

Leashing the Lawyer

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Acknowledgements

To Sophia. For someone that says they're not a domme, you seem pretty good at it!

Chapter 1: Captured

Rosalind flicked her whip, making it sing through the air, smiling as she heard it crack against flesh, her target yelping in pain. They tried to cover themselves, but their hands were tied to the bed, their cock erect and exposed. She blew a kiss at them, watching as their thighs tensed, unable to close their legs to protect themselves.

In the thigh-high leather boots, it was easy and pleasurable to strut across the floor of the hotel suite, her corset scarcely needed but hugging her figure, elbow-length gloves covering her arms, and a mask covering her face.

‘What a silly man you are.’ She approached, using the back of her hand to knock against their cock as she sat on the edge of the bed. ‘Did you think you could *buy* me? That I am some slut, to be bought for your pleasure?’

Through the fat gag she had shoved into their mouth, they tried to say something, but it was incomprehensible.

‘Not that your money isn’t unwelcome, but I prefer to be more of a free spirit. Not tied down.’ She tickled her fingers down his naked body, smiling as she watched him shiver. ‘And you’ve never seen my face, when I know everything about you. Certainly enough to know that certain other parties would be very interesting in some pictures.’

He tensed up, suddenly uncertain as she reached over to her bag of toys, pulling out a polaroid camera. He started to struggle, but the ropes were too strong, and the bed too heavy, as Rosalind continued to stroke his cock, before suddenly grabbing his balls and squeezing, taking pleasure in his gasp of pain.

‘This is going to be very profitable. For me, at least.’ She tightened her grip until he stopped wriggling around, taking a picture of him, the flash bright and sharp. ‘Smile!’ The camera whined as the flash recharged, and she started to pump his cock, ignoring his gasps of protest...

Rosalind shook her head, shaking off the memory with a smile. That had been a few years ago – profitable, pleasurable, but behind her now. Not that anyone from back then had ever managed to track her down! Mercifully, as a lot of them probably wouldn’t be very happy with her. But she had profited well from it, the money used to make the life she now had – she looked around the luxurious office, the bookshelves on the walls filled with art and leather-bound lawbooks, her framed law degree and doctorates in pride of place, everything she had earned for office.

The intercom on her desk rang, and she tapped the button with a manicured fingernail. The cut-glass accent of her secretary sounded though – attractive and easy enough to bully into obedience, her body helping to keep some of the more troublesome clients distracted, or blackmail them into making appropriate decisions.

‘It’s your eleven ’o’clock, Miss Russel. Shall I send her in?’

Rosalind bought up the files – it had been rather vague, someone wanting “legal guidance” without giving any details. Well, that could probably be milked for quite a few well-paid hours. ‘Make them wait a few minutes, then send them in. Oh, and make me a coffee.’

‘Yes, Miss Russel.’

Rosalind shifted around in her leather-padded chair, loving the cushioning of it, the sheer heavy and luxurious expense of it, all for her to sit her cute butt on.

Several minutes later, the door opened, the secretary walking in with a tray in her hands, her office outfit showing off her slender waist and petite breasts. Behind her was another woman, wearing an expensive designer dress of soft red, with a heavy metal necklace around her neck, a belt of metal rings around her waist.

The secretary approached, carefully taking the coffee from the tray and putting it in front of Rosalind, not wanting to be told off for any spillages. The thick, black stuff smelled divine, Rosalind inhaling it deeply. The secretary curtsied, the motion showing off her low-buttoned blouse and cleavage, before retreating, hiding behind the tray.

The woman walked confidently forward, 3-inch heels sinking into the carpet, bright red leather on stockinged feet. She was obviously wealthy – the dress alone was probably several thousand pounds, and the heavy metal bracelets on the woman’s tanned wrists must be custom one-offs as well. The metal necklace looked uncomfortably heavy, sitting snugly around her throat and collar-bones. Well-cared for hair curled down her back, auburn tints matching the red dress.

She took a seat opposite Rosalind, as she sipped her coffee. It tasted a little more bitter than usual – had the dumb bitch messed it up somehow?

‘Miss Russel?’ She leaned forward, arm extended, a strangely ornate ring glinting, the thing spiked and ornate, clashing with the otherwise-sleek appearance of the woman.

Rosalind reached forward to shake the woman’s hand, grasping it firmly but not roughly, glad that the woman wasn’t rude enough to engage in macho strength-posturing. Her hand brushed the ring, the metal pricking at her skin. She managed to suppress a hiss of pain, instead smiling back at the woman, confident in her position.

‘Yes. And you are Mrs. Hathering?’ The name tickled her memory, but she couldn’t place it. Probably someone she’d dealt with before?

‘Sarah Hathering, yes.’ She stared at Rosalind, eyes unwavering. ‘We’re going to be dealing with each other rather a lot.’ She opened up her clutch purse, and pulled out her mobile phone, pressing her finger against it to unlock it. ‘It would be inconvenient for you if some of your prior business matters were to come to light.’ A video started to play, and then the woman held up the phone. It was showing a black-and-white video, a timestamp ticking past, high up in the corner of a bedroom.

Rosalind’s heart froze as a figure clad in black latex strode in, hips swaying, whip in hand, recognizing herself.

‘Who... How...’ She spluttered, her confidence shattered.

‘You enriched yourself quite considerably at my husband’s expense. And that of several other business associates.’ She tapped the screen again, freezing the image. ‘If you behave, then your current life may continue relatively unimpeded. Otherwise, you may find yourself rather more... constrained.’ She continued to stare into Rosalind’s eyes, who couldn’t look away. ‘You should be kinder to your staff. Your secretary was kind enough to let me slip something into your drink. Which should be taking effect soon, and then we can talk rather more. My

husband is especially looking forward to seeing you again. But you'll be taking some leave from work first. I hope you had nothing important scheduled?'

Rosalind tried to move, but her body refused to obey, slack and numb.

'I've paid for your time for an hour, so we may as well have some fun.' She reached into her clutch and pulled out tightly-knotted rope, tied into a loop, pulling it free with a single tug, the length of it slithering loose. She walked around the desk, Rosalind still desperately trying to move herself, her body cold and unresponsive, as one of her arms was placed on the arm of the chair, rope winding around it, then tying that into place as well. She could feel the cords biting into her skin, the woman pulling it tight, before bending over to loop it around Rosalind's ankles and tying them to the chair-legs. 'Hmmm, your body is lovely. Master will be pleased!'

She squeezed a breast, Rosalind wanting to object to being used in such a way, but she couldn't vocalize. Dribble was starting to ooze up inside her mouth, trickling over her lips and down her chin. The woman undid Rosalind's blouse, nodding in appreciation. 'It might be some time before you are permitted clothing, but at least you have good style.' The lacey bra Rosalind was wearing met with approval, Rosalind wanting to glare daggers at the woman, but she couldn't raise her head to meet the woman's eyes.

Her chin was grasped, tilting her head back, the woman leaning in and kissing her on the lips, tongue sliding intrusively into Rosalind's mouth. Her taste was sweet, tongue warm as it slid against Rosalind's own before withdrawing. 'You taste good. Nice and clean.' She kissed Rosalind again, for longer this time, her own perfume overpowering as she pushed herself up against Rosalind's drugged body, one hand stroking down her body, feeling beneath the waistband of her skirt, undoing the clasp and pulling it open.

'Let's give you the rest of your dose.'

She picked up the coffee cup and raised it to Rosalind's lips – she could see gritty lumps in the black liquid, more aware of a medicinal tang in the steam. With her body paralyzed, there wasn't anything she could do as a trickle of the liquid was poured into her mouth, the taste bitter, flowing down her throat. She wanted to resist, but didn't want to drown, having to let the stuff pour into her, filling her belly. How long would it take for the effect to wear off now?

When the cup was empty, the woman put it aside, then looked down at Rosalind's now-bare legs, her crotch covered only by a thong.

'Master prefers stockings, but only on slaves that have proven worthy.'

She hooked a finger beneath the thong and yanked, the material snapping, before lifting it to her face and sniffing.

'Good, clean, unused slut. It will be a pleasure to break you in.' A flush was starting to come over her features, her arousal worrying Rosalind – what might the crazy bitch do to her? Her body still wasn't responding to her commands, limbs refusing to move, her head tilted upwards still. Fingers pushed against her lips, pushing them open, the thong getting shoved inside. She could taste herself, the flavor of her own flesh strong, soaking up her dribble.

'Now, time to play.' The woman took Rosalind's phone and pushed it against Rosalind's finger-tip, unlocking it. 'Master doesn't allow me one myself, but yours will do.' 'Now, let's make a movie.' She propped it up on the desk, so that the camera was pointing at Rosalind, careful to keep herself out of frame. 'Try and look good for the camera.'

Rosalind tried to move her tongue, wanting to push the thong out of her mouth, but was utterly paralyzed, feeling the cold flush of shame starting to pulse through her veins. If this got out, then she'd be ruined! She focused herself, desperately willing her body to *move*, to get free, able to feel the ropes biting into her wrists and ankles, but still cold and unable to move.

‘Hmmm, you do have good taste.’ The woman went to the shelves, picking up a red harlequin mask and tying it over her face. ‘Master will like these. He may even let me have one or two for myself. Now, let’s begin.’

She produced a wide red ribbon and a vibrator egg, a wire attaching it to a controller.

‘I wonder how often you touch yourself. You certainly used to be quite active.’ Her hands moved between Rosalind’s thighs, pushing them apart, fingers teasing at her slit and pushing the vibrator in. She was still dry, the thing scraping her walls despite the smooth plastic, before it was turned on, starting to buzz away. The feeling was attractive and enticing, warming her up despite her paralysis, her juices welling up, making the vibrator feel less intrusive.

‘You like that, don’t you? Well, this may be the last orgasm you experience for some time.’

She walked behind Rosalind, wrapping the ribbon around her neck, making sure the material was flat against Rosalind’s skin, before leaning down to kiss her ear and whisper. ‘Remember to smile for the camera.’

As the vibrator buzzed away, she leaned back, the ribbon suddenly tightening around Rosalind’s neck. It cut off her air, forcing her to make desperate whining grunts. The warmth was building up between her legs, the vibrator teasing and pleasing her, sparks bursting in her eyes.

The ribbon released, and she was able to draw in a convulsive breath, before the ribbon snapped tight again. She could feel the woman’s breasts pushing against the back of her head, feeling her tongue loll from her mouth as she was choked again, denied the air she needed, pain stabbing her lungs as they screamed for air.

As her vision faded, the ribbon released itself, allowing her a short stab of oxygen, before it tightened again. And throughout, the vibrator kept going, warming her up even as she fought to breathe, her body feverishly hot, despite the drug in her veins. She could feel moisture between her legs, her pussy-juices flowing now that the vibrator was twisting around, stimulating her although not enough to get off.

The only sound she could make was desperate whines and pants, unable to form her lips to make anything more coherent, her thong now soaked through with her spit, wrapping around her tongue. No matter how she tried, she couldn’t move herself, only sit here and suffer, on the edge of both unconsciousness and orgasm, the ribbon brutally tight around her neck before being loosened just enough to let her gulp in desperate inhalations, then biting into her flesh again.

All the time, her phone was recording, the red light flashing, the screen showing her own face, cheeks bright red, eyes bulging, sweat beading down her face and chest, mascara running down from her eyes. The vibrator felt larger now, her body weak, starved of air the edge of orgasm an oncoming crash.

The woman kissed her ear, a sharp nip that kept her conscious a little longer, and then it hit, the ribbon brutally tight. It consumed her entirely, wiping away any conscious thought, her lungs burning as she collapsed into a dark pit, unconsciousness claiming her.

Chapter 2: A Forced Commute

Rosalind shivered, the air too warm around her virtually naked body, as Sarah pulled on the leash attached to a collar. Although it was nice and sunny outside, she wanted to wrap her arms around herself for protection, but couldn't. She could feel leather straps snug against her skin, a harness around her body, tight against the inside of her thighs and around her breasts, a vibrator still lodged into her pussy. Her hands were chained to thigh-bands, stopping her moving them more than slightly, the only thing keeping her from being naked a short leather jacket, coming to partway down her thighs, tied around her waist with a sash, her hands in the pockets, chains running through to the thigh-bands.

She had been dressed like this when she woke up, stripped and bound into the harness, the straps bound between metal rings, buckled tight, the vibrator still inside her wet slit as the drug had worn off. A gag had been pushed between her lips, a rubber prong violating her throat and making it hard to breath, a leather panel sealing her lips entirely, then covered with a cotton breathing mask to hide it, the gag-straps hidden behind her hair. The coat was done up, but the only thing keeping it shut was a sash, and if that fell open, then she would be entirely exposed.

'Master doesn't let me drive, so we'll have to walk. I do hope you won't cause a fuss? I'm sure you wouldn't want to be exposed in public like this.'

She held up a remote control, linked to the vibrator, slowly nudging the slider up a notch. The effect was immediate, the thing twisting around with greater speed, making her gasp, feeling the rubber cock in her throat even more acutely, before it was slid back down, to just a slow and steady pulse.

'So will you be a good girl? Or do I need to leash you to a lamppost like a naughty dog?'

Rosalind wanted to growl, to snarl and bite, but was in no position to fight back, unable to use her hands, and aware that if she struggled too much, her coat would open. But the woman was attracting attention herself, her figure-hugging dress and attractive figure getting attention from men passing by, not helped by the way she smiled at them, and shook her hips when she walked. She took a step backwards, so that she was alongside Rosalind, interlocking her arm with Rosalind's, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. This hid the leash, now between them, but would make it even harder to escape.

'Don't worry, it's not far.' They kept walking down the street, Rosalind wanting nothing more than to hide, the air caressing her legs and between her thighs, a heavy flush of humiliation coming over her every time someone looked at them. 'Of course, if you want to be useful, I'm sure there are those that would appreciate you.' She turned, forcing Rosalind to turn as well, gesturing at a beggar, sat on several sheets of cardboard, wrapped up in multiple layers despite the warmth, holding up a cardboard sign begging for money.

'I wonder when the last time he got to enjoy sex was? Perhaps you should offer him your body?' She stepped forward, Rosalind having to move with her, feeling the coat shift, the leather warm against her skin, sticking slightly to her skin. She shook her head and grunted from behind the gag. This was bad enough, but to be used and violated by some beggar? His clothing looked

dirty and rank, he probably hadn't washed for weeks, and even the thought of his cock turned her stomach, making her feel nauseous.

'Oh? So you wouldn't want me to tie you to a park railing and leave you for anyone that wants you?'

She grunted again, feeling her hair against the top of her neck as she desperately shook her head. To be used by anyone? No, of course she didn't want that!

'Then you should be a good girl, and obey me.' She tapped a finger against the panel-gag. 'And this might get removed. You have such pretty lips, although they look better with a cock between them. So, will you come with me and not act up, or do I have to leave you as street-meat?'

Rosalind whined, before nodding, that motion making the cock scrape her throat again, and she had to struggle not to gag and choke. The woman patted her on the head. 'Good girl. Public obedience is the first step. Now, this way.'

She started to walk faster, Rosalind having to struggle to keep up, her heels feeling awkward and heavy, seeming to find every crack in the pavement, in contrast to the woman's own elegant strides, her hip pushed close against Rosalind's own.

Every time anyone else brushed against Rosalind, she felt a sting of panic, hoping that they wouldn't catch the coat and make it pull away from her body. She didn't want to be naked and exposed in public!

'Shhh, don't worry. You simply need to trust me, and then let Master train you.'

'Mmpphh...' She didn't dare protest too loudly in case someone heard. Who was "Master"? One of her old clients, that she'd blackmailed and taken to the cleaners? If they had tracked her down, then they wouldn't be content with just a little bit of "forceful pleasure". But she couldn't run, not dressed as she was, and the heels were too high to make running away possible anyway! And if she did, the woman would probably just set the vibe on high, and see how long it took for an orgasm to bring her down.

'Now, keep moving. Like a good slut.'

They moved together, through the streets, heading towards an Underground stop. The stairway was narrow and crowded, Rosalind flinching and moving close to the woman, having to step carefully so as not to overbalance, feeling her wrists tug at her thigh-bands every time she moved too fast.

The woman took Rosalind's phone from her clutch purse. 'I hope you have this set up to allow cashless payment. Master only gave me enough money to get me here.'

Undaunted, she pulled Rosalind towards the turnstiles, phone in hand, waiting in the group to pass. Was there some way she could signal for help? Everyone around her had the blank-eyed expressions of commuters, dead and uncaring. The phone was waved over the reader, beeping and then opening, just long for the woman to pull Rosalind through. Fortunately there was no ticket inspector around to care that they were both travelling on one ticket, as she was pulled towards the elevator, and Rosalind tottered for a moment, the woman pushing back to keep her supported, rather than crashing downwards.

The normal, mundane environment seemed suddenly terrifying, everyone blank-faced and uncaring, the occasional vibration from inside of her making her shake and shiver, able to feel her thighs slick with her own juices. At least it was busy enough that no-one could look up and see her, but having everyone around her, so close, made her cheeks flush with shame.

Someone pushed past on her left, making her squeak nervously and move away, pressing herself against the moving handrail. The woman glanced up at her and smiled, before tapping

the controller, sliding it all the way up. The sensations rippled all the way through her body, and it was all she could do not to collapse, glad that the background noise and thrum helped to cover her gasp. She tensed her thighs and hands, feeling her nails, dig into her palms, wishing she could just pluck the damn thing out!

She barely noticed when they reached the bottom, the woman having to tug on the leash just before she would have stumbled over the edge of the elevator, her other hand sliding the vibrator back down to a lower tempo, letting her catch her breath. Her thighs felt sodden – anyone nearby must be able to smell her lust, caught on the edge of orgasm?

She let herself be pulled towards the platform just as a train slid into position, doors hissing open and everyone standing aside to let the passengers out before everyone surged onto the train. The sheer mundanity of the action was surreal, Rosalind caught up in the movement, stilled teased by the vibrator buried deep inside of herself, the leather jacket clammy against her sweaty flesh.

The woman kept her close by as they stood near the doors. Fortunately, it wasn't rush hour so there was space, the woman gripping onto one of the poles, Rosalind having to lean against her for support as the train swayed into motion, carrying her away. Where were they going?

'Hmmm, I suppose it would be better if you didn't see your new home.'

Rosalind mewed from behind her gag. What did that mean? The woman pulled out some stylish sunglasses, sliding them over Rosalind's eyes.

They were opaque, cutting off her vision – darkness ahead, her view now just a tiny slither around the edge. If she looked down, she could see the train floor and various shoes, and the leash trailing from her neck and down her sleeve. She squeaked through the gag, as a hand groped her ass through the jacket. Was it the woman, or someone else? With the glasses on, she couldn't even tell who was molesting her, and the gag made it impossible to call for help!

'Hmmm, it would be nice to block your ears as well, but it seems I left those at home. I shall have to tell Master so he can punish me later.'

She felt the woman press up against her from the front, soft and warm, kissing her on the neck, a hand fondling between the jacket, pressing against her inner thighs, a fingernail probing against her lower lips, making it hard to breath. The cotton mask was already hot and wet with the breath from her nostrils, her mouth and throat blocked as well, as fingers groped her ass again. She was being molested, not just by the woman, but by someone else!

Rosalind squeaked and twisted her hips, hoping to throw them off, but the fingers dug into her buttocks, hard enough to make her eyes water, as the woman's finger continued to tickle and tease her weeping slit.

'Nice and wet! I've been following you for a while, and you've been a naughty girl. A few little stints of seducing husbands and blackmailing them, but all very plain and boring. You were much more impressive before, even if foolish.'

She tried to close her legs, but as she tensed them together, the woman turned her hand so that nails dug into her sensitive skin, hurting her until she relaxed and shifted her position to let the woman tease her again.

'If you behave, then Master probably won't be too mean with you. Although he does like to have fun with his toys.'

The hand continued to probe between her legs, pushing into hair and making her grunt, as they slipped inside, nails scraping against her walls, pushing the vibrating egg deeper before withdrawing. Her backside continued to get groped, the hand squeezing her ass firmly, ignoring her attempts to try and shake it off.

Fingers wiped against her outer thighs, her juices against her own skin. As the hand squeezed her ass, then moved downwards. She squirmed and grunted, glancing down and seeing bright red heels, hoping for at least respite from being molested by someone else. The heels moved, and she was left bereft of support for a moment, hearing the slap of flesh-on-flesh, and a masculine grunt of pain.

‘Hands off! She’s not yours.’

There was a low grumble, the train slowing to a halt, doors sliding open, people moving. Rosalind pushed herself against the wall, trying to figure out what was going on, only able to see a variety of feet, turning her head until she saw the red heels, standing close by.

‘Hmph. Not even asking permission! But don’t worry, soon you’ll have lots of attention.’ The train started to move again, the woman now pressing herself against her, her perfume overpowering even the grimy scent of the Underground. Rosalind could feel the harness pinching her flesh, the strips of leather settled firmly into the lines of her body, the metal rings now warmed to body-temperature. As they travelled, every time someone else brushed against her, it made her shiver in fear, desperately hoping that her jacket would remain in place, trying not to show her terror.

She had lost count of the number of stops until they was a tug on her collar, jerking her into motion and forcing her to walk again. With her limited vision, she could do a little to avoid walking into people, but not much, and the woman was moving fast. She didn’t dare pull her neck back, but tried to keep up, even when she felt her shoulder knock into someone, her jacket knocking loose a little.

The escalator slid upwards, and then more steps, before sunlight. She had no idea where she was, the pavement looking much the same as anywhere. She was pulled forward, the sounds of people getting quieter as they moved from the station, towards probably housing? She could see cut-away basements and high fences of wrought iron, before suddenly getting pulled to the side, up some steep steps towards a doorway and made to step through, the thing sealing shut behind her.

Chapter 3: Preparation

As soon as the door shut, Rosalind tried throwing herself forward, hoping to somehow trap her attacker. As she did so, a strike caught her across the stomach, pushing the knot of her jacket-sash into her belly. A hand slapped across her cheek, hard enough to make her splutter around the cock-gag forced into her throat and mouth, before she was slammed against a wall.

‘Stupid, naughty slut! But Master likes breaking in girls like you.’

She tried moving her hands, but the chains to the thigh-bands were still there, keeping her hands in the pockets of the jacket, pulling on her skin. The hand dropped to her throat, grabbing her above the collar and squeezing. She couldn’t breathe!

‘Your choices are now very simple. You can obey, and we get to have some fun together and you will be allowed to return, somewhat to your normal life. For what you have done to my master in the past, I should be selling you to the cruelest master I can find. Instead, I’m being gentle.’

Rosalind couldn’t breathe, her heart pounding as she tried to suck air in, the fingers feeling like iron around her throat.

‘Now, come this way and you can be prepared. Or would you like me to dose you again?’

She shook her head, at least as much as she could while being strangled and with those fingers in place, as they relaxed just enough to let her gulp in a breath.

‘Good. Will you be obedient then?’

Rosalind managed to nod again.

‘Excellent. Maybe you’ll make a good slut after all.’

She was dragged forward, able to see a well-polished hardwood floor beneath her feet, white skirting boards and soft white walls. When she tried to tilt her head up to see more, she got another stinging slap across her cheek, making her bite down on the penis-gag, the rubber dense and resisting her jaws.

The hallway, then another door, a tiled floor like a bathroom, but this room smelled of... lemon disinfectant? Her leash was pulled forward and upwards, making her stand as straight as she could or risk choking herself. She tried moving her hands against, but they were still attached to her thighs.

A hand spanked against her backside, some of the force absorbed by the jacket, but not enough to make it not sting.

‘The more you behave, the less this will hurt you. But meat does need tenderizing before it can be eaten.’

Nails dug into her buttock, sharp and spiky, before releasing one wrist from the thigh-strap, then the other.

‘Remove your hands from your pockets.’ A needle poked against her neck. ‘If you resist, then I will inject you with this. I will then find several beggars, allow them to do whatever they want with you and record it. Do you want that?’

Rosalind shook her head frantically, feeling tears prickle her eyes.

‘Good. Then obey me, and there won’t be a problem.’

The needle withdrew.

‘Remove your coat. Slowly.’

Rosalind obeyed, slowly moving her hands towards the sash and untying it, then pulling the jacket off and holding it out, a hand grabbing it from hers and tossing it aside – she heard it splat against the ground, somewhere nearby. The footsteps sounded, before the *click* of a camera-phone from in front of her.

She flushed and moved her hands, but too slow as slap struck her cheek again.

‘I’d rather not mark you up, slut, but I will do so. Display yourself, so I can show my Master his treat.’

Hesitantly, she spread her arms, exposing herself entirely, feeling her face warm up, not daring to remove the vibrator or the glasses. The camera clicked again, and again, before the *blip* of a message being sent echoed around.

‘Lovely. Master does like having something to look forward to. Maybe he’ll even come home early?’ There was a worryingly intense yearning in the woman’s voice that worried Rosalind, before her leash was tightened further, making her stand on her tip-toes.

‘If you are addressed by him, then you will call him “Master”. I am “Sarah”. Any failure to show proper respect will be harshly punished, is that understood?’

The fingers tweaked at the harness, tightening it slightly, the bands pressing into her skin, before a hand cupped her breast, pulling at the straps again.

‘Master and his guests will enjoy you.’

Guests? What guests? It was bad enough being abducted by a pervert, she didn’t want anyone else to see her like this! A hand grabbed her wrist and pulled it to one side, metal clicking and something from above holding it raised, although she could swing it from side-to-side, the same restraint applied to her other wrist, leaving her precariously balanced on her heels, held by her neck and wrists.

She tried bending an arm inwards, but whatever connected her to the ceiling didn’t have enough slack to let her move much, at least without her arm having to move upwards as well. A hand carelessly plucked the glasses from her face, vision rushing in – she was in a room, fully tiled, a heavy wooden chair in front of her, with thick leather straps to bind an occupant, looking like something from an insane asylum. The walls and floors added to the sensation – white tile, easy to clean, far to clean and sterile.

And with other implements as well – paddles, crops, spiked wheels, nearly stowed batteries and clamps, all things she recognized, that she didn’t want used on herself. She’d moved away from that life, and didn’t want to go back, especially not as a submissive. With a surge of strength, she tried yanking on the chains and cuffs again, twisting her arms around as much as she could, but the restraints were too tight, the woman standing safely out of reaching range.

‘You’ve gotten a little sweaty, but that just makes you look more like a slut. At least you’re still clean. And getting desperate.’ Sarah took a crop from the wall and used it to poke at Rosalind, the end jabbing just above her navel, then flicking down, delivering a swift and stinging strike against her sensitive and wet pussy lips.

‘You really shouldn’t have been such a little cocktease before. Very naughty of you! So many powerful men that you offended. It’s a wonder you haven’t been caught before now. And I could just let them know where you are. Or let your new associates see who you really are. I wonder what they would think if they knew about you? But you’re going to be the entertainment tonight.’

She tapped the crop upwards again, making Rosalind grunt in pain as her pussy was struck, the sting of impact sharp and painful.

‘I’m impressed you’ve had that gag in for so long without choking. But I suppose you must have experience in sucking cock. If I remove it, will you be a good girl and stay quiet? You must be getting thirsty.’

The thing was scraping her throat raw, and breathing was hard, now that her head was forcibly tilted, and she nodded, If she could, she’d try and escape. Or capture this bitch herself, see how liked being on the receiving end.

Another strike against her pussy made her wince, tears prickling her eyes from the pain. Sarah then reached around and unbuckled the gag with surprising gentleness, pulling it out. It made Rosalind cough and splutter as the lump scraped against her throat, and she could see just how long the damn thing had been – it had stretched all the back into her throat! A thick rope of spittle joined the shiny rubber lump to her mouth, sagging downwards before falling to the ground with a splat.

Sarah tossed the thing aside, throwing it into a metal basin. Then she picked up a water bottle and gave it a shake, before raising it to Rosalind’s lips. ‘Drink or drown.’

Rosalind sucked at the water, glad of the liquid, having been drained by the walk, the water cool and refreshing. Too late, she realized it might be spiked, but she couldn’t stop now, without choking and drowning, and had to drink the entire bottle.

‘Red suits you, so I think you can keep the harness. It was specially made for someone else, although fortunately it fits you well. I’ll have to monitor your diet to ensure that it will always fit.’ She ran her hands down Rosalind’s body, giving the harness a few more tweaks. ‘For tonight, you will be part of the entertainment. I’m sure you’re used to being fucked, so it won’t be anything new. However, I think I should give you a sample of what will happen if you disobey.’

‘Please! Don’t! I’ll be good.’

‘Hmmm, I don’t entirely believe you. Now, what to do, what to do?’

Rosalind tried struggling again, but there was no mercy in her restraints, her legs starting to ache from being forced to stand on tip-toes. Sarah stepped away, looking over the items available, her hand reaching out to stroke a cattle-prod, then a brutal-looking spiked paddle.

‘I’ll be good!’

‘That’s nice to hear, but lessons can be far more useful. Hmmm, what won’t leave any marks? I could choke you a little, you seemed to be enjoying that earlier.’

She hadn’t enjoyed it! The feeling of powerlessness, of her heart pounding, desperate not to die, the vibrator forcing her to almost-orgasm, before being allowed short, painful inhalations and then choked again. She didn’t dare protest though, hoping that the woman would take mercy on her.

‘This will do, I think. Master so rarely lets me play with women! He’s had lots of free time recently, so he’s let me suck his cock every day. Oh, I should clean you out as well, make you nice and tidy for anyone that wants to use you.’

A pump-mechanism, with a long tube ending in a rubbery bulb was pulled away from the wall, the whole thing on wheels. Sarah pulled it behind Rosalind, slapping her hand against Rosalind’s buttocks. Then she pulled them apart, the bulb pushing it’s way into Rosalind’s asshole, cry and rough. Without any lube, it hurt, scraping her sensitive skin, brutally violating her. When she tried tensing up, Sarah just pushed harder, twisting the thing to shove into Rosalind.

She couldn't help herself from gasping in pain – even when she'd had a cock back there before, at least it had been lubed up properly, not forced in raw! It felt like her ass was on fire, scraped raw, her sphincter forced to gape wide before the fattest part of the bulb had been shoved into her, the rest at least easier to take.

She could feel the intrusion inside of herself, ugly and painful, before she heard a pump kick into life. A few seconds later, icy cold water pushed itself into her bowels, making her yelp in shock.

'Your body is going to be offered up tonight, you need to be ready.'

The cold water settled in her guts, cold and heavy, like she needed to take a colossal shit. But the bulb stopped anything flowing out of her, and she didn't want the shame of shitting herself in front of the woman, to be left in her own filth. A hand came around her body, pressing against her belly, compressing it and making her feel even more stuffed up.

'Mmm, I'll have to change your diet! No more solid food. Your holes are for pleasure, not for anything else.' The hand squeezed her belly several more times, harder each time, the urge to relieve herself building up. There was nowhere for it to go through, her bowels stuffed solid with water.

And then the pump reversed, sucking the water from her, making her gasp in relief, the strain fading away.

'Just like a washing machine. It normally takes several cycles.'

The pump continued to thrum and buzz, before bitterly cold water pushed into her again, making her tense up, although there was nothing she could do about it.

'No, while that cleans out your dirty shit-hole, what else to do with you?' She squeezed Rosalind's belly again, making her guts ache as the cold water sloshed around, without anyway to go and not able to be compressed. The hand came upwards, fingers stroking at Rosalind's breast, gently rolling at the nipple. She could feel the soft material of the woman's dress against her body, pressing one of the harness straps against her upper chest.

'Mmmm, lovely and soft! But not tamed, are you? Well, you can be entertainment.' Fingers brushed along Rosalind's arm, before plastic tapped against her finger-tip – despite the pressure inside her guts, she managed to look to the side, to see her phone being pressed against her own finger.

Sarah moved around in front of Rosalind, the phone clicking as she took pictures.

'I really need to persuade Master to let me have one! So useful. But I suppose that yours will do. And it must have the numbers of other people on. Very helpful if I wanted them to know who you really are.'

Rosalind groaned as her belly started to bulge from the water pressure – would it never stop? It hurt, stretching out her insides to their limit and beyond. Sarah put the phone aside, then stepped in and kissed Rosalind on the lips, pressing her body up against Rosalind's, hugging her tightly. Rosalind couldn't protest, as the woman's tongue slid into her mouth again. She was starting to need to pee as well, that water pumping into her bowels starting to press against her bladder, before suddenly getting sucked out again, relieving the pressure.

'I need to make myself ready for my master!' She withdrew, fingers slapping against Rosalind's face, almost gently this time. She produced a gag from somewhere, pushing a plastic lump into Rosalind's mouth, buckling it into place. This one had a bulb on the outside, which Sarah squeezed a few times, the thing in her mouth getting bigger with each squeeze. It still didn't feel as brutally intrusive as the penis gag, at least not yet, but she was silenced again, unable to make any noise.

‘Don’t go anywhere!’

Rosalind grunted in annoyance – she couldn’t move at all! But the woman lowered the chains slightly, taking some of the tension off her legs and letting her stand normally, before walking away. The machine continued to pump away, alternating between filling her with the brutally cold water and the sucking it out – how many times did her bowels need filling and emptying?

Chapter 4: A Lovely Display

There was nothing in the room to track time, no windows or clocks, and with the inflated lump in her mouth, she couldn't cry for help at all either. She shook her head about, the bulb-pump shaking as well – she could see the metal valve that would let the air flow out, right in front of her face. She tried turning her head to the side, then bringing a hand forward, her fingers stretching towards it, but the chain didn't have that much give in it. Even when she shook her head, trying to move it towards her extended fingers, but the gap was too much, the valve impossible to reach.

Rosalind shivered as she saw the sado-masochistic implements hanging on the walls, the blinking recording light of her own phone taunting her. She was a *domme*, not a submissive slut! She gasped as more water pumped into her – her bowels had been getting distended by the biting cold of the enema pump for however long she had been in here, making her feel alternately stuffed and full, and then empty and drained as the water was pushed in and sucked out. Some of the items on the wall worried her – crops and paddles she was familiar with, but some of the electrical wires and pads looked unpleasant, metal cocks that looked designed to be inserted into someone and then triggered, forcing electricity into an unwilling body.

She refocused her efforts, heels scrabbling against the tiled floor, trying to bring her hands closer into her body to free herself, but without success, while keeping her thighs pressed closed together, her bladder full, protesting whenever her asshole was pumped full of water again, organs getting compressed.

The door opened, the woman stepping inside again – her makeup had been touched up, and she was now wearing a sleek evening gown, a high thigh-slit flashing a stockings leg when she walked forward, a deep cleavage running all the way to her navel, a few thin strips of red silk holding the center of the dress together. Her neck was still encircled in the metal collar, the same material shining on her wrists and ankles.

'You should be nice and clean by now. That's good – people far prefer fucking a clean asshole.' She walked behind Rosalind and shut the machine down, water gurgling as it was sucked out of her, hopefully for the final time. Having the ass-plug removed hurt, her sphincter getting stretched out, resisting even as she tried to relax, feeling it pull and rub at the already-sensitive skin, before sliding out.

She sank down in her restraints, glad to not have something inserted into her body for once, feeling her asshole slowly close up again after the violation.

'Now, I do hope you will be on best behavior. Everyone will want to have some fun with you, and that's a lot more fun if you don't break immediately. Although the way your makeup is starting to run is rather attractive – I think we'll keep that, don't you?'

'Mmppphhh...' Rosalind moaned, wanting to protest but not wanting to get hurt or punished, the cuffs biting into her wrists.

'Everyone is very excited to see you! It's been a while since we've had any fresh meat. Master and his friends do need new toys to keep them excited.' Sarah moved to a level on the

wall, the supporting chain slackening and dropping Rosalind downwards, and she sank to her knees.

‘Excellent! It looks like you know your place. Hands and knees.’ Sarah walked over to her, taking a crop and a leash from the wall. ‘Neck to me.’ Rosalind didn’t have a chance to obey before Sarah had pulled her hair back, lifting her neck up and clipping the leash into place. Then she fiddled with the wrist-cuffs, unlocking them from the chains, before moving to stand behind Rosalind, lightly tapping her on the butt with the crop.

‘Forward.’

Rosalind was too drained to disobey, her guts still feeling loose, bladder full to bursting, as she crawled forward on her hands and knees, the tiled floor cold and hard beneath her. She was guided towards the door, gentle taps of the crop urging her forward until she reached the door, Sarah reaching over her to pull it open and let her into the hallway.

The air was warmer, the scent of food making her mouth water around the gag, her stomach gurgling – she hadn’t eaten all day! Another tap against a buttock pushed her forward, and she made ungainly, crawling forward, trying not to cry, the crop tapping against her to keep her moving forward, asshole still sore from the violation of the enema-plug.

She was urged forward through an open passageway, into a large and dark room, lit by candle lights. Dimly-seen ornaments glinted in the low-light, shapes just on the edge of recognition. But ahead of her there was a dining table, large and heavy wood, four occupied chairs around it.

‘Good evening, Master. And guests. Here is your entertainment for tonight.’ Another swat against her ass pushed Rosalind forward, although she could feel shame starting to burn and prickle at her again, bright eyes staring at her as she moved forward into the bubble of light around the table.

The guests were hard to make out in much detail, but Rosalind could see that three of them were men in well-tailored suits, although one had removed his jacket and hung it on the chair behind himself, and there was a woman in an evening gown in one chair, black fabric making her blend into the darkness. Another woman was stood along the wall, her stark white apron making her easy to see, dressed in a fetishy maid’s outfit, the skirt only just falling to her thigh, a brutally high collar and painfully tight corset shaping her body and posture.

Rosalind crawled forward again, keeping her head down, hoping they wouldn’t hurt her too badly. The crop tapped her butt again, harder this time.

‘Stand. You will be the pourer for the guests.’

It felt good to be on her feet rather than her knees, but she could see beady eyes devouring her body, realizing that all the guests were masked, their faces half-hidden by domino masks.

In the center of the table was a large and circular metal dish.

‘Up you get. On the table. Use that chair.’

The crop swatted a buttock, harder now. There was an empty chair in front of her, which she stood on, seeing the masks all follow her movement. The room was high-ceilinged, meaning she could move without worrying about hitting her head as she stepped up onto the table, her heels scuffing the wood. As she moved, the harness pinched and compressed against her body, reminding her of her nudity, and she tried to fight her shame.

The man at the head of the table spoke. ‘She is a lovely piece! And one I remember from the past.’ His voice went cold as he glanced up at Rosalind, making her shiver in fear.

‘Thank you, Master! Now, slut, onto the plate and squat. You get to be the drinks bitch for tonight.’

She moved forward, seeing the guest's eyes devour her body, taking in the way the harness accentuated her curves, showing off her shape.

The plate shook as she stepped onto it, starting to spin before she was stood fully on it, rotating slightly.

'Squat.'

She dropped down, the movement making her spin more. The room was cast into flickering shadows, making her feel dazed and confused, the position and her heels putting strain onto her legs, calves and thighs. A hand reached out and grabbed the plate, stopping it from moving, and making her come face-to-face with a masked guest. They looked entirely at ease, a fat cigar in one hand, a beaker of amber liquid in the other, tall and slender, with tightly-cut black hair, face half-hidden behind a mask.

'Hmm. She looks a little familiar. Is she someone else's cast-off? Nice tits.'

Rosalind moves to cover herself up, crossing her arms over her chest, feeling the cuffs press against her soft skin, before the crop struck her back, and she let her arms drop, showing herself off again.

'You will serve as the drinks dispenser. Pick up the decanters.'

There were two crystal decanters on the table, both full of liquid – Rosalind picked them up, finding them heavier than she expected.

'Arms extended. When the guests desire drink, they will make this known.'

She managed to stretch her arms out to either side, trying to keep them even and balanced. Every time she shifted her balance, the plate rotated slightly, or one of the guests would grab it and spin her around.

'And keep your legs spread. A slave should show off her juicy cunt. I also cleaned her asshole, Master.'

She was suddenly spun around, coming face-to-face with the woman – even up close, her outline was a blur of dark fabrics and mesh, her beautiful face hovering in the darkness. 'She looks a little stained. Well, I suppose that means it matters less if we damage her a little more.' She took a drag on her cigarette, the tip a bright red spark in the darkness, before reaching forward, between Rosalind's legs and pushing it against her inner thigh.

Rosalind squealed in pain as the thing was stubbed out against her flesh, struggling against the instinct to close her legs up. At least it hadn't been against her pussy, but the burning flare had still hurt.

'And pour me the red.' The woman held up a wineglass, Rosalind glancing between the decanters she was holding, moving one of them forward, pouring it into the glass, trying not to splash it everywhere.

Then she was spun again, this time facing the head of the table. Sarah was with him, kneeling on the ground next to him (on a cushion, rather than forced into a stress position, Rosalind noticed with a sting of jealousy). One of his hands was gently rubbing her back, as she rested her head in his lap, eyes half-closed in pleasure.

'Yes, it's been a while since we've met. And that was in rather different circumstances.' He reached out with his spare hand, swatting it between her knees, to force her to spread her legs. 'Nice and open and accessible.' Then he leaned further forward, eyes bright from behind the mask, a finger jabbing into her belly, making her grunt in pain, able to feel her bladder, hard and full inside of herself.

‘You will be fun, I think.’ It moved down, a bright line of hard pressure, poking into her navel, then her belly, before tickling against her cunt. She was still wet and loose, and the finger against her made it hard to focus, her arms wavering, struggling to hold up the decanters.

‘Don’t drop them. Unless you want something very unpleasant to happen.’ He patted Sarah on the head. ‘Excellent work. I was wondering what you were getting all excited about.’

Her voice was happy and dreamy. ‘I want Master to be happy.’ She nuzzled against him, accepting the head-pats, purring in delight.

‘Some brandy, then. Hmmmm, and we’ll have to name you as well. “Red”, maybe?’

She was spun again, wobbling on the platform, coming back around to face the woman again. ‘What about “slutbitch”? She looks desperate enough.’

Another of the men made a sound of displeasure. ‘I prefer names that are closer to, well, *names*. Not a person-name, but something that can be said and referred to. Although I am rather less harsh than you are.’

‘Too soft, more like! Although your work with that last piece was masterful. She’s terrified to even touch herself now – have you let her have any pleasure since then?’

‘Not yet. I put her on the fucking-machine, but only when she was wired up and the dildo was covered with hot-sauce. It’ll be a long time before that little one tries to have an orgasm without permission. Watching her beg with tears streaming down her face is quite the show. That’ll teach her not to orgasm without permission!’

Being on the spinning platform meant that the guests could view her from any angle, and she had to keep in the squatting position, her legs spread, arms held wide with the bottles. The burn-mark from the cigarette still stung, as she tried not to cry.

As she was spun and examined, the maid moved, returning with plates of food and laying them in front of the guests. The scent made Rosalind’s stomach rumble, making her feel even weaker. They started to eat, still discussing bondage and torments, making Rosalind feel deeply uneasy – even when she had been a dominatrix, she hadn’t been that cruel, she’d only blackmailed rich people out of their money!

When she faced Sarah, and her Master, she watched him cut a slice of steak, skewering it on his fork and holding it out. Sarah, still on her knees, lifted herself upwards slightly towards the offering, lips opening before lunging forward in a snapping bite to consume the meat. Once she had chewed and swallowed, she smiled.

‘Thank you, Master. Are you glad with the work of your slave?’

She gave a happy wriggle as she was patted on the head, cheeks flushed with pleasure.

‘Yes, I am. An admirable show of initiative. I think that she will make a lovely new toy. I’m sure many people will be interested in using her.’ He held his glass up, and Rosalind moved to fill it, spreading her legs wider to show him her pussy, the heels on her feet, making her legs ache.

He leaned forward with his steak knife, wiping it against Rosalind’s thigh, before carefully putting the flat against her slit, pushing her lips apart. The metal was cold, and she shivered, feeling the metal against her most sensitive part.

‘She has some profitable interests that it might be useful to acquire. Some legal clients and suchlike. Maybe Alexandria would have a use for her? I’ve heard she’s recruiting. Quite aggressively.’ He wiped the blade against her again, her breath fluttering as the blade touched against her clit, then jabbing it into her belly. She gasped, trying to resist the call of her bladder, desperately full. ‘Oh? Hmmmm, has Sarah not let you relieve yourself?’

‘I’m sorry, Master – I was cleaning out her backside.’

Another poke of the knife against her belly, this one even harder to resist. She could feel herself loosening – she *really* needed to go, but if she sprayed all over the place, then who knew what these people would do?

‘Why don’t you talk her for a quick walk? While we’re finishing our food, and then we can all play together a little more. And we should decide on a name for her as well.’

Someone grabbed the plate and spun it, and she rotated several times, feeling dizzy as she slowed to a stop, Sarah now stood up and clipping a leash into place. ‘With me, slut. Down you get. Put the bottles down first.’

Rosalind put the decanters down, not wanting to get in any more trouble, and then Sarah tugged on the leash, making Rosalind crawl off the plate, trying not to let her dizziness show as she moved to the edge of the table. The female guest slapped her on the tit, before reaching out and squeezing her belly, Rosalind clamping her thighs together, feeling pee starting to trickle out.

As soon as she was off the table, she moved onto all fours, feeling slow and heavy, knees knocking against the floor.

‘Sit. Good girl!’ Sarah gave her a negligent pat on the head, before moving to a barely-seen wooden cabinet and opening it, metal clinking as she pulled out a large and shiny bowl, which was placed behind Rosalind, between herself and the guests.

‘Now, you are going to be a good doggie, aren’t you? Lift your leg, just like a dog.’

She shivered in fear and humiliation, but lifted her leg up, glancing back to see where the bowl was. All the guests were probably looking at her, seeing her degrade herself like this.

‘May she relieve herself, Master?’

Having to stay in the position was agony, her leg shaking, the pressure inside of her growing. Just let her piss! Please!

Finally, the response came. ‘The new slut may.’

Piss, hot and heavy, streamed out, drumming onto the metal with a loud noise, piercing into Rosalind’s ears, her face burning with shame. It kept pouring out of her, first hitting the metal basin, then splashing downwards as her piss filled the thing. Some droplets splashed onto her leg, so hot it felt like they were burning her, leaving her feeling dirty and used. To be watched, pissing herself like an animal!

After what seemed like forever, she was empty, her bladder empty of piss. She lowered her leg, feeling a trace of wetness between her legs, droplets of piss still around her crotch and between her thighs.

‘Turn around.’

She obeyed, keeping her head down, hair covering her eyes, unwilling to look at her tormentors until a hand grabbed her hair, Sarah forcing her to look at them. In their fine clothing, sat around the table, they were powerful and dominant, while she was forced onto all fours, piss between her legs, a basin full of the stuff in front of her. She could smell it now, putrid and watery, her stomach roiling. They wouldn’t force her to do anything with it, would they?

‘We’ve decided on a name for her. “Red”. From now on, failure to respond to that will be punished. Now, Sarah, is she ready for use?’

‘She is, Master.’ The hand gripped her hair as she was dragged towards the table, the only part of the room that was lit, the guests all looking ominous in the candlelight. ‘Which of her holes will you take, Master?’

‘Oh, you know me, Sarah. After all that work you did cleaning her out, I think I’ll sample her asshole.’

The hand dragged her downwards, until her cheek was against the hard wooden floor. Sarah grabbed her wrists, pulling them together, as Rosalind shoved her ass into the air. Footsteps approached, and then a hand spanked her cheeks, making her grunt. Hair fell across her eyes, virtually blinding her, but she felt hands part her buttocks, felt warm spit land there, a cock, already hard and erect, rubbing between her ass-cheeks.

The spit did little to lubricate it as the shaft pressed into her ass, violating the tight hole, already sore from the forced enema. She groaned and whimpered, Sarah’s grip on her arms tight. The man kept grinding his hips back and forth, pushing a little deeper into her each time, forcing her sphincter to open and accept his length. It felt massive as it violated her, every thrust pushing it deeper and deeper, filling her up, hot and hard, until she felt his testicles bumping up against her backside, hands gripping her hips, fingers pinching her flesh.

She couldn’t do anything except lay there and accept it, having her body be used, until she felt him come, the semen making the thrusts less painful as it lubricated the huge-feeling dick that was tearing up her insides.

The cock too-slowly withdrew, and she felt cum ooze out of her asshole, feeling it still gaping open, before a hand slapped against her buttocks, making her cry out in pain and humiliation, unable to see through her hair and the tears in her eyes. She didn’t have the strength to fight back, simply laying there, as the man retreated, another taking their place, another cock shoving into her. This was less painful than before, its path already eased.

Sarah spook to her, voice soothing and soft, even as she held Rosalind’s arms in a lock. ‘Good girl, good pet. Red, isn’t that a lovely name? Just let yourself be used.’

She lost herself in the pain and humiliation, unable to fight back, or even to think, as the cock thrust into her, the scent of the floor overpowering that of cum and piss, her mind lost amidst the shame and pain.

Chapter 5: “Red”

The harness felt natural now, the leather following the lines of her body, snug around her breasts, running along the curve of her hips, a heavy leather collar around her neck. She ran her fingers along it, feeling the fine stitching of the leather, and the metal nameplate over her throat. She couldn't read it, but her fingers could feel the letters cut into the metal: “Red”. That was her name now, at least when she was in private.

She was with Sarah now, the other woman dressed in an elegant dress, the fine material clinging to her body, showing off her legs, the low neckline displaying her breasts, her neck wrapped in her collar. Red envied Miss Sarah the metal collar, a sign that she was properly owned, while Red was just meat, to be rented out and used.

While Miss Sarah was properly dressed, Red was only allowed slut-wear. Over her harness, she was wearing a thin blouse, the material so thin that the harness could be seen through it, along with a skirt so short and tight that it perfectly showed off the curve of her buttocks from behind, her garter-straps visible.

‘She’s a lovely piece of meat, isn’t she?’ Miss Sarah’s hand ran down her back, tweaking at a harness strap before jabbing into Red’s skin, her clothing doing nothing to protect her against the nails scraping at her flesh. ‘Master has trained her fully. And he let me help as well. She’s a bit of a wriggler, and likes being used roughly.’

Red shivered, clenching her buttocks, feeling the plug that had been pushed into her, one of the harness-straps wound around it. Her asshole was almost constantly violated, either by a dildo, or an oversized metal plug, stretching the hole out. She’d been fucked before it had been inserted, the passage of the cold metal eased by cum, her skirt tight enough that anyone looking would be able to see it.

She stood with her eyes lowered, not daring to look up or look around, not wanting to get punished. She could remember the pain of her training, whips striking her soft flesh, her mouth sealed to silence her, electrical probes shoved into her holes. But she was a good girl, and wouldn't be punished! Hopefully...

‘She’s very obedient, and happy to serve with her entire body. She used to be rather more independent, but that was beaten out of her.’

Her hand moved down, reaching around the plug, twisting it around, making Red wince in pain as the metal rubbed against her asshole.

‘She used to be rather more dominant, but now she’s happy to be a good service slut. Isn’t that right?’

The woman’s words made Red’s cunt squirm and tense, desperate to be fucked. She was so horny now, desperate all the time, but never allowed to get off. She had tried touching herself a few times, but the punishments had been swift and harsh, the use of her body taken from her, her body brutalized and tormented.

The man in front of her was looking at her with clear lust, only adding to her desperation to be fucked, despite her fear. She raised her arms so that her body could be inspected, the steel cuffs on her wrists buffed to a fine shine – she was punished if she allowed them to get dirty!

‘Hmmm, she is attractive.’ He stood up from behind his desk, trousers tenting around a partially-erect cock, Red’s mouth starting to water. How much cum had she consumed? How long had she spent locked into stocks, her mouth held open with metal, used as a fuck-hole, punished if she failed to use her tongue to give pleasure? But she was a good girl now! She rolled her tongue around her mouth, trying not to daydream about having another cock in her mouth, full and thick, spurting a load over her face, down her throat.

He approached, taller than her, reaching out and grabbing at a tit, the touch making Red shiver in pained delight. Maybe he would bend her over the desk and use her? She wanted to be fucked and used!

‘We could do with some entertainment around here. We’re currently negotiating with Tartarus, but they’re charging a lot.’ He slapped her across the face, although without much force, her cheek warming from the stinging impact.

Red gasped in pleasure, the hurt making her whole body heat up, squirming her thighs and biting her lip.

‘Please, would you... be my master? *Please?*’ She needed to be fucked, to be used hard and often, the only thing that gave her life meaning. And if she wasn’t of use that way, then Miss Sarah and her master might take her away again, back into their dark house, and... She shuddered away from the memories, of being bound and immobile, her body hurt and probed and poked, harsh metal scraping into her softest places, not even allowed to speak, not allowed to be *human*, just meat bound up in rope, to be used and tortured. Here, at least, there was light, and might be times when she wasn’t being hurt.

‘Would you like to test her? She is very willing.’

Miss Sarah pushed down on Red’s shoulder, and she dropped to her knees, mouth already open, her hands moving behind her back, each hand grasping the opposite elbow. In some ways she liked being bound in snug leather, feeling it wrap around her body in an embrace, even if it meant even less freedom.

He unzipped his trousers, cock sliding out, and she slid forward to kiss it, taking the tip into her mouth. He was fresh and clean, although his pubes were unkempt. When she kissed his tip, he made a sound of approval, Miss Sarah keeping her hand on Red’s shoulder.

‘She made a few mistakes, so Master took her in. He has no desire in keeping her, but I think she would suit your office. She does have a special diet.’

Red whimpered – she hated the food, the bland and flavorless stuff that made anything else vividly strong, the taste of cum a powerful explosion whenever she sucked someone off.

‘If means she doesn’t pass any solid waste. So her asshole is nice and clean, and always ready for use.’

Red clenched her backside, feeling her muscles tense around the fat lump pushed into her. She couldn’t remember the last time she hadn’t had to endure something shoved into her butt. At least cocks were softer than the unyielding and brutal metal!

‘To keep her humble, it’s best to feed her from a floor bowl, no matter how much she begs and whines. She used to be proud, and it’s easier if she’s not allowed to even think she’s a person.’

Red rolled her tongue around the cock-tip again, before leaning forward to take more of his length into her mouth. She was careful not to rub or bite with her teeth, kissing and licking at it. The taste! She was never allowed proper food, so all she ever got to taste was cock, cunt or cum, the sensations overwhelming, make her brain pop and fizz as she started to take more and more of it into her mouth, making sure to wet it properly.

His hand rested on her head, warm and comforting as she started to twist her head back and forth, sucking her cheeks in, feeling his cock get fully hard within her mouth.

‘You should only allow her pussy to be used if she’s been a *very* good girl – I spent a lot of time training her to use her butt, it would be a shame for that to go to waste. But she won’t need a belt, or at least shouldn’t.’ Nails spiked into Red’s shoulder as she continued to suck and slurp, making her whimper around the thing in her mouth. She wouldn’t dare touch herself! Not after everything that had been done to her in the past, whenever she had done so.

From the sounds the man was making, he was enjoying her mouth, his cock a good and satisfying size, hot and fresh. She lost herself in tending to it, feeling it slide into her throat, her gag reflex long-since trained out of her, until he came, hand clenching and pulling on her hair. Cum filled her mouth, sweet and delicious, but she managed to make herself resist swallowing, instead slowly pulling back, her mouth open, using her tongue to swill the stuff around her mouth, cleaning him off.

It flopped around, knocking against her chin as she leaned back, mouth open to display her work. The stuff on her tongue! The sensation, the taste, so vivid and strong, made it virtually impossible to think – she wanted nothing more than to swallow it, to have something in her belly other than the food-paste.

‘She is certainly obedient.’ He tapped her on the head, making her mew in pleasure. ‘Swallow, then. Like a good cum-slut.’

She did so, feeling it slide down her throat, rolling her tongue around her mouth and over her teeth to try and get every drop of it, loving the taste of it, thick and musky.

‘I have a suitcase of appropriate outfits and a cage for her. When not in use, keep her in the cage – she’s fully trained, but her piss-bowl will need changing every day or so. And keep her on a liquid diet – I’ve found it makes slaves far easier to look after.’

‘I think I’ll take her then. At least for a while. She’s a looker, so I can probably trade her on afterwards.’

A hand grabbed one of her harness-straps, making the whole thing dig into her body as she was dragged forward, just barely managing to stagger forward to not fall over.

‘We’ve already got a cage we used for the last girl, so she can stay in there. What was she called, Red?’

She was pulled through an office, a few other people looking at her with curiosity before she was dragged through a doorway, into a dark and spartan room, a cage in one corner, two metal bowls on the floor, both dirty.

‘In you get.’

She was shoved forward, scraping a shoulder on a metal bar, before twisting to land inside, the metal floor cold, her clothing offering no protection as the door slammed shut behind her, a lock clicking shut.

‘If you’d like to come with me, then I’ll sort out payment as well.’

Miss Sarah knelt next to the cage, her perfume pushing back the scent of fear and fuck-sweat, reaching through the bars to tickle Red under the chin.

‘Be a good girl, or I’ll lock a hood onto you. But you’re a nice, sweet butt-slut, aren’t you?’

‘Yes, Miss Sarah...’ Speaking reignited the taste of cum, making Red shiver again, as Miss Sarah reached into her clutch and pulled out a ball gag, shoving it into Red’s mouth. ‘Good girl. And if you stay good, then we’ll never have to meet again.’

She rose smoothly, leaving Red locked into her cage, locking around her new room in lust-addled fear, traded to her new owner. But she'd be a good girl! And maybe then she would be allowed real sex, rather than getting fucked in the ass again, like a dog.

THE END

About the Author and Artist

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

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

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