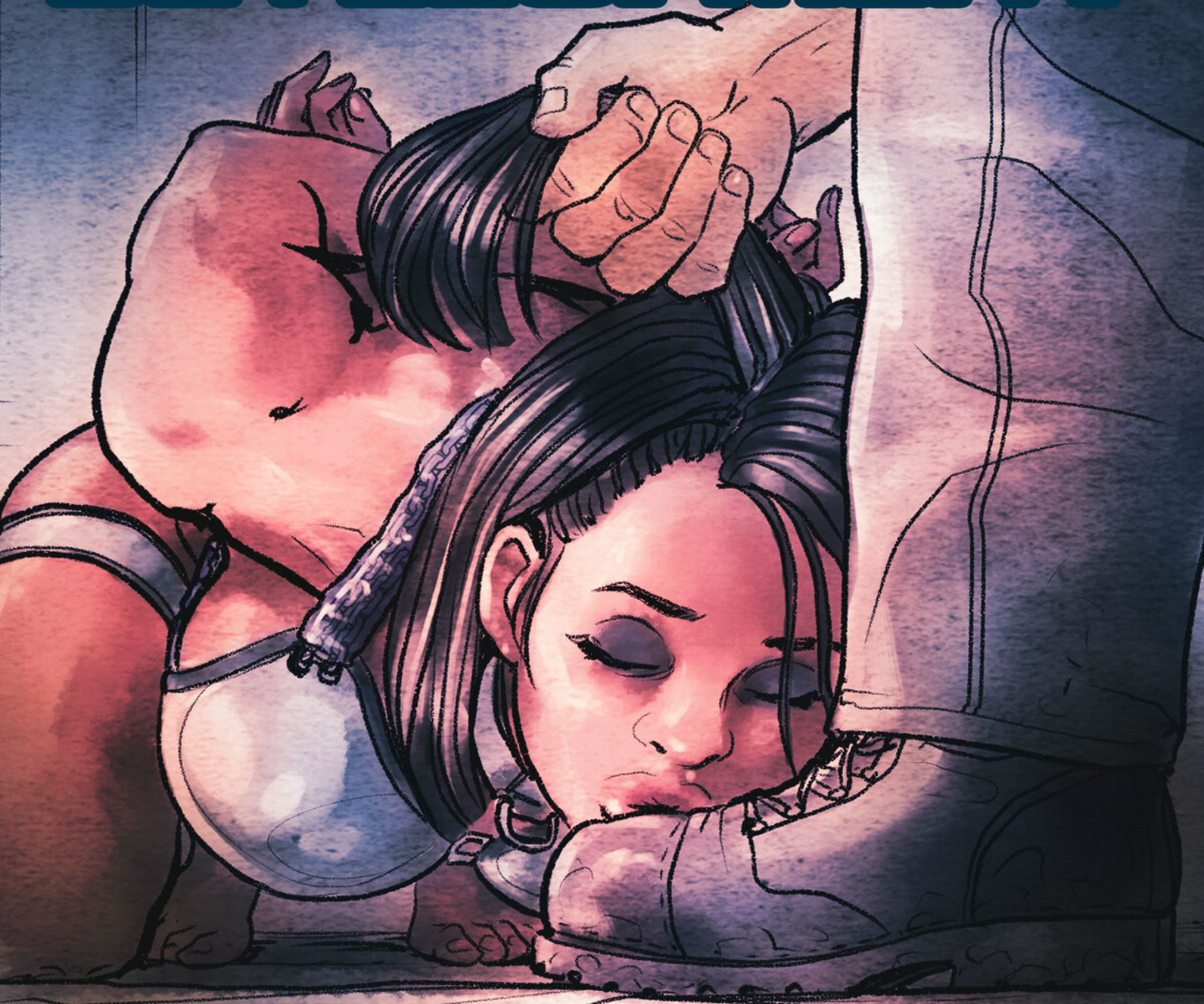


M.G. Teligen

PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT



Book 1:
Requirements

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Chapter 1: A look behind the curtain

Norma stands in front of the two-story suburban five-bedroom house. She was invited over for some contract work on a software automation problem. James, an older man auditing the same software program class she is taking, has a company project that he needs help to solve. James requires her to sign a nondisclosure in class and has her promise to bring a friend with her as a safety measure. When she asked why she would need that, his response was to point out “Younger black woman meeting an older white man at his house... yes, employ a safety measure.”

Norma stands a short 5’ 2” with a heavy build that she hides in loose shirts and sweatpants. Norma is very shy and with her short-straightened hair, short fingers, and thick legs does not consider herself very attractive. Other than her huge breasts, that embarrass her, she does not see herself as sexy.

The sound of the other car door closing snaps her back to the moment. Her friend’s ex-boyfriend steps around the car, he is large and dressed to intimidate. He is halfway to the door before Norma can get the courage to start stepping toward the house. As Norma draws near, the door opens and a tall, blond-haired, blue-eyed woman steps into view. The tattoos that cover parts of her arms and legs are clearly visible around the knee length red silk short-sleeve short brocade cheongsam dress. The blondes’ eyes drift up and down as the tall black man stands at her door. She gives him a wicked smile as she addresses him. “Hello Sir, how might I help you?” She arches her back a little to push her perky small round breasts toward him. The ex-boyfriend is a little set back by this and sputters for a second before turning to Norma.

As soon as the blond sees Norma her body language changes from a predator looking at its prey to relaxed and bouncy “Hi, you must be Norma. I am Kat, pleasure to meet you, please come in.”

Kat invites them both in and leads the way to the living room. Kat steps away to inform “Sir”, as she says, that they have arrived.

James appears a few minutes later. His tall lean form moves smoothly for someone in his forties. He keeps his brown hair cut business short, his light skin has some summer tan to it. He stands straight as he shakes Norma’s hand before turning to her security. “Hello, I am James. If you would make yourself comfortable here as I take Norma to the dining room to revisit some paperwork Kat will bring you a drink or snacks if you would like.”

James walks Norma through the nondisclosure agreement that she had signed before at the dining room table. “As part of this, you are not allowed to discuss this project with anyone outside the project without written permission. So, for now that would leave me and Kat.”

Kat walks in and offers very politely a business card with her contact information on. “Please call me with your questions. I am hoping you will come on board.” She says with a soft smile.

“I want to be clear. You can leave at any point; no one will stop you. I expect you will have to take a few days to decide.” James says.

These words make Norma more nervous about whatever the project is as James gets up and waves for her to follow him to the garage. In the garage is a long work bench covered with white sheets hanging from the shelves above. As James uncovers the work bench, Norma sees designs, drawings, and images pinned to the wall, along with tools, wires, and materials spread over the work surface. Mixed into everything is what looks like steel underwear and bras. As the images, designs and objects get pieced together in Norma’s brain she can’t help but to step forward and touch the shiny steel cup of the bra on the workbench. Her face blushes a deep purple in embarrassment. She looks up at James, making quick eye contact before turning quickly and heading for the door. Norma makes it through the house to within sight of the front door before she stops. She looks back to see her safety

measure getting up and Kat standing there waiting. No one is making any strange move to stop her or attack them. Norma rethinks the round solid silver bracelets and anklets that circle Kat's wrists and ankles. She walks over to Kat as the ex-boyfriend is moving toward the door. "You can come with us, we can get you away from here, from him."

Kat smiles "Thank you, but I want to be here." Kat takes one of the steel bracelets and taps it against her breast. They make a dull thud sound, showing Norma that Kat is wearing one of the devices under her dress. "Please give me a call when you get to the questions."

Norma leaves... it's a quiet ride back to her friend's house to get her car. It's several hours before Norma can work up the nerve to dial the number printed on the card Kat gave her. First time it went to voicemail, Norma was barely able to say anything before she lost her nerve and hung-up.

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Kat's phone vibrates on the floor near her, but the sound cannot penetrate what is going on in her mind. She is stretched across a large half round bench, face up. Bending her back to its limit, the leather bindings hold her taunt. The steel that is normally locked to her body is unlocked and pulled away; her exposed skin is a bright red from the heavy flogging that started her play time. Her breaths are shallow and hard to draw in. This is exasperated by the caning she is receiving to her upper thighs. The strokes are at a steady tempo interrupted by a few moments of gentle caressing across the red raised welts. Kat's mind is gone beyond thought, her cursing and threats have fallen away to moans and heavy exhales. Her mind is quiet, this is a blissful place for her. She swims in the stinging pain that would cause most to scream, but James brought her to this point slowly, allowing her body to react in a predictively defensive manner. Her mind is flooded with the effects of dopamine. What would normally be pain is a pleasant distraction from the quiet sea that is her mind.

James can hear the phone rattling on the floor but does not stop what he is doing. Their time together will not be interrupted by the outside world. He caresses her bare skin as

he selects a new implement from the selection on the rolling table near him.

James rubs his palm across her ribs, telegraphing where the next group of strikes will land. He starts light, a few strokes then a caress of his hand then more strikes slowly increasing the strength of the strikes. Soon Kat is lost in the tempo of the flashes of pain. She does not fear the strikes but accepts them as an intimate friend. The cane creates bright red lines in her flesh.

Kat's body has felt the bit of the cane on her flesh many times before and her body knows how to protect and recover from the blissful torment. A caning that would leave a novice covered in bruises and bed-ridden for a week, gives Kat a warm feeling, a dull pain that reminds her of the pleasure of it all for a few days... maybe one or two bruises to mark the occasion. Even those will not last more than a week.

James' hand travels across her body till it falls between her legs. As it is drawn back up, his middle finger parts her swollen outer labia. He drives his finger in and hooks it around her pelvic bone till his finger tip lands solidly on the rough patch of flesh inside that is her G-spot. This touch penetrates her mind.

"Please..." Kat moans. There is no telling what she is begging for. Maybe for James to stop touching her in that way, or maybe to trade the pleasures of her body for a reprieve from the beating, or maybe she wants him to beat her some more so that she can fully open herself to him, feel every part of him with no thought but the moment. Only Kat knows and she cannot string together enough thought to voice whatever options she wants.

James fingers push her clitoris up from the inside as his palm slaps against the swollen bud, the tempo continues. The feeling is too much for Kat to hold down even if she wanted to. She cries out a rough ragged scream of pleasure as her body tries to pull together as she climaxes. The bindings keep her taunt. James holds her head up by her hair to allow her to ride out the pleasure more easily.

He keeps the tempo of his fingering constant till she rides out two more screaming orgasms. Soon, all Kat can do is twitch in her bindings and cough through her raw throat. James slides his fingers out of her flower and whispers kind words of praise as she regains her breath.

Soon her naked form is unbound and wrapped in a soft blanket as the two cuddle together on the living room sofa.

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Norma holds her phone for a few seconds, worried if she did the right thing calling Kat. She turns to her laptop computer and starts searching the internet for images of females in steel bras, which leads her to female chastity. The images range from tiny items to complete outfits. Most of the images show sexy dressed or undressed skinny women wearing the shiny steel against their bare skin with crazy high heels. She stumbles across some written porn as well. She gets lost in the mental images they create as she reads. She teeters constantly between being drawn into the imagery of what she is reading and hiding under the covers in embarrassment.

“Buzzz”

She jumps out of her skin and slams her laptop closed when her phone rings few hours later, it feels like she got caught watch her neighbor having sex. Norma cannot get herself to answer the phone, she lets it roll to voicemail and plays the message afterwards.

Norma hears Kat’s voice; she sounds sleepy or really relaxed “Hey Norma... I am glad you called. I expect you have questions but let me cover the elephant in the room first. I am here willing and if I wanted to leave I could. I would have to wait for my monthly check-in, but I can get out of this if I wanted to... Now, call me back, I would love to talk with you.”

Norma sits in her room looking at her closed computer as she thinks about the dark story that will be waiting for her when she opens it back up. “It’s just a job. Think of it that way. It’s just a job.” She says to herself as she sits there.

Finally, Norma picks up her phone and calls Kat back. The subject jumps around from everything Norma could think of. Kat happily talked about some of the stuff she enjoys, but she could not answer any questions about the programming or automation design. They talk for most of an hour until Kat has to get off the phone to go to bed.

When Norma comes into class on Monday, she sees James sitting in his normal seat, busily tapping away at his laptop. Norma finds a seat away from him, she picks a place where she can watch him easily. As she watches, she never sees him look back or around for her. She finds herself bothered by his lack of interest in her. She thinks to herself "*I am just not pretty or skinny enough to fit his fetish.*" The words hurt in her own mind.

As class ends, James makes his way to Norma. She is nervous as he fishes something from his laptop bag. "You left these." He returned her sunglasses, she had left them on the dining table, but with everything happening, she had forgotten about them completely. She takes them as she mumbles a thank you. He adds "I still need a programmer." He waits a second before turning and heading out.

Norma calls Kat that evening and sets up a time to come visit her the next day. Norma is shocked as the door swings open at James' place. Kat is standing in the doorway with nothing but a steel bra, chastity belt and shoes. The front door is deep set and turned in a way that only people on the porch can see into the house.

Kat's bubbly personality greets Norma and invites her in. "I am glad you are here." Kat hugs her, before she starts tapping away at her phone for a minute. "Okay. If I get permission, can I talk you into heading out for some coffee at a local shop?"

Norma did not expect it. "Um, sure... you are allowed?" Of all the porn Norma had read since meeting Kat, being permitted out unleashed was never allowed. Norma looks around expecting to see James. "Where is James?"

"He is out working, I do not expect him back until 11 tonight... Hey, want to see where I sleep?"

Norma sees the mischievous gleam in Kat's eyes, but curiosity gets the better of her and she follows Kat as she heads back into the house. Norma watches Kat's long legs take measured steps as she walks, the short chain between her thigh cuffs only allow her to step so far per stride. For someone in bondage, Kat walks with her back straight and her head up.

Norma stops at the door to Kat's room. The images before Norma reminds her of what she would expect a modern torture chamber would look like. The room is large, the dividing wall between two rooms has been removed, the windows are walled over and something about the room seems to absorb sound.

Kat opens a closet, selects an outfit and shoes quickly, Kat's phone buzzes and she checks it. "Approved" she says as she looks back to see Norma still standing in the doorway. "Come in! Nothing in here will bite you other than me." She giggles as she throws her clothes on. Norma is jealous of Kat; in five minutes she is dressed and ready to go. The worst part, Kat is dressed better than she is. Kat affixes a small pocket to the metal bra inside her shirt to carry her phone and cards.

Norma tries to keep her eyes on Kat, thereby keeping from seeing everything else in the room. Kat taking Norma by the hand heading out... Norma drives and Kat directs to a local coffee shop.

Norma sips her flavored mocha as Kat enjoys her iced caffeine free tea. "Kat... if you are in bondage, how do he keep control of you and allow you out like this?"

"They know where I am and if they wanted to, they could tease, direct, or torture me with a simple key stroke. Let me show you. Scoot your chair up next to me." Kat grabs her phone and calls a programmed number... "Sir, for display purpose, would you give me three warning shocks to my right leg." Kat takes Norma's hand and places it just above the steel band under her pencil skirt. "Feel that muscle?" Just then, Kat lets out a little moan as Norma feels the muscle flex under the fabric. After the third shock, Kat leans against Norma and whispers to her. "They can control every feature of these devices remotely. They can turn me into Jell-O or a quivering

mess no matter where I am. I can break a hidden panic button and they would fly in with the fury of demons to protect me.” Norma sees Kat security pushing the bottom of her steel bra with a blissful smile. “I am helpless, controlled, protected, and able to move around freely, all at the same time.

Norma moves a little away from the intimate moment. Kat straightens up quickly. She is a little flush as she puts her phone away.

Norma cannot help but see Kat as brainwashed or insane. But she does not see herself as someone that James would want when he has Kat, so she is safe working with him. Maybe she can make a few dollars as she practices her chosen field. Norma emailed James that night that she would help with the programming. James set a schedule and a list of automated features to be completed, tested, and validated. Once these tasks are completed, he will pay her \$1200 dollars for her work.

Norma jumps into the work. Working on programs that she gets to see the direct use of really makes the work much more rewarding. Norma has to come to terms with seeing the sexual and painful parts of the project, watching Kat get shocked ruthlessly as they test different things. Kat curses and threatens them both until it is done and then she curls up against one of them with a content smile as they look through the data.

One Friday, Norma arrives and makes her way to the garage to find Kat with a weary, tired look on her face. Her whole body has a sheen of sweat, she looks like she is running a high fever. She is leaning over a bar stool, holding it with both hands. Her legs go through fits of shaking. Norma can hear the humming of vibrations coming from within her. Norma turns to James to find him ignoring them both as he studies the flow chart of data coming from Kat’s bonds.

“James, what is going on? Kat is sick.” Norma says as she moves to Kat.

“No... I am okay” Kat says with panting breaths as Norma comes to her and tries to support her. Norma can feel Kat’s body vibrating from more than the vibrators, she is on edge.

Kat turns her head to James. "SIR, I need... to do number... two, but I cannot... in my cu... current." She moans and whimpers as she grips the chair, trying to speak through the waves of stimulation. Norma sees a tear fall to the floor; she sees it is not the first tear by the wet spot on the floor. Kat is in torment.

What Norma does not know is that this torment had started days earlier. Kat has not been allowed to cum for the last two weeks. Starting last night, James set the devices to move between simmering and edging. It has been 15 hours of foreplay on top of all the time Kat has been thinking about this day arriving.

James turns around and looks at the two. "Norma, bring me the bent arm single sleeve over there. It's the black leather thing on the top shelf, left side." pointing at the shelves.

Norma is confused, but Kat pats her hand and asks her to get it. Norma collects what she thinks is correct, the item looks like a large open leather bag with two straps on it. She does not understand how it would work or what it does.

Norma turns back to Kat to find James gently holding Kat's chin, pushing Kat to stand straight up and face him. "You will be good property. You will do your business and return. There will be no disobedience." He says with his strong dark voice that causes Kat to squirm a little at just hearing it. Norma finds herself gripping the leather tightly as she looks away, the dark thought of wanting him to speak to her in that manner swims through her mind. She is embarrassed at how desirable that thought is to her.

"Norma?" James' voice snaps her back to the moment. Norma steps forward and helps Kat to stand up as James folds Kat's arms behind her back and brings the straps over her shoulders and buckles them. The bag is simple but very effective. Unless the person is really limber, they cannot reach anything as their arms are folded in the bag. Once that is secured James takes her by her long blonde hair and leads her over to the control console on the workbench. With one hand holding her, he taps a few options on the screen. Kat quivers with relief as the vibrators cease their assault on her. A few more clicks and the

strap between her legs clicks loose. James lays her chest on the workbench to give her balance as he works out the two plugs that fill her. There is a clear “pop” sound as the thick butt plug comes clear.

James pulls Kat back up by her hair as his eyes turn to Norma. “Walk her to the restroom, she will need your help.”

Norma is stunned by the statement. But that commanding voice she was daydreaming about a minute ago just came her way. Norma steps forward as Kat stumbles toward her. Norma helps her work her way to the restroom, then starts to walk away to give her some privacy.

“Wait... please do not leave me.” Kat seems broken from the treatment she has endured. Norma stands in the door with her back turned... she hears Kat groan a little as she stands. When Norma turns around to see if she is ready, she finds Kat bent over the sink as she stands with her legs open. Waiting for Norma to clean her before she returns her to her tormentor. Kat whimpers a little as she begs. “Please... I need to be cleaned up or Master will be displeased.” Her legs quiver as she stands completely exposed.

Norma thinks to herself “Be in charge, be the master!” She steps forward and cleans up Kat, then washes her hands. Norma takes hold of Kats long hair and pulls her upright, Kat seems to enjoy being pushed and pulled. Norma drives her back to the garage by her grip. Kat walks tall with her chest pushed forward and moans every other step.

In the garage, James runs a strap around Kat’s chest and hooks both ends to an electric hoist. He draws the line up until it can support Kat as she stands in her high heels.

“Norma,” he points to the control console. Norma takes up position in front of the console, James calls out locks to be released. He replaces the short chain between her thigh cuffs with a steel bar that keeps her legs a set distance apart. Then several locks later and the steel bra and straps come off. Norma realized that this is the first time she has seen Kat exposed. Her nipples are large and long, the cool air of the garage causes them to present themselves in all their glory.

Electrical pads are pulled off the area around her nipples. Other smaller electrical pads are removed from her outer labia and inner areas around her butt.

James goes to the shelves and collects a long-pointed butt plug. He selects a particular lube from a basket and applies a good amount before starting to slide it in, he must use his finger to help direct the rounded point into her lower bowels. After the flared part pops into place, he pushes the buttons on the dangling control and the plug comes to life in a rolling pulsing pattern.

James leans forward slowly to a few inches from her hard nipples as he looks her in the eyes. Kat whimpers at what she knows is about to happen. Kat moans loudly and bucks against her bindings as he blows on her nipples. They are so sensitive that the air passing across them can drive her crazy.

James moves to the work bench as if there is nothing going on in the room. He uses hand wipes to clean his hands before going back to work like nothing is happening behind him.

Norma feels awkward standing there as Kat waits. "I think I'm going to excuse myself so you can..."

"No. Stay." He brings up some flow-charted data and begins to go into how he wants to find a way to automate some of the adjustments so he can trust that as the person's tolerances improve, the system will adjust accordingly. Norma keeps feeling embarrassed at being there, keeping James from satisfying Kat.

Norma is typing out some code as an example of what James is asking for when a motorcycle roars into the driveway. Norma jumps at the sound and then is taken back at how Kat seems to go crazy. She bucks and moans as she turns and stares toward the front door which cannot be seen. She shakes with desire as the sound of heavy footsteps are heard traveling through the house.

Norma moves around to the other side of James as he sits on a bar stool by the work bench. Soon the door between the house and the garage swings open, and a huge man steps into the garage. His dark eyes lock onto the squirming Kat, heavy

black leather combat boots stomp across the floor as he closes on his prey. The sound of the electric hoist lowering can be heard over all the sounds filling the garage.

The little bar holding Kat's legs apart falls free as she thrashes around. Kat cries out at the approaching monster. "Master! I am your good girl... I have..." she is interrupted by the man's gruff voice

"Hush cunt!" The unknown mountain man barks at her as he unhooks the leather strap. His words silence her words as if her mouth was suddenly taped shut. He picks her up and throws her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. The dangling butt plug control lands in view of the man, he takes hold and pulls the plug out by the cord and drops it on the garage floor. He nods at James on his way back into the house. Kat shakes and writhes as he carries her away.

The man disappears into the house and James turns back to the work bench as if nothing out of norm has occurred. Norma keeps James between her and the door where the scarier man was last seen. "What, what, what is happening... who was that!"

James turns to Norma with his mischievous know-it-all smirks. "That was Kat's Master... He is taking pleasure from his property."

Norma's response is interrupted by Kat screaming, Norma cannot tell if it is pleasure or pain. She moves closer to James, putting her hands on his arm as she stares at the open garage door. She looks back to James to find him looking her in the eye. His eyes look down at her hands holding his arm back, then back up. Norma blushes, she slowly pulls away from him.

James gets up and points at the bar stool. "Stay." As he heads into the house. She hears him closing doors in the house, which lessens the sounds of the two's passions greatly.

After he returns, Norma must ask. "I thought she was your slave?"

"Nope, Bill works on open water oil rigs, he is out for weeks at a time. They don't make enough to cover the cost of my

services if she stayed home. So, when he is away, she stays here. I can do anything I want with her as long as she is usable when he gets back. Bill knows I care for her and she enjoys me so it is a win – win.”

Norma looks down as she fiddles with a little sensor that is laying on the table in front of her. “I have never felt anything like what I saw her feeling...” Norma blushes at wanting to feel so insanely deeply.

“Almost no one on the planet has felt as deeply as she does. Understand it took years for Kat to get to this point. She had to get to a place in her own head where she felt safe enough to allow herself to get there and an environment that cultivated and reassured her as she traveled the road.”

Norma looked at the floor as she muttered. “I have never felt an orgasm.”

James reaches over and puts his hand on her shoulder. The feeling of his hand causes her to freeze with fear. He slowly turns her towards him. “Have you enjoyed the pleasures of the flesh before with another person?”

“Yes.” Norma stammers out “several times, but they never got me there. It... it just never happened.” She felt broken at the thought of not being able to reach that point with someone.

James tilts her head up from looking at the table till her gaze meets his. “Accept my terms and I will get you there. There is nothing wrong with you.” He pulls her in for a hug as the look of tears form in her eyes.

She can’t help but feel an uncontrollable desire to trust him, to want to not feel... broken. She nods her head. They stay like that for a time. Then he slowly pulls her off him and in a smooth, relaxing manner turns her to the work bench and places her hand flat on it.

“Stay.” He says in a confident voice. James collects a few things from around the room as Norma watches him with her hands on the workbench as if they are glued there. When he returns to her he pulls her shirt up and off, stopping as the shirt

gathers at her hands. Anytime she moves her hand or starts talking he stops her with a simple stern statement.

He measures every part of her making notes as he goes. The more he touches her, the more aroused she becomes. She does not understand what her body is doing, she feels betrayed and confused at her own body's reaction.

When he is done with her top half, he pulls her shirt back in place and pulls her pants down. She bucks at this but he takes hold of her hair, pulls her head back some and takes hold of her exposed neck. He does not say anything, just holds her for a few seconds. She slowly puts her hands back on the table and stops speaking. He returns to measuring every part of her.

She is shaking by the time he pulls her pants back up. She wants to say it is in anger, but that is a complete lie. Fear would be the core, not of him physically hurting her, but of him rejecting her.

He pats her on her back as his fatherly voice fills her ears "Good girl." His accepting voice seems to calm her mind.

He rolls out two pieces of clock chain, one chrome and one brass. He places the chrome around her left ankle and the brass around her right ankle. He cuts and bends the links closed so it is a continuous piece around each ankle. "These are two different kinds of metal. If either of them causes your skin to breakout or blister, break them off. Otherwise, they stay on." He sits her down. "Our semester finals will start in two weeks. After finals are complete, then you come over for a few days. For now, go home, think about things. I will see you tomorrow, we still have work." As he taps the work bench to remind her of the software.

Chapter 2: Product understanding

The two weeks fly by in a flash. Norma is fitted for different items, two of which James has her wear home. James makes her come over every weekday to work on the projects and study, taking her from school work to project work and back.

The day arrives, finals are over. Norma stands outside James' house again. Her mind is running in five different directions at the same time and she feels burned out from her college finals exams.

Norma thinks to herself as she walks toward the door how scared she was the first time James even spoke to her. She stares at the door for a full minute. Before she turns to sneak back to her car, the door opens and Kat smiles at her.

"Hey... He is in the dining room, paperwork." Kat says with a little dramatic air.

Norma is too embarrassed to turn and run, so she enters. As expected, James has all the paperwork she had signed during the week accepting that he can do anything he wants. He has her open her phone and show him where the emergency email is sitting, waiting to auto-send one day after her projected release date.

In his own calm disarming way James reaches out for Norma's neck. Just as his hand touches, she jerks away. He springs forward grabbing her hair and neck. He lifts her until she is on her toes. She grabs his arm out of reflex

"Put your hands at your side." His voice is stern. Norma begs with her eyes for him to be gentler, but her pleas are met by his cold stare. He moves her back to the table. "You will strip down."

Norma slowly starts removing her clothes. Shoes, socks, then shirt. She stops when it's just her bra and panties. She is

wearing the waist belt of the chastity system and the small ankle chains James had fitted her with before.

James takes her hands and places them on the table. He takes a good hold of her hair again as he stands behind her. Norma hears the “Click” of a pocket knife.

“I will cut off anything left.” James places the cold steel of the blade on her back and starts to slide it slowly down toward her bra. Norma reaches back and unhooks her bra before the knife can reach it. He releases his grip on her as she reaches for her panties.

Kat arrives as Norma’s panties touch the floor. She carries a large serving tray with a cloth hiding the items on it. Norma knows what is hidden. She flinches as if to bolt for the door but feels James take hold of her hair again. She would not run out naked, but she could not help but think about it.

Kat uncovers part of the tray, she pulls out thick black nylon plastic zip tie-like straps, but 3D printed to lay flat and only one click closes and locks them. The straps are 1 1/2” wide with smooth edges. These bands have been printed to fit Norma. Kat clicks them in place around Norma’s wrists and ankles, Kat cuts the small ankle chain off without a thought.

Next comes the steel bra. James moves to the side to allow Kat in to work, but he does not release his strong grip of her hair.

Kat holds one of the bra cups up so Norma can see inside “See the little pocket here in the cup? That is where you want your nipple to be, you will have to help adjust it so they fit in there.” Norma nods. A little adjusting and the cups are filled with Norma’s enormous breasts. As the clasp between the cups clicks close Norma can tell there is no wiggle room with it, her breasts fill every inch and get pressed to her ribcage. As part of the bra is a 2-inch steel collar with a rubber lining that is fitted snugly around her neck.

Because of Norma’s work on the devices, she knows that the rubber covered straps that connect all the parts hide steel cables and wires that connect all the sensors and features together. The waist belt and the bra are two separate devices, both communicate via Bluetooth or Wi-Fi back to the cloud

servers that control everything. The systems have keep-alive connection requirements. So if communication is blocked to either or both devices for any time, they will go into punishment mode.

Thigh cuffs are snapped shut and connected to the waist belt. Everything that has been done has led to this point, Norma knows there is only one missing part and she is starting to shake in fear. James pushes her face down on the dining table, holding her bent over and trapped. She closes her legs out of reflex, James does not even notice that. James takes a locking clip and snaps it to one wrist, then pulls her arm over her head and back down and clips her wrist to the back of the steel bra strap between the collar and bra. He repeats it with her other hand.

Kat lays an iPad on Norma's back, James clicks a few windows, making sure everything is connected correctly and responding. James pushes her head down just a little harder to get her attention. "Norma." He pushes another option and Norma feels little vibrations and sounds as all the latches are locked close. There will be no removing the devices without the master code and each combination of devices has just one such code.

"You are now designated 48." James says in his commanding voice.

Norma squirms under his grip. "I have changed my mind... I want out, I don't want to know w... Aaaaa"

A shock course through her right leg from the inside of the thigh band to the outside. Her leg kicks out.

"Warning... state your designation."

Norma whimpers and twists some as she tries to figure out how to get out of this. "Aaaggg" Both legs jerk as the shock travels around them.

"Correction one."

"48... I am 48." Norma says with a whimper in her voice.

He raises her to her feet by her hair and drives her forward through the house to Kat's room, the short chain between her

thighs makes her stumble as she learns to step quickly.

James picks her body up and places her face up on Kat's bed. He uses her hair to force her neck into place in the stocks attached there. She more feels the magnet lock engage than hears anything as the steel bands are locked around her neck and wrist. He straps her down to the bed with her legs open. Norma fights the feeling of helplessness under his grip, but the more she tries to fight him, the more she wants to submit.

Kat appears on the other side of the table, wearing her predator smile. "Sir, what shall we start with?"

Norma feels Kat's hand drifting up her bound leg on its way to her flower.

"Clippers." James's hand inspects her hips and valley. He slips his fingers between her outer labia. Norma bucks her hips up what little she can to push him away. His hand comes back down on the upper part of her inner thigh; he closes his grip and the pain screams in Norma's mind as he speaks. "Failure to perform correctly will result in corrective action... Look at me." Norma turns her head so she can see him looking at her. "Repeat after me... 48 will obey."

"48... will obey." She feels tears traveling down her face. Her mind screams at her "*What have you done!!*"

She stops bucking around. First James takes a beard trimmer to cut back her pubic hairs. Then Kat takes an alcohol cleaner to wipe up and clean Norma's outer pussy. All through it, Norma could not help but feel the heat she feels when she uses her toys at home, hiding in the dark. Kat even commented that Norma's outer lips are swollen and that it normally indicates sexually aroused. Norma feels her face get warm with embarrassment at Kat's comment, she closes her eyes and tries to hide in her own mind as they go about their work.

She tried to stay still as the thin probes entered her pussy, the second time her hips flexed a little, James put his hand on her legs with just a little grip. She got the message; she needs to do better.

Norma tried to ignore what was said, but sometimes the words slipped in.

“Looks like six-inch depth, give me the scope... No scar tissue to note. Good fluids... how does her labia look? Any issues?”

Norma tried her best to be somewhere else in her mind as they worked. Soon she is drawn out of her hiding place by the feeling of the straps being removed. She watches them as they clear things off.

James's hold of her hair and locks eyes with her. “48 will be obedient.” Norma feels her body react to his voice; she nods. He tightens his grip just a little and his eyes get sterner.

“48 will be obedient” she says... His little nod of approval causes her a little joy.

James helps Norma off the table and takes her to the restroom. There he hands her off to Kat who cleans out her bowels with a shower attachment she slides deep into her butt to fill her with warm water, she catches the waste in a bucket and dumps it in the toilet. Norma is humiliated through the entire process; Kat does not make any better by playing with the probe as she works it in and out of her anus...

Kat whispers in Norma's ear with her hot breath. “Have you even felt the joy of a hot load of cum filling your ass?... Mmm.”

Once more Norma wants to draw away but is held tight. Afterward, James hands Kat a leash which she clips to the ring on Norma's collar. Norma is led by Kat back to Kat's room. This time she gets on the bed at a simple direction from Kat, she is directed to lay face down. No extra straps are used this time, she feels James run his hands across her legs, butt, and back. She does not buck or try to move away. When he reaches the locking clip holding her hands behind her head without her acting poorly. “Good girl.” James' words cause some of Norma's stress to melt away. He unclips her hands and allows her to relax them on the bed above her head.

James' hand travels back down to her ass, rubbing every inch of exposed flesh. He starts to slap her ass between soft rubs.

“I am not spanking you because you have done something wrong. I spank your ass because it is my toy to do as I wish and I enjoy the feeling of a warm ass under my hand.” His hand keeps rubbing and spanking her. He praises her as he increases the strikes, Norma finds the words cause the warm feeling growing on her ass to feel good.

When his hand leaves and does not return, she starts flexing her ass to get more. A small whimpering moan escapes her mouth. The sound causes her eyes to pop open, her mind races with questions. “*Why did I do that? What is going on with me?*”

James lightly slaps her leg and speaks in that relaxed confident voice. “Knees and elbows, head down... get on your knees and elbows, knees apart. Let your head hang down some, it is easier on your body.”

She fights the desire to move away from his hand as it rubs its way to her anal opening. He moves around it several times to allow her to come somewhat to terms with what he is doing. His other hand take hold of the waist belt as his finger taps at the anal opening. The minute she dips away from her position, he jerks back on the belt and brings her back to her place.

She hears the snap of fresh gloves as he gloves up and she feels the lube being pressed in, first one finger until it starts to relax, then a thumb, then two fingers. By this point Norma is on fire inside, she wants to hate it, to run in pain, but she just wants him to work it in and out in a way that she believes with all her soul that he knows how to do... but he is just making it feel good. She whimpers and moans as he fingers her ass smoothly.

Anytime Norma brings a hand below her shoulders, it is slapped back by Kat or James.

“Lube.”

She feels something the size of a finger slide into her, next the lube is squirted into her ass. James’ finger returns and moves the lube around inside. She pushes against the finger, wanting it to stay.

“Plug... no, next one” this time she feels a cold metal object touching her anus. She flexes her ass and moves forward. James jerks her back as he calls out in a stern voice. “Norma.”

“I am sorry, please. I will hold still.” Norma begs.

Kat leans in close and whispers to her “Sir... when speaking to him, say Sir.”

“Sir, please Sir.” She adds

There is a nerve-racking silence for a few seconds. James hands the plug back to Kat and works a single finger back into Norma. Working her back to being ready for the plug. It takes some work to get this plug in. but when the plug “pops” into place, it comes with relief and desire. She feels... full, and it is not a bad feeling.

The dirty glove is replaced with a clean one. “Probe.” She feels a thin semi-flexible dildo slide into her vaginal canal. As aroused as she is at this point, she wants it to be bigger. The image of James naked behind her driving home his manhood causes her to shiver with desire, she flexes down on the thin probe once. She blushes deeply as the shame of her own thoughts.

“Strap” James calls. As he reaches out to Kat she places the strip of delicate curves and shaped stainless steel with a black rubber coating on the side that merged with her flesh. The strap that travels between her legs is held loosely as wires are connected to the probe and plug. The sound of the strap ends snapping into place on the waist belt is followed by the telltale second hum and click of the locks engaging. The strap is tight and pushes the invading object deeper into Norma’s body.

James rubs Norma’s back as he speaks kindly to her. “Lay down... You feel the effects now?”

Norma looks up at him a little confused until she gets that he is asking about the fire burning in her flower. She blushes and buries her face into the bed, James gently takes a hold of her hair and lifts her up until it is clear of the bedding.

James’ voice is soft as he says “I asked a question.”

Norma wants to die of embarrassment, she looks over to see Kat standing next to her with her finger dangling over the touchscreen of the iPad in her hand. Norma knows if that finger drops, she will feel its results and no matter what, she will answer his question.

“Yes sir... I am feeling it.”

He gently lets go of her before moving to the mirror wall at one end of the room. “48. Come here.”

She starts to move to get up and feels the probes inside her move. She jerks then freezes with a look of fear and shock on her face.

“It will take a little time.” Kat says. “Just take it slow and steady until you are ready to ride the feeling.”

Norma gets up and walks over, every step causes her to want to either stop or find a way to bring this fire to completion. Looking at James standing there waiting for her is embarrassing and fans the flames within her.

She stands in a 3' x 3' square area marked off with yellow paint on the floor. Kat hands James the iPad as he watches Norma. He does not speak, but simply selects a few things on the screen Norma cannot see. Then he turns and taps on the iPad that is mounted on the mirrored wall behind him. The screen there comes alive. He taps in a six-digit number and the screen changes to a menu, he selects “training”, “orientation”. A video is keyed up.

James turns back to Norma with a stern look that causes her to lower her eyes. She wants to know what she has done wrong to deserve such a harsh look; she would gladly never do it again if he would just not look at her that way.

He taps the screen to start the video before walking from the room without a word or second look, Kat follows. Closing the door behind her. There is a clear “Thud” sound that gives Norma the idea that the door is locked.

“Welcome to your first day as property.” Norma sees an Asian woman, dressed like a flight attendant with a short dress and scarf tied around her neck to one side. “I am here to tell you

about some of the features and safety measures of the... C-520... female... management system.” The breaks are filled with what sounds like Kat’s voice added in. “Along with orienting you to better meet the requirements of living in harmony with your new position. Please pay close attention to this video and all other training videos as there will be a test at the end. This test is graded and the task will not be marked as complete until you meet the required score. Most videos require 100% correct answers. Any video that is completed can be revisited, on completed tasks with only warnings given for incorrect answers.

This system is designed to be wearable 24/7/365...” The video goes on for 20 minutes as it talks about the senses and what is tracked, how to address different personal, why to keep their phone with them at all times, shows a map of the house and what areas are allowed, how to make request from the system, how to access training modules, how daily or random task are delivered, and some things to expect.

The whole video is a mix of video instructions and aircraft style safety directions. The video will show the flight attendant point and directing attention to the list or locations on the screen, then it flips to a how-to video on how to perform some action, then goes back to the flight attendant who will be acting like Vana White as she nods with a smile or shakes her finger with a frown. At points Norma is directed to make specific verbal requests of the system, a green light and a little pleasant bell rings when she gets it correct, even the attendant claps silently in praise. If she falls short, a red X appears and buzzer sounds. It keeps her at that point until she has completed each little mini task twice before moving her on to the next part.

At the end, the attendant adds. “This completes the instruction part of the module. Before starting the test, a few points. Once the test is started, there is no ability to review any part of the video, you will be given no more than 30 seconds to answer each question, once an answer is submitted, the results will be indicated and the next question will be brought up. All questions must be answered before the test can be restarted. Thank you for your attention. You have the remaining time

listed to pass the test or this module will be marked as a failure and you will have to start from the beginning.” The attendant moves from pointing at the timer in the top right corner and “test” button.

Norma braces herself and selects the “test”. A multiple-choice question appears. The test is made up of multiple choices, performing specific positions and holding them for five seconds, drag and drop via touch screen, and verbal responses. The bra device has microphones in it to convert words to text.

It is question five before she finds out the result of a wrong answer. A warning shock runs through her left leg, she expected it. She finished the test with three incorrect. She immediately restarts the test, but realizes that the questions are different... some of the questions she saw before but they are mixed and there are new ones. The other things she was not ready for was when she got question two wrong the shock was on both legs and stronger. Every time the test is restarted, the corrective actions increase. She only has 15 minutes to complete the module, she goes back into the video part and uses the slide bar to move around the video to get the information she knows she needs.

She is sweating with fear by the time she selects the answer to the last question on her third time through the test.

Module completed... 39 minutes, third test. Displays on the screen. A new timer appears in the top corner counting down from 30 minutes. Norma wants to collapse; the emotions of the last hour has drained her. She gets up and looks at the closed door, she moves slowly toward the door, wondering if she is doing something wrong. Nothing. She tries the door and it opens, she peeks out. Nothing. She steps out and waits... she moves down the hall and finds Kat doing burpees to the computer voice on her phone. She sees Norma and waves quickly as she moves through the motions.

“3... 2... 1... complete.” The phone says in a computer voice. Norma remembers programming an exercise program that would check images to make sure the person was doing the exercise. She had helped to create this cruel taskmaster.

When Norma had first arrived, Kat was wearing a blue jean dress that covered her knees to neck, but she had stripped the dress off. She is naked save the steel bands around her neck, ankles and wrists. She does not have a chastity belt, cuff, or bra.

“Hey 48, you completed your first task, good for you. How many times did it take?” Kat asks.

“Three.” Norma says with her head down.

“That’s fine. That is how many I took.” Kat smiles as she waves for Norma to follow. They get some drinks from the fridge and sit at the table.

“You don’t have your belt on... Are you released or something?” Norma asks as she sips her ice tea.

“No” Kat Giggles “He keeps me out of it for a few days after Master leaves to better deal with the drop that comes with him leaving.” Kat looks at her glass for a second as she shakes just a little.

Norma reaches out. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“No.” Kat smiles, “that was an aftershock, just thinking about him can drive me over the top. The feeling is so strong with him, I just crash afterwards. but my god is it worth it.” Kat pats her hand “Now, you have more modules to complete before bedtime. Sir set up your phone, so keep it with you as you will have other tasks to complete.” Kat collects it from the kitchen counter and passes it to her. Norma opens it and finds that the sim card is missing and the wireless will only let her reach the cloud servers for the one app they loaded. The app is running and allows her to see what she has completed and has left to do, along with timers for different things. One is a counter for bedtime, which is counting down.

“What should I do now?” Norma asks.

Kat smiles like a cat playing with a mouse. “Well, there is a whole list of evil things I could do with you, but it is your training day. so, if I did, I would get in trouble and that would mean I would not get my fun-ish-ment. It’s like punishment, but I love it.” she waves her hands with a sparkle in her eyes.

“By the way, is James here?” Norma ponders.

“You should get in the habit of referring to him as Sir.” Kat points out. “And no. he is out at work, I expect he will be back before five.”

Just then, Norma’s phone beeps.

“What was that?” Norma asks

Kat perks up “That is an incoming task. Quickly bring up the app, let’s see what you got.”

Norma goes to the app and opens the blinking “Task” button.

48 is to execute. 3 sets of squats in a monitorable location. 48 has five minutes to begin. App will direct.

Kat slumps down as if someone had told her she was not getting ice cream. “Darn, I was hoping it would be something interesting.”

Norma gives Kat a confused side look as she questions herself if Kat is a compatriot or villain. “Um... I know that squats are an exercise, but I don’t know how to do them. Can you help me?”

Kat nods and heads for the living room. “Stand here, face the TV. This is one of the monitorable locations. Now...” Kat goes through the exercise and laughs like a hyena the first time Norma squats down and feels the butt plug move. Norma’s eyes get huge and she freezes half way down.

Kat has to move away to allow the system to monitor Norma correctly. Kat praises her from the sideline as she works through the exercise. If she falls short the voice on the phone says “Repeat” as it keeps going. Each movement causes the plug to feel bigger and causes the probe to move around. She wants to stop, but she knows it would not go well. By the beginning of the third set Norma is sweating hard, part of the reason is her body enjoying the feeling of the probe moving around. She wants to go hide in a corner and use her fingers to get over the hill and be done with it, but there is no corner to hide in and no ability to touch herself. It is maddening that her body will not stop being aroused in this torment.

Norma works through most of the assigned modules before 5 pm. The modules teach about different subjects. She goes through each one of the seven slave positions which makes her repeat the positions several times and speak the correct name for them. Another on female anatomy. Norma thought it was a joke until she failed the first test, badly. Between each module is a required 30-minute break. This just infuriates her; she wants to just get through them and be done. But the system does not care what she wants, it does what it is going to do and nothing will stop it.

This point is driven home when just before 5 PM, Norma's phone pings as she is using the restroom. She just looks at it with spite and thinks "It can wait." When the warning shock arrives, she starts to wonder if the system knows she is on the toilet. A minute later her legs slam together as the correction shock arrives. She grits her teeth through the grueling five seconds of pain. She wipes up quickly as she checks her phone.

48 will report for puppy training. Training location will be in the backyard puppy area.

First correction issued.

Norma knows she has less than a minute before the next "Correction" will arrive. She does not feel she has completely cleaned up but starts heading for the backyard. Her short stride is slowing her progress, but when she reaches the French doors to the back yard she stops. The idea of being outside where others can see her causes her to falter with her hand on the door handle. Her mind screams at her *"don't do it... it's too much, I cannot do it... it's... it's too shameful."*

Norma starts to call Kat but is interrupted as the second correction drives her to her knees at the door. She screams a guttural sound as she drops. She gets her breath back after a few pants. "Kat, I can't do this... I can't. Please stop it."

"Yes, you can, but that is not the important part. You have no choice. It will just keep getting worse until you comply." Kat's voice comes from upstairs.

Norma forces herself to turn the handle and open the door, she stands and looks at the ground a few feet in front of her as she walks out on the wood deck. She looks up a little to see if she can determine where she needs to go.

The backyard is a well-maintained yard with a tall privacy fence, trees in the corners, a large deck, hot tub to one side, and large grassy area with a single post near the deck. Something about it draws her as a logical place to check. She is fighting time and fear as she makes it to the sign.

The sign reads “puppy area”. Below it is a little shelf that looks like it is for phones to sit on. She opens the app and hits start as fast as she can and places it on the shelf.

“Sit!” She drops down and sits Indian style. A few seconds later a warning shock occurs, followed by the phone saying “sit!” again. Norma looks around wondering what she is doing wrong. She moves to sitting on her knees and hands on the ground in front of her, like a dog would do.

“Good puppy... Up!” she brings her ass up and holds still

“Good puppy... down!” she lowers her ass and chest till they touch the grass. The unnerving silence as she waits for the phone eats at her. This position reminds her of the foreign objects hiding in her body.

“Good puppy... now speak!” Norma raises her chest as she tries to figure out what puppy’s sound like. This action is met with a warning shock. She jerks from the shock as she speaks “what the... AAaggg” then another warning shock, this time on the other leg.

“Bad puppy...down... Stay.” Norma gets back down to the grass and holds still.

“Speak!”

Norma does not think about it, she just lets out a bark like a big dog.

“Good puppy... up... wag your tail.” She raises up and starts shaking her ass from side to side. The feeling of her ass waving around brings back the fire, she had been horny

before, but this is crazy how fast it builds and keeps coming back.

“Good puppy... sit... beg” She follows the instructions, whimpering as she waves her fist before her.

During this Norma notices Kat standing on the deck enjoying the show. As she parades around the area on all fours it does not bother her to be watched by Kat but some part of her wishes James was there. She falters a little at the imagery in her mind, but recovers quickly.

This goes on for at least 15 minutes before the voice tells her she is a “the well-trained puppy can go back in the house now.” Norma brushes off grass and leaves as she heads toward the house. “Did you enjoy the show? I need a shower... again.”

“That happens a lot... the showers that is.” Kat says, before adding as Norma passes her. “You are a pretty puppy.”

Norma looks at her with anger, but sees that Kat was not making fun of her, Norma bites back her first response and goes into the house.

Chapter 3: New training

After Norma had cleaned up and was about to relax some on the sofa. Kat pops her head in “Sir is home. Come on.” Kat stands Norma next to her a good distance from the front door. Reminding her how to greet him as he enters. “Follow my lead.” Norma nods.

James enters with two bags in one hand. He looks up to the two standing, waiting for him.

Norma tries to stay in sync with Kat as she bends slightly forward. “Welcome home Sir.”

James takes a moment to savor the view before him. “Kat, these go to garage doors, then dress, there is a large box to bring in.” His eyes move to Norma as Kat steps forward and takes the bags. “48, come here.”

Norma starts moving forward. James is only two steps in the house and the front door is still wide open behind him. She looks past him as she approaches hoping no one would see her. She stops just a step away, looking down. “Yes Sir?” she nervously says

James reaches out and wraps his hand behind her head and pulls her to him, her hands come up instinctively, but she keeps from pushing away from him. His hand drops down to the middle of her back and he draws her against him. She really cannot feel much of his body against hers because of the steel but the effect is still there, she wants to melt into him.

James tilts her head up until she looks up at him. “You are such a cute puppy.”

Norma blushes as she drops her eyes. She flinches once, but his arm tightens, telling her that she is under his direct control right now and he wants her close. Her mind thinks about him watching her beg, roll around, wag her “tail”.

James puts his empty hand out. “Phone.”

She hands it over and he goes to the app and scrolls through the things she has done for the day. He gives a positive nod. "Good girl." as he lets her go, he adds. "Tell Kat I'll be at the car."

Kat, now dressed, pops outside and helps James carry a 3 ft wide, 7 ft long wood box with slots and wires hanging off it. They take it back to Kat's room. Norma is shuttled out of the room as they work on the box. Kat runs and gets tools and stuff. Soon Norma is invited in to see the result of their work. She is confused at first. The box is under Kat's bed, with only two-inch wood blocks separating them.

Seeing Norma's confused look, Kat turns a handle on the long side of the box and 90% of the side flips down. Inside is a form matters and pillows. "It's your bed." Kat starts moving around pointing out this. "You can open it from the inside, it has this neat sliding window, there are fans that blow fresh air in at your feet and vents above your head for it to escape, cables to charge your phone, enough room to sleep on your side if you want."

Norma looks at Kats bed and knows the box is the better option for her. She would rather be in the box, then locked down in the open as Kat is at night. Norma bows slightly to James. "Thank you, Sir."

"Kat, get her fresh sheets." James directs "48, pull the bed pad out so you can know where all the straps and cables are. Also check and make sure that the charging cable works on your phone." With them busy he retires to the garage.

Dinner that night is stir fry with kimchi and tea to drink. James sits at the dining table as Norma and Kat kneel or lay on the floor to eat from their bowls. Silverware is allowed, but they are not allowed to sit in chairs or at the table.

James looks over to see that Kat has finished eating first. She lays on her side, playing with the silverware. "You may have seconds if you want."

"Thank you, Sir. But I am waiting for ice cream!" Kat says with a childlike manner.

He excuses Kat, who climbs to her feet like a stretching cat. She leaves her bowl and stuff on the floor and wanders off.

Norma collects all the dirty dishes and takes them to the kitchen. James helps rinse things and put them in the dishwasher. Norma wipes the counter and moves things.

Out of the blue, James calmly reaches out for Norma's neck. He pulls her in, until her back is pressed against his chest. Norma is lost as to what to do. Her hands wave in the air, not sure what to do with them. His hands know just what they want to do. They travel along her exposed flesh. His hot breath tickles her ear as he speaks to her. "Mine! I see you... You tried to slip through the world unseen. Afraid of the beautiful slave soul that lives in this body." He smoothly sweeps her arms down and back until her hands are pushed against his pants legs. He rolls his forearms forward, trapping her upper arms where he wants them as his coarse hands return to pressing her against him.

The burning desire in Norma flares. She starts kneading his legs like a cat with her hands. Her eyes are tightly closed, she fears seeing what she knows she is doing.

He pushes up on the bra and the effect is enough to cause Norma to arch her back and moan. He switches hands on her neck as he reaches down to grip the chastity belt. He begins to lift up slowly, followed by pushing down and back to cause her to grind her ass against him. She moans and grinds against him as he bends her mind and body to his dark desires.

"No, please, stop it... I... I... please stop." she whimpers out between moans. Her mind understands she is helpless right now which makes her desire to be used by him irresistible.

He pushes her out a step. She panics, thinking he is rejecting her until he turns her around and pulls her right back into him. The feel of hitting his body makes her more helpless to his words.

He twists her arms behind her back and traps them with one hand, pulling her up and into him. He takes a grip of her hair and pulls her head back until she is looking up at him. His hard stare glares down at her.

“Beg me to stop again.” He says to her fearful stare. “Beg me.!” he repeats as he flexes slightly, grinding her against him.

Her mouse voice whispers out something that she cannot understand herself.

“No!” his command voice rips through her mind. “You will serve me... you will obey me.”

There is a long silence as he waits. Norma does not know what to do or say. Finally, she says “Yes Sir.”

A wave of warm relief washes over her as he accepts her answer. He lessens his grip, pulling one of her arms around him so she can hug him as he holds her close. He whispers “Good girl” to her as he brushes her hair back with his hand...

After a few moments, they retire to the living room. Kat is playing on her phone as James and Norma join her on the couch. James directs Norma to sit on a pillow on the floor and lean against his leg as he reads from his iPad. He runs his hand through her hair as he reads and relaxes.

Norma is happy to be here, next to him. She and Kat enjoy some ice cream as they play games and read stories on the iPads. Every so often Norma moves and the inserts move, the feeling causing her to squeeze down, which makes the desire flare up. It is random teasing that keeps her mind jumping back to the feeling of being controlled by James. As much as she wants to hate it, she just wants to lean against his legs and feel him close.

30 minutes before bedtime, both phones “ping” at the same time. The message reads “prepare for bed.” There is small cleanup tasks and bathroom stop before bed. They are herded to the bedroom by James. He has Norma stand to the side as he puts Kat to bed first. He takes hold of her long hair and draws her close, touching his foreheads gently to hers before he slowly pushes her down to her knees and elbows. She kisses each boot twice before he brings her back to her feet. He kisses her lips, then whispers to her. When he lets go, she climbs into bed. Kat kneels on her bed and watches as James turns to Norma.

He waves for Norma to come to him. As she draws close, he takes hold of her and makes her do the same thing Kat had done. She makes a kiss sound an inch from the black leather boot and moves to the other boot to do the same. He does not raise her back to her feet. Instead, he leads her on her hands and knees to the waiting open box. The open hatch is a useful ramp, she lays down and James clips a leash to a ring on the front of her collar. "If you need to get out of bed, use your phone to get permission. Lights out in ten minutes. No playing on your phone, sleep."

"Yes Sir." she reaches out to him; she wants to beg him to stay or to take her to his bed. but she cannot say anything.

"Close up." James says clearly

She lets go of his wrist and takes hold of the hatch. It is a little work to pull up the large hatch. It snaps into place. There is a tiny light that illuminates the small space just fine. There is a tapping on the siding panel that opens a small window. She can feel the air movement change as she slides it open.

"Sweet dreams." He says before standing back up and addressing. "Kat, get the rope bag and follow me." Norma is left alone in the large room. She thinks about the day as she plays with the cables and lights in the box. Soon, her phone beeps, the message reads "light detected during sleep period." She turns out the light and puts up her phone. Norma feels that she will not be able to sleep in such a strange place, it does not help that every time she rubs her legs together, the thin probe in her love canal rolls this way and that, the tip just caresses her cervix. Being constantly aroused is draining, with that sleep sneaks up on her.

She is woken to the sound of her phone beeping... Norma slaps at it until she finds it in the pocket on the wall for it. In the app. "Sleep period complete... acknowledge message." She taps the screen, then opens the hatch and climbs out. Norma is still tired even though she slept through the night.

"Morning sleepy head."

Norma jumps a little at the sound of Kat's voice so close. Norma turns to see Kat locked down to the bed above her box.

Norma wanders to herself *“How did she get to bed without waking her up?”*

Norma looks at Kat’s helpless form looking at her with a content soft smile. “Morning Kat... do you need any help getting up?”

“Sir will release me when he is ready... if you could be a dear, my breasts are a little itchy, would you rub them for me?” Kat requests with a little pouty face look.

Norma does not see the harm in it, she pulls back the covers that have little clips on the edges that keeps the sheets from sliding off. Kat is locked in steel wrist and neck stocks attached to the bed. Norma looks at Kat’s round breast staring up at her. She rubs her hand around one, as her hand moves to the other. Kat whimpers.

“Too fast, please take your time.” Kat arches her back up a little. Norma pulls back, she was just helping a friend, she was not doing anything unseemly. Kat pleads with Norma. “It is okay, you will not get in trouble. I am the senior slave and I am commanding you to touch me... you are protected. Also, if our positions were reversed, you would want me to be willing to do the same for you. Please.”

Norma reaches out and places her hand on Kat’s breast. Kat moans as Norma massages her well-shaped melons.

“Good, good... don’t be afraid to be strong with me.” Kat purrs, her eyes are closed and she is squirming around as best as she can. “Please lower.” Norma is not adverse, but she has never touched a woman like this, she has a hard time touching herself. But here, no one will know and no one will shame her for it, it will be just her and Kat. Norma slides a hand down, pushing the covers back as she goes. She runs her hand down Kat’s leg before traveling back toward her flower. Kat flexes to align her pussy with the approaching hand.

Norma finds a rod buried in Kat’s pussy; it runs all the way to the end of the bed where it connects. Kat’s knees and ankles are strapped slightly open to keep her from being able to work the rod with her feet. Norma rubs her fingers along Kat’s outer labia, they are swollen to her touch.

Kat directs Norma like a co-worker telling her how to refill a stapler. "Now, lick your finger to make it wet. Slide your finger lightly and gently between my labia, you will find.... Yes, there it is. That is my clit, pull back till you can barely feel it with your finger... ohhh, leave that little air gap and gently move in to brush it before returning to create the small gap." Kat moans and rides the pleasures. "The rod... can you move it at all?" Norma finds that the rod has just a little play in it. She works it in and out as she slowly speeds up with her finger.

Kat is pulling against her bonds, sucking in air sharply at times. Norma is afraid she is doing something wrong and asks. "Am I hurting you? Is there..."

"NO!, you are good. Keep going... Please." Kat snaps out, full of frustration. Soon there is a change, Kat lets out a deep passion filled scream, she bends and pulls against her bonds. Norma moves her hands away to allow her to enjoy her orgasm.

"No, don't stop. keep touching... light." Kat growls out...

Norma returns, moving things less roughly. Kat rides the feeling out for close to a minute before collapsing and asking her to stop.

"Please, please put your head on my chest, I just want to feel you close." Kat begs.

Norma lays her head on Kat's chest and wraps an arm around her. They bask in the afterglow. Norma thinks to herself "*One more thing I never thought I would want to do, or enjoy.*" But hearing Kat scream in joy and pleasure brought a warm feeling of accomplishment to Norma. She can hear Kat's heart beating loud in her chest. As it slows, Norma gets up. "I will go see what is keeping Sir." She rubs Kat's smooth skin until she is out of reach.

Norma finds James standing in the dining room looking out the French doors.

"Sir" Norma says from the doorway to the dining room. James nods with a slight turn, meaning that she is acknowledged and

should continue. Norma approaches him “Sir, Kat is still locked to her bed. Is there something wrong?”

“Nope.” He says with his firm off hand manner. Norma stands there not sure what to do next. James turns to her. “How did you feel bringing pleasure to Kat?”

Norma blushes and looks down, she starts to apologize, but James cuts her off.

“Stop... she asked and you agreed. I did not tell you that it was disallowed. Neither one of you did anything wrong. If I had wanted it to stop, I would have stopped it.” He turns completely to face her with a stern look. “Kneel low.” Norma drops to the correct position. His voice is commanding as he speaks “I asked a question. I will have the answer now.”

Norma takes a second to give the answer she expects he wants to her. “I enjoyed it, Sir.” After Norma said the word, she felt they were not a lie, she did feel good that Kat wanted and found pleasure in Norma’s touch.

“Okay, stand and follow.” He walks to the door to the garage. “Stay” as he crosses into the garage. He returns with the large tray covered and hands it to Norma. He gets another bag and he takes her back to Kat.

In the room, he fits Kat back into her steel chastity and bra. At the end he has Kat stand in a “present” stance as he speaks to her. He asks “What are you?”

“I am property of Master Bill. I am owned by him and him alone.” Kat states with pride and strength in her voice.

James taps the iPad and Norma hears the hum as all the locks engage. Kat shutters a little at the feeling before thanking him. James directs them to get about their daily task. Breakfast is served in bowls on the floor. Clean up is left to the ladies. James disappears after about an hour. The system keeps them both busy with different tasks and training. Norma gets to watch Kat do the puppy training and slave positions. Kat explains that there are exercises every day except Sunday.

Norma has to do oral pleasing training, male. As expected, she has to suck a cock that she has to mount. The location is on the

mirrored wall so she can be closely monitored and recorded as she trains. It was hard for her to perform correctly; she receives several shocks before she is able to complete the module and test.

Kat just has to show off when Norma is done. She makes Norma hang back and watch her deepthroat a longer, thicker cock. Kat is beaming with pride when she pulls off. “Now that is how you do it, baby.” Kat says as she wipes drool off her chin.

Lunch is sandwiches and grapes. They eat from the floor even though they are alone. They spend part of their free time trimming and polishing each other’s finger and toe nails. A few times the vibrations in both their belts come alive for a time. They rise and fall in intensity for ten to fifteen minutes before tapering down to off. Kat welcomes the distraction, laying back to savor it. Norma has a harder time, she fights it at times, which only seems to make it increase in efforts to sway her.

As dusk draws near, Norma hears a motorcycle pulling up. Not nearly as loud as the other one she heard before. She looks at Kat who is reading something that Norma can tell is juicy by the way her hand keeps drifting down to linger over the patch of steel above her clit.

As the outside garage door can be heard opening, Kat notes “Sir is home. She calmly sets down the iPad and makes her way to the dining room a few feet from the inside garage door. Norma joins her knowing this is the protocol.

“Welcome home Sir.” Norma finds the feeling of him being home as reassuring. She had not missed him as the day went on, but now she feels pleasure in him being near her.

He hands Norma his biker jacket. “Coat closet, hallway next to hall bath.” He reaches out and takes hold of Kat by her hair as Norma turns to complete her task. Norma catches him watching her as she starts to move away, the thought of his eyes on her had the same effect as the probe between her legs.

When Norma returns from completing her task, James calls her over to the stairs to the second floor. “I am going to take a

shower; you are going to wash me.”

She nods but quickly adds “Yes Sir.” He takes off up the steps. She lifts her legs as far as the chain between her thighs will allow, but is barely enough slack to make the step. Norma looks at the problem with a growing feeling of dread. She knows he will not tolerate her taking too long. She has to use the handrail and take slow measured steps to make it up the stairs. James heads up the stairs quickly, leaving Norma to inch her way up. She makes the halfway point before a warning shock course through her. She kicks out, causing her to grip the handrail tight to keep from falling. She quickly recovers as stopping will only make it worse. Three quarters the way up she receives a correction shock. She fights to keep moving. She kicks off making the steps as quick as she can. She makes the second floor, turns and heads for the master bedroom as a second correction is delivered. This time her breasts share in the torment. She cries out as she fights to keep her legs under her. James looks up as she enters the room.

“Sir.” She wavers as she draws breath. He stops her with a gesture. He slowly reaches down to his phone and looks long at the screen. Norma stands waiting for the tormenting device to strike again if does not do something. He looks back and forth between the phone and her, then taps the screen before dropping it back on to the dresser.

“Start the shower, two towels, and a washcloth.” James directs as he drops his pants and underwear.

“Yes Sir.” She says as she takes slow steps toward the shower. His back is to her as she passes him, this is the first time she has seen him without a shirt on, much less naked.

He looks back over his shoulder, catching her watching him. She blushes and darts toward the safety of the shower. A few minutes later, when the water is hot, he comes in. He shows no reaction to being naked in front of her. He climbs in before waving for her to follow into the large tile shower. He adjusts the water before holding Norma under the stream. He rinses her down, wiping her down with wash cloth. Norma finds that she gets a quick wash down by him first before she is set to work.

Norma is directed to wash him from his neck to his toes. As she washes him, his body does react to her touch, his manhood comes alive. She starts at his neck and works her way down. As she is washing his abs, she stares at his rising manhood. She feels him take hold of her hair and pull her to the side, out of the direct stream of warm water. "That part is clean, get on your knees and move on." His voice pierces her thoughts as he pushes her to her knees. He is not rough or cruel in his actions, more directive. She waits for him to pull her forward, to drive his manhood into her mouth.

"Clean"

She looks up to see him as he holds her head back. He gives just a little nod for her to use the soapy cloth. She applies the cloth gently, cleaning every part of him before her. He starts to growl and moan as she keeps lathering his shaft.

"Enough." As he turns and washes the soap off in the water. After all the soap is gone, he moves his ass to her for cleaning. He does not let go of his grip on her until she has completed scrubbing his butt. She washes the rest of him from her knees. Her mind races as she scrubs his legs. "*Why didn't he take me? why did he not want me, but he did, his body showed me that. Why? what did I do wrong.*" she asked herself from the floor.

He pulls her to her feet, takes the cloth and scrubs her down. At first, he has her place her hand on the tile wall as he works, but then he pulls her soap body against his and he runs his hand across her bare skin. She feels his chest against her back.

She whimpers in his grip. "Please Sir, please." As much as it sounds as if she wants him to not take what he has command of. It is a plea for him to do exactly that, take what is his. Her hands pull his legs towards her as she grinds her ass against his hip.

His rough voice growls in her ear. "Not yet... some things must be marinated and simmered to bring out their sweetest flavors."

His words break against her fears. "*Not yet*" fills her with validation and hope. The feeling of being helpless to his will is driven deeper into her soul. Even naked, he has his power.

After the shower, he has her hold things as he dries and dresses, then has her preform the slave position of stool so he can use her as a foot stool as he puts on his shoes. She feels his shoe press down on her back as he ties his laces should feel bad, but she finds that this humbling task seems to feed her.

At the stairs, Norma does a sit shuffle down. Embarrassing, but effective. James calls everyone to the living room.

“Phones... Kat, bring me a cane” he takes them and looks through what modulus and tasks were done today. First, he has them both do slave positions, calling out stances and judging them on performances. Norma receives more corrective strikes as he adjusts her. There are praising words that counters the pain of the corrections. Next, it is displaying good puppy training. He runs Kat through her paces

James gets a dark smile as he looks at Norma’s training schedule. “Kat, get a strap-on.”

Kat returns a few minutes late with not one, but two strap-on harnesses and a large towel. Norma is not sure what is about to happen, but she sees the mischievous smile on Kat’s face as she straps the harness into place around Kat’s tight waist and fishes the straps through her legs. Norma kneels on the towel as Kat stands before her with the dildo inches from Norma’s face, James directs them through the different actions. Kat smiles and revels in it all, talking dirty to Norma as she demonstrates her oral training. Norma blushes through it all as she is watched and directed by James and praised by Kat. Norma tickles the fake balls with her fingers, licks the shaft, sucks the cock with her hand in play, then without. finally, Kat takes hold of Norma’s head and begins to face fuck her and screams with fake pleasure of the act.

Norma gasps for air between fits of sucking. She does not think about anything but right now. Her mind is all here, at this moment. She wants to be ashamed, humiliated, embarrassed. But all she can hear is praise. Kat lets her go, Norma pants as she wipes drool off her face and tries to keep what is in her stomach down. She looks over and sees James rubbing his hand across his crotch, she can see the budge telling her that he enjoyed the show.

“Good Girl... now, when you get your breath back it’s Kat’s turn.” He says as he nods at Kat.

Norma feels exposed standing there after doing something so intimate with Kat. Norma just stands there as Kat puts the other harness on Norma, Kat installs a larger dark purple dildo. Kat pulls Norma in for a hug, they stand there bumping rubber dildos as they hug. Norma feels better after Kat’s warm embrace.

Kat drops down in front of her, looking up with a happy smile on her face. She fingers balls and runs her hand along the shaft. “Oh god, you are big. I love a good throat fucking. I can’t wait to find out how you taste.” Kats keeps looking up at Norma then back to the cock, Norma is embarrassed by Kat’s sexual grinding.

Kat looks up as she is hand jobbing the dildo. “Can I have it, please. Can I?”

Norma looks over at James watching from the sofa.

“She is asking you, not me.” He responds to her unspoken question.

Norma looks down at Kats lustful smile and nods. Kat moans as she starts mouthing the cock. She starts shallow and works her way down more each time. Soon she is most of the way down. As she holds the balls with one hand, she uses her other hand on the shaft as she moans. Kat looks up to meet Norma’s eyes often, always with a look of joy on her face before looking back at her task.

Kat takes her hands and pulls her hair together as she keeps sucking on the shaft. She waves for Norma’s hand; she puts her hair in Norma’s grip. Kat puts her hands back on Norma’s hips, one in front and one behind. Kat looks at the cock as she takes it in and looks up at Norma as she draws off. Any time she takes the head out of her mouth. She looks at Norma and hand jobs it as she pants for air before taking it back in. Sometimes Kat would say how good it feels or how she wants to taste her cum before diving back into task.

Kat pulls out mostly and draws in a deep breath before sliding all the way down the shaft, bringing her lips to the base. She does so slowly and steady four times before taking another deep breath and goes back. Kat inches forward a little as she takes a breath and folds her arms behind her back. Kat looks up at Norma as she waits.

“She wants you to face fuck her, four strokes then breath.” James says as the two women look at each other. “Begin.”

Norma does as she instructed and pulls Kat’s mouth all the way to the base, Kat stays there until Norma pulls her off.

Norma pulls her completely off. As the cock falls clear, Kat pants and begs as she looks up at Norma. “More daddy, please more.” Kat never brings her arm from behind her. Norma brings Kat forward by her hair, Kat bends down to bring the dildo back to her mouth. Norma gets in a pattern of four deep strokes of Kat’s face, followed by stopping with the cock still in her mouth for one to two breaths before starting back.

During a breath, Kat squeaks. The vibrators locked between her legs have come to life, adding to the lustful desire building in her. Kat moans louder as she is driving back upon the choking object.

The scene builds, and the Kat squirms more and more. Out of nowhere, James’ voice cuts through the air “CUM!”

Norma jumps at the sound, but Kat grabs hold of her legs like a drawn man. Kat bucks and screams as she climaxes with the cock still in her mouth and the vibrators assaulting her body.

The vibrators are rolled down to a light batting as Kat rides out the waves of pleasure. Finally, Kat pulls herself completely off the shaft and leans against Norma’s leg as she pants.

“Hey,” Kat softly says. Norma looks down to see Kat looking up at her with a look of contentment. “Thank you...” then Kat turns to James. “And thank you Sir.”

“Good girls.” James’ voice has the fatherly sound to it again as he waves them over to the couch. Kat curls on the floor against his leg as he has Norma remove the harnesses before having

Norma lay on the couch next to him and put her head in his lap. Kat holds Norma's hand as James gently pats them both.

Two hours after dinner, James sends Kat to collect some things from her room as he takes Norma over to the open floor. James kneels next to her as she lays face up on the floor.

"Sir. You do not need to do this." Norma has no idea what he is planning, but she is afraid of what it could be. "I will be obedient."

His hand caresses her leg as he looks at her. "Yes, and this is you being my good girl." He countered.

She wants to talk him out of whatever Kat is collecting stuff for but she does not have time before Kat returns with straps and a set of steel stocks. The polished smooth curve lines of the stocks are nothing like the rough-cut medieval versions. These are more artwork in control. He locks her neck and wrists in, she lays comfortable on the floor looking up at him as the locks click shut.

He takes two large 2-inch-wide straps and binds her legs folded so her heels are touching her butt, allowing him to open her legs as far as her hips will allow. He lays the iPad on her abs as he taps away at the console. She feels a little vibration as the locks on her crotch strap unlocks, he snaps the clip open and the top of the strap comes loose. She feels the probe move out some. James leans in and gives her a light kiss on her forehead.

He disconnects the probe, then sides it in and out a few times slowly, seeing how it moves. Norma cannot help but react to the feeling. She desperately wants not to, but he is in control and she cannot hide that she likes it.

He hands the probe to Kat. "let's go to a 1 ¼, that should still leave her room. I will need a towel and lube. The pads still look good." He lays down next to Norma balanced on one elbow. He takes hold of her hair with one hand, holding her head a little up and keeping control of her. He loops one leg over her bound leg, keeping her open.

She feels his free hand traveling down her body toward her flower as he speaks. "Look at me... I have you. You are safe." His voice is kind "you cannot do anything wrong; I will not let you." His hand brushes against her outer labia, the fires within her flare at his touch. She is frustrated, her wanting desire is a fire left unanswered. This time feels different to her, before she has been caged and armored by the same device. Now that armor has been peeled back.

James licks his finger to wet it before sliding it between her soft lips. Norma draws a breath at his warm finger brushing her clitoris. He brings his finger to the hair's breadth touch and holds it there; Norma realizes that this is the same technique that Kat had her use, she flexes toward him.

James uses his finger to fan the flames. He talks softly to her about how warm and welcoming she feels, how good she smells. There is more fire. James slides one finger in, hooking it against her pelvic bone from within, the feeling is maddening good. Norma lifts her body against the pressure, he holds there, as Norma relaxes back on to it, she finds herself grinding against the pleasure of it. Always the voice, always those eyes on her.

Kat returns, breaking the cascading effect that had held her. James removes his wet finger and looks Norma in the eyes as he sucks his finger clean with a smile.

"Kat, remove her plug. I do not feel there is a need tonight." He calmly instructs. He moves to support Norma's legs as Kat works the plug out and cleans her up afterwards. With the plug removed, he adds "It will take a few minutes, but your butt will begin to feel normal again, it is ok, just relax.". Again, his hand caresses her. Then he has Kat use a device to deposit fresh lube into her pussy before sliding the larger dildo shaped probe into her pussy. This dildo does not completely fill her, but she can feel it much more than the thin one.

"Please Sir, there is no need for the dildo. I get what you are doing." She wiggles her hips as the tip parts her outer flower. "You can get me there with just your fingers, please just work the magic I know you can do."

The dildo sides in smoothly even though she clamps down on the invading probe with all she has. The feeling of it driving deep against her defense feeds the fires even more.

“Sir. I don’t want...” she says, but stops when his hard look turns on her.

His eyes never waver from Norma’s as he directs Kat “Kat... get an inflatable ball gag.

“I am sorry Sir, I will be quiet, it is not needed...” Norma begs. but Kat does not wait around, she gets up and steps off as James connects the wires to the dildo and snaps the center strap back in place. Norma watches James as he ponders some question in his head and he stares at the iPad. She notices that the lock has not been engaged, the strap is clicked, but not locked down. He taps away at the pad for a moment more as Kat returns with a ball gag. The gag consists of a black rubber ball mounted inside a rubber strap, the ball would be held in the mouth by the strap and inflated to fill the room behind the teeth.

“Just put it next to her head in case it is needed.” James says.

Norma feels the dildo within her come alive, the vibrations are rising and falling, but building as it goes. James hands the iPad to Kat and she disappears with it. James lays down next to Norma as he did before when he was setting her ablaze with his finger. He gently sweeps Norma’s hair out of her face as he gathers a strong grip of her by her hair. His grip is not painful and she can move her head around some with in his grip, she looks back at him

He speaks softly to her as he caresses her body. “I have you. You are safe. Just look at me. I am in control.” his free hand pushes against her leg and she wants to whimper, it is not painful but she remembers how it could be quickly if he wanted. Soon her body has built to the edge, she will climax, it is just a matter of time. His words and touch keep her here in the moment. Then the vibrations drop off, his hand stops traveling around. Norma whimpers as the anticipation builds. Soon the vibrators begin to build again. Four more times she

comes to the edge, each time the edge is even higher than before.

She whimpers softly to him. "Please Sir, please... let me cum." She baths in the feeling of helplessness, at him having that power but it is balanced against the all-consuming fire within her.

As she whimpers this time, he moves to lay over her, holding himself just inches above her seething body. He presses a knee between her legs, pushing the crotch strap deeper into her. His face inches away from hers, but safe because of his grip in her hair.

"I will allow you to cum, when I say you may cum... do not hold back, do not hide from me. you are safe, I have you." His voice keeps her mind here, feeling the pleasure of it all.

The vibrators do not drop off this time, as she reaches the very edge, she sheds a tear in fear of it stopping. James's voice reassures her. "You will cum. look at me." she turns her eyes to him; his instructions are delivered calmly. "cum"

The wave takes her like nothing she has ever felt before. She screams in pleasure.

"Good Girl... that is my good girl." His reassuring voice allows her to let go more, to ride the pleasure of it all. He keeps praising her as she bucks and grinds against what parts she can reach of him. The vibrators fade down as she fights to breathe through it all. She looks at his face above her, he has a look of pride.

Norma starts to mutter something, but he cuts her off. "You are still safe; you are being a good girl. Take a breath. Good... do not hide from me, show me all you have, you are safe, you can do nothing wrong, I won't let you." No sooner than his words stop, then the vibrators start climbing back up to speed.

Norma's body and mind react as one, they take to the wave of pleasure as they go. She keeps her eyes on James as he speaks of how he is enjoying the smell and sight of her, the beauty of this shared moment. There is no stopping, no teasing. She rides over the crest easily, the second ride over the crest is not

as intense, but more enjoyable to her as she feels safe allowing herself to enjoy them.

The vibrators go silent after a minute. Norma lays there basking in the afterglow of it all as James caresses her calmly.

James unlocks her from the stocks and straps, they curl on the flood for a time. Kat brings a blanket and joins them for a time.

“Bed time.” James says as both their phones beep. The two ladies clean up the toys and items before waiting in their room for James to tuck them in. This time, when James pushes Norma down to kiss his boots, she makes contact, feeling the leather on her lips as she kisses his boots. To her, right now, he has earned that. He pops the yoke off of Kat’s bed and simply locks one of Kat’s ankles to a long chain that is bolted to the floor.

Norma has an ankle shackle locked to her, the ankle shackle chain runs through a small niche near the bottom corner of the hatch, from there it is attached to the same bolt on the floor.

“Sir, what if I have to pee during the night?” she asked as she lay in her bed.

He points across the dimly lit room. “There is a bucket, with some paper.”

Norma is humiliated by the idea of having to pee in a bucket, but also a little aroused at the control to make her do that. He closes the hatch and she listens to his footsteps leaving the room. The images of the day dancing through her head. She drifts to sleep thinking of the stories she read and how close they are to her life right now. During the night she dreams of the dark stories, the feeling of his body above her.

“AAahhh” bam. Norma wakes up to a feeling of being bit and bangs her head on the box wall as she thrashes. Her phone beeps as she turns the little light on expecting to find some large animal in the box with her... nothing. The phone beeps again as she reaches for it.

“Son of bitch, what fucking happen?” She curses as she opens the app. Two warnings as shown.

“Impending orgasm –
authorization denied -
warning given”

“Light detected during sleep cycle

Time till warning: 0M : 21S, 20S, 19S...”

Norma turns off her light and hides her phone face down to hide its light. She waits a good minute, bracing herself for a shock, nothing happens. Norma hides her phone under her blanket to look at it, the warning timer is gone, just the sign that says it happened. She lays there thinking about what just happened. She was so excited by a wet dream that she was going to orgasm in her sleep and the system stopped her. As the thought sank in, she started to worry. She would be prevented from climaxing. He had taken control of that part of her. The part she had never felt as deeply as she had now, he had taken control of, no matter what the driving force was. She once more realized that he had control of more of her than she first thought. Her dreams were still erotic that night, just in a different direction.

Chapter 4: Relentless evaluation

In the morning, Norma wakes up to the alarm on her phone telling her sleep time has completed. She opened her hatch and laid there waiting for James to come and release her. She finally climbs out and sees that Kat is not in bed, there is a note with a key sitting on top of Kats bed.

“I have things to take care of outside the house. Do not answer the door. It’s Sunday, enjoy some streaming TV and relax. There will be very few tasks today.

James”

Around noon James returns alone. Norma had thought Kat was with him since Norma did not find her in the house.

Norma greets him with a proper “Welcome home Sir”. After a few minutes she asks “Sir, is Kat coming back?”

“I have assigned her to another for now. Do not worry, this is normal” James says as he wraps an arm around her and pulls her in close. Norma loves the feeling of his touch. “Today is Sunday, it is normally a relaxing day. I have set a few tasks for you but otherwise it will be a milling around day.” Norma likes the idea of that. They watch TV and read. Norma has to perform some slave positions and answer test questions about modules she has already completed. but otherwise, she just enjoys being around James.

James takes hold of her as she walks by sometimes or slaps her ass. She loves the feeling of it to the point she makes a point to pass by him often. He pulls her across his knees to spank her ass more than once during the day. The spankings are not hard, more arousing.

He puts her to bed.

“Sir, may I sleep with you today? I will feel lonely by myself.” She says softly.

“No, tempting, but no.” He smiles at her as she rubs against him. “You will have a busy day tomorrow. Get some sleep, it will be a challenging day.” After locking her ankle to that floor chain, he moves back to her head. He takes hold of her neck as he had a few times before. Now when he reaches for her, she raises her chin to expose her throat to him. His hand closes firmly onto her neck. “Mine” is all he says before releasing her and leaving. Norma leaves the hatch open as she sleeps, the room has very few light sources and no windows. Darkness is not a problem.

Morning comes with her phone’s alarm; she checks the app as she lays in bed.

“Sleep period complete... acknowledge message.
Morning activity period started. No movement detected.

Time till warning: 3M : 4S

Note: Check Messages”

Norma climbs out of bed and sees the time pause. She brings up the one unread message.

“There is a lock box mounted to the wall, it is time locked. When the time runs out, you can open it and pull the key for the ankle shackles. Make sure to close the box with the key on the hook when you are done.
Boiled eggs and yogurt for breakfast.

I am out for most of the day, be my good girl.”

Norma hooks the phone pouch to her belt and goes to the lock box marked on the small image in the message.

As expected, the day is hard. Norma goes from one module to a random task. She has to do self-bondage of hogtie with a X leather with clips and a ball gag head harness that is lifted by a hoist. She is trapped there for 20 minutes and the console reads kinky erotic writings to her. Then it is off to learn this process or protocol, followed by testing. She never has a chance to shower, barely has time to pee or drink water, and suffers a good number of shocks of different intensities. For ten hours with only three breaks, she is pushed. And the worst

part is the vibrator, it comes alive at different times. Most times she is bound helpless when it starts, stoking her fires. She does enjoy the fact that it distracts her from the pain so she allows her mind to drift there every chance she gets. But it never gets her close to an orgasm.

As 6 pm draws near, Norma lays on the floor after a task, expecting 15 minutes before the next torment. when her phone beeps.

“What the fuck?” she mutters as she flips it over.

Bondage for Sir. 48 will collect the following items and bind itself for Sir’s inspection at a location with a view of the front door. 48 has 5 minutes to collect items and move to the front door, additional time will be allotted to install items.

Handcuff, peg 21

Ankle shackles, peg 11

Red ball gag head harness, peg 37

Black leather leash, peg 2

Kneeling pad

Norma jumps to collect the items, she goes to the spot she greets James when he comes in via the front door and sets up there. Ball gag in, straps tight, shackles locked on, kneeling pad placed so she can kneel with her legs open as far as the pillow will support, phone to the side, the leash folded twice and laid across her neck, not clipped to her. Last of all, hands handcuffed behind her back. Norma has to kneel with her head down and wait for James to get home. She looks over to the side at her phone, the countdown is still going. It is a full ten seconds before the timer turns to “pause”. This far from the cameras it takes the system a few seconds to register she is correct.

Norma waits there, sore from the day’s trials. It is an emotional agonizing few minutes until she hears his vehicle pull into the driveway. A feeling of relief and humiliation washes over her as she hears him draw near. She can only see his leather shoes as he enters.

She greets him as best she can by saying “Welcome home Sir” around the red ball between her teeth. He walks around her once before putting his bag down and moving back to her. He takes the leash off her neck, then uses the clip to push her head up until she is looking at him. She feels his hand on her collar.

“Mine” he says forcibly. He waits, but for what she does not know. After a few seconds, she responds with “Yours”. As soon as her word comes out around the gag, he clicks the leash on the front ring of the collar and helps her to her feet. Without another word, he leads her to her bedroom. He pulls a small package from a storage box and pours dry rice on the floor at the yellow box marked section of floor.

James makes Norma stand on the rice in the box as he instructs her. “During the course of the day, you have incurred three discipline points for failing to complete tasks or modules in the allotted time or manner. You will remove these discipline points by completing punishment sessions. To that end, you will, on my instruction, kneel on the rice in the yellow box, you will lower your head and you will read this statement when instructed to do so.” He holds a laminated sheet in front of her. The words are printed as large as they could be and still fit on a single sheet. “This sheet will be laid before so you can read it. Failure to follow instructions will result in timers being paused and corrective actions being taken.” He walks over as he is speaking and chooses a cane from a collection of them. When he stands before her, he speaks less sternly. “I know you can do this. It is painful, but I know you can do it. I reviewed your performance throughout the day, I am impressed by you.”

James moves around behind Norma and calls out to the iPad on the wall. “System”

“Master James, how may I serve?” the system responds.

“Timer. 20 minutes.” He takes hold of her shoulders. “Start timer.” a 20-minute clock appears on the screen and begins to count down. James tightens his grip. “Kneel”. He helps her down onto knees on the dry rice. The pain is sharp, she wants to squirm around and get the rice out from between her and the

hard floor but it sticks to her, moving only adds more rice. James pushes her down until her ass touches her feet.

“Back straight.” He removes the head harness and he calmly pushes her head forward. She hears the rice crunch under James’ shoes as he steps around in front of her. He placed the page before her. “Read out loud.”

Norma feels the pain throbbing through her knees and shins. The ankle shackles hard edges keep her from being able to curl her feet under her and spread her weight over more than just her shins. She fights to focus on the sheet in front of her. She hears his shoes crunching as he keeps walking around her.

“I am a slave.” Norma starts. “I am strong, driven, and intelligent.

I serve because it feeds my heart to do so. I serve with obedience and devotion. I provide pleasure and value.

What I am tasked with has value, with that value comes the cost of failure. Failures will happen, growth comes from hardship.

Through punishment absolution is gained. I am stronger because I am tempered through challenge and hardship.”

James watches her begin to flinch as she waits after reading. “Feel the words. Do not think about anything but the next word, let yourself escape into the words... Again, read.”

As Norma recites the words again, she pours herself into the reading, trying to ignore the growing pain. She makes it four minutes before she moves around too much.

“System, pause timer.” James barks. He steps in and grips a handful of her hair. He lifts up as he speaks. “Adjust yourself, I have you.”

Norma moves her knees around to a few different places, but there is just new pain, never comfort. The rice sticking to her skin causes some pain to stay as the weight is applied and new pain where fresh rice finds new places. She whimpers as she settles into a position again.

“System, resume timer.” He gently let’s go and steps back.
“Again. read.”

Norma keeps reading the words, putting more of herself into it every time. The words fill her mind, drowning out the pain. Or maybe the pain is drowning out all the voices talking in the background of her own mind. The words are filling all the open space on the surface of her mind. The worst times are the times James has her stay silent between reading.

The timer ends with a digging bell. Norma starts to slump, but stops at the feeling of his hand in her hair.

“The timer is done, but I have not released you.” James says sternly

Norma starts to speak but stops herself and nods her head. James moves his grip to her shoulders and lays her on her side. She is still in the rice, but the relief of her not being on her knees causes her to giggle.

“You have completed your punishment. Good girl.” James brushes some hair off her face. “One point is removed.” He rubs the rice out of her skin before removing the shackles and cuffs. He allows her to lay for a time where she has collected.

“48 will sweep up the rice and put it in the zip-lock bag before throwing it in the trash. Use a wet cloth to get the ground up rice. When that is done, come find me and report that you are done.”

“Yes Sir.” Norma says as she lays there looking up at him.

James gets down next to her and kisses her lips lightly as he removes the leash. He places the shackles and binders back to their places on the wall before leaving her to herself on the floor. When she is done she finds him working in the garage. She knows she cannot enter, so she calls to him from the door. He inspects her work and is happy with the result.

Norma eats dinner as she lays on the dining room floor in silence, not sure how to ask about the other two points she must earn absolution for. Finally, she breaks down and asks. “Sir... may I ask? What is my price for my other failures?”

James gives her a reassuring look. "Tomorrow, you are not allowed to use the restroom. You will use the bucket in your room or the backyard... tonight you will sleep on the top bed, shackled to the bed in the manner I normally keep Kat. Those two things will clear the books. Understand that tomorrow you will be tasked with completing the one module and two tasks that you fell short on."

Norma sinks some at the daunting task of keeping up with this cascading work load. James sees this and calls her over to him. She puts down her food and crawls over on all fours. She sits down next to him and looks up at him as he caresses her hair. "Tomorrow will be an easier day." James says. "You have got through the hardest day, today is designed to work you to the breaking point." he smiles at her "You did excellent, three points is a great score. Know that I am proud of you." Norma takes comfort in his words and goes back to her meal.

The rest of the evening is relaxing. He brushes her hair and rubs her sore muscles. The bedtime alert gives her thirty minutes to get ready. When she comes into the bedroom James is sorting through things. She kneels and kisses his boots as is the nightly protocol.

James slaps the top bed. "Elbows and knees, ass up." Norma gets on the bed and James moves her forward and locks just her wrists in the bed stocks. She hears the hum of the locks on the crotch strap. James unclicks the butt side of the crotch strap, the weight of the metal strap pulls the dildo out of her flower. The feeling of her being empty is strangely liberating. She takes a deep breath and moves her hips, enjoying that lack of stimulation. Norma flexes her hips a few times, knowing this will not last.

As expected, James takes hold of her ass and starts working her anus, working his well lubed fingers in and out. Soon he slides a plug into her ass, this one being thinner around and more flexible then the first, but this one goes in deeper. She feels the dildo slide back into her flower before the hum and click of the locks securing the crotch strap, then he releases her hands to have her roll over and lay on her back.

Rolling over for Norma reminds her of her sexual controlled state. It is intoxicating and frustrating at the same time. He locks her in the stocks as she has seen Kat; neck and hands trapped in the maglock stocks, ankles chained to the corners of the bed. He adds a strap to each knee, locking her legs open.

Norma whimpers, worried he will leave her like this. Her hips will grow sore quickly in this state.

“Do not worry, I will remove the knee straps when I am done and even loosen the ankle chains some. If you are obedient.” He says matter of fact. Norma nods, worried as to what must be “Done” is.

The front of the crotch strap is released, he slides the dildo out. With her legs locked open, she is helpless to his touch. His fingers inspect her pussy, running along the outer edge, slipping between her labia. She feels his hot breath as he leans in for a better look. Norma bites her lip to keep from moaning, the embarrassment of being seen as aroused by his touch was too much for her to allow. His insistent gentle touch seems to go on forever. Then she feels the bit of a clamp on her outer labia, not painful, but the two clamps pull her flower open. She feels the cool air on her clit

He cleans her, she tries to watch but has no idea he is inserting a catheter in her. She raises up some as he slides it in. She keeps as still as she can, it feels like she will pee at any moment. Soon he was done and she could not remove the new line even if she had both hands. He adds new lube to her pussy before sliding the dildo back in place. He fishes the catheter tube through one of the front plate holes. With the crotch strap resecured, he removes the knee straps and loosens the ankle chains as he promised.

James connects the catheter line to another tube to a catheter bag that hangs off the side of the bed. When he releases the clamp on the front of the chastity panel, she can feel herself uncontrollably empty her bladder into the bag. He moves up to her face as he pulls off the disposable gloves. “I have installed a catheter in your urinary tract, you will not have to worry about peeing during the night.” He looks down at the line then back to her. “You have no control over that part right now.”

Norma whimpers. it's not the catheter, it's those words "*You have no control*" that drives her crazy.

James pulls up two low voltage cables, he connects the two wires in one cable to a small hidden port in the bra, the other to a similar port on her chastity belt. With those connected and secured, he pulls up the covers and adjusts the pillow under her head, making sure she is as comfortable as she can be. He smiles as he brushes a last wrinkle out of the pillow. "You can control the temperature and lights, go ahead, turn the lights off."

Norma gives him a funny look before calling out to the monitoring system. "System."

"48... may request." Says small speakers mounted at the head of bed.

"Lights off, temp down 4 degrees" she says clearly with a commanding tone. The lights click off, the room goes dark. She can no longer see James above her; she feels his hands pat her leg before his footsteps signal him leaving. Norma sees him silhouetted at the door before it closes again and she is alone.

Norma finds it strangely frightening to try and sleep like this. She knows there is nothing in the room with her. She is confident that if something happens, the mag-locks can be released at any time. The extra wires are most likely low voltage power to recharge the batteries in the bra and belt.

As she slips off to sleep from the emotional weariness from the hard long day, her dreams are filled with scenes of rough sex that drives her crazy with desire. Dreams of James taking her with strong hands and maddening hot desire. She dreams of being fucked on a small stage in front of a party of kinky people, her Sir taking what is his with joy and pleasure. She gets so inflamed she wakes herself up, breaking the spell driving her.

Norma lays there calming herself so she can get back to sleep. The thoughts of James taking her keep flashing in her mind. She knows James wants her. She hopes he is only waiting

because he has some glorious plan, she trusts that he is waiting for that dark desire.

Unknown to Norma, the system monitors her sleeping. When she is asleep the system plays readings of kinky stories and the sound of men and women enjoying rough sex. All planned to direct her dreams in one direction. The system stops anytime it detects she is awake.

Morning comes from Norma's fitful sleep. She flexes against the bed stocks, finding pleasure in the helplessness.

James comes in, he stops next to her. She pulls against the stocks; secretly happy he has not released her yet. He pulls the covers back; the cool air ticks her bare flesh. She arches her back some, she blushes from the shame of being so bold. As James runs his hand along her body, she fights with herself between opening her legs as far as they will go and closing them tight.

James breaks the moment with his fatherly voice. "The locks will be released in a few minutes. You will know because your phone will beep. Before you get out of bed, close the catheter flow valve..." He instructs her on her new morning process; detaching the line, making the bed, emptying the bag. After he leaves and her phone beeps, she does as she is told and cleans up for the day.

Norma eats a hot breakfast that James fixes for her. As she lays on the floor eating, she keeps thinking "If I could get this belt off, I would fuck him until we bleed." She is grinding her hips to cause the dildo in her to move around.

James calls Norma over to him and has her kneel down on her sore knees and look up so he can bend down and kiss her before leaving for work. She is given mundane tasks like sweeping floors, changing bed sheets, dusting parts of the downstairs. There are just a few modules and training tasks during the day; all of them about sex. She has to practice giving blowjobs, then learn about how properly show enjoyment during sex. Also, there are the vibrators that, at random times throughout the day, come to life driving her to higher and higher levels. She even finds out there are little soft

wheels in the steel bra that play with her nipples. The first time she feels them, she almost loses it. They do not run long. As soon as she gets to the edge, they roll back to off.

As she sits watching a video class her phone beeps. There is a new task, she has never got a new task during an active training session.

“A package has been delivered.

Once the module is completed, go onto the front porch and collect the package, you will have 20 second after stepping outside to return into the inside of the house.”

After the module, Norma goes to the front door. She checks out the windows to make sure no one is around to see her before she steps out onto the porch. She picks up the box and turns as she sees the outside world. She wants to feel dirty and exposed, but that is not what she feels. She feels protected and guarded. She counts out 15 seconds in her head before she steps back into the house, something about dancing with the danger drives her to stay out to the edge of her time limit.

As she gets the notice that James is on his way home the vibrators begin a new assault on her body. She fights to control the feeling as she does not want to be too far gone to greet him properly.

The assault seems to lessen after she hears his car in the driveway. Norma knows he is doing this on purpose, he is controlling every part of this mental assault. Just the thought fans the flames between her legs even though the vibrators are down to a low simmer.

She greets James as he enters. He walks around her once as he normally does. Then he pulls her against his chest and pushes her head up until she is looking him in the eye. “You were a good girl today.” He rubs his hand across her back and pats her ass twice for good measure before letting her go and waving for her to follow.

Into her bedroom they go. He drags out a large steel stand with webbing straps all over it. It takes Norma a long moment before she realizes it’s a tall chair. There are two padded flat

bars as a seat with a large gap to allow him access to her private parts as she is sitting. He collects a few other things, including the toilet bucket. With the help of a box Norma is able to sit on the raised seat. Straps are run around her body and pulled tight. Her legs are strapped open at a slightly more than 45-degree angle. Her hands are locked in steel shackles just out and back from her ass. Straps cross her belly, ribs and chest pull her tight against the padded steel back of the chair. Norma can barely squirm in the bindings.

The crotch strap is removed and both plugs are withdrawn, the feeling is ecstatic. James slides the toilet bucket under her as the plug comes out. She feels herself not able to stop the waste in her from slipping out.

“It’s okay... let it out, I will need to clean you out anyway.” James says with a calm reassuring voice.

His hands tease her by gently brushing across her flower as he reaches for her anal opening. He cleans out her bowels with a small enema bag with a long probe attached. He squeezes the bag to force the warm water into her. It does not take long before he is done with that. The feeling of the water is not unpleasant, but the embarrassment is ungodly

Norma is humiliated by it all, but she is also relieved that her bowels are finally empty. She sits there listening to the water and waste drop into the bucket.

James gets another large heavy device. At first Norma has no idea what it does but she understands the second he attaches a black dildo to the arm. It is a fucking machine. He slides the device under her and adjusts the dildo just in her pussy. It takes James a few minutes to get it adjusted to where he wants it, all the while Norma begs for him not to do this. She will be his toy; he can do anything he wants if he will show her mercy. He hushes her at some point. She whimpers but does not speak unless spoken to.

When everything is in place James stands next to her and turns her head to look at him just a few inches away. He whispers to her. “You want to cum..” his fingers brush the pussy gently.

“Yes sir. Please, fuck me. Make me cum by your cock. Please fuck your property.” Norma begs in a soft voice.

James fingers touch her clit so, so lightly, the feeling is maddening for her. “You want... why would I grant such a favor?” he works his touch skillfully, fueling the fire in her.

“I will give you anything... Please let me cum. I will do anything.” She whimpers

James smiles. “No, you won’t, not yet.” he kisses her passionately on her lips.

She drinks in the touch, wanting him to never stop.

After the kiss he stays next to her as he brings up the iPad and sets the fucking machine to speed two. The motor comes to life, the thrust is measured to just barely touch her cervix. The dildo moves in and out no matter what Norma does to control it. James keeps touching her and speaking softly in her ear as she is fucked. He runs his hand across her body as the fucking machine does its relentless work. As part of the fucking machine, there is a lubrication system that injects lube out the head of the dildo into her pussy as it slides down, she is always well lubed.

After a half hour of him moving the speed up and down and even turning on the nipple wheels. Norma is begging loudly that she will do anything if he will grant her request to climax. He stops the machine and turns her head so he can look directly into her eyes.

He takes measure of what he sees for a moment. “Yes... Now you will truly give me anything for an orgasm. 25 hours, I want 25 more hours of your life.”

Yes, yes... I will stay however long.... please.” Norma agrees.

“The agreement was for you to be released at noon on Saturday. You are willing to extend your time under my control to Sunday at 1 pm, correct?”

Norma nods her head as best as she can as she agrees. “Yes, I will give you another 25 hours of time for an orgasm. Agreed.”

James slides his hand down to her pussy as he clarifies. “You agree to stay till 1 pm this Sunday, you will adjust the security email so you have time to get home and delete the email before it is sent out. Also, you will contact any other safety measures so we do not have people beating at my door or long questions at a police station.”

“Yes. I agree.... please, please.” She moans to him as his finger applies its skill to her clit which has not been getting much attention.

“Okay... from the first orgasm, you are allowed to cum as much as you want for 30 minutes.” James turns on everything to bring her over the top. He whispers dirty words in her ear. It is only seconds before she crests over the top. She screams as he praises her and he dials everything back some, allowing her to ride it out longer. Then he brings it back up.

Norma bucks and thrashes against the bindings, the feeling is beyond anything she has ever felt. She has no idea how many times she rides through orgasms. When it’s over, her throat is sore from screaming, her legs are shaking as she sits there.

James is gentle as he cleans her up and reinstalls the crotch strap. He lifts her off the chair and princess-carries her to the living room sofa where he lays her down and covers her with a blanket. She drinks water with a straw as she lays with her head on his lap. James reads a story on his iPad as he strokes her hair.

Norma is racked with aftershocks from the fucking she went through. The feeling is humbling, her body is shaken with waves of pleasure with just a passing thought. It is most of an hour before she realizes that she does not have any plugs or dildos in her. She debates between asking about it and being quiet. At some point James seems to see her fighting with herself over something.

“You have a question.” It is a statement, not a question.

“Sir... Sir... um, I do not feel anything inside me.” she states as humbly as she can.

James rests his hand on her shoulder. "That was not a mistake, I left them out on purpose. Relax, your body needs to recover or their effectiveness will be less."

The thought of it causes another aftershock to cascade through her. After dinner James calls Norma to the kitchen table as he opens the box that arrived earlier. He pulls out a denim jean dress with short sleeves and buttons down the front. He hands the dress to Norma. "Put it on." Then he opens a plastic box full of sewing supplies.

Norma opens all the buttons in the front and throws it on like a long coat. The dress fits well for the most part, the length falls to just above her knees. James inspects it this way and that. Norma turns and moves as he directs. He pinches the cloth this way and that, pulls it to lay better here and there.

"Okay, turn it inside out."

She puts it back on inside out and he marks it and pins it to draw in the waist. Turns out, hidden under all those baggy clothes was a waistline. He plays with the hem but decides to leave it be. A couple of pins to adjust the fitting. Once he is content, he gives it a quick run through his sewing machine in the garage. It is not perfect, but it is better than straight off the shelf. She is tasked with washing, folding and storing it in a paper bag, which he puts in the garage.

Next, he replaces the plastic zip-ties on her wrist and ankles with a thin twisted steel cable with a clear plastic cover on it. The clasps are barrel clasp ends. He tightens the barrel clasp with pliers, making it impossible to remove them without bolt cutters or pliers. They look delicate, but she believes James when he says they are rated for 1100 lbs.

The evening goes quietly with lots of cuddling. She kisses his leather boots before bed and he puts her in the bottom bed box, chained by the ankle as normal.

James smiles a little evil smile as he pulls the iPad into view. "Well, better re-enable the orgasm suppressor, sleep tight."

Norma sticks her tongue out at him as he clicks the buttons. She finds her hands drift down to the belt from the sound of

him closing the hatch. She has to calm herself or she knows she will be woken up by a shock for having an uncontrolled orgasm. But her mind keeps fighting her, just thinking about being so controlling feeds the flames, she fights with herself until she gets a correction shock on both legs. Though it hurts, she smiles. It shows he really does have that control. She finally gets to sleep, thanks to the exhaustion of the pleasure of the evening.

She is only woken up once during the night... Her body is still trying even though her mind knows what the results will be.

Chapter 5: Window dressing

Norma finds that James is working from home today. For the most part, he leaves her to her tasks. They enjoy lunch together and chat at different points, but Norma is starting to get bored. She kind of giggles to herself at the thought of what is happening as boring, but some part of her wants him or someone to involve her in something.

James comes in with a purpose. “We are going to have company this evening. There will be five guests with supporting staff. We need to set up drinks and snacks. The meeting should run from 6:30 till 8:30 after which we will have dinner.”

James directs the layout of everything that needs to be set up. They spend the next hour prepping everything, the table is set, snacks are put on trays and covered or stored in the fridge, areas are wiped clean and dusted, etc.

They sit on the couch for a time, after they are done. They have about 40 minutes before the guests will start arriving. James decides this is the time to pull Norma off the couch and onto her knees and elbows, from there he starts rubbing and spanking her ass. The playful spanking gets her motor running. He walks her across the room on her hands and knees by her hair before rolling her over on her back. He places his black leather combat boot in the middle of her chest, his heel resting on the bra lock and the broad tread under his toes on her exposed flesh between the steel cups.

Norma feels the pressure on her, it is not painful but more a symbol of his presence. She lays her hands at her side not sure what to do with them. He bends over and calls for her hands in his commanding voice. He places one hand on top of the toes and the other behind the heel. It is an easy position to hold his boot. He lifts his boot up and she lets go completely, James nods his approval, then puts the boot back and she puts her hand back onto them, never holding it, more touching the smooth black leather.

After a few more minutes of him having her dance to his directions, he snaps his finger. "Back on the couch." She scurries over on hands and knees, her internal motor running, wanting to feel him touching her some more. She lays her head in his lap when he sits down.

"Sir, will I be wearing my new dress tonight?" she asks as she looks up at him from his lap.

"You mean will you be dressed for my company?" He smiles back. "No, when I want to hide the view with curtains, I will direct you."

Norma squirms some at him wanting people to see all of her.

Company arrives, Norma greets them at the door with the traditional "Welcome Master or Mistress". The five guests are two men who come by themselves, one man with a female slave in tow and two women with male slaves. The slaves are polite but territorial about their masters or mistresses. The Doms sit at the dining table discussing different business points about the company they are operating. Little gestures from the guests bring their subs forward to service whatever need they have. Norma feels out of place but she had a module on how to provide table service. She steps forward at the gesture of an unescorted Master; he taps his glass. By the time the meeting is over, Norma feels much better about how to serve with quiet presence. As the meeting ends, the other escorts turn and introduce themselves to Norma. They are friendly, but do not get to chat much before having to scurry off to attend their Doms.

Two guests leave quickly after the meeting. The three that stay talk about dinner out. James pulls the paper bag from the garage and hands it to Norma. As she turns to head off to dress, James takes hold of her hair and pulls her back to face him.

James looks sternly at her. "Look me in the eye... am I going to regret taking you out?" He watches closely as she answers.

"No Sir. I will be your good girl" she says. After a long second, he lets her go. Norma finds the denim dress, her sneakers and short socks, but nothing else. She dresses quickly

and brushes her hair before coming back to the living room to find that everyone was already walking out the door. James taps his phone before walking out ahead of Norma.

One of the male slaves' comments on how good the dress looks. Norma beams with an evil little smile as she responds, watching the back of James as he walks. "Yes, it's my favorite curtain." She giggles at her inside joke with James.

The restaurant is a Tex-Mex place, the Doms sit at one table and the subs at another table next to them. As all the Doms order food for the subs, Norma gets the idea that the staff is used to this. Norma has a great conversation with the other subs at her table as the Doms have a relaxing talk with themselves. Norma watches one of the slaves' glares at the staff serving their Dom. Norma can see the possessive jealousy, it is scary. Norma does not want to get that way, she looks over at James enjoying the others at his table and how he speaks politely to the staff and she feels no jealousy.

The evening ends with some hugs from new friends and a quick shower before bed. James has Norma jump on Kat's bed first. "I just need to make some adjustments; I will put you in the box afterward" he says as he locks her in the bed stocks. He unlocks the crotch strap and cleans the area with alcohol, he blows on it more to be evil then to dry it.

Norma mutters "Asshole, Sir." between gritted teeth, she smiles at him nevertheless. He smiles back, and goes about his work.

James adds small self-sticking tens pads to her inner and outer labia, along with one at the taint between her pussy and her anus. Next, he inserts a well lubed metal butt plug, and lastly a good size dildo. Norma feels it's the same dildo she was wearing yesterday. Wires are attached and the strap locks back in place, securing things from prying fingers.

James moves to the steel bra, unlocking it and peeling it open. Norma takes her first upper chest deep breath in days; she giggles at the feeling of the deep breath. Her nipples pop up at the touch of the cool open air. James cleans her breasts and the inside of the bra with a diaper wipe. Norma enjoys the feeling

of his hands on her flesh. She watches his intense look as he meticulously cleans every part of her. He applies self-sticking tens pads around her nipples then he releases one of her hands to help adjust her nipple into the correct place. As he locks the bra back into place, the tight feeling of the bra registers in her mind as his tight grip on her.

James checks the iPad to make sure everything is connected and responds before releasing the shocks. She gives her good night kisses to his boots before he puts her to bed. He pushes his head into the box with her. He holds her down by her throat as he kisses her on the lips. "You were very good today; I was proud of how you presented yourself. Sleep tight."

With all the lines connected he closes the hatch and kills the lights as he leaves. Norma has a few minutes before lights out so she turns on the small light inside with her. She knows that more device options have been added and the thought is a little tantalizing. She feels her nipples brush against the soft wheels in her bra as they get hard. She wonders if she can request her nipples be played with. She runs her hands across the steel cups, not able to feel her own touch at all. She grinds her hips together causing the dildo and plug to move around in her, she rides along the pleasure of them filling her.

"System?" she says, not sure how to even ask the next part.

"48... may request." small speakers mounted in the top corners inside the box respond.

Norma freezes, not sure how to ask to have her nipples played without being too embarrassed to even ask.

After a time "System did not receive a request... 48 will identify that they are okay. Please say 48 is okay, along with giving a thumbs up from your location." the system request.

Norma responds "48 is okay" as she gives a thumbs up from within the box. She had not been sure there was a camera in the box with her, but she is now. She blushes and hides her face at all the times someone could have seen her grinding her hips and flexing her back to feel the device's cruel touch within her body.

The next morning, Norma gets up with her alarm. Climbing out of the box reminds her she has all the inserts installed. She moves gingerly as she gets to her feet. The key box makes her wait before allowing her to be unlocked from the ankle chain and start her day.

While Norma enjoys a hot shower, she thinks to herself. "It's Thursday, that leaves today, Friday, Saturday, and part of Sunday." Her hands rub her exposed flesh and she finds herself lingering on thoughts of the week, Kat and James, the company, the time at the restaurant. As strange as it was, it was exciting.

Norma comes into the dining room, following the smell of hot food, to find James sitting at the dinner table with two plates, one in front of him and one covered.

"Hungry?" James asks with a dark smile as he turns his chair away from the table

Norma is nervous now, she knows he is up to something but she doesn't know if she will enjoy it or not. "Maybe, Sir." She acts afraid but a part of her wants him to ignore her fear and drive on with his plan.

"Come here." James points to the floor just next to him, Norms kneels down. As James gently takes her by her hair and pulls her closer, he takes his leather boot and slides it between her legs and under her. He then pushes her down till she rests on his boot. He taps the iPad and the vaginal dildo vibrator comes to life, it has a pulsing pattern to it. "Wrap your arms around my leg and dry hump my leg." he says with a dark smile.

Norma blushes and wants to look away, but his grip prevents her from turning much away from him. She feels dirty because she wants to grind against him, even without the command. His voice and smell are making the act of humility sexual for her.

James pulls her hair back a little more, pushing her down on his boot as he raises his toes to press against the strap and drive the vibrator a little deeper. "Be my dirty puppy and dry fuck my leg."

Norma starts flexing her hips against his boot. She feels her breasts pushed by his legs as she leans against him. The vibrator feels so good. She wants to look down from embarrassment, but he will not let her.

He watches her intensely as she gets more animated in her actions. James takes his open hand and caresses her face as she is humping his leg. He parts her lips with his thumb and gently slides his thumb into her mouth. She sucks his thumb as she watches him watching her getting off on grinding against his leg. The sexual feeling is building in her.

“I can smell you, that’s my good dirty puppy.” James says with a smile. Norma blushes again, the thought of him knowing what she smells like when she is aroused makes her feel more exposed to him.

Soon the fire is blazing. Norma wants to commit to the feeling, but she holds back knowing that the belt will stop her.

James slides his thumb out of her mouth. “My dirty puppy will bark for permission to cum... my dirty puppy does understand, doesn’t it?” His finger in front of her face.

Norma tries to nod, but James tells her to bark.

Norma makes “Ruff... whimper” sounds as she blushes again. She wants to hate all of this, but her mind keeps enjoying it all, her body keeps craving the feeling of it all.

Soon Norma feels herself getting close, she wants to climax, to feel the release of this wave of desire within her, but to do that she will have to humiliate herself by asking for permission, even worse, barking like a dog to ask. She starts to fight the feeling, her mind starts to go off in different directions, thinking about all that is wrong with this.

James snaps his fingers and points at her. “Stop that!”

Norma’s mind snaps back to the moment, his stern look and commanding voice chasing her random thoughts away. The passion of the moment returns with a vengeance.

James’s voice is commanding but not angry as he speaks. “Do not hide from me, I have you, you are safe. Let the feeling

wash over you, do not fight it, when I want you to hold, I will tell you or make you.”

She goes back to grinding against him, his command freeing her from blame. Soon the wave has built within her to that cusp, she looks at him pleading in her eyes. She hears a small beep on the iPad he looks over and taps it once before looking back at her

“You have something to say, puppy?” He asks

Norma fights with herself just a little before she “Ruff, Ruff.” looking at him with as big of puppy eyes as she can.

“Good girl...” he says with a fatherly voice. “Now hold it... not yet. Keep it there.”

The feeling is maddening to Norma, on the edge and having to hold it herself. She sees a change in him.

“And... CUM!” His voice is loud and commanding. She bucks at the word as if she was punched by it, her mind lets go of all she was holding, letting her body have it all. As she bends to the feeling coming over her, he lowers her head to his leg. She screams with passion as he holds her close.

“Good girl... let it out... show me all of you.... you are safe, I have you...” James keeps saying as the feeling lasts longer than Norma had expected. It was not as earth shattering as Tuesday, but it is deep and fulfilling and just rolls on forever in her mind. She doesn’t know how long it lasts, but she keeps grinding her pussy against his boot and each grind seems to keep it going.

James does not stop her, he gladly lets her ride the wave of pleasure as long as she can. Finally, she cannot get her breath enough and has to stop. He pets her head and praises her as she coughs and shakes as she holds his leg. When she looks up, he kisses her forehead and wraps his arms around her kneeling form. He slips his boot out and she slides off her knees to sit on the floor at his feet.

After a few minutes he puts the covered plate on the floor next to him. It is her breakfast. She lays down at his feet and eats as he rests his boot on her butt.

The morning is full of touching. James has to work at times but he has Norma follow him to his office upstairs and lay at his feet as he takes meetings. Sometimes he ties her tightly with rope and puts his boots on her helpless form as he works. During one meeting he turns off the video, mutes his mic, then draws her across his lap and spansks her as the meeting goes on.

Norma blushes when James unmutes his meeting and talks as he runs his hand across her warm ass before muting again and going back to spanking her.

After lunch Norma has modules and tasks for the day. James spends some time working in the downstairs bathroom. When Norma comes in to check in to see what he is working on she finds he is attaching a box to the water supply under the sink.

“What is that Sir?” She asks curiously

“This is an enema pump / vacuum. Here, turn around and bend over.” He backs her up till she is in position to sit on the toilet. With her bent over the butt plug is aligned with the larger hole in the strap. He twists and removes the center metal insert in the butt plug and slides in the insert from the pump. A little turn clicks it in the plug. James helps her sit down on the toilet.

He hands her a small wired control box that runs down to the box under the sink, the lines run out a small hatch on the side of the sink vanity. Norma looks at the two lines that run from between her legs then back through the hatch.

“Ok, this is how it works. You have two levers. The left is the pump or vacuum selector. The right is a value opener at the plug. So, select the pump. It is really not a pump, just the water presser. It warms the water in the box so it will be close to 80 degrees, like bath water warm. Now very gently raise the right lever.” Norma feels water being forced slowly into her. She closes the lever and the water stops. James has her release more water into her before she moves to the other lever.

“Ok, now the vacuum. Click the lift lever all the way.” James directs. Norma feels a click. “Now, small movements, raise the right lever some.”

Norma feels the water leaving her body. The vacuum pulls the waste out the second line, it runs to the box then out another line that is hooked to the rim of the toilet.

“Do that a few times to clean yourself out.” James says as he steps back like a proud inventor. He gives her instructions on how to detach the line and reinsert the plug along with how to rinse the waste line out and where to put everything.

Compared to enemas in the shower, this is sooo much better. She feels a little silly being happy about an easy way to wash herself out.

Norma is lounging on the couch between modules when her phone beeps. She checks it expecting a task, but finds a message. It’s from James.

“You are my good girl. The feeling of you pressed against me this morning as you gripped my leg and cum on command. I could become addicted to your smell and taste.”

Norma gets excited at sexting with him as he sits upstairs in meetings. She messages back in the app. “Your leg is good Sir, but what I really want is to feel you taking what is yours. I am yours, right?”

As Norma’s body reacts to the dirty texts passing between them, her nipples get hard and the bra takes this moment to engage the soft wheels and massage her untouched nipples. The feel is maddingly good. She pulls at the bra but it will not budge or stop its madding touch. Norma realizes it was not the bra but James that set it off with his texting.

Norma texts back over the soft madding touch. “You’re an ass... Sir.”

“Yes, yes I am... insert evil laugh. I will be down later and I will make it all worth it. hugs.”

The nipple wheels stop and retract. With the stimulation stopped, the fire cools to a simmer. The thought that the evil bastard can do just one more thing to keep her wet keeps the effect from going completely away.

James comes down as Norma is finishing up her exercise task. It is a core workout day; planks, crunches, etc. Norma watches him standing at the door of her room watching her hold the plank. A dark thought runs through her mind. She thinks “*how much does it really hurt?*” She bows her back down until her hips are resting on the ground. She watches him watch this with interest. Soon the system detects she is out of position and her phone pings. A few seconds later a warning shock courses through her legs. Norma rides the shock out as she watches James. He does not move to change what is happening, he allows the system to work as it is programmed.

Next a correction one shock, this causes her to curl to the ground. She lays on the hard floor and stares at James with her pleading eyes, asking him without words to save her. He simply watches her, occasionally looking down at the iPad.

Three growing levels of shocks to her legs happen before it adds in her nipples into the items being shocked. She knows there is more, but after the second level from the anal she moves back into position. Her legs are a little shaky from the electrical shocks.

James waves her over after the task is complete. He pulls her into a hug. “Are you testing your limits?” His voice is stern.

Norma enjoys feeling helpless in his arms. She rubs her hands against his chest. “Maybe, Sir.”

He kisses her cheek and whispers in her ear. “You should use the restroom if you need to. His smile tells her that something is going to happen, she is excited with what that could be. He did say he would make the teasing of earlier worth it all.

Norma can hear him moving things around in her bedroom as she uses the restroom. She returns to find her bed pad on the floor in front of the mirrored wall.

James is kneeling on the edge of the bed pad. He slaps the bed. “Knees and elbows, head toward the mirror.”

Norma gets down as far as she can on the bed pad. James smiles darkly just before springing forward and grabbing her hand. From there he gets a grip of hair and pulls her where he

wants her. She knows he will win, but the act just makes it more fun. She acts scared and shy as he moves her around, taking hold of the belt and bending her till she looks like a proud puppy on display.

James keeps hold of her hair as he taps the iPad and starts things off. Norma feels the different toys come to life. James takes hold of the belt to move it by hand, driving it in, pulling back to loosen its touch, flexing it side to side and up and down. He pulls her hair back to force her to grind against it.

As her breath gets panting, he pulls her onto her side and brings the nipple wheels into play. He spoons up against her back, placing his arm under her head to support it. He whispers and nibbles on her ear as she rides the growing passion. She feels his manhood through his pants against her ass cheek, she grinds against him as the fire burns hotter within her.

As she draws near the edge of release, James whispers in her ear. "What does my good girl ask?" he takes her hand and slips it between their two bodies, her hand feeling his hard manhood.

"Please Sir, please take your good girl." She whimpers

"No." His voice moved from sweet whispers to a stern voice. "My good girl asks permission to cum." He takes hold of the front of the chastity belt, pulling and grinding it against her in a slow fucking like grind.

"Please Sir, may I cum? Please." She moans

"48, may your girl 48 please cum? Sir." He whispers in a dark voice in her ear as he nibbles on the side of her jaw.

Norma whimpers as she rides the edge. As she sits on the edge, James pulls away a second and taps on the iPad laying behind him. Soon Norma feels more cruel devices attack her senses. First her nipples are rolled between the little wheels, then a light shock starts pulsing across her clit sending her jolts of pleasure.

She has no control of the wave of passion. Then the correction shock hits, breaking the wave of pleasure into a pile of pieces.

She bucks and cries out.

James holds her against him. “What does my girl say?” As Norma starts to reply, he stops her with his hand over her mouth. “Not yet, my girl 48 will wait until she is close before asking.” He removes his hand and goes back to driving her crazy.

“Please Sir, may your girl 48 cum? Please Sir.” Norma says clearly when the wave gets built up again.

“48 is my good girl... correct?” he asks. Norma nods her head as he holds her tight. “Is my girl 48 close to the edge?”

“Yes Sir, please Sir.” She says clearly, her voice is shaky from the wave of held pleasure.

“CUM!” He barks at her. Once more his commanding voice has the desired effect. She moans loudly as she crashes over the top. He holds her as she rides through the pleasures. He lays her on her back and makes her climb that mountain of pleasure again before he turns off all the attacks to her senses.

It's sometime before they untangle their bodies and make their way to the rest of the house. They cuddle and read or watch some streaming TV before bed comes. James brings Norma to climax again before bed by dragging her to hands and knees before him, then pulling on her belt to move the dildo around.

Norma finds that each time she orgasms by his hand, the easier it is the next time. Norma sees how she can get to the place Kat can reach, it is scary and alluring at the same time.

Bedtime takes a little longer and Norma has to put her bed back together. James attaches the charging cables along with the ankle chain. He adds a heavy set of wrist shackles with rounded edges. The chain between the cuffs is longer than the normal cuffs but they weigh down her hands with their heavy stainless steel. She is able to get comfortable with them but she feels them anytime she moves her hands.

James puts his hand gently on her cheek as he speaks softly to her laying in her sleeping box. “Ride out any aftershock you feel, you will not be corrected for enjoying when you earned them by being my good girl 48.”

His words cause the effect he was talking about, the wave of pleasure courses through her quickly. There is no corrective shock before or after it. Norma smiles and whispers a thank you before he closes the hatch.

Norma lays in the darkness lingering on the feelings and thoughts of the day, the sights, smells, and sounds of it all. She enjoys the aftershocks of her orgasms until she lets herself drift off to sleep sometime later.

Norma wakes up before her alarm in the morning. She lays there enjoying the strange feeling of belonging. She talks to herself “Friday... two and half days.” She lifts the heavy cuffs to feel the weight on her hands. She moves her leg and hears the chain locked to her ankle rattle as she moves. Norma keeps the warm fire inside her from growing as she is not sure she will be stopped if she brings herself the pleasures she knows awaits inside her. Three different times yesterday he brought her to bliss. She wonders what he will do to her today.

Norma rolls over as another thought comes to the surface of her mind. “What happens after he lets me go?” She feels wrong asking the question with a feeling of regret at being free. She knows she cannot live this life all the time, she has a life to live, things to do, people she must be there for. A part of her wants to just stay here and grow in this feeling.

Chapter 6: Stress testing

After Norma finishes her morning routine James comes down and checks on her. He pulls her in close before asking her how she is feeling. Norma keeps expecting him to remove the heavy cuffs but he never does. He enjoys a soft passionate kiss with her before rubbing her back and sending her off to change her bedding and clean up her room.

“Sir... it would be much easier without the heavy cuffs weighing me down.” She says softly as she bats her eyes at him.

“They will remind you that you are powerful enough to need to be controlled.” he replies with a smile.

Norma pouts before turning away and going about her work. The work is harder with the cuffs but not impossible and she is done in short order. James sends her to the living room and tells her to stretch, he wants her limber for him.

Norma smiles as she bends her body this way and that to loosen up. She allows her mind to drift to the thoughts of rope pulled tight around her as she stretches. James joins her later as she is warmed up; he pulls her close as he helps her stretch. Norma enjoys the feeling of his warm body against her.

James takes Norma by her hair, the feeling of his hand in Norma’s hair has become a warm feeling to her. She moves where he directs with his grip. He is never harsh or cruel with his grip. She turns into the bedroom and finds that James had moved the steel high chair from Tuesday fun back out.

James turns her around and drops her cuffed hands behind his neck so she can hold on to him as he lifts her up and sits her on the seat. Her legs are pushed open to the outside of the seat. James takes the heavy handcuffs and snaps them in a turn-lock clip above Norma’s head. Norma feels his body against her helpless exposed body, her hand locked above her head and legs pushed open. An image that she expects fills adult novels everywhere.

James starts running the three-inch-wide heavy nylon straps across her body. As the straps are pulled tight Norma is pulled tight against the thinly padded steel. For her neck he adjusts down a steel band clamp that fits across her collar and holds her neck perfectly still. Then he sets a strap across her forehead that pulls her head into the thin padded frame designed to keep her head from moving. He sets the angle of her head slightly forward and down.

James unlocks one of her hands and brings it down. He then slips a nylon work glove over her hand. It has some wires that come out the back. Norma waits till the glove is on before she begins to buck and pull against his hold on her. She thrashes her arm around as her other hand is still trapped above her head. He locks her first hand in a hard mounted steel maniacal that he adjusts a little up. He makes sure her hand and arm are set at the correct place before snapping the lock closed. Next, he adds a wide steel cuff just below her elbows, this holds her arms slightly back and to her side. After her hands are secured, James moves the hard mounded steel shackles. Each adjustment he makes steals a little more of her ability to move.

James comes back from his table of supplies with a spider gag and a red rubber ball gag with holes through it.

“Open.” James says calmly as he holds up the spider gag.

Norma looks at him as she clearly pulls her lips tight together. She flexes against the binders, feeling the strong hold they have. Her eyes sparkle as she openly challenges him.

She hears the “Click” as James snaps open his folding knife he keeps in his front pocket. He uses the edge of the spider gag ring to pull her lower lips down to expose her teeth. James pries his knife tip between her teeth and twists the blade, forcing her to open enough that he slides the ring of the spider gag between her teeth, then he forces her jaw down with brute force until he can set the ring in place correctly. Quick buckle work and the spider gag cannot be dislodged.

He pulls out lip balm, as he applies it to Norma’s lips, he asks. “Do you believe there is any other form of control I can take away from you?”

Norma is a little struck by the question. It's not a hard question, it's just that during this week James has asked very few questions and those are all about accepting commandments. This is the first question about what she thinks. She speaks her answer as best as she can with the gag holding her mouth open. "Yes, sight, hearing, smell."

"Good. I can flood those senses to control what they can detect. Anything else?"

Norma thinks for a minute. "Yes." James waits for a minute for her to add, but she does not. It is not that she knows what it will be, but she can tell there are more by the fact he is asking.

"You are correct and I get that you have no idea what that can be." He says as he puts his hand gently on her cheek. "Are you ready for me to take by force more of your self-governing will over your own body?"

"Bring it." Norma says. She feels dirty at how hot it is to be helpless with this man.

James kisses her nose before moving back to the supply tray. He comes back with a small clear plastic tube he is rolling around his finger before measuring it against her body and marking it.

"You cannot do as I direct, it will not make it much harder for me. For you, well you will know the difference." He says as he lines the tube up by her right nostril. He snakes the line down her nose and into her mouth.

"Start swallowing." James says as he looks to the back of her mouth. Norma feels the tube touch the back of her throat. He taps the tube into her throat twice and Norma begins to swallow. A tear flows down her cheek as she feels the tube being pushed down her throat. Soon he reaches the point he wants and stops; he tests by drawing up some liquid. He tapes the tube to her nose to hold it in place. Next, he attaches a bag of liquid and sets it to drip a little into the tube constantly.

He takes a large fish hook with the barb filed off and hooks her bottom teeth and ties the line off to the lock on the bra, this prevent her from closing her mouth, he applies lip balm to the

corners of her mouth before replacing the Spider gag with the red ball gag, the ball is smaller than the spider gage and the ball sits deeper in her mouth allowing her to closer her mouth more.

Next, he walks across in front of her with a full enema bag. He pulls the center of butt plug insert and attaches the line. Norma feels the almost hot water seeping in as he moves the bag around and hooks it to the side of the chair, even with her breast. Back to the supply tray he goes.

Norma can see her reflection in the mirrored wall in front of her. She sees drool slipping over her lower lip. She tries to suck it back, but nothing will prevent it from pooling at her teeth and draining over. It hits in the valley between her large steel-clad breast and seeps down, just one more humiliation.

Norma flexes against the bindings but nothing moves except her lower legs have some slack in the large straps. It is as if he wants her to be able to swing her legs around some.

James moves to the back of the room and rolls forward a flatscreen TV on an adjustable stand that he places in front of her, low enough that she can see her reflections in the mirror over it but well within her view.

The TV comes on to a computer screen. After a few seconds a remote-control session starts and the screen goes black.

James returns to Norma, he adds small round electrode sensor pads to her temples, connects some wires to her gloved hand and the head strap as he speaks to her. "Are you afraid?"

Norma doesn't know how to answer, she is afraid and that is part of the fun. She moans against her gag as a neutral answer.

James slides his hand between her legs, then back to the anal plug. He turns a valve and Norma hears the water from within her draining into a steel bucket. Norma blushes at the sound and smell of it all. She thinks to herself "Once more he has taken control of my body." She blushes at the shameful pleasure she finds in him bending her body to his ruthless control. James closes the valve, clamps off the exit tube and takes the bucket.

Norma grinds against the bindings as James leaves. He turns out the lights as he closes the door behind him. Norma is plunged into darkness, alone in the room. The feeling of the bindings is inescapable. He has taken more than she could have thought possible. Bondage is easy but he controls her bowels, ability to pee, what she takes in as food, her mouth, and her mind to a point. She feels her body gets warmer; it might be from pulling against the bindings, might be the enema, or it might be the fire of passion building in her from the unpredictable next thing he has planned for her.

Time has no real meaning here in this dark room. Suddenly the TV screen gets some light. The screen shows a black background with soft green letters.

“Obedience is pleasure.”

With that message, her clit gets pleasant shocks for a few seconds along with the dildo giving a few pulsing vibrations. The screen goes dark.

Silence... again the screen comes alive, this time the lettering is a bright red.

“Misbehavior is corrected”

A shock passes around the butt plug causing her to clench her ass. She feels some of the water left behind travel up deeper into her body. Sweat breaks out over her skin as she screams mostly in surprise at the shock. The screen goes dark.

This pattern repeats several times, but the correct shocks are minor, whereas the pleasures last longer and longer. As Norma's body reacts to the stimulation, she starts to feel that fire building within. She wants to stop but knows she has no control over herself right now. Her body knows the pleasure at the end of this road. As the pleasurable stimulations get stronger and last longer more messages in green letters come on the screen.

“Being as your owner wants is joyful.”

“Serving is rewarding.”

“Pleasure is found in an owner's touch.”

Then, just as Norma edges close to blissful release of the building orgasm, red letters flash onto the screen and all the stimulation stops.

“Modesty is sad.”

“Disobedience is punished.”

“Speaking out of turn is rude.”

Each red lettered message is followed by a random shock in a random location. The shocks are not overly strong but they are enough to break the wave of sexual energy that had built up. Never completely, just some. Then darkness for a time before another message appears, sometimes green, sometimes red.

Suddenly the screen stops, the darkness seems to last forever, nothing moves. At the point Norma is ready to scream from the building anticipation, the door opens and in walks Kat. Kat is dressed in a sexy white nurse outfit, complete with white thigh-highs where the tops just peek out from under her thigh length hem, white Mary Jane shoes, and a white cloth mask across her nose and mouth. She walks with a sultry stride, carrying a steel bucket with stuff peeking out of it.

“Kat, wh—Aaagg.” Norma is interrupted by a shock to her back along the bottom bra strap. Kat holds her finger up in front of her hidden lips to say “be quiet.”

Kat reaches Norma and all the pleasurable devices come back to life; no messages are on the screen. Kat places everything from the bucket on the side tray before squatting down between Norma’s legs. Kat runs her hand along Norma’s midsection, down the inside of her legs, along the side of the crotch strap to the anal plug. Kat places the bucket and opens the valve. More liquid splashes freely into the bucket, Kat seems to take pleasure in touching Norma as she waits. Kat even blows on her inner thigh, tickling her.

Kat leaves the bucket and steps around to the side of the chair. Kat presses her body against Norma’s arm as she reaches across to check the feeding tube line. Kat whispers in Norma’s ear. “On a scale of 1 to 10, how overpowering has the desire to

climax been at times... be honest, this is for science.” she giggles at her cruel use of a movie line.

“10” Norma whispers, not wanting to be shocked again.

“I expect it has been closer to an eight since Sir has not been in here touching you and whispering in your ear.” She says as she nibbles on Norma’s ear.

Norma would like to argue but she feels that Kat might be right. If James had been in here, watching her, talking to her, touching her, the desire would have been more powerful.

“I will let you in on a little secret.” Kat says with a hot breath tickling Norma’s ear and her hand rubbing the inside of Norma’s leg. “He has been watching... even when it’s dark, he can see you and has been watching.”

Between the thought of him watching and the assault of the devices, Norma is building up quickly. She whimpers a little, knowing that the belt will stop her from reaching release, it always does.

Kat seems to read her thoughts, which is not hard for Kat as she has been in this very place more than once. “Would you like to cum? I can make that happen; you just have to promise to do everything I say until I leave the room. Can you do that?”

Norma moans for a moment in fear of what she would have to do, but agrees with a “Yes, Kat.” around the gag. The idea that she will be able to cum brings more air to the fire building within her.

Kat leans around so they are looking eye to eye. “I am going to believe you, don’t cheat me.” Kat turns to the mirror wall and holds up three fingers for a few seconds before turning back to Norma.

Kat removes the ball gag from her mouth and applies lip balm to her dry lips. Norma works her sore jaw and licks her lips, tasting some of the cherry lip balm. Norma also feels Kats legs next to her bound hand, Norma caresses Kat’s leg as best as she can.

Kat smiles “I want some of that” just before kissing Norma’s lips. “Mmm, cherry.” Kat takes hold of Norma’s chastity belt and she starts pulling up and down in slow cycles as she moans and grinds against Norma’s trapped body.

Norma closes her eyes and thinks about James watching all of this, seeing her be sexually helpless. Soon she is moaning with the building pleasure.

Kat’s smoky voice calls to her. “Are you my good sex slave?”

“Yes, Ma’am.” Norma says as her mind battles between the humiliation and the building sexual tension. Norma is not sure, but she feels it right at this moment to call Kat. It is what the helpless damsel calls the evil villain’s assistant.

“Oh, I could get use to that...” Kat shakes her head. “Nope, that will just end poorly for me, call me sister.”

Norma squirms under Kat’s touch. “Yes sister.”

“Good girl.” Kat nibbles on her jaw. Kat’s teeth are not hard, just enough to feel them pulling lightly. Norma finds it hot.

“Does my sex slave want to cum? Is she close?”

“Yes... soon.” Norma flexes her body against the steel and nylon holding her helpless.

“Ask to cum, when you are ready, ask to cum like a good sex slave.”

“Yes, sister... please... please, may I cum.”

“Not yet, hold it just a little longer.” Kat kisses Norma again

“Say that you love me... say that you love me and you may cum.”

Norma is a little struck by this requirement.

“You are my good girl. Just say it.” Kats whispers.

Norma lets go of any inhibitions. “I love you... I love you.”

“Good girl... you may cum, nothing is stopping you, come on.” Kat whispers in her smoky voice.

“I love you.” Norma keeps saying as the orgasm washes over her. She bucks as it flows over her. She turns her eyes as far as

she can to look at Kat. "I love you." Norma feels deeply for Kat, but part of what she is saying is for James.

Kat takes another kiss before she stops manipulating the belt to help drive her release. Kat moves back slowly as the next wave builds and comes over her again. Norma keeps saying "I love you." every time she has another orgasm. They are coming in constant waves. The devices slow down after Norma crests over the wave of pleasure, this allowing the pleasure to last longer before building back up quickly to drive another crashing wave for her to ride. Kat goes about her work. She touches and kisses Norma between every part.

Norma feels warm water fill her bowls along with everything else, she imagines that it must be what having him fill her ass with hot cum would feel like. It all just adds to the waves of pleasure she is swimming in.

The vibrators assaulting her finally roll slowly down to off. It is a few minutes before Norma has her breathing under control enough to get her mind to work close to clearly. Kat gives Norma a little kiss before stepping out to empty the bucket.

With the emptied bucket back in place, Kat signals to the mirror wall and Norma hears the hum of locks being unlocked. Kat removes the crotch strap, dildo, and butt plug. Kat wipes up Norma, cleaning her with a soft warm wet cloth. New wires are connected to the small electrode pads for tens units next to Norma's clit.

"Don't worry, I am just lubing your anus to keep it from being sore." Kat says as she applies a lotion to her sore ass. "Nothing is going in it for now. It's going to be loose for a time. The bucket is under you, just let it out. It is okay."

As Norma sits through Kat's cleaning as waves of aftershocks roll through her body. Kat kisses Norma's leg after Norma gets done shaking from a mini orgasm. Kat lubes her pussy before moving the fucking machine into place. The tip of the dildo just enters her vaginal canal, the feeling is teasing in its waiting position.

Kat holds up a sports bottle with a straw. "Here is a protein drink, strawberry." Kat gives a little evil smile before adding.

“If you don’t like the flavor, I can put it in the feeding tube.”

“Thank you, but my mouth will be fine. Sister”

Norma drinks from the straw, the cool flavor is surprisingly good tasting. Most likely it’s just her body hungry for any food. With the drink done, Kat wipes Norma’s face clean before reinstalling the red ball gag. Norma does not fight any of this.

Kat steps to the side again and looks at the mirror as she slides her hand to brush against Norma’s labia. Her expert finger finds Norma’s sensitive clit, her light touch just barely brushing against the nub in a small half circle. “Of all the toys in this room, I am the best at bringing anyone to climax. Do you believe me?”

“Yes...” Norma mumbles around the ball gag as she is finding it hard to deny how fucking crazy good Kat’s touch feels right now. With her slightly forward, Norma can see Kat’s hand.

“Would you like me to move the fucking machine out of the way and make you cum on my fingers?” Kat whispers in her ear.

“Yes.” Norma answers, looking down in humiliation at how her body is driving her to beg for things she would be too ashamed to even talk about normally. But she is not normal anymore, she is 48 and 48 is in heaven.

Kat removes her hand. “Well, ask nicely after you are no longer bound by Sir and maybe I will treat you.” Kat says with her smoking sexy voice before kissing her cheek. Kat picks up her stuff and sashays out of the room. Once more the lights are killed and Norma is left alone in the dark closed room.

The TV comes to life a few minutes after Kat leaves. This time it is porn videos of bondage and rough kinky sex. It shows an actress talking to the camera before the scene starts. She talks about how she likes tight bondage and being fucked without any ability to resist. Next the video goes into the scenes, the actress is tied tight and sexually used in different ways and positions. At the end she is sitting in a chair answering

questions about what parts she liked the best and how it felt.
The fucking machine sits idle,

Norma is watching the actress on screen scream in pleasure as another orgasm blossoms from the rough sex she is helpless to stop. Norma wonders why he is showing her this. Seemly out of nowhere the fucking machine starts up. It is slow and steady in its strokes into her love canal. Other stimulators come to life also, starting out low and building. Soon it is one long edging. The devices assault her body in a controlled manner, always keeping her close. Norma feels that she is going to make it and then the devices roll back their assault or she gets a little shock in the right way to break the rhythm just enough. After what was most likely a few hours, the TV screen goes dark. She starts to hear the sounds of women climaxing, cursing, and screaming in pleasure. Then she sees still images and art drawings of bondage and sex on the screen as the voice of James, Kat or others read dark porn that fits well with the images depicted. The words have a stronger effect on Norma as it tells how the people found helpless joy in the acts.

Again, Norma has no idea of time. Soon the screen goes dark again and it's just the voices filling her mind in her sea of darkness.

The physical and mental toll drain Norma, her body wants to release this torrent of sexual energy and then dive into sleep. Suddenly the assault just stops. It goes from its maddening words and touch to nothing.

The TV screen comes alive with a soft blue color screen. In large letters, messages start appearing on the screen.

48 will read the messages out loud to the best of its ability as it is written.

48 is a good slave.

Norma reads it aloud around the red ball gag. A green check mark appears in the top corner of the screen followed by a pleasant sound.

Rule 7: 48 will refer to itself in the third person.

Norma stares at the screen, she tries to think about what it is telling her to do, but she wants to discuss it. Norma is jolted out of her fog by a red X Flashing on the screen, a buzzer sound, and a shock to her legs. The message reappears.

Rule 7: 48 will refer to itself in the third person.

Norma takes a breath and responds. "I will ref.... aaaggg, fuck." Another shock courses through her, this time through her breast. She takes a breath. "48 will refer to her, itself in the third person." she braces for punishment as she knows she messed up. No shock comes, Norma hopes it is because she corrected quickly enough.

Rule 2: 48 will refer to their owner as Sir unless instructed to do otherwise.

Norma reads it out loud.

Rule 3: 48 will answer the question asked first and to the best of its ability before adding other information.

Rule 6: 48 will honor the spirit of the direction it is given.

Norma reads the rules, some of them come up several times. She starts letting the system shock her, the pain makes her feel better for obeying. Something about that direct cause and effect brings a clear justification to her. After she rides out a cruel shock, she smiles because the words have more meaning to her as she speaks.

The messages stop coming. Norma waits. The blue screen displays one more message.

Congratulations. 48 has completed the Crucible of the Chair.

Someone will be in shortly to clean up and feed 48.

Good job 48.

Norma sits there staring at the screen, she is done. She has completed the challenge. She did not know it was a test but she is proud of herself for passing.

Soon James enters and starts removing her from the chair. He starts by removing the electrodes and wires as he praises Norma. "Good job. I have you." He removes different lines and straps. He locks the heavy cuff chain to her collar before transferring her hands from the chair stocks to the heavy cuffs. He presses his body against her to hold her pinned between him and the chair as he releases the last chest strap that is holding her tight. He helps her off the chair before picking her up princess style and carrying her to the bathroom where Kat is waiting in a warm shower to help her bathe.

"Kat, I don't..." Norma started to say but Kat put her finger in front of Norma's lips.

Kat whispers "48 does not."

Norma takes a few seconds to understand what Kat is saying through her fuzzy brain but then corrects herself. "48 does not understand why she is cuffed."

"The crotch strap is not installed so to prevent any question of you touching yourself you are cuffed so you cannot. The crotch strap is not in place because I need to clean you." Kat says with a little giggle.

Kat understands the fuzzy brain effect of so many hours in the chair.

Norma is so numb between her legs she does not get aroused as Kat washes between her legs. This includes fingers inside to clean out any lube that might be still inside. When both of them are dry they go to the kitchen to find James unpacking some delivered food and putting it onto plates for them.

James pulls Norma close, wrapping one arm around her, trapping her against him. Norma melts into his grip and he gently puts her head against his chest. After a few minutes of holding her, James pulls her away a little and bends her over so she can rest her elbows on the kitchen counter. He reinstalls the crotch strap. No inserts, plugs, or probes are installed. The hum / click of the locks are strangely reassuring to Norma. He removes the heavy cuffs, freeing her hands.

This time Norma is so tired that she is happy to lay on the floor to eat. The two women joke about needing to be hand fed as they are too weak to do it themselves, James just laughs at their antics.

James has Norma lay on the couch with her head in his lap as he reads and relaxes. He rests his hand on her and reassures her every time she rides through an aftershock or giggles at the joy of just lying there. Norma figures out that she had been in the chair for over 12 hours, a lot of her body is sore from the ordeal. In some ways the pain of moving just heightened the feeling of pride and sexual power of the challenge she had finished.

Kat and Norma chat a little just before lights out, Norma in the box and Kat on the top bed. Norma is so tired that she slips off to sleep quickly.

Norma thinks to herself as she wakes to her alarm. *"Saturday... just a day and half left."* She finds herself pulling at her chastity belt as she thinks about how he had extracted an extra day from her. She is happily content to spend another day here, as strange as it might seem.

After breakfast James removes the catheter and spends some time brushing her hair after her shower. For the day Norma has a few modules to study and tasks to complete. Most of the modules talk about what to expect from "Event Drop", something that happens after being in a long event like she had gone through and why her body and mind will do what they do. There are exercises and slave position training to practice.

That evening they celebrate their last night together with dinner out. Norma dresses in her one dress and Kat wears the identical denim dress. Kat walks behind them as Norma walks next to James, they hold hands. Norma is struck by how normal it feels to walk in her current state, she knows the steel collar is in clear view for anyone facing her. James's calm confidence brings a warm calm over Norma, she almost misses the feeling of the inserts tickling the inside of her body with every step. After the meal there is ice cream at a shop within walking distance from the restaurant.

As they walk in the house from the evening out. Norma turns and grabs James by his shirt and pulls him in for a passionate kiss. He returns the kiss, his arm comes around her waist and pulls her against him.

“Take me Sir, please. Take your slave.” Norma begs, the fear of rejection clear on her face.

James holds her close, kisses her again. “Tomorrow. After you are free of my steel and clear of our contract, then I will invite you as a free woman to tangle with me in the pleasures of the flesh.” He kissed her again.

Norma is hurt at first when the answer was not an immediate yes, but as he set a time and place, took command of what was going to be on the table that she could choose, she felt better. Kat and Norma are put to bed, only ankle chains are used. Norma has a hard time slipping off to sleep.

The morning is met with James waiting for Norma as she opens the hatch. He directs her to kiss his boots. As Norma draws near his boot, she feels his other boot on her back. His boot holds her, trapping her on her elbows and knees. “This is your last day. I will be removing the devices, but your contract is not complete until 1 pm. Do you understand?”

“48 understands.” Norma says.

James holds her there for a few more seconds in silence before removing his boot and gently taking her by her hair to help her to her feet. He takes a knee in front of her and unlocks the ankle chain, running his hand along her legs and around the steel cable anklet on her leg.

After breakfast Norma is called to the dining room table where James and Kat are waiting. Just as she had started ten days earlier, Norma puts her hands on the table top. This time items are humming and clicking as they are removed. James and Kat work together to peel back the steel, latex, and rubber Norma has been encased in. James’s fingers brush Norma’s nipples as he reaches into the unlocked cups to detach the wires to the pads attached around her nipples. Norma grinds her butt against James, wanting that physical contact as her body is laid bare.

The waist belt is the last part to be removed. As it is pulled clear of her body by Kat, James pulls Norma into a hug. She wraps her hands around him and weeps into his shirt as she stands there, bare except for the four steel cables around her wrists and ankles. Kat joins the hug, trapping Norma between them. The feeling of her warm flesh and steel causes Norma to cry louder.

Norma knows that she is not the same person she was when this started. There is a fire and clarity that she has never known. When the tears are done, James has Kat go with her to shower. Norma is dressed in her denim dress with her bra, panties and sneakers. The feeling of the clothes doesn't measure up to the secure feeling of the steel and rubber. She does get a little comfort from the steel cables that she keeps fiddling with around her wrist.

Norma is busy with cleaning when she is called into the living room.

"Yes Sir." Norma says as she reports to James. James pulls her across his lap as he sits on the couch, he pins her hand to her lower back. He rubs his hand across her exposed ass before starting to spank her. He spanks her with a slow tempo that builds in speed and intensity. Norma squirms under his rough hand but still feels that passion. James pulls her panties down to her knees before continuing to apply a warm spanking.

As James's hand slides across her cheeks, he speaks softly to her. "I can smell your desire, it is enticing." He squeezes her ass cheek 'til she flexes because of the pain. Then he gives her warm cheeks two quick slaps. "Pull your panties up." Norma gets up from his lap to do so. He taps the couch next to him after he moves down to allow her room to lay next to him. She lays down and puts her head in his lap as she has done several times over the week.

She looks up at him. "Sir... um, 48 is..." but she is interrupted by James as he puts his hand over her mouth for a second.

James gives her his fatherly smile. "You may use I and me again Norma."

Norma feels a little hurt by his words. He has not called her Norma since the first day and in doing that Norma was able to be “48”, a person that is not Norma. She wants to stay 48, to be here. Norma takes a moment to feel, hoping the feeling of loss will go away. She starts over. “Sir, I am afraid. I don’t know if I can live without the dark places you took me to.”

James moves his hand from the center of her chest to one breast. He takes a grip, removing any question of if he did it on purpose or accident. “The desire, passion, sexual power you feel. That lives in you. You can feel that with anyone you trust and desire enough to share it with. I removed the socially built walls to allow air to reach the searing hot embers hiding within you, they are beautiful flames.” He squeezes her breast through her dress before slipping his grip ‘til he just has her nipple to roll between his fingertips.

Norma squirms to his touch, arching her back to his grip.

“You carry this fire, there is nothing wrong with you.” James adds with a smile. “Each time will be different; each partner or toy will generate a different result. Do not fear them. Enjoy them as they are and allow yourself to trust yourself to feel the passion in the moment.”

James moves to spoon behind her and cuddle with her. They speak softly to each other and they pet each other heavily. Kat brings cheese and cubed turkey meat to snack on for lunch.

Norma looks at her phone and sees the time, 1:15 pm. She rolls over to face him, a dark smile on her face. “Hey you... it’s 1:15. Do you have something to ask me?”

James pulls her close as he whispers in her ear his desire to tangle their bodies in the pleasures of the flesh.

Norma grinds her hips against him as she answers “Yes...”

James rolls her over right there on the sofa. He pulls her head to the side as he nibbles on her neck and he works his way down her body. They twist and bend their bodies against each other until the sofa is too small for them, James leads her to his master bed. There he turns her to him before pushing her hard onto her back across the soft foam bed. He takes hold of

her ankles and folds her legs 'til her heels are touching her butt. James drops to his knees, putting his hot breath inches from Norma's exposed flower. His breath tickles her short stubble. He licks and nibbles on her engorged labia before working his way into the folds to the throbbing bud of passion within. Norma arches and twists to his touch. She starts to hold back the pleasure building in her. She wants to orgasm to his manhood inside her. Her hand brushes his hair, she pushes his head away as she begs. "Please, fuck me."

James shakes his head to throw off her hand and goes back to tongue lashing her clitoris.

Norma wants her first time with him to be by him filling her so she pushes his face away again.

James stands up and pulls her up by her hands and pins her chest to his ribs, she can feel his hard cock against her belly.

"You will not hide from me!" he says sternly. "I will drink the pleasures of your body and you will allow them to flow to my touch; be it my tongue, my fingers, my cock, or my voice. You will not hold back or hide from me."

"Yes sir." Norma stammers. His stern voice feeds the flames of her arousal. James pushes her back on to her back roughly. He kneels down and starts with his tongue again. This time she surrenders to the feeling of it all. Soon a bucking orgasm rips through her body, her legs close on James's head and she covers her mouth to muffle the sounds of her screams and guttural moans. James keeps trying to work his tongue until she moves his face away with her legs.

Norma catches her breath as he puts on a condom and lube. The evening includes a cascade of orgasms in different positions.

Norma wakes up to Kat collecting them for dinner. She sits at the dinner table, next to James, as Kat sits on the floor by the wall.

After dinner there is some cuddling. But James tells Norma it is important that she sleep in her own bed at night. He wants

her to come back every day. But she has to go home every night.

Norma comes over every afternoon for the rest of the week to work on the automation task, share dinner, and enjoy the passions of James and Kat. As the evenings get late, James or Kat takes Norma home to sleep in her own bed.

Norma turns to James as they are sitting at the dinner table sharing dinner. "How did you know?"

James looks up at her with a questioning look.

"At school, how did you know I was into... this?" Norma asks.

"Into what?" James asks. It is apparent to everyone she is asking about being into kink, but James is making her say the words.

Norma tries a few times to use off hand ways to imply it, but James just keeps watching her and waiting for the words.

"The word you are looking for is submissive." James says calmly

"Yes... how did you know I was submissive?" Norma says, a little bothered by the words.

"At school, I didn't. At school, I approached you because I saw your brilliant mind and good work ethic that could solve my project problems much better than I could." James says as he reaches out his hand. Norma takes his offered hand. James continues "When we were working, how you reacted to my directions, how you bonded with Kat, those were hints. But in the end, I took a big risk when I told you to put your hands on the table and measured you.

It's a few days later when James catches Norma talking to herself as she programs.

"No, no, no... This is bad. I should not be doing this." Norma mutters to herself as she types away at the laptop down the table from James. He is about to ask what the problem is but stops himself when he sees how she is rubbing her legs together and biting her lip as she types furiously, lost in her

thoughts. James realizes that she is building something that is exciting her.

James always checks her work the next day after he catches her programming in that state. He is always pleasantly surprised by what she has written.