

Corporate Slaves: The Inheritance
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Chapter One: 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.’

Chapter Two: Training is Mandatory

The temperature change between the bunker-dungeon and the main manor was palpable, the underground carefully maintained so the occupants would be uncomfortable, and, after a few days, desperate for warmth, but without any actual danger to their health. She could hear the doors locking shut behind her, just in case someone somehow managed to escape their restraints. Although she didn't have many down there at the moment – she needed to find a few more subjects and start training them. The place was too large for just her and a live-in slave or two, she needed at least a dozen maid-servants or twice that in living furniture!

She stepped from the lift back into the sunlight, glad of the warmth on her skin. She heard a slight scuff from her side, and turned to see a slight woman, dressed in a latex maid's outfit, the black material gleaming in the sunlight, even the apron and head-dress shiny as well, wearing thigh-high black boots as well. The only thing she was wearing that wasn't glossy latex were the frills peeking out from beneath her skirt. She curtsied, lifting her skirt high enough to show her bare crotch.

'Mistress, the trainees are starting to return. I have prepared lunch to be served in an hour.'

Alexandria nodded. 'Good girl. There's a new occupant downstairs – make sure she's watered, but not fed. I think she needs to endure a little first, to make her thankful for whatever she is given.'

'Yes Mistress. Very good.'

Alexandria reached out and stroked the maid's neck, making her shiver. 'Your collar should be finished soon. I've ordered a custom one, just for you, Rebecca.'

The woman's smile was wide and bright, lighting up her narrow face as she curtsied again. 'Thank you, Mistress.'

'Now, go and help in the kitchen. And I will tend to the trainees.'

She watched as the maid walked away, admiring the way that the light played on her latex dress, and how her high heels made her legs toned and taut. Lovely and obedient! And trustworthy, while capable of taking the initiative as well. The latest project of Alicia, Alexandria's head maid – well, she was capable and enthusiastic, and seemed keen to stay. As long as she didn't take too much of Alicia's time! She had to focus to quell the stir of lust that arose within her, before striding towards the reception room. This part of the manor was "normal", the walls covered with antique paintings, or plain oak paneling.

A heel scraped against the floor, as one of the trainees walked towards her, arms bound behind her back in an armbinder, her shoulders pulled together and pushing her breasts out. Somewhere along the way, her shirt had snagged on thorns and was torn partially open, revealing coffee-tinted skin beneath and showing her bra. Her short skirt had several mossy smears on, and her glossy black shoes were scratched and muddy.

'Miss Hunt!' Despite her restraints, her amber eyes sparked with annoyance as she strode forward, her balance good even with the binder. 'While I am aware that your training methods are unorthodox, what is the meaning of this?' She twisted around to show the armbinder, the ring on the end catching the light.

Alexandria stepped forward and put an arm around the woman's shoulders, dragging her off balance and making her dependent on Alexandria for support.

'Ah, Diana, you seem a little stressed. This way.'

The woman had little choice but to follow along with Alexandria, as she steered her into one of the meditation rooms. Potted plants lined the walls with soothing, mind-slowng mandalas and patterns painted between them. Diana tried to resist her, just for a moment, but her heels were sufficiently high that she was easy to steer.

'This exercise sometimes has this effect. Being stripped of power and made dependent can be rather destabilizing, can it not?'

Diana stiffened against her in a futile attempt to not be moved, as Alexandria shifted her into the center of the room.

'I didn't expect to have to hike through a field!'

Alexandria rested a hand on the woman's throat, as she reached out for a rubber breathing mask, shaped to cover the mouth and nose, with an air bladder attached. She squeezed, just enough to make Diana react in shock, before pushing the mask over her face and swiftly buckling it into place. The air bladder shrunk, then only slowly inflated, as Diana's face reddened while she tried to suck in air.

With one hand still on the woman's throat, Alexandria tethered her into place, a collar hanging from the ceiling clipping around her neck.

From behind the mask, she was making angry sounds, the bag forcing her breathing into a regular rhythm. Alexandria pressed tightly against her, feeling her body – she clearly took some care of herself, her back and butt nicely toned.

'Mmmppphhh!' The bag slowly inflated then shrunk as she took a breath.

'Shhhh. A certain level of stress is acceptable, but you must control yourself.' She stroked the woman's body, cupping a buttock before finding the zipper for her skirt and pulling it down. The material fell to her ankles with a soft rustle, as Alexandria gently blew on an ear, licking the soft flesh. Underneath, she was wearing stockings, and Alexandria couldn't resist pulling on a garter-belt, snapping it against warm, brown skin. The white thong she was wearing was a nice contrast with her darker skin, although her struggles were intensifying, Alexandria using her body to keep the bound arms contained.

'Breathe, slow and deep.' She took several example breaths herself, exhaling in slow and regular breaths. 'Do not let yourself become stressed. Perhaps some meditative sights as well?'

She reached up underneath the woman's shirt and gently squeezed Diana's breast, feeling the pert and warm flesh, wrapped in a bra, then stepping away to fetch a slimline VR helmet. She had to brush hair out of the way, but it didn't take long to settle it into place.

'Mppphhhh!?'

Alexandria held her close and stroked her more, feeling her increasing body heat, the sign that she was enjoying this despite her protestations. 'Something to help you relax.' She tapped buttons on the top of the headset to start it playing – it would be showing swirling, vague and hypnotic patterns now, designed to numb the mind, although with enough subliminal messages to keep the woman aroused.

She kissed an ear, before drawing back and running a nail down the curve of flesh, tapping the golden hoop hanging from the lobe, making it rock back and forth, and using her finger to plug the hole on the breathing-bag.

It took a few seconds for Diana to react, unable to know what had happened. She tried to jerk her head around, but it was easy for Alexandria to keep her finger in place, listening as the

woman grunted and gasped, still trying to inhale. When she removed her finger, the bag immediately rustled back into life, air flowing in. Alexandria kissed the ear again, before sliding an earbud in.

‘I’ll leave you here for a while, until you are calmer.’

‘Mmppphh!’

Alexandria plugged the bag with her finger again, before sliding the other earbud into place. Diana was shifting around awkwardly, her chest straining against her shirt. Alexandria undid the buttons with one hand while keeping Diana’s breathing restricted with the other, taking the chance to admire the supple flesh that was revealed from beneath, chest straining as she tried to suck in a breath.

When Alexandria removed her finger, Diana’s chest heaved, attempting to gasp in more air than the bag could contain. She should now be hearing empty, mind-numbing white noise, hopefully making her feel empty and compliant. To stop her trying to wander off, she fetched a spreader bar, clipping one end around an ankle before wrenching the other leg away, to force Diana’s legs spread and hold her in place.

She was still grunting in protest but had no way to escape. Alexandria stood and held her close, feeling the warmth of her body, then started to stroke her. When she stroked at Diana’s stomach, it made her breathing hitch, but the bag forced her into regular, even inhalations. When her hands dropped to Diana’s waist, and she teased her fingers against the thong, Diana tried to shake her off. Alexandria nipped her on the neck as a warning – not hard enough to leave a mark, just a light nibble to remind Diana of her position.

Despite her protests, she was receptive, her pussy soon getting slick and warm, even as Alexandria only stroked the outermost folds.

‘Mmmph. Mmmppphh...’ Her pants were more urgent now, although she was having to strain and fight for every breath, the bag limiting how much she could inhale at once. Combined with the numbing sound and visuals, she was probably starting to feel delirious and dreamy, and very suggestable. Alexandria grinned and bit her on the neck again, harder this time. Soft and warm and wet, just the way she liked them!

She started to slide her fingers in and out, Diana’s body eagerly receiving them, her body limp. ‘Not yet, my sweet. You can have a lengthy meditation session, while I tend to the others.’

She pumped her fingers in and out, taking the woman close to the edge, before withdrawing and wiping them against the woman’s shirt. Diana made a gasping whine, thrusting her hips about, wanting a closure that Alexandria was not going to grant.

She slapped the woman’s backside, taking a moment to admire the lines of her body, the curves of her backside and the rasping inhalation of the breath-bag, before leaving. The others should all be back by now and would need tending to.

The reception room overlooked the grand garden, with a table of coffee and tea against one wall. The trainees had returned, a few of them working together to make hot drinks. All looked a little worn and tired, pencil-skirts and blouses now ruffled and slightly sweaty, their glossy black heels scuffed and muddy. Combined with the restraints, it was a delightful look – a tall woman, her makeup exquisite and her arms in a leather binder behind her back, was giving instructions to a blindfolded brunette, whose blouse was starting to stick to her skin due to sweat. Manicured hands slowly tapped and fumbled for cups, turning one over and then trying to find the UHT milk.

Alexandria approached, gently laying her hand on the blindfolded woman's shoulder, holding it there through her initial moment of tension, until she registered that it was a friendly touch and relaxed. 'Allow me to help. One milk?'

'Yes, Miss Hunt.'

Alexandria quickly made two cups, pouring in the indicated amount of milk. She patted the woman on the back again, feeling her body – a little pudgy, but nothing that some training couldn't resolve. Her hair needed some work though, with darker roots showing through. Alexandria ran a hand down her back, enjoying the brief shiver. The slight grime and dirt added an extra frisson of appeal – there was something delightful about the usually pristine women when they started to get worn down.

She glanced around, checking that everyone had returned. Two looked even more scuffed and worn than the others, with mud soaked into their tights and over their shoes, a chain running between their collared necks. One was blindfolded, the other had her hands cuffed to the back of her neck. They must have tried to take a shortcut – that would certainly explain the grime and leaves on their suit jackets.

She clapped her hands together, those that could see turning to look at her, those that were blinded shuffling around awkwardly. 'Very good, everyone. You have all made your way back, by helping and trusting each other.' She stroked some hair back into place. 'This is an important lesson you need to learn, in order to be both a good leader and a good follower.' She stepped up to the tall woman in the armbinder, using her hands to push and pull the woman around, tweaking her posture.

'You all need to remember yourselves, and your positions. You may not always be in charge, but when you are submissive, you should submit with grace.' This one had lovely muscle tone, and would look lovely in a backless dress, especially if her flesh were to be marked up with wax or a few whip-welts. When she touched them, they shivered, twisting around to look at Alexandria, biting her lip before smiling at Alexandria and sighing. 'Your next lesson is to feed each other.' She stroked the backside of the tall woman – from her reaction, she had clearly been trained by Alexandria before.

Double-doors swung open, and the maid wheeled in a large trolley, filled with trays of food. She pushed it into position and locked the wheels into place, before curtsying (more decorously this time, not exposing herself). 'Lunch is served.' She caught Alexandria's eye and gave her a flirty smile, before ducking her head and approaching, speaking confidently as the woman began the task of feeding each other.

'There was a message for you, Mistress.' She paused, looking nervous and uncertain, as Alexandria reached out and stroked her hair. 'Mr Wolff has passed. Your attendance is requested to deal with certain matters regarding his will.'

Alexandria froze, the warm room suddenly seeming chill. *Dead?* Could this be some scheme to capture her again? It had taken her years to get free before, and she wouldn't, *couldn't* go through that again. When she recovered herself, the maid was looking at her with concern, apparently having said something while she had been spaced out. She tried to look confident and in charge, even as her stomach roiled nervously.

'Make the arrangements. I suppose the matter will need seeing to.'

'Yes, Mistress. And the young master?'

'He doesn't need informing yet. Maybe later. There is a new guest in the bunker, and Diana is currently enjoying some guided meditation in the mandala room. See that she is tended to.'

'As you say, Mistress. I shall have a car bought up. And some appropriate clothing?'

‘Yes. Good girl.’ Alexandria patted her on the head, the warm smile making her feel better. Now to finish this group off, so she could go tend to this unexpected business. Could it be a trick? Her departure hadn’t been under the best of circumstances, and she hadn’t seen him since. Whenever they had been at the same event, they had avoided each other – she wasn’t sure if he had done it as deliberately as she had. But dead? When? And how?

Chapter Three: An Unexpected Legacy

The veil was stylish but mildly inconvenient, the dark material covering her face and making it a little harder to see, as she walked down the street. The long, dark skirt swished around her legs with every step, and she was drawing attention, admiring and questioning glances in equal amounts. It did a little to filter out the pollution though, making London a little more tolerable. The dark clothing brought back memories she would rather forget, making her nervous whenever she saw her reflection – she preferred white these days, but there were some standards to uphold.

The legal offices were in a shining, newly-built office block, the summer sunlight glinting off the glass panels, an air-conditioned breeze blowing over her as the doors opened. Inside was the usual open-plan, metal and marble, with some not-particularly-impressive sculptures in the corners. Some generically-attractive receptionists were waiting, their faces in bland and fixed smiles. She assessed them – all were pretty enough, but two of them had sloppy posture, and one of them had slightly messy makeup. Still, they were able to direct her to the law offices, and wave her through the security gates and towards the lifts.

Everyone else gave her a notable berth – she could get used to this! Maybe a corset, for the full look? Although the suit jacket was closely tailored to her body, completely covering her skin but still showing her form well. In the lift, although there was a clear space around her, she did catch a few men looking at her admiringly.

The lift dinged open and Alexandria stepped out, doing her best to glide, trying to move without showing the movement of her legs. From the few startled looks she got, she was successful, office workers looking somewhat perturbed by her motion.

It didn't take long to find the right office, a brassy nameplate catching the eye. She stepped inside, finding herself in a small reception room, framed legal certificates on the walls, between well-stocked bookcases. A very pretty secretary looked at her, dressed in severe black, a metal "necklace" clearly something that couldn't be removed, a brass-tinted ring serving as functional decoration. Was this one that Alexandria had trained? She looked somewhat familiar, although the dark hair and exquisite makeup was generic, her lips enhanced by plastic surgery.

'How may I help, ma'am?'

'I am Alexandria Hunt. My... ex-husband has apparently died.'

The secretary stood, her skirt short, and tight enough that Alexandria could see, for a moment, a chastity belt outlined beneath the material. 'My condolences, Mrs. Hunt. Allow me to see if Mr Skiffly is available.' She walked over to an internal door, moving gracefully despite her four-inch heels. An anklet hung around a well-toned ankle, an iron chain locked into place with a padlock, another sign of her position. Alexandria nodded in approval – she was well-trained – was she shared by the office, or someone's personal possession?

'Mr Skiffly will see you now.' The woman stepped inside, holding the door open for Alexandria to enter. She walked ahead of Alexandria, who glanced around. It was very typical – more shelves of legal books, with expensive knick-knacks on display, along with some art that was very expensive, and very bland. The lawyer was younger than she had expected, probably younger than she was, and dressed in a tailored suit.

The secretary knelt down by his desk, her knees resting on a cushion clearly provided for that purpose. She was clearly well looked after, if not spoiled! Next to the cushion were two metal bowls – one with the remnants of some dried food in, the other with a trace amount of... was that *champagne*? There was an empty bottle, not quite hidden in the corner. He tapped the girl on the head and she smiled, before he went to a filing cabinet and rifled through it, pulling out a thick bundle of legal papers, then sitting down. The secretary was treated to another headpat, then he turned to Alexandria.

‘Mrs Hunt... No, Miss Hunt, I see. It appears you were separated from Mr Wolff, for quite some time, with one child? And you are responsible for... Dillon?’

‘Yes. He is at university currently.’ She reached up and removed the veil, glad to be able to see properly again.

‘Well, he is now a very wealthy young man. Mr Wolff has left him his entire stake in Orion.’

‘All of it?’

‘Well, it seems as though the will hadn’t been updated in some time. His current, uh, partner, has indicated she may challenge it.’

Alexandria grinned. ‘Camilla Bowers? I doubt she will be much of a problem.’

‘I would hesitate to give a legal opinion without knowing the full details, but she certainly seems more enthusiastic than anything else. I doubt she has much legal standing.’

‘If I could arrange a private meeting, I think I could probably persuade her.’

The secretary shivered, meeting Alexandria’s eyes, clearly recognizing her. Mr Skiffly gave the secretary a questioning look, before turning back to Alexandria. ‘I will see if I arrange a meeting. It would certainly make things easier if it could be resolved out of court. Uh, I’m sorry, Miss Hunt, do you know Stephanie?’

‘I trained her, a few years ago I think.’ She moved over and gently tapped Stephanie on the head, the girl immediately sitting up straight rather than slouching, her face settling into an obedient and demure smile. ‘It seems she has found a good home and is well cared for.’

‘She makes herself useful. And it’s nice to have her for stress relief. She is a little high-maintenance though. Isn’t that right, Stephanie?’

She kept her eyes downcast as she spoke. ‘I like caviar. And champagne!’ She was smiling now, biting her lip in anticipation.

‘Pouring champagne into a doggie bowl does seem a little unusual. But she works well, as long as we keep her fed. And in nice clothing. She went on strike when I bought her some cheap lingerie!’

‘Hmm. Perhaps we can come to an arrangement then. If you represent me, then I can train Stephanie. It seems she has gotten a little spoiled.’ Stephanie opened her mouth to say something, then shut it when Alexandria glared at her. ‘Although she is a lovely piece.’

‘I take it that you are in the, ah, trade then?’

Alexandria pulled Stephanie to her feet by her collar, pulling her close and kissing her. She was warm and soft, the smell of her perfume slight. She reacted enthusiastically, pushing herself against Alexandria, trying to push her tongue into Alexandria’s mouth. She pushed her away, holding her at arm’s length, ignoring her disappointed sigh.

‘Yes. And it seems as though she has been left a little wild. A little retraining will do her good.’ She tugged on the collar, pulling the woman around, before spinning her around and pushing her around the wall.

She was still submissive, naturally raising her hands and putting them on her head. Alexandria felt at her back and buttocks, and the metal band between her legs.

‘Hmmm, is she regularly belted?’

‘She does get, ah, *used*, and quite often.’

‘I think a period of abstinence may do her some good. Perhaps use her mouth more? I think that she has been over-indulged, and needs to be treated more harshly. If you agree, then I can take her for a week or two, and she’ll be far less needy afterwards.’ She lightly spanked the woman’s backside, enjoying the way she shivered. The foundations seemed to be there, but her owners had let her get spoiled! Although it was easy to see why – she was a beautiful woman, and her indulgences hadn’t yet made her fat. ‘And no more fine foods.’ The woman whined in protest, Alexandria spanking them again.

‘That sounds agreeable. It will be nice to have her fully attentive again. She used to do a lot more, but has been less dutiful lately.’

The girl gave a self-satisfied wriggle, still pressed against the wall.

‘Yes, it’s important to keep them needy and not spoil them. Even those with the best training can still become less useful if allowed to take liberties.’ Alexandria leaned in to kiss the woman’s neck, before gently blowing on her ear – she was a sensitive little thing still, despite being too-well looked after. ‘Now, the company ownership – it is a controlling stake in the entire group?’

‘Yes. Very diversified – a wide range of service companies and arm’s-length entities, some consultancy providers, even a few industrial units. And all financially healthy, at least from the paperwork. A few that could be doing better, but none that are in any danger.’

‘He always did like to spread his bets.’ She pulled Stephanie away from the walls and pushed down, the girl smoothly sinking to her knees, arms coming to rest on her legs. Her already-short skirt rode further up, showing the gleam of metal. At least she, or someone else, had the decency to keep her chastity belt clean and shiny! Alexandria took a grip on her glossy hair, her other hand going around the front and taking a grip of her throat. ‘What of the central company? I remember the other board members being rather... strong personalities.’

Stephanie’s mouth had obediently dropped open, her training not having slacked so much she couldn’t miss the intention.

‘Yes, that seems likely to be unchanged. Although I have not had the pleasure of meeting them. But Mr Sandwell is rather strongly opinionated, and owns the second largest amount of shares after your son. Far from a controlling share, but enough to have a certain level of influence.’

He walked closer, unzipping his flies, Stephanie making a happy sound. Alexandria nodded, partially in appreciation at Stephanie’s training, and also at the mention of Sandwell. Loud, opinionated and overly fond of throwing his weight around. He could probably be dealt with, or paid off if needed.

Stephanie’s head bobbed forward, tongue slipping out from between bright red lips, rolling the cock-head around on her tongue, Alexandria keeping a grip of her head to stop her from deep-throating the thing from the start.

‘There’s Ian Creswell. He’s young, keen, very sharp, out to make a name for himself. Very involved with the technology aspects and is looking to expand and get more influence. I’ve heard rumors that some of his own backing is a little unorthodox, but it’s all in the usual stack of shell companies and off-shore accounts.’

Stephanie was making contented gulping and sucking noises – more than were strictly needed, but she was managing to do it without making any mess, and a little show was no bad thing.

‘I will need to organize a board meeting. I trust you can make the arrangements? And massage things to give me a suitable level of authority?’

Despite the woman sucking on his cock, Skiffly was managing to pay some attention, although his voice was starting to get thin and wheezy. ‘Yes, I can... make the arrangement.’

Alexandria released her grip a little, letting Stephanie have more control herself, her head moving forward as she started to slide more of her lips and mouth around the cock. ‘But there is... Veronica Taylor and Elanor Hathering.’

Alexandria drew Stephanie’s head back, so that she could only lick at the cock-tip again, making a disappointed whine.

‘Elanor Hathering I’ve heard of. Old money, overly proud?’

His voice was tinged with desperation now, but she glared at him with a smile, keeping him standing where he was rather than letting him step forward to impale the girl’s throat.

‘Yes, very wealthy, runs a lot of society events, frequently in the society pages.’

As he revealed more information, she allowed Stephanie more movement, kissing and licking his shaft again.

‘And Veronica?’

‘She was... internally promoted.’ It didn’t take much to make him splutter and gasp, Stephanie doing a good job of keeping him on the edge, Alexandria stroking her head. ‘Sharp, likes to... command and... bossy.’

‘Hmmm. She sounds as though she may be a problem. But I will have to meet them and see what can be done.’

She gave Stephanie’s head a push forward, sliding it along the cock, the girl spluttering as her throat was violated, the spluttering gasps getting Alexandria turned on. She could see her hands tensing on her lap, starting to stroke her thighs, pulling her skirt up fully to reveal the shining chastity belt, fingers powerlessly scrabbling at the metal.

It didn’t take long for him to come, Stephanie tilting her head back and swallowing.

‘Can I have a treat now?’

Alexandria pinched the back of her neck. ‘No.’

She made a pouting noise, and Alexandria wished she had a gag, or at least some cuffs, but hadn’t thought to bring any equipment.

‘You have been spoiling her, haven’t you?’ Skiffly looked guilty. ‘No matter, I shall refine her. We’re going to have some fun today, isn’t that right, little Stephanie?’ She pinched harder, drawing out a pained squeal. ‘Now, how long will it take to arrange a meeting? And please zip yourself up.’

His flaccid cock mercifully disappeared back into his trousers. ‘Only a few days, I imagine they will be expecting something considering the... circumstances.’

‘Very good. Make the necessary arrangements. And you will need to arrange to do without this one for a week or so, to allow me to train her. Longer, if you can spare her.’ She squeezed Stephanie’s throat, making the girl whine in a way that was pleasing to hear.

‘She is due for some holiday; she practically lives in the office. I will arrange everything – I assume you will be around for a few days?’

She smiled at him, before reattaching her veil. ‘Oh yes, this seems worth the trouble. I look forward to hearing from you.’ She let go of Stephanie, before flicking her ear, making her flinch. ‘And I look forward to seeing you again.’

Chapter Four: Board Meeting

The boardroom was much the same as every other boardroom she had ever been in – a large table with chairs set at regular intervals, discreet plugs to power laptops and phones, vaguely impressionistic artwork. Her ex-husband's stamp had been clear in the secretaries and assistants though – all notably attractive, leggy and curvaceous. Although less well-trained than Alexandria liked, several of them needing prompting before she had been allowed through, some of them obviously picked for their looks rather than their brains.

She had deliberately arrived early, wanting to get the measure of the place – it seemed functional enough, the staff tending to their business, tapping away at computers or attending to meetings. She had commandeered an office for herself by the simple expedient of walking in and haranguing IT until a laptop had been provided, a polite and over-awed office drone doing all the required setup and granting her the relevant permissions.

The door opened, a woman walking in. She was dressed in a smart suit jacket and skirt, but her scarlet hair was drawn back in a no-nonsense braided pony-tail, and her make-up was minimal – she must be Veronica. All business, by the looks of things, without much space in her life for pleasure. A shame, as she was attractive, seemingly despite her best efforts. She looked at Alexandria, scanning her up and down before taking a seat and opening up her laptop, immediately starting to work. Alexandria resisted a smile – all work and no play, she would probably enjoy a break! Or be made to enjoy it. And that body would look better in a harness, or a latex mini-skirt and a translucent blouse, topped off with a nice collar.

Sandwell was the next to enter and was much as she remembered him – a large and stocky man in late middle-age, fighting a losing battle against growing fat. He leered at Veronica, seemingly more from habit than out of actual desire, and she didn't seem to even notice. His look at Alexandria was more appraising, unsure of her intent. She gave him a vague smile back, guarding her expression.

Elanor and Ian arrived together – he was dressed like any other young businessman, in a tailored suit and shiny shoes, an expensive and slightly gaudy watch on his wrist. Elanor was dressed in a far more eye-catching fashion, more suitable for clubbing than a formal meeting – she was wearing a black bodycon dress that clung to her body like a second skin, a golden chain drawing attention to her waist and hour-glass figure, heels making her even taller, a small fortune in diamonds gleaming on her wrists, ears and around her neck. The several studs on her ears gave a slightly “punk” edge to her look, especially with the thigh-length boots she was wearing, and she somehow made the diamond-studded choker look classy rather than gaudy. Her dark hair was carefully crafted and tousled, some flunky having spent hours making it look as though she had just gotten up. Smokey makeup rimmed her eyes, her look appealing to Alexandria despite the suspicious look she gave her, before swaying over to a seat, her gait rolling her hips as though she were on a catwalk.

Mercifully, there were no flunkies and underlings. Veronica tapped at her keyboard before looking up from it, her dark eyes skimming over everyone else, paying particular attention to Alexandria.

Alexandria was the first to speak, as everyone else dithered. ‘Good afternoon, everyone. I haven’t worked with you before but will be doing so from now on. I control my son’s controlling shares in Orion.’

None of them looked surprised, as Veronica tapped some notes in.

‘I have taken an office and look forward to your cooperation. I have also employed a PA.’

There was a surprising lack of resistance, although if they were used to William’s commands and diktats, then even being told about things in advance would be a welcome change. ‘I will probably be making some changes to the company structure.’

Ian spoke, his voice quiet and careful. He could be a useful ally – and some of the girls could do with some cock-training. Maybe he deserved an invitation? At least if his loyalty could be ensured. ‘I thought that you had separated from Mr Wolff, quite some time ago?’

‘Yes, we had parted ways. I was somewhat surprised at this turn of events, but he was sometimes prone to strange choices.’

Sandwell chuckled and spoke. ‘Which had a somewhat perplexing tendency to pay out! Well, perplexing and profitable. But you run corporate away days, group training, that sort of thing? I hope you won’t be trying to force me to endure morning calisthenics?’

She made a polite laugh back. ‘Not unless you want to. But yes, I run very elite training exercises, for the very best employees and managers. I would give you the advertising spiel, but I’m sure you don’t want to hear it. I will take some of our employees through it, though. Once I have assessed them to see who is the best suited to receive and understand it.’

Veronica tapped again, before looking at Alexandria, her face carefully neutral. Or perhaps that was her natural expression, or she didn’t care? She looked entirely professional, likely to a fault – no wedding or engagement ring, probably married to her job. Attractive though, and she would probably be easy to entice onto a training course. She had a figure that would look good in latex as well, tight and lean. And it would probably do her good to have a few screaming, body-wracking, utterly uninhibited, orgasms, to leave her panting and drained.

The rest of the meeting was strangely normal – she had been expecting some resistance or push-back, but they seemed entirely professional, and not particularly grieving. Only Elanor showed any emotion, but it was hard to tell if she was tired from clubbing all night, putting on an act, or disappointed to lose a fuck-buddy (there was no way that William wouldn’t have tried to fuck her, and she looked the sort that would have reciprocated, at least a few times).

The meeting didn’t take long, and most of it was consumed with fairly dull legalities. Elanor and Sandwell both looked bored, Elanor’s eyelids fluttering as her head bobbed, and she could barely stay awake. Alexandria felt much the same, but managed to hide it, until they were finally done. They all rose and handshakes were exchanged, before they exited. As he moved towards the door, Alexandria tapped Sandwell on the shoulder.

‘Come and see me in my office, there is something we need to discuss.’

He looked at her with surprise. ‘Oh? I thought you said there wouldn’t be mandatory exercise?’

‘It is something of a business proposal. To our mutual advantage. This way.’

They stepped outside, where the employees did their best to suddenly look busy, likely desperately wanting the board members to leave them alone. Ian and Veronica had attracted a small group of... acolytes? Followers? They must have some competency at their roles, then.

The office she had picked was large and well-lit, with big windows overlooking the square outside. It was currently very empty, with nothing but a desk inside – she would have to see if

the company owned any artwork she could display. Art that was less bland than that on display in the lobby!

The door clicked shut behind them, and she twisted the blinds on the internal windows, so that they couldn't be seen from outside.

'So, what is it you want to discuss? Interested in selling your shares already?' He was sharper than he had been in the meeting, now he was directly involved.

'Of course not. No, something of more personal interest to you. I am aware that you have certain... unusual tastes.'

He looked suddenly suspicious, glancing away. 'I have been known to enjoy rare wines.'

'And fine meat, so I'm told. Lovingly bound in rope and well tenderized.'

He looked at her again, taking a slow step backwards, towards the door. 'You're William's ex-wife, so I suppose it's not a surprise that you know. But there's no proof.'

She smiled at him, and held up her hands, trying to look comforting. 'Oh, if I wanted to blackmail you, I could probably find someone that appeals to your tastes – busty with black hair, if memory serves? Squealers, for preference. But that seems like a lot of additional work. How about, rather than all that, you allow me to supply you. Cut out the middleman, so to speak. And to prevent any danger from anyone else causing problems.'

'What exactly are you offering?'

The door opened and Yua stepped inside, wearing a short and smart coat that clung to her body, a leather collar stark around her neck, lock built into the material, just above a large O-ring. As soon as the door shut behind her, she discarded the coat, revealing that she was wearing nothing but a corset and some lace panties beneath.

'I'm sure you could find an opening for her. She's actually a qualified accountant, so you can even put her to work. And it saves me the trouble of having to try and get blackmail evidence on you. This way makes it a lot simpler and you can have fun without having to sneak around. I think you'll find that Yua is very compliant, and well suited to your tastes.'

'That seems a lot more... straightforward than I was expecting. William described you as being rather more underhanded.'

Yua pressed up against him, smiling up at him.

'I find it easier to be more direct. It saves a lot of time. If you want to give any advice, then I will listen, but otherwise I can supply you with some meat that you may find pleasurable.'

He pushed Yua away and twisted her around, slapping her backside with a loud "crack" and making her squeal. 'Hmm, this one certainly is nice.'

'Something of a quick work, but she should suffice. If you could return her to me when convenient?'

He spanked her again, then squeezed her backside, feeling her flesh, before suddenly glancing around suspiciously, looking at the ceiling. 'Is this being recorded?'

'I've only been here a few hours, I've not had time! No, this is a genuine offer. Given your tastes, I could blackmail you, but this is far easier for us both.'

He ripped away her panties and tossed them away, Alexandria making a mental note to tidy them up herself – she didn't want any rumors to start, at least not based around her office! At least not until she'd had a chance to try and sway Elanor and Veronica.

Sandwell pushed Yua over, so she was on all fours, his hand fumbling his trousers open before feeling between her legs, coming back visibly damp.

'Here? Really?'

'Well, I want to test her out.'

Alexandria sighed and averted her eyes – Sandwell wasn't that attractive to start with and puffing and panting as he ground away at Yua did little to help.

'As I take it to mean that you have accepted our agreement, then if you could help me with the others? It seems important that they all agree with my company vision. Elanor and Veronica especially.'

'Elanor's a slippery one.' He was speaking in ragged pants now, balls-deep in a happily squealing Yua. 'And Veronica's a cold one. Pretty sure William had them both, but not for long.'

He grabbed at Yua's hair, pulling her head back and making her grunt in pain.

'Veronica's very professional. Bit cold and unfriendly.'

His skin was slapping against Yua's backside now, the sound of flesh-on-flesh loud in the mostly empty room.

'Elanor's hard to pin down. Something of a dilettante in such matters. A lot of lovers, but rarely settles down. And likes to dress up as well. Occasionally descends from her lofty position to discuss matters, before leaving for some party. Has links to big money, and isn't exactly poor herself.'

He came, his hands tightened on Yua's hips hard enough to indent into the flesh, shooting his load, his face contorting, Alexandria looking away until he had recovered himself somewhat.

'Could do with having her pride broken a little.'

Cum was visible, seeping out of Yua's pussy, her thighs wet. She rubbed herself against him, not having come herself, as he zippered his trousers, leaving her disappointed. She looked at Alexandria for permission, then started to touch herself when she nodded, her fingers busy between her thighs.

As Yua finished herself off, Alexandria put her out of mind and kept speaking. 'Well, that does sound a delightful prospect. Of course, I would need cooperation to secure such an arrangement. Can I count on your full support?' Men were always a lot more agreeable just after coming.

'Well, you seem to have hired a new assistant for me. I'm sure she'll be well-behaved.' Yua's orgasmic pants echoed around the room, before she curled up into a happy ball. Alexandria poked her with a foot until she rolled over, needing further coaxing until she stood up.

'Hmm. She needs more work but should suffice. Now, if you want to spend some more time with her, then go and do so elsewhere, I have business to attend to.'

He looked slightly taken aback, but recovered well, shaking off his post-fuck fugue. 'There is an empty floor, you know. If you wanted to establish a more private domain. We were going to expand up there, but the plans were put on hold with the passing of Mr Wolff. I'm sure you could do something delightful with the space.'

'An interesting idea. I will have to contact some friends of mine for appropriate furniture. I'm sure an incentivization scheme can be implemented, to reward swift performance and punish the tardy.'

Chapter Five: The (Ex)Replacement

Alexandria walked across the office-space, adding a little sway to her hips, noting the way that the eyes of the employees, especially the male ones, followed her. It was nice to be able to attract attention! She saw the blinds to her ex-husband's personal office and she shivered – she hadn't been able to face going in there just yet. Too many memories, even the thought sending a mingling of pleasure through her crotch, along with spikes of remembered pain through her body.

The workmen were busy on the floor above, altering it according to her requirements – it would take them a few weeks to finish, putting a slight delay in her plans, but it gave her more time to recruit staff and move some of her own followers into position. But today she needed to resolve a pre-existing issue. The woman had been foolish enough to come to a private meeting! This should be easy.

The smaller conference room was soundproofed, and had a door that could be electronically locked. Alexandria checked that the lock would hold, before preparing her equipment, making sure it was out of view of the entrance, a crate hidden away in a corner. Once she was done, she admired the view from the full-length windows – the sun shone brightly off other tower blocks, glass panels tinted gold and brass, other workers streaming into their offices.

Her phone buzzed, a message flashing up that her visitor had arrived and would be shown up. Alexandria messaged back confirmation, before checking that the controls worked – she heard a solid *thunk* as she tapped the screen and commanded the locks to seal, the room plunging into darkness and then back into light as she controlled the blinds. A useful privilege of rank! She settled herself comfortably into a chair and waited.

It didn't take long before one of the secretaries (they did have names, but all seemed to be stamped from the same mold – leggy, curvy and eager to tease, but not go all the way) appeared at the door, showing her “guest” in. Camilla was similar-looking, although in more expensive clothing than the luxury-brand pencil skirts and blouses of the secretaries. Instead, she was wearing a silk dress that closely sheathed her body, transparent panels of gauze running down the center of her chest, golden bracelets jangling on her wrists, brightly painted nails on her hands and bottle-blonde curls bouncing on her shoulders. As she walked forward, the soles of her high-heels could be seen, bright red contrasting with the glossy black leather, straps tight against her stocking-clad legs. A pearl necklace was wrapped around her neck, not entirely concealing the compression-marks from wearing a collar for too long. It looked as though the skin had been abraded, still noticeably red and puffy, despite the makeup.

Alexandria's eyes flicked over her, noticing similar marks on her wrists, and guessing that the same marks would be on her ankles as well. Well, it seemed she had some spine at least! Well, that would make this more fun.

Camilla slowly entered the room, looking around cautiously as the secretary withdrew silently, closing the door behind her. Alexandria stood and approached Camilla, glad that she was slightly taller, able to look down on the woman. She was attractive, her hair dyed blonde and exquisitely shaped and worked into an artful flow, her face betraying just a touch of surgery.

‘There are matters we need to discuss, Camilla.’ She extended her hand towards the other woman, and they shook hands. She could feel Camilla shaking slightly, before tensing and gaining some reassurance. ‘Please, sit.’ She gestured at one of the chairs.

Camilla ignored her, withdrawing her hand and stalking across the room, trying to keep a safe distance, Alexandria stalking her.

‘You don’t deserve any of this! You weren’t there, you didn’t have to endure... everything.’ She shuddered, one hand rising up to her neck and rubbing at the worn skin, making Alexandria smile. The woman had been collared, and clearly hadn’t liked it. Given his tastes, removing it have been a challenge, likely involving heavy machinery. That would explain the abraded skin!

Alexandria slowly reached out, the woman still clearly nervous, and stroked her face, before running a finger around her neck, feeling the warmer, wounded flesh, noting her wince when Alexandria pressed on the skin.

‘You must know that you can’t win. You were just his entertainment for a short while, I was his wife.’

That sparked her into life, her eyes flashing, shoulders tense. ‘I... You bitch! How dare you!’ She stepped forward, hands rigid with anger, as Alexandria tapped the “lock” button on her phone. The *clunk* of the locks was loud enough to be heard over Camilla’s voice, making her look around in a sudden nervous twitch. ‘Let me go, *Miss Hunt*. I think this conversation would be best done via our lawyers’.

Alexandria stepped in close and kissed her, wrapping her arms around her tightly and squeezing, drawing the breath from her lungs. Camilla’s dress was so thin that Alexandria could feel her lush body through it, warm and shaking. She held the kiss until Camilla started to wriggle against her desperate for breath, at which point she withdrew, just enough to let the woman take a short and desperate pant.

‘Everything belongs to me now. And I think that includes you.’

‘No... Not again... Please...’ Camilla tried to withdraw, but Alexandria pushed her up against a window, staying close, their breasts pushing together, Alexandria staring down into her eyes. She stroked one of her nails against Camilla’s neck, pressing harder now, leaving a thin white pressure-line on the soft skin.

‘It looks like you weren’t trained fully. Maybe he was going soft?’ She grabbed the pearl necklace and twisted, pulling it tight around Camilla’s neck before the clasp snapped and she could pull it away. With it gone, the collar-marks were even more obvious – the dent in the skin where the clasp had been, rub-marks from leather abrading the skin over a lengthy period of time. She leaned in and nipped at the skin, making Camilla whimper, as Alexandria stroked her breast, before trailing her hand downwards and between Camilla’s legs, the thin dress offering no resistance as she started to tease between her thighs. ‘You should be thankful you weren’t belted.’

Camilla shuddered and gasped.

‘Oh, were you belted? That must have been awkward to remove. I wonder what the locksmith thought? What did you have to give him to keep him quiet? Your pretty little mouth?’ She kept stroking between the woman’s legs, feeling her soften. ‘Or maybe your cunt? Or your asshole? Or all three?’ She reached down, the short hem of the dress easy to get around, feeling the smooth stockings before reaching up to tug at the skimpy thong, finding that Camilla was already wet.

‘No, I’m not... I’m not like that...’

‘You are like whatever your owner says you are like. And that is now me. I think you would make a lovely bribe for someone. Bent over a desk, maybe you could be the annual bonus? Would you like that?’

She whimpered as Alexandria started to finger-fuck her, easily sliding into her, using her other hand to grasp the woman around the neck, staring her in the eyes, pinning her eyes. When she tried to look away, Alexandria slapped her, thin finger-welts appearing. Her whimpers were soft and mewling, her body limp and mostly supported by the glass.

‘You belong to me now. You may have removed your old collar, and that will have to be remedied.

‘No, please... not again!’ She tried to pull away, but Alexandria simply squeezed her neck until she stopped, letting go and allowing Camilla to slide downwards as she reached into her bag and drew out a shining metal ring, three inches high, currently open. As she saw it, Camilla’s eyes opened wide, a desperate sigh escaping her lips, and she pushed herself backwards, unsuccessfully scrabbling at the glass window.

Alexandria knelt next to her, gathering up the woman’s hair with one hand, baring her neck as she pressed the metal against the flesh. From how it lined up with the abrasions, it was larger than her old collar. Camilla tried shaking her head, but Alexandria slapped her again, stilling any complaints, before closing the collar, clicking it shut, then rotating it in place. There was a golden front plate and ring atop the brushed steel, Alexandria carefully moving it into place, then pushing the plate upwards with another click.

She kissed Camilla on the cheek. ‘A very special design. There’s no keyhole, and the metal is tough enough I doubt it can be removed with tools. If you’re a *very* good girl, then I might let you take it off. Maybe.’

Camilla’s hands came up, pulling on the metal, trying to move the plate but unable to manage even that. ‘No! Please! Take it off. I don’t want it!’

Alexandria grabbed her hair tightly, enough that the pain stopped her complaints. ‘Know your place. Obey me, or things will get even worse for you.’ She tossed Camilla to one side, the woman slumping to the ground, only slowly rising to all fours, as Alexandria tossed metal wrist-cuffs at the ground in front of her. ‘Your first order. Put these on.’

Camilla picked one up, looking at the smooth metal, turning it over and over, looking for a keyhole or any method of release, fingers brushing over the metal. Her breathing was coming in desperate pants as she looked around, desperate for escape, as Alexandria stepped on her head, pushing it down onto the carpet.

‘Know your place. Put them on.’ She let command creep into her voice, her tone getting stricter, and there was the satisfying click of metal as a cuff snapped into place, bound around skin. ‘And the other one.’

Camilla was lost to fear and panic, her fingers looking clammy with sweat as she picked the other one up, having to fumble around without being able to properly see, Alexandria’s heel pinning her into place. And then that also was locked into position with a sob. Alexandria tapped Camilla’s head to the side, before grabbing at a leg and wrapping an ankle-cuff into place, repeating the process on the other leg. By now Camilla was virtually paralyzed with fear, body shaking in dry gulps.

‘Good girl. Now, you do want to be a good girl, don’t you?’ She kept her voice low and soothing, gently patting her on the head.

‘Ye... Yes...’

‘Good. Then put that mouth of yours to work.’

Camilla shuffled around until she was on her knees in front of Alexandria, dipping her head and kissing at Alexandria's shoes, tongue lapping at the white leather, before moving to kiss her ankles.

'A good start. But I think you know what else to do, don't you?'

Camilla whimpered, but moved in closer, kissing at Alexandria's legs, as Alexandria raised her skirt, and let Alexandria start to eat her out. She pumped her head in and out like she was sucking a cock, until Alexandria took a firm grasp of her hair and held her in close. She didn't seem to have much experience with pleasuring women, but her tongue wavered over Alexandria's folds, only slowly probing deeper in until Alexandria dug her nails into Camilla's back, drawing out a hiss of pain, but prompting her to use her tongue with more vigor, pushing it deeper into Alexandria.

It wasn't very good oral, but it was satisfying to gush over Camilla's face, her making running with Alexandria's juices. As she lay on the floor, still in shock, Alexandria ran a short chain between her ankle-cuffs, another between her wrists and then shoved a ball-gag into her mouth before drawing her limbs together into a hogtie. Camilla started to wriggle and protest, but couldn't achieve more than drawing her dress up.

'You belong to me now. I'm going to arrange for transportation to somewhere we can be alone together. Until I can be sure of your loyalty. And you won't be needing any of this.' She took the woman's purse, throwing it into her own bag. 'You won't need money, or a phone. There is no-one you will need to talk to, and I will supply your needs.'

'Mmmppphhh! Nppphhh!'

Alexandria had already prepared a crate, well-padded and thick enough that muffle any sounds Camilla might make. She had to slap the woman a few times in order to keep her quiet, dropping her into the crate more forcefully than was needed, then sealing the lid shut. The secretaries could arrange transportation – it wouldn't even need a lorry, just a courier van would suffice.

Chapter Six: Performance Review

Alexandria enjoyed the nervousness of the woman sitting in front of her, noting her twitching hands, the ways her eyes darted about. She definitely met Alexandria's requirements for appearance, with long, black hair that fell down her back in a sleek cascade, restrained with some leather ties, filling out her suit jacket and shirt well, her skirt showing off long, toned legs. She was a bit less artificial-looking than the secretaries, her makeup not quite as precise and perfect, her earrings more restrained studs rather than the large golden loops they favored.

'Your recent performance has been mostly good, but there have been a few... blips.'

The woman gave another nervous twitch, her obvious fear sending a thrill through Alexandria. She stood and walked forward, deliberately clicking her heels against the floor, walking behind them. They shuddered again, not wanting to turn all the way around to see her, as Alexandria gripped her shoulders and started to rub and massage them, digging her thumbs in, pushing through the material of the suit jacket.

'You are overly tense.' She pushed her thumbs in hard, hearing them grunt as the air was pushed from their lungs. 'You have potential, but it needs work.'

'Yes, Miss Hunt... Ha...'

'Just "Alexandria" will do. I am starting a special training program, for those like you, that need some work to truly shine.' The woman's hair was magnificent, black and glossy! Maybe it could be done into a high ponytail – she had the slender physique of a runner, and would look good sheathed in black leather or latex, forced onto her toes in pony-boots, arms bound into a binder, those cute breasts pushed forward.

'Would you be interested in some further training?' She leaned into the massage, feeling strained and tired muscles give way under the pressure of her fingers. 'Well, Sally?'

'I... Oh, yes...'

'There is some paperwork to sign. Do you consent?'

'Mmmm...'

Alexandria kept massaging her with one hand while reaching for a tablet with the other, pulling up a dense wall of legalese. Not that it would pass muster in court, but it helped to make people feel obligated and could be a convenient threat. Sally managed to reach out and press her fingertips against the screen, the software registering her input, automatically validating her identity.

'Good.' Alexandria breathed on her ear, smiling at her reaction. 'This will involve monitoring your health. I want my staff to be nice and relaxed, so I want to monitor when you are getting too stressed. And it will help to track your workload as well.' She started to massage Sally's shoulders, forcing out the pressure and tension, taking the time to feel her body as well – a little in need of some work, but nothing irreparable. 'Remove your jacket.' Sally moved her arms, Alexandria pulling the thing off her – it wasn't tailored, but was still a good brand.

'Now, let me attach the first of the measuring devices.'

Sally had her eyes closed, enjoying the massage. Well, this might be the last time she got to fully relax for a while, not that she would know that yet! She must be stressed though, from the effect the massage was having.

Alexandria reached for the collar – black-burnished steel, with sensors on the inside, two inches high. It fit snugly around Sally’s neck, the golden front panel covering the locking mechanism, a thick ring hanging from the center. It beeped as it locked shut, the sensors activating.

Sally’s eyes shot open, her hands flashing to the collar, feeling the metal. ‘What is this?’ She tried pulling it off, a muted beeping coming from the tablet.

Alexandria spoke slowly and soothingly, digging her fingers into the woman’s spine, making her gasp in pleasure. ‘A simple measuring and tracking device. For those in whom I’ve taken an interest and will be working with to develop. There will be certain perks, although you will need to work to impress me.’

She was starting to relax again, gasping as Alexandria shoved fingers into her, feeling herself getting aroused as she manipulated flesh.

‘Arms up.’

Sally obeyed, not resisting as Alexandria pulled back sleeves, and then clipped chunky metal bands into place, the same black-brushed steel as the collar, with golden rings attached.

‘Good girl. Now, perhaps we need to talk about your appearance. Stand up.’

She stepped away, giving Sally space to stand up.

‘You are in a client-facing role. Those stockings look a little shabby, and your shoes are simply ugly.’ They were dingy flats, scuffed and battered. ‘But your shirt is nice and you fill it out well. Take those shoes off.’

‘But...’

‘Off. Now.’

Fortunately, Sally was obedient, stepping out of the ugly things, looking uncomfortable in her stockinged feet. Alexandria stoked her back, soothing and relaxing her, before bending over and clipping the ankle-cuffs into place. She tickled her fingers along Sally’s calves, smiling at her reaction.

‘Let me get something more appropriate.’

She used her body to make sure that Sally couldn’t see the contents of her *special* cupboard, the contents gleaming at her, black latex and shiny metal. She took out a pair of high-heels, glossy black leather with reinforced straps, then closed the thing and locked it, before turning back to Sally.

‘Consider these a gift. Now, right foot first.’

Sally lifted a foot, allowing Alexandria to slide the shoe into position. The straps wound around the ankle, clipping onto the ankle-cuff. They were reinforced with metal, and so couldn’t be removed without a lot of work.

As Sally returned her foot to the ground, she wobbled – the 4-inch spike heel was more than she was used to, and with the other foot still bare, she was uneven. Alexandria took her other foot and strapped the shoe on, evening Sally up. With both feet on the ground, her legs went lovely and taut, calves tensing as her balance wavered.

‘Far better, don’t you think?’

‘They’re, um, a little higher than I’m used to!’

‘But they make you look so good.’ As Alexandria stood, she took the chance to stroke the woman’s body again. ‘There’s an event tonight that I would like you to attend. To assess your skills, shall we say. But you must dress to impress. Strip.’

Sally’s body tensed, her collar beeping.

‘Sshhh, relax my little one. This is part of your new training and position.’ She kept stroking and soothing Sally until the collar stopped beeping. ‘I can make you far more, as long as you obey.’ She reached around Sally’s body, squeezing a breast, then starting to unbutton her shirt. Sally didn’t react, allowing her shirt to be removed, her hands coming up to cover her breasts. ‘Ah, none of that. You should be proud of your body.’ The woman’s bra was plain, definitely not something befitting of her rather nice breasts.

Alexandria kissed between her shoulder blades, then reached down and unzipped her skirt. It dropped to the floor, revealing her stockings. They were better, although still not the most expensive. Such a body deserved to be dressed better! She did have a lovely butt though, nice and firm.

‘Now, I’m going to dress you better, and then send you away to a contact of mine for some makeup, cosmetics and evening attire. I want you to be the best you can.’

The beeping was getting faster and faster, Sally starting to panic, requiring more soothing and stroking. If she were to become a pony, she would be a very skittish one! Although that could be quite cute – shying away and needing reassurance or punishment. And some blinkers would be nice, helping to keep her focused. Alexandria reached between Sally’s legs, stroking her thighs, feeling her crotch through her panties, using her fingers to stroke and tease. Sally’s breathing started to shorten, her body relaxing against Alexandria’s, responding well to her whispered soothing.

‘Good girl. Good girl.’ She kept stroking and teasing, feeling Sally’s body respond, warming up against her, before breaking away with a kiss. Sally made a mew of disappointment, almost collapsing before catching herself.

‘Some new clothing for you. I expect you to dress yourself better from now on, to be worthy of the time I will be investing in you.’ Alexandria had prepared some appropriate clothing – a shorter, tighter office skirt, that showed off the tops of her stockings and her pert buttocks. A lingerie bra was a distinct improvement, lace cupping her breasts, pushing them up. And then a fine silk blouse, cut deep enough to show off the bra and her chest. The metal glinted on her limbs, metal shiny and bright.

She raised a limb, looking uncertainly at a wrist-cuff, running her fingers over the metal. Sally twisted the metal, testing how tight it was, Alexandria reassuring her.

‘Lovely things, aren’t they? And they help me monitor you. I don’t want you getting stressed and burning out.’ She tapped Sally’s chin and kissed her on the lips. ‘Now, I’ve made arrangements with a friend of mine to get you dressed for tonight. I will supply you with the address, and where you will be going. You may take the rest of the afternoon off.’

She took Sally by the shoulders and gently steered her towards the door, enjoying the taut suppleness of the woman’s body – she would make a lovely experiment, and might actually be a worthwhile employee afterwards!

Chapter Seven: Bonding Exercise

Alexandria revved the car engine, enjoying the power vibrating up from the motor, racing down the motorway and easily overtaking the other traffic, slipping across lanes, pushing way past the speed limit. And then rapidly slowing as she approached her junction, having to join the queue of cars to exit, feeling constrained by the sudden limitation.

It only took a few more turns through quieter country roads before she was at her destination – a manorial estate, the ivy-covered walls high and topped with iron railings. At the gatehouse, a well-dressed young man smiled at her and opened the gate – she hadn't been for quite some time, but had kept her membership valid. Visiting and having *him* here would be awkward, but mercifully that wouldn't be a problem anymore! And she had a few lovely young things to start working on.

The outer courtyard of the manor was already half-filled with cars, mostly expensive supercars parked on the gravel. The surrounding gardens were exquisitely maintained as well, with bright flowers opening up amidst the green lawns and bushes. The plinths currently held statues – real statues, rather than people forcibly bound into place.

She got out of the car and walked towards the main entrance, gravel crunching under her heels – it was a relief to get onto the firmer footing of the stone steps! At the security checkpoint, she had to surrender her phone to the security guard – as she raised her leather-gloved hands to pat Alexandria down, Alexandria simply glared at her then stepped forward through the security scanner. Her outfit contained no metal to make the thing beep. She stood there for several seconds, turning around with her arms spread out, staring down the guard again.

'Do you have any concerns?' She ran her hands down her dress as though smoothing it out, drawing the fine, white material tight against her body, enjoying the way that the guard's eyes followed her hands. This one needed to learn her place, it seemed – harassing the submissives and hazing the newcomers was acceptable, but not troubling anyone else.

'Uh, no... No, ma'am.'

'Very good. I have had some material sent ahead of me, and a fresh inductee.'

'Yes, ma'am. She is in the Palm Room. Ruttles is with them.'

'I know the way. Thank you.' She sighed, and walked more quickly, without seeming to rush. Hopefully the fool wasn't doing anything!

A slender form, swathed in black, walked past her – one of the house girls, wearing a nun's outfit of figure-hugging latex, with a cross-shape of transparent material showing their breasts, navel and shiny chastity belt around their crotch, a shiny wimple sealed around their head and chin. A leather panel sealed their mouth, a metal plaque around their neck, listing their "vows". This one was sworn to chastity, silence and humiliation, until she had provided sufficient "service" to her betters. Alexandria admired their shape, and the way their buttocks pulled against the latex as they passed, before moving away.

She headed up the stairs, past the casino rooms (currently quiet, a listless-looking bunny-girl going through the motions of shuffling and dealing to an equally-bored looking businessman)

before coming to the private rooms. She could hear masculine laughter booming through the walls, accompanied by polite feminine laughter.

Alexandria pushed the door open – it was a large and open room, heavy dust-sheets still in place to hide the evening’s entertainment. Her “guest” was already there, Sally looking all refreshed and improved by a visit to a beautician, and dressed in the razor’s edge between “stylish” and “slutty”, with dresses that clung to her curves but concealed her skin, short in the front and back but with a translucent mesh falling further down, material threatening to reveal but somehow never quite did. And wearing her metal collars and cuffs, the metal still bright and shiny. And with her was a round balloon of a man in a bright red toastmaster’s jacket, his head hidden beneath a boar’s head mask, body shaking with laughter. Alexandria suppressed a sigh – didn’t he have other things to do? Sally looked relieved to see her, Ruttles turning around.

‘Ah, Alexandria! What a pleasure to see you. It has been some time.’

‘Yes, I have been otherwise engaged.’

‘Enjoyably so, or so I hear. But please accept my condolences on your loss. Although it appears to be the gain of this establishment, if you are bringing such lovely ladies to this establishment.’ Sally shuddered and winced, Alexandria sympathizing.

‘Yes, something of a *private* party. Although they may be willing to mingle later. The gambling room was looking a little quiet, perhaps you could muster some others there?’ It was impossible to read his expression with the boar-mask in the way.

‘Hmmm, the new girl doesn’t seem particularly dedicated to her post. Her enthusiasm seems to wane when not directly monitored. I’ll go and chivvy her along.’

‘Yes, kindly do so.’ Alexandria glared at him until he left, the door finally clicking shut behind him, then she turned back to Sally.

‘My apologies, he can be something of a bore.’ Sally giggled, before Alexandria realized the pun and smiled back. ‘Regardless, you are here because I have seen something within you, a spark that I think can be honed and refined.’ Sally looked exquisite, her body sheathed in latex, a corset compressing her already-slim waist even further, and pushing her breasts up, pale flesh emerging from beneath the black sheen. She looked nervous under the attention, her arms behind her back as she twisted her shoulders uncertainly, a hand unconsciously rubbing her collar.

‘You will get used to it, in time. Although you shouldn’t rub it too much, you’ll ruin the finish.’ She smiled, as Sally wriggled uncomfortably. ‘You will adjust, in time, do not worry.’ She tapped a fingernail against the woman’s forehead. ‘But there is much for you to learn.’

‘Yes, Mis... Alexandria, I mean. But what is this place? It looks like a private club. I was even blindfolded when they brought me here! And they took my phone.’ She pouted for a moment.

‘Very perceptive, Sally. Yes, it is a *very* exclusive club. I don’t get to visit as often as I might like, but it does have some impressive facilities. You need to learn to be a little more... authoritative.’ She stepped around behind Sally, running her hands down the woman’s body, savoring the feeling of her skin beneath the thin material. She put her lips close to her ear, letting her breath whisper across a sensitive ear. ‘You are smart, but too meek. I require you to be shaped according to my desires.’ She gently shifted hair out of the way, her bracelet moving close to Sally’s collar and activating it, a light blinking on for a moment, unseen by Sally.

‘What... what will I have to do? There’s been a lot of rumors about you... And this collar...’ She brushed a hand against it again.

‘The collar is to help with your training. And it does look magnificent on you.’ She stroked the yielding body, noting with pleasure the way that Sally was reacting, not pushing Alexandria away or fighting back. ‘You have great potential, but we need to work on bringing it out. Don’t worry, there will be others, but for now, I would like to focus on you.’

She pushed Sally forward, towards the sheet-covered area.

‘Think of this as a bonding exercise. And you can help your boss with a problem. Now, pull that sheet away, and we shall begin.’

Sally was slow to move, but obeyed, taking her hands and yanking on the sheet, pulling it back. It slid away, revealing a polished wooden x-shaped bondage table, pale limbs manacled onto the wood, one hand closed around a small button. Camilla’s body twitched, unable to do more than pathetically mew. Her head was held in place by metal, a cruel yoke sliding metal prongs into her mouth and that held her jaws open with a metal ring, pinning her head into position. Her tongue waggled impotently, eyes darting around furiously. She was dressed in the tattered remnants of her dress, her body showing the welt-marks of a light whipping. Around her were boxes of BDSM implements.

‘This is someone that deserves punishment. She was... a problem, and one that you can help me resolve.’

‘Mmmpppphh!’ Camilla’s tongue wagged again, her body tensing.

‘I want you to help me. Because you are a trusted subordinate.’ Alexandria kept her voice light and sweet, making the offer sound reasonable. ‘Rip her clothing off.’

Sally’s hand slowly stretched out, plucking at a fragment of fabric and peeling it away from Camilla’s sweat-soaked skin.

‘More forcefully.’

Sally grabbed at the waistband and yanked, stripping away most of the tatters, revealing Camilla’s belly and breasts. Alexandria saw small marks on her nipples – piercing-holes, now removed. Well, that could easily be remedied.

‘Good girl. Now, we need to make sure that she will be nice and obedient.’ She kissed Sally on the back of the neck, just above the collar. ‘But if you are too slow, then there will be consequences. A simple challenge – if she presses the button to submit, then you are worthy of further training. Otherwise, well... I’m sure I can find another, less pleasant position for you, Sally.’

The collar suddenly sparked, just gently, making Sally gasp, a hand reaching for the metal band again.

‘Your should be focusing on her.’ Camilla was struggling more now, with enough force that the metal restraints were shaking and creaking. ‘Assert yourself and show some initiative.’

‘Um, ah...’ Sally looked around uncertainly, before reaching out and pinching at Camilla’s belly, compressing the flesh painfully, making Camilla squeal. She continued to twist about, still trying to break free.

‘You may need to be more forceful.’ Alexandria stroked a buttock, lightly slapping it. ‘If you wish to be my subordinate, then you must prove yourself able to keep others in line.’

Sally looked about, finding a riding crop and picking it up. She didn’t waste time, striking it against a breast, the tit compressing slightly under the impact. Camilla grunted in anger, her arms straining against the bonds.

‘From the wrist, not the arm.’ She took Sally’s arm by the elbow, raising it up and moving her arm into position, then suddenly flicking her wrist forward. ‘Now you try.’

Sally tried the motion herself, this time hitting a tit with more force, making the meat jiggle about.

‘Harder.’

The “thwip” of the crop against flesh was satisfying, repeated several times. Sally looked at Alexandria for reassurance, taking her nod as confirmation.

‘Try somewhere else.’

The crop flicked against an arm, then the belly, getting closer to Camilla’s crotch.

‘Good. Now, what else?’

The crop flicked again.

‘You will need to apply something more forceful. This one has been trained well. Now, use your initiative and show me that you are worthy of my time.’

Sally gave a yelp of fear, before frantically looking about for what else was on offer. She grabbed some clamps, attaching them between the woman’s legs, onto her outer lips. Camilla squealed in protest, body shaking, before attaching a chain to the clamps.

She looked down on Camilla, her voice strengthening. ‘Push the button, or, or... I’ll hurt you more.’ Sally pulled on the chains, stretching out Camilla’s soft skin. She wrapped the chains around Camilla’s legs, forcing her slit to be spread wide, fully exposing her sex. Sally reached out and started to awkwardly finger it, managing to elicit a reaction, before savagely pinching at the clit, making Camilla squeal.

Alexandria nodded her head in approval. ‘Push her harder.’

‘Uh, yes, I’ll... I’ll try.’

Camilla squealed again, as Sally started to finger her more vigorously. With her other hand she picked up a bottle of red liquid, pouring out some of the sticky paste onto the spread folds. Camilla immediately squealed in pain, as Sally started to massage it into Camilla. Her struggles got more intense, sweat beading on her skin. She couldn’t break out of the restraints, whimpering as the spiced paste soaked into her skin. ‘Npphh! Nppphhh!’

Sally went up to Camilla’s head, pouring some of the red fluid into her mouth. The groaning intensified, a desperate, pained whimper beneath her gasps. Then Sally gently brushed a finger against one of Camilla’s eyes, making Alexandria wince. It took a few seconds, but soon fat tears were oozing from her eyes, her gasping even more pained. Sally held a red-tinted finger up.

‘Want more?’

‘Nppphhh! Pllpphhh!’

‘You know what to do then.’ The finger dabbed forward, rubbing at an eye again, before sliding a finger into Camilla’s pussy. ‘Or maybe I could rub some into her?’ Her finger brushed against Camilla’s buttock, making her whimper. Sally pushed a finger into the tight asshole, Camilla sounding out with a muffled, muted scream, her body unable to break free.

‘Clever girl! Now, keep going.’

Camilla was screaming now, at least as much as she could with the metal in her mouth, tongue flailing around. Her finger pressed the button, as Sally continued to torment her. She looked at Alexandria, who nodded in satisfaction. ‘Good girl.’ She stroked Sally, then started to finger her, finding the woman’s pussy wet and receptive. She thrust her fingers back and forth, quickly building Sally to a peak before withdrawing, leaving her to sag in disappointment, not fulfilled. As her hands dropped down, Alexandria tutted and grasped her wrists, pulling them away, enjoying the sigh of disappointment.

‘Good girl. This is a good start. And I didn’t even have to use the collar.’ Sally relaxed against her, a rather charming show of trust. ‘And as for you... removing your piercings? Very naughty!’

Alexandria ignored Camilla’s indignant squeal, searching amongst the gear for some padlocks, ones with thin shackles. She slid the metal through the hole in Camilla’s nipple, then clicked the lock shut, repeating the same on the other side, sealing the metal onto the woman’s body. ‘Silence, or I’ll throw away the keys.’

That had the desired effect, Camilla subsiding, her eyes moist with tears. A fat gag was pushed between her lips, and a blindfold over her eyes, sending her into mute darkness, before Alexandria stroked Camilla again.

Now, shall we go and get a drink? You may wish to stay close, otherwise someone else might try and claim you. Or you might end up as a nun, somewhat against your will. You are far too pretty to be locked into chastity!’

Chapter Eight: A Pleasing Night

Alexandria took a sip of her champagne, carefully putting the flute down onto the tray, being held up by one of the latex nuns. This close, her breasts were clear to see through her habit, a metal bar through each nipple, another through her navel. A wire could be seen, running into her chastity belt, with a number written onto her belly, just above her navel. For a price, club members could activate whatever toy was inside of her, pushing her towards a forbidden orgasm.

Around her neck, partially hidden by her shiny latex wimple, was a sturdy metal collar, a red light blinking in time with her pulse, getting faster for a moment as some sent a pulse of pleasure through her. Soft red lips parted in a sigh, before she remembered her place, trying to keep her focus. Nevertheless, the tray shivered in her hands, the champagne tilting slightly.

‘Don’t spill any, unless you wish to have another penitence added.’ Alexandria reached out and tapped the plaque affixed to the nun’s neck. ‘Physical penitence for every orgasm? You must have been very naughty, sister.’

‘Yes, mistress.’ Her eyelids fluttered as another pulse rippled through her, long eyelashes flickering. Alexandria looked about in annoyance, wondering who was playing with the woman. It was rude and somewhat annoying! It was a quiet night though, and she didn’t recognize anyone that might want to deliberately annoy her.

She flicked betting chips down, spreading them out across the numbers, before the bunnygirl spun the roulette wheel, the ball bouncing and clattering. Sally was stood close by, shoulders hunched, looking nervous. As the ball bounded, she squirmed uncomfortably and then spoke.

‘Mrs. Hunt, um, where is the bathroom?’

‘Ah, of course. As you are not a full member, it may be best that you are marked so as not to draw any unwanted attention.’ She tapped the nun on the forehead, hard enough to leave a dint in the latex. ‘If you could get one of the other sisters to fetch something appropriate?’

‘Yes, mistress.’ She moved, the sight hypnotic as the latex clung to her body. The amount of swaying was unnecessary, but certainly attractive! And it meant the champagne getting moved away. The ball skittered into position, the bunnygirl pushing her chips back, as well as the extra ones that she had won. Alexandria flicked one back at them, the chip vanishing between their breasts. The bunnygirl smiled at her, bowing deeply enough to show off their breasts entirely – the “bunnygirl” aesthetic seemed a less ostentatious and tacky, but she was certainly an attractive woman, even if she would look better in latex or lace.

It took just long enough for another spin of the wheel for the nun to return, her silver tray now holding a fresh bottle of champagne, as well as a small metal tag, inscribed with “Property of Alexandria Hunt”. She picked it up and beckoned at Sally, making her lean in, before using the ring of her collar to pull her closer. There was an empty slot on her collar, over her throat, that the tag neatly slid into.

‘That should keep you safe.’ She stroked her hand over Sally’s cheek, before pushing her away. ‘If you head down that passageway, then you will find the restrooms. Do be quick though, they have a tendency to be used for... other activities. Quite why that is, I’m not sure, as

this place is amply supplied with better facilities! Somewhat rude, I feel, and disconcerting when one is trying to simply eliminate waste.'

Sally moved away, looking around herself suspiciously, flinching whenever anyone passed close by, even the latex nuns or other house staff.

She turned back to the bunnygirl. 'Another spin. Very quiet tonight.'

The woman nodded her head, ears bobbing. 'Yes, Mrs. Hunt. It is midweek, and this time of year is always quieter. My condolences on your loss.' She gave the wheel another spin, watching as the ball rattled around, falling into another slot. 'Fortune seems to be favoring you tonight.'

'It has been a good week.' She smiled at them, letting her gaze drift over their body – slender at the waist, their leotard tight enough to show off their navel, fishnets sheathing their legs. The usual bow-tie collar had been replaced with a shock-collar, unyielding metal, with a bulky battery-pack not quite concealed by their short bob-cut. Although if she was trusted to be in charge of the roulette wheel, she must be quite competent. Her soft red lips would look good forcibly parted around a fat ballgag, spit oozing out, those bright eyes wide in forced pleasure.

The crotch of her leotard showed a slight bulge, a wire running outside to a battery-pack strapped to her thigh. Just about visible through her fishnets was a number-code – Alexandria dialed up her price, finding it appropriately high.

'While I'm on duty, the house doesn't like me being distracted!' She leaned forward as she prepared to spin the wheel again, showing her body off. 'If you would like a session, my price drops a lot when I'm not working here.'

'That's certainly tempting. But I have an underling to more fully induct first. Are any of the sisters currently undergoing more physical penances? I'm in the mood for someone that needs a rather intense level of physical chastisement.'

The bunnygirl wriggled her hips enticingly as she considered. 'There is Carmen. She's been quite badly-behaved lately. She got found consorting with customers for free, but she keeps fighting back. The Mother Superior has her locked in the confessional for the moment, but she's not happy about it. Shall I call her?' She leaned in conspiratorially. 'If you could deal with her a little, it would be much better! She always kicks up a fuss in the dorms, and keeps making her chains rattle at night.'

Alexandria reached out and took her hand, stroking it. 'I'll see what can be done.'

Sally returned, moving with nervous steps, an ominous presence in black moving close behind her, as the Mother Superior moving with eerie grace – the bunnygirl must have a button concealed somewhere.

She was older than the bunnygirl and the nuns, her face severe – the latex showed a form just as well-formed, but with no translucent cross, and she had mastered the art of moving without making her habit shift, making her seem to glide over the floor.

'Alexandria, a pleasure! It has been too long.' The habit consumed the woman's body, so dark it was like a slick void of darkness, gleaming along her limbs and breasts. 'My condolences on your loss. Although I hear you have done rather well from it? And your son as well.'

'It was something of a surprise, yes. But there are definite compensations.' She drew Sally close, stroking her hand down the woman's body. 'But I hear you have something of a problem child, in need of chastisement?'

'Ah, yes. Fiery little sister Carmen. She has not taken well to the strictures of her position, or any of the penances she must endure. If you would take her in hand, then it would be appreciated. She is a hardy specimen, so feel free to be a little rough with her.'

‘That sounds delightful. If you would care to lead the way?’

The Mother Superior bowed her head, before turning and gliding away, latex shining on her taut buttocks. Alexandria followed, pulling Sally along with her, away from the gambling. She was led towards one of the older parts of the building – this had once been a chapel, gothic vaulted arches curving to a high ceiling, the statues of saints replaced with more pleasingly erotic carvings, as well as positions where troublesome nuns could be put for punishment. Racks of equipment were neatly arrayed on the walls – metal and leather gleamed in the uplights, a cage dangling from the ceiling. The room was cast into dramatic shadows, carefully placed lights tinting everything into enticing greys, fat candles shedding faint glows as well.

Angry grunting came from somewhere, the sound echoing oddly.

‘She is sturdy enough to take quite some punishment, so don’t hold back. She needs to be taught some humility.’

There was a plush carpet running down the center of the room, the rest of the floor stone. At the end of the room there was the original altar, although now equipped with rather more shackles and chains than originally. An old and pitted chain ran from the ceiling to one of the flagstones, shaking slightly, angry grunting coming from beneath.

The Mother Superior pulled aside a wall-hanging and pressed a button. A motor whirred and the chain tensed, starting to pull the stone slab upwards. Beneath, slowly emerging into the light, was another latex-nun, shackled by her wrists to the underside of the stone. Her shining black garb was stained with dust and grit, her large breasts stained with spit, a large and red ball-gag pushed between soft lips. A padded leather blindfold had been locked around her eyes, the rest of their head sheathed in the latex wimple.

The chain continued to clank until they were fully raised, body pulled taut by her own weight. Alexandria walked around her, inspecting their shape – tall and curvaceous, with long and toned legs, the latex showing off their large breasts. She kicked out, making a sound of annoyance, trying to hit one of them.

‘As you can see, she has an excess of spirit. Do with her as you will, and try to tame her a little.’

‘Of course.’

She kicked out again, Alexandria grabbing her ankle, digging her nails in, hard enough to be felt through the latex. There was a cuff already locked into place, which she used to pull her leg out, shackling it to a post. The other leg flailed about, Sally taking the initiative and grabbing it, holding it uncertainly. Alexandria gestured at another post, Sally tethering the leg in place, forcing the woman into an upside-down “Y” shape, feet held a few inches off the ground.

She was still grunting angrily, twisting in her restraints, legs now held tightly. Alexandria ran a hand up the latex-wrapped thigh, admiring the tense muscles, tickling her through the material. A flick to the thigh was clearly felt, the legs shaking and tensing. Between the legs was a zip, Alexandria tugging it downwards.

Carmen was shaved, a pink slit emerging, bright surrounded by the black latex. There were two metal rings, one through each pussy-lip. Alexandria stroked the exposed skin, feeling the tense slickness of their crotch.

‘She certainly seems... eager. How long has she been sealed away?’

‘She has been kept in chastity for almost a month now. Although has slipped her belt at least once.’

Alexandria stroked the pussy again, before slapping it, savoring the way the shiny latex-flesh rippled in a sudden inhalation, accompanied by a whine of pain.

‘You are not permitted to come.’ She slapped them again before stroking at the nun’s body, feeling the heft of her breasts, pinching the nipples, finding hard lumps through each, showing more piercings. ‘And you are in no position to seek any pleasure for yourself. Have you been disobeying your mistress?’

The nun tried to answer, the gag warping her words as she grunted a refusal. Alexandria pinched at their exposed pussy, tugging on the rings. ‘Perhaps, once I’ve had my fun, these can be used to tether your chastity more securely? But you need some more punishment first, while you are so lovely and open.’

More spit oozed from their mouth, staining the latex even darker.

‘Sally, be a dear and fetch the flogger. That one.’ She pointed at a handle hanging down from a hook, knotted leather cords flowing downwards. ‘I do wonder how much you can endure. Mother Superior, may her habit be removed?’

‘If you wish. It will certainly make punishing her easier, and she has proven she isn’t worthy of it. I was considering having her put into the stocks on a permanent basis, but she is exceptionally graceful, at least when she’s obedient.’

If she was a dancer, that would explain the finely toned legs! Alexandria felt at her arms and stomach – all had the same exquisite muscle tone, lovely and taut, and probably troublesome to keep under control. She slapped the belly, watching the glistening black latex shift about. Finding the seals took more time, the zips concealed beneath latex flaps, sealed with padlocks – no keyhole, simply some black sensor she didn’t recognize.

Sally returned with the flogger, unsure how to hand it over. Well, she would learn soon enough. It had a good weight to it, well-made and maintained, the leather tied into tight and hard knots to add a little extra sting to every impact. Alexandria swung it upwards, getting the length of it, several of the knots striking against the nun’s crotch. She tensed, arms straining to try and move upwards.

‘Oh, you should know better, silly girl. There’s no escape for you. At least not until I’ve had my fun.’ Alexandria struck again, smiling at the gasp of pain and the utterly futile attempt to escape, the legs straining in an attempt to close.

‘Ah, those locks are new. I’ve been upgrading things – it requires a fingerprint to open. If you would allow me...’ The Mother Superior reached upwards, peeling back a latex glove then pressing her ring finger against the black plate, the lock clicking open. ‘It does mean that stealing a key is no longer possible.’

‘Fascinating. I may have to use similar technology myself.’ She stroked Sally’s face, imagining her body bound away, behind locks that could only be opened at Alexandria’s touch. It would certainly make her more attentive!

With the lock open, Alexandria pulled the zip down, peeling it away from Carmen’s body, exposing pert, full breasts, with small rings piercing each nipple. Her stomach was hard as well, the muscles forced tense from the position, as Alexandria tried to pull the latex back enough to give herself a proper target.

‘You can rip it off, if you want. You’ve lost enough in the casino before to cover it.’ The Mother Superior chuckled, then looked down at her wrist, where a heavy bracelet was buzzing lightly, and sighed. ‘It seems as though one of the girl’s needs me for something. Do what you will with Carmen – she doesn’t have any bookings.’

‘Thank you. I will enjoy this.’

She reached up and tugged on the latex, tearing at the thin material, ripping it apart, swiftly exposing Carmen's torso entirely, before peeling it away from her legs as well. Her eyes were still sealed behind the blindfold, moans coming from behind the gag.

With the latex gone, it was easier to see how well-formed Carmen's body was – well-built and toned, with a lot of effort having gone into producing such a lovely shape. Alexandria swung the flogger again, an upward arc hitting the exposed pussy, then flicking it back down to assault those large breasts. The tit-rings shook as the breasts jiggled, Alexandria striking with the flogger repeatedly.

'You do have a lovely body, but you need to learn that it is not yours to control. You are the property of the house, to be pleased as the Mother Superior dictates.'

Sally made a deep sigh next to her, squirming close. From how she was panting, and how dilated her pupils were, she was clearly enjoying herself. Alexandria gave her a kiss on the cheek. 'You may pleasure yourself, should you desire. You have not yet had that taken from you.'

She started to stroke her body, fondling between her legs, lifting her skirt up to push a finger into herself. As she did so, Alexandria set a rapid rhythm of strikes, the flogger striking each breasts and belly, lash-marks starting to show on the tanned skin.

'You are clearly kept in good condition. Perhaps we should work on that?'

'Nnnpphh!'

'Sally, fetch that candle.'

Sally whined, two fingers deep into herself, but managed to force herself to obey, bringing back a metal shaft, topped with a dish that held a fat red candle. It was just about the same height as their crotch, giving off a small but vicious heat. Alexandria slashed the flogger forward in a brutal strike, watching Carmen inhale from the pain of it, then took the candlestick.

'Thank you, Sally. You may continue. I do hope your stamina is good, as you're going to need it.' She slowly moved it forward, watching Carmen try and twitch away from it. Her movement was so constrained that all she could do was shift awkwardly backwards a few inches, Alexandria inexorably moving it forward. When it was beneath their slit, they pulled themselves upwards, arms straining to support their weight.

'Those lovely rings of yours might make this a little more uncomfortable, I suppose. Maybe I could attach them to a battery instead?'

That got a frantic shake of the head. 'Npphh!'

'So you fear pain, at least. That is something that can be worked on.' The flame of the candle would be starting to bite into them now, heating and prickling the flesh. 'You owe your Mother Superior respect and obedience, in both body and mind.'

With the candle flickering away, Alexandria couldn't touch Carmen's crotch without risking her own fingers, and using a flogger, or even a crop, would risk hitting the candle and making a mess.

'You are here to submit yourself, utterly, to your superiors. Should you prove yourself worthy, then perhaps you may earn yourself some advancement, but with such behavior as this, that seems unlikely. Hmmm, perhaps a plug up that tight backside of yours?'

She walked around Carmen, admiring the toned curves of her shoulder blades. She was certainly well-made! Just a shame about her mentality. Her arms were straining still, supporting her weight, unable to pull herself high enough to entirely escape the heat of the candle-flame. Alexandria struck the flogger against her back – between the latex and the candle, she was

starting to develop a fine sheen of sweat, showing her strain and exertion, and meaning that the flogger left deeper marks in the straining muscles.

‘Npphh!’

Their buttocks were lovely – shaped to perfection by countless hours of exercise, and a lovely target for more strikes.

‘I wonder what that would feel like?’

Carmen’s arms were starting to waver, their body dipping for a moment before the stinging pain of the candle forced them back upwards again.

‘Hmm, I could leave you like this. A suitable penance, I think. And surely more merciful than if you were to be belted in this position?’ The thought of how the metal would conduct heat made her wince – that would leave some very sensitive burns!

‘Npppph!’

‘Perhaps your beauty has made others go soft on you? Well, you needn’t worry about that with me. Hmmm, keeping a hood on might teach you a little more humility.’ More strikes against her back, and her body dipped again, provoking a sudden pained jerk upwards. ‘I wonder how much longer you can endure?’ If her arms did give up, then her body would drop and extinguish the candle, in a final sting, but without causing too much damage. Not that Carmen had any way to know the precise source of the heat tormenting her body!

She ran a nail down the woman’s spine, feeling the heat of their body, their tense muscles straining to support them, sweat beading on their skin. She pressed harder, digging her nail between bones. They shivered, trying to push her back, making Alexandria push harder, before digging all of her nails in, and slowly scraping downwards, scratching away at their skin.

‘Meat. That’s what you are currently. Sweet little Sally here might be new, but she is proving herself, and so allowed some level of self-control. But you are below even that – you are property, to be used purely as others wish to, without any say in the matter.’

Carmen’s arms were starting to give up now, her body dipping down and then raising up again, slower to respond each time, her arms shaking from the strain. Her spread thighs were starting to redden from the heat, her tanned skin tinting pink. Sally gasped as she fingered her way into an orgasm, sinking against a pillar, one hand still between her legs, eyes closed, lips pushed together into a soft, red pucker. Alexandria couldn’t resist leaning over and giving her a kiss, having to push Sally away as the woman leaned onto her.

‘Now, Carmen.’ She raked her nails across a shoulder blade, leaving red furrows. ‘Your body is a delight to torment.’

Carmen squeaked as her body dropped, her arms now barely strong enough to lift herself again, hovering just above the flame, whimpering in pain.

‘I hope we will be spending more time together.’

‘Npph!’

‘Well, if you are a good girl, then the Mother Superior won’t ask for me to visit again. I do so hope that you misbehave.’

Carmen’s body dropped again, the candle-flame nipping at her skin, her arms just barely managing to keep her supported.

‘Will you be a good girl?’

‘Ypphh!’

Alexandria licked her fingers, then pinched out the candle, before slipping two fingers into the woman. She could feel the heat of their skin, dried from the heat. The pussy-rings were both

hot to the touch, the skin around them showing the effects of the flame getting conducted into their body.

‘You enjoy this, don’t you? Pain-slut, despite your protests. This sweet little slit isn’t yours, though, is it? From today, I do hope you will be a badly behaved latex nun. So I will be invited back and can have some more fun with you.’

More spit was oozing from behind the gag, as Alexandria pulled on a tit-ring, stretching out the skin. ‘Perhaps a candle beneath these next time? And there are a few more places that they could be put. That clit of yours, perhaps?’ She squeezed the protruding nub. ‘We could have such fun together. But maybe you’ll reform, and be a good girl from now on? That would be disappointing.’

She picked up the candle, extinguished, but still with a well of liquid wax and poured it over their thighs, still pulling on the tit-ring, splashing more wax onto the stretched-out skin. The wax dried in place, forming a thin second skin, clinging tightly to their flesh.

‘Some more time alone in the darkness will help you consider your position.’

The ankle-cuffs were easy to unclip, Carmen’s legs dangling limply into the hole she had come from. She was covered with sweat and wax, her arms trembling, too weak to support herself. Alexandria slapped her several times, across the breasts, pinching her toned belly, before hitting the switch to lower her. She glanced downwards – it was a narrow stone-lined shaft, the bottom somewhere out of sight.

As Carmen descended from sight, Alexandria got in a few more blows with the flogger, targeting areas already marked with injuries, smiling at the whimpers and gasps, as Carmen slowly vanished from sight. The capstone fit snugly into place with a “thud”, sealing her beneath the earth.

‘Well, that was satisfying. And you seem to be behaving well, Sally. It will be nice to train you further. But you need your rest now.’

Sally’s eyes were barely open, as she slumped against a pillar, face glazed and distant.

‘Hmmm, perhaps we should rest here? The hour is late, after all.’

She took Sally by the shoulders, gently blowing in her ear to shake her from her stupor and steering her towards the exit. Such an obedient girl! And skilled in officework as well – with some more training, she could become a lovely ornament, in a hobble-skirt and latex blouse, the collar prominent around her neck.

Chapter Nine: Shipping and Receiving

Camilla shivered, her arms crossed over her chest, legs awkwardly crossed, trying to cover her nakedness. Her soft, white skin had mostly healed, although there was still a vivid red whip-welt across her tender belly, and the uneven mottling of pinches and slaps on her buttocks. She was stood on bare concrete, in one of the shipping garages, some cardboard boxes piled up in the corner. Her clothing was neatly folded up, having obeyed the order to strip.

Alexandria approached, smiling as Camilla shivered, not meeting her eyes. Fear was always easy to work with! Camilla's eyes flicked over to the thing in the corner, gleaming metal and latex, and she made a soft sigh of fear.

'Don't worry, little Camilla. Soon I'll have you installed as a permanent guest. You'd like that, wouldn't you?'

Camilla shivered again, as Alexandria took her arms, gently pulling them down, away from her breasts.

'Time to get you prepared for the journey. Open your mouth.'

A spark flashed in Camilla's eyes, just for a moment, before Alexandria met her eyes, stilling the nascent rebellion. Camilla obeyed, opening her mouth wide.

'Good girl.'

Alexandria pushed the gag into place – it had a large cock that filled the throat and mouth, with two tubes coming out of the back. The panel sealed tightly around the woman's jaw, lock clicking shut, Camilla making a soft grunt of protest as her throat was violated, eyes still downcast. Small nose-plugs were pushed into place next, the two tubes starting to shake as she was forced to blow and suck air into the narrow pipes.

'Good girl. Nice and obedient, it looks like the training is starting to work.' She stroked some stray hair off Camilla's forehead, wrapping it around itself into a single braid and making sure no strands went astray, tying a metal ring onto then, then reaching down and stroking between their legs. A soft stubble was starting to grow – she'd need shaving at her destination. But she was already starting to get hot, body shivering in excitement as well as shame, a ready moistness welling up.

Alexandria held up some latex panties, turning them so that Camilla could see the plugs that would be sliding into her soon, both shiny with lube. The butt-plug was inflatable, while the dildo for the front was designed to pipe away any excretions, as well as to keep her stimulated. She threw them to the floor in front of Camilla, the latex flapping, solid lumps knocking together. 'Put those on.'

'Mmpphh...'

Alexandria tensed her shoulder as though about to strike, and Camilla whimpered before picking them up, sliding her legs in. She winced as she had to push the components into herself, shuddering at the self-inflicted violation, as the buttplug pushed between her cheeks, the dildo snug within her, her urethra connected to the drainage channel inside the plug.

'Those enemas should have made you nice and clean inside. You won't be having solid foods for a while, so your butt can be used for the pleasure of others.'

‘Mppph!’

‘Well, if you’re a good girl, then I’ll keep you as a private pet. Otherwise I’m sure I can find others to loan you to.’

Camilla sagged down, spirit mostly broken already. Alexandria tapped her on the head. ‘Good girl. That collar suits you.’ She ran a finger along the chunky leather slave collar, well equipped with sensors on the inside, and with several O-rings on the outside, high enough to force the wearer to hold their neck straight. ‘Arms behind your back.’

She moved behind Camilla, running a nail up her spine and making her shiver again, then pulling her arms into a latex sleeve, bending them up at the elbows into an upside-down “V” shape, snapping a tether into place to force them into a reverse prayer position. Camilla tensed, but there was no give in the latex, no way for her to free herself. When she reached around to stroke their throat, she could feel the intrusion of the gag, filling the space. They were straining to breath now, the tubes narrow and forcing Camilla to strain for air.

‘Soon you won’t have anything to worry about.’ She savored touching Camilla’s body, the smooth warmth of her skin – almost a shame to have to give her up for a while!! It was easy to grab her by the armbinder and twist her around, pushing Camilla up against a wall. ‘I hope you’re proud – I had to invest in some special equipment, just for you! Now, raise a leg.’

Camilla struggled to keep her balance, even with the wall for support, but just about managed to lift her left leg up. Alexandria teased a black rubber stocking into place, inch by inch, the inside powdered to make it easier. The material snapped tightly into place, clinging like a second skin. It had straps and buckles attached, currently dangling loose. The action was repeated on the other leg – now there was just a thin band of flesh between the stockings and the latex panties, a delicious little pudgy strip bulging out. Alexandria resisted the urge to play with it, before twisting the girl around and pushing her down. The buckles were easy to snap into place, each ankle getting bound backwards to the thigh.

‘Good girl. I’ve had a special box made for delivery. I’ll expect a report from you at the other end, at least once you’ve recovered enough to be functional.’

‘Mmmphh!?’

‘This way.’

With her arms and legs bound, the only way Camilla could move was a slow, rocking wriggling crawl, scraping her body across the scratchy carpet as she moved towards the “crate”. It was a cube, the walls gleaming, translucent latex, into a cubic frame of metal pipes. More pipes, tubes and wires could be seen running around the thing, along with some controls and panels. One side was open, a shiny sheet hanging loose, a zip currently unfastened.

Alexandria pushed buds into Camilla’s ears, making sure they were fully secured. Next were clamps on her nipples, wires trailing outwards and into the frame. Then she pushed and heaved the woman up and through the open side. Clips hung from the inside of the frame, letting her suspend Camilla inside of the thing, safely away from the outer structure. She had to crawl partially in herself in order to push Camilla’s head through a valve on the other side, the gasket snugly sealing around their neck. Camilla twisted and tensed, but had no leverage, nothing to push off, utterly powerless in her suspension. There were tags inside the structure to keep all of the wires and pipes bundled together, to ensure that the whole thing would function properly.

When Alexandria crawled out of the cube, she zipped up the final side, before clipping another layer of latex over the zip, ensuring it was fully sealed. Camilla’s body could be seen through the latex, a vague shape shifting about uncertainly, eyes following Alexandria with fear.

Then she flicked a switch on the cube and a pump whirred into life. The latex walls started to compress, sucking in around Camilla's body, tight around every curve. It didn't take long until it was sealed tight around her, her body vacuum-sealed. The walls of the cube were now stretched inwards, far too strong for Camilla to be able to break out, with only her head outside of the latex.

'You make a lovely piece of artwork! This cube's been very carefully made – be thankful I don't give you to the director, she likes to break her toys. Or at least put them far past any thought of fighting back.' Alexandria shivered, remembering their cold eyes, and their strangely stilted speech patterns. Her assistant might be a latex addict, but at least it was possible to have a conversation with her, and without the feeling that a moment's inattention might lead to permanent confinement within a coffin. 'So be a good girl, and I might let you out. This even contains coolant to make sure you don't pass out.' She could see Camilla straining, but with no leverage and bound tightly into latex, all she could do was tense her muscles, without any hope to break free.

She took the tubes from Camilla's mouth and plugged them into connector modules, flicking another switch, a quiet hiss signaling that air was now flowing. Camilla's eyes, the only thing she could move, followed Alexandria as she moved, tapping a finger against a cylinder full of murky grey paste. 'This is very nutritious. Or so I'm told – it looks absolutely vile. But you'll get fed regularly, and it's dosed with some additives to help keep you in an appropriate frame of mind.'

The eyes looked at her, tears started to form, the gag utterly silencing Camilla.

'Oh, that's right, you can't hear me, can you?'

She knelt down next to Camilla's head, stroking hair from her forehead before taking out her phone, finding the appropriate app and using that to channel sound into the earbuds. 'You will be fed, watered, and even your waste will be taken care of.' There was the slightest ripple in the latex, as Camilla tried to fight it, but there was no way for her to gain any leverage. The tubes from the gag shook slightly as she tried to shift them, Alexandria flicking her on the forehead.

'None of that! Unless you want me to "forget" you.'

Panic flared in her eyes, as she sagged in defeat.

'Good girl. I hope you appreciate your position. Let me get something else that will help your education. This model comes highly recommended.'

Well, the latex-nut had raved about it at length, before her mistress had taken her in hand. It was a slimline VR helmet, with a plastic band that wrapped around the head, and lenses that could retract or fold down over the eyes. Camilla's eyes were still watering, Alexandria wiping away a tear as she settled the rig into position, making sure to tighten it into place, and that there were none of Camilla's dyed-blond hairs to block her vision. She pulled on the ring, jerking Camilla's head up, and hooked it over a spur on the metal, forcing Camilla to keep her head raised, neck straining inside the collar.

'I think I prefer you with natural hair. This will have to go – in time, it will revert to its natural shade. Something to help you retain the correct mindset. You are mine now – don't ever forget that.' She stroked Camilla's face, kissed them on their tear-stained cheek, then pressed the button to turn the helmet on, lenses flicking down, probably plunging Camilla into darkness except for whatever was being shown to her.

With that down, all that was left was the rest of the crate – the vac-cube sucked in tightly enough that there was space to attach metal side-panels, along with fans in case of over-heating. That one certainly was thorough in her produce at least, even if intimidating! Alexandria clipped

them into place, making sure they were firmly attached to the frame, until only Camilla's face could be seen, sealed away behind the VR helmet.

There was even another set of read-outs on the crate! Enough nutrient sludge and air to last for several weeks, and a fully-charged battery. 'I have a lot of work to do, so it may be some time until I can tend to you. But this setup will continue your training.'

She tapped her phone, letting it mute her voice, listening to what Camilla was hearing – the quiet, sibilant hissing of white noise, to numb her senses, with sporadic sharp and painful bursts of noise, to keep her from ever truly relaxing. The goggles were showing loose and swirling patterns, the occasional hint of sexual imagery, or that might just be Alexandria's mind forming patterns out of nothingness.

Then Camilla's body suddenly twitched, as an electric shock ran into each nipple. She managed to make a grunt of pain despite her gag. Well, it would mean that she would be nice and compliant on release!

There was a metallic knocking sound, the metal shutter sliding upwards, one of the secretaries stepping in. She was wearing a sleek latex pencil-skirt, black material gleaming, along with a white latex blouse, her red hair in a bun. She was followed by another young woman – wearing tight black shorts and a red blouse, showing off her belly. Outside was a van, the back open, showing several other women in latex cubes or specially-designed cages, all being transported to their owners and destinations.

'Miss Hunt, this is the courier you requested.'

'Excellent. Allow me to show you the controls.'

They nodded and came forward, apparently unperturbed by the sight of Camilla's head poking out of the cube, her body visible inside the device, translucent latex sucked tightly around her.

'Now, these lights show her vital signals. If she starts misbehaving, press this button and it will shock her until she goes silent. There are a few in-built training programs – it will cycle between them, but you can use these controls to cycle between them. The box should also deal with her food, water and waste, but please keep an eye on her in case of any mishaps.'

'Sure thing, miss. Clever device. Looks like it should be powered for a while as well. And she's deaf in there, isn't she?' She ran her hand along the sucked-in latex, flicking it and listening to the sound it made, pressing at Camilla's body. 'Yeah, she's not getting out of that. Can you just sign here?' She held up the tablet and a stylus, which Alexandria used to scrawl her signature into the marked box. 'Thanks. Want me to put the front panel on?'

Alexandria stepped back, letting the courier lift up the front panel and clip it into place, sealing Camilla away entirely. Now it looked simply like a secure packing crate, transporting something that needed environmental controls, but no more than that. It took the courier some grunting and straining to lift it, but it seemed quite light, just large and unwieldy, settling onto the trolley.

'Well, I'll be off then. It's a long and bumpy road, I wonder how much she'll feel?'

Alexandria checked her phone – from what the screen was currently showing, Camilla was being subjected to an eye-burningly bright series of flashes, interspersed with images of sexual degradation, likely too quick for a dazzled mind to be fully conscious of, and coupled with stimulation to her pussy and anus. Certainly enough to keep her busy.

'I'm sure she'll be happy eventually. And thankful when I release her.'

'Heh, probably be a puddle! Well, I'll get her there, don't worry. Thanks for the business as well.'

She wheeled the trolley away, whistling under her breath, the secretary opening the door for her and leaving as well. Alexandria stretched and cracked her neck, feeling the satisfaction of a job well done – that was one obstacle well and truly dealt with!

Chapter Ten: Group Exercise

The air was heavy with the dust from construction, walls being erected according to Alexandria's specifications. Workmen moved with swift efficiency, dividing up the empty floor into offices and other sealed spaces. It was still a ways from being complete, but the shape of it was starting to come together – at one end, with full-length windows, would be her own personal office, with a few smaller rooms coming off it, all fully soundproofed. And several smaller offices for her subordinates, some meeting rooms, and then a larger open area, that would be an open-plan office. Restrooms at one end, closest to the lifts, and a break room. An executive lounge as well, although that would be very restricted once it was done.

She signed off on the paperwork presented, before heading to the stairwell, brushing dirt off her shoulders, glad to remove the hard hat and dust mask once she was out of the construction area. It was a relief to be away from the noise and dust of the building work, although the thought of what it would become sent a tingle through her.

There were other matters to deal with first though. As she walked through, she cast her eyes over the staff – a few new hires were in more attractive clothing, sleek and tight pencil skirts and shiny high heels, along with silk blouses, and just the hint of collars and cuffs visible. Sally nodded at her, before rising from their seat and walking towards her, placing each foot directly in front of the other in a model's poised walk.

'Mrs. Hunt. I have prepared everything you need for your training session.'

'Very good.' She stroked their face, savoring the way they reacted, melting against her hand. 'We will have to have another mentorship session soon, I feel. Would you like that?'

'Mmmm, yes please, Mrs. Hunt!'

Alexandria withdrew her hand, lightly tapping her on the cheek before pushing her away. 'Keep behaving as you are, and I will find a slot in my schedule. Get changed and prepare to assist me.'

'Yes, Mrs. Hunt.' She dropped her head, looking up through her fringe at Alexandria, licking her lips seductively. Alexandria smiled back at her, then stepped away and headed for the meeting room – one that she had tested as being soundproofed and secure. Well, this promised to be an entertaining session.

She made her way to the conference room, changing the tint on the windows to set the room into shadows, ensuring all her equipment was ready and in easy reach. As her subordinates entered, she deliberately ignored them, letting them mill about uncertainly until she was done. Sally entered last, now wearing an ankle-length hobble-skirt of black leather and high stilettos, a silk blouse tight around her breasts, open at the neck to show her collar.

Alexandria tapped a button on the controller, the door clicking shut, startling the trainees.

'Good afternoon. I have selected the three of you to train you. I need subordinates that I can trust, and that have faith in both themselves and each other.' She tapped another button, the spotlight above herself blinking out, ones above the employees turning on, making them freeze like startled rabbits. All of them were attractive and competent, although needed more training to ensure they would stay loyal.

‘Excellent, all of you are prompt. That means I do not need to start with any punishments. Now, as I’m sure you know, I will be training you to trust yourselves and each other. In order to achieve such self-mastery, you must first learn to trust and obey.’ As she spoke, she stalked around the edge of the room, keeping to the shadows, watching all three of them shift about uncertainly, trying to keep track of her without showing fear.

She approached one – tall, slender, with a long whip of raven-black hair held in a high ponytail, flicking about as she turned her head, like a horse’s tail. Long legs sheathed in stockings and a sleek mini-skirt, a lace-fringed blouse, open deep enough to show the edge of a lingerie bra, a golden chain-necklace around her neck. When she touched them, lightly brushing her hand against the small of their back, they gasped in surprise, Alexandria taking advantage of their moment of weakness to pull them close, stroking a hand up their chest.

‘Now, Tabitha.’ She put her head close to the woman’s, puffing gently across an ear, feeling them flushing in surprise, sliding a hand over their eyes. ‘Something of a trust exercise to start with.’ She held out her other hand, Sally passing her a lightweight virtual reality helmet. She pushed herself close against them, having to reach up slightly to strap it securely into place. Their hands came up, before Alexandria grasped their wrist, gently bending it back down.

‘You must learn to trust me.’ She took their other wrist and moved it behind their back, snapping padded cuffs around their wrists, the chain only an inch long. ‘And your colleagues.’ She stroked her hand down their body, soothing them.

‘This seems...’

Her protest was stilled by Alexandria pushing a finger against their lips, feeling the warmth of their breath. ‘Would you like your mouth sealed as well?’

They shook their head, ponytail flicking about. ‘No, Mrs. Hunt! Sorry.’

‘Good girl.’ As she stepped away, she could hear the cuff-chain clinking as they tested their range of movement. ‘Now, you’ll need this as well.’ She brushed their hair aside, clipping a wide leather collar into place. There was a black panel on the front – the right fingerprint could unlock it. A heavy battery on the back had been fully charged, ensuring that it wouldn’t run out partway through. With the cuffs in place, Tabitha couldn’t wriggle around enough to even feel the collar herself, merely able to shift her neck awkwardly.

‘Now, you.’ Alexandria stepped towards her next target – about her own height, wearing an ankle-length skirt and a blouse, sleeves covering her arms, thick black hair pulled to the side and in front of one shoulder, the soft, brown skin of the nape of her neck tempting to nibble. That would come later though!

The soft leather clicked around their neck, Alexandria taking the chance to brush her hand over the woman’s smaller breasts as she did so, before cuffing their wrists, snapping them to the O-ring on the front of the collar. Then she knelt, noting the woman’s glossy stilettos and her bare legs beneath the skirt, locking cuffs around each ankle – at the moment, the chain was long, but that would soon change. Another chain ran between the ankle- and wrist-chains, a box in the center.

‘Hmmm, excellent. Now something a little more.’ She took some earbuds, brushing a hand along the chains of gold that dangled from the woman’s ears, studs in the lobes and along the top curve, before pushing them securely in, making sure that they were now utterly deaf.

Their hands, chained to their neck, tensed for a moment, before the woman took a deep breath and forced herself to relax. Alexandria stroked them again, speaking soothingly, even though they could hear her. ‘Very good, Akilah. Very good.’

The last woman was a redhead, although sadly dyed rather than natural, her hair falling in a braid all the way to her waist, a silver chain around her neck, heavy bracelets on her wrists, a tight skirt showing off plush buttocks, suit jacket doing nothing to hide her large breasts. She was looking at Alexandria uncertainly as she advanced, wearing disappointingly low heels. Well, that could be improved with some training. She met Alexandria's gaze, before looking away, unable to face her down.

Alexandria stroked her face, tickling under her chin and lips, keeping her own face close and making them tense, their fear and confusion delightful to see. 'Open your mouth, Caitlyn.'

Looking uncertain, she obeyed, Alexandria pushing a rubber prong between the soft, red lips, a pad following it, sealing the woman's mouth entirely as she locked it into place. They made a surprised grunt, and Alexandria could feel them try and push it out of place, but without any success as she clicked the lock shut. Next was the collar, Alexandria unable to resist licking their neck before wrapping the leather around it, careful to align it properly. She was wearing a slender black leather belt, the color standing out against the red skirt. Alexandria slid handcuffs through this, before ratcheting the metal around her wrists, limiting her movement. Before moving away, she wrapped a band around Caitlyn's face – not a full blindfold, but a wrap of thick silk, that would blur their vision.

Then she brushed a strand of copper-red hair away from an ear, flicking aside a dangling chain and whispered. 'The three of you need to work together to free yourselves. The more each of you tries to work by yourself, the tighter the bonds will get.' A pump hissed, as her gag sucked in air to make itself harder. 'You will need to communicate this to your colleagues.'

She stroked her hands down their body, feeling a hard lump on one pocket, reaching in and removing their phone.

'This would make things a little too easy, so I'm confiscating it for the duration. Now, get to it, I look forward to seeing what you can achieve.'

She gave Caitlyn a slight push from behind, moving them towards their colleagues, as the spotlights all snapped out, leaving the room in low twilight, everything grey and vague. Her head leaned forward, trying to see through the silk blindfold. A metallic rattle sounded as Akilah tugged on her bonds, the chains getting pulled into the central box. If she kept doing that, then soon her ankles and wrists would be drawn together, forcing her to shuffle along bent at the waist, if she didn't simply fall over completely.

Tabitha was having more success, making small steps forward, until she and Caitlyn stepped into each other. They both squeaked in startled surprise, before trying to feel at each other. Tabitha couldn't twist around enough to use her hands, Caitlyn groping at Tabitha's stomach. She mumbled something, the thing in her mouth making it impossible to speak properly.

'I can't hear you.'

Akilah moved towards them, already stooped slightly, able to take nothing more than tiny, hobbling steps, as the chains ratcheted tighter. As she moved closer, her collar sensed the proximity of the other two, sending a mild shock into her neck.

'Oww!'

The others both turned to look at her, even though Tabitha was utterly blind and Caitlyn could probably barely see her. Caitlyn mumbled something again, as her gag hissed and inflated further. Soon she would be utterly mute, unable to make any attempt at coherent noise.

Akilah was keeping a distance now, having figured out at least that close proximity to the other two had negative effects. Clever girl! Alexandria continued to prowl around the shadows, admiring the three women – all three would look better with higher heels, hobble-skirts or tight

and slutty pencil skirts, but they were good starting points. Tabitha moved close against Caitlyn, their breasts pushing together, trying to derive some meaning from the garbled gag-speak. Fortunately she was tall enough that the beak of the VR helmet didn't headbutt the other woman.

'Bend over.'

Caitlyn obeyed, her skirt pulling tightly against her backside, making Alexandria wish for a whip, something to use to rip the fabric away from those lovely buttocks. A tremor ran through her body as her own collar tweaked her with lightning, making her inhale sharply. Tabitha twisted herself around, her hands tied behind her, carefully feeling at Caitlyn's face, finding the muzzle-gag and pulling on it. The strap strained but held, Tabitha squirming around to try and see what she was doing. Her helmet would be showing her a confusing blur, but she was managing to hold herself together well, as her fingers felt their way across Caitlyn's face, finding the edges of the gag. She tried pulling on it again, but the thing fit too snugly to be able to get a finger in.

Their collars sparked in unison, the two of them gasping in pain as Tabitha twisted around her, her hands moving down Caitlyn's face, finding the collar. They brushed against the thick leather, before a fingertip touched against the sensor-pad.

Alexandria dragged Sally close to her, taking advantage of the darkness to stroke the woman's body without being seen, kissing her neck. 'Soon you'll have some friends to train with.'

The collar gave an angry beep, the pad flashing red, then it delivered another shock into Caitlyn. Chains rattled as Akilah's restraints tightened again – now she was bent at the waist, and Alexandria had to resist the urge to go and push her over, to make her crawl around. That she was managing to stay standing, despite the strain it was putting on her back, was an achievement! Her collar sparked again, and she stumbled, falling over. With her hands tied to her collar, she couldn't even crawl properly, just about able to lift herself off the ground and wriggle around.

In her bound state, she had lost her orientation, crawling around, trying to twist her head and see where the others were, heaving her body around.

Tabitha's collar shocked her again and she bent over, pushing Caitlyn down and using the woman's body to support herself. Another finger touched against the black pad, this time the thing flashing green. Some of the air rushed out of Caitlyn's gag, her cheeks bulging less.

In response, she wriggled around, pulling on Tabitha's skirt and trying to pull her down.

'Leph me tough you!'

Managing to get out a sentence was something of an achievement, given the circumstances. Although then she leaned too far forward, and dragged Tabitha down to the ground, the two of them falling together in a tangle of legs and hair. Somehow Caitlyn ended up on top, straddling Tabitha. She leaned over, pressing her hands against Tabitha's breasts, fabric snapping as she ripped off a button, exposing Tabitha's skin. A few specks of dribble fell, splashing onto Tabitha's skin, and making her squirm even more.

'What's going on?' Her head twisted around, hair flicking about as Caitlyn leaned forward, having to press her entire body against Tabitha's, their breasts squishing together. The sight of those buttocks made Alexandria pull Sally close, squeezing at her breasts, enjoying her breathy sighs, one hand around her throat, ready to squeeze if she made too much noise.

Caitlyn managed to get her hands to Tabitha's neck, their faces close together, as she pressed a finger against Tabitha's collar. The first few presses made red lights and angry buzzes, shocks stabbing into Tabitha and making her shift around, trying to push Caitlyn off. Caitlyn

shifted her balance, securely straddling the other woman, grinding against her, trying each of her fingers in turn.

After several more tries, and more shocks, the collar flashed green. Tabitha relaxed, whatever punishing vision was coming through her headset now fading away. Sally wriggled herself tightly against Alexandria, who squeezed her throat and whispered into her ear. 'Don't be pushy, my dear. Or I may need to take further steps.' She kept her grip tight until Sally relaxed, then pulled the woman in close, stroking her soft curves. 'You please me at *my* convenience. Never forget that.'

Tabitha and Caitlyn were still wrapped together on the floor, unable to coordinate well enough to keep standing, and starting to look a little flushed from rubbing against each other. Akilah was still trying to pull herself around, but her legs had been drawn towards her wrists, resulting in her body getting contorted into a rough forward-facing hogtie, meaning that all she could do was throw her body around, moving like a snake.

Alexandria moved her hand between Sally's legs, stroking her through her skirt, feeling her breath quicken, all while keeping her grip tight on their neck. Then she pushed her away, striding forward, letting her heels click against the floor.

She spoke loudly enough to be heard through their suffering, except for Akilah, who continued to wriggle and pant as she tried to move.

'That was a little disappointing, ladies. I was expecting the three of you to move with rather more harmony. Although you showed some initiative, Caitlyn, it wasn't sufficient to the task. Nevertheless, I will be training you further.'

She stepped forward again, onto Akilah, pinning her in place with a heel-spike securely placed on their back, then reached down to pluck out an earbud.

'I will be running a specialist training course for the three of you at my personal estate. The facilities there are rather more advanced. The three of you will become my direct subordinates, along with Sally.' Beneath her, Akilah wriggled around, unable to drag herself out from beneath Alexandria's heel. 'You certainly have potential, but will need to work hard to bring it out.'

All three of their collars cracked in unison, making them gasp in pain.

'And there are consequences for those that fail to live up to their potential.' She pressed harder down against Akilah, feeling their skin start to deform under her pressure. 'I have arranged for transportation, and that your work will be covered while you are gone. Sally will finish preparing you.'

Tabitha opened her mouth to protest, Sally expertly pushing a fat ball-gag into place and silencing her, Caitlyn looking around uncertainly, unable to properly see.

'Now, Sally, I trust you can handle this?'

'Yes, Mrs. Hunt!' Her eager obeying was pleasurable to see, as she finished the process of binding all three of them, using cuffs to bind wrists, ankles and necks, swiftly incapacitating them.

Chapter Eleven: Some Time at Home

Alexandria revved the bike, feeling the power running through the frame and engine, vibrating between her legs. At this time of day, the motorway was quiet, letting her accelerate to full speed, easily overtaking several cars, the air streaming around her body. She squeezed the throttle again, making it go as fast as she could, straining it until the motor was maxed out, going far above the speed limit.

The rush was exhilarating, the miles pouring away behind her. A ringing sound came through the speakers in her helmet and she tapped the control by her hand. A voice came through the speakers in her helmet. ‘Your guests have arrived, mistress. Do you wish them prepared for training?’

‘Yes. And some lunch as well. I’m in the mood for something substantial.’

‘Of course, Mistress. I have had them moved to the lower level in readiness, and prepared the cells, should any of them require an extended stay. Your previous acquisition is still in isolation as well. Perhaps you should tend to her soon? Or permit me to do so.’

‘Thank you. Hmm, perhaps you’re right, I have been busy elsewhere, and I know you need some help around the place. If the three of them don’t take long, then perhaps we can work together on her.’

Alicia purred down the phone, her voice tight with passion. ‘Oh *yes* Mistress! Mistress’ new work keeps her far too busy. Training a new maid with you would be *lovely*. I hope the three of them break swiftly.’

‘I don’t want them too damaged – they will be working under me, so need a certain amount of initiative! Try not to be too harsh.’

She turned off the motorway, racing along smaller country roads, her manor visible on the hill.

‘It would be pleasant to spend some time with you, Mistress. You are away so often I’ve barely been able to worship you recently!’ Alicia’s tone was chiding, as a high metal gate opened up, letting Alexandria into the estate. The grounds needed a little work, but she was so busy in London that getting the time to tend to it was a struggle, even with Alicia to hold down the fort.

She drove into the courtyard of her house, turning to the side and wheeling it into the gage, then kicking down the stand of the bike onto the concrete floor. Alicia approached, dressed in her latex maid costume. She bowed as Alexandria walked close before tutting at her and brushing off dust from the shoulders of her racing suit, as Alexandria removed her helmet.

‘I have prepared a change of clothing for you, Mistress Alexandria.’ Her tone was of mild disapproval. ‘You do want to appear your best.’

‘Yes, Alicia, thank you.’ She hooked her fingers into Alicia’s collar-ring and pulled them close, dragging them into a kiss. ‘And thank you for preparing them.’

‘Of course. I live to serve.’ She kissed Alexandria back, her cheeks starting to tinge a lovely pink as she leaned in. ‘And Mistress’ chambers have been prepared as well. I do hope

she will be staying? Mistress does need her rest, after all, and the London air is terrible for her complexion.'

'I've managed to get a few days away, Alicia, yes. And it is nice to be outside of the city.' She went silent for a moment, listening to the sounds of birdsong. 'Now, shall we begin?'

'Of course, Mistress. Food is waiting for you.'

Alicia waited until Alexandria moved away, dutifully following along behind her, heels crunching on the gravel underfoot. Inside, the house was immaculate, as Alicia moved towards the bunker entrance, entering the code to open up the lift. Inside, a white dress hung from a frame.

'The tall one appears displeased with the arrangements. Or at least, from what I could piece together from her speech. She has not yet learned how to speak around an obstruction, and was dribbling quite extensively. I had them hydrated in preparation, although they didn't seem very thankful for the water. Some new equipment has also arrived – do you have any specific instructions or placements for it, Mistress?'

'No, I think you can find where they would best go. Feel free to break them in, should you have need.'

'I am honored by your trust, Mistress.'

Alexandria unzipped her racing suit, before extending her arms, and letting Alicia help to undress her, stepping out of the leathers. Alicia brushed her hands against Alexandria, before helping her into the dress, smoothing it over her mistress' body. The lift platform was cold against her feet, until her feet were slid, one at a time, into white heels, Alicia smoothly sliding them on and attaching them into place. As a closing gesture, she ducked her head and gently brushed her lips against Alexandria's ankle, a soft and gentle kiss. The gesture sent a thrill into Alexandria, exciting her, but there was no time for that now.

The lift smoothly slid downwards before the doors slid open, revealing the entrance hall. Large wooden crates had been moved down here, shipping forms still stuck on. There was plenty of space for it, after all.

She let Alicia lead the way down the main hallway. One of the view-slits was open and she looked through – the occupant was swathed in a black latex straitjacket, utterly swaddled in the stuff, even her head locked away into a hood. A heavy metal collar around their neck zapped and jolted them, keeping them shifting around, unable to rest, and heavy tubes ran from the walls into their mouth and other holes. They had been there for long enough that they should be nice and obedient, but it would do no harm to keep them there for a while longer, until she had the time to properly deal with them.

The three new girls had been set up in the largest of the rooms, their bodies spread for inspection. Tabitha was arranged so that she was spread-eagled, chained at the wrist and ankles by tight chains, an oversized leather bit held between her teeth. Caitlyn was on her back, bound onto a padded board that was curved beneath her, her legs bent back, arms forced straight. Akilah was standing up, one leg bound backwards onto itself, standing atop a small raised post, her leg straining to keep her balanced, her arms above her head.

All three of them were gagged and blindfolded, their chins and breasts wet with dribble, their smart office-wear now disheveled and worn. Tabitha had a few fresh-looking marks, red lash-welts over her breasts.

'The tall one needed some disciplining. I apologize for any trouble I may have caused, Mistress.'

As their heels clicked over the floor, all three of the girls strained in their restraints, more spit oozing out from their gagged mouths.

‘Oh, it’s not a problem, Alicia. I trust you to limit yourself to what is needful.’

‘Thank you, Mistress Alexandria. Would you like to eat while I begin?’

In one corner of the room there was a wrought iron garden table and a chair, a silver tray already in place.

‘Yes, I will. Soften them up a little, but remember that they will be staff – please try and keep them functional.’

Tabitha grunted, tugging on her chain-bindings, unable to break free at all.

‘You may mark them up, but only lightly.’

Alexandria went to the chair and sat down, lifting the tray. There was a thick ploughman’s sandwich there, along with a pot of tea beneath a tea cozy. She poured herself a cup, settling down to watch as Alicia stalked towards the three targets, her head swiveling between them, trying to select a target. Alexandria began to eat, watching as Alicia pulled on a pair of blue latex gloves, then moved towards Tabitha.

‘May I strip them, Mistress?’

‘Yes. Kindly order appropriate replacement clothing, so that they can be attired properly going forward. This sandwich is excellent.’

‘Thank you, Mistress. Locally sourced.’

‘Make sure to keep it in stock when I visit.’

Alicia reached around Tabitha’s waist, finding the clasp of their skirt and pulling it open, pulling the material away from her body. Beneath she was wearing stockings and suspenders, the nylon laddered in several places. Alicia stroked their leg, snapping at the thigh-band of the stockings. ‘Hmmm, not the best material. If you wish to serve your new mistress properly, you should be dressed appropriately. Let me remove this unfitting material from your body.’

She unclipped the suspender belt, then tore away the stockings, the material ripping away easily.

‘Mistress Alexandria does have good taste, so at least you’ve got a nice body.’ As Alexandria continued to eat, Alicia stroked between their legs, fingers probing at their slit, before hooking a finger around their red thong and snapping the skimpy material away from their body. ‘You belong to her now. I do hope that you’ll remember that. A little struggling can be cute, but too much is a nuisance.’

‘Mmmppphhh!’ Tabitha’s head shook around, the whip of her hair lashing from side to side in protest.

Alicia reached her hand up beneath the woman’s blouse, feeling their stomach, before twisting around and wrenching towards herself, making the buttons pop out and break, exposing her breasts. ‘Hmm, these are rather nice.’ Material ripped again as she tore away the blouse, dumping it to the ground, leaving the woman wearing nothing but a red lace bra. Tabitha was trying to struggle against her restraints, her body held stretched and tight, unable to do more than shake her head around, her makeup running down her face in ugly smears.

Alicia grabbed her throat with one hand, pushing against her, the woman unable to move away, as Alicia tickled her fingers over their body, probing for soft and sensitive points, making them shiver. ‘Mistress Alexandria is kind enough to give you a special collar. It will help you with your training.’

She slapped Tabitha across the cheek while feeling for their reaction as their head snapped to the side. Spit dribbled from behind their bit-gag, some of it falling between their breasts

before Alicia removed their blindfold. They glared down at Alicia with impotent rage as she slapped their belly, then reached out for a metal collar, carefully lining it up with the woman's neck and snapping it into place, the metal shining under the sodium bulbs.

'This will help guide you.' She tapped the front, the thing turning on. It buzzed into life, sending a probing shock into Tabitha. 'Now, will you be a good girl?'

'Nph!' Tabitha shook her head, hair whipping around.

'Then bad girls need to be punished.' Alicia grinned savagely as Alexandria finished her sandwich, taking a sip of her tea. It was nice to see her so invested! She did get bored out here in the countryside, with only the maids to play with. Alicia's hand moved down Tabitha's body, stroking a nipple, before slapping her in the belly. 'You will obey the mistress. You are hers now, to do with as she wills.' Then she began to fondle between the woman's legs. 'Hmm, you need to learn to respond to such treatment. When your superior touches you, you should respond appropriately.'

'Fuppphh!'

Alicia backhanded them across the face.

'And no backchat!'

Alexandria stood up, her chair scraping back. 'You may train her, if you wish. Now, who shall I work on first? Any volunteers?'

Both Caitlyn and Akilah moaned and gasped.

'Well, that's not acceptable, is it? You should be putting yourself forward for attention.'

She moved towards Caitlyn, picking up a heavy-headed crop as she did so. The way the woman was bound highlighted her breasts, her head somewhere below the bottom end of the padded curve, her legs spread, short skirt riding up. Alexandria unzipped it and pulled it away, having to yank hard to pull it out from beneath them. Dark tights sheathed their legs, Alexandria ripping the material away from their body, leaving tatters and shreds of nylon. Their body strained, stomach tensing as she tried to move, without any success, before Alexandria ripped away their blouse.

'You really need to learn to put yourself forward more.' The head of the crop smacked forward against their deliciously taut belly, the leather snapping against flesh, Caitlyn gasping from the pain, struggling to lift their head to see what was going on. She hit them again, lower this time.

'Auph! Soroph! Soroph, Mph Hunph!'

'Well, an apology is certainly a start. I hope you will do better in the future.'

'Mph!'

'Now, those breasts of yours are begging for attention, aren't they?'

'Wph!?'

Alexandria assaulted them, watching them deform under the impact, Caitlyn yelping again in pain.

'Think of this as an introductory session. Should you behave and meet my expectations, then when you return, the accommodation will be rather more pleasant. Alicia here sets a lovely table, at least when I order her to.'

Alicia was working on Tabitha some more, probing her body, making her shiver and gasp, unable to fully control her body.

'You will be my subordinates. This means you must perform excellently at all times.' Another strike, this time right onto their pussy, a gasp of pain sounding out. 'But if you meet my

expectations, then there are rewards as well.’ She leaned forward, lightly running her fingers between their legs, finding them already starting to slick.

‘Good girl, Caitlyn. You seem to have the appropriate mentality.’ She teased their pussy, stroking it with her fingers, spreading their lips wide and blowing on their folds, their protests became softer. ‘You will not be allowed release until you have shown improvement, but this is a good initial sign.’

She withdrew, ignoring the grunt of disappointment, striking at Caitlyn a few more times, before turning to Akilah. Her clothing was in complete disarray, her skirt pulled up around her waist to allow for her leg to be raised. She was struggling in her restraints, despite the clear strain on her one leg that was allowed to touch anything. Alexandria ripped away their blindfold, revealing soft brown eyes, wet with tears.

‘Biph! Leph me goph!’

Alexandria pulled their skirt up higher, revealing disappointingly plain underwear. ‘Well, this is disappointing. Even if you don’t expect others to see them, then you should dress up a little!’ She ripped the plain panties away. ‘Although you are nice and toned – did you do some dance training when younger?’ Alexandria felt their thigh, the muscles tense and hard. ‘It’ll be lovely to take a whip to you, should you misbehave.’

She moved around behind them, unclasping their skirt and feeling their taut buttocks, pinching the flesh. ‘Hmmm, lovely. I do hope you enjoy being sodomized, it will certainly be easier if I don’t have to train you from scratch.’

‘Npphh!’

Alexandria spanked them, feeling the core of muscles beneath the padding. ‘I think we should make a start on that now.’

Alicia appeared by her side, gloved fingers already shiny with lube, holding a rubber butt-plug attached to an air bulb. ‘Allow me, Mistress.’ A blue-wrapped finger probed against, then into, Akilah’s butthole, slowly forcing it to widen. Alexandria moved back around in front of her, ripping her top off from beneath her suit jacket. Her head was arched back as she tried to resist the violation, but Alicia was relentless, as Alexandria stroked their chest and breasts.

‘Shhh. If you relax, this will be far easier. And you should learn to enjoy it – or at least pretend to. It will be far easier for us all if you do so.’

‘Mppph! Mppphhh!’ The single foot that Akilah had touching the raised platform strained to raise her up, in a desperate attempt to escape Alicia’s probing finger. Alexandria reached up and grasped her throat and squeezed.

‘Naughty girl! You should submit to your position. Let me get you collared. To show your place, as well as to help with your training.’

Akilah’s eyes were starting to tear up as she tried to shake her head, but Alexandria gripped her around the throat more tightly. ‘Bad girl! Submit and obey.’

Alicia’s fingers continued to slide in, two fingers now inserted up to the second knuckle, spreading the tight butthole wide. She pumped them back and forth, before removing them entirely and pushing the bulb in.

‘Kindly test her limits.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’ Air hissed as the bulb pushed air into the plug.

‘You, I think, need a special course in using your back passage.’

‘Npphh!’

The way that Akilah was squirming around was delightful, starting to arouse Alexandria. A wonderful body, soft and hard mixed together, and apparently not yet fully used! As the bulb

hissed again and again, enlarging and hardening inside of them. The tears were flowing more now, as Alexandria kissed a nipple, swirling it around with her tongue, licking the nub of flesh.

She started to finger them, finding their warm folds, their body starting to react appropriately, even if they were still protesting. She could feel them heating up, their chest heaving as they strained for breath, entire body tensing up. 'If you're a good girl, then you may be allowed release.'

They groaned as the bulb inside of them expanded again.

'I believe that is her limit, Mistress. Do you think that is to be worked on?'

'Yes, I think so. She has such a lovely body that it should be utilized to its fullest extent.' She slapped them across the cheek, but just lightly. 'You have not been taking advantage of all the gifts you have been given. But that can be worked on, don't worry.'

She watched them strain, hips tensing as they tried to push the intruder out, without any success.

'Now, where were we? Oh yes – your collar. While you are my employee it will be permanently attached. I like to keep tabs on my employees, especially the high-value ones like yourself.'

She held out a hand, Alicia passing her the heavy metal ring. Alexandria ran her fingers along the inside, feeling the sensors and the padding, able to expand to choke the wearer, and a number of other features. She held it up so that Akilah could see it, turning the thing around to show it from all angles. 'You will have to keep it clean and polished as well. Alicia will show you how.'

Akilah tried to shake her head, before Alicia pinched one of her nipples. 'The Mistress is giving you a gift! It is very offensive to refuse a gift.'

Alexandria pushed the collar onto Akilah's throat, turning it around so that the small LED panel was in the center. It beeped, sensing the wearer's breath and pulse, as Alexandria pushed it around, the metal sealing into place, pushing against their brown skin, folding shut with a click.

'I do hope you will manage the adjustment to it soon enough.'

She was still crying, face smeary with blotchy tears and smeared makeup.

'Do you wish her blindfolded, Mistress?'

'Yes, I think going without vision will help to teach her where she stands.'

Alexandria pinched at Akilah's nipples until Alicia folded a padded leather blindfold over the woman's eyes, sealing her into darkness.

'Good. Now, when you obey, then I will return your vision to you.'

'Mppph!'

'This one seems like she might be trouble, Mistress.'

Akilah was still trying to push out the plug, without success, face starting to go red from the effort.

'A little stubbornness can be cute. Not everyone is quite as naturally submissive as you.'

Alicia pushed herself against Alexandria, latex outfit slippery-smooth and warm, breasts soft. 'Only for you, Mistress.' Alexandria gave her a kiss, before turning back to Akilah. 'I think you've just volunteered for some time in isolation. To think about your new position. I do hope that your peers will be more compliant?'

They both managed to grunt out responses that sounded similar to "yes", as Alexandria slapped Akilah's breasts, the flesh pert and firm.

‘The three of you are going to be allowed to serve me directly. That means I have high expectations for you, and will be upset if you fail to live up to them. I do hope that is understood?’

Akilah was still trying to push out the plug, stomach and butt straining without success, as Alicia reached around to give it another squeeze, making the thing even larger inside of her.

‘Pleaph!’

Alexandria started to finger her, feeling her body respond now, slit starting to slick. Alicia began to stroke and massage her back as Akilah’s warmth enveloped Alexandria’s fingers.

As the heat and warmth built, Alexandria pinched at the woman’s skin, enough to leave light marks, before withdrawing her fingers, the cunt pulling forward in an attempt for completion.

‘Good girls get to cum. For being troublesome, that will be denied you. Alicia, kindly show Akilah to her room, while I continue to train the other two. Who I hope will be suitably obedient?’

She heard desperate pleading and smiled. Three lovely secretaries to play with! And to build the foundation of the company.

Chapter Twelve: Management Restructures

After the break at her estate, Alexandria felt fully rested. Akilah still needed more work to fully persuade her of her new place, but Caitlyn and Tabitha were somewhat more obedient, accompanying her back to London. Their new outfits certainly helped – Tabitha’s latex hobble-skirt was tight around her butt and ankles, showcasing her long legs, heels making her legs and calves taut. Her blouse was shining white, displaying her breasts, her metal collar bright.

She walked over, limited to tiny, hip-swaying steps, placing a cup of tea in front of Alexandria.

‘Thank you, Tabitha.’ Alexandria reached out and stroked a hand up Tabitha’s leg, admiring the tightness of her legs beneath the latex, running her fingertips over a buttock before lightly slapping it. ‘Now, back to work. Try and be an example to the others.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’ She ran a hand over her collar, a dazed shock on her face. Alexandria rose and tweaked it, making sure it was properly aligned.

‘This is a mark of my personal interest – do try and keep it nice and clean. Otherwise I might have to punish you again. I’m sure you wouldn’t want to end up with Akilah, would you?’

‘No, Mistress. I do not want to be punished. You have a meeting with Miss Hathering in ten minutes. I have prepared some notes for you.’

‘Thank you – I do like to see some initiative. Keep this up, and you may earn yourself some pleasure.’ The woman’s hands twitched, moving towards the just-about visible outlines of her chastity beneath her skirt. ‘A promising start. If you could kindly attend as well? I have a feeling that Elanor may prove troublesome. I have prepared some equipment in advance – I trust you to make your presence known if required.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

Alexandria returned to her desk, signing off on a few more budget requests before her office door opened, Elanor walking in. She was dressed for clubbing again – thigh-high boots, stocking-tops visible around her tanned and toned thighs, a black dress clinging to her curves, panels removed to show off her navel, a gem gleaming, and the tops of her breasts. A golden necklace was around her neck, studs and chains dangling from her ears, smoky makeup rimming her eyes. Her hair was shaped into tousled curves, auburn curls falling down her back in waves.

The way she walked was intended to draw attention, and Alexandria could see a few of the office workers behind her, their eyes following her backside as she strutted, vibrantly sexual. Alexandria could see that her skin was sparkling slightly, some product covering her breasts and shoulders with streaks of shining reflectivity.

‘Ah, Elanor. What a pleasure to see you.’ They smiled at each other, expressions both frosty and guarded. ‘Please, take a seat.’ She gestured at a chair in front of her desk, the legs screwed to the ground, with thick and heavy armrests.

‘I think I will stand. From what I have seen of your interests, it seems somewhat safer.’ She raised a hand, red nails bright as she ran it through her hair, the motion pulling her dress tight over her breasts.’

‘As you wish. Now, there are a few matters we need to discuss.’

She rose, stepping around the desk herself, towards Elanor – they were similar heights, but Elanor’s boots had high stiletto heels, pushing her up even higher. She slowly reached out and stroked the woman’s face. ‘You mustn’t party too much, my dear. It can take its toll.’

They flinched slightly, but didn’t step back, meeting her eyes.

‘It was about that matter that I wanted to see you, actually.’ She played with Elanor’s hair, teasing it into a tidier shape, before grabbing it and pulling hard, wrenching the woman off balance.

‘Hey! Ow!’

Elanor’s hands came up to try and push Alexandria away, but Alexandria moved herself, keeping them off balance, before twisting around and letting go, Elanor staggering forward and having to use a wall to steady herself.

Alexandria grabbed one of her wrists and snapped a cuff around it, the metal clinking against some of the bracelets Elanor was wearing. Elanor clawed behind herself, nails slicing the air as Alexandria caught her other wrist and cuffed that, the short chain snapping taut between her wrists. Before she could turn around, Alexandria stepped in, pushing her against the wall.

Her dress was backless, thin strands of material stretched across the smooth curve of tanned flesh, Alexandria raking her nails down the exposed flesh.

‘Get the fuck off me!’ The bound hands flailed, a leg kicking back.

‘Oh, do be quiet, Elanor. After the night I hear you’ve had, I’m surprised you’re still so energetic.’ She hooked a finger under the hem of the mini-dress and pulled upwards, taut buttocks emerging, a skimpy thong around the woman’s waist and privates. ‘A certain amount of pleasure is allowable, but I cannot allow you to bring the company name into ill repute.’

She bought her hand back and cracked it against the woman’s buttocks as they tensed, the curved flesh hardening.

‘Naughty girls need to be punished.’

She spanked them several times, slapping her hand across their bare butt, making them yowl from the stinging snap pain.

‘Get the fuck away from me!’ Elanor tried to pull herself away, Alexandria pulling on the cuffs, pulling the woman’s arms up behind her, forcing her to bend over at the waist. She tried kicking back, but couldn’t muster any strength, Alexandria sidestepping the heel.

‘Hmmm, I’m surprised my husband didn’t tame you at all. Although I suppose you may have been more useful to him as you were. Well, that changes today.’

She pulled higher upwards, Elanor having to stoop over or have her shoulders thrown out, unable to kick anymore without risking falling over.

‘I’m not going to become one of your fuck-bitches!’ She was still struggling, as Alexandria hooked the cuffs over a hook curling out from the edge of a bookcase, forcing Elanor to stay bent in her strappado. Her skirt was up around her hips now, her backside fully on display as Alexandria slapped it again.

‘Maybe a nice jeweled plug for you?’ She felt between their legs, pushing through their thighs as Elanor tried to keep her away, stroking at the thong. ‘No piercings down here? Hmmm, that can be remedied easily enough.’

‘No! I’m not your property!’

She kept on wriggling around as Alexandria felt her body – clearly the work of a lot of time with a personal trainer, finely toned but soft in all the right places. ‘I was going through the accounts and found that the company seems to have a discretionary fund entirely dedicated towards covering up your indiscretions. There are far better uses for that money, so I think that

now it's time for you to learn to behave.' She slapped them again, digging her nails into the soft meat.

'Now, let's get you out of that dress. It does look nice and slutty, but I think your image will be overhauled somewhat as well. And from now on, you are the head of rewarding our staff. Or, until you prove yourself, *you* will be the reward. There will also be a certain amount of rehab, I suppose, as you appear to be indulging in a number of narcotics. But first, let me do something about that mouth of yours.'

She stood back, watching as Elanor squirmed, smiling at the sight of her tense thigh-meat peeping over the top of the long black boots, feeling herself get aroused in anticipation.

'Once I get out of here, I'm calling the police!'

Tabitha passed Alexandria a pull of scissors, which she pressed used to pull one of the back-strips of fabric tight, before snipping it. The material snapped, before Alexandria repeated the process with another strip.

'Oh? You think you will be permitted such freedom? And you are scarcely in a position to complain – some of the activities you have been engaging in are scarcely legal themselves. So do control yourself. The more amenable you prove yourself, the easier this matter will be. But if you prove yourself troublesome then that could be pleasurable as well.'

'No!' The way that their butt wriggled about was rather charming, a handprint already starting to appear.

'Your opinion doesn't matter, until you prove yourself worthy of being my follower. Giving you a nice private office where you can be tied over the desk for anyone to use will be quite sufficient. But after some training, I think you might be more useful, and perhaps allowed some limited freedoms.'

She snipped away the remnants of the strips holding the dress on, the material clinging to her body for a moment before slithering to the ground. Beneath it, Elanor was naked except for the boots and stockings, her jewelry and the thin lace of her thong.

'A nice gag would suit her, I think.'

Tabitha hobbled over with the appropriate item, as Alexandria grabbed Elanor's hair, pulling it backwards and jamming the rubber ball between the woman's teeth, pushing it inwards and then clicking buckles shut. This gag had a full set of straps, wrapping up and around her head, buckling tightly and holding her jaw shut as well as filling her mouth.

'Mmmphhh!'

'Don't worry.' Alexandria stroked her head. 'I'll have Alicia make sure you're fed and watered.' She leaned over and pressed herself against their body, stroking fingers along breasts and belly. 'You are an exquisite piece, you'll be delightful once you're fully trained.' Alexandria felt their breast, before pinching at a nipple, Elanor hissing in pain. 'A few more piercings, I think. Maybe a tattoo if you're particularly troublesome.'

She pressed her body against theirs, feeling the way they panted in desperate fear, arms straining but unable to escape from the strappado. When Alexandria felt back down between their legs, she tickled her fingers along their soft and sensitive flesh, probing into her. 'You are nice and sensitive, aren't you? That's a good start. But I don't want you to go missing, so I think a collar for that pretty neck of yours.'

'Nppphh!'

'Oh, this is a special collar. I want to keep you looking nice, after all. It has some special features.'

Tabitha approached with a wooden case, carefully opening it. Nestled amongst black velvet was a bright metal collar, trimmed with gold. Alexandria lifted it from the case, holding it so that Elanor could see it. There was a chunky O-ring at the front, small diamante studs lining the central black panel.

‘Let’s get you equipped.’

‘Nppphh!’ Elanor twisted around, Alexandria spanking her repeatedly, until Alexandria grabbed her hair to hold her head straight. The collar pressed against the woman’s neck, Alexandria slowly folding it shut, making sure no hair was caught inside of it.

It clicked shut, Alexandria twisting it until it was in place. Then she spanked Elanor again, before reaching up and pulling her wrists off the hook.

Elanor spun, angrily moving towards Alexandria, hands still tied behind herself. There was a snap of electricity and her eyes went wide with pain. She tried stepping forward again, a louder snapping sounding out, and she staggered downwards, dropping to her knees, leather boots creasing.

‘To keep you in line, it will activate unless you stay down. It has a few more features I’m sure we’ll have fun discovering together. And it should work with some of your favorite outfits as well.’

Elanor twisted around, managing to rise up on her knees for a second, before the collar snapped at her again, making her grunt through the gag, chin start to shine with spit.

‘You’re going to be the office pet, once I’m done with you.’

Elanor rolled on the ground, ass high in the air until Alexandria stamped down on it, pressing her heel against a red palm-print. The leather-clad legs kicked around impotently, Alexandria keeping them pinned in place.

‘Mpphhh! Stpphhh!’

Alexandria knelt down, using her knee to keep Elanor pinned in place as she snapped a leash through the O-ring of the collar.

‘You are going to use that lovely body of yours for pleasure. If you’re badly behaved, then I’ll have you hooded and ring-gagged, and turned into an office ornament. But if you’re a good girl, then you might be allowed some freedom, even some underlings of your own.’

She stood up, taking her weight off Elanor, pulling on the leash.

‘On your knees. You’ll be spending a lot of time like that.’

‘Rmmppphh!’ She was still resisting, trying to stand up until the collar shocked her again. Alexandria tugged on it, pulling her forward, making her shuffle awkwardly on her knees with her wrists still tied behind her back, leather getting scuffed against the carpet. Her makeup was starting to run from the tears in her eyes, her head tilted downwards to avoid getting another shock.

‘I’m going to walk you to your new office. And there’s a few people that you need to reward already. Hmmm, your mouth is already sealed, so I suppose I’ll be offering them your other holes?’

Alexandria began to walk forward, the leash going taut before Elanor started to crawl along behind her, knees shuffling. Whenever she was too slow and the leash tightened fully, it shocked her again – something she quickly noticed, from how the scraping sound of her boots against the carpet suddenly got faster. Tabitha opened the door to let them out, Alexandria walking into the main office, Elanor still leashed behind her.

She looked over her shoulder to see Elanor’s face go pale white in shame and humiliation, her head down, not looking at any of the office workers they passed.

‘This way.’

Elanor kept crawling along, starting to sob as Alexandria pulled her into an executive office, although this one had a small cage in the corner, and various posts and rings that could be used to further restrain someone. If Elanor proved herself worthy, then her access rights would be upgraded to permit her access to the controls to other collars, but for now, she wouldn’t even be able to rise up high enough to see the screen without getting shocked.

‘If you prove yourself, then you can use those on others. Otherwise, they will be used on you. But for now, I’ll keep that mouth of yours sealed, and allow your other holes to be used.’

She pulled on the collar, sending a savage barb of electricity into Elanor’s neck. While she was writhing in pain, Alexandria picked up a long metal bar, with a bulky metal ring in the center and a cuff at each end. The ring locked around Elanor’s neck, large enough to accommodate the collar, metal scratching on metal. Another stab of electricity weakened Elanor enough for Alexandria to grab one of her legs and bend it backwards, locking the cuff around it. When she did this with the other leg, Elanor’s body was stretched out, leather-clad legs tied in a line with her head. The woman was on her back, hands still bound uncomfortably beneath her, her movement limited to a pathetic rocking from side-to-side.

Alexandria tied the leash around a hook, ensuring that Elanor couldn’t wriggle away too far. With her legs spread wide, she was fully exposed and open, as Alexandria bent over to rip away the thong, bringing the soft pink folds of her cunt into view.

‘I’ve made some appointments on your behalf, I’m sure they’ll be along shortly. I do hope they won’t be too rough.’

‘Mpphhh!’ Elanor tried to break free, the spreader bar rattling around her neck, but all she could do was powerlessly wriggle about, sometimes pulling on the leash too hard and getting herself shocked. The tears were flowing fully now, her makeup a ruined mess, as Alexandria teased her slit until it shone with arousal, before withdrawing.

‘Well, I have other concerns, so will leave you to your new duties.’

‘Grrrphhh!’

Despite her position, Elanor still managed to muster up the strength for a growl, unable to close her thighs.

‘I wonder which will be more popular – your juicy cunt, or that tight asshole? You’re going to be stuffed, nice and full either way. And once you’re done for the day here, then I’m having a party at my flat, at which you will be the main entertainment.’

Chapter Thirteen: A Not-So-Private Party

Elanor was in a daze as Alexandria lifted her out of the car boot, her body shivering, wearing only a short and scanty leather coat to cover her nudity, other than her thigh-high leather boots and her collar. She leaned on Alexandria for support, Alexandria trying to keep the woman's face turned away to avoid getting gag-dribble on herself.

The concierge gave her a nod, already calling for the lift, Alexandria dragging Elanor inside with her, before it slid smoothly upwards. As it moved, she whispered soothing sounds into Elanor's ear, and then the door dinged open. The door to Alexandria's apartment before she reached it, Alicia appearing. She was now dressed in white latex – a short mini-dress with a red cross between her breasts, her mouth covered by a surgical mask, elbow-length latex gloves sheathing her arms, the odor of disinfectant around her.

She curtsied, plucking at the hem of her dress. 'Good evening, mistress. And this is the guest? I have prepared everything you instructed.' She moved closer, taking Elanor from Alexandria. 'She certainly is a pretty thing, isn't she? Although appears a little... used.' Alicia removed Elanor's coat, seeing the thick smears of lube and semen between the woman's thighs.

'She is starting to learn her place. Although I think some more permanent reminders will be needed.'

'Oh yes, very wise, Mistress.'

'I know there's some equipment you've been wanting to use.'

'Mistress is very kind.' Alicia lifted her dress up, just enough to show the edge of her chastity belt. 'And perhaps Mistress Hunt would care to take her pleasure upon her most loyal slave?' The surgical mask hid her expression, but her eyes were bright. 'I have taken the liberty of preparing everything already.'

Alexandria looked past her into the main room, where plastic sheeting had been put down, and some shining steel implements set out. Elanor must have seen them as well, trying to pull away, Alexandria triggering her collar until she stopped resisting, dropping to her knees heavily.

'It's been a while since you've been a nurse.'

'Well, it seemed appropriate for the occasion, Mistress. A lot easier to disinfect and keep clean than a maid's lace and ruggles. Now, why don't you go and change, while I prepare the patient?'

Elanor gave a yelp of fear and tried to retreat again, before Alicia grabbed her and started dragging her towards the plastic sheeting.

'Tonight will, I hope, be a pleasurable break for you, Mistress. I have also prepared dinner – although that can wait until afterwards.'

Alexandria handed her the controller for the collar, more actinic zaps sounding out as Alicia took charge of Elanor. Alexandria ignored it and went to shower herself.

The London apartment wasn't as nice, or anywhere near as large, as her country house, but it was still fully equipped – the shower poured lovely hot water down on her, before she dried herself off, dressing in the clothing that Alicia had laid out for her. A dress and blouse in her preferred white, but in less formal cuts than usual, and without a shawl or suit jacket. And long

latex gloves, wrapping her arms almost up to the shoulder. She slid them on, bit-by-bit, until they enveloped her arms entirely, stretching her fingers to feel the resistance. Even jewelry had been laid out! Well, Alicia did like her to look her best, and the short golden chains suited the outfit. Silk stockings and short heels completed the look – Elanor would hopefully not make a mess, as white did stain so very easily. Well, it would be up to Alicia to clean it if she did do anything wrong.

After seeing to her hair, she returned to the main room. Elanor was now in position – she was tied onto a metal-gridded frame, arms and legs pushed through gaps and cable ties pinching her flesh to bind her in place, a dental gag holding her mouth open. Her hair had been used to tie her head in place, as her neck strained trying to pull free, making desperate and pathetic grunts. Her boots and stockings had been removed as well, neatly piled in a corner, leaving her naked but for her collar.

The metal frame was hinged so it could flip, and a large metal basin was beneath her, full of water. As Elanor tried to shift her weight, the frame lurched, her head dropping backwards. Alicia gave it a push, sending Elanor’s head downwards, breaking the surface of the water.

Thick bubbles rose from her mouth, her legs and stomach straining, the cable ties digging into her thighs, before Alicia flipped her back up. Water streamed down her face as she coughed and spluttered, eyes wild.

‘Do be a good girl, or matters will get worse for you. I have all the equipment I need to make sure you don’t suffer any harm. Well, *permanent* harm.’ She rocked the frame again, making Elanor whimper as she moved downwards. ‘So, will you be a good girl?’

Elanor’s tongue waggled as she coughed up more water, unable to properly speak.

‘I will take that as a “yes” and prepare you for Mistress Hunt.’

She locked the frame into place before using a towel to wipe down Elanor’s body. As she prepped the “patient”, Alexandria went to the fridge to get some wine, looking at the slow cooker on the side, lifting the lid. Thick, flavorsome steam washed out, a brown broth with meat and vegetables floating in it – some kind of game stew? It smelled delicious! She poured herself a glass of wine, bringing the bottle over, before sitting on the couch, making herself comfortable.

Elanor was still tied to the frame, the cable ties pinching her flesh, sobbing in fear.

‘Thank you, Mistress. It has been too long since you’ve given me anyone like this! Too many of those pretty little office girls, too obedient and tame. This one’s a lot more wild! And has a lovely build. She would make good prey, I think. Nice strong legs.’ She ran her hands along Elanor’s legs, leaving slimy trails along the tanned and toned skin.

‘Well, I’m glad you find her interesting. I would rather she be left functional, but obedient. She has wealth and some useful connections. And is rather lovely to look at. So don’t be too rough with her, as long as she obeys.’

‘Yes, Mistress Hunt. Although a little shock and awe, to start with. And you bought me such lovely tools that you never let me use!’ She gestured at the shining steel, the motion making Elanor grunt in desperation and fear.

‘Well, consider this a gift then.’ Alexandria drew her legs up beneath her body, settling herself comfortably on the couch. ‘You may begin. Entertain me enough, and I may even release you from your belt.’

‘Thank you, Mistress. Then your humble servant shall begin.’

She turned back to Elanor, flipping the frame until Elanor’s head was just above the water. ‘The more you obey, the less you will suffer. It has been some time since my Mistress has

permitted me to use all my skills. Don't worry, I am fully trained. Now, you will need disinfecting to begin with.'

'Mpphh!?'

Alicia squirted clear fluid onto her fingers, before rubbing them against Elanor's nipples, wetting the flesh, then dabbing more along the woman's navel.

'Mistress, she has five piercings in the left ear and six in the right. Do I have your permission to even her out?'

'Of course.'

'Then I shall start with that.'

She grabbed at Elanor's head, holding it in place, robbing her of even the slight mobility she had enjoyed. The tears were in full flow now, Elanor's pert breasts heaving as she gulped in air.

'Shhhh. This is to make you more fitting for service. Soon you will have a lovely mistress, and won't need to worry any more. But you need to be shown your place.' She rubbed the curve of Elanor's left ear, before taking a needle and holding it so that Elanor could see it, twisting the spike of metal so it caught the light. 'Now, don't twist around too much, or I might miss.'

She gripped Elanor's head, before moving the needle forward, pushing it against Elanor's ear, into, then through, the skin. The hole she made she filled with a metal stud – plainer than Elanor's others. Well, that could be changed easily enough. Now it was time for the real show to begin!

Alicia discarded the needle into a metal bowl, making a tinny rattle. Then she clamped her hand over Elanor's mouth, pinching her nose shut. As she carefully controlled Elanor's airflow, Alexandria felt herself starting to get aroused, sliding her thighs together. Elanor's gasps became squeaks before fading away to pathetic whimpers, her eyes widening in fear before Alicia removed her hand and let Elanor take a breath.

Then she reached a hand into the woman's mouth, pulling at their tongue, then clamping forceps onto the soft meat to hold it in place. Then Alicia took another needle, pushing it through the meaty center of the tongue. Elanor's hands tensed in pain, gripping onto the metal frame tightly as her flesh was forcibly penetrated.

Her breath came in soft, pained rasps, Alicia keeping enough distance so that Alexandria could see the metal sliding in. After making the initial hole, Elanor withdrew the needle, the metal tinkling into the bowl.

'I took the liberty of picking out some appropriate choices, Mistress.' She held up a small and golden stud, before sliding it into the flesh, screwing the barbell into place. 'Now, onto more exciting places. Your nipples, that cute bellybutton of yours, and then a few more. Can you guess where?'

Elanor's panic was starting to reignite, until Alicia pushed hands against her mouth again, until her body started to go limp.

Alexandria shifted on the couch, hitching her skirts up, running a hand between her thighs, stroking and teasing at herself, just lightly.

By now, Alicia had readied Elanor's breasts, metal clamps flattening out the flesh, pressing the nipples squashed and ready. Elanor whimpered, eyes fixated on the needle, slimy spittle running from her forced-open mouth down her belly.

'Shhhh, don't worry. You are so soft and precious, it's a delight to work on you.' She reached down, slipping a finger into Elanor's slit. 'And your body seems to be enjoying it. Simply give in.'

Then she pierced the first nipple, sliding a spike of metal straight through the skin, Elanor emitting a pained, warbling cry, her penetrated tongue still held outside of her mouth, the forceps not allowing her to withdraw it back into her mouth.

‘Shhh, shhh. Be calm, little one, and simply surrender. You belong to Mistress Alexandria now – you should be honored. And you wouldn’t want to be uneven, would you? So lets do the other one, and then we can continue.’

Without pausing, she speared the other tit as Alexandria started to stroke herself more vigorously, not yet sliding a finger into herself, but feeling her juices start to flow.

The soft, pathetic whimper of pain from Elanor was delicious, her body stretched to its limits, still trying to recover her breath, shining with sweat and dribble. The metal was bright as she tried to suck in breath, before Alicia wiped the woman’s navel clean.

‘Npppphhhh...’ Elanor tried to protest, but could barely gather the strength to make a sound.

The needle was inserted, a swift motion as Elanor’s body was violated again, a barbell moving into place, metal sliding into soft flesh.

‘Now, little pet, three in each of those soft lips, and then that soft cunt of yours. And then we’ll be done for the night. You’d like that, wouldn’t you? You want to be good and obedient, don’t you?’

Elanor made another pathetic-sounding noise, her head making the tiniest motion that might have been a nod.

‘Good girl. You see how much easier it is when you obey?’

As Alicia knelt down, her gloved fingers spreading Elanor wide and open, smearing more antiseptic gel onto the sensitive skin.

‘When this is done, then all sorts of lovely devices can be attached. Mistress never normally lets me be this rough! I hope she lets me look after you more, we could have all sorts of fun together.’ Her fingers teased at Elanor, as Alexandria started to stroke one of her breasts, letting herself relax against the couch, her breath quickening.

Alicia alternated between swift and brutal jabs, piercing into the sensitive flesh and sliding rings into place, and soft cooing and stroking, leaving Elanor a sobbing and brutalized mess, dark streaks of runny mascara streaming down her face in blobby lumps, chest straining and heaving as she sobbed.

Alexandria curved her body around, sliding two fingers into herself, eyes wide to catch every detail of Elanor’s suffering. At five rings, she went limp, eyes glazing over. The sixth ring did nothing more than make her twitch entirely on instinct. Even when Alicia held up the clit-ring, Elanor’s eyes tracked it from sheer reflex, her conscious will having gone somewhere inside of herself.

Alicia was merciless, clamping the swollen bud, before metal penetrated her most sensitive place. Elanor gulped and spasmed, the last ring sliding into place. A flicker of life returned to her eyes, as Alicia removed the forceps and the dental gag. A torrent of spit flowed out, the tongue flashing backwards into her mouth.

Alicia wrapped a leather muzzle around Elanor’s head and face, sealing away her mouth, leaving just those beautiful, pained eyes, lost in a daze. Alexandria tilted the frame, dunking Elanor beneath the water, bubbles spluttering to the surface.

As her head was bought back up, Alexandria twisted her fingers deeper into herself, closing her eyes, hearing the splashing, agonized sounds of Elanor being dunked, riding the edge of orgasm for a bare second before letting fall into it, the pleasure pouring through her.

Alicia made a disappointed sound. ‘I was hoping to be allowed to do that, Mistress!’ She dunked Elanor again, before bringing her up and sliding a blindfold into place. ‘Heal up, little one. And then we can play again. But if you start making any noise, while I am serving my mistress, then I will be *very* upset, is that clear? Now, I’m going to put some cooling gel on you, and then something to help you relax. So if you cooperate, then it will be less painful. Say “Yes, Miss Alicia”.’

Mumbled grunting came from behind the muzzle, and Alicia stroked Elanor’s forehead, kissing her skin. ‘Good girl. Now, Mistress, as you have denied me the chance to pleasure you, would you kindly serve dinner. And then perhaps allow me to spend some time with you?’

Alexandria smiled and stood up, going to the kitchen area and getting some bowls, spooning out portions of the broth. It smelled divine! Elanor’s whimpers faded away, Alicia pushing buds into her ears before smearing gel onto her new piercings, the skin already red and swollen.

She moved back towards the couch, a bowl in each hand. Alicia was already waiting, kneeling on the ground, squirming her shoulders in anticipation.

‘You can sit with me tonight.’

‘Thank you, Mistress.’

Alexandria sat down on the couch, letting Alicia take a bowl from her and sit up, pressing her body close. Elanor was still bound to her frame, unable to move, her hands and feet still shifting and tensing.

‘Thank you for the toy, Mistress! I’ll try not to damage her too much. She is a lovely thing though. And will look magnificent with some suitable dresses. She just needs to adjust to her new role in life.’ She kissed Alexandria on the neck, nuzzling close, snapping off her gloves and tossing them aside. ‘Now can we have some fun together, Mistress.’

Chapter Fourteen: Memories

Alexandria took a deep breath, trying to steady herself. The main office was behind her, usual sounds of industrious work echoing around. In front of her was a heavy wooden door and internal windows, currently obscured by closed blinds, the name-plate on the door bearing her husband's name, "Mr William Wolff". She took another deep breath, before she called up the strength to push the door open. It slid open, smooth and silent, still, chill air washing out. She could still smell *him* in there, amongst the heavy wooden furniture, the sculptures and paintings of eroticized suffering. Several metal crates along the walls were currently shut, but probably held all sorts of toys and equipment – she could see scratch marks on the wooden panels of the desk that had probably been caused by metal cuffs, some secretary tied in place and fucked. Or Camilla! That brought a smile to her face, despite the cold sweat that gripped her. Memories roiled, old pains and humiliations, of the last time she had seen him...

...The cuffs were heavy around her wrists, solid metal holding her arms above her head. Her legs were spread wide, cuffed into the stirrups of the examination chair, a dental gag holding her mouth open. She flapped her tongue as the metal poked against her gums, her mouth full of her own saliva, as she struggled to swallow fast enough to prevent a flow of dribble oozing out. Plastic cups had sealed over her eyes, letting light penetrate but no details, her entire world one of vague light and dull shadows. Her body felt numb, her skin sealed behind something, her mind empty, denied any stimulation.

'Your gums seem fine, Mrs. Wolff.' The metal scraper poked against her tongue before withdrawing.

'Mppphh...'

'Now, let me check you elsewhere.'

Alexandria shivered, the air con of the room set uncomfortably low – the padded cushions of the examination chair siphoned away her heat, making the metal seem sharp against her sheathed skin. Her mind felt numb, as though her head were stuffed with cotton wool, everything hard to focus on. Everything seemed to be vague; it was so hard to think, as latex-wrapped fingers felt around inside of her mouth. Even her hearing was dulled, her ears partially plugged with something, as though she were hearing everything through thick layers of insulation, a prisoner of her own body. She tried tensing her body, but could barely move, feeling a tight cord along her waist keeping her in place.

A male voice spoke, one that made her shiver, her body reacting with lust despite the fear-driven chill that ran through her body. Another hand touched her between her legs, heavier and bare flesh rather than gloved, her hips pressing up, desperate for more stimulation. She wanted to get off! But not as much as she wanted to be free! The rumble of a male voice, the words too deep to make out as the fingers continued to massage her slit. How long had it been? She could remember being restrained, not allowed to move, swaddled in latex and denied any stimulation, closed in, locked down, her mind fading and spluttering.

The male spoke again, words starting to filter through.

‘She’s fully recovered?’

A female voice, slightly muffled. ‘The electro-stimulation means that Mrs. Wolff’s muscle tone has been maintained, and she has recovered well from the birth without any unsightly marks or other medical effects, Sir.’

‘Is she able to begin again?’

‘She is fertile, Sir. Highly so, in fact.’

Slippery fingers, bathed in some slick, cooling gel, brushed against her pussy, numbing it. She tried to protest, feeling dribble slide from her mouth and down her chin, leaving her feeling dirty and grimy. Why couldn’t she feel the stuff on her body though? Was she paralyzed? With her legs forced wide by the stirrups of the chair, she couldn’t close them up, even as she strained her thighs in desperate fear, not wanting to be touched there again.

A cock, fat and hard and smooth, slid into her. Her body reacted outside of her control, her pussy tightening up around it as the cock slid into her. There was no pleasure in it, the nerves of her crotch cold and numb even as she whimpered and dribbled, the shaft pounding into her.

‘Euph! Grpphh!’ She tried to protest, but the thing holding her mouth open meant she couldn’t do more than waggle her tongue around. And then she felt cum shooting into her, hot and thick, the cock slowly withdrawing. ‘See to her, do what you can. She’s given me my heir – a spare would be useful.’

Alexandria tried to shake her head. She didn’t want to be pregnant again! The scent of aftershave wafted away, a door opening and closing. The cum was still inside of her – she tried to tense, to expel it before it got her pregnant, but her crotch was numb and unresponsive and she couldn’t move herself at all.

Gloved hands stroked her face, still sticky with dribble, before pulling the blindfold away. The light stung her eyes, vague blurs snapping into painful clarity – she was in a medical examination room, the walls covered in cold tiles, covered with medical equipment. A nurse was looking at her, wearing a tight white latex mini-dress, gloves and stockings showing off their body, although the surgical mask covering their mouth reduced their humanity to just their bright green eyes that stared coolly at her, only identifying feature a collar bearing a metal tag: “37”. A curl of bright red hair had escaped from a tight bun, a vivid contrast against the latex. Alexandria couldn’t move her head, something tight around her neck, but looked down at herself – her body was wrapped in black latex, making her entire body shiny and smooth, but sealing her skin away.

‘You have recovered well from the pregnancy and birth.’ Cool fingers stroked her breasts, then down her belly. ‘Master Wolff was very glad that you were able to deliver him a healthy son. And it seems to have had no effect on your figure – I have taken care to ensure that there will be no marks.’

Alexandria could feel sweat and oil beneath the latex, keeping her skin soft and smooth.

‘Your confinement must have been hard. Master Wolff was very... protective. But the electro-stimulation means that your muscle-tone has been maintained, so your recovery should be swift.’ The hands stroked over her hips, tapping against her slit, before moving over her thighs. She shivered as they brushed over the latex, a muscle-deep soreness beneath the material. ‘Ah, the straps have left some marks. They should heal soon enough. He desires another child.’

‘Grrpphh!’ Her sense of self was starting to return – most of the last nine months she had been confined, “for her own safety”, but her brain felt numb and fuzzy from tedium and the utter lack of stimulation, followed by the strain of birth. Sealed into a tiny casket, those damn cups over her eyes, her ears blocked, all her senses taken from her except for when she was

inseminated, hot cum forced into her. The sharp eyes of the nurse bored into her own, life starting to stir through her sluggish veins, brain starting to come alive again. The nurse looked... maybe familiar? It was hard to tell with the mask in place, covering most of their face, but had she met them before?

‘Your reflexes are still a little slow.’

Fingers stroked along the sole of her left foot, and she shivered within her restraints, legs bucking against the metal cuffs and stirrups that held her ankles in position.

‘But you do seem to be recovering.’

‘Uppph!’ She could feel more slimy dribble oozing from her mouth, dribbling down her face, coating the latex wrapped around her body – she couldn’t even control her spit or clean herself!

‘Shhh, let me take care of that.’ The nurse wiped at her with a paper towel, doing something to clean her up. ‘Master Hunt is hopeful that you will be able to bear him another child, as he has not been successful with his other partners.’

She growled – that was his fault, not anyone else’s. Having to be restrained and *bred*, like she was some kind of livestock! She didn’t want this, to be sealed away and to have her body used!

The glove-clad fingers stroked her crotch, the cum still inside of her. ‘Mpphhh!’ Alexandria strained against the restraints again – she wanted it gone!

‘You are physically recovered. And there does seem to have been some mental recovery.’

‘Yph! Yph!’ At least get the damn dental gag out, make it possible to speak properly!

Two fingers suddenly pushed into her, all the way in, making her squeal, white fuzz burning through her spine even through the numbing gel. They twisted inside of her, the fire of orgasm threatening to rise up inside of her. She tried to pull back against her chair to get away from the fingers but couldn’t move at all.

She sagged back down against the chair, panting for breath, lost in self-inflicted darkness as she closed her eyes. Conscious thought started trickling through her mind for the first time in what felt like forever. She pulled at the restraints with more focus now – she wanted to be free! She could bend her fingers enough to touch them against the solid metal cuffs that restrained her wrists, trying to find any crack or weakness. The rubbery thing in her mouth shifted around as she probed it with her tongue, managing to fold her tongue under a corner, starting to work it out of her mouth.

The nurse took a syringe and tapped it, Alexandria trying to pull away as the needle pricked into her neck. Her thoughts started to clear, the blurriness starting to clear, fog burning away.

‘Are you feeling more yourself now, Mistress?’

‘Miphtriph?’ Her thoughts were improving, memories returning. The nurse was looking at her coolly, wiping her fingers clean before plucking the gag from Alexandria’s mouth. Another torrent of saliva flowed out before Alexandria was able to swallow and clear her mouth, her chin getting dabbed clean. The nurse pressed a finger against her lips, stilling her query before speaking in a whisper.

‘My apologies, Mistress. You were being very well protected and it took some time to get into a position where I could help you.’

Alexandria pulled against her bonds, trying to break out of the metal, feeling it push back and bite against her skin, harsh and painful. Memories of fuzzy half-light, medical procedures, her periods measured and quantified, and her cunt filled with cum, again and again. And then

when she had gotten pregnant, she had been kept in even tighter confinement, barely allowed to move, her mind slowly stultifying, constantly monitored, sealed and bound.

A plastic tube was pushed into her, then cold water pushed into her crotch, making her squeal.

‘My apologies, Mistress. I assume you wish to avoid another pregnancy?’

‘Yes!’

An orange rubber bulb was currently being used as a douche, pushing the water into her. It was bitterly cold, but better than being pregnant. How long had she lost in the haze of latex, empty sounds and soft light? She could barely even remember being pregnant, other than a vague queasiness and the sense of her body not belonging to her.

‘Where am I?’ She pulled on her wrists, feeling the metal chafe her wrists. ‘Let me go!’

‘Shhh, do not stress yourself, Mistress. Allow me to help.’

The woman reached up and unlocked the metal bindings, letting Alexandria pull her arms out, rolling her shoulders. She stretched down, just about able to reach her ankles, uncuffing herself from the stirrups. Her hips felt sore and strained from her legs being forcibly spread wide, drawing out an aching groan as she closed her legs, for what felt like the first time in months. When she tried to stand, she couldn’t, her legs shaking and weak, the woman moving to support her. The latex stretched with her, forcing her to strain even more to fight it, forcing it to her will.

‘You are still weak, mistress.’

‘Mistress?’ More memories – dark clubs and dungeons, firm flesh reddening under her whip or lash, her own body wrapped in dark leathers. She had been dominant, commanding fear and respect! How had she ended up like this? More memories – the scent of cologne, a hurried seduction, vast wealth at his control, flattering attention, before she had been entrapped and bound.

‘What happened..?’

‘While the utmost care has been taken, there have been some negative consequences. Mr Wolff was very concerned and ensured that neither yourself nor the child be harmed.

‘I want to get out of here!’ Anger surged through her, lending strength to her legs, as cold water and cum spilled down her thighs. ‘You’re... Alicia? I remember now... Partially, at least.’

‘Very good, Mistress. I was hoping you weren’t lost forever.’ She then pulled her surgical mask down, revealing a beautiful face. Then she pushed her face against Alexandria’s and kissed her on the lips, her hot and soft tongue sliding into Alexandria’s mouth, the taste igniting something inside of her. She could remember them squirming beneath her boot, begging her for pain and release.

‘Get me the fuck out of here!’ Just the woman’s touch gave her strength, helping her feel more powerful. ‘And get me the hell out of this!’

Alexandria tried patting herself down – where the hell was the zip? She felt around her neck – a heavy metal collar made it impossible to get her fingers under the top of the latex suit. It didn’t budge when she yanked on it, a panic stinging through her.

‘Allow me, Mistress Alexandria.’ Metal rattled as a key slid into place, and then the metal popped open, releasing itself from her neck. She yanked it from her neck and threw it aside, glad to feel cool air on her skin, flesh red and sore where the metal had chafed. She was panting now, her breasts and chest pushing against the latex, the stuff trying to contain her.

Where was the damn zip! She ran her hands around her neck, wanting it *off* her skin, to have her body free and loose! Claustrophobia started to overcome her, a panic that she would be stuck like this forever, her own flesh sealed away.

Alicia stuck her fingers under the folded-back latex collar and found the zipper, pulling it downwards in a smooth motion. The material started to peel away from Alexandria's body, sweaty, oily flesh getting revealed. She yanked it off as quickly as she could, pulling it off her body, peeling it off her arms, having to sit back down to let Alicia pull it off her legs.

Although Alexandria was naked now, it still felt better than being swaddled in the tight latex!

'Where are we? And why are you helping me?'

'This is a private medical facility. I am a registered nurse, after all. But I want to be yours. You...'

Her face blushed pink, looking at odds with the domineering and stark white latex nurse's outfit. 'I want to be yours. Since you dominated me, I've not been able to feel satisfaction again. But you weren't the same since Mr Wolff... acquired you.'

'Thank you. Is there some clothing? *Not* in black, or quite so tight?'

'Yes, Mistress. I have also managed to arrange accommodation, although it may not be up to your preferred standards.'

'If it's not here, it'll do!'

Alicia handed over a suit-bag, and Alexandria swiftly dressed herself – an all-white skirt-suit, tailored to fit, and lovely and soft against her skin. The suit jacket made her feel more powerful already, more a *person* and less of a thing. And the heels were better than having her feet on the ground. Alicia bent over to strap them into place, pausing to kiss at Alexandria's legs. The woman's lips were soft and warm on her skin, before she stood up again.

'We should leave, Mistress. Unless you wish to be impregnated again?'

'*No*. Where are we going?'

'I have arranged for transportation as well. And for master Dillon.'

Alexandria heard wet gurgles, and looked around to see a baby's crib, pudgy fingers reaching upwards towards a brightly-colored mobile. The soft cushions and bright colors made a strange contrast with the brutal steel and leather restraints of the examination chair, along with crueler instruments, harsh steel, spiked or curved to cause pain to the subject.

Alexandria shivered, suppressing the memories – a speculum pushed into her, her most sensitive parts exposed and spread, electrodes stimulating her flesh, before she was fucked and bred. She went to the crib and picked the baby up, kissing him on the head. There was a bag of nappies, feed and other baby things. He wriggled in her grip, making uncomfortable sounds, before Alicia took him, holding them close, soothing and patting him.

'Why "Dillon"?''

'It is Gallic, Mistress. For "Like a lion", I am told. But it just makes me think of the Magic Roundabout.'

Alexandria smiled at the unexpected reference.

'This may be a little undignified, Mistress.'

She went to the window and managed to open it with one hand, clambering out. Alexandria went to help her, before moving out herself – it was a bright and sunny day, the air sweet and warm on her body as the fire escape clanged underfoot...

...Alexandria shivered again, suppressing the nightmare-memory of being swaddled in latex, trapped and bound, flesh trapped behind the gleaming black material, mouth sealed behind

a gag, those maddening plastic cups over her eyes. His office was empty and still now, heavy and dark. Time for a change – there would be far better uses for the space!

Chapter Fifteen: Train the Trainer

Alexandria shut her office door and held her breath. Silence blossomed – the sounds of the workmen outside was utterly gone, the full-length windows allowing in a generous amount of sunlight but no noise, even though the city street was busy beneath her, police lights flashing red and blue. There was still work to be done, with some of the more *specialist* rooms needing finishing, and of course quite a few more staff to be trained to fill the customized seats, but it was all starting to come together. She tapped at her smartwatch, playing with the controls – the windows tinted themselves black and the lights dimmed, plunging the room into darkness. And then another swipe to bring them back, the sunlight picking out carefully polished wood and steel, some tasteful decorations Alicia had helped her to pick out, even a few pictures of Dillon. Some of the training equipment still hadn't been put away, unpacked in the corner and not yet moved to where it should be.

There was a knock at the door before it opened by Tabitha. The collar around her neck caught the sunlight with a dazzling flash, accentuating her slender neck, her blouse tight around her breasts, slender pencil skirt emphasizing her thighs and toned legs, helped by the 4" inches locked onto her ankles.

'Ms. Taylor wishes to see you.' She stepped aside to let Veronica push past her – as before, her hair was tied up into a brusque ponytail with a few stray strands escaping, a minimal amount of makeup, her skirt-suit expensive but not best suited to her frame.

Alexandria smiled at her, before gesturing at Tabitha. 'Very good. I don't have any meetings for a while, so I can see her now. Now, be a good girl and return to your work.'

Tabitha ducked her head in acknowledgment and smiled back, before pivoting on a heel and walking away, her hips swaying, skirt drawn tight across her pert buttocks. Such an eager thing! She was definitely about right to be hired out.

Veronica walked in, the door sliding shut behind her, clicking shut. Veronica left one hand on the doorknob, eyes glaring at Alexandria.

'Veronica. I've been busy with rather a lot of other setup, so haven't been able to spend much time with you. I do hope you aren't having any issues?' As Alexandria approached, Veronica tensed, looking like a rabbit caught in headlights, but she held her ground, although her hand was tightly curved around the doorknob.

'What on earth are you doing? Tabitha's dressed like a complete slut, Akilah and Caitlyn are scarcely any better! And I've seen some of those custom chairs you've ordered, they look like they can restrain a weight-lifter. I know some of what your ex-husband did on the side, I didn't think you would have similar interests.'

Alexandria slowly got closer, not making any sudden movements in case the woman bolted. 'I am taking the company in something of a new direction. A little more directed at the executive services market. There's certainly a gap in the market, I feel. I should have consulted with you beforehand, but things have been moving fast.' She slowly reached out, stroking the woman's face, feeling their body shiver, their fear delicious.

‘But... you can’t do this!’ She tried to move away, but there was nowhere for her to go other than to push herself backwards against the door.

‘Oh? I do own the company, I can certainly take it in whatever direction I desire, can I not?’

She tapped at her watch, and the doorknob retracted, the door locking shut at the same time. Veronica stumbled as she lost her balance, Alexandria stepping in close to support her.

‘I should have spoken to you earlier, as it seems as though you will be helping with some of the structural changes.’ She pushed against Veronica, ensuring the woman was depending on her for support, hand still scrabbling against the door. ‘You appear a little tense. I do hope that you have been taking care of your own needs? I know how hard it can be to find time to take care of yourself.’ Alexandria pulled, keeping Veronica off balance and pulling her towards the desk.

Veronica tensed up, trying to resist, but without her feet properly beneath her, couldn’t struggle in any meaningful way.

‘No! Let me go!’ She struggled in Alexandria’s grip, trying to break free.

‘Oh? Do you not want to keep your current position? You seem to have some quite loyal subordinates – I would like to keep that structure as much as possible. But it does mean that you will need to be following my own methodology.’

She slid a hand around Veronica’s throat and squeezed, making them gasp, her other arm tight around the woman’s slender waist.

‘This would be much easier if you were to co-operate. Would you like some more intensive training?’

Veronica managed to rasp out a response, her pulse hot and quick against Alexandria’s hand. ‘No! Just let me go!’

‘Shhhh, Simply relax and this will be far easier. You seem awfully tense – when was the last time you were able to properly relax? I hear that you’re working here in the office at all hours. Perhaps I should enforce some time away, where you can’t access anything? I have a country house that you are quite welcome to visit.’

That made her tense up and try to break free, forcing Alexandria to squeeze her neck more tightly, the lack of air swiftly taking a toll and weakening Veronica’s attempts to break free.

‘Hmmm. Well, let me set you up here first, and see how you respond.’

She shoved Veronica forward and grabbed one wrist, picking up a roll of packing tape and wrapping it around an arm, able to grab the other as Veronica stumbled forward against the desk. With several swift motions, she had wrapped Veronica’s arms together, in a rough and sloppy armbinder. But it held strong against the woman’s struggles, her shoulders straining without effect as Alexandria tore the tape.

Alexandria pushed her down, giving her backside several swift spansks with her hand.

‘You have a nice body. It’s a shame that you don’t make the most of it.’

She grabbed at Veronica’s hair and yanked it back, wrapping tape around and over the woman’s mouth, looping it around again and again, the woman’s grunting getting increasingly muted.

‘Hmmm, not the most elegant of things, but it should suffice.’ Veronica tried to stand up, but Alexandria just pushed her down. ‘Shhh, don’t worry. You just need to relax, and you might even enjoy this. And don’t worry, this office is fully soundproofed, so you don’t need to worry about anyone else hearing you.’

‘Mmmpphhh!’

Alexandria spanked her a few more times, before tearing off the woman’s skirt, revealing slender legs wrapped in pantyhose.

‘Very nice.’ She felt at the tense muscles, stroking fingers along her calves, plucking at the silky material, before running her fingers between Veronica’s legs, stroking at the silk panties covering the woman’s crotch. ‘Oh, you have some style at least? Well, I will you an appointment with Alicia, she’s very talented at bringing out beauty and style. And with what you’re being paid, you can certainly afford it.’

Veronica tried kicking out, a heel shoving backwards. Alexandria spanked her again, harder now and without any protection from a skirt, making Veronica whine in complaint.

‘Good girls don’t get spanked!’ She teased fingers between Veronica’s thighs, probing at her slit. ‘Hmm, I think you need something a little more intense.’

‘Nppphh!’ Veronica tried to pull away again, earning herself another few spanks until she settled down.

Then she pulled Veronica away from the desk and pushed her around. There was a sybian in the corner, the base too heavy to move without help, cuffs attached to hold the occupant in place. She used Veronica’s neck to keep her under control, steering her towards the device.

‘This should help you relax.’

Veronica squeaked again, but was powerless to resist as Alexandria bent her over onto the sybian, settling her onto the rubbery pad. The bound arms came up in an attempt to try and bat Alexandria away, but there was no strength in the motion, as Alexandria wrapped the cuffs around her thighs, locking them securely into place. Another band went around the woman’s waist, their bound arms shifting at the shoulders.

The tape had slid into her mouth, sliding into the corners of her lips. From the look on her face, she wasn’t enjoying the taste of the tape, her hips grinding up and down as she tried to escape. Alexandria shook her head, before lightly slapping the woman across the face, enough to show what else might happen if she kept misbehaving.

‘Let’s get you out of these clothes. They don’t look very good on you, after all.’ A pair of scissors were easy to find, Veronica freezing when she saw the blades. ‘Shh, don’t worry. I don’t want to hurt you.’ With smooth snipping sounds, Alexandria sliced through the suit jacket, and then the blouse beneath. Veronica was sobbing softly, tears welling up in her eyes and starting to trickle down her face.

Soon she was naked except for her pantyhose, her breasts heaving as she panted in breath, eyes darting about in panic.

‘You certainly do make a lovely sight like that. Would you rather stay in that position, or would you prefer to be in charge yourself?’

‘Inph charph!’

‘Very well. Then consider this a training session, so you know what it’s like to be on the receiving end.’ She reached down and flicked the sybian on, motor buzzing to life. Veronica sat up, bolt upright, the vibrations transmitting through her crotch, rubbery pad buzzing against her pussy.

Alexandria leaned in to kiss her on the forehead, feeling herself stir as Veronica was forcibly stimulated, her hips starting to grind against the base. Her eyes started to close before Alexandria pinched a nipple. ‘Eyes open, pay attention. If you want to be a head of department, you can’t be spacing out.’

‘Mppphhh!’

‘I expect you to apply the same discipline to your own team.’ She stroked the back of her hand against Veronica’s neck. ‘Hmmm, I think spending some time collared might help you learn as well.’

‘Whppphhh? Pllleappph, nppphhh...’

Fortunately, there were several of them, still neatly boxed, close at hand. Alexandria cracked the seals on one, having to use the scissors to cut it open, Veronica starting to lose herself in the pleasure forced upon her by the sybian. She held it up, Veronica’s eyes fearful and wide as Alexandria opened it wide, pushing it against Veronica’s neck, making sure it was facing the right direction.

‘Nppph! Nppphhh!’

Veronica was powerless to resist as the metal clicked into place, the lock snapping shut. It powered on, immediately responding to Veronica’s body, reading her pulse.

‘I expect you to fully learn how these function, both as a wearer and a user. But it will probably do you good to have first-hand experience.’

Alexandria got her phone and opened up the controls, sending a small shock through Veronica, enjoying the grunt of pain she made. Then she got a webcam and pointed it at the shaking body of the woman.

‘I have other work to tend to, but will leave you here. Every time you come, the collar will shock you, so I hope you have some self-control, otherwise it may be quite painful for you.’

From how Veronica was shaking, and the way that her pantyhose were starting to darken with leaking pussy-juice, it seemed like she might end up getting shocked rather a lot. Her eyelids were fluttering as she desperately fought for some control.

‘Would you like me to leave the door open? Just in case you need help?’

‘Nppphh!’

Well, she still had some awareness then. ‘Be a good girl then, and try not to make too much of a mess.’ Alexandria could smell the woman’s sweat and juices, as she bucked and twisted, trying to pull herself away from the vibrating pad, without success. ‘Actually, let me add something...’ She couldn’t find any nipple clamps, but did find a pair of bulldog clips, making sure Veronica saw them before grabbing a soft breast, and securely attaching one to the nipple. Veronica squeaked in pain, tit bouncing as she tried to shake the clamp off, as Alexandria secured the other clamp. The black plastic bounced up and down, as shiny as her sweat-stained body, arms still uselessly straining against the tape. Her eyes met Alexandria’s, mumbled pleading tumbling from behind her taped lips.

Her body spasmed as an orgasm ripped through her, head tilting back and a low groan escaping her lips. The device kept grinding away though, before the collar started to torment Veronica with lighting, making her jolt and shudder with pain rather than pleasure. She shook her neck, trying to twist out of the collar with her shoulders, before Alexandria flicked her forehead. ‘If you prove yourself, then the collar can be removed. But you really should make the most of this experience.’

The sybian continued to buzz away, Veronica’s pantyhose now sticking to her with sweat and pussy juice. ‘Pleph... Nphhh...’ There was no strength in her legs to even try to pull herself away, as Alexandria stroked her hair, untying the hairband so it fell loose. It fell and covered part of Veronica’s face, sweat making it stick in place until Alexandria tidied it back.

‘Far better like that, I think. Alicia will give some pointers on your appearance. Or maybe Elanor, should she be capable of anything useful. Maybe some time working as a performer would give you more appreciation of the importance of looks.’

She picked up the tape again and wound more lengths of it around Veronica’s mouth, sealing it entirely, stilling her grunts and gasps. She mewled and tried to raise herself up again, the visible parts of her face flushed bright red.

‘I have some other meetings to go to, I should be back in a few others. And then we can have a discussion about your place in the company.’

‘Mmmmmpphhhh!’ The collar nibbled at her neck again, sparking and shocking her. Alexandria used her phone to make the doorhandle pop open so she could leave. A useful feature, something else to help keep people contained. And she could even bring up Veronica’s face on her phone, gasping and mumble-begging for release. Well, she wasn’t going anywhere, and some time on the receiving end of things would help her when she had to train and discipline her own subordinates.

As the sun was starting to drop behind the other nearby buildings, Alexandria returned to her office. The door clicked open for her, revealing the room stained in dusky orange, the air thick with sweat and lust. Veronica was slumped atop the sybian, motor still buzzing away, head lolling about, her self-control gone. Her pantyhose were now drenched, her thighs uselessly tensing as she spasmed, entirely out of control, the collar making her whimper as electricity snapped at her again. One of the clips had come loose and fallen off, the other was still in place.

She whimpered as Alexandria approached, spit making her chin shine, tongue mumbling in an attempt to form words. Alexandria patted her on the head. ‘I hope this has been an important lesson.’

‘Mmmphhhh...’

Alexandria triggered the collar again, a more powerful jolt this time. While Veronica tried to recover, she unstrapped them from the sybian, keeping a careful eye on them in case they tried to flee or fight back, but their body was limp and passive, even when the sybian shut down and Alexandria helped them stand.

She reached out and grabbed the waistband of the pantyhose and yanked, ripping the sodden material away. Veronica was so dazed that she barely responded, not even when her panties were torn away as well.

Her slit was drenched, juices slicking her thighs, her folds open and exposing her clit.

‘One more piece of equipment. Just to help keep you loyal.’

‘Mmmphhhh?’ Veronica managed to force her eyes open in panic, seeing the chastity belt in Alexandria’s hand. She tried pulling away, but was so weak she could barely stand, twitching as she was shocked again, before Alexandria wrapped the metal waistband around them.

Veronica tried shaking her head in protest, but was powerless to resist as the crotch-plate was locked into position, metal pushing her buttocks apart to show off her butthole. Tape crinkled as Veronica tried to free her hands again, twisting her hips around.

‘Lovely. Now, you’ll have to work hard to be allowed pleasure again, but I’m sure you will prove yourself. And should you do so, then your collar can be substituted for something a little less intrusive.’ Alexandria tapped the metal with a fingernail, making Veronica shudder. ‘Do try and pay a little more attention to your appearance, as well. I think all staff should be well-groomed.’ She stroked Veronica’s head again. ‘I took the liberty of ordering some clothing for you, it should arrive soon. Now, if I release you, will you be a good girl?’ She gripped Veronica’s hair, forcing them to meet her eyes.

They nodded and made a mumble of agreement.

‘Good girl.’

The tape was sticky, tacky stuff, clinging to Alexandria’s fingers, covered with Veronica’s sweat. The way that Veronica squirmed as it was pulled off her body was delightful, soft little grunts of pain as her arms were freed, the tattered arms of her suit jacket sliding free. She had

just enough strength to reach up herself and tear away her tape-gag, the back of the tape smeared with lipstick and spit. She staggered, Alexandria having to support her, gently rubbing her on the back. 'Very good, Veronica. Kneel.'

She was too dazed to do anything but obey, sagging to the floor as Alexandria stepped away, legs untidily sprawled beneath her, chest panting and heaving. She released the other bulldog clip, gasping and wincing as blood flowed back, the nipple discoloured and bruised. She slumped against the wall, barely conscious, even when Alexandria poked her with a foot. Well, it would take a little while for the clothes to be delivered, so she could rest there until then.

Chapter Sixteen: Fox Hunting

It was a warm summer evening, a gentle wind rustling through the trees. One of the ponygirls whickered nervously when they saw her, their straps drawing tight as they shifted in their stall. Alexandria gently rubbed their leather-wrapped head, making soothing noises until they calmed themselves.

At the end of the stables was a cell, metal bars running from floor to ceiling. Chains clinked as a figure yanked and strained, pulling on the chains that bound their neck to a heavy bolt on the floor. They were wrapped in orange-tinted latex, decorated with brown and white patches, their head wrapped in a hood, triangular ears poking up. Their arms were in a box-tie behind their box, their breasts straining against the latex as they panted and tried to break free, yanking their neck, again and again.

Alexandria approached, letting them see her own clothing – hunter’s gear, with shiny black leather boots coming to her knees, over tight white trousers, and a red hunting jacket. She was holding a heavy metal collar, with prongs on the inside, where they would sit on the neck of the wearer. They whimpered in fear, their wrenching on the chain intensifying, without any success.

‘It’s a nice night for it.’

‘Mppphhh!’

Alexandria reached out and tweaked on the plug that was filling their mouth, the thing resisting before sliding out, dangling onto their chest and smearing the latex with spit. Their tongue waggled indignantly, a metal ring forcing their mouth open.

‘Heellppphhh!’

‘Don’t worry, you’re in good hands. It’s been too long since I had a hunt.’

‘Huunnpppphh!?’

Alexandria grabbed their head through the bars and dragged them close, making sure to avoid getting dribble onto her own clothing. ‘You might even be able to get free, if you’re fast enough.’ She rolled up the edge of the woman’s hood to reveal their neck, before taking the collar and pressing it against their neck, making sure she could feel the prongs. They tried to shift away, but Alexandria’s grip was too strong, as she locked the metal shut. She tapped a button on the front to turn it on, a small screen blinking on, before rolling the neck of the hood down to cover it, then letting go. The woman immediately pulled herself away, at least as far as the chain allowed, and whined in protest.

‘Don’t worry, it’s entirely safe. Using actual guns would be dangerous! Instead, we use these.’ She went to the wall and took down what looked like a rifle and pulled the trigger. A red line shot out, painting a dot onto the wall before fading. Then she moved to target the fox and pulled the trigger. The fox twisted in pain, the collar activating and shocking them.

‘You see? It will take a few shots to bring you down, I expect. But as you get hit, then some of your plugs will activate.’ She aimed the rifle again, the fox trying to dodge but unable to do so thanks to the chain. A red dot appeared on their breast and they spasmed in pain, their legs twitching as the plug buried in their ass gave them a shock. ‘That should give you a good reason to try and avoid getting shot, I feel?’

‘Mmmpphhh!’ She tried to stand but couldn’t, the chain not long enough to let her more than awkwardly stoop, the movement showing off her taut thighs wonderfully, before she sank back down in defeat.

‘If you can make it through the woods, then you will be rewarded. If you are bought down, then whoever gets the final shot will get to have some fun with you.’

The fox was trying to shake her head, the collar thick enough that she couldn’t probably complete the gesture.

‘Maybe after this, you will be more compliant? I did offer you the option of a nice position, but you turned it down.’

‘Mpppphhh! Npppphhh!’

‘Well, maybe when I ask again, you won’t make such a poor decision.’ She aimed the rifle at her again and they went tense, in anticipation of pain. Alexandria grinned, before putting the rifle aside. ‘Maybe I’ll win you tonight, and we can have some fun together? Now, will you be a good girl and let me prepare you, or do you need further persuasion?’

They sank down against the floor, eyes downcast.

‘Good girl, you’re improving.’ Still, Alexandria kept an eye on her as she opened up the cell, quickly checking that the restraints were all tight. Then she checked the plugs – one buried firmly in their tight pussy, and then she felt between pleasantly taut buttocks, twisting it around, making them whimper. A big, bushy tail clipped onto the buttplug, and then boots slid over their legs – knee-high, the feet angled to force walking on toes, and securely laced into position.

When that was done, Alexandria clipped a leash onto the collar, before releasing her from the chain, tugging her to her feet. She rose unsteadily, trying to find her balance, tottering on her heels as Alexandria pulled her outside. Her feet clopped against the wooden floorboards, her gait uneven, breath rasping from her forced-open mouth as she was pulled outside.

Half-a-dozen other hunters awaited them, all dressed appropriately, with weapons at the ready. The fox tried to pull away, but it was simple to tug on the leash and keep her in place, Alexandria gripping her by the neck. She wobbled, her balance hard to maintain in the heels, the ground not entirely even, more dribble flowing from her mouth. She mewled in protest again, entirely ignored by everyone.

‘Good evening, everyone. I hope you will enjoy the hunt. If you would saddle up, then we can begin.’ She passed the leash over to Rebecca, still in her maid uniform, as “ponies” were bought out. In the evening light, their latex-wrapped bodies shimmered, forced into a half-stoop, each with a saddle on their back. Halters and bridles were lashed in place around their heads, along with blinkers to limit their vision, well-groomed tails shifting with every step, connected to oversized butt-plugs.

Alexandria’s own mount was brought forth – a larger specimen than the others, especially trained for power and stamina. They shifted under her weight, and she tugged on the reins, feeling the resistance of their flesh as she did so.

She mewled again, Alexandria’s mount shifting uncertainly, unable to see what was happening, only stilling when Alexandria pulled on the reins again, sawing them against lips.

‘The prey will have a thirty-second head start. If she can make it through the woods, then she will be rewarded.’

‘Mmmpppphhh!’

Alexandria could see tears forming in the fox’s eyes, but their body was tense and ready for action. The leash was unclipped and they tried to run away, wobbling awkwardly but gaining speed. The hunters waited in tense anticipation before a bell rang, and the hunt began.

Her steed moved forward, managing a smooth and even gait, Alexandria holding her rifle against her shoulder. Someone else must have already shot, as she saw the fox shudder and stumble, a shock passing through their system. A bush gave them a moment of cover, as they managed to accelerate and move faster onwards. Red dots flickered over trees and bushes as they ran, the foliage blocking clear shots.

They kept to the clear path, clearly not trusting their own footing on anything rougher, their balance thrown off by having their arms bound behind their back, their vision limited by the hood. Alexandria kicked her heels against her steed and they obeyed, running faster, their strength even to move even with Alexandria mounted atop them. She gripped with her thighs and raised her rifle, eying down the sights.

When the orange of the fox appeared, Alexandria squeezed the trigger, a red dot flashing up on their fleeing body. They twitched as they were shocked, but managed to keep running, low-hanging branches giving cover from Alexandria's next shot. They skidded around a tight curve in the track, Alexandria kicking her heels again, ignoring the snort of protest her steed made. As the fox came into sight again, she hunched low, keeping the rifle nice and level, before several red dots appeared on the fox all at once, and they tumbled to the floor, barely managing to roll back to their feet, the hunters closing the distance.

The steady gait of the horse and the smooth pressure of the saddle pressing against her crotch was pleasurable, and she let her steed move without pulling on the reins, instead concentrating on lining up a shot, squinting along the barrel, finger hovering on the trigger before squeezing it. A muted and garbled scream cut through the still air, as they staggered, staying still long enough for more shots to paint across their lean buttocks, before managing to move again, stumbling now, their moves jerky and uneven.

They stumbled, foot clipping a root, and went down. They were in full spasm now, unable to control their movements as they succumbed to the electricity, writhing on the floor.

Alexandria made her steed trot over, unable to resist taking a few more shots on her prone target. Their eyes were rolled back in their head, their whole body out of their control, head twitching up and down.

'Hmm. Well, you didn't last long, did you?' There was no response other than pained grunts. 'Now, time to skin you.'

Another hunter dismounted and approached, placing a foot on them to pin them in place, grinding them against the dirt. Another maid ran forward and bent over, finding the zipper on the back of the bodysuit and pulling it down, stripping off the "skin", revealing soft and pale flesh beneath, reaching around their bound arms to strip off the latex, skilled enough to work around their twitching and flailing. Soft skin, smeared with sweat and powder, appeared, as the hunters took the chance to "shoot" the victim, making them spasm about more.

As the latex peeled away from flesh, a metal and leather harness appeared, supporting their breasts, with metal caps over their breasts, straps winding around their waist and hips, tethered to their buttplug and another device buried in their pussy. Several battery packs were settled along the leather straps, ensuring the shocks wouldn't stop.

It didn't take long to strip off the suit, leaving the "prey" naked save for her good, still not able to control herself, and still gagged. Spit oozed from her mouth, enough to turn the ground muddy.

'Good work! I was expecting her to be a little faster, but this is only her first hunt.' Alexandria approached and dismounted, before pushing the heel of her riding boot down onto their backside. 'She will learn to be faster, I'm sure.'

They whimpered, at least able to hear still, not entirely lost yet.

‘Now, I wonder who got the last shot?’ One of the maids approached, whispering in her ear after checking a readout on a tablet. ‘It seems it was David. As the kill was yours, you may now claim her.’ The prey wriggled around, trying to push themselves upwards, before their legs were grabbed and spread, metal pegs getting hammered into the soft ground. They kept trying to twist free, before their collar activated and they juddered, their resistance faltering. Another u-shaped peg, this one wider, was placed around their neck and shoved down, sinking into the mud. With their arms still in the box-binder, they were now safely immobilized, unable to do more than shift their torso about slightly, eyes darting around beneath their hood.

Alexandria stamped down on them again, grinding her foot against their crotch, pushing them down into the dirt. ‘Your first kill, David. Well, take her then.’

She stamped down again, before standing back, as David spread himself over her, guiding his cock into the woman. She couldn’t move at all, wheezing through her forced-open mouth as he pushed into her, fast and hard, hips thrusting away.

It didn’t take long for David to come, the woman tensing indignantly beneath him, before her collar triggered again. When he stood, traces of his cum could still be seen, leaking out of her slit. Alexandria gave her a poke with the toe of her boot – she was still conscious. Well, that meant there was more fun to be had. She pressed down on the crotch, still oozing pussy-juice and cum, grinding her foot back and forth, enjoying the pained whimpers the woman made.

‘Perhaps after this, you will be more agreeable to my requests? You have what it takes to do well, as long as you remember that I’m in charge.’

‘Mmmppphh! Pllleaaph!’

Alexandria didn’t relent with the pressure, looking down at them, their eyes barely able to open, their whimpers getting quieter.

‘If you learn your place, then you can be a hunter rather than the prey. Maybe even take your own kills.’

She leaned over, rubbing her gloved hand over the wet crotch, wetting her finger with a mixture of pussy-juice and cum, before wiping it on their tongue.

‘This is all you are. Behave, prove yourself, and you will earn advancement.’ She pushed her finger in, far enough to provoke a gagging splutter of pain as she pushed into their throat. But their eyes fluttered open, registering her words, even managing to splutter out a sound, not able to form words. Alexandria probed her throat further, enjoying her pained splutters and gasps before she withdrew her fingers.

‘If any of the rest of you wish to sample the prey, you may do so.’

They whimpered, tensing against their restraints but unable to break free. Another of the hunters stepped forward, a woman, a strap-on buckled her tight trousers. She held it up so the prey could see the over-sized shaft, covered with bumps and lumps before settling herself over them and grinding away. From the sounds of it, it was a rougher experience than with David.

Alexandria mounted herself again, feeling her steed take her weight. ‘Feel free to take your pleasure with our lovely fox. She will be left here for the night to think about her future choices. Food has been prepared back at the main house for when you are done.’

She kicked her heels, her steed moving obediently over the uneven ground. It had been a brief hunt, but an amusing one. And maybe the girl would be more obedient in future!

Chapter Seventeen: Tech Demo

Alexandria swiped her ID card against the reader, red light blinking out, a green light flickering on instead and the lock beeping open, heavy metal door clunking open. She had to pull on it still, the door pulling open and letting her through. It was a narrow passageway to another door, airlock style, this one requiring a code to be put into a keypad as well as her badge – just to help keep people contained.

The air on the other side was cooler, kept at a steady temperature by concealed air-conditioning units, carefully made so that there was no noise. There were no windows, no clocks, nothing to let those inside the room track the passage of time. The space was divided into high-walled cubicles, with a few meeting rooms off to one side, and an open area. And, of course, some more specialized rooms, for any workers in need of *extra* discipline!

The inner door locked itself shut behind her. Inside, it was calming and quiet, the carpet thick enough to absorb the sound of footsteps, soothing clicks of typing coming from somewhere within the cubicles.

Soft footsteps approached, Akilah swaying towards her – her feet were encased in knee-length ballet heels, shining leather coming up to her knees, forcing her feet onto her toes. Her hair had been extended, now coming all the way to her waist in a single ponytail that flicked from side-to-side with every step, the tip of it visible on alternate sides of her back as she moved. A black leather pencil-skirt came to just above her boots, tight enough to show the “Y” of her crotch, slightly flattened by the panel of her chastity belt beneath. Her slender waist and large bust were emphasized by a corseted blouse, the neckline low enough to show her cleavage, and with a bright collar around her neck.

‘Good afternoon, Miss Hunt. Miss Veronica is expecting you. Please follow me.’

She waited until Alexandria walked closer, taking the chance to inspect her – the outfit looked amazing on her, emphasizing her already-long legs. And the white blouse against her darker skin was a lovely contrast. The ballet boots put an obvious strain on her as well, making her buttocks deliciously tight, begging for a slap.

Alexandria ran a hand up their back, first feeling the tenseness of that firm ass, then jabbing a nail into the small of their back, just above the metal band of the chastity belt. She gave the hair a tug, making Akilah’s head tilt back. She’d never had someone to play with that had such long hair before!

When she was done feeling at Akilah’s constrained flesh, she moved back around to the front. She wasn’t used to anyone being taller than her, but those heels pushed Akilah up quite a bit!

‘Show me to Veronica.’

‘Yes, Mistress Hunt. If you would follow me?’

Akilah managed an elegant about-turn, without any wobbling despite the heels, swaying ahead of Alexandria. This close, the view was even more delicious, the metal of the belt between the woman’s buttocks, ass-cheeks tight and pert. She led the way into the cubicles,

Alexandria content to enjoy the view, the rope of hair flicking like a metronome, in time with Akilah's stride.

It didn't take long to reach one of the rooms, Akilah having to stoop to bring her collar in line with the ID reader, thrusting her backside out. Alexandria grabbed the ass as it approached, digging her fingers into the plush meat.

It took several seconds for the reader to register Akilah's presence, and she had to stay in position for the whole time, giving Alexandria lots of time to squeeze the proffered meat. After the light flashed green, the door unlocked itself, Alexandria giving a final squeeze before letting go.

'Good girl.'

Akilah made a satisfied purr as she straightened up, having to move quickly before the door shut, using a leg to hold it open for Alexandria, who followed her inside.

Veronica was waiting for her there, dressed in heels, stockings and a pencil-skirt short enough to show her stocking-tops, her blouse thicker material than Akilah's, but still tight enough to show off her breasts. She bowed.

'Mistress Hunt. Thank you for coming.'

'Of course. I'm looking forward to seeing what you have prepared. I'm glad to see the enthusiasm with which you've embraced your new role.'

Veronica's hand came up to brush the thin metal collar around her neck – she was still getting used to it, but seemed to be enjoying her new role, sufficient that she didn't need a full control collar. And it helped to set her aside from her underlings, that she would need punishing by Alexandria personally, rather than via impersonal remote control.

'I've gotten the test system running, Mistress Hunt. If you would allow me to demonstrate?'

'Of course. Kindly begin.'

In the middle of the room there was an office chair, although it was firmly mounted to the floor, rather than being on wheels. From between the cushions rose two dildos, already gleaming with lube, shining metal pistons visible beneath, along with a motor. The back of the chair had a chain dangling down, and there were more chains hanging from the armrests.

'I will be using Caitlyn as a test subject.' She clicked her fingers twice, and Caitlyn stepped out from behind a partition. She was dressed in a similar style to Akilah, although wasn't as tall, her waist cinched even smaller, breasts pushed up to form a deep cleavage shadow. Her skirt was longer though, falling to her ankles, the material tight there, hobbling her, meaning she could only take tiny steps, making her hips sway from side-to-side, breasts shaking enticingly. Her hair had been dyed back to a natural color as well, her jewelry removed until she could earn it back. She gave a quick, uncertain smile, eyes flicking over to the chair, her red lips spread wide around a fat black ball-gag, shining with spittle. Droplets had fallen down to her breasts, making her cleavage shiny and wet.

Veronica took charge, Alexandria content to watch as Caitlyn was gestured over, less certain on her heels than Akilah.

'The heels are to ensure the workers don't spend too long loitering around, as well as to keep their legs nice and toned. In future, standing desks will be granted to anyone that is troublesome – exhaustion will probably render them more compliant in time.'

As Caitlyn passed her, Alexandria could see that her hobble-skirt was assless, buttocks on display. A shiny metal plug stuck out of her asshole, with a socket to plug a power-source into it.

She approached Veronica, keeping her head tilted back, trying not to dribble down herself more than she already had. When she was close, Veronica reached around her and grabbed the plug, yanking it out in a single motion, spreading the woman's asshole wide, the pucker only slowly closing up afterwards, making her grunt in pain.

'Now, Caitlyn, be a good girl and sit yourself down. I know you're always nice and wet.'

Caitlyn took a deep breath and shuffled over to the chair, the dildos retracting somewhat, until the tip were only protruding slightly over the surface of the seat. With a wince, she lowered herself, her legs straining from the awkward angle, letting herself be penetrated by both of them. A light on the back of the chair dinged green, the dildos able to sense when they were used.

Veronica reached out and clipped the neck-chain onto the back of the woman's collar.

'You may do the arms yourself.'

The chains could retract into the armrests if needed, but had enough length that the occupant of the chair would be able to type. Caitlyn obeyed, attaching the chains to her wrist cuffs, then stretching out to demonstrate her range of motion – enough to type and move a mouse, but not much else. She twisted in her seat, her back stiff and straight – partially from the corset she was wearing, but also from the dildos sticking into her.

Caitlyn moved her hands forwards, the chains making a light sound as they struck the edge of the desk. Her fingers tapped away, red-painted nails catching the light as she tried to log in. Her arms suddenly went tense, her shoulders flexing against the padded chair-back – she'd entered her password incorrectly.

Veronica moved closed to Alexandria, her voice low. 'Hmmm, I think that Caitlyn might be starting to enjoy the shocks a little too much. Her stats show that she's getting shocked a lot more than the others, although she's definitely as skilled.'

Caitlyn grunted again, a piston sounding as a dildo pushed up into her, violating her backside, it looked like.

'Those are wired as well.' Veronica held up her phone, displaying an app – it still looked like a work-in-progress, with messily-placed buttons and sliders, but the labels and icons seemed fairly self-explanatory. Alexandria reached out and pressed one.

Caitlyn yelped, her elbows drumming against the armrests as her anal intruder gave her a jolt. The screen showed a vertical bar, giving a sign of how far into the woman the dildo was – at the moment, she was only slightly penetrated. Alexandria slid her finger up the screen, Caitlyn making another yelp as her backside was more thoroughly filled.

Alexandria examined her options – shocks to the neck, ass, or pussy, a greyed out icon for nipples, sliders for the ass and pussy dildos, a sub-menu giving the usual collar options. A camera icon bought up a slightly shaky view of the screen, shown from Caitlyn's neck.

Another sub-menu showed performance stats – words per minute, amount moved and other metrics, although the numbers were all over the place. Probably test data. Although from the numbers, Caitlyn *was* getting zapped and jolted a lot. If she enjoyed it, then that might make training her harder. Alexandria flicked the pussy-dildo meter, sliding it forward, making Caitlyn shiver as she was penetrated again.

'There's still a few bugs. The electrocution doesn't get jammed on any more, and the dildos will move in synch. There's also a ring-gag attachment, although the control for that isn't complete yet. It will be in the release version though. If you'd like to push the button on the bottom right?'

Alexandria obeyed, and motors buzzed to life, both the dildos pumping in and out. Caitlyn gasped, but managed to open up a typing program and her e-mails.

‘It works better for simple tasks that are easy to automate the checking for, rather than the more advanced tasks that Caitlyn is assigned. We are collecting stats on which punishments seem to incentivize them the best – Caitlyn seems to dislike the anal, uh, probe.’

Alexandria made sure it was set to maximum, the motor grinding away, the dildo sliding all the way in with each push of the piston, making her twitch upwards in her chair every time it shoved into her. Alexandria could see there was a lube bottle on the back of the chair, the stuff giving of a distinctive odor.

‘Hmmm, yes. I’ve ordered some scent machines to try and cover it, but I think it may be an unavoidable side-effect. The chair cushions will also need washing regularly, but they can be removed in order to help with that.’

Caitlyn grunted again, her breath quickening.

Veronica moved behind Caitlyn and put a hand on her head. ‘It certainly seems effective. There’s also mapping and GPS functions.’

Alexandria pressed a globe action, which bought up a map. There were only a limited number of dots currently, the other girls looking like they were not far away. When she pressed the dot, it bought up Caitlyn’s statistics again, along with all of the controls.

A line was flashing up and down, getting steadily higher, as Caitlyn managed to keep typing, but her breath was getting faster and faster.

Alexandria turned the dildos off, their pumping coming to a stop, the things both still embedded inside of her. She made a disappointed grunt, but didn’t protest, continuing to work.

‘This should work for most employees. I understand that anyone more... troublesome... you will be dealing with yourself?’

‘Yes. Until they are suitable for being presented to customers. I will make sure that anyone passed along to you will be suitably compliant. Although you may be required to enforce discipline yourself, and take any troublemakers in line. Of course, you may come to me if you need advice.’ She reached out and tweaked Veronica’s collar, smiling at the slight look of fear on the woman’s face. ‘You will need to work hard to maintain your position. I’m sure you would rather keep this collar, rather than one of the full models?’

‘Yes, Mistress Hunt. I will do everything I can to please you.’ Despite her confident words, there was an undercurrent of fear in her tone. ‘And... my belt?’

‘Oh, if you work hard then you may be allowed to remove it. But for now I want you focused on your job. So the belt will stay on. But you are showing promise. Now, how are the other girls doing?’

‘Tabitha is still a little... troublesome. She is currently restrained.’

‘I think we should pay her a visit, then.’ Alexandria moved forward and patted Caitlyn on the head. ‘Good girl. Very good performance.’ She slid the anal-cock all the way in. ‘Lead in.’

‘Yes, Mistress Alexandria.’

Veronica led the way, out through one door and into the next room. The smell of sweat and sex was obvious in here, even over the chill scent of overly-effective air-con. Tabitha was standing on one leg, the other tied back onto itself with a leather strap, a rope holding it up from the ceiling.

Ropes ran in horizontal bands around her breasts, her arms tied behind herself, a fat gag in her mouth. Her blouse had been stained translucent with spit, while her legs were wrapped in stockings, chastity belt gleaming around her crotch.

She grunted angrily when she saw Alexandria, trying to form words.

‘Oh, Tabitha. You should have learned by now, that you need to be obedient. Otherwise it will only hurt you more.’

There was a locker on one wall, the contents neatly arranged. Alexandria took out a wand and a cane, giving the cane to Veronica.

‘You need to punish her. Think of this as an assessment.’

Tabitha strained on her bonds again, without success, her single foot twisting on the ground. As Veronica moved behind her, she tried to twist, wanting to keep both Alexandria and Veronica in sight, without success. Alexandria flicked the wand on, smiling at the way that Tabitha shook her head and grunted, still unable to speak.

The cane cracked against Tabitha’s backside, Veronica putting a decent amount of force into it. Tabitha squealed in pain, as Alexandria brought up her collar-controls. There was a “repeat” function for the collar, Alexandria setting that up. She squealed in pain, her head juddering around from the shock.

Veronica cracked the cane against her again. ‘You will learn to obey. Akilah and Caitlyn are both good girls, why aren’t you?’

A paired jolt and cane-crack hit at the same time, a thick rope of spit soaking down between the woman’s breasts. Alexandria advanced with the wand, holding it against Tabitha’s slit. It was already wet, the privations of the chastity belt increasing her sensitivity, and the tone of her squealing changed as it was pressed against her.

‘It seems as though you are being troublesome. Well, that means the training will have to become more intensive. Don’t worry, you’re already starting to find this pleasurable – soon, you will appreciate it more. Although it will render you unfit for more... complex tasks.’

She squealed again, trying to move away as Alexandria pushed the wand against her.

‘I thought you were doing so well – to suffer a relapse is most regrettable.’ She could hear the impacts of the cane, flesh getting punished – Tabitha would have some lovely marks across those tight buttocks of her when this was done! Her cunt starting to twitch now, sensitive folds shivering against the vibrating head. Her eyes were starting to roll back in her head, as Alexandria flicked the wand off and tossed it aside, then slapped them across the face, hard enough to leave a red impact-mark. ‘You are a tool. A lovely, beautiful tool, but something for others to use. Your will does not matter, you belong to the company.’ She slapped them again, enjoying the crack of flesh-on-flesh, and the tears of pain in their eyes.

‘Veronica, what do you think would be an appropriate punishment?’

The cane flicked again before Veronica responded. ‘Some time in isolation, I think? I wouldn’t want her to affect the other two.’

‘That sounds appropriate. Some cooldown time I think helps people to see their situation better.’

‘Yes, full sensory deprivation. That will make her appreciate the freedom she is allowed rather more, I think.’

Tabitha shook her head and grunted in protest, but couldn’t do anything other than squeal in pain as Veronica flicked the cane between her legs, a strike directly against her cunt, making her squeal again.

‘You see? Disobedience brings suffering. If you were to obey, then you would be treated far better. Veronica, if you would hood her?’

The cane smacked against buttocks again before Veronica stepped away, going to the locker and pulling out a leather hood. She approached Tabitha, opening the thing up and then pulling it

over the woman's head, pulling drawstrings tight, shifting it so that Veronica could breathe through the nose-holes.

She flicked her head around, trying to shake the thing off, without any success. Soft, wet whimpers came from behind the leather, then a squeal of pain as Veronica dug her nails into a nipple.

With Tabitha's arms already bound, it was easy to lower their leg and bind them together. Tabitha was still tensing and shaking, trying to shake or break out of the ropes. Veronica grabbed her by the collar and the waist, hauling her backwards and dumping her into another locker, slamming the door shut and locking her in.

'Very good. Some time in there should help with her attitude. I do hope that she will be more obedient when she is let out. Excellent work, Veronica.'

The smile that Veronica gave her was a little desperation-tinged, as metal rattled, Tabitha shaking herself against the locker in a futile attempt at escape.

'Thank you, I will strive for success.'

'See that you do. It would be regrettable if you were to need demotion. The demonstration seems to have been successful, so it's almost time to scale up the production model.'

Chapter Eighteen: A Relaxing Break

Alexandria stretched, pushing her arms upwards. There was so much work to do! But things were moving well, and there was definite progression now. The training was starting to have an effect – she twisted, feeling Elanor beneath her, back nice and firm, before patting her on the head. A pained gasping sound came from behind gagged lips before Alexandria stood, logging out. It was nice to be able to work from home, but it did make it harder to ever get away from work as well!

‘Now, Elanor, you have been a good girl, haven’t you?’

‘Mrrpph!’ Elanor nodded, keeping her head down, not raising herself off the ground.

‘I think some relaxation tonight. For the both of us. You seem to be willing to be obedient, and so deserve to be rewarded. Now, let me change your collar so you can be slightly more of a full person for tonight.’ She pulled out the remote, savoring the way Elanor’s eyes flicked towards it then glanced away, not wanting to be seen looking at it.

The collar beeped, Alexandria flicking a finger at Elanor, who slowly rose, her body tense and uncertain, only relaxing slightly when she wasn’t shocked.

‘You see? Obedience brings rewards. And I’m sure you will appreciate some actual food, rather than cum and food-paste. You are used to the finer things in life, after all. Alicia says you have taken excellent care of yourself – you made an excellent fox. Did you enjoy being hunted?’

Elanor shivered and looked away, Alexandria taking her by the chin and forcing her to look straight into her eyes. Elanor whimpered and tried to look away, Alexandria slapping her on the cheek until Elanor looked at her, untying her gag and watching as Elanor frantically swallowed the torrent of built-up spit.

‘You are my subordinate, you should obey me. Unless you wish to be forcibly demoted?’

‘No, Miss Hunt. I am sorry. And I would like to eat something else.’

‘Very good. Although I hope you are starting to enjoy the flavor – it is part of your job, after all. I am hearing that your oral skills are quite advanced though. And Alicia says that your piercings are healing well. I have a variety of other ones for when you need to meet clients and customers.’ She brushed at Elanor’s shoulder with the back of her hand – despite having been on her hands and knees all day, she still looked good, her make-up only now slightly run. Her skirt-suit was a little rumpled, the latex skirt having ridden up and bunched slightly oddly, her silk blouse having fared only slightly better.

‘You are very attractive. And your spirit is impressive, even if somewhat troublesome. But you’re happier now, aren’t you?’ She stroked Elanor’s face.

‘...Yes, Mistress Hunt.’ The look on her face was mingled desperation, lust and fear.

‘Well, there’s still room for improvement, but you are certainly nice and obedient now. Just don’t become disobedient and I won’t have to let Alicia have some time with you. She is very enamored with you – there’s not many that she takes a shine to, you should count yourself lucky.’

Elanor shivered and looked away, the nipple-piercings showing through the thin silk of her top.

‘Oh? She enjoyed you – did you not find her touch pleasurable yourself?’

Elanor bit her lip. ‘She... She’s hurt me, Mistress. She enjoys hurting me. I... I don’t want to be hurt...’

‘Well, then you will need to keep being a good girl, and then I can look after you instead. Although Alicia will be disappointed. She particularly likes the trim belly of yours – the way it reacts when electrocuted or waxed is rather attractive, although I normally prefer softer curves.’

‘I’ll be good! I’ll be your good girl, just don’t let her have me again. *Please!*’

Alexandria stroked the woman’s head, tidying her hair. ‘Well, she will be disappointed. It’s rare for her to take such a personal interest in someone. But as long as you’re good and loyal to me, then I suppose you’ll be more useful to me as a worker, than down in Alicia’s private dungeon. Will you be sweet and loyal?’

‘Yes, Mistress Hunt! Just, please... Don’t let that woman have me...’

Alexandria stroked her head. ‘There, there. As long as you’re my good and obedient subordinate, then you will be allowed a certain amount of power. But don’t forget your place, or there will be consequences.’

‘Yes, Mistress Hunt. Please, I’ll do anything, just don’t let her have me again!’

‘Well, then you will need to be a good girl. But, as you have proven yourself obedient, then tonight you have earned something a little nicer.’

‘Can you... remove my collar, please, Mistress?’

‘No, that is likely to stay.’ Alexandria stroked the metal. ‘It is rather fetching, And I wouldn’t want you to forget your position at all. Now, come with me.’

She hooked a finger through Elanor’s collar-ring and pulled, the woman stumbling slightly, unused to standing up rather than crawling.

‘Tonight we are being pampered. A few of the new girls that have been trained appropriately.. And you will be allowed to order them as well. After all, you are in charge of rewards.’

The living room had been arranged with everything that was needed – two massage coaches had been set up, and the smell of food was coming from the kitchen away. Alicia was directing another maid, her lacey petticoats shorts enough that her backside and chastity belt were both visible. When she saw Alicia, Elanor tried to pull away, but Alexandria kept pulling her forward. Two of the other secretary-girls were dressed in short green latex mini-dresses, red crosses over their hearts, stockings and heels, knelt close to the wall. They both smoothly rose as Alexandria approached.

‘How may we serve, Mistress?’

‘You are to pleasure us. For tonight, then you are to obey this one as well.’ She pulled Elanor forward. ‘She is in need of relaxation. You are to obey her, as long as she is here. Should she be a good girl, then you will be her subordinates, so this is a good chance to show her your skills.’

‘Yes Mistress. Please allow us to serve, Miss Elanor.’

Elanor shivered again, not used to the attention, looking at Alexandria for support, who rubbed her shoulder. ‘Order them to serve you.’

Elanor swallowed nervously, fidgeting with her collar, before managing to gather herself. ‘Look after and pleasure me.’ With her shoulders squared, she was managing at least a trace of self-confidence, although whimpered when Alexandria stroked her backside.

‘Yes, Mistress Elanor.’ They answered in unison, curtsying again. One of them approached, head down and smiling. ‘Allow me to serve. Would you care to undress yourself, or would you allow me to do it?’

She plucked at the slightly tousled suit-jacket, disarrayed from Elanor being forced onto all fours for the day.

‘I will do it myself.’

Alexandria began stripping herself, taking a simple pleasure in the way the other one’s eyes followed her, and how Alicia kept turning around from the food to look at her. She approached one of the massage couches, cracking her neck in anticipation before laying herself down on it, face-down, watching as Elanor was led to the other one, covering her breasts with one hand, her pussy with the other, laying down and looking uncomfortable.

‘You see? While you may be obedient to me, as long as you remain so, then you will be permitted some control.’

She twisted until she was laying face-down on the coach, sinking into the deep cushions, letting herself relax.

‘Order them to please us.’

‘I... Massage us both. Show your worth.’ Her voice was slightly more confident now.

Alexandria let herself relax, as oil was rubbed into her back, skilled fingers kneading at her flesh, digging into the muscles. ‘Mmm, yes.’ She turned her head to look at Elanor. She was shivering as she was stroked and pampered, her skin shining with oil. Alexandria smiled at her – she would have to learn to savor such things, and better how to command her underlings, or she would need to be replaced. Fingers dug into her shoulder muscles, then moved down her back, hair brushing against her skin, latex-wrapped breasts squashing against her, further smearing the oil.

‘Hmmm, you are well-trained, aren’t you?’

Alicia walked over, her metal-bound crotch level with Alexandria’s eyes. ‘Thank you, Mistress. I have done what I can to train them. I must thank you for supplying me with such fine material.’

She walked over to Elanor, running a finger down Elanor’s bare back, pressing with a nail, all the way down her spinal column. Elanor shivered, her whole body tensing. ‘This one does seem a little nervous still. Do you think she will be suitable for her position?’

‘I sincerely hope so! I will be somewhat upset if the time we have spent on her turns out to be a waste.’

Elanor shivered, pinned in place by a single finger, biting her lip in fear. ‘I... I won’t let you down! Just... please don’t hurt me again, or hunt me.’

Alicia turned back to Alexandria, kneeling in front of her and kissing her on the lips, sweet and soft. ‘Do you think she will be suitable, Mistress? I would like some more time with her, if possible. She has a lovely body.’ Alexandria kissed her again, before turning back to Elanor, unable to restrain from a few gasps herself as fingers teased and stroked over her back.

‘Yes, Elanor – you will have to ensure that you keep your figure. I wouldn’t want to disappoint Alicia.’

‘Yes... Mistress Alexandria.’

‘Very good. Now, do take some pleasure in this – after all, you are in charge of them. They will be yours to command – this means that when rewards are given out, then you can delegate a certain amount of the work to them. It will be up to you to discipline them as well, when they fail.’

Alicia stood up, taking over the massaging of Elanor. Elanor started to twitch and squirm, torn between fear and pleasure, Alicia smiling at the effect she was having, digging her fingers deep into the woman's flesh, soft skin getting pushed and pulled, the low light making it shine with oil and sweat.

Hands started to slap and drum at Alexandria's back, making it impossible to talk properly. Alexandria closed her eyes, letting herself sink into the pleasurable sensations. It had been too long since she had allowed herself such simple pleasure! And the way that Elanor was squirming was its own delight – she probably wouldn't let Alicia have her, at least for a while.

Hands stroked her buttocks, reaching between her legs. She spread them, letting fingers twist between her thighs, before hair brushed her sensitive flesh, a tongue lapping at her pussy.

'Mmmm...' Pleasure rose through her – a slow, sultry wave, that she let well around her, wet and sticky and slow. She opened her eyes a crack – even Elanor seemed to be managing some level of pleasure, between Alicia's massage and the other woman licking at her crotch.

'Better to command, mmmmm, yes. Better to command than be commanded, is it not? Once you have proven yourself, then I may let you be a little more authoritative with your subordinates. Perhaps you could punish them yourself? If you're very good, then I may even allow you a day-collar. Although you are quite some ways off that. Alicia, how are her piercings?'

There was a slobbery lick, then a gasp of pain as Alicia started to finger them, pulling on the rings embedded around their pussy. 'She is healing well. The flesh is firm enough that the chastity plate can be directly attached.'

Elanor whimpered again.

'Very good. And the breasts and navel? Roll over, Elanor. Alicia will be your personal nurse from now on. After all, I wouldn't want you to suffer any harm. Well, *unintended* harm, at least.' The massage-couch creaked, as Elanor obeyed. Alicia probed at the soft and warm flesh, gently stroking the nipples, tugging on the studs embedded into her flesh, tickling down and rubbing oil into her belly button, making Elanor shiver again.

'She is healing well, Mistress. Are you sure I cannot have some personal time with her?'

'Only if she should fail.'

'I won't fail, Mistress! I'll be good!' Elanor's protests were cut off as Alicia pulled at a nipple ring, the flesh stretching for a moment before she let go.

'I hope you will. Alicia, stop teasing her, and let her enjoy herself. If she should fail, then I'm sure you can have some fun, but I'm sure that Elanor will be a good girl. Isn't that right?'

'Yes, Mistress! I won't let you down.' Her voice cracked slightly with fear, her eyes dazed. 'May I... command, then?'

'Yes. Except for Alicia, she is mine.' Alexandria reached out and patted Alicia's firm buttocks, feeling the chastity belt, pinching at pert flesh. 'I would advise against trying to command her, unless you wish to spend some time at her mercy.' Alicia shifted around, letting Alexandria's hand slide between her thighs, the back of her hand tapping against the warm metal of the chastity.

Elanor whimpered but managed to focus, as Alexandria continued to tease Alicia. Her voice strengthened somewhat. 'You two, continue to pleasure me. Tend to me.'

They moved to obey, oiling up Elanor's body and stroking and massaging her. Alicia moved in to tend to Alexandria, her strong and skilled fingers probing into Alexandria's flesh. Her heat within her started to throb more intensely, Alicia pressing her body closely against Alexandria's. 'I do hope you will make time for me, Mistress. I might stray if you don't let me

care for you a little more often! Although I suppose if you were to keep me supplied with tender young things like this one, I might stick around?’

‘Mmmm, that’s the spot.’ Fingers dug into her spinal column, releasing deep-seated tensions, as she lazily reached out and stroked Alicia’s thighs, running a finger up the back of Alicia’s legs. ‘I’m sorry, there’s been a lot going on. Hopefully when things settle down a bit, I can have a nice break, and you can look after me then. And you’ve earned some time with the belt off!’

‘Oh, I think you might need to punish me first. I’m sure there’s something I’ve done wrong that you can chastise me for.’ She kissed Alexandria on the back, placing a sequence of short, hot kisses down her back, before planting a final kiss at the base of her spine. ‘Mmmm, Mistress. Such lovely skin! I do hope that your staff aren’t stressing you out. I would hate for you to get worn out.’

‘Mmmm...’ Fingers stroked between her thighs, easily sliding into her, quickly finding her g-spot. She closed her eyes and let herself sink fully into the sensation, Alicia taking her to the edge and holding her there.

‘It is my honor to serve, Mistress.’

‘Mmmm, yes...’ Another finger slid into her, and her hips bucked, the digits swirling inside of her. Beside her, Elanor was being pleased as well, both the other women rubbing at her flesh, some of the lines of tension fading from her face.

It didn’t take long for Alexandria to come, swirling pleasure pouring up through her. She let it overwhelm her, a divine moment of passion. As she recovered, Alicia continued to stroke and care for her, placing sweet and gentle kisses all over the parts of Alexandria’s skin that she could access.

‘Good girl.’ She patted Alicia’s backside again. ‘You know, you don’t have to wear the belt.’

‘But it shows that Mistress owns me. You’re not freeing me, are you, Mistress?’ She stood back and pouted.

‘Fine! I’ll try and schedule some time for you.’

Alicia smiled back down at her. ‘Very good, Mistress. I will look forward to it. And I will pick out some appropriate clothing for you. Does Mistress have any requests for food? It would be nice to be commanded for once.’ Her tone was slightly barbed.

‘Very well. Then, hmmm... perhaps a Chinese-style feast? You would look good in a cheongsam.’

‘Oh, yes. An excellent choice, Mistress. And Mistress would look excellent in white silk – I have just the thing. Now Mistress, would you care for me to pleasure you with my tongue?’

‘I think dinner first.’

She looked mildly disappointed, as Elanor juddered towards an orgasm, making ugly grunting sounds. She was cuter when gagged! Well, that could be something else to be fixed with training. She sat up, letting Alicia wrap a towel around her. ‘Elanor, time to eat. This meal you may eat as a person, rather than from a bowl on the floor.’

Alicia clapped her hands, the two assistants moving away from Elanor and fetching food. It was brought over on a wheeled tray, cutlery shining. It was a collection of small bites, meat and pastry, or small slices of toast and pate, bowls of lightly roasted vegetables.

‘You two, serve me.’ Elanor’s voice sounded more confident now, as she commanded the other women. They obeyed smoothly, caring for her, conveying food to her mouth. Alexandria let herself be cared for by Alicia, opening her mouth as a nodule of honey-dipped peanuts were

carefully spooned into her mouth. They were slightly spicy, making her salivate in response, Alicia leaning in for a kiss, sharing the flare of heat.

‘Mmm, Mistress tastes good!’

It didn’t take long for the meal to be finished, the bowls picked clean. Elanor was still shying away whenever Alicia approached, trying to keep the other two women in the way, as a living barrier.

‘Now, Elanor – tonight you will be sleeping here. But in a bed, rather than a cage. And then you will have your new position to tend to. I expect results, otherwise you will be treated as meat again. So do be a good girl – Alicia has wanted a cute pet for a while, and I could always reactivate the collar.’

‘I’ll be good, Mistress!’

‘Show me your obedience.’ She spread her legs, Alicia making a sound of annoyance. At least Elanor knew what was expected of her, dropping to her knees and crawling forward, sliding her face between Alexandria’s thighs and kissing there. She wasn’t as proficient as Alicia, but wasted no time in sliding her tongue into Alexandria’s slit. Alexandria grabbed their hair and held them close, squeezing her thighs, clamping them tightly around Elanor’s neck, ignoring her strangled grunt.

‘Good girl. You know how to be a nice obedient slut. And for once, your mouth isn’t full of cum, so you may pleasure me.’ She kept her grip tight on Elanor’s hair, pulling harder than was needed, just to make the woman hurt, savoring the tongue sliding around inside of her, bringing her to another orgasm. Even when that was done, she kept her grip tight, holding Elanor there until she started to choke and splutter, and then Alexandria let her go.

‘You see? If you simply obey, then you can be a good little fuck-slave. You don’t need to think too much, just be a good little cum-dumpster.’

Elanor choked back a sob. ‘Yes, Mistress Hunt. I... I will obey.’

Alexandria kissed her on the top of her head. ‘Good girl. You see how easy it is? Now, go and wash yourself, and take your subordinates with you. As long as you obey, you may have a little fun with them. Now, Alicia – I think I will have a little fun with you.’

‘Oh, yes please! Thank you, Mistress.’

Alexandria stood, kissing Alicia again before taking her hand and leading her to the bedroom. Time to punish someone a little tougher!

Chapter Nineteen: Sureties of Power

Alexandria smiled, admiring the sway of Elanor's hips and the way her ankle-length hobble skirt showed off her backside – there was no material over her buttocks, a gem-studded buttplug shining between the curves of her ass-cheeks. With her posture collar on, her stance was gorgeous, her buttocks practically inviting a whipping. The leather cuffs on her wrists were glossy, the metal rings polished and shiny, the ballet-heels making her legs deliciously taut. She had the stamina and grace to endure them for long periods of time, tottering about the office and drawing everyone's eyes.

She turned around from the filing cabinet, some papers in hand, swaying back towards Alexandria. Her silk blouse was translucent enough to show off her lingerie bra beneath, a trickle of cum visible along one corner of her mouth. It was reinforced around her hips and waist, functioning as a stringent corset. Her eyes were slightly less panicked now, and she didn't have to keep being sent to the executive restroom to tidy herself up, and she was even able to order her subordinates around.

'These are the papers you requested, Mistress.'

She stood there, hand rising up to her collar. She still didn't seem entirely used to the thing, despite having been wearing it constantly – well, that would come with time. Or become a rather charming affectation. She would be a delightful piece to display at the club sometime!

'Now, time for a meeting with Ian. His division has been doing well, so you will be rewarding him. Although he does need to be shown his place. Are you enjoying your position?'

She shivered, refusing to meet Alexandria's eyes. 'I am glad to be of service, Mistress Alexandria.'

'Good. I hear that you've become quite a skilled cock-sucker. That stud of yours is making you very popular, even with the women. And those heels do lovely things for your legs. Turn around and bend over.'

Elanor obeyed, slowly bending at the waist, having to strain to bend thanks to the ribbed top digging into her, flexible enough still to grasp her ankles. Alexandria walked over and slapped their backside, before tweaking the anal plug, pulling it slightly out then letting Elanor's body pull it back in.

'Lovely. Let me take a picture – Alicia has been asking about you. Almost a shame that you're so obedient, she wants to have some time with you.'

Elanor's voice was quiet and fearful. 'I'll be good, Mistress Hunt! Just don't send me back to her. Please!'

Alexandria stroked the proffered backside, marveling at the softness of the flesh. 'Well, you have kept your end of the agreement, so I suppose I shall allow you your autonomy a little longer. Soon you may even come to enjoy it.' Elanor whimpered again, before Alexandria pulled on the back of her collar, pulling her back up. 'Now, ready yourself. These are some rather important investors, and I hope you won't disappoint them, or me.'

She didn't have to wait long before there was a knock at the door, one of the secretaries opening the door. This one was wearing another hobble-skirt, her steps dainty and precise,

encouraged by the thin points of her own ballet heels. With a slender, trim built and small breasts, she would have fitted in well as an actual ballet dancer, her makeup careful and delicate. Although the chunky collar around her neck was at odds with the rest of her elegant outfit, the metal tight around her flesh, LEDs slowly blinking.

‘Your visitors, Mrs. Hunt.’ She stepped through, holding the door open to allow the others to enter. All of them she had had some minor dealings with in the past, but wasn’t close too. Two men and a woman, all in smart suits, and uncollared – no flunkies, just the actual leaders. Elanor moved against the wall, a polite smile on her face. Two other secretaries walked in behind them, just as graceful and poised.

‘Thank you all for coming.’ Alexandria stepped forward, shaking their hands – all three of them gripped hers tightly, staring at her. She met their eyes, smiling back at them. ‘So glad you could come. Now, if you would care to sit down?’

She gestured, and the secretaries walked forward before dropping to all fours, even their training not enough to make the motion entirely graceful. Fortunately, the men weren’t too bulky, their weight setting onto the women. The woman sat down, jabbing her nails into the neck of her seat. The secretary barely flinched, used to such pain by now.

Alexandria held up her phone, making a show of pressing a button on the screen. All three of the secretaries made barely audible sighs as the input to the ear-pieces was cut, deafening them.

‘One of the control mechanisms I install my staff with. So that they can be present without hearing any of the details.’

One of the men pulled his seat’s hair, twisting her head – her ear-piece was held in place with wires, connecting it to several piercings. The whole thing had a slightly avant-garde appearance, but also meant that the earbuds couldn’t be removed without unlocking the whole thing.

‘Quite helpful for ensuring they don’t get distracted or engage in watercooler chat. And of course, they can be set up so that they can only hear specific people. I like to keep Elanor deaf to everything other than my voice sometimes – it certainly keeps her nice and obedient. Isn’t that right, Elanor? Why don’t you show off your piercings?’

Elanor walked forward, using one hand to sweep her hair from her head, managing to retain her smile as she showed off one ear. In deference to her position, Alexandria had permitted her more ornate jewelry, a golden ear-cuff along the top of each ear, several rings and studs around the outer edge, holding a bead in her eardrum.

The man’s fingers poked at the offered ear, Elanor wincing as her ear was pulled and probed.

‘Interesting. But fuck-toys aren’t that rare.’

‘They are all fully trained in everything they need to do. Akilah here, for example, is a fully qualified lawyer, as well as being very adept with her mouth, and keen with all her holes. She needed a little encouragement to get over her initial nerves and jitters, but is now very keen to serve. Maybe the occasional slap or sting to keep her keen, but little more than that. And, of course, entirely discreet.’

The other man started fondling the backside of his seat, reaching beneath her chest and feeling a breast.

‘You seem to be changing the company quite significantly. You certainly seem to have attracted quite a lot of rather attractive talent! Although your husband had a few offerings, you seem to have stepped matters up significantly. That blonde you had at the front desk is

magnificent! And appeared to actually be good at her job. Whenever I hire a nice piece of ass, they're always terrible at actually keeping track of appointments and passing messages along, or they try and blackmail me. Not that the wife minds having some bimbo to play with, but it would be nice to have the work actually done!

He kept groping at the woman beneath him, lightly striking their ass with his hand, before tapping fingers against their chastity belt.

'This must help as well! My wife keeps her boy in one, he's very eager to please. So, what are you doing with this place? It certainly seems to have been overhauled quite significantly since I visited to see Mr Wolff. Do you remember much of your time here? I think I saw you then, but you were so bundled up it was hard to tell.'

Alexandria managed to keep smiling, forcing herself to stay relaxed and not tense up. She never wanted to be swaddled and bound up like that again! The numbing, clinging haze of latex, and the hood and whatever drugs had been pumped into her, all in the name of "protection". She tightened one hand, nails digging into a palm, making her focus.

'Well, that was some time ago. But the company is re-branding – a whole new image. And several new lines of business. We share enough interests that I thought the three of you would appreciate the chance to use the services I will be offering.'

'Well, they certainly seem well-trained. And I assume they are fully trained?'

'Oh yes, in every way. Of course, I will need them back to keep their training fully up-to-date. It would be a shame if they were to try and slip their collars.'

The woman leaned over, running a nail along the metal collar. 'I think I recognize these. I assume you've been working with that woman?'

Alexandria nodded, sharing a look with them. Meeting the Director was always fraught and tense – she seemed to regard any other women as somewhere between "prey" and "threat", to be captured and broken. It had been worth it to negotiate a deal on the command collars, but she had kept one hand on a taser throughout, just in case. Being shown the latest experiments had done little to calm her, the writhing and bound forms trapped inside the tanks, helmets isolating them entirely, bringing back too many memories she didn't want or need. But she and her assistant were skilled at their jobs, even if they were both nuts.

'Yes, she supplied some of the equipment. Although the more advanced integration was done by another team. You will, of course be given a copy of the app to use, to help with any discipline issues. I trust you enough not to cause any permanent damage, although there will be compensation clauses, of course. I've put a lot of work into these girls!'

'And they are rather lovely. Although, perhaps, you could perhaps engage a few men? I like variety in my staff.' The woman dragged on the collar, making her seat splutter as their throat was squashed. 'What's this one trained in?'

'Legal accountancy, I believe. And responds very well to pressure – I like to see how much she can get done before her collar shocks her. It's done wonders for her typing speed.'

'I can imagine! And is that Ms. Hathering? I thought I hadn't heard of any scandals from her recently. She certainly suits those heels.'

Elanor was staring blankly ahead, unable to hear the conversation until Alexandria spoke. 'Elanor, why don't you give Mrs. Jeffries the documents?'

'Yes, Mistress.'

Elanor moved hesitantly, but started to move faster when Alexandria reached for her phone. She swayed over, remembering her training, leaning over to let them look down her top, handing

out a brochure. One of the men reached out and grabbed her butt, looking at Alexandria for permission. She nodded to give assent, as he teasingly pulled out the plug a little.

‘Always wanted a piece of her, but she wouldn’t give me the time of day!’

‘Well, consider her something of a signing on bonus. She has important duties here, but I’m sure she can be spared for a private appointment.’

He yanked out the plug, making Elanor shiver, her buttohole gaping before slowly closing up.

‘If you have the app downloaded, then I can give you control of her.’

Elanor tensed, turning to look at her with a sudden look of fear. Alexandria started her down, before entering the code into her own phone. His pocket buzzed before he took his phone out, fingers dabbing at the screen. Elanor tried to retreat, before Alexandria commanded her collar to shock her, making her freeze in place.

‘Service him. Think of this as helping the sales department.’ Another tingle of electricity shocked Elanor’s neck, making her splutter as she dropped to her knees. Another zap was loud enough to be heard, Elanor sagging from the pain, as the man’s trousers started to tent. Alexandria had only done a few tests at full power – Elanor had little capacity to take that level of punishment. Still, she managed to crawl forward, mouth open.

‘Please, use her as you will. And experiment with all of the features.’

Another loud shock, Elanor crawling forward faster, wanting to distract him from hurting her more. There was a pneumatic hiss as the rubber padding inflated, tightening around her throat, her hands pushing his thighs apart, unzipping his flies. Her red lips enveloped his cock, tongue swilling around the shaft.

The woman looked at the sales material. ‘You’re rebranding? It certainly seems to be something of a change of image.’

‘A complete rebrand, yes – the company is being renamed to “Artemis”. I suppose one could think of us as supplying nymphs and so forth? Although that is perhaps a little poetic.’

‘Well, I’ve heard stories of some of the events at your estate. Certainly something of a theme you have going!’

‘Oh yes, I suppose. Elanor here was a lovely fox. A short hunt, but an amusing one.’

‘She stole one of my boyfriends, so she deserved it. Hmmm... I have a few workers that aren’t as diligent as they could be. Perhaps I should send them to you for training? I’m sure you could focus their attentions appropriately.’

Elanor’s gulping and slurping required Alexandria to raise her voice to be heard over the sloppy blowjob, Elanor’s spit shining the man’s cock.

‘I may have a few slots open. Although if you need diligent staff, I do have a few on hand I can rent to you. Perhaps they can serve as an example to the others?’

The other man continued to grope his seat. ‘Hmmm, I think I will take this one.’ He looked at his phone. ‘And she’s trained as a PA? Excellent, just what I need.’

‘Yes, she was very responsive. Of course, you can keep her for yourself, or allow her to be used as a reward for your staff. And she’s guaranteed to be discreet as well. I’m sure you wouldn’t want any issues with your staff reporting your pleasures elsewhere.’

Alexandria tapped her phone, transmitting the control codes to them. He immediately looked at his phone, tapping at the screen. ‘You’re going to be a good girl for me, aren’t you?’

She tensed beneath him, now able to hear his voice. ‘Yes, Mast...OWWW!’ She twitched beneath him, shock running through her.

‘And what does this do?’

The soft humming of a vibrator could be heard, the motor muted by surrounding flesh. His seat tensed again, exhaling in a soft sigh

‘I like to keep them needy – probably best you don’t over-indulge them.’

Their eyes were already starting to roll back in their head, the motor continuing to thrum away. It suddenly cut off, leaving her to sigh with disappointment.

‘It helps to keep them obedient, I find. And certainly makes them very attentive at their review sessions! Isn’t that right, Elanor?’

She had to withdraw her head from the cock, licking at the shaft, her answer hesitant. ‘Yes, Mistress Hunt. I... would like to perform well enough to be allowed to come.’ Her voice was heavy with lust, as a hand grabbed the back of her head and the cock slid into her throat, making her splutter.

‘She is a lot easier to get on with like this. I can certainly see your services being popular! And having a properly trained assistant would help. What happens if there are any discipline issues?’

‘Well, I sincerely hope that won’t happen, but you have their collars and belts to help. And if there should be anything else, then simply return them to me and I will punish them appropriately, and supply a replacement. I aim to supply nothing but the best of services. If you have any of your own staff that could do with some training, then I will also start a referrals service. And I may have to recruit a few men – slightly more of a niche market, but one that may have some viability.’

The woman nodded. ‘Slender and tall, for preference! It’ll be nice to have some toys to play with. Women are nice enough, but a real cock is better.’

Alexandria smiled politely back. Women seemed generally softer and easier, although she would have to experiment a little more, despite Alicia’s misgivings.

‘Once matters are in hand, then I will do what I can to supply your needs as well. Until then, please enjoy what I can offer.’

There was the grunting sound of an orgasm, Elanor pushing her head in, making sure to swallow every drop, then opening her mouth for inspection. He patted her on the head.

‘Well, you’ve certainly made her a lot more friendly. Do they come with clothing as well?’

‘A few outfits, yes. Suitable for officewear, and one or two evening dresses. Of course, you can always provide them with more, should you have particular preferences.’

‘Hmmm, I’ve always wondered what Elanor would look like as a slutty schoolgirl. A tiny little pleated skirt, a tight blouse – it’d be nice to take a cane to that backside of hers.’

‘If you would like a special session with her, then that can be arranged. She will be sweet and obedient, I’m sure. Isn’t that right, Elanor?’

She shuddered before responding. ‘Yes... Yes, Mistress Hunt. I will be obedient, as you command.’

‘Good girl.’ She moved behind Alexandria, pressing a finger against the black plate on the lock that held her hobble-skirt up. The fabric dropped down around the woman’s ankles, revealing her bare legs, and the metal between her legs – her pussy rings were attached to a metal grille, her slit spread forced open, another hook over her clit ring, stretching out the nub. The scent of her lust was obvious, her thighs sticky. The simple steel and bright gold of the rings made a nice contrast – as well as ensuring that if Elanor ever moved too fast, she would feel it.

‘A few rather unique modifications – to make her even more fun to play with.’ She flicked Elanor’s backside. ‘The more you obey, the less I have to hurt you. Now, you don’t need to

hear any more.’ Alexandria muted the woman’s hearing. ‘So, if the three of you are willing to be the first customers? At a special introductory rate, at least to start with.’

She pushed Elanor down to all fours, taking some papers and laying them out over the woman’s back. True to her training, Elanor was stationary, managing not to tremble as one of the men leaned forward, checking over the terms, and Elanor’s ass.

‘You certainly have a lot of clauses regarding secrecy and confidentiality.’

‘I want to be quite sure that you feel my staff are trustworthy. While they certainly are attractive fucktoys, and I will be offering some lower-priced offerings to cater for that niche, the start will be for more high-priced and skilled workers. So if you have any concerns about confidentiality, then I want you to be absolutely assured that they will be taken seriously. And if one of my staff has been leaking secrets, then they will be punished – and you may join in, should you wish.’

‘A tempting prospect. And quite reasonable prices.’

‘Think of this as the proof of concept – I have trained them well, but there may be a few teething issues. So, for that, you will need to return them here every few weeks for checkups. Just to make sure they aren’t having any unsuitable thoughts, and that they are still functional. I’ve trained them to be quite hardy, but it remains to be seen how they will stand up to sustained use.’

He looked through the rest of the papers, before scribbling his signature down. ‘Well, I’ve certainly more on less – a good price for a skilled worker, especially one that’s a good cocksucker as well.’ He twisted on his seat, making his presence known, then slapping her ass again.

‘Thank you for your business.’

Alexandria smiled then turned to the others, tapping her phone to set Elanor’s vibe into action again. With her skirt removed, the sound was louder now, buzzing inside of her and making her blush with a savage crimson tint. A slow drip of spit and cum dropped from her mouth to the floor – Alexandria made a mental note to punish Elanor for that later.

‘Quite a tempting deal, I’m sure you will agree.’

The woman leaned forward, looking at Elanor with predatory interest, reaching out with a booted foot to catch her underneath the chin and tilt her head upwards.

‘I think I’ll sign up as well. There may need to be some renegotiation in future, of course, but a skilled worker that I can also use for pleasure is an offer that’s hard to beat. A shame you don’t have much produce yet, but I hope that we will be first in line as you expand operations? Although... I do know someone in need of a job, if you’re looking for applicants. She should certainly be up to your standards, although might be a bit bratty.’

‘Well, if you forward her details, then I’ll look her over.’

‘If you could. It’s aggravating having her around the place! And it would do her good to be a little less prideful.’

‘Of course. I always like to reward those that backed me from the start. And you?’ She turned to the last holdout.

‘Well, I could scarcely be the only holdout, can I? I don’t like to leave a woman in need. Although I would request maybe a few more petite blondes? Or perhaps a natural redhead, if you can get one? Something of a wider variety would be appreciated.’

‘Yes, I prefer natural hair as well. But it will take some time to arrange for a wider stock. I shall certainly take any recommendations you have under advisement though.’ He stepped off

his seat to get another copy of the documents and sign them, admiring Elanor's body as he did so.

'Excellent. I will have your new staff delivered shortly.' She tapped her phone again, allowing Elanor to hear. 'I have some other business to tend to – Elanor, you are to entertain them.'

Elanor shivered. 'Yes, Mistress.'

'Good girl.'

Alexandria left them to it, leaving the room as a hand slapped against an ass. With the three secretaries still present, that should be enough to entertain them! And now she had her first three customers.

Chapter Twenty: The New Normal

Alexandria bought up the app controller. There were now over a dozen dots, all close to each other, glowing with varying levels of intensity. She bought the details up on her computer monitor, showing them in larger detail – she clicked one of them, showing another computer screen, words flashing up as the collar-wearer typed.

She flicked between cameras, viewing each of them in turn. Through the cameras, she could see the work they were doing, paperwork getting completed, work being done. One was showing less activity than the others, and she bought up their profile – a leggy brunette, that had seemed rather stubborn.

Her finger hovered over the options available, letting herself savor the moment of decision, of how to deliver a punishment, and how strong it would be. Broadcasting her voice would be amusing, but would probably distract the other workers too much. Instead, she adjusted a slider, and then tapped the screen again to deliver a mild electrical shock. The view juddered, the woman tensing up as her neck was shocked by the collar, and then work resumed. Alexandria nodded to herself – good, that was how things should be

A faint grunt came from beneath her, and she shifted in her seat – Camilla was currently serving in that position, on her back and bent backwards, with her legs serving as the chair-back, her rump working as the cushion, forced into shape by metal and tight latex. Alexandria lightly tapped her fingers against the woman's buttocks. 'No complaints, now. Or I might be forced to send you for further training.'

That got her a soft whimper, before silence. Camilla still had her moments, but was mostly polite and acquiescent. And with a small rug on top of her, she wasn't even that sticky to sit on, despite the summer heat!

Alexandria rose and stretched her arms, glad of the movement after being sat down working herself for so long. Being able to keep an eye on her staff at any moment was wonderful, but also distracting; there was always the temptation to have a look through their cameras, just a few screen-presses away, and their collars and vibes easy to access as well. Being able to see their heart-rates increase as they were hurt or pleased gave impressively rapid feedback!

She moved around the chair, looking down on Camilla – her entire body was encased in latex, with rigid straps affixed to poles forcing her into her position, with her backside serving as a cushion, her legs the chair back. Her head was entirely sealed as well, a plug sealing her mouth and a padded blindfold over her eyes.

A soft whimper came from behind the gag – she must at least be able to sense that she was no longer being sat on. Well, it wouldn't do her any harm to be left there for a while. She gave Camilla a spin, enjoying the incomprehensible whine Camilla made, leaving her spinning there, only slowly stopping. That would probably be even more disorientating; the sensation of motion, but without any sight or feeling to know what was going on. Well, it would hopefully keep her obedient!

Alexandria locked her office behind her, just in case anyone tried to get in. As she entered the main office area, the deeper hush that descended was satisfying, all conversation going silent,

loudest sound the click-clack of nails against keyboards. She nodded in satisfaction – that was how it should be! One of the girls met her eyes, then immediately looked down, not daring to hold her gaze. She was quite a pretty thing – Alexandria pulled up her record on her phone. And a good work-record! Maybe some private sessions with her were in order? She had lovely pale skin, vivid green eyes, red hair, and a dusting of freckles, that it would be interesting to see if they covered her entire body.

She tapped the controller, smiling when she heard a choked-off gasp, watching their stocking-clad legs tense together as a ripple ran from her pussy, then a whine of disappointment when Alexandria cut the vibe off. She would have to earn more through hard work! She'd have to ask Veronica what the girl was like as a worker – Alicia had an occasional hankering for red-heads, and it was nice to indulge her.

The sense of power was potent and powerful, sending a stir of pleasure between Alexandria's legs, her own lingerie feeling soft and warm against her skin. She'd have to have some pleasure herself soon!

Veronica's office was currently closed, a red light indicating that it was locked. Alexandria raised her ID card against the reader, and it flashed green, light blinking as the door opened slightly. A pained gasp sounded from inside, as Alexandria stepped through, only opening it enough to step through before closing it behind herself, hearing it lock shut.

She heard the slapping sound of skin-on-skin, and a pained gasp, along with a wet, rasping sound. Veronica's office was neat almost to the point of obsession – a rack of implements was on one wall, everything perfect and in its own place, leather and metal perfectly clean and polished. Veronica herself was in a crisp white blouse, the top button undone to show her collar, a pencil-skirt emphasizing her slender waist, and leather gloves on each hand. She was holding a cattle-prod, the two metal prongs held against the soft belly of another woman, wearing the tattered remnants of office-wear.

She was held in place by an X-frame, her arms and legs spread wide, a fat blue ballgag spreading plump lips wide, dribble creeping down a sharply-pointed chin. She was resisting, shaking her arms impotently against the restraints. Veronica pulled the trigger, unleashing a jolt into their belly, making them clench up and gasp in pain. Their chastity belt had been removed, allowing Veronica to lower the prong, poking the tips against the woman's damp slit.

'Your work in getting your belt off was very impressive, but is utterly forbidden. You will need disciplining.'

The woman tried to shake her head in desperation, before a shock of lightning jolted her cunt, making her squeal through her gag.

Veronica held the prong in place as she turned to Alexandria, the electrical lights glinting off her own collar. 'Miss Hunt. Caroline here managed to find a way to remove her belt without authorization – while the security hole has been patched, I need to discover if anyone else helped her.'

She pulled the trigger again, drawing out another pained squeal before the woman sagged against her bonds, eyelids fluttering.

'When she recovers, then she will be questioned further. Unless you would like to participate?'

'No, just let me know the results. And take whatever precautions are necessary with Caroline. We wouldn't want any proprietary information to leak, after all.'

'Indeed.' Another shock made their body clench and tense, but they were too gone to react any further. There was another wet rasp, and Alexandria turned to see Elanor. She was in one of

her tight dresses, the hemline pulled up to show the metal of her chastity belt, shiny black leather boots coming up to her knees. Her own collar was slightly scuffed, the metal needing a polish. She had a leg extended, with another office-lady on her knees, hands cuffed behind her back, kissing at the black leather.

Elanor purred at her, encouraging the woman to greater efforts, soft and wet tongue rubbing traces of dirt and grime off the leather, buffing it to a fine shine. There was a dazed and pleasurable look on her face, one of her hands cupping a pert breast, the shape well-defined beneath the tight dress.

As soon as she saw Alexandria, the blissful expression evaporated, a stiff smile rising up in its place. The other woman didn't seem to have noticed Alexandria, and continued to lick and kiss at Elanor's boot. Elanor's whole body tensed up in a most delightful way, the sheer terror a potent aphrodisiac by itself.

She scrambled to her feet, kicking the woman away and ignoring their pained grunt, as they crawled to the side, moving into a kneeling position with their hands on their lap, eyes downcast and her face neutral.

Alexandria smiled at her, reaching out to stroke at Elanor's hair.

'I've been watching your progress, Elanor. As has Alicia – apparently you were enjoying yourself last night? It's rare for her to want to go out, but some of your friends were making her salivate! Perhaps you should invite some of them to a corporate function? That one in the cheongsam was rather attention-grabbing, with nice breasts and legs, although the blue hair would have to go. That neck of hers would look far better with a collar on, don't you think?' She lowered her hand to Elanor's collar, raising the metal ring and letting it drop, to tap against the collar itself. 'I hope they were complimentary about your new jewelry?'

Elanor gave her a wan smile. 'Yes, Alexandria. They thought... that it suited me...'

Alexandria raised the ring again, listening to the sound it made. 'Well, it does make you more suited for your role. And so wonderfully easy to track and monitor. And you seem to be adjusting to the benefits of your position – I'm glad to see you working with Veronica.'

There was another zap of electricity, Veronica jolting her unconscious victim again before turning away. 'Yes, she has been helping me a little. She is a little soft still, but it is useful to have another pair of hands.'

Elanor's hands dropped to her waist, peeling up the tight hem of her dress to display her chastity belt fully. 'Please, Mistress... Can I be allowed to cum?' Her voice was delightfully desperate, thin and taut with frustration.

'Kneel.'

Elanor obeyed, dropping to her knees, eyes suddenly bright, hands on her lap. Alexandria moved one of her feet forward and gestured at it. With impressive speed, Elanor dropped her own head downwards, hair draping along the ground as she kissed at Alexandria's own shoes, kissing against the leather, leaving little wet marks.

Alexandria took her phone in hand again, enjoying the sound of the tongue sliding against the leather. She bought up Elanor's profile, staring down at the hair, shaking away as the woman continued to lick and kiss at the toe of Alexandria's shoe. She set their collar to a mild tingle, smiling as they tensed up but didn't stop, before turning her vibe to "low". That had a far stronger reaction, with Elanor immediately starting to pant. It had been quite some time since she had been allowed pleasure, it seemed – Alexandria checked. Several months, if the readings were accurate. Well, that would explain why she was whimpering so desperately, her backside high in the air, hips swaying, thighs tensing.

Veronica moved up behind Elanor, using the prod to lift up Elanor's skirt further, exposing her tight butt entirely.

'Elanor, you are only allowed to come with permission.'

As Alexandria spoke, Elanor whimpered, kissing against the shoes with more desperation. Whenever she raised her head to shift position, Alexandria could hear her softly begging. 'Please, Mistress Alexandria. Please let me come. Please!'

Alexandria looked at Veronica, the prod now pressed tightly into the submissive woman's ass-meat. Alexandria nodded at her, and Veronica pulled the trigger. As Elanor was shocked, she gasped, taking a deep breath and whimpering again, ass still swaying as the vibrator inside of herself kept buzzing away.

'I take it you've been keeping Elanor in hand?'

'Yes, Miss Hunt. She is most attentive now. And her oral skills are impressive – she has been helping the sales team with their work.'

'Hmmm, I think I will test that. Would you like that, Elanor?' She sent another shock into the collar.

'Yes, Mistress! Please, let me serve you!' She pressed her head down, ass rising higher into the air, as Alexandria kicked Elanor away then moved to sit down, lifting her own skirt. Elanor scrabbled forward, kissing at Alexandria's shoe again, before pressing her lips against Alexandria's lower leg, kissing her way upwards.

Alexandria spread her legs, a clear invitation, resting her hand on top of Elanor's head, lightly gripping her hair. Elanor obeyed, raising herself higher up and kissing at Alexandria's inner thigh, before turning her head inwards, not needing encouragement to move towards Alexandria's waiting slit. A tongue, wet and hot, pushed the material of her thong out of the way, brushing against her lips.

'Good girl, keep going.'

Elanor was smart enough not to respond, instead pushing further in, her tongue probing into Alexandria, flicking around inside of her. Alexandria's hand tightened as her pleasure peaked, Elanor's tongue skilled as it worked away.

'Miss Hunt, may I...?'

Alexandria had to focus through the haze of pleasure. 'Yes, you may.'

Veronica leaned back on her desk, gesturing at the other woman to approach. They crawled forward, tongue already lolling out, as she lifted her skirt and pulled her thong aside, thrusting their head between Veronica's thighs.

Alexandria let herself slide into the pleasure, keeping one hand on Elanor's head as she leaned back, her tongue probing deep into Alexandria. She did have some skill, swiftly wrapping it around Alexandria's clit, using her lips to suck at Alexandria's folds, provoking a sigh of pleasure. She must be talented at cocksucking as well!

Alexandria sagged backwards as she came, letting Elanor lick away her juices, the kisses and strokes of her tongue more gentle now. Veronica was being more forceful, ragging her victim's head around by the hair, pulling her in, barely letting them breath.

As Alexandria recovered herself, she smiled, enjoying Veronica's roughness. She had embraced her position, although might need reining in if she got a little too rough – harsh treatment was all well and good, but it wouldn't suit the company image if the staff were perpetually bruised or obviously traumatized.

She patted Elanor on the hand, then held up her phone, letting the woman see the controls, enjoying the spark of desperate hope and fear in her eyes, getting brighter as Alexandria moved to touch the screen, able to activate the collar or the vibe.

‘Pleas... please, Mistress?’

‘Has she been good, Veronica?’

It took Veronica a moment to answer, having to take her attention away from the woman eating her out.

‘She’s been... useful. And well... behaved...’

‘Very good.’

Elanor was desperately nodding, smile wide and fake. Alexandria smiled back, before sliding the vibe to “high”, able to hear it vibrating against Elanor’s belt. Elanor’s eyes went wide and vague, her head sagging to the side as she whimpered in desperate desire. As she came towards her own climax, Alexandria amused herself by triggering the collar, listening as Elanor’s gasps alternated between pleasure and pain, her hands scrabbling futilely against the chastity belt.

When she came, she sagged down, face slack, her body limp, eyes closed, her breath slowing, as she fell into a swoon. Alexandria resisted the urge to shock her awake – she had been well behaved, after all, and was helping Veronica. Instead she waited until Veronica climaxed herself, juices splashing onto the woman’s face before casting her side, and taking several moments to collect herself.

When she was able to focus again, Alexandria spoke. ‘There is an event happening that I think it would be beneficial for you to attend. And Elanor as well – I’m sure she will be very popular.’

‘Um, yes, Miss Hunt...’

‘Don’t worry, if you behave then I’m sure it will be educational. I will contact you with the details.’

Veronica nodded her head, but still looked slightly fearful. Elanor was still in her blissful doze, sighing happily, her thighs wet with pussy juice. Well, she would get a good fucking tomorrow!

Chapter Twenty-One: A Job Well Done

Visiting the club was invariably a pleasure, but with a full entourage, it was a delight! Most of the other guests had a plus one – normally some attentive arm-candy, or a well-trained slave of their own, but Alexandria had brought Alicia with her, as well as Veronica, Elanor and Tabitha. Veronica was wearing a sharp and rather severe dress of black, long gloves covering her hands and arms, seeming quite well-suited to a dominant position, despite the collar around her neck. She would have fitted in well with the Mother Superior! If she was still dressed that way, and not as something else. Elanor was staying close by, her leash connected to Veronica's waist. Tabitha was hooded, her long whip of hair coming from the top, twitching at every unexpected sound, her hands bound to the thick leather strap around her waist.

She was dressed for a party, wearing a tight mini-dress, gauze panels showing off the skin beneath, white metal studs on the fabric over her breasts making it look as though she had already been ejaculated over. She was drawing quite a lot of admiring looks, but no-one had asked to use her yet. With every step, the padlocks on her ankles clinked, metal blocks keeping four-inch stilettos locked into place, metal cuffs on her wrists making similar noises.

'A drink, Mistress?' Alicia bent over, letting Alexandria look down her top – she was dressed in her latex maid outfit, the front low-cut, the metal of her collar softened slightly by a tied-on strip of lace, the skirt short enough to show off her thighs, and the lace tops of her stockings.

Alexandria made herself comfortable on the comfortable chair, shifting her legs within her own long dress, smiling as she saw people's eyes follow the movement.

'Yes, thank you.' She reached out and tugged on Alicia's collar-ring, drawing them close for a gentle kiss, their lips pushing together. 'A martini for me. I think Elanor and Tabitha will have one of the house specials each, to help get them in the mood. Veronica?'

Veronica was stood opposite, obviously trying not to look around, not entirely covering her nervousness, touching Elanor's leash occasionally for reassurance. 'A red wine?'

Alexandria nodded, before pushing Alicia away with a smile. With her hips swaying seductively, the hem of her dress drew the eye, lace trim appealing to the air, and showing off her bare backside, red marks visible on the flesh of her thighs and buttocks.

'You may sit.' Alexandria gestured at the leather-cushioned chair opposite, and Veronica sat down, moving stiffly. Elanor had no choice but to move as well, settling onto her knees.

Something whistled through the air, followed by a gasped hiss of pain. From her seat, Alexandria could see the stage, where Carmen was suspended by her wrists from the ceiling, just about able to support herself on a wooden block by the tips of her toes. A whip sliced the air again, cutting into her fine silken dress. Her gasp of pain was hindered by the fat plug in her mouth, although her eyes were angry.

Murmurs of approval went through the crowd as the Mother Superior lashed her errant charge again, still in her severe outfit of stark black. Elanor shivered and looked nervous, while Tabitha simply stood where she was, head slowly turning, utterly blinded, able to hear but without any idea of what was going on.

It didn't take Alicia long to return, holding a tray with drinks. Two tall glasses of lemonade fizzed, pills at the bottom steadily dissolving. Elanor shook her head, clamping her lips shut until Veronica pinched her nostrils, slowly pouring the stuff into the woman's mouth. Once it took effect, then Elanor should be even more obedient!

Alicia unzipped Tabitha's mouth, a pink tongue sliding out. Alicia playfully stroked it, making Tabitha mew indignantly, before she carefully poured the liquid in before she patted them on the top of her head.

As this went on, Carmen's punishment continued, her dress getting steadily reduced to rags, welted skin appearing. She kept struggling, even after the supporting block was kicked away, leaving her dangling by her wrists. Her plump buttocks absorbed several strikes, material getting torn away and revealing a large butt-plug, metal shining between tanned flesh.

Alexandria took her own drink, taking a sip from the cocktail glass as Alicia kneeled down, close enough that Alexandria could rest a hand on her head.

'It's always a pleasure to watch an expert at work, isn't it? You seem to be adjusting to your role well, Veronica. Think of tonight as a treat you've earned.'

Tabitha squeaked as a guest grabbed her backside, stroking her flesh through the tight pencil skirt she was wearing, before he looked at Alexandria for permission.

'Use her if you wish. Now, Veronica, this place will be useful for networking.'

Tabitha grunted as a hand pushed her head down, bending her over the arm of a couch. Her fingers flittered about, unable to move enough to push her attacker away, her wrists shackled close to her waist. Her skirt was pulled up, revealing her pert backside, with chafe marks on her soft skin around her crotch from the pinching metal of the chastity belt. Despite her indignant squeal, her slit made a soft, wet sound as two fingers slid into her. Her head came up, long ponytail slithering over her leather hood.

Alexandria smiled at her, listening as Tabitha's moans became softer. A fat droplet of spit trickled down her leather-wrapped chin, before falling to the floor with a splat. The fingers were withdrawn, before the man slapped her ass, making her grunt again. Alexandria tuned out the noise as she took a sip of her drink.

'Veronica, you are now in charge of Elanor. As you seem to be training her anyway, we may as well make it official. Why don't you celebrate by demonstrating your power over her?'

Elanor's eyes widened, and she shook her head in a desperate motion, as Carmen was whipped again. 'Please...'

Veronica gave a thin and tight-lipped smile, her hand tightening on Elanor's hair. 'Thank you, Miss Hunt. Do you have any further instructions?'

'Try not to mark her too much, but I think it would be nice to hear her scream. Oh, but gag her first.' Alexandria clicked her fingers, and one of the girls appeared – she was classily dressed, in an evening gown, although the metal collar around her neck was even heavier than those worn by Elanor and Tabitha, chunky and plain metal that chafed her neck with every movement. She was carrying a metal tub, full of gags and crops and other useful tools.

Alicia slid onto the arm of the chair, pushing herself close against Alexandria, a comforting warmth. 'Mmmm, a pleasant punishment! Have I been a bad girl? Maybe Mistress should punish me later? I've got a lovely new paddle you could use.' She leaned in to take a sip from Alexandria's glass, licking at the martini like a cat, tongue curling up to collect the liquid.

'Maybe later. I want to see how Veronica handles this. And I know you like a show.' She put her hand on Alicia's thigh, sliding it upwards underneath the skirt, feeling the lace petticoats,

warm with body-heat, then pressing her fingers against a wet slit. ‘See how Veronica does, and I may let you tutor her.’

‘Mmmm, thank you, Mistress! As long as I can have Elanor as well. She’s a lovely wriggler.’

Veronica had picked out a penis gag, a long lump sliding into Elanor’s mouth, stroking the woman’s throat as it bulged, solidly filled. Elanor couldn’t protest, or do more than gulp and whimper, her mascara melting as tears flowed from her eyes. A thick pad sealed itself over her mouth, leather straps locking it around her head. Veronica kissed her on the forehead, calming her slightly, before pulling Elanor to her feet. Her throat was visibly tight, skin stretched over the intruding cock-gag, panic reflex making her breath in desperate pants.

The audience was starting to notice, as Carmen’s clothing was now completely stripped away, the whip lashing at bare skin, Carmen trying to shift before each strike but unable to move to protect herself.

Alexandria teased Alicia, enjoying her maid’s soft and happy sighs, slipping a finger into the wet cunt and twisting it around. Veronica pulled Elanor by the collar, her back stiffening as she assumed a more dominant posture. In her close-fitting and severe black dress, she looked a little like an old-fashioned governess, although rather more elegant, attracting a few admiring glances herself.

She hauled Elanor over to a wooden table, pushing Elanor onto it, then looping a chain around her neck. It scratched against the collar, Alexandria wincing at another set of scuff-marks. Fat, ugly tears were welling up in her eyes now, thick, black streaks down her face.

Veronica grabbed Elanor’s wrist and pulled it above her head, latching it into a hook on the wall, then repeating the action with the other arm. As a leg flailed, Veronica grabbed the neckline of Elanor’s dress with both hands, ripping at the material and tearing it away. The metal decorations fell to the floor as Elanor’s bare skin was revealed. Her nipple-piercings gleamed, a murmur of approval running through the crowd as they saw.

Elanor tried to kick her legs, to force Veronica away, but she retreated, instead pulling out her phone from a clutch. Elanor whimpered again, desperately trying to free her arms, unable to move even to the edge of the table to stand up. The woman’s whimpers were arousing, Alexandria twisting her thighs together, continuing to finger Alicia, gently sliding two fingers in and out, deeper each time.

Elanor whimpered, her head slamming back against the wall, an electrical spasm making her head snap backwards, her legs stopping moving. Veronica jabbed at her phone again, and again, until Elanor had gone satisfyingly limp, letting the woman grab her leg by the ankle and bend it back on itself, snapping the ankle-cuff to the wall. This was done with the other leg as well, so that Elanor was bound on her back, asshole and pussy both presented to the audience.

Veronica took the rings embedded in the woman’s pussy and used them to spread Elanor wide and open, her folds wet and ready.

‘Now, Elanor.’ Veronica grabbed at Elanor’s throat, squeezing it, the penis-gag visible beneath the flesh. ‘Mistress Hunt has kindly given you to me. If you behave, then I will let you have a little fun. If you don’t, then I will be rather more harsh. Or perhaps I should let Alicia have you?’

That made Elanor whimper, even through her stuffed throat, blinking her eyes in desperate fear.

‘Good.’

Alexandria thrust three fingers into Alicia, feeling her maid's walls tighten around her fingers. 'Not yet, my dear. And shouldn't you pay attention to your mistress first?' She pulled her fingers up, raising them to Alicia's face, letting them be licked clean.

'Yes, my lovely mistress.' After kiss-licking the fingers clean, her tongue slippery and hot, Alicia slid down from the arm of the chair to the floor, disappearing from view except for her butt, as she bent down and kissed at Alexandria's shoes, then nuzzling against Alexandria's legs, making her smile.

When her focus returned to Veronica, a ferociously large and double-headed dildo strapped around her waist, two ridged and knobbed lumps, gleaming with lube. Veronica stepped forward, pushing the head of one cock against Elanor's asshole. It slowly started sliding in, the asshole getting stretched wide to accommodate the intruder, Elanor making pathetic blubbling sounds, her face now streaked with black mascara.

Once it was firmly lodged part-ways in, Veronica started to move the other dildo, using the rings again, the woman's pussy sodden enough that the cock easily slid in, Elanor shivering as her belly bulged slightly, her holes both stuffed. With a motorized brrrrr, both the dildos started to twist and vibrate, Elanor gargling as her holes were violated.

Veronica bent her hand into a claw and scraped her nails down Elanor's calf, adding another sting of pain into the mix. Alicia's lips and tongue were now nuzzling along Alexandria's thigh, licking and kissing at her, and she spread her legs to allow easier access. It wasn't the most dignified position, but everyone's attention was on Elanor, as careful fingers pulled at her thong, tugging it aside, before a sweet and gentle kiss was laid upon her bud.

She relaxed into the sensation, enjoying the desperate sounds Elanor was making. She looked around, seeing Tabitha now being passed around, one of the guests balls-deep inside of her, holding her in place as he ground away, before pulling out and blasting cum across her ass-cheeks.

Elanor was now utterly stuffed, the dildos fully inserted, their buzzing motors muted by her hot flesh. Her eyes were barely open, no matter how much Veronica slapped, scraped and pinched at Elanor's exposed flesh. Elanor's asshole was spread painfully wide, the ridges and lumps of the dildo forcing it far wider than usual. Veronica slammed it back in with vengeance, making her victim's body twitch and tense as a brutal orgasm was forced onto her.

As Elanor slumped, at least the fall amount she could, Veronica pulled on a pussy-piercing, stretching out sensitive skin, pinching with her other hand to ensure Elanor didn't fall into unconsciousness.

Alexandria rested her hand on Alicia's head, letting herself be pleased. Alicia was proficient with her tongue! She closed her thighs, feeling Alicia's hair on her thighs, leaning back and watching Elanor's asshole get violated again.

After several more strokes, the dildo fully submerged into painfully-stretched flesh, she withdrew fully. The tormented asshole only slowly closed up, a dark eye slowly closing.

'I hope this shows you your place, Elanor. You're a pretty little thing, and I hope you will be obedient.' She couldn't quite manage the right tone, still sounding overly strict and harsh, but she was a fast learner, and could probably manage to improve in short order.

Veronica slapped the exposed pussy before stepping away.

'Anyone that wishes to may now use her.'

Elanor tried to shake her head, but could barely summon up any strength. It only took a few moments before a cock, a real one, slid into her pussy, the wet folds accepting the pink shaft, hands grabbing hold of Elanor's legs and using them to thrust deep into the woman.

Alexandria sank back into the chair, letting herself relax. Alicia's tongue was slipping around her nub, and she closed her eyes as pleasure overwhelmed her, the tongue lapping away. Veronica would do nicely, and Elanor... Well, she was a pretty thing, and able to serve in her own way. Even Tabitha, currently getting double-teamed between two men, was useful, and well-trained enough that she could be rented out. A most pleasurable business! And later on, she could punish Alicia in private... Her thoughts fuzzed into a happy stupor, as the tongue stirred her to pleasure.

Epilogue: Checking The Inventory

Alicia pressed herself against Alexandria, her maid's outfit straining to contain her breasts, as she kissed Alexandria on the neck, wriggling around on her lap. Alexandria enjoyed the sensation, her hand coming up to squeeze a well-formed buttock, slipping between Alicia's thighs, feeling the warm wetness there.

'I've been busy, but I think everything is now resolved, so I can take a bit of a break. Would you like a tour? Elanor, you can come as well.' She felt movement from below, as Elanor lifted her head from kissing at Alexandria's shoe, her tongue-stud flashing for a moment before withdrawing from view. Alicia looked down at her, smile sharp enough to make Elanor flinch.

'You've been well behaved, Elanor, so Alicia won't be needed to train you further.' Elanor visibly relaxed, a faint smile coming to her face. 'Now, why don't you help show Alicia around? As you are meant to be in charge of marketing.'

Elanor stood, wiping dust off her knees – she was wearing a tight pencil-skirt, showing off the tops of her stockings, and the metal of her chastity belt. Her blouse was undone enough to show off her bra and breasts, the collar open to show the shining metal locked around her neck, her smart suit-jacket well-matched to her metal wrist-cuffs, high heels making her legs nice and taut.

She avoided looking at Alicia as she half-turned towards the door. 'If Mistress Hunt and her guest would care to follow me? I would be honored to show you around.' Despite her lips having recently been cleaning Alexandria's shoes, she managed to speak clearly, and she had managed to not cry this time, her makeup un-mussed. Alexandria squeezed Alicia's thighs, before the woman slid off her lap, red hair catching the sunlight, Alexandria standing up.

Elanor flinched away from Alicia, before walking to the door, her stride making her ass looking lovely and spankable. Alexandria managed to control herself, pulling on Alicia as she moved forward – if they started tormenting Elanor now, then they'd never get anything done!

Outside of Alexandria's office, there was the muted sound of business – manicured fingers tapping away on keyboards, papers being examined, the soft thrum of computers and a printer churning out papers. As the door to her office clicked shut, the sounds of industry increased, workers glancing her way and not wanting to get in trouble.

Elanor went over to a standing desk, where a tall and slender woman was stood. A metal pole slid up between her legs, disappearing into her skirt, her posture straight and rigid. As they approached, the woman turned, long curls of dark hair shifting on her silk blouse, the material darkened in places with spittle from the woman's mouth, sealed shut with a black rubber ball. Despite the gag, she was well-dressed, her blouse shaping her into an hourglass shape, with large golden earrings that dangled down, bright against her dark skin, the same color as her thick metal collar.

She winced as she half-turned, the cock buried inside of her keeping her restrained and impaled, stretching out her internal walls as she moved, managing a slight smile around the gag.

‘This is Akilah. She is available to tend to legal concerns, beyond any more intimate uses you may have for her. She is keen to serve and advise. If you would care to use the app, then you can see her details more fully.’

Alexandria reached into her phone – of course, she had the fully unlocked version, rather than preview-only, but it showed off the functionality. She waved it near Akilah’s collar, the phone picking up Akilah’s presence, and showing off a list of her skills and pictures of her body, both dressed and naked. A small window showed the view through her camera-collar, with icons around it to show the various controls available.

Alicia’s finger jabbed out, pressing the lightning-stroke symbol. Akilah shuddered and more dribble oozed out as she was shocked, but she was well-trained enough not to complain.

‘As you can see, she is currently restrained in place, although that is to render her prepared for any pleasurable duties – she is sufficiently well-trained to not need restraints if you desire a more free-range approach.’

Elanor pulled at Akilah’s already-short skirt, revealing bare buttocks, reddened from recent impacts. The shaft was tipped with a dildo, impaling Akilah and locking her into place, high enough she couldn’t dismount. Her cunt was wet and juicy, Alexandria able to smell her juices, thighs wet.

‘She will respond positively to any sexual pleasure, as she is kept in denial. We would recommend that she be kept in chastity unless being rewarded, otherwise she may distract herself.’

Alicia reached forward, digging her nails into Akilah’s plush buttocks, making the woman squeal in pain.

‘She is well-trained for both business and social occasions – Akilah is one of our premium units. If you would care to follow me, then I can show you one of the display units.’ Elanor was slightly more relaxed now, able to run through the sales-script that had been trained into her. And probably more comfortable when there were others around to take any punishments!

Alicia gave the soft, tanned butt another squeeze, then spanked it, enjoying the gagged squeal that Akilah made.

‘This way, honored customers.’

As they walked through the office, Alexandria could see more of the first batch of trained staff – Yua walked past, bright red ropes standing out against her white blouse, highlighting her small breasts in a tortoiseshell harness, heels making her hips sway seductively as she walked towards Sandwell’s office with a fat folder of paperwork. As she walked past, Alexandria and Alicia both turned to look at her, admiring her ass, her skirt tight enough to show the lump of a butt-plug poking out from between her buttocks.

‘Alternative clothing can be supplied, but that is our standard uniform.’ The tight skirts and blouses were a pleasure to see, stockings sheathing legs, everyone in high heels, black or red leather shining brightly. Every neck was bound in metal, battery-packs hidden beneath hair for most. Chic suit jackets were well-tailored to emphasize waists, hips and busts, shiny metal cuffs on wrists.

Caitlyn was sat down, a motor powering away beneath her, cock slowly pumping in and out of her. A strap around her waist kept her locked into her seat, and her breath was coming in spasmodic gasps. When she saw Alexandria looking at her, she took a deep breath and managed to focus, fingers moving faster. The robotic cock was moving with agonizing slowness, coming out slick with lube and her juices through the hole in the bottom of the chair, keeping her edged.

Alexandria tapped her phone against the woman's collar to shift the control, then showed Alicia the controls – as well as the collar-shock, there was a slider for the dildo. With a wicked grin, Alicia slid it down, making it grind even more slowly. Caitlyn's vital signs showed an immediate shift, and Alexandria heard her groan in frustration.

'Mistress, can I...' Alicia made a questioning sound.

'No, you can't have her. She's booked out for the next month.' Alexandria gripped Alicia by the neck and gave her a kiss on the lips. 'I'm sure I can find someone that deserves punishment though. As a gift for you.'

Alicia pushed herself close, wrapping her body around Alexandria's, close and hot, rubbing her thighs against her. Alexandria pushed her away, enjoying the flash of desperation in her eyes. The thought of playing with Alicia was fun, but maybe not in the middle of the office, in front of the staff!

She followed Elanor, enjoying the looks of fear and devotion from the other staff, the musk of wet cunts filling the air – keeping the staff edged and desperate helped incentivize them, giving the workers an obvious reward to aim for.

Elanor bent over to present her collar to an ID scanner, thrusting her ass out, making the lines of her chastity belt even more obvious, having to stay in that vulnerable position for several seconds before her presence was accepted and the door opened.

'This is the display room – while the unit in here is not available for hire, she does demonstrate the typical services on offer, as well as some of the more advanced options available for a longer-term hire period.'

The display room was quite spartan, and currently occupied – Veronica was leaning back on the wall, her skirt pulled up, eyes shut, one hand playing with her breasts, the other holding onto Tabitha's hair, the woman's head between her legs. As the door clicked shut behind them, Alexandria could hear her gasps, and Tabitha's licking.

Veronica's eyes fluttered open, her expression slack and distant, trying to focus. As she saw Alexandria, she pushed Tabitha away, their tongue licked at empty air, making a disappointed whine. Veronica's thighs tensed, her orgasm denied.

'Miss Hunt, I... wasn't expecting... you.'

'I'm glad you are making use of the facilities, but do try not to distract the staff. Tabitha is meant to be kept for demonstration purposes.'

Veronica was trying to get herself back into some kind of order, smoothing out her skirt as Elanor launched into her pre-prepared speech. 'The containment unit is used under license from Tartarus, and can be used to transport and store each unit.' She gestured at a sturdy metal box, with bottles and tubes to plug the occupant in and supply all their needs. Then she stuttered a little, the expected flow of the demonstration broken, trying to skip to the relevant parts where Tabitha was out of her box.

'Clothing and other accessories can be supplied if needed.' She pulled on a handle on the wall, a panel sliding out to reveal clothing – several evening gowns, tight and sexy office wear, lingerie, and a slutty party dress – as well as more specialized tools in sealed plastic pouches. There was a buttplug attached to a bulb to inflate it, several gags, and some electrical probes, in case she was troublesome. Every item had a barcode affixed, allowing them to be scanned in and out of stock.

Tabitha remained down on her knees, her hair somewhat ruffled by having been dragged about by Veronica, eyes demure and downcast. Black lace trimmed her breasts, her mouth open, tongue visible between the "O" of her red lips.

‘As you can see, she is very obedient and willing to serve in any capacity needed. If you rent any of our products, then they are the perfect helper for any of your needs. If you lack the space to store them, then we have a facility that can be used for short-term storage, with delivery guaranteed within an hour inside the greater London area. A longer-term containment unit can also be installed, if you wish them kept within your office or home.’

She pointed at the crate - hinged open, the stiff padding inside cut to Tabitha’s shape. Where the mouth, ass and pussy would go, then rubber prongs could be seen, made so that the occupant would have no choice but to accept them inside of her when it was closed. Electrode pads shone, as Elanor continued to explain. ‘They will be kept fed and watered, while the electrodes ensure that their muscles will not decay should they be left for extended periods. Our warranty covers them for stays of up to 96 hours – for longer absences, please use a Tartarus holding facility.’

Elanor stepped forward, grabbing Tabitha by the hair and dragging her backwards. Tabitha didn’t fight back, even though the grip must have hurt, as she was dragged towards the casket.

‘Stand up.’

When given the opportunity to order others, some measure of confidence returned to Elanor’s voice. Tabitha obeyed, not grunting in pain even when Elanor dug nails into a breast, obviously glad to have someone beneath her to abuse. She spun Tabitha around and shoved her into the casket, Tabitha’s body sliding into the body-shaped hole, showing that it was cut to just her size, a metal band sliding around her waist.

Restraints clicked into place, a bolt locking Tabitha’s collar into place. Panic flared in her eyes, and she tried to fight free, but Elanor slapped her across the face, before grabbing at wrists and pushing them down, cuffs sealing tight against the case. Elanor then ripped away Tabitha’s skirt, revealing the chastity belt beneath. The central panel clicked open, revealing Tabitha’s shaved pussy, wet and ready, despite her protests.

‘If you will allow me to prepare her, then you can see what a fully sealed package looks like.’

A tube was slid into Tabitha, her thighs tensing as she was violated again. Despite her silent protests, she was clearly aroused, although her arms and legs still strained against the bonds. Alicia pressed herself against Alexandria again, excited and soft as she whispered into Alexandria’s ear. ‘Can I have one, Mistress? Please?’ Alexandria wasn’t sure if she meant one of the caskets, or the occupant.

‘I think I prefer you to myself! Maybe when we’ve had some fun?’

Alicia made a happy sigh and kissed Alexandria again. ‘Thank you, mistress!’

By now, Tabitha was fully restrained, Elanor having ripped and pulled her clothing off as much as she could, leaving her wearing only tattered remnants of her office-wear. Then she stepped back and pressed a button on the outside of the casket. The whole thing shut, the last thing Alexandria saw of Tabitha her eyes full of panic, before she was sealed away.

The outside of the case had a tablet-screen on – it showed the company logo, before fading away to show Tabitha’s profile, her picture looking rather less abused than the real thing. It scrolled through, showing her vital statistics and biometric readouts, as well as the amount of food-paste and electricity the case had.

‘If you wish, you can remote control core functions as well.’

Alexandria obediently bought up the relevant options, handing her phone over to Alicia to play with. The first thing she did was to bring up the sound, so that Tabitha’s groans sounded around the room. The control showed a simplified schematic of the case, with flashing lights for

the options that could be activated. Alicia tapped at their crotch, a dildo-icon moving forward onto the captive human.

Tabitha sputtered, making almost-words, before Alicia moved forward a feeding-tube as well, swiping her finger across the screen.

‘The case allows for the unit to be fed and cleaned.’

With a wicked grin, Alicia slid forward the anal prong, waiting until it was shown to be fully inserted, Tabitha’s sighs of protest loud. Then she bought up the sub-options – the temperature of the water could be controlled, as well as how much to pump in. The temperature was set to minimum, a frigid and frosty blue giving a visual indication, the case hissing as it vented heat away.

When it was ready, it began to pump the icy fluid into Tabitha. Her moans were more desperate now, the forced and frigid enema making her groans more pained.

‘Punishment programs can be set – while we offer a range of defaults, these can also be customized. For example, if you go to the “punish” menu, and then select “obedience”.’

When Alicia obeyed, then the screen changed to show biometrics again – there was cooler blue around their backside, their temperature cooled by the water. Red flared over their breasts, belly and neck, her scream-yelp loud and pained.

‘We find that a certain level of sleep-deprivation can be very helpful in ensuring the correct mental attitude. You can also speak directly to them, or record a message to be played.’

Alicia cuddled Alexandria again, then adopted her most sultry tones as she spoke into the phone, ignoring the yelps of pain coming from Tabitha. ‘Mistress Alexandria should be obeyed at all times. Her words are absolute.’ Alexandria smiled and gently stroked Alicia’s body, cupping a breast and whispering into her ear.

‘Good girl. You deserve a treat!’

Alicia purred, pressing herself tightly against Alexandria, so close that Alexandria could feel pussy-juice seeping out from beneath the woman’s chastity belt, onto Alexandria’s dress as she whispered back. ‘For starters, you’ll be cleaning that off. With your tongue!’

‘Mmmm, yes! I live to serve.’

The shocks were still tormenting the restrained Tabitha, her yelps turning to screams, muted only by the prong inside her mouth.

‘Maybe I could have a woman of my own? It would be nice!’

‘Don’t be greedy now, you already have Rebecca. And I need to take some time off, so I can spend that with you. Or would you like a box for yourself? Although I’d rather have you tied to my bed.’

Alicia gave a happy wriggle, holding close to Alexandria, starting to grind against her leg. A stray finger stroked against the phone screen, activating some other function, and making Tabitha’s screams even more anguished, before they become wet and blubbery, something having moved into her mouth.

Alexandria drew her maid close, kissing her back and looking into her green eyes. ‘Veronica, go and entertain yourself with Elanor. I’ll be entertaining Tabitha.’

‘Yes, Miss Hunt.’

Alexandria didn’t look away from Alicia as Veronica dragged Elanor away, the woman making soft sounds of protest.

‘Now, time for some fun?’

Alicia smiled back, pulling her maid outfit over her head in a single, smooth motion, now naked except for her collar, chastity belt and stockings.

‘Oh, yes please, Mistress! Time to make up for all the times we’ve been apart.’
They moved together again, Alexandria letting herself be kissed and stroked. Now that it was starting to run smoothly, this company could be both profitable and pleasurable!

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.

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink.

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.