet on the ground.

‘What next...?’ She wanted to rub her breasts, to try and relieve some of the pain, but her arms were still stretched out by the shackles, so she could do nothing but endure.

The woman kissed her again, still unseen as anything but a hand. ‘An aspirant must endure.’

‘Please, just... let me go. I won’t tell anyone.’

Nails pinched at her breasts, reigniting the pain. ‘Oh no, little one. You have been chosen. You will prove yourself worthy or be given as a gift to a follower. And I think you would be a pretty little pet to keep.’

Mary shook her head, then hissed in pain as a spike menaced her neck. ‘Please, I don’t want this!’

‘You will soon enough. A few doubts are natural, but soon you will be one of the elect. Or my personal toy.’ Another kiss against her back, gentler now. ‘You have chosen to embrace the light. Should you prove yourself worthy.’ The hands moved to Mary’s wrists, where the chains were released, leaving the cuffs still on. Not wanting to provoke a reaction, she slowly moved her hands up to the collar, trying to adjust it to make it more comfortable. It was heavy and cold, rubbing against the tops of her shoulders. The spikes inside were broad and stubby – not enough to stab deeply into her, but they would scratch and scrape at her flesh, especially if she had to move much.

The bonfire was still blazing away – all around them was darkness, woods just barely visible. Visible in the firelight were anonymous figures, forms shrouded in rough-looking robes, faces hidden in shadow or behind masks, plain white curves except for curving, eye-watering marks on their foreheads, Mary’s eyes refusing to focus on them.

She glanced over Amelia, who was now being released from her own restraints, tit-clamps removed. The person tending to Amelia was a hulking and robed figure, their hands looking rough and cruel.

‘Hmmm, aren’t you glad you got me?’ Hands slid over her body and moved as if to stroke her breasts before Mary moved her hands to cup them. ‘Oh, don’t be shy, little one.’ Mary managed to catch Amelia’s eyes, then flicked her eyes into the darkness. She didn’t think that they’d been driven far, and still had one shoe on – they could surely just make a run for it? Amelia gave a slight nod back, then winced as her own collar spiked her. Now they just needed the right moment!

On the other side of the fire, the giant figure was still there – was it a person, or just a statue? Through the fire, it seemed to twist around, spiked and curved horns glinting in the writhing firelight. Did the eyes of the mask gleam at her, or was that simply a trick of the light?

The woman stopped trying to paw at her breasts then grabbed the scruff of her neck, just above the collar. 'Time to move, little one.' The hand gripped tightly before pushing her forward. Amelia was also shoved forward. The collar shifted, spiking Mary's neck again, making her wince. Around the edge of the fire, she could see more restraint-frames, painful-looking implements scattered about the clearing. She shivered at the thought of them being applied to her body, metal spiking flesh or canes breaking against her body. The motion made the collar spike her again, the grip on her neck relenting, just for a moment as she yelped in pain.

'Run!' Amelia managed to break away from her own captor, and started to sprint away, Mary doing the same. As they broke from the fire-lit circle, there were sounds of panic and confusion behind them before there were the brassy reverberations of a hunting horn and an answering cheer. Her bare foot impacted onto the ground, rough twigs and stones biting into flesh as lightning cracked in the sky above them, the sound of thunder rolling through the sky.

Mary caught up with Amelia, breath labored, having to run awkwardly as she used one hand to try and hold her collar without it hurting her. Amelia stumbled, her heels tripping over a divot – as soon as they had moved away from the fire, then everything had gone dark, the bonfire somewhere behind them. They could hear the people moving through the woods.

'What do we do?' Amelia pressed herself tightly against Mary, her body trembling, then withdrawing as they pressed against each other's wounds, both hissing in pain.

'We run! We can't have been taken far. And I want to get this fucking collar off!' It slid against her neck, another spike scratching against her neck. She scrabbled her nails against the metal, finding the padlock sealing it shut, but she couldn't make it open or get the collar off.

'Who the hell are these people?'

'I don't know! But let's get the hell out of here.' Mary started to pull on Amelia, dragging her into the woods, as the hunting horn sounded again. The sounds of movement seemed to come from everywhere around them, random shadows twisting into threats, impossible to tell what was a person and what was just imagination. The collar stabbed into her with every motion, disrupting her breath, an impossible-to-ignore pain jolting again and again. From the sounds Amelia was making, she was in just as much pain, but was teetering on her heels, the spikes sinking unevenly into the ground.

They ran through the darkness, trees barely visible, jumping in fear as a shadow loomed at them, before revealing itself as another bush. The hunting horn echoed about in the night, shrieks and wordless yells sounding from everywhere. Another vague shadow was present in front of them.

As they approached, it suddenly moved, hazy shape coalescing into one of their attackers, a robed arm lunging out and catching Amelia across the belly, knocking the wind from her, and halting her movement. Mary kept running, hearing a scream as Amelia was grabbed. *Shit, shit, shit, shit!* What was going on? Who were these freaks?

Her toes snagged on something, a tree-root fouling her stride and sending her tumbling to the ground. The collar stabbed her, more harshly now, and she screamed as it bit more deeply into her neck. As she tried to get back to her feet, she heard the snapping of wood nearby, twigs breaking underfoot.

She had barely regained her balance when something grabbed her by the back of the neck and dragged her backwards. She flailed behind herself, hands finding rough fabric and yanking. A hand scraped down her back, nails etching furrows into her flesh.

'Naughty girl! But the lord likes those with spirit.'

Mary tried to fight back, her hand bashing against the mask, the thing smooth to the touch. An arm wrapped around her waist and pulled her backwards, before squeezing a tit, hard.

‘Let me go!’ Mary flailed with her arms, trying to break free, but her opponent was too strong. She managed to grab a handful of the rough fabric of the robe, but it was too tough to tear. ‘No! Please!’

‘You will bend, then break. Like they all do! Like I did!’ The woman’s voice was frenzied now, without the veneer of pride. ‘You will obey.’ Another one of them came out of the woods, a canvas sack going over her head, the world going dark. More hands grabbed her wrists and forced them behind her back, a zip-tie locking them together, plastic pinching her flesh painfully. She tried kicking out, but was simply grabbed under the shoulders and carried, more hands grasping her ankles, rendering her powerless.

It wasn’t long until she could feel the heat of the bonfire again, angry and fierce. The woman’s voice sounded out from close by. ‘Oh, great lord, please forgive my weakness. But the aspirants have been captured. Will your permit them to share in your knowledge and wisdom?’

There was a long silence, Mary shaking her head and trying to get the sack off her head, the weight of the collar making it bite into her throat, making it hard to breath.

‘THE ASPIRANTS SHALL BE TESTED. THE TRIAL OF FIRE SHALL BEGIN. PREPARE THEM.’

Mary managed to grunt out a refusal, shaking her head and making her neck hurt even more. She felt herself be carried further, before she was slammed on her back onto a wooden surface. Her remaining shoe was yanked off her foot, before her socks were torn away as well, hands gripping her ankles and pulling them apart. With her arms bound behind herself, her back was arced painfully, the spikes of the collar now digging into the back of her neck where the metal pressed against the wood.

The sack was torn off, and she was looking upwards, into the blank mask of one of her captors, pressing down against her shoulders. Two more were grasping her ankles, keeping her pinned in place. The horned figure was still there, huge and hulking, glaring down at her. She tried to twist around, but hands grasped her shoulders and pinned her in place.

Another shape emerged from the flickering firelight, a female figure, her robe discarded now to reveal a sleek back dress beneath, a corsetted waist bound with a silver cord, the edge of a tattoo visible on her chest, lines stark black on her pale skin. Her mask covered her upper face but left her mouth bare, bright red lips shining in the firelight. One hand was holding a fat candle, a column of crimson red, a well of liquid wax already pooling at the top. The mask stared at her and she whimpered in fear, the hands gripping her too strong to break away from.

The woman’s empty hand tickled down her belly again, fingers teasing her. ‘The trial of fire shall now begin! I am your humble servant, great and powerful lord, and dedicate this act to your great personage!’

She moved the candle over Mary’s bare stomach and then started to tip it. Mary’s eyes widened as she realized what was about to happen – she tried shaking her head in desperate refusal as the candle was fully tipped, molten wax streaming down onto her. It burned her skin, the wax making her body twitch and shudder, out of her control. It quickly dried, forming into a layer that was tight on her skin. After the initial stream, it continued to shed droplets, the woman moving it so that it tormented fresh, uninjured skin.

‘This is the trial of fire, little one.’ Those nails, sharp and cruel, continued to trickle and tease over Mary’s flesh, adding suffering even where the wax wasn’t hurting her. ‘The weak and

unwise succumb to the pain, those that can master themselves are allowed to proceed.’ The hand moved down, pulling at the waistband of Mary’s tight shorts, slowly undoing the buttons.

‘Noo... Please, stop hurting me... Auuughhh!’ She screamed in pain as droplets of wax fell into her inner thighs, hearing Amelia scream as well. She tried to kick out with her legs, but the hands on her ankles were too tight and strong, forcing her legs wide. Something flashed in the firelight, metal just barely kissing her skin as her shorts were sliced off by a swiftly slashing blade, leaving her entirely naked.

She froze in shock and terror, unable to even scream, only whimper out a fearful denial. ‘Nooo... Please, don’t...’

She was gulping in breaths now, eyes fixated solely on the flickering light of the candle flame, droplets of suffering flowing down, each and every one making her body judder and shake as they fell against her. The woman’s lips, as red as the candle, smiled, sharp teeth glinting in the light. ‘Such a sweet young thing! Surrender, embrace our lord, and you shall be exalted and praised.’

Droplets of wax fell into her navel, making Mary’s head shake, every movement making the spiked collar bite into her skin, pricking her neck. The other hand wound down her body, fingers tapping and stroking, before settling over her slit.

‘No, please! Not there...’

‘Pleasure must be wrested from pain.’ They brushed against her sex, lightly spreading her open as wax fell onto her nipples. They started to knead and press against her, and she felt her arousal starting to flow. The hands pressing into her shoulders still forced her onto the wood, her neck getting prickled from either the front or back, depending on if she strained her neck to raise it or let it drop.

‘THE ASPIRANT SHALL BEAR MY MARK.’

She tried to pull her legs closed, but the hands were too tight, keeping her legs spread wide, the fingers skilled, teasing her, her juices starting to flow. When a finger slid inside of her, she gasped, hips bucking and twitching upwards, a strangled gasp escaping her lips. Then it started to twist and twirl inside of her, drawing out her pleasure.

Mary had lost the ability to speak, driven into an incoherent state, her body reacting on its own, every jolt of wax or writhing of a finger inside her driving her deeper inside of herself, a white haze starting to overcome her. Wax pooled on her stomach, not drying as quickly now, a semi-liquid skim on her belly.

‘Guhh... Nuhhh...’

The finger withdrew before her clit was suddenly slapped, a harsh blow that bought tears to her eyes.

‘You are blessed indeed, little one!’ A brassy cylinder reflected the firelight, stamping onto her flesh, a mark embedding itself into the wax, some symbol she couldn’t see. ‘You must show you can live up to it.’ Bright green eyes stared at her through the mask, sultry and entrancing. The woman’s voice was soft, hypnotic and yearning, as she continued to pour wax over Mary’s defenseless body, teasing her with her other hand. ‘Pleasure is suffering, and suffering pleasure.’

Mary could barely hear Amelia’s scream as she stared into the deep green, feeling her chest heave in desperate breaths, every jolt of wax bringing fresh agonies, but between her legs was a deep and sopping mass of almost pleasure, even another stinging pussy-slap getting her closer to the edge. A strike of lightning cut through the sky, a blinding white light that matched with the feverish agonies of her body.



‘Please... Please... Aaaaauggghh!’ She screamed as those cruel nails pinched her clit before withdrawing, leaving her suffering and hanging, teetering on the edge of a precipice, darkness rising up in her mind, threatening to consume her.

The woman suddenly moved, clambering up onto the surface and straddling her, the action making more wax spray out. Her weight was on top of Mary’s hips, further pinning her in place, even as she tried to press herself forward, desperate to grind herself against something, to get herself off.

The woman leaned forward, moving the candle close to Mary’s flesh, moving it with deliberate intent and starting to make a circle of pain. ‘Your body shall be consecrated to our lord. Your flesh shall be his, your soul bound to his grace.’ She was grinding her hips against Mary’s crotch, something of unyielding metal rubbing against Mary’s slick pussy.

Inside of the circle of wax, she continued to move the candle, sketching some pattern. Mary could barely focus, as she desperately fought to get off, for that final release.

‘THE ASPIRANTS SHALL MOVE TOWARDS THE LIGHT.’

The voice shook and rumbled through her entire body, and something was released inside of her. She felt it pulse through her, an utter loss of control, her hips bucking and juddering, an incoherent moan of passion and suffering sounding out into the dark woods. When she sank back down, even the pricking of the collar against her neck was something she barely noticed. More splashes of wax had no effect, her body now hazy and numb.

She was barely conscious as the woman lifted her weight away, before hands grabbed Mary’s arms and started to drag her, her knees scraping along the ground. The voice boomed out again, sending a comfortable tingle through her body and sopping cunt, the fire fierce now.

‘PROCEED AND BE TESTED.’

## Chapter Four: Proof of Worth

Mary's feet dragged along the ground, her head sagging down, spikes scraping the back of her neck, strong hands grabbing her beneath her arms. She managed to lift her head, just enough to see Amelia, stripped naked save for her panties, body spattered with wax, dried lumps of the stuff flaking as she moved, her body sweaty and gleaming in the firelight. Her metal collar was still around her neck, a trickle of blood running down from where a spike had scratched into her flesh. Her eyes were wide open in fear, flicking about without seeming to ever focus.

'Please... please let us go...' Her body was desperately weak, such that she couldn't regain her footing, her voice barely audible over the crack of the bonfire.

'Oh, little one, you should feel blessed! To bear the mark of our lord!' The woman's voice was a strange mixture of awe and jealousy, as Mary glanced over at her – something metallic was about her waist, a band going between her legs, the steel decorated with golden swirls. 'For your sake, I hope you prove yourself worthy of it, or the punishments will be... final.'

'Why are you doing this? Who are you?'

'You are one of us. But all will be revealed... should you prove yourself. You were blessed enough to draw the eye of our lord and master. And so you shall be tested. You and your friend.' She turned her head to look at Amelia. 'She appears less resolute than you. But perhaps she will recover enough to show her own worth.'

Up ahead she could see a standing stone, tall and phallic, whatever patterns had once been carved there long-since eroded away to nothingness. The sight of it sent another tingle of lust through Mary – but she didn't even like cocks! A wooden framework was close by, ropes hanging from it, above depressions in the rock, filled with some dark liquid. Robed figures, bulky and clearly masculine, were lined up in front of the phallic pillar, a presentiment of fear sparking inside of Mary. She shook her head in fear and doubt, ignoring the pain from the collar.

A dark shape loomed behind the pillar – the same horned head as from near the fire. Was it the same person or statue? Or another one? Light gleamed in the eye-sockets and transfixed her, a haze rising up and threatening to scourge her thoughts, something she couldn't resist.

There was a pained yelp from Amelia as she was grabbed and rotated around, the rope going about her ankles, skilled hands wrapping it about her body, using it to wrap about her waist and hips, binding her legs tougher, more going around her breasts, further tormenting her flesh. With a heave, Amelia was pulled upwards, dangling upside-down, her arms tied behind her back, hands to elbows, limbs forming a box against her lash-marked back.

Amelia tossed her head about, trying to break free, but all she could do was make herself sway, ever-so-slightly.

'And now for you, little one. Your... preferences may leave you at something of a deficit for this trial, but I do so hope you won't disappoint our lord.'

Before she could object, she was pulled beneath the scaffold. The rope that wound about her legs was rough and harsh, with stray fibers pricking at her skin, compressing the flesh of her legs. As it curved around her hips, it was strangely comforting, like a lingering embrace, one she

couldn't shake off or escape, kissing against the lash-marks on her back, sending flares of pain through her sweaty body.

Her arms were cut free from the zip-tie, for just a second, and she tried to fight back, trying to push the attackers away, but she was too weak. Hands grabbed her wrists and pulled them back again, rope embracing her wrists, binding them against the opposite elbow. And then, suddenly, she was airborne, suspended and swinging, the world crazily inverted and upside down.

The rope was bound about her, spreading her weight over its full length, but even with the sweat slicking her body, there was no way to escape, the rope tight and confining. All she could do was shake her head, that making the collar scrape her neck, or impotently shift her fingers and hips, barely able to make herself swing slightly.

The liquid beneath her was giving off a thick and overpowering scent, like herbs and beer mixed together. It made her feel woozy, like she was drunk. A whip cracked against her buttocks, harder than before, a blazing welt against her skin. The rope creaked rising her higher, the brothy liquid and its intoxicating scent moving further away.

‘THOSE THAT WOULD RULE MUST SERVE.’

She still couldn't tell if the giant figure was a person, or if there was a speaker hidden inside an object. Another whip-strike cracked against her soft flesh and she screamed in pain. One of the robed figures approached, bulky and male, their robe falling open to reveal a cock, already erect. She could see swirling tattoos, lines and whorls sketched onto his thighs, running up onto his toned stomach. Mary was hauled higher up, and suddenly realized that her mouth was now on the same level as the bobbing cock approached, seeming to fill her vision.

Mary clamped her mouth tightly shut and shook her head, despite the twitches of pain that caused from the collar. She didn't want to suck a dick! The whip attacked her again, her jaw opening as she emitted an involuntary scream.

Then the world suddenly dropped and she descended, her head breaking the surface of the liquid. It was bitterly cold, driving out what little breath remained in her lungs. She tried not to inhale any of it, feeling it flow into her nose. There was no light here, her entire world a hazy mess of suffocation and pain. Another strike forced the breath from her, and she could feel her lungs burning, unable to twist around enough to bring her head above the surface.

And then the rope tensed around her ankles and she was dragged back out of the liquid, coughing and spluttering, shaking it off herself. Where it flowed into the wounds on her neck it stung and burned, and it had a thick and bitter taste, the flavor making her wince and gag. She gulped in a deep breath, some of the pain leaving her lungs and chest.

‘You should tend to the needs of your master's flock, little one. You must show humility, or you will be made to suffer.’

The rope dropped again and she screamed, coming to a stop just above the liquid, the stuff brushing against her forehead. She continued to drop, but more slowly now, unable to prevent her descent.

‘Please! I'll do it! Just...’

It came up over her eyes, and she managed to twist enough to keep above the surface for a little longer.

‘Don't put me under! Please!’

She couldn't move enough to stay out of the stuff, her nose going under, then her mouth. She held her breath as long as she could, even though another strike lashed her back.

And then she surfaced again, getting swiftly raised upwards. The cock bobbed in front of her, swollen and gross – this was the closest she'd ever been to one. She extended her tongue and licked the crown – at least it was washed. She could hear a sucking, slurping sound, and could just about see Amelia, bobbing her head backwards and forwards as she managed to slide a cock into her mouth. The man tensed, spit and cum gushing out of Amelia's mouth as he came.

Hands suddenly shoved her from behind, the cock sliding into her mouth. She'd never sucked a dick before! It felt massive and hot, bumping into the back of her throat and making her cough, throat still raw from the dunking and drowning. How did straight girls do this? And why did they enjoy it? She rolled her tongue around, trying to at least make the intruder slick, hoping that would make it less brutally intrusive as it slammed into her, again and again.

Every time she moved her head, the collar tortured her further, her neck aching, every wound burning from whatever the liquid was. Breathing around the cock was a challenge, the thing blocking her mouth and throat worse than even a gag! How long would it take a man to come? It couldn't be long, right?

She twisted and twirled her tongue, closing her eyes so she didn't have to see his ballsack, hanging right in front of her face. Mary tried moving her face forward, wanting to get him off as quickly as possible.

The thing in her mouth finally twitched, cum spurting into her mouth. The taste was unpleasant and she spluttered, wishing the cock would shrink away, as cum swilled around her mouth. As the dick pulled out of her, she opened her mouth to let the stuff flow out. Another whip crack seared her flesh.

**'ASPIRANTS MUST CONSUME THE BLESSINGS OF THE FLOCK.'**

She dropped downwards, head being forced beneath the water again. When she was pulled up again, there was another cock waiting for her, fat and full. Was it bigger than the last one? She opened her mouth and let it slide in, at least that seemed easier than before. She kissed it, or at least tightened her lips around the shaft, twisting her tongue around the intruder. Having to endure the taste of the thing, flicking her tongue over the foreskin, rolling the meaty taste around her mouth, made her shudder and grimace.

They ejaculated, blasting cum into her mouth. This time she swallowed, trying not to gag on the taste. Straight girls did this? Willingly? Women tasted better! But at least she wasn't dunked afterwards. The man left, their place taken by another, this one wrapping an arm around her to pull her in, cock sliding deep into her throat and making her splutter. A hand shoved her head, forcing her to take the entire length into her throat, balls slapping against her nose, pubic hair scratching against her skin.

There was no choice but to inhale their scent as their cock filled her mouth and throat entirely, leaving her short of breath, still suffering from her enforced submersion. She gagged and spluttered, feeling her eyes water, tears trickling down her face. Even when this one ejaculated, cum shooting straight into her throat, her cheeks bulging out.

They were unrelenting, barely giving her the time for a breath before another dick slapped against her cheek, then sliding into her mouth. She tried to protest, but the thing in her mouth made it impossible to speak, her tongue slipping against the smooth skin, the only response grunting from her assailant, as she deepthroated their cock until it erupted with more of the slick, sticky cum, filling her mouth with its flavor.

It was impossible to keep track of how many she had sucked off, some of them not even coming into her mouth, instead withdrawing and shooting their loads against her body, the stuff oozing down her tits. On the rare occasions she had her view clear, where it wasn't filled with

legs and genitals, the giant figure loomed in the near-darkness, eyes gleaming a bright green, shards of emerald staring at her. Was it getting closer? With her eyes filled with tears, everything was a painful blur, the world disappearing into a watery haze.

A hand smacked her buttocks, reigniting the flares of pain from previous strikes and making her gasp, the taste of cum, vile and thick, flowing over her tongue. She tried to talk, to beg for release, but couldn't force her mouth to make the words as she was spun around. As she was lowered, she yelped in fear, not wanting to be dunked again, but she didn't get forced beneath the liquid. Instead, she was facing the crotch of her masked tormentor – close enough now to see that their crotch was sealed behind metal, a gold-inlaid chastity belt sealed around their body, pussy behind a narrow slit, visible but inaccessible, although she could see the juices leaking out.

An oversized dildo had been attached, massive and bumped, and Mary was just about able to summon up the strength to shake her head. There was no way she could take that into her mouth!

'Our lord desired that my pleasure be sealed away.' The woman's voice cracked with maddened lust and fervor. 'Perhaps if I break you, then he will permit me freedom.' Mary could smell the woman's juices, overpowering even the broth beneath her, staining the metal even though her cunt was inaccessible.

By instinct, Mary opened her mouth and the dildo slid in. It was tough and rubbery, harder than the real cocks, and covered with harsh and large bumps. It pushed into her, blocking and filling her mouth entirely as hands wrapped around her, nails digging into her back and pulling her forward, before it started to slide in and out. Every push shoved it further and deeper into her, violating her throat more each time, causing more tears to stream down her face as she blubbered.

There wasn't even the release of ejaculation, simply increasing torment from the invader, the bumps scraping against her throat, making her cough and splutter.

'You are blessed! Will you revere and worship our lord? Will you be his slave and servant, now and for all your days?'

Mary wanted to answer but could barely breathe and was completely unable to move her lips enough to form words, unable to do anything more than splutter and cough, feeling spittle fall from her mouth and splash into the broth below her. All she could hear of Amelia was a similar coughing and hacking sound, her throat probably being ravaged as well.

The dildo withdrew, wet and slobbery, and she managed to speak, gasping out a few words before it could thrust into her again. 'Yes! I wil-llpphhh!' It pushed into her mouth, warping her words, slamming and slapping even more deeply into her this time. It was getting harder and harder to stay conscious, the swift, panicked breaths she could inhale through her nose not enough to sustain her.

'LET THE ASPIRANTS BE ADMITTED INTO MY PRESENCE, THAT THEY MAY BE JUDGED. THEY HAVE CONSUMED THE SEED OF THE FLOCK AND HAVE SHOWN THEMSELVES OF WORTH.'

The dildo withdrew, leaving Mary blubbering and short of breath. 'Thank you! Thank you!' She felt light-headed and delirious, chest heaving as she tried to breathe enough to stay conscious. Then there was a sudden lurching drop, and she was submerged in the chilly broth. She choked and twisted and wriggled but couldn't break the surface no matter how much she struggled, as darkness overwhelmed her, her lungs burning with pain and lack of air.

## Chapter Five: Lord of Darkness and Light

Mary slowly came to, her neck an aching mass of scrapes and stinging cuts, her throat sore from the cocks. But she wasn't bound in ropes anymore, she wasn't suspended upside down. She could feel a rough stone surface beneath her body, but the collar was no longer locked around her neck, spikes no longer stabbing her as she slowly moved her head. The air with heavy with storm-heat, lightning arcing between storm clouds.

Her eyes were gummy with tears and cum, taking effort to open, dried fluids cracking. The figure was closer now, and she could see that it was wearing rich and elaborate robes, heavy fabric woven with gold and silver.

'I AM YOUR LORD AND MASTER. TO SERVE IS TO OBEY. THOSE THAT OBEY SHALL FIND REWARD IN THEIR ROLE.'

Two smaller fires were to either side of the figure – other robed shapes could just about be seen on the edge of the pools of firelight.

'YOU SHALL THANK ME, YOUR MASTER FOR EVERYTHING.'

There was a long pause before Mary was able to choke out any words, her throat still rough and raw. She managed to pull herself into a kneeling position, fully naked now, as she declined her head and bowed against the floor.

'I... I thank you, my master. Please... please find a use for me...'

Beside her, Amelia choked and gibbered, eyes flicking about madly, seemingly beyond words.

'SHOW YOUR MASTERY. ONE OF YOU SHALL RULE, THE OTHER SHALL SERVE.'

As her vision cleared, Mary could see a few items on the stone – metal rings, secured deeply into the stone, each with chains attached. Some fat candles were shedding more light, the flames reflecting off deep wells of wax, a whip coiled up, several metal devices gleaming in the light.

She lunged for Amelia, wrapping arms around her body. The other girl's body was warm and soft, and lust spiked through Mary, reminding her of all the times she'd seen Amelia undressing in front of her, her delicious body there, but not something she was allowed to fuck.

'No! Please...!'

Mary pressed her head forward and nipped at one of the wounds on Amelia's neck, worrying the wound and making Amelia yelp. She grabbed a wrist and bent it towards one of the rings, snapping a chain around a wrist and locking it tight.

Amelia started trying to fight back, an arm flailing at Mary, a poorly-aimed backhand knocking against a breast. Mary grabbed Amelia's throat, making that beautiful face wince and grimace, using it as leverage to twist Mary around, grabbing the girl's other wrist and starting to move it towards the metal ring.

As Amelia fell onto her back, it was easy to straddle her, that toned and taut belly between her thighs, sending another thrill of desire through her. From on top, one hand still squeezing Amelia's neck, it was easy to bend her arm downwards and tether it in place, a chain around her wrist.

She let go of Amelia's neck, watching her snap her arm around, unable to break out of the chains, shaking her head in desperate fear as Mary restrained her other arm. Mary stroked her voice, then leaned in close and kissed her on the lips, taking her victim's breath inside of herself, starting to grind herself against Amelia's body. Wax cracked and flaked as she moved, the sweat from their bodies running together.

Amelia's legs kicked out, forcing Mary to shift about and turn, one hand pinching at skin, before she grabbed at a leg and shoved it wide. The other one knocked against her shoulder but she was able to lock one leg down, chain curling around the ankle and further locking Amelia down.

'ASPIRANTS MUST BE THANKFUL FOR THEIR SUFFERING.'

Mary managed to pin Amelia's other leg, leaving her spreadeagled and entirely exposed, unable to do more than shake about, unable to break free as Mary turned back to speak to Amelia, face-to-face.

'Our master has commanded. Praise him.'

Amelia shook her head, hair flicking out against the stone. 'No! Please, don't do this!'

Mary kissed her again, long and hard, savoring the flavor of her breath, her mouth, even with the aftertaste of cum still in her spittle. To have Amelia's soft body at her disposal, to do with it as she wished made lust surge up through her. 'Praise him!' She dug her fingers into a breast and squeezed hard, smiling as she saw the reaction of pain from Amelia. 'I dedicate this suffering to you, my lord!'

Amelia whimpered, looking up at Mary with fear in her eyes. Mary brushed some strands of hair away from Amelia's face – her makeup was now a ruin, black streaks down her beautiful face, her lips hanging open as Mary kissed her again, slowly and predatory. Now she could move, she could feel wax cracking and flaking and looked down at her own body – sweaty and grimy, with streaks of red wax. On her belly was a large circle of the stuff, stamped with a symbol, a round-ended cylinder, the sides curved with waved and curved bumps. That was when she had been marked - memories of the wax now seemed warm and pleasurable, the stuff embracing her body as it flowed.

She grabbed at a nearby candle, starting to grind her hips against her captive, feeling her own juices rub against Amelia's belly.

'Nnnooo! Please!'

Mary tilted the candle, trickling wax over Amelia's breasts. Amelia gasped and screamed in protest, her arms tugging on the chains, trying to break free, but achieving nothing other than bruising her wrists and ankles against the unyielding metal. Mary smiled down at her captive.

'I should have done this to you a long time ago!' With her other hand she reached between her own legs, lightly touching her own wet cunt, starting to slide a finger into herself.

Pain seared against her back as she was whipped from behind, wax falling into the stone.

'THOSE WHO FOLLOW ME ARE ONLY ALLOWED PLEASURE AT MY COMMAND.'

She didn't move her hand away until another whip-blow struck.

'PUNISH HER.'

There wasn't another whip-strike – he must mean her, to punish Amelia! Even if she wasn't allowed to get off while doing so. She dug her nails into Amelia's chest, between her breasts, and slowly scraped downwards, leaving white furrows in the flesh and scraping away the still-warm wax. The way that Amelia's hips bucked against her as she struggled and writhed was

exciting her, streaks of pussy-juice starting to clean away some of the grit and dirt that had accumulated.

Amelia seemed to be beyond words now, her eyes glazed over as she twisted from sheer instinct, unable to avoid the wax or Mary's nail and hands. She was leaving marks on the pale flesh now, bruises starting to form between the scratch marks.

'SHE HAS FALLEN. THE FLOCK MAY HAVE HER. THE ONE THAT BEARS MY MARK MAY APPROACH.'

Feeling dazed herself, Mary rose to her feet, wincing as her own wounds stung. The figure wasn't far, looming against the shadowy treeline. Behind it, the sky was starting to tinge blood-red, dawn threatening to break soon. As she got closer, she was able to see more – they were sat upon a throne, some dark stone or metal drinking in the light. What she could see of the body was beautiful and well-formed, their well-toned arms resting on the arms on the throne. As Mary got closer, she could see that a chain, a thin and weak-looking thing of golden links, attached their wrist to the throne, rattling as they moved. Their face was covered behind a mask of ivory and gold, emerald-green eyes staring at her. On each cheek was depicted another face – a serpent on the left cheek, and a cat on the right, gemstone eyes seeming to stare at her.

'YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF WORTHY TO SERVE ME.'

In the darkness of his lap, she could see the white bulk of his shaft, huge and erect. Some part of her resisted, not wanting to be penetrated, but she took another step forward, then another. The sounds of the rest fell away – the sobs of Amelia, the guttural cries of the other robed figures as they released themselves upon her, slaking their own lusts.

The cock filled her vision, dominating her world, a shining column – that, and the mask, seemed to be the only things that were real anymore, everything else fading away.

'SWEAR YOUR SERVICE.'

He spread his legs, and she bowed into the gap he made, kissing the erect shaft, finding it chill against her lips, the taste strangely sweet, a thick musk making her inhale deeply, senses reeling. She tilted her head to wrap her lips around it, flicking her tongue over the length, slicking it with her spit.

'I swear myself to you, oh great lord of light and darkness.' She moved her head above the cock, licking around the crown, before a hand grasped her hair and pulled her upwards. She moved with the motion, into their lap.

'YOU ARE WORTHY TO RECEIVE ME.'

She was moved above the cock, those green eyes transfixing her as she lowered herself onto it. She'd never had a cock inside of her before, at least not a real one, and she felt a sting of chill as it slid into her, filling her entirely, feeling as though it were stretching her out.

'Thank you! Thank you, my lord! I am yours!'

'TO SERVE IS TO BE REWARDED.' There was no gasping or hint of effort, as she pumped up and down, grinding away, her own vision fading before an orgasm blasted through her. A hand grabbed her throat, keeping her from falling forward and squeezing against her throat, cutting off her air.

She gasped, trying to breath, before he came. The cock still intruded into her, still chill, but the cum was hot, flowing into her, spilling out and gushing onto her thighs, far more than she'd expected, mingling with her own pussy-juice, drenching her flesh.

Mary managed to choke out words, having to fight for every breath, the hand tight around her throat. 'I serve... I serve you, my lord! Please make... make use of me!'

'PROVE YOUR WORTH OR YOUR PLEASURE SHALL BE SEALED AWAY.'



The darkness started to flicker at the edge of her vision, as the lack of air took a toll, before she was cast aside. She fell to the ground with a thud, jarring her shoulder as she impacted onto the soil.

Footsteps approached as she managed to rise.

‘SHE BEGINS HER ASCENSION. TRAIN HER AS YOU WERE TRAINED BUT SEE SHE DOES NOT REPEAT YOUR MISTAKES.’

The woman had discarded her clothing, leaving herself naked but for her mask and a shining metal chastity belt, locked about her waist.

‘Yes, my lord and master.’ She knelt on the ground, arms extended and head down in a gesture of supplication. Her voice cracked, suddenly weak and vulnerable. ‘Please... may I be... released?’

‘TRAIN THIS ONE AND YOU MAY BE JUDGED WORTHY. FAIL, AND YOU SHALL BE REDUCED TO BREEDING MEAT.’

She bowed with desperate fervor, just shy of banging her head against the floor. ‘Yes, my lord! I will not fail you again!’ As she stood, there was a visible wet patch beneath where her crotch had been, her desperation obvious.

‘TAKE HER TO THE SANCTUM.’

‘And the other one, my lord?’

‘MEAT. DO WITH HER AS YOU WILL.’

The woman’s teeth flashed as she grinned, suddenly fearsome again. ‘Yes, my lord. The flock will be pleased. And you, Aspirant, must tend to them as well. Follow, obey and serve.’

THE END

## **About the Author and Artist**

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking. Her writing can be found at [www.deviantart.com/mduvant](http://www.deviantart.com/mduvant).

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink, and their works can be seen at [www.deviantart.com/0formant0](http://www.deviantart.com/0formant0).

## Connect with the Writer and the Artist

This is my first “short”, rather than a full smut novella, I hope you enjoyed it! If you want more, then you can find me on Smashwords at

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## Digital Slave Preview Chapter: A New Life Starts

### *Present Day*

The pressure on her shoulders was intense, wrists cuffed together behind her back, a chain running to the ceiling and pulling them up. This forced her into a painful strappado position, unable to properly stand without wrenching her shoulders out of position. Her mouth was full, a large sphere of black rubber strapped between her lips, slow trickles of spittle flowing over her red-painted lips, down her chin. Around her neck was a collar, a chunky band of bright metal, chunky metal bracelets of the same material on her wrists. Ever since she had started wearing it, she had become intimately familiar with the devices it contained – at the moment it was as loose as it got, although it could tighten without notice to choke her, or shock her.

She had lost track of how long she'd been held in this position – the apartment had no clocks, and the windows were blacked out, the time of day impossible to tell. Her slender body, something that she had always been proud of, even used to draw attention to herself, was dressed in a silk blouse and black pencil skirt. In the pale glow of emergency lighting, the fringe of a lacey bra could be seen beneath the blouse, her skirt short enough to show the patterns on her stockings around her thighs. If it wasn't for the collar, gag, and position, she could have been any office worker.

She whimpered, trying to shift, find some element of comfort. How long had it been since she had been here? Days, weeks, months? She was kept here, every element of her life controlled, only allowed out in what the owner permitted. She had nothing of her own, everything she had, everything she had become, was what the owner desired.

But she had never seen the owner, her owner. She had been shaped and moulded, without ever even being touched by him. She twisted in her bonds, thoughts of her previous life bubbling upwards. She had had a name then. Been able to go out. Had control of herself, been able to choose her own clothing. What had her name been? Her twisting strengthened as she twisted, the chain softly clinking.

Her collar beeped, and she froze in fear. It tightened, not even to choke her, but a warning. Was her owner watching? She knew there must be cameras, watching her, knowing when she was bad or good. But he couldn't read her mind, could he? The AC whirred into life, cold air beating down on her, her clothing doing little to protect her. The memories died within her as the cold air blew, until her stirring stopped.

The thing between her legs briefly stirred into life, an empty promise of warmth. Not long enough to give her any relief or pleasure, simply a reminder that she lacked even the control to pleasure herself. She shuffled awkwardly, stilettos clicking on the floor. If she was good, if she managed to maintain this position for long enough, maybe she would be allowed to sleep on the floor, rather than restrained. Maybe she would be allowed out – her clothing chosen for her, her mouth sealed behind a gag, but *outside*, where she could pretend to be a person.

The pressure in the air changed, the AC shutting down. The door, path to the outside world, always locked to her, clicked open, light spilling in. She was bound facing away from the door, unable to see who was standing there. Was it the owner? Or someone else? She didn't dare

twist to see, in case she was punished for it. The shadow moved closer, footsteps seemingly as loud as thunder. A hand reached out, slapping her ass in a possessive way, and she couldn't restrain herself from squeaking. Had her owner finally come to claim her, or was this someone else to service? Either way, she had to please them. She parted her legs slightly, hoping they would find her pleasing.

*Days, Weeks or Months ago...*

Sophia's heart sank, blood turning cold. She pressed refresh, in the desperate hope that things would be different. They couldn't have dropped that fast. The screen reloaded – everything was in the red. *Deep* into the red. Could she move money from anywhere else? No, everywhere was tapped out. Everything had been riding on this. But how could everything have dropped like that? The market shouldn't move like that, something should have gone up. She refreshed again. It was even worse. She'd bet her apartment on this, everything she owned!

She felt a presence, before a hand touched her shoulder, nails pressing against her flesh through her thin blouse. 'Go home for the rest of the week, Sophia. We'll talk about this soon.' The woman squeezed her shoulder, red-painted nails digging in harder, just for a moment. Then she turned and left, heels clicking against the trading room floor.

Sophia glanced around, seeing rumours already spreading amongst her colleagues, looking at her with pity or contempt. She ignored the sting of pride, trying to look calm and collected, picking up her handbag and left the office.

She went to get drunk. A fancy bar, piano playing, no shortage of people willing to buy drinks for her – even without getting changed, her silk blouse, unbuttoned to show the edge of her bra beneath, tight pencil-skirt short enough that the tops of her stockings flashed into view as she walked, or crossed her legs were enticement enough. She might have lost big today, lost everything she owned, but all she needed was some seed money to get started again.

Who could she hit up for a loan? Stephen was normally a sucker, especially if she wore something tight and black. And he wasn't even pushy enough to demand sex, just a quick handjob was normally enough. Although he was out of town, having taken a new job in Hong Kong. Maybe Ken? Although his latest wife was a pushy bitch. Another drink appeared, the spirits burning into her stomach, her thoughts turning into alcohol-infused mush as night fell.

She awoke, in sunlight. Crisp sheets wrinkled beneath her hands, discreet buzz of a phone alarm vibrating nearby. Where was she? She blinked sleep from her eyes and looked around – not a place she recognised, but it oozed wealth. Sunlight streamed in from full-height windows, showing views over a park. The bed was massive, what looked to be a walk-in wardrobe opposite, floor-length mirrors, grey and chrome drawers and cupboards. And she was naked. Well, if it was whoever owned this place, then she had done well – she rolled over, finding the bed empty. She didn't feel satisfied, so they must have been too drunk to have sex.

The rest of the apartment was small, but the view outside the window showed that it was right in the heart of the city, worth several million, at the least. The whole place shared the same chrome-and-steel colouring, probably designed by some tech-bro nerd, everything electronically controlled, both austere and massively expensive. A screen blinked on, displaying a message.

*Had to go to work, but last night was great. This place was my ex's, feel free to crash here. She was about the same size as you, use her clothes if you want.*

Well, this seemed to be quite fortunate. She had no recollection of who the mysterious owner was, but they were clearly wealthy, which was what she needed right now. Everything was chrome and metal, custom-fitted and expensive. Near the entrance was a strange piece of modern art, dangling from a chain on the ceiling— a roughly female shape of solid black plastic, a head, the swell of breasts and curve of hips, a hole for a mouth and another between the legs, edges stained slightly. She'd always preferred more classical art and sculpture but having such a thing on casual display showed vast wealth. She looked at more closely – there was a tiny hairline crack around the edge, the thing cast in two halves. She gave it a gentle shove, setting it swinging. Something tickled the edge of her hearing; was that a moan? She must have imagined it, an apartment like this would be fully sound-proofed.

She returned to the walk-in wardrobe, the door sliding open with an electronic beep. Inside was a carousel device filled with clothing, so only a single outfit was accessible at any given time, like a giant vending machine. More sealed lockers lined the walls, all currently shut. The current outfit was very much in line with her own preferences - sleek and sexy office-wear, a skirt, tight and black and short, a silk blouse, along with a lace thong and bra. One of the lockers popped open, revealing a pair of very high heels and some stockings. The ex must have been about the same size as her, conveniently. Before dressing she had a shower, luxuriating in the steaming hot water, rubbing herself down, feeling the fug of last night retreating under the steam and heat.

When she was done, she applied her makeup – this ex had similar colouration as well; the owner must have a distinct 'type'. Well, that would make him easier to butter up for some money. With her lips tinted red, mascara around her eyes, hair pulled back into a ponytail, she felt decidedly more in control, more like herself, especially when she dressed as well. She admired herself in the mirror, blowing herself a kiss.

Another message blinked onto the screen in the main room, accompanied by a faint chiming noise.

*You lost your phone last night, here's a replacement. I loaded my number onto it.*

A drawer opened with a pneumatic pop. Inside was a smartphone, sleek, black and unbranded, the sort of prestigious item normally seen in the hands of millionaires. She pressed her thumb against it, as it unlocked for her - even the programming was something she didn't recognise, although most of the functionality appeared to be locked. There was only one number listed: 'Owner', with no other details listed.

Well, he had been so nice, he deserved a treat, and something to keep him keen and friendly. She found the camera function and posed for a selfie, tweaking her blouse to make sure it showed her cleavage, making a seductive face.

*Thanks for last night "owner", you were great. See you soon!*

She took several pictures, making sure to find the best one before hitting 'send'. Then she explored the rest of the apartment. It was small, little more than the bathroom, a kitchen-diner, and a box room, with the colossal bedroom and walk-in wardrobe taking the largest amount of space. This close to the center though, it must have cost a fortune – she took her new phone out and tried to access the internet, to look up the value, but couldn't find any way to access it.

All the draws in the kitchen had an RFID scanner, remaining stubbornly locked, surfaces too smooth to pull open. Denied there, she went to the wardrobe – it would have been a decent-sized room by itself, but the carousel device took most of the space, leaving only a small space to get changed. She rotated through the other outfits – beyond a variety of office-wear and gorgeous (and expensive!) evening gowns, there was a variety of more 'special' outfits - a latex nurse's

outfit, several skin-tight catsuits, a schoolgirl outfit, a shiny nun's habit with holes at the crotch... Well, those wouldn't be getting used, at least not on her. She liked to be in charge, not the one being dominated. She smiled at past memories – keeping someone on the edge, just shy of climax, could be a powerful incentive when negotiating. Although she hated the feel, taste and scent of cum, so always tried to slip a condom on first.

Her stomach rumbled – she hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday. She went to the front door, running her hand against the card reader – there was no handle, nothing to force it open. When she tapped it, a prompt appeared; "Present Owner authentication". Without that, it wouldn't open.

Another bell chimed, message appearing. *Nice pic, you're a doll. Have some food.*

A drawer popped open, revealing a bowl full of powder. She grimaced. *Of course* a techbro would be into food-substitute powder. She gave it a sniff. Flavourless food substitute, to boot. Enough of that, and even the taste of cum would be a welcome change. She turned to the tap, trying to figure out how to turn it on – there was nothing to twist or turn. She waved the bowl beneath the tap, water rushing out. Just enough to turn the powder into a paste, nutritional enough to keep her alive, but bland and tasteless. She'd have to convince him to take her out somewhere proper, or this relationship wouldn't last long. She ate the paste, then put the bowl back into the drawer which slid shut and locked itself.

Unable to leave, she explored the apartment – everything was sealed away, the place spartan and barren, no pictures or any other touches of life. In the bathroom were fresh toiletries, a sealed toothbrush and paste, the cabinet locking shut once she had cleaned her teeth. There was a TV in each room, but no remote control, nor any buttons on the units themselves.

She bent over to look under the bed, finding what she expected – a large box, filled with more 'toys', those for obviously female use. She pulled it out, having to strain to shift the weight; if she was stuck here while some dickless techbro was spending his time hacking code, she may as well enjoy herself. The ex must have been feeling frustrated, if the amount of stuff present was any indication, and most of it still unopened.

At the bottom of the box, and the reason it was so heavy, was a heavy block, a vibrating pad at the top – a sybian. She'd seen one used at a party before, an unwilling escort made to mount it only when threatened with being stripped and forcibly ejected onto the streets. From the sounds the girl had made, it had been quite intense, although that might just have been to try and please whoever had hired her or hoping to get them to let her go.

She managed to find a plug socket (even that was behind a metal panel, although at least it was open rather than locked) and plugged it in. This one looked pretty heavy-duty, with straps to ensure the occupant didn't fall off, the controls on the front of the box where they would be hard to access when in use. She straddled it, then took another picture.

*Think I should go for a ride?*

It didn't take long until there was a response.

*Strap yourself in, it's a hell of a thing!*

She squirted lube over the dildo, shimmying her thong off, playing with herself to get herself ready. This was how she wanted to live, surrounded by luxury, although with rather more control herself. She played with herself, loosening herself up, then slowly eased herself onto the prong. The thing was cold inside her, although was a comfortable size, satisfyingly solid. She strapped the bands around her thighs, then reached forward, fumbling along the front of the device for the 'on' switch.

It buzzed to life. She immediately grabbed her phone, trying to concentrate through the vibrations and stimulation, pressure swiftly building inside of her. This selfie wouldn't be very well focused, but... Her thoughts went white as the vibrations rumbled through her, bringing her to a peak. If it hadn't been for the straps, she would have fallen off already.

The phone fell from her hand as she was shoved into another orgasm, hands covering her mouth as she tried not to yell. She came again, the buzzing seeming louder. Oh god, was it getting faster? A cry tore itself from her lips, audible even through her hands, and then she sagged forward as the buzzing slowed slightly. Her hands scrabbled over the front of the panel, fumbling for the controls.

It started to vibrate again, her nails scraping against knobs and dials, flicking a switch and the thing powering down. It took her a long moment to collect herself, head swimming as she slowly pulled herself off it, the dildo now slick with her juices. She could understand now why that escort had started to beg after the sixth orgasm had been ripped from her, the onlookers only turning it up higher and laughing.

She climbed off, needing to collect herself. That thing was powerful! Her pussy was drenched, thighs moist with her own juices, as she wiped herself down on the bedsheets. She didn't have any other clothing, and the device in the closet seemed to have jammed, leaving her reeking of sex as she put the thong back on, taking a moment to rearrange her own clothing as the message bell chimed again.

*Nice look, doll, suits you. Wonder how long you can go for if it wasn't turned off? Called in a favour, got you a job. Close by, phone will tell you the way.*

It had fallen against the wall, fortunately undamaged. A map had appeared, showing her current location, a destination not far away. Who was this guy? The place shown was an office building, filled with super-expensive lawyers and consultants. For a one-night stand she couldn't even remember, he was very generous. Even when drunk, she wouldn't have been picked someone ugly so he must be a looker, and wealthy as well.

The bathroom door had sealed itself, so she couldn't shower again. The door to outside opened, allowing her to leave, hissing shut as soon as she passed through.



## Corporate Slave Preview Chapter: A Hand-Picked Choice

Warm, bright sunlight filtered into the small hall, illuminating bright and well-polished wood, large windows filling the place with light.

‘Tongue out.’

There was a pause, the rest of the audience holding their breath in anticipation. Alexandria’s “volunteer” hesitated, her eyes covered by a padded leather blindfold, her arms bound behind her in a leather armbinder, each hand bound to the opposite elbow in a box-tie. The red leather went well with the woman’s white blouse and sleek pencil skirt, her bra just about visible through the material.

‘What is the most important lesson?’ Alexandria kept her voice slow and comforting, lulling the woman into hopefully peaceful obedience.

A tongue, soft and pink, slowly emerged from between rosebud lips, as Alexandria moved the chocolate profiterole forward, a long line of cream on top. The tongue probed the air uncertainly, before brushing against the cream. It wavered for a moment, before stretching out again and licking it away, and some of the chocolate as well.

Alexandria made soft, soothing noises. ‘You see? *Trust*, that is the key. Trust me, listen to my voice, and you will be rewarded.’

She moved the profiterole away as the woman’s tongue probed out again, her head bobbing uncertainly forward, trying to find where it had gone. Alexandria ran her finger over it, scooping up a thick blob of cream and then pushing it against the tongue, sliding her finger into the woman’s mouth, and letting the tongue swirl around it, cleaning it off.

‘Good girl. Good girl.’ She kept the finger in place as she turned to the rest of the group she was teaching. ‘This is an important skill for leadership – those under your command need to be able to trust you implicitly.’ She pulled her finger out, wiping the trickle of spit onto the woman’s blouse, turning it partially see-through. The slight whine of disappointment made her smile – some more intimate “training” had already been arranged for this one, although she didn’t know it yet. Alexandria reached out and gently pushed down on her shoulders, and the woman sank to her knees, arms still bound behind her back. She tapped a button on her smartwatch, cutting the feed from her microphone to the earpieces the woman was wearing, rendering her deaf.

‘As you can see, rewards bring obedience. While some employees may be more... problematic, we will be covering how to deal with those on a future course. But most workers can be dealt with by giving them enough little treats to keep them sweet.’

She stepped behind them and stroked their head, moving the profiterole just in front of their mouth. They opened wide and licked it, before taking a delicate nibble, earning themselves another head-pat. She looked around at her audience – eight young women, all in smart, crisp office-wear, all in strict restraints – a mixture of armbinders, leg-fetters, blindfolds and more – and smiled.

‘I expect to see you back at the main house by 1, so we can have lunch and begin the next lesson. But you will need to trust each other and work together, as you all have your own

limitations.’ She watched as a tall, leggy blonde, her shoulders forced back by the armbinder, large breasts shoved forward, approached a blindfolded brunette, the two of them coming to some arrangement. Well, that was what these “corporate retreats” were about.

‘Stand.’ She pressed the button so the word filtered into the ears of her “test subject”, who obeyed. Alexandria placed a hand on each of her shoulders and used that to guide her, heels clicking against the wooden floor tiles. They didn’t resist, their body pushing back against Alexandria, soft and compliant.

The hall was set some distance from the main house, surrounded by a small forest, with birdsong filling the air. Going along the track, with the restraints in place, should take the women an hour at least, which gave her some time to play with her new toy.

Now she was out of sight of the others, she was rougher, giving them a shove, enjoying their discomforted grunt, before guiding them into the seat of a golf cart. What was this one called? Yua? She was from Marketing – quite attractive, and with good numbers, although apparently that came mostly from sucking off the buyers. Which did at least show a certain initiative, and some inherent tendencies that could be refined.

In the cart, it was only a short drive around to get onto the open, manicured lawns surrounding the mansion. Expensive cars were parked up in the courtyard – some were hers, some belonging to the trainees. Well, they bought in enough money she could afford to pay them well! Beside her, Yua was twisting about uncertainly, her shoulders straining against the leather armbinder, the material stretching a bit, but easily able to contain her.

Alexandria didn’t bother comforting her – there seemed little purpose now, and the mounting confusion had its own excitement, at least for her.

‘I’ve been wanting to talk to you for a little while, Yua. About a special project.’

The straining stopped, as Yua tried to turn to look at her, her short, black hair shifting about. The ear-pieces were disorientating, making it impossible to know precisely where the speaker was coming from, or if they were even physically close. ‘Really, Miss Hunt? What is it?’

She tried to sound confident, but the slight quaver of doubt and fear in her voice was adorable, especially coupled with her slight build. Soon she would likely be screaming as well, that lovely voice begging for release and relief, those small breasts subjected to torments. Alexandria felt her own excitement start to build, resisting the urge to push the woman up against the wall and kiss her, managing to keep her voice level and controlled.

‘Oh, there’s a special project I think that you would be excellently suited for. After what you did to secure the Bainbridge contract. That showed impressive dedication.’

Yua tensed, her body going stiff, voice suddenly uncertain.

‘The Bainbridge contract? I, uh...’

‘You’re only a little thing, watching you take three cocks at once, well, that was quite impressive.’

Yua tried to shift away, but there wasn’t enough room on the seat for her to escape, and her straining at the armbinder was still futile.

‘I, um, I...’

‘Don’t worry, all that energy will be put to good use. And you deserve something for all that work you put in.’

She pulled up in the courtyard, dragging Yua back to her feet. The woman’s shoes – designer-brand heels, glossy and black – were high enough that she staggered on the gravel, Alexandria easily dragging her inside.

‘You need some training to refine yourself, but you certainly have impressive potential.’

The entrance hall was a grand and open space, although most of the antique clutter had been stripped away – the suits of armor and old weapons and banners were not to Alexandria's liking, and so had been auctioned off. A service elevator opened at her approach, and she shoved Yua forward, sound of her heels changing as she stepped onto the metal surface.

'I have a need for women like you.'

As the elevator started to descend, Alexandria stroked Yua's body, feeling her soft breasts, reaching up her back and tickling fingers down her spine. Still blinded and unable to fight back, Yua's breath was coming in short and uneven pants now, unable to pull away, unsure of what was happening.

As they descended into the basement, the air changed, from warm and soft to more chill, heavy with a metallic tang, the sound of the lift echoing around. It was fully sound-proofed, entirely isolated from the surface world – even mobile phones had no reception, making it a perfect retreat for restful meditation. Or somewhere to put troublesome underlings that needed further training.

The lift sank to the floor and locked into position.

'I have a special facility for employees like you. Don't worry, I'll let your colleagues know that you won't be returning with them.'

Yua struggled again, Alexandria removing her hands and stepping back. Without any guidance or reference point, Yua could do nothing but take slow and uncertain steps, managing to find her way off the lift, onto the flagstones, and then stumble further forward. There was nothing else in this room, save for some crates and a sturdy metal door – it had seemed prudent to invest in the best security.

Alexandria allowed Yua to stumble around as she approached the door and entered her key-code, swiping her pass through, hearing the heavy bolts and locks start to disengage.

'Miss Hunt, please, I... I don't like this. Please let me go.'

She was rubbing her head against her shoulders, trying to dislodge the blindfold, without success.

'Shhh, don't worry. Didn't I tell you? All you need to do is trust me. The more you trust me, the sooner your training will be over. And you want to be a good girl, don't you? You want to be well behaved and obedient, and I am willing to help with that.'

'I don't like this! Let me go!' Yua was starting to panic now, backing away against a wall, before stumbling on the floor and falling over, unable to break her fall.

'Please try not to injure yourself.' Alexandria opened up one of the crates as she stalked towards the woman, pulling out a nice, large ball-gag, a sphere of black rubber dangling from a red strap. She grabbed at Yua's hair and pulled, using her other hand to shove the gag in, swiftly buckling it into place. Spittle immediately started to well up around the edges, bubbling over those lovely red lips.

'Whhapphhh?'

'This way.' More harshly now, she grabbed Yua by the shoulders, digging her nails into skin, shoving her forward. As the door finished sliding open, sounds leaked out – a motorized thrum, low and constant, interspersed with desperate, wordless cries, somewhere between pleasure and pain. Yua tried to resist, her legs not moving, feet dragging on the ground, but she was petite enough that Alexandria could simply carry her.

'Do you remember Farah? Nice girl, bought in the money, but couldn't keep her legs closed? That's her, currently partway through her own training program. I rent her out

sometimes – soon, I hope she'll be well trained enough for purposes other than fucking, but that's really up to her.

'Nppph! Stppppphhh, pleapph!'

On the other side of the metal doors was a small complex of rooms, re-developed from a World War 2 bunker, although now reinforced and upgraded. Doorways into small cells were on either side of her, with metal slats that could be opened up to view the occupants. She slid one open – the inside was a padded cell, a writhing figure bound in black latex struggling inside. With their arms wrapped around their body and their legs bound together, their head hidden inside of a tight black hood, none of their skin was visible.

'That was Cathy. She's far happier than she was, far less stressed now.' Watching the smooth black latex, gleaming under the light, was almost hypnotic, with their body straining away, unable to break free. Soon, hopefully, she would be suitable for more general use.

Her destination lay ahead of her, what had once been the command room. A large circular space, with other passages radiating outwards, it had been filled with bondage and restraint devices. She smiled at the way Yua's body stiffened against her own, as she considered what to do first.

Yua twisted around with sudden strength, managing to kick out against Alexandria, catching her with a knee.

'Something harsh to start with, then.'

'Whapph?'

Another moan echoed around the place, Yua stiffening in her arms.

'Hmmm, I don't think you're ready for *that* just yet. But maybe some physical and mental conditioning?'

She put Yua onto the floor, then reached up to grab at a chain that ended in a hook. There was a metal ring in the middle of the armbinder, and Alexandria slipped the hook through that. When she hit the control panel for the chain, it started to retract, pulling Yua upwards, until her feet were just barely in contact with the ground, her body bent forward. A long, silvery line of spittle splashed onto the ground.

'Now, time to teach you to obey. The first thing is to break you down, both in mind and body.'

'Nppphh!'

'Shhh. I need a PA, and I think you're just the right fit for the job.' Watching the woman try and break free was a delight, her body forced taut and stretched by the strappado position. It showed off her legs as well – not too long, but nicely plump without being flabby. 'Let's get you out of those clothes, you won't be needing them.'

'Geph awapth!' Yua tried kicking around, making herself twist, but couldn't break free. Alexandria waited until she had twisted all the way around, then reached a hand out and tugged on the zipper of the woman's skirt, yanking it down. It fell to the floor with a soft hiss, leaving Yua exposed, wearing only a thong underneath.

Alexandria stroked the exposed buttock. 'Mmm, lovely.' Then she cracked her wrist, spanking her hand against it, watching as the flesh deformed under the impact, and Yua yelped, more spit dribbling out. 'You will learn to obey, and to give pleasure with your body. That will be your new purpose. The more you co-operate, the more pleasant it will be.'

'Nppphh!'

Alexandria spanked her again, harder this time. 'Your agreement is not needed. You *will* be adjusted to fit my purposes.' She could feel her own desire rising up – although this one was a

long way from being able to do anything useful. ‘Which do you prefer? This...’ She spanked Yua again, this time hard enough to leave a mark. ‘...or this?’ She stroked the now-tender backside with her fingers, lightly soothing it. ‘Well?’

‘Sephond!’

‘You see? Obey, and things will go easier for you.’ She reached between Yua’s thighs, stroking her through the scant material of the thong. Yua whined again, and tried to tense her thighs closed, only relaxing them when Alexandria pinched at soft flesh. She teased and stroked at Yua, holding her close and making soothing noises and she started to sob to herself. ‘Girls that are obedient get rewarded. Otherwise you might end up down here permanently.’

She could feel the heat from Yua increase, her body starting to ease into pleasure despite her protests. ‘Shhh, shhh, this isn’t so bad, is it? Soon, I hope, you’ll learn your place.’ She withdrew her hand and then ripped down Yua’s chest, tearing away the buttons holding her blouse closed, revealing the fancy bra she was wearing beneath. It took only a few more yanks to strip her clothing away, leaving her shivering and naked, head twitching around uncertainly, still unable to see.

Alexandria placed a hand on her neck, and squeezed – just lightly, enough to hopefully impress upon Yua the position she was now in. The snuffling started to decrease as Yua shivered, probably from both fear and cold. ‘Good girl. The sooner you submit, the easier it will be.’

Fortunately, all her equipment was close at hand, so it was easy to fetch a strap-on and buckle it around her waist. It clashed with the white dress she was wearing, but this wasn’t for an audience.

As she continued to stroke Yua between her legs, her body started to respond, her sighs becoming less frantic and desperate. Once she was nice and wet, Alexandria took a firm grip of her hips and slid the tip of the dildo into her. Yua tensed up, and Alexandria started to stroke her back, lightly skimming her nails along bare flesh, scratching them down skin as Yua’s whimpers increased, until she went silent. With each thrust, Yua’s body shook, until the whole length was buried inside of her.

‘As your training has only just started, you are allowed to come.’

‘Mppphhh!’ She was starting to shake her hips back and forth of her own accord now, riding the dildo, her gaps less pained than before. When she came, it was with a loud gasp, her juices flowing forth. Alexandria hastily withdrew, not wanting to stain her dress.

‘I will go and tend to your colleagues and apologize for your sudden departure.’ She spanked Yua again, smiling at the hand-imprint she left. ‘When I return, then your training will begin in earnest.’