

Maid Cage Club
Melissa DuVant
Copyright © Melissa DuVant

The right of Melissa DuVant to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 and 78 of the Copyrights and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying, and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the written permission of the author.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

Table of Contents

[Acknowledgements](#)

[Maid Cage Club Volume 1: Welcome to the Club](#)

[Chapter One: New Day, New Job](#)

[Chapter Two: Baptism of Service](#)

[Chapter Three: Backstage Tour](#)

[Chapter Four: A Not So Restful Night](#)

[Chapter Five: Required Inspection](#)

[Chapter Six: Payment Due](#)

[Maid Cage Club Volume 2: Nightly Duties](#)

[Chapter One: Technical Testing](#)

[Chapter Two: Two-Month Vintage](#)

[Chapter Three: Guess Who?](#)

[Chapter Four: A New Toy](#)

[Chapter Five: A Trial of the Mouth](#)

[Chapter Six: Checking the Goods](#)

[Chapter Seven: Worrisome Dreams](#)

[Chapter Eight: Doing the Bunny Hop](#)

[Chapter Nine: Break It, Buy It](#)

[Chapter Ten: Nothing Parties Like a Rental](#)

[Maid Cage Club Volume 3: Public Hires and Private Use](#)

[Chapter One: New Stock, Slightly Used](#)

[Chapter Two: Oral Sessions](#)

[Chapter Three: Troublesome Twosome](#)

[Chapter Four: Interactive Activities](#)

[Chapter Five: Personal Attention](#)

[Chapter Six: Working Night, Working Girl](#)

[Chapter Seven: A Night at the Races](#)

[Chapter Eight: Caitlyn's Appointment](#)

[Chapter Nine: First Times, Twice Over](#)

[Chapter Ten: First Times, Part Two](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Petgirl Playtime Chapter One: Picking Up A Stray](#)

Acknowledgements

Last time I went to a maid café, it was someone's birthday, so as a special treat the head maid used him as a chair. Completely family-friendly, honest!

Maid Cage Club Volume 1: Welcome to the Club

Chapter One: New Day, New Job

In the dull light of early evening, the place looked shit – an old, mostly empty strip mall, carpark mostly empty except for garbage and weeds, windows boarded up or whitewashed, the only places open a sex shop and some fast-food joints. Sally drifted past the sex shop window – a vast array of vibrators, dildos, leather harnesses on display dummies, shining latex and skimpy lace. Some of it looked good, but was expensive, and it wasn't like she had anyone to wear it for! Or even a webcam and laptop to stream herself in it, not after the last incident and having to leave them behind in a hurry.

She checked her watch, starting to move faster – she was supposed to start her shift soon! Novelty waitressing and hostess work wasn't exactly the best, but at least it paid. Although at a place like this, finding a café that wasn't a grungy diner seemed odd – the advert had said it was “stylish and elegant”, and the payment had been good, but there was nothing here! And it had suggested at various other “activities” as well, which could cover a lot of different things.

She circled around the building until she finally found a way inside that wasn't boarded up, heading into the mall itself. Inside wasn't much better, although someone was still watering the plants, and there was less garbage drifting around. There was a map, but from the list of stores, it hadn't been updated for years – she could see that everything looked shut, and very permanently so. The place was basically a single long passage, shops on either side, with a circular food court at the end, where the anchor stores had once been. She quickened her pace, trainers shuffling along, heading for the food court.

Here there were signs of life, or, more importantly, business – tables had been set out, low sunlight trickling through the glass roof. Classical music was coming through the speakers – tinny, but still better than muzak! Several presumably-customers were sat at a circular table, chatting amongst themselves as a figure served them drinks. Sally stared – the waitress was wearing an old-fashioned maid's outfit, with a long, black dress falling to her ankles, white apron around her waist, a frilled cap on her head. She put the last of the drinks down, turning to one of the customers and saying something, everyone laughing. She stepped back and curtsied, as another maid appeared, stepping out from the only un-boarded door. This one was wearing a much shorter skirt, the lace frills on her knee-high stockings visible, trays of cake in her hands. She moved forward, serving the food.

Well, that explained why the place was still open. People were willing to pay for a novelty experience, and rent was probably dirt-cheap. It looked as though the ‘café’ had taken over one of the anchor stores, so must have huge amounts of space inside, even if it was probably mostly empty. Sally shivered, not liking the thought of being trapped alone in a dark, empty space.

She approached the group, the maids breezily chatting with the customers, until the one in the long dress noticed her. Next to her old-world elegance, Sally couldn't help but feel slightly shabby, in battered jeans and a t-shirt, although she was proud of her body. The woman had an austere, slightly chill beauty, the sort that would have inspired floppy-shirted poets to lengthy poems about suicide, wishing for a single kiss from her lips, that sort of thing. She looked at Sally curiously, before the one in the shorter skirt spoke.

‘Stop staring, Eve, you’ll scare her off!’ She was sat on the table, skirt short enough to draw the eye to her plump thighs. ‘You must be the new girl? I’ll show you inside, the place is a bit of a maze. We’ll need to get you sorted for a uniform as well.’ She approached Sally, plucking at her t-shirt, pulling it tight. ‘Reckon we should have something about the right size, although we normally wait until you’ve finished the trial period before getting something properly customized. I’m Andrea, if you’d like to follow me? And ignore these reprobates – they like to talk big, but they’re all mouth!’

She smiled at the customers, one of whom leered at her, until the other woman – Eve – glared back. ‘See? Eve has them well whipped.’ She flicked a wrist, making the appropriate noise. ‘Anyway, it’s not long ‘till shift change, so let’s get you sorted.’

She walked away, her gait seeming odd until Sally realized she was rolling her hips, making her backside wriggle around, the customers watching in approval. But they were throwing together quite a large tip and had been polite – compared to a titty bar, it seemed far more civilized. Eve decorously, but swiftly, grabbed the money and made it vanish into her apron.

Sally followed inside through the entrance, where another maid started to curtsy, before seeing who it was, aborting her action. It was hard to see, the place dark, but it must once have been a large retail space, now awkwardly re-used as somewhere to eat and drink. Most of the space was hidden from view, plastic boards erected and covered with frilled netting to make it look less, well, crap, but making the thing seem like a maid café from an anime school festival. There was a bar, currently serving food, although she could see rows of bottles as well. Other staff, all dressed as maids, were bustling about, a flurry of black skirts and white frills, although the styles varied from ‘traditional maid’ in full length skirts, to ‘goth’ style with heavy corsets and lots of lace, to the more fetish-inspired, with short skirts and tight tops, bits of shiny latex or leather. She’d rather have something more concealing, but the customers all seemed well-behaved, and a few of the maids were even playing with the customers, simple card games or stacking items up until they fell over to show the loser.

She was led to a staff door in one corner, behind which was the inevitable bare concrete passageway, only lit by cheap neon bulbs, the green light of a fire escape light at the far end. ‘I’d introduce you to the manager, but it’s month’s end and she’s not in the best of moods at the moment!’ They walked past a door labelled with ‘Manager’, from behind which loud rock music could be heard, along with a burst of profanity. ‘She’s normally pretty chill, just not when she has to do the accounts. Or if she ever has to talk about zoning restrictions. Anyway, in here.’

They stepped into something that must have been a stock room, now converted into a combination of changing room, locker room and wardrobe – one wall had seats in front of well-lit mirrors for applying makeup, bags and clothing hanging from pegs, a PC in one corner, and most of the space was taken up by row upon row of hangers, a massive diversity of outfits.

‘So, what look do you want? You’ve got the build to pull off most types. I can’t really do the whole “long, sleek and elegant” look, makes me look like a dumpy teapot.’ She wriggled, drawing attention to her ample breasts and hips. ‘But it’s nice to show these off.’

Sally started pulling through the racks – they weren’t particularly sorted, switching at random between ‘severe’, ‘demure’, ‘barely there’, ‘mundane’ and ‘blatant fetish bait’. She pulled out one, gleaming latex, pulling at the material, feeling it stretch.

‘Might be a bit bold for your first night out. I guess you’ve got the build for it, though. Unless it’s made just for me, I get muffintops everywhere! Some guys like them, but makes me feel all splodgy and squishy. Now, how about this one?’ She reached past Sally, pulling out

another outfit, holding it up against her. 'Let me get your measurements, just in case you do stick around for a while.'

Sally checked the dress – the skirt fell to just above her knees, a lot longer than Andrea's, but not as long and binding as Eve's. If she was going to be on her feet all night, something easy to move in would be good. She stripped, throwing her own, far tattier, clothing into the locker Andrea indicated

Andrea got out a tape measure, pressing herself against Sally, breasts warm and heavy, scent of vanilla in the air. She was quick, noting the numbers down. 'You really should dress to show off a bit more, you know. You've got the figure for clothing a lot nicer than this.' She picked up Sally's jeans with disdain. 'Something a bit tighter at least!'

'It'd be nice, but I've not got much money.'

'Ah, that. Don't worry about that, at least if you're careful here, you can earn quite well. Just make sure not to be too popular, that can get uncomfortable fast!'

She pulled the dress onto Sally, zipping up the back. It was a little tighter at the bust than she liked, with a gap between the neck-band and the frilled bodice that drew attention to her breasts, but it was a good fit for a random pick. Hopefully there wouldn't be too much AC, as the back dropped low.

'These as well.'

She was handed some frilled knee-socks, the tops frilled and fluffed, drawing them up onto her legs.

'They seem old fashioned, but they look really good!' Andrea brushed Sally's hands away, drawing them up to the proper height, then drawing a ribbon through the lace, tying them into place. 'They will drop over the night – if you want to go for the slightly tousled look, some people let them, but I prefer to look a bit smarter and keep them nice and even. Do you want to do anything with your hair?'

Sally looked at herself in one of the mirrors – it wasn't too bad, but could probably do with a brush, at the least. She sat down, Andrea hovering around, offering suggestions. 'You could go for twintails? Or tie it back. I'm jealous of Eve, she has that glorious long ponytail, but I can't get mine anywhere near that long!' She gestured at her own blonde curls, somehow shining even in the crappy electric light. There was a huge amount of cosmetics and everything required to use them – brushes, tweezers, scissors, and all decent quality. Sally took a moment to fix her makeup (just some lipstick and mascara, nothing too fancy), then tied her hair back, the simple approach seeming to fit with what was needed to be a maid. She shook her head, feeling the strands brush the bare top of her back.

Sally squealed in delight. 'You look great! Now, on the evening shift, people use tokens rather than money. Makes things easier, and people tend to spend more if they don't quite realize how much they're spending.' She reached into her apron, pulling out a circular disk, looking like a chip from a casino, except made from dull steel, embossed with a swirling pattern. 'They're labelled and colored – coppers are one, this is a ten, gold is one hundred, there's clear ones for a thousand but those are rare. We like to offer them in games and competitions as well. You can cash them in – each is worth about two dollars, so they can make pretty good tips. Just be careful about shoving them between your breasts, they might fall out! Oh, and any breakages or damage you have to pay for, so try to avoid getting your outfit too dirty.' She ducked low, hands around Sally's waist, as she tied an apron into place. 'It's got a pocket on, so you can throw things in there, but the fabric's a bit thin.'

A chime rang. ‘Shit, time to start. Oh, crap – you need some shoes, you can’t go out in those! Um, these should do.’ A pair of low-heeled mary-janes was thrown at her, close enough to her own size. ‘Let’s go.’

She was dragged back into the main room again. The other staff were all lining up by the entrance, the stage now lit up, all the customers temporarily ejected. She lined up with the others, standing there awkwardly. Sally whispered at her.

‘Look sharp, here comes the floor boss!’

A young woman walked onto the stage – she was slender and petite, every curve clearly visible in the bunnygirl outfit she was wearing, sleek black leotard, fishnet stockings, a white bob of a tail flashing into view above her ass, long ears wagging with every step. In front of the ears was a gleaming black military cap of some kind, accentuated by the crop she had in one hand. She walked in front of the maids, heels clicking on the floor, like a general inspecting her troops, followed by two other women. Her aides were dressed as fetish nurses; one in white, the other black, tight latex mini-dresses clinging to their bodies, faces half-hidden behind medical masks.

‘Good evening ladies!’ She shouted like a drill sergeant, the words crisp and commanding.

‘Good evening, Madame Announcer!’ The maids chorused back, Sally joining in, a little behind everyone else.

‘The boss is doing accounts, so leave her alone unless you want to get thrown in the hole. Tonight, we’re introducing a few new penalty games. We’ve got...’ she produced a clipboard, ‘shock-blox, try not to blow the batteries this time, lucky strike, and a few of you need to work the holes.’ She walked down the line, inspecting the uniforms, tutting and pulling on stray threads, tugging aprons into place, unbuttoning dresses to show a little more cleavage. She stopped in front of Sally, looking up at her, shorter even in her heels.

‘Ah, the new girl. I’m sure the others will show you the ropes, but with your background, you should fit right in.’ She inspected Sally, running her hands down her body, checking the fit of the uniform. ‘Not bad. If you pass the induction, then we’ll get you something a bit more custom. Any questions, ask Andrea, and try not to make a mess. We’ll introduce you to the patrons tonight – we’re expecting a decent crowd. I’m sure they’ll enjoy you.’

A bell rang, some of the tension dissipating, the bunnygirl clapping. ‘Positions, everyone! You, new girl – when I call for you, come up on stage.’

Everyone moved into a single line – there were about a dozen on shift, from a fetish-y latex maid with her entire body sheathed in shining black except for bands of flesh at thigh and shoulder, to mini-skirted maids like Andrea, to those in white and black frills that were less overtly kinky.

The customers started to file in, individuals and groups, inspecting the maids. Most seemed to know the staff, chatting briefly before picking a server, who escorted them to their seats, taking their orders. Sally was amongst the last to be picked, selected by a couple, young and professional-looking, clearly out on a date night, although both seemed to be eying her up as well. She curtsied, trying to look gracious, walking them to an empty table, pulling out the chairs for them both.

‘Good evening. Would Madam and Monsieur care to order?’ She curtsied again, hoping that excessive politeness could make up for having no idea what to do.

The woman eyed her up. ‘I wouldn’t mind a taste of you!’

The man lightly slapped her shoulder. ‘Behave! She’s new, at least wait until she’s been introduced properly. Some wine, and the starter for two, please.’

Sally went to the bar, bringing them back their food and drink – behind the bar she could see more workers chopping up and cooking food, those in the kitchen dressed more normally. A few of the other maids were playing games – the one in latex had a heavy and metallic contraption around her neck, and was playing something that looked like Jenga, trying to slide a block from a stack. She twitched suddenly, the blocks cascading to the floor as she jerked.

Then the lights went out, darkness for a moment before a spotlight came on, illuminating the bunnygirl on stage. ‘Good evening, ladies, gentleman and honored others! Welcome to our honorable establishment! I’m sure you will all be keen to enjoy the sweet, wholesome hospitality of our lovely servers, but before then, I hope you will join me in greeting a new member of staff.’ She made a play of looking, one hand shading her eyes as Sally moved to the front, standing on stage, feeling exposed. Something else was on the stage, a large bulky object covered beneath a white sheet, the two nurses stood in the wings. The one in black looked at her and winked, the expression eerie when most of her face was hidden behind the mask.

The bunnygirl waved the clipboard at her, almost hitting her, making her step back until she was stood in front of the cloth-covered thing, the nurses stepping onto the stage, Black close by, White somewhere out of sight.

‘Now, I’m sure you’re all aware of the process. We apply the most exacting standards to our staff, probing them utterly *thoroughly*, to make sure they are nothing but the finest morsels!’

Her wording made Sally slightly nervous.

‘And so, before they begin fully working, our highly skilled medical team needs to give them a full examination!’

Black stepped in and shoved her backwards, towards the cloth-covered thing. She fell backwards, landing on a seat, hard padding impacting on her butt. Latex-wrapped hands grabbed her wrists, cuffs snapping tight around them, the same with her ankles. She twisted and shifted in place, the padded bands too tight to shift.

She opened her mouth to try and object, as something cold and metallic was pushed between her lips. There was a ratcheting noise, and she felt her jaw get forced open, unable to speak, just waggle her tongue around. If they were going to be rough, a little warning would have been nice!

White appeared, fabric scissors in hand, as the bunnygirl continued to commentate. ‘We get through more outfits this way! But it’s all in a good cause, right folks?’

They cheered and clapped, as Sally felt the scissors slice through her clothing, the maid’s outfit sliced into bits, getting pulled off. Now all she was wearing was her underwear and her stockings. A projector screen turned on, image cast onto a large sheet on the high ceiling, allowing her to see herself – the thing in her mouth was a dental gag, designed to force a mouth open for a dentist to work, now keeping her lips jammed open, her tongue impotently waggling. Her shoes were removed, Black running a hand over her bare soles, making her shiver and twitch.

‘Sensitive feet, folks! You might want to be noting that down, in case you ever get the chance to punish her, and need to know how to make your strokes count.’

The bunnygirl moved behind her, vanishing from sight as Sally flicked her head around, until a thick leather band strapped itself over her forehead, eliminating even that movement.

White pulled her stockings down, leaving them bundled untidily just above the ankle cuffs, Black continuing to tickle Sally’s feet, making her twitch and jerk, trying to brush the nurse off without effect. White wheeled in a medical cart, covered with sex toys and unpleasant looking implements – spiked wheels, candles, stun guns, needles and other things she didn’t recognize.

Black stood close to her head, whispering through the mask. ‘Shhh. Just relax and enjoy.’ Sally continued to writhe, trying to break the cuffs pinning her in place, without success. Getting publicly fucked wasn’t her idea of a good time! The scissors flashed, snipping through her bra, which was pulled off and discarded, and then the black-wrapped fingers began to knead her breasts.

Something clicked inside the chair, and her legs were spread wide, White standing between them, squirting lube onto her fingers. She began to play with Sally, fingers slowly caressing her outer folds, making her squirm in embarrassment and pleasure – from up here, the audience were barely visible except as vague shadows, while she was in the spotlight. Sally felt herself respond, watching her face on the screen as she tried not to show too much pleasure, unable to close her legs, Black continuing to stroke her breasts and stomach, kneading and teasing her flesh. All she could do was make strangled grunts, trying to signal annoyance, but White’s fingers were talented, especially when they started pushing into her.

‘You see? For now, at least, you are simply here to be pleased.’ Black stopped kneading her breasts, pushing dry-slick fingers into her mouth, stretching them wide to feel the space within, before feeling Sally’s tongue, sticking into her throat until she gagged. This was repeated several times, probing a little further each time. ‘Impressive. Some training needed, but that will come with time.’

Sally was close to coming, fingers pumping in and out of her as her mouth was cleared, the spit being wiped onto her stomach, leaving her feeling dirty. She twisted as much as she could, chasing the pleasure, as the fingers were pulled out, leaving her empty and unsatisfied. She whined, complaining as much as she could through the gag – if she was going to be used, at least let her get off! Then the chair shifted, tilting backwards, her legs spreading even wider.

She realized what was going to happen as Black slapped her exposed twat, before a lubed-up finger was shoved into Sally’s asshole. Her entire body tensed, straining against the intruder without success, the digit squirming inside her. It was pulled back and she sagged back, before feeling two push into her! She growled through the gag, White giving her a warning look before pinching a nipple, scribbling something into a notebook. Anal at least deserved a warning, surely!

White showed the notebook to the bunnygirl, who resumed commenting. ‘Looks like you’re in for a treat! She’s not got much of a gag reflex, for those of you with larger endowments, and her breasts are entirely natural. She seems a little less fond of those taking the back passage, but someone else has previously taken the time to break that in a little. And she’s quick to loosen up, for those without much patience or that can only afford a little time!’

There was no need to be rude! And it was better to get wet fast than having to shove some dude off her because he couldn’t be bothered with foreplay and wanted to go in dry! Of course, her protests were mumbled garbage, tongue flicking around until White grabbed it, squeezing it, the taste of Sally’s pussy still on her fingers.

Sally tried clenching her asshole, hoping to make Black pump and grind a little harder, but was disappointed when the fingers were removed. Come on, let her have *something*, other than being publicly exposed!

‘And now, the moment you’ve all been waiting for, the first bidding!’

Sally squeaked. The what now?

‘Who wishes to be the first to claim this young maid’s holes? Well, the first here, at least, as she appears to have broken herself in. Now, her tight little butthole first – do I have twenty?’

Twenty, from the strapping young gent at the front. Twenty-five, for the Sir in the 80's tie – that's probably older than she is!

She was being *bid* on? Was this what Andrea had meant by it being easy to earn money? The bidding was ramping up flatteringly high, slowing at about two hundred, stopping at two hundred and forty. Well, she'd done worse, for less! The chair tilted further back, her view dropping until all she could see was the ceiling, motes of dust sparkling in the projector beam. Hands spread her buttocks wide, a cock thrusting into her asshole. She wished she could pivot her hips, trying to make it more pleasurable for herself as bidding on her mouth and pussy was done. The bastard pounding her ass didn't have much stamina, cumming inside her before withdrawing. She whined, denied an orgasm again.

The chair pivoted upwards, allowing her to see again, as the young couple stepped onto the stage, hand-in-hand. They kissed, the woman groping the man, before unzipping his flies, kissing his cock. Then the woman moved around, mounting Sally's face, the chair having enough support for her to position herself there. She'd never eaten a girl out before! She tried to waggle her tongue, running it along the woman's thighs, then slipping into her, taste slightly bitter.

With the woman straddling her face, she couldn't see, but the man's cock seemed a decent size, thrusting into her, actually managing to make her cum, shortly before his seed burst into her, hot and wet. She was still running her tongue around inside the woman, feeling hands grab her hair. Metal prongs poked her belly, and then searing electrical fire ran into her, making her lose control, spasming in pain this time. The woman's thighs blocked most of her hearing, but the searing agony flared again, and she desperately flapped her tongue, trying to get the woman off before she was punished again. She'd never done this before, what was she meant to do?

It took several more flares of pain before she managed to succeed, feeling the woman's walls tense, juices flowing before she dismounted, looking disappointed.

'Well, ladies, looks like this one might be a loss to you! Or you could take her for some *special* training, put that tongue of hers to good use and train her up!' She patted Sally on the head. Sally growled – being fucked wasn't too bad, but she didn't like being treated as meat. 'Feisty! Or just doesn't like eating women out. Either way, time for some free-range testing.'

The manacles released her, but before she could stand, both nurses grabbed her, pulling her up and binding her arms behind her back, wrapping a heavy collar around her neck. 'She's an all-you-can-fuck buffet for the night! Remember, please rate your appreciation of this lovely lady's orifices on our handy app!' A rating appeared on the screen, as one of the first three gave her a rating – 4.5 stars. 'Someone's a fan!' A leash was attached and she was tugged forward, mouth still open, spit trickling out, falling onto her breasts, sticky and wet.

She was pulled towards the tables, now able to see the other guests, their eyes predatory, trousers tenting and bulging. Black whispered to her again. 'Bit more public than you're used to, but I'm sure you'll manage. At least this isn't being streamed.' A hand slapped her on the ass, making her squeal again. Andrea was mounted on top of one of the guests, rocking back and forth, a determined smile on her face as she ground her breasts into her face.

Hands grabbed her shoulders and pushed her down to her knees before a hand covered her eyes. A cock thrust into her mouth, Black whispering again. 'Do well - you want a nice high rating.'

With the metal forcing her mouth open, it was hard to give a proper blowjob, and one of the nurses was keeping a tight grip on her head, forcing it backwards and forwards, even though she'd rather set her own rhythm. Pain suddenly sparked through her neck.

‘You’ve got targets to hit – get him off fast, or the zaps get stronger.’

She ran her tongue up and down the shaft, glad they were at least washed and clean, until it twitched, shooting its load. She swallowed on instinct, hearing the cheers as she did so, getting murmured praise.

She was pushed onto her stomach, a chair supporting her, hands grasping her waist as she was fucked in the ass again, even as another cock was thrust into her mouth. She could hear other people getting fucked around her, but it was impossible to see more than a crotch thrusting into her face. At some point the gag slipped off, allowing her to properly suck off those jamming their dicks into her mouth, using her lips and cheeks, sucking tightly, jizz splattering her face, even as she was fucked in both holes from behind.

Eventually, another bell rang, and she was left, slicked with cum and sweat, slowly coming back to herself. She rolled to one side, falling to the floor, slowly standing, hands still bound. Andrea approached, her uniform mussed from being groped, her breasts glazed with cum, as she took the leash, pulling Sally back towards the changing rooms.

‘Looks like you did well.’ She pointed at the screen, displaying what she had earned – the number “3128” was flashing in golden text, along with 4-and-a-bit stars. ‘Looks like you’re pretty good at blowjobs, those seemed popular. But we should wash you off, before the cum soaks into your hair. And you’re terrible at eating pussy, you really should work on that.’

Sally was still dazed, her jaw stretched and sore, trying to react properly, as Sally led her into an open shower, turning a tap and steaming hot water spilling out, carefully washing the cum off, cleaning her hair for her, warm and comforting and close.

‘You had a good first night, but you need to be careful not to get too popular. You can opt out of anything you don’t want to do, but if you don’t make enough to hit targets, you’re out. The stuff that pays the most is the kinky shit, but that’s just *tiring*, so I try and leave that to the specialists. If you’re into that, fine, but it can be a problem, especially if people keep bugging you about it, or if you get a reputation for something. I’d recommend trying to work on a few people, get some regular patrons, and make sure to always keep something in the bank, so you can take time off and pay for bed and board. Oh, and you need to pay for anything you spill or any damage to your outfits – the first one’s a freebie, but after that, it’s on you.’

It was hard for Sally to speak, jaw still sore, mumbling a question.

‘How you get payment? You can cash out when you want. But unless you need it, leave it here for a bit. You’re going to need some nice outfits, more than just one, at least. And you might want some food and a drink before second shift starts.’

Sally took a deep breath. ‘Second shift?’

‘Eight ‘till midnight. It’s your first night, so you need to be shown off! Maybe decide an aesthetic? You seemed to like getting fucked senseless, so I’m guessing sub? And you’ve got the ass and legs for a mini-skirt. Or you can let the crowd decide, earn some money that way, but you’ll probably end up in something you hate, they like to do that.’

Sally sighed, trying to regain her energy, pussy, asshole and mouth still sore, as Andrea towed her dry. It seemed fun, but she really should have read the job description properly!

Chapter Two: Baptism of Service

‘Right, so you need to work out what style you’re going for.’ Andrea finished toweling off Sally, who was still a little dazed. ‘Unless you want to go back out there naked, which is probably a bad idea.’ She walked over to a rack of outfits, flicking through them. ‘Could go miniskirt, bikini, the long trad skirt – some guys like to pull it up – lacey, see-through, any thoughts? Oh, there’s boxes of bras and panties as well, we get through a lot of those. You want anything special, you’ll have to order it, but normal stuff should be fine.’

Sally walked over, having a look through herself. A lot were clearly the wrong size for her, or far too skimpy given the AC was turned high now, cool air blowing over her body. There were even outfits that were like evening gowns, but with petticoats and ruffs to make them appear appropriately ‘Maid-like’. Andrea shook her head. ‘You’ll get torn apart, anyone all fancy and elegant they love to drag down. And you’ve already been pounded once, you up for that again?’

‘No, thanks.’ She’d be sore down there for a while, her holes feeling the aftereffects of the gangbang.

‘Yeah, maybe something to show off you a bit more, rather than just as someone to be fucked. What about this?’ She held up a short, frilled skirt dress, low-cut at the front.

It would show her ass off pretty much constantly, and practically invited groping and slapping. Andrea caught her expression, as Sally flicked through the other outfits. She pulled one out – glossy and black, the latex slightly tacky to the touch. It had a corset built in that would shape her waist and breasts, long gloves to cover the arms and hands, a skirt long enough that it at least fell to knee-level.

‘Latex? Well, you’ve got the figure for it. Worn it before?’

‘Once or twice.’

‘Huh, I’ll get Velvet. She’s the resident latex queen, not really my thing, I don’t know how to prep it and look after it. She’s a bit prickly, so be nice to her.’

‘Otherwise she’ll drag me off to the dungeon?’ Sally laughed, trying to make it a joke.

‘Probably not, she’s not that mean. Just can be a bit abrasive sometimes. And she likes it rough, working up the crowd and then letting a few of them drag her away for a “personal session”. So she might not drag you into the dungeon, but her boys might, if you want. And your earnings are good enough at the moment that you don’t have to, so maybe start lighter? You into that sort of thing? I don’t mind the occasional spanking, but all that stuff with whips and chains, not really my thing. Although I have used the isolation pods once or twice, when I can’t sleep. Nice and calm, at least until someone turns the bloody electricity on, that woke me up pretty fast! Give me a sec, I’ll get Velvet.’

She left, still wearing the same miniskirt and stockings as before, hips and butt wagging, leaving Sally alone.

Along with the clothing, there was also talc – she applied it over her body, before starting to pull the outfit on. Even with corset loosened as far as it would go, it was tight, having to be tugged on bit-by-bit, hugging her tight, squeezing and compressing her flesh. But it was slightly

comforting as well, a reassuring tightness around her body. But it was taking ages, and she had no idea how the built-in gloves would work – were they first, or did they have to be done last?

She was interrupted by Andrea's return, along with a latex-clad maid. There were a few stains visible on the shiny black of her dress, and a chunky collar around her neck. Her skin was entirely covered except for her face, and thin strips of pale flesh between her skirt and latex stockings, making her look like she was made of shining black stuff, rather than flesh and bone. She sighed. 'Let me help with that. I suppose I can look after you for the rest of the night. As long as you stay away from my boys!'

Getting the outfit on was a lot easier with someone else's help, her hands being pulled into the gloves, meaning she had to continually fight it otherwise her hands formed into half-claws. And then she started tightening the corset, bending Sally over, planting a knee against her back and working it tighter and tighter.

'I think... that's tight... enough!' She tried grabbing behind herself, Velvet batting her hands away.

'If you're doing this, you're doing it properly.' Her voice was mostly bored. 'First time in latex?'

'No, but it's been... a while. And nothing... this tight... before.' The breath was getting progressively squeezed out of her.

'Good. Try not to damage it, it's expensive.' Another wrench and apparently it was tight enough, Velvet removing her knee and letting Sally stand. The outfit pulled her shoulders back, wanting to keep them tight and close. Having to serve food and drink would be a strain, any movement from her waist up more of a struggle.

'I'm not letting you go out in flats! Put these on.' She pulled out knee-high black boots, liberally studded with buckles and straps. 'Foot out.' Sally perched on a table, holding her leg out, letting Velvet pull the leather over her foot and leg. It was shaped so that her foot was forced into an arch – not quite ballet heels but pretty high still. Buckles snapped shut, the leather sealing tightly, locking her leg away beneath the knee, and then the same was done for the other foot.

She tried standing, her balance thrown off, tottering slightly, having to stretch her arms wide to avoid falling over. Velvet slapped her on the backside, sending her staggering forwards, trying to catch herself before colliding with the wall. When she moved her arms, her outfit fought her, trying to pull her back into a standing position.

'If you fall over, I'll have you strapped over a table. Try and maintain good posture. Like this.' Velvet walked towards her, her own ballet heels clicking against the ground, back rigid and straight. 'You see? Simple enough. None of this sloppy, inelegant staggering.' Her accent shifted into something posher, more aristocratic. 'This establishment does have a reputation to uphold! And I wouldn't wish to see you punished on your first night. And you're probably sore from earlier, so don't strain yourself.'

Sally staggered to the far wall, trying to remember how to walk in the damn things, supporting herself on the wall. Andrea looked on with approval. 'Wow, you look great! Just in time for second shift as well, we should go.' A bell chimed, coming from the main hall.

'Not yet, one more thing.' Velvet pushed her against the wall, snapping leather tightly around her neck, forcing her to stand even straighter, and stopping her from turning her neck – if she wanted to face something, she'd have to turn directly. Between that, the heels and the corset, her body was pushed into a certain posture. There was a metal "click", the posture collar being sealed on, before she managed to turn around. 'Good. You're with me for the night then.' She

produced a leash from somewhere, clipping it onto Sally's collar and pulling her along.
'Remember, I'm in charge.'

Keeping pace was a challenge, the heels meaning she was always in danger of falling over, and she was pulled along too fast to be able to support herself on the walls. As long as she kept moving, falling forward with each step, it wasn't too bad, but stopping would be a challenge.

They stepped back into the main room. It was busier now, a thrum of conversation echoing around the open space, distorted by the concrete floor and walls. The fluffy touches – cushions, throws and rugs, internal walls covered with polaroid pictures and sparkly lights made into heart shapes – helped soften things somewhat.

The white nurse walked up, a hand coming up to take Sally by the collar. Cool, latex-gloved hands touched against her forehead, before running down her face, brushing against her lips, then pressing against her neck.

'Are you taking my pulse?'

With the surgical mask covering their mouth, it was impossible to read the woman's expression, but they nodded.

'You were talking earlier, are you OK?'

Velvet brushed the nurse away. 'Oh, it's part of their stichk. They're legit nurses, qualified and everything, but I guess this pays more. And some of the guys really love it – domineering and silent. Kind of the robo-girl thing, I guess, but bossier?' The nurse made a quiet hiss and glared at Velvet, who shrugged. 'What? I saw you down in the milking room. Looked like you were enjoying it, a lot more than I was! Or was it the other one?'

The nurse turned and groped at Velvet, lightly slapping at a breast, making Velvet gasp.

'Hey! Don't do that. And I know you can talk – you just like being spooky.' She pushed the nurse's hand away. 'And your "inspections" are way too rough, you full-on fisted me last time!'

The nurse snickered and nodded, mask shifting slightly – was she smiling beneath? Velvet turned back to Sally. 'Try not to get it too damaged – cum and sweat can be cleaned off, but any damages come off your wages. There's been girls with expensive tastes before that have ended up deep in debt, because they kept getting fancy clothing ruined.'

A bell chimed, the maids drifting towards the entrance, where there was a well-lit area, where they could all line up. Some of them were chatting to regulars, smiling and flirting before taking their place in the group.

Sally took her place amongst them – the haze of perfume was dizzying, along with the soft rustle of petticoats, the creak of boned corsets and the slight stretching of latex. She tried to make herself comfortable, shifting about to try and make her own dress more comfortable. She'd always liked the idea of latex more than the reality – it looked good, but the tightness was stifling, her skin feeling swaddled and compressed. Although she could see that she was getting appreciative looks from some of the audience. And it wasn't all men either – they were some women scattered amongst the crowd, most looking even more predatory than the guys!

A whip-crack sounded, the bunnygirl stepping into a spotlight, her black bustier shining, fishnet tights sheathing her legs, heels clicking.

'Good evening, honored guests! We welcome you, once again, to the Maid Cage Club! Here, your most decadent fantasies can be made to come true... as long as you're willing to pay!' She cracked the whip again. 'The girls have their quotas to meet, so I'm sure they'll be eager to service your needs. And for those with more specialist requirements, then the basement

cells have just been remodeled, as has the electro-cell. The birdcage is currently home to the exquisite Coraline, for those that can afford her touch.'

She turned, shaking her pom-pom tail for the crowd. 'There's even a new girl to take out your wicked, wicked lusts on. Lovely Miss Sally. Step forward please!' Her voice was a sharp crack, the other maids parting to expose her to the crowd. She tried to smile and posed, running her hands down her body, feeling how her latex-wrapped hands slid against her dress. The projector started up, showing her gang-bang from earlier.

'As you can see, she's eager to please! Although her price has gone up, and she has yet to take part in any of the games.' She tapped her fingers against her grip of the whip, as though pondering, the crowd staring at Sally, making her feel exposed and self-conscious. 'Hmmm, perhaps she should be baptized?'

That got a sound of approval from the crowd.

'I can't hear you!' The sound was louder now, cutting silent as the whip was cracked. 'Show some more enthusiasm!'

'YES!' The sound made Sally's head ring, as the crowd roared back.

'Well then, I need more volunteers. Or someone will be volunteered!'

The maids looked at each other uncertainly, before one took a slow step forward – this one was a short Asian woman, her face exquisitely made-up, with pale cheeks and ruby-red lips, her dress long and conservative, long sleeves covering her arms, raven black hair falling in a cascade down her back. She was followed by a dark-skinned woman, long braids falling to her waist, black hair shot through with braids of different colors, bright beads adding to the effect. Her dress had gauze panels on, white lace that highlighted her dark flesh beneath, her hands wrapped in white lace gloves.

'Kuroko and Imani? Very good. Try not to make a mess this time.' The two women looked at each other, both baring their teeth, no love lost between them. 'And Velvet as well. That should be enough. You four, with me. Everyone else, go and please the crowd.'

The audience moved forward, mingling with the maids, some of them immediately heading over to tables.

Sally followed along behind them, unsure what was going on. They were led from the main room, down a passageway made slightly less barren by some red curtains nailed to the walls, and then into a large room. Sally swallowed nervously when she saw some of the bondage equipment ready to be used – a heavy wooden chair was the centerpiece, with metal cuffs made to lock over someone's wrists and ankles.

The other three maids all turned around and dropped to their knees, facing the entrance, Sally awkwardly following their example, the position making her calves ache. Several of the guests were hovering awkwardly at the door, before the announcer rolled her eyes and gestured at them to come in.

Sally could see that several of them already had erections, their trousers bulging at their crotches. Kuroko licked her lips and winked at one of them, who smiled nervously back. Sally squeezed her thighs together, trying to ignore the smell of sweat and cum that seemed to spill out from the walls and floor.

'For the benefit of the new girl, I will explain the rules. Each maid will try and pleasure as many honored guests as possible, using only their hands. To determine who is the most talented, the cum each maid collects will be measured.'

With a slight grunt of effort, Kuroko rose from her kneeling position and went to a cabinet at the back of the room, opening it up and removing four glass beakers, returning to her kneeling

position and sliding the beakers over to the others. Sally grabbed one as it rolled past, setting it upright – it looked like something from a science class, with little measurement bars down the side. Was she expected to fill it?

‘The winner will get 40 percent of the money our honored guests have donated, and second place will get 20. The two losers will get nothing, although I would hope they would learn from the experience.’

As the bunnygirl spoke, Velvet extended an arm, slowly peeling off a long latex glove, exposing a pale arm, the crowd making an appreciative sound as she wriggled her fingers and gave a flirtatious wink.

There was a bucket of condoms by the door, the packets shiny and bright in different colors, the men helping themselves to them, ripping them open, the front four sheathing their cocks, not yet entirely hard, lining up and ready, the bunnygirl to one side, whip lying along the ground as a barrier.

Sally glanced over to the other maids – they were smiling and wriggling seductively, licking their lips or playing with their breasts. Sally imitated them, pushing her shoulders back to thrust her breasts out, glad that they were larger than Kuroko’s or Imani’s. Velvet was seductively removing her other glove, making a little show of it, inching it off her flesh a bit at a time, keeping the crowd rapt on her.

The whip slither-hissed along the floor as it was pulled back, the bunnygirl neatly catching it, then coiling it around her arm. ‘BEGIN!’

A cock, sheathed in a lime-green condom appeared in front of her, coming out of clean blue jeans. She leaned forward, bringing a hand up to caress the ballsack and giving it a soft squeeze, before she opened her mouth, tongue sliding out as she leaned forward.

Pain seared across the top of her back, and a second later she heard a whipcrack, her body stiffening in shock.

‘Hands only, new girl!’ Heels approached from behind her, a hand pressing against the sear-slash of pain. ‘They’ve not paid for that pleasure.’ A hand squeezed her cheeks, forcing her mouth open, a gag-ball getting pushed between her lips, her tongue slipping against the rubber ball. The cock in front of her was now fully erect, the condom tight in place, as she took a tight grip of the shaft, giving the thing a squeeze.

She could hear the sounds of the others pumping their hands, forearms jerking back and forth rapidly. Her own latex glove made it harder to feel properly, the condom sticking oddly to the latex. The man was satisfyingly hard through, roused by her attentions. She didn’t bother looking upwards – very few people looked good from down below! With her other hand, she kept fondling his balls.

There was a gasp, Imani instinctively leaning back, although the condom caught the blast of cum, keeping it contained. With a practiced movement, she peeled the sheath off the cock, holding it above the beaker and wringing it out, cum spilling downwards. The others were finishing off as well, each taking their filled condoms as Sally desperately pumped her hand back and forth, trying to get him off as quickly as possible. She was more experienced with blowjobs! His breathing was getting faster though, so she was doing something. The painful throbbing of her back, and the gag, kept her from ducking her head forward and kissing the tip, even though that would have made things a lot quicker!

Eventually, he came, and Sally tore the condom off, her gloves making her awkward and fumbling as she peeled it off, then tried to squeeze out as much of the cum as possible. It looked

a pitiful amount in the beaker, barely staining it. The next man stepped up, cock already erect, darker flesh wrapped in a ruby-red condom.

With the gag in place, she couldn't spit into her hands, but drool was already flowing, so she let that fall into her palm, before starting to jack the guy off.

She lost track of how well the others were doing, focusing on the cock in front of herself, ignoring the gentle twinge of desire between her own legs, although the latex dress was starting to get uncomfortable, and her knees were aching. But it was satisfying each time she made someone cum, the puddle of semen growing slightly with each one she finished off.

As they worked, the bunnygirl-announcer stalked behind them, the whip cracking against the air and startling Sally, getting a slightly pained grunt from whoever she was jacking off as she wrenched their cock suddenly, before trying to stroke it more gently. The scent of cum got more and more intense, the small puddle in front of her growing. She kept her head backwards, not wanting to dribble into the beaker – that would probably get her disqualified or punished or something.

Her arm was starting to get tired, unused to the continual exertion. The others didn't seem to be stopping, Kuroko even murmuring encouragement, Velvet digging her nails into a ball-sack, making her current subject since, although he didn't seem unhappy.

Several whipcracks sounded in quick succession. 'Time's up!' Sally's arm got moving through sheer force of habit before she could make it stop, letting go of the dick. The man made a disappointed sound, hips thrusting forward without anything to meet it.

The beakers all had thick, creamy paste in, the scent overpowering.

'Maid Kuroko, present yourself.'

The short woman stood up, lifting the beaker to her face, making Sally's stomach roil – they weren't expected to drink it, were they? But she just took a whiff of it, her tongue lolling out, slack pleasure covering her face. The whip sliced next to her head, jerking her out of her daze. The bunnygirl was now holding a tall and narrow glass beaker, with a metal funnel on top. Kuroko poured her takings in, making sure every last drop made it into the funnel. In the narrow beaker, it looked an intimidating amount – how many guys had she managed to finish off? She tapped the funnel, nail chinking against metal as a few final droplets trickled downwards.

'Hmmm, not bad. Velvet?'

Velvet took her own beaker and approached, tipping it down, the tube filling further, the contents getting swirled around. She'd managed to get even more than Kuroko, it looked like! Imani was next, shaking her dreadlocks out as she stood, adding her own collection of semen. One or more of the condoms must have slipped off, as there was a streak of cum down her shoulder, beading on her dress. That would make it easier for Sally to win, or at least not lose!

The narrow beaker was now half-full, an impressive amount of cum. She'd not kept track of how many men she'd made cum, although her wrist was starting to feel sore. She took her beaker and gave it a shake, the scent making her dizzy and horny, before pouring it on, the stuff circling down the funnel and dropping down. It didn't seem to take long before it was all gone, a final droplet splashing into place. The bunnygirl scowled, before calling up Imani, who poured her own collection into the container.

Sally was last, carefully picking up her own beaker, not wanting to somehow spill any of it. Kuroko was visibly aroused, pupils dilated, hands tense on her thighs in her kneeling position, biting her lips as she stared at the cum.

Sally poured her own in, the bunnygirl looking judgmentally at her, eyes hard, as the cum flowed together. She'd never seen so much in one place before!

‘And the winner is... Velvet!’

Velvet curtseyed, the movement making her latex shimmer in the light. A few of the audience clapped politely – Sally could see that several of them had purple badges in the shape of a heart prominently displayed, with a “V” in the middle. Were they her fan club? That would have given her an edge in jacking them off so fast. She started pulling her glove back on, carefully tweaking the material back into place, sealing her hands away.

‘And in second place, Kuroko the cumslut! Try not to drain them completely dry.’

Kuroko responded in a creepy, child-like voice. ‘Awww, but Kuroko loves cum! It makes her heart go doki-doki!’ She made her fingers into a heartshape on her breast, some of the crowd mirroring it back, others rolling their eyes.

‘Not that it matters, but third place: Sally! Not bad for fresh meat. Keep it up, you might manage to earn something. And Imani – you need to work better. This is about quantity, not quality. Get them off fast, it doesn’t matter if they enjoy it.’ The whip cracked again, the audience all taking a step back, a few stragglers hurriedly zipping up their flies. ‘Now, Imani, are you going to drink this?’ She lifted up the cum, the stuff gleaming with a pearly sheen.

Kuroko whined. ‘Kuroko’s thirsty! May I, please?’

The bunnygirl made a disgusted noise, before handing the beaker over to her. The petite woman sniffed it and made a sound of pleasure, before raising it to her perfect, red lips. It flowed forward, into her mouth, her throat tensing as she swallowed. She chugged it, downing the result of all their work in one, then using her fingers to clean out the rest.

‘Mmmm...’ She sagged down, legs weak, barely able to stand, Sally moving to support her.

‘Eugh, go dump her in the staffroom. She’ll be useless now. Dumb slut. And everyone else, clear out! Back to the main room, you filthy degenerates!’ The whip cracked, stirring the men into action, the crowd quickly vanishing, as Sally managed to support Kuroko, trying to ignore the aching in her wrist.

Velvet tapped her on the shoulder. ‘Damn, she should know better! We’ll have to cuff her, otherwise she’ll wank herself silly as well. I’ll show you the way so we don’t have to go back through the main hall. And then we need to get out there. You especially! Got to get earning, girl!’

They managed to manhandle Kuroko, as the bunnygirl clicked away back to the main hall herself.

Chapter Three: Backstage Tour

Sally stepped back just as the blast of cum shot out, smearing onto the wall, droplets trickling down the bare concrete. Kuroko made a disappointed sound, before leaning forward to kiss the cock in front of her, licking her tongue over the crown, clearly savoring the taste.

‘You came too fast! Master! You need to learn some control, so Kuroko can take it in the mouth.’ She squeezed the cock, the man wincing slightly as the erection faded away. He had to brush at Kuroko’s hand to get her to let go, looking slightly nervous as he did so, before his cock was finally released from her grip, then handed over a metal token. Kuroko, still on her knees, took it with a smile, ducking her head in a bow. ‘Thank you, master. But, uh, maybe work on your stamina, please?’ The token vanished into one of her sleeves.

Sally coughed, drawing attention to herself. Both Kuroko and the man looked surprised, turning to see her.

‘Uh, I’ve been told to tell you to finish up.’

A klaxon sounded, making Sally wince at the sound, stabbing into her ears. They all had to wait until it had finished before they could talk again.

‘Oh, that’s closing time! Sorry, master. Although it looks like you need a little time to recover. Maybe touch yourself a little less? And then you can spend more time with me!’ The klaxon went off again. ‘But you need to leave now. Otherwise the manager’ll chop your cock off!’ The man paled, hurriedly tucking himself away and zipping himself up, then getting his coat and heading for the door.

‘I’ll, uh, see you next time, Kuroko! A pleasure as always!’ He moved fast, striding towards the doorway and vanishing from sight.

As soon as he was gone, Kuroko rose from kneeling, looking at the cum-splat with disappointment. ‘Kuroko wanted to taste that! But at least he finished quickly. Some guys keep going even through the closing bell.’ She rolled her neck, muscles cracking. ‘Shit, I’m on round-up duty tonight.’

‘The, um, bunny-girl said that. Said it would be useful if you could show me around?’

‘Yeah, this place is a bit of a maze.’ Kuroko’s voice had changed, becoming less girlishly high-pitched. ‘And some of the others get too into it. You can give me a hand rounding them up.’ She walked over to the cum-splat and dabbed her finger-tip against it, then licked her fingertip and shivered. ‘Mmmm, he might be on a hair-trigger but he does taste good! You want to try?’ She held her cum-stained fingertip towards Sally.

‘Uh, no, but thanks.’

Kuroko used her sleeve to wipe the stain off the wall, then sniffed the cloth and smiled. ‘OK, let’s go clear out the race-room first. They’re close by. The sooner we get done, then the sooner we can go to bed!’

She led the way from the room, turning the light off as she did so, apparently not caring about any other dirt or grime. The room had once been a stockroom or something, bare walls not intended for customer use. Despite her slight size, she walked fast, her sleeve brushing against

her body with every stride, heading through a propped-open security door and into the main stripe of the store.

One of the security grilles was half-raised, and Sally could hear motors buzzing away inside, along with distinctly female moans, warped and muted. Pink light shone from beneath, illuminating the otherwise dark area.

Kuroko ducked beneath the metal, Sally following, wincing as the latex pushed and compressed her chest and lungs. She felt sticky and grimy beneath the material, looking forward to a shower!

Inside, the room was filled with pink light, shed from strings of bulbs along the walls, the scent of sweat and pussy-juice thick in the air. It had once been a clothing store, with mannequins on the walls, dressed in various maid-outfits. Along one wall were cubicles with transparent plastic panels, each holding a woman – legs spread, a sybian between their legs. Electric score-cards were above their heads, one of them tensing and gasping as Sally watching, the number ticking up to “6”. There were a handful of customers in there, one of them cursing.

‘Dammit! I thought she’d be able to hold on for longer.’

The motors cut out, all three of the women sagging down as the vibrations stopped. Moving closer, Sally could see that they were restrained in place, their thighs cuffed onto the sybians, towels beneath them looking damp and heavy.

Kuroko clapped her hands. ‘It’s time for good girls and bad boys to go to bed! Don’t make Kuroko get the whip, sirs! And to let these pussies get some rest.’ She reached out towards a switch, flicking it off and on in quick succession, plunging the room in and out of darkness.

‘One more...?’

‘No, sir!’ The squeaky, girly voice had returned. ‘It’s closing time, please return tomorrow.’ Although she sounded cute and girly, she was still flicking the switch, the light and dark making Sally feel dizzy. With more grumbling they started to head for the exit, although a few of them leered at Sally on the way, as she went to look at the cubicles. There was a control panel outside each, allowing coins to be paid in to control the sybian. One was still bright – she twisted a dial upwards, and a motor started, the occupant twitching in response, her thighs tensing around the buzzing prong. Her chin was stained with spit, eyes barely focused, her hands cuffed to the front of the sybian, her uniform sticky with sweat. Her score-card showed a seven – was that how many times she had been forced to cum?

Sally dialed it back down, before going and sliding the plastic panel aside, ignoring the cum-splatters on it. The scent of pussy-juice flowed out, thick enough that it made her feel aroused herself.

‘Just give her a pinch if she doesn’t respond. Did something to piss off her fans, so they clubbed together to “gift” her with a chastity belt, which she had to pay for the key for.’ Sally tapped her on the forehead, eliciting a soft groan, as Kuroko sighed. ‘Come on, you dumb slut. Shift’s over. Unless you want me to leave you here all night?’

A spark of life returned to the woman’s eyes, and there was a squelching noise as she tried to pull herself off the sybian, her pussy drenched and slippery. Kuroko released their hands from the cuffs, then their thigh-cuffs. They slowly toppled to the side without support, Sally catching them, dragging them off the sybian. She could feel their heat against her own body, managing to keep them standing, her fingers sinking into a soft breast.

‘That... felt... great!’

‘Good. Now you can clean up! Get everything ready for the laundry cart. Sally, if she can’t stand just drop her.’

Sally slowly let the woman go, letting them lean against a wall, their legs obviously shaking. Their maid-uniform was thin gauze, showing off most of their body, with lingerie visible beneath, everything sticky with sweat.

‘You need to clean up in here.’ Kuroko slapped them across the face. ‘Anyone in? Do you remember who you are?’

‘Eugh... Can’t I sleep?’

Kuroko pinched a nipple, hard enough to make them yelp. ‘No! Clean first, then sleep. Unless you want to be demoted?’

‘Fine!’ She was starting to wake up, a vague sense of life coming to her eyes. She managed to stagger over to another booth, her stockinged feet moving silently across the floor as she released one of the others. ‘Man, that felt so good! That bastard chastity belt was hell, I’ve not gone so long without touching myself or getting fucked ever. I’ll clean up in here, drag the cart over when it’s ready.’ She touched herself between her legs, a dozy grin on her face. ‘Damn, I’m drenched! I need a drink.’

Kuroko moved to slap her again, the woman now awake enough to raise her arms to block, Kuroko pulling back. ‘Be quick about it!’

‘Sure, sure. Damn, could do with a smoke as well.’ Her head lolled, a blissful grin on her face. ‘Hey, fresh meat! Want to join me in here sometime? Can get a good take!’

‘Um, maybe some other time?’

‘Hands off! She’s café-staff for now. It’s hard enough serving everyone without you poaching them.’

They looked at each other, Kuroko’s gaze hard, the other woman still unfocused, looking away first. ‘Fine. Fuck, I can barely walk. Those bastards jammed the thing all the way to the maximum. It felt so good! Going to need the mop.’

The other maids were trying to free themselves now, unclasping their thigh-bands, slowly unmounting, pussies looking pink and sensitive.

‘Get to the cleaning then! I’ll go check the birdcage.’

As the three other maids managed to stir themselves from their post-orgasm daze, Kuroko pulled Sally with her. ‘Sybian-sluts! The guests bet on how long until they cum. Tried it once and passed out. Woke up suspended from the ceiling with my panties in my mouth, my arse spanked red and my pussy so sore I couldn’t get off for weeks afterwards! Wouldn’t recommend it. And you have to split the profits!’

The mall was creepy, with most of the lights turned off, the shuttered-off storefronts looking like prison cells, or empty caves.

‘How much of this place do we use?’

‘A lot more than we pay rent for. Not like anyone cares though, and we’re grabbing more as we get the money to convert it into something useful. Not that we’re allowed to know how much this place actually earns! Might ask for a raise if we knew that. Although it’s better than waitressing! Tips are a lot more generous.’

Footsteps sounded, heels clicking on the floor, a dimly-seen shape of white-and-black ruffles making their way past in the shadows, making Sally squeak nervously.

‘Just be careful about some of the rougher games.’ Her voice turned girly again. ‘Kuroko’s only delicate, sirs! Although you look like you could take some punishment. And you looked like you were enjoying the gangbang earlier.’

Sally tensed her thighs, remembering the cocks shoving into her, hot and hard, filling her up. That had been intense! ‘Um, yeah. Been a while since I’ve done anything like that.’

‘Well, got you a good rating. Just be careful not to stand out too much, the three queens don’t like competition.’

‘The what?’

‘They’re the top-ranked maids. They get to charge a lot for their services, and can be pickier about who, and *what*, they do. And they don’t like competition. We’re about to meet one – Coraline. She gets to pick and choose! Lucky bitch. Up here.’

Kuroko suddenly turned left, her slight form fading into the shadows, moving up a barely seen staircase, up onto the upper story, Sally following. Upstairs were more barely-visible shuttered shops, the sole exception being a warm, golden glow shining from a narrow doorway, several electric candles gleaming away.

‘She’s not allowed real ones anymore, at least not out here. We’ll probably have to kick some of her sims out – they tend to get clingy and weird.’

She entered, Sally cautiously following behind. Inside, the large room had walls covered with lace curtains, doing something to make the concrete box less harsh, with more electric candles making everything shimmery and vague. Light perfume filled the air, and cushions and beanbags were scattered everywhere on the floor. An inner curtain divided the room in half, with gold-painted poles holding it stiff. Elegant violin music came from somewhere, as a tall and curvaceous female shape appeared behind the curtain, posing to show themselves off.

‘Oh? A final gentleman for the evening?’ They posed some more, enough that Sally could see that they were wearing some kind of light negligee.

‘You heard the claxon! Kicking out time.’

‘Oh, it’s just you.’ They pulled the curtain aside, revealing a tall woman, blonde hair falling to her waist, wearing only a filmy negligee, heels and a thick golden collar, a metal chain running from her neck to a bolt in the wall. ‘I was just finishing a conversation with this fascinating man. Isn’t that right?’

A man’s head moved into view, kissing at her shoes, as Kuroko rolled her eyes. ‘Get him out before I drag him out.’

‘I don’t think you have the strength, cum-slut. I wonder, are you even earning enough to stay out of the dungeons? It won’t be long before you’re tied up and free for use, I think.’

The man kissed her shoe again. ‘Please, mistress, accept this!’ He held up something that shone brightly, the woman smiling broadly as she took it. ‘When was the last time you saw one of these, little Kuroko? Still scrabbling in the dirt, sucking all the cocks.’ She turned down to face the man, kneeling close and kissing him. ‘Time for you to leave, my dear. But please, think of me, and I hope you can return soon.’

‘It took me weeks to save that! Mistress, can’t you see me sooner?’ The man’s voice was desperate and pathetic as he begged.

‘I am precious, am I not? And deserve to be treated as such. When you can shower me with gifts, then you may have more of my time.’ She reached down, between his legs, making him shiver. ‘But we must be parted.’ From how he’d gasped, she must have squeezed. ‘Until next time, my dear.’ She used her grip on his cock to pull him upwards, then pushed him away. ‘Maybe this little one will take pity on you? Her mouth is always willing, or so I’m told.’

The man stumbled past, his erection obvious in his tailored trousers. He didn’t even look at Sally and Kuroko as he vanished into the cavernous darkness of the mall.

‘Not got any others hidden away?’

Coraline studied her nails (beautifully manicured, bright red). ‘I do quite well enough that I’ve never needed to entertain after hours, or to risk the punishments for it. If you hurry after

him, you might be able to get something off him. He had some copper tokens I think – I don't bother with such things anymore.'

Kuroko was tense, looking like she was about to hiss at Coraline, before collecting herself. 'I'm looking forward to when you can't pay up. Without that collar, you'll be meat! Be fun seeing how fast you can run.'

'I think my loyal and loving fans will endure. And I would rather live like this rather than sucking cock, like some have to.'

Before the two could bicker more, Sally stepped forward. 'Is there anything we need to do here?'

'If the queen bitch says she's kicked all her simps out, then we can go. Not like she can leave.'

Sally could see that the collar was locked in place, an ornately-carved but sturdy padlock sealing it around the woman's neck, the chain too thick to break and attached to a heavy metal bracket on the wall. Kuroko spun on a heel, flicking her skirts up and walking away.

'Good night, little Kuroko. I hope you wake up in a pretty cage of your own in the basement.' Kuroko hissed but didn't answer. 'And you, new girl. If you want some advice, then come up and see me. I won't bite, and you can have a few of my cast-offs, once I've drained them mostly dry.'

Sally plucked at her skirts, managing a curtsy. 'Thank you, but I'll need to see what other options are available.' Then she moved hurriedly to follow Kuroko, not wanting to get lost in the darkness. She heard the collar-chain clinking as Coraline moved, the electric candle-lights starting to blink out.

Kuroko was seething outside, savagely kicking at the wall, hard enough to scuff the shiny black leather of her heeled mary-janes. 'Bitch thinks she's better than us! When she can't afford that fancy collar, then she's going to be very popular, but not how she wants to be.'

'How does that work?'

Kuroko gave the wall another kick, before collecting herself and walking away, shoulders stiff and tense. 'When she's chained in the cage, she's the boss of anyone in there. Can't be ordered or commanded, what she says goes. But she can't leave, she can't remove the collar herself. If she can't pay to keep it, then no collar, no protection. And there's a lot of customers that want to use her but can't afford her! She'll get fucked *raw*.' After walking back downstairs, Kuroko slammed her hand against a metal shutter. 'Come on, everybody out! Time for all good girls and bad boys to go home!'

A few shapes stumbled out, the maids easier to see in the low light thanks to their white frills and lace, and pale skin on display, men fading into the shadows.

'So, new girl.'

'Sally.'

'Stick around long enough and I might learn your name. You've had a long day – I remember my first, was barely able to walk afterwards. If you head back to the café, then Andrea – the blonde with the big tits – will show you to a room. Just watch out for the bunny-bitch, she's always crabby late at nights, and that crop of hers stings.'

'Uh...'

'Don't worry, I'm not a complete bitch. Muscle in on my turf and we'll have issues, but us working girls need to stick together the rest of the time.' A hand patted against Sally's shoulder. 'Now go rest. I'll go clear out the dungeons, the classroom and the lab.'

‘Thanks.’ Sally yawned, tiredness overcoming her. ‘Down this way?’ She could see the light of the café, looking warm and comforting against the stark darkness of the otherwise abandoned mall.

‘Yup. And make sure to sign your clothing back in. You don’t want to get in debt already, and even I don’t really like wearing clothing stained with last night’s cum.’

Sally stumbled towards the light, wondering what the place would be like to sleep in.

Chapter Four: A Not So Restful Night

After the night's activities, it would be good to rest. A few of the staff seemed to be on cleaning duty, mops slapping over the floor, wiping down the tables, stacking the tables up. Others were idling around, stretching out, their uniforms no longer as pristine, both from the aftermath of sex and from being worn. Two were even smoking, cigarettes showing as red ember-lights in the low light.

Andrea waved at her before yawning, Sally heading over.

'Enjoy your first night? A few of the customers mentioned you, in a good way. So that seems like a good start, right? I had a good night as well.' She opened up her hand, revealing a cylinder of the disks. 'Always like this at the end of the month, everyone gets paid, come to spank it all on us. Which is nice! Give it three weeks and we'll be quiet, except for the truly dedicated. If you do have to do anything rough, then it's best to do it just before then, give yourself some time to rest up before the next peak.'

She yawned again, making a vague attempt to cover her mouth this time. A whip cracked, Sally turning to see the bunny-bitch, a long whip flicking through the air, cracking just above another maid, spurring her towards greater cleaner efforts.

'She always gets crabby late at night. Well, crabbiest than normal. I'm guessing you're going to be staying here? Last bus was hours ago, and it'll cost a fortune to get a cab. They don't like coming out here this late. It's a cost, but it's not much, and they're not bad. No private guests though – if you want that, then there's better rooms for it, and it's where we go to relax. Course, some of these lot like to get it on with each other, but I prefer to avoid drama. Don't wanna shit where I eat.'

'And you're crap at fingering. When you're trying to pleasure a woman, it's not like getting crisps out of a can! Less pinching!' Velvet had loosened off her latex a bit, some of the corset strings eased, her body less rigidly held within its embrace now. 'And you need to be less precious about shoving your tongue into someone. I know ass-eating is gross, but you're terrible at eating pussy.'

'So, you two used to...?'

'NO!' They both answered in unison.

A tall, Asian woman approached, gleaming black hair falling down her black in a shining ribbon, her uniform still crisp and immaculate. 'Ignore them, they like to bicker a lot. Although, sadly, without much passion. It would be a lot more fun if they were still up to something, but, sadly not.' She bowed, graceful and elegant, lifting her skirts just enough to reveal long, stocking-wrapped legs. 'Sally, isn't it? My name is Rin. Now, before they start bickering again, shall we go and get you settled in? There's plenty of room – this place used to have a small hotel attached. When the area was made a licensed district, then it was initially thought that that is where our business would be settled. But then somewhere had this idea.' She pulled on her skirt, twisting to show it off. 'Certainly nicer than tiny little skirts and parading around the streets!' She clapped her hands, loudly enough to be heard by everyone. 'Bed time!'

A whip cracked, the bunny-bitch clicking close, looking diminutive next to the tall Rin. Not that she seemed any less intimidating, the whip cracking through the air. ‘Anyone not on clean-up, get your asses to bed! Some of you have got work tomorrow on the day shift, or you’ve got rooms booked out for streaming. And check all your clothing in as well! Don’t want anything going missing!’

The whip flicked forward again, this time striking skin, targeting the bare back of a maid, leaving a red welt across pale skin. ‘And don’t think I didn’t see you selling your panties earlier! Just remember this place gets a cut.’ They were whipped again, trying to flinch away from the strikes.

‘While she’s distracted, let’s go. She can get a bit more vicious this time of night! And if we hurry, we can get the lift before it breaks. I love my heels, but not having to walk up ten stories in them!’

Rin moved away, striding fast, Sally managing to keep up as they headed out of the main café away, and then down a side passage, where a large service elevator door was open, maids hurrying to get in, squeezing in as much as possible. It was a cramped space, air heavy with perfume, the scents of sweat, cum and pussy-juice all mingling together, as well as a general sense of tiredness, the lift itself sounding weary as it clanked upwards.

There were several worrying moments when it lurched to a stop, taking long seconds before motors whined back into life and the upwards motion resumed. As they moved, Sally tried easing herself out of parts of her outfit, taking the posture collar off and feeling her neck relax, able to move freely again, trying to loosen off the corset as she went, the compression making her body ache. Everyone else was easing off their costumes, making themselves more comfortable, except for Rin, who seemed entirely at ease in her outfit. Finally, after several more heart-stopping stops and starts, there was a more solid-sounding *clunk*, and the doors opened.

The maids burst out, spreading out into a small lobby, then disappearing into corridors and rooms, Sally catching glimpses of bedrooms before doors clicked shut.

‘We used to just let people pick, but now there’s enough of us, we have to be a little more organized. This way.’

The place had once been a hotel lobby, with some sofas scattered around, a small desk in front of a long passageway, but had been made a lot more homely, baskets of laundry along one wall, separated into whites and colors. A maid slumped onto a battered couch, a friend flopping onto top of her, both of them squealing.

‘I’m sure you’ve been told, but no guests up here! There’s plenty of other spaces for that. There’s also the more specialized rooms that can be used for sleeping – isolation chambers and so forth. Not really my thing, but some like them, and if you need darkness and quiet to sleep, I suppose it could be restful.’ Rin turned away from the bedrooms, towards a service door, where a bulb was shining red light downwards, wires tacked to the wall, cracking the plaster.

Without pausing, she shoved the door open, revealing a room lit in soft, pink tones, leather and metal items hanging from the walls shining in odd colors. A wet moan sounded out, followed by the crack of a flogger on skin, chains clinking.

Ahead of herself, Sally saw two female shapes hanging by their wrists from the ceiling, their faces tied together by a ball-gag joining them, spittle splashing onto a plastic sheet on the floor. Their legs were tied back, ankles to calves, short skirts held up with clothes pegs to reveal bare buttocks, the pink light making the welts hard to see.

‘Mmphhh!’ It was impossible to tell which one protested as they wriggled, Sally watching their bare breasts twist and press together.

‘Honored masters and mistresses, it’s time for closing.’ Rin announced as she stepped forward. There was another flesh-impact, a maid in a short latex dress, the skirt almost horizontal, her legs wrapped in latex stocking that shone an odd tint in the pink glow moving into sight, slapping a paddle against the buttocks of one of the restrained women. She had a thick metal collar around her neck, blonde hair tinting oddly by the lights, the upper half of her face covered by a plain plastic mask.

‘Already? Damn, went fast.’ Her wrist flicked forward, a brutal, stinging strike against soft buttock-meat. On the far wall, a web-cam was on, a monitor showing what was being recorded, a text-box showing conversation from whoever was watching. Rin bowed for the camera, Sally attempting to imitate her easy grace, before a cascade of heart emojis flowed onto the chat.

‘Dammit Rin, stop being so popular! Or at least come up here for a session. Everyone wants to know when you’re finally going to take it up the ass.’

‘I would really rather not? It sounds unpleasant.’

‘You’ve avoided it long enough, you’re going to have to break it in sooner or later! May as well cash it in when the money’s good. And the new girl? I heard you got fucked silly. Looked fun.’ She sounded envious – beneath her skirt, there was a shimmer of metal over her crotch. ‘Damn, I want to pay this damn belt off! The guys on chat are being real pricks about it.’ She raised her middle finger towards the camera, then tensed up and hissed. ‘Bloody shock collar! I guess I get paid for it, but still fucking hurts!’ She twitched again. ‘Come on, fucking isn’t swearing, that’s allowed!’ She tensed, but there wasn’t another shock, before relaxing with a sigh. ‘Let’s get these sluts put away for the night then, I guess.’

Sally moved closer – their arms were slack, strained from having to support their weight, the plastic shit beneath them splattered with their dribble. Their sweat slicked their bodies, hair stuck to their faces, the gag locking them together. She drew her hand back and spanked a buttock, taking some pleasure in the groan that sounded out, becoming a whimper as she dug her nails into the ass-cheek, pinching it harshly. It was better to be in charge than being tied down and fucked! Her fingers slide between plump thighs, stroking up between their legs, finding their pussy already filled with a vibrator.

She flicked it on, the thing buzzing into life, sheathed inside their body, making them twitch and stir, chains clinking. It was fun to twist it around, the body suspended and powerless, skin already hot from whatever had been done to her already. It slid around easily, their cunt wet and loose, the base slippery. She thumbed it up to maximum power, their body shaking and twitching around, pulling the other woman along as well.

It twitched and she fumbled, the thing sliding from her grip and hitting the floor, still buzzing and writhing, twisting itself over puddles of spit. The scent of pussy-juice intensified, enough to make Sally start to feel turned on, twisting her thighs together.

‘Well, folks, do you think they deserve a happy ending? They’re certainly a lot friendlier than they were before. Maybe they’ll be able to work together in the future? Vote now! And make it fast, some of us want to get to bed, and you don’t want Miss Rin to get upset. Then no-one will ever get to ravage her virgin asshole!’

This triggered another cascade of emojis, Rin preening happily for the camera, lifting her skirt in a high and seductive curtsy. Sally couldn’t make out the numbers for the vote, but judging by how fast the chat scrolled, it was a popular channel.

‘Looks like it’s some quick teasing, and then these two can spend the night in the cage. And... Oh, come on guys! You’re paying to keep me in chastity? Just let me out already, goddamit! Owwww!’ This time, Sally could hear the *zap* of electricity as the hostess spasmed. ‘If I’d known what it was like, I’d never have worn this damn shock collar to start with. You’ve not let me get off for weeks!’

A cascade of LOLs and smiley faces flashed past, as Sally bent to turn the dildo off, trying to avoid the pools of dribble. Rin spoke softly to her. ‘We need to get these two into that. It’s just about big enough for both of them, but they like to put up a fight.’ She pointed at a small metal cage, half-hidden in the corner, the top currently open. Would two people fit into that? It looked tiny! The two bound maids were wriggling more actively now, legs straining against their thigh-bands, Rin delivering a swift spanking slap to a pert backside.

‘None of that!’

Their struggles didn’t cease, angry grunting coming from behind their shared gags, hands clutching at the chains, bodies wriggling. Even more spanks and slaps didn’t still their protests and wriggles, Sally grabbing one of them, wrapping her arms around their body, feeling feet squirm against her body, grabbing at breasts and digging her fingers into soft skin.

Rin took hold of the other one, as the presenter came around and reached up, having to stand on her tiptoes to reach the bars holding the maids up and then counting down.

‘3, 2... 1!’ She released one set of wrist-cuffs, Sally suddenly having to support the full weight of a person, feeling the strain down her back. That they were still gagged together made it harder, having to keep them in line, as the other was released as well, Run supporting their weight. Both of them started to wriggle, as Sally and Rin slowly hauled the two of them over to the cage.

Sally tightened her grip as much as possible, ignoring the gagged and grunting protests, the body wriggling close against hers, using her hands to squeeze their breasts as much as possible, hoping the pain would keep them compliant, although it seemed to have the opposite effect. At least it wasn’t too bad to drop them into the cage, although it took some pushing to get them fully in, heads pushing upwards before the top slammed shut, a lock clicking closed.

‘Mpphhh!’ They both protested, their skin already getting compressed by the cage, hands reaching through the bars.

‘You know you can’t get out. Now, be good and I’ll let you out to clean yourselves, otherwise it’ll be a dunking again.’

‘Mphhh!’

‘Yeah, yeah.’ The presenter grabbed and pinched the back of a hand that had pushed through the bars of the cage, until it withdrew itself. ‘Rest well! And don’t be such a pain in the ass that people literally want to pay to see you hurt, maybe?’ She twitched as her collar shocked her again. ‘Dammit! Guys, seriously? Now? And...’ She looked over at the screen. ‘Which one of you bastards has scheduled me alarm shocks? It’s my day off tomorrow!’ She shuddered again, trying to pull the collar off her neck, the heavy metal locked in place. ‘Swear to god, when I get this thing off, I’m never putting it back on. Can’t even touch myself!’

Rin swept over to the camera in a flurry of long skirts and graceful steps, curtsying again. ‘Our thanks, honoured masters and mistresses, but it is time for us to rest. While it is amusing to unleash punishment, Becca needs her sleep, so she can punish her two subordinates again.’ There was a cascade of doubled-up gagged grunting from the cage, going wholly ignored. ‘Good night, masters and mistresses.’ She reached out and flicked the camera off, the lights blinking out, then relaxed, her posture visibly slacking.

‘Thanks, Rin! I never know how to switch them off. And I still need to get this fucking thing off!’ She was pulling at the heavy metal collar again, twisting it against her neck. ‘And the belt! Really not worth the money, can’t believe I let them talk me into it. You wouldn’t believe how damn horny I am!’ Her hand dropped between her legs, fingernails scrabbling against metal, before she sagged against the wall. ‘Fuck! If I can’t get laid, I’m going to get shitfaced tomorrow. I deserve that, at least. And I don’t want you two to whine.’ She kicked the cage, metal rattling, the occupants protesting.

‘Now that has been dealt with, Sally, let me find you a room. If you ever wish to show yourself on a wider platform, then that can be arranged, but I prefer to keep things in-person. Now, this way.’

The fresher air outside, not filled with sweat and fuck-scents, was a relief. They kept walking down the passageway, numbered doors on either side of them. The lights were low and dim, making Sally feel tired, trying not to yawn.

Rin knocked on one of the doors, a tired-sounding voice mumbling back.

‘Ah, maybe the next one is for you.’

Another knock on the next door didn’t get any response, and Rin pushed it open.

Inside was a small hotel room, the window covered on the outside with wire mesh, so dirty she could barely see through it. A bed, a desk, even a small en-suite – it was better than most places she’d stayed! And relatively clean to boot, with her clothing already on the bed, neatly folded.

‘This should suffice. You may personalize it, within reason – try not to do anything too permanent. We can arrange the proper paperwork tomorrow. Now sleep, as you need it! I find a thorough gang-bang to be rather draining, no matter how invigorating it may seem at the time.’

She gave Sally a push towards the bed, before stepping backwards to the door and letting herself out. Sally was only too happy to flop onto the bed, reaching up to draw the curtains shut, wriggling out of her maid outfit, then turning the lights out and swiftly falling asleep.

Chapter Five: Required Inspection

The gyn chair was cold, the metal stirrups pressing back against the backs of her legs, leather straps over the tops to keep them in place, her arms bound above her head, locked into metal cuffs that were built into the chair itself. Why did she have to be naked? The chair was sticking to her butt, stiff and uncomfortable. And the gag was uncomfortable as well, a metal ring that forced her mouth open, pressing against the soft parts of her mouth.

A latex-gloved finger poked against one of her bare feet, making her shiver, pushing away the last vestiges of her tiredness. It had seemed barely five minutes since she'd gone to bed, and then she was awake again, two sets of hands grabbing at her, feeling at her body, shoving her, stark naked down the hallway, and then into a tiled room, cold on her feet.

More poking and prodding, and then she had been pushed into the chair, restraints clicking tightly around her body. A bright light shone into her eyes, stinging them with hazy afterimages, and she had slowly become able to see, the two nurses the ones holding her down, still in black and white, masked and sleek.

'Hey! What's going on?' She strained against the straps on her legs, the stirrups holding her legs wide, the air cool against her crotch. The metal around her wrists was pinching tightly, scraping her wrists. The black nurse laid a hand on her wrists, shaking her head. 'You could just let me go, you know?'

She could feel the pressure scraping at her skin, and she tried to settle down, not wanting to scratch her skin too badly. The rest of the room was set-up like a medical room, with mirror-fronted cabinets on the walls, and unpleasant-looking medical instruments hanging from hooks. The sight of them made Sally wince, not wanting the cold metal to be slid into her warm body, and used to spread her wide!

The nurse nodded in approval.

'So what the hell are you doing? And couldn't you have let me sleep in first?'

Two pairs of hands started to probe and poke at her body, feeling down her chest, cupping her breasts. The smooth, warm fingers on her nipples felt good, sending a shiver of pleasure through her, the white nurse chuckling, in a way that seemed familiar.

'Is this a thing? Am I at least getting paid for this?' She looked around – there was a camera in front of her, but it was dark, the red broadcasting light not active. 'Are you two performers as well?'

Black slid a hand down her belly, spreading her palm and pressing down, pushing air from Sally's lungs. And then it slid further down, a hand against each of Sally's thighs as she knelt, eyes peering from above the surgical mask, black hair framing pale skin, at least the small amount that was on display – both the nurses were wearing gloves that went almost to their shoulders, and thigh-high stockings that covered most of their legs.

The fingers suddenly pinched at her thigh-flesh, pain flaring through her legs.

'Ow! Hey!' Even the fingers then stroking along her thighs didn't ease the pain. 'What was that for?'

White was stroking at her breasts still, feeling nice, even if not something she would have chosen. It was too early in the morning to be getting groped by a latex-pervert-fetish-nurse! Especially if she wasn't getting paid for it!

'You can at least say something! There's no customers, so you don't need to keep your *thing* going.'

The fingers suddenly pinched against her nipples, swift and hard, making her gasp in pain.

'Hey! Oww!' She turned to look at White – hair cut in the same shape and style as Black, although it looked glossier, *too* neat and precise. Was it a wig? It was hard to tell with the surgical mask, but there was something slightly familiar about the shape of her face. 'What is this?'

The door slid open, Sally craning her neck to see Rin, dressed in stylish jeans and a smart blouse, her pale arms bare.

'I know you two need to inspect her, but maybe let her know what's going on first?'

Hands continued to rub at her nipples, Black's fingers sliding towards her crotch, making her body tingle.

'It's just the usual medical inspection for working at a place like this. These two are just massive dorks about the whole med-fet thing. Don't worry, it's private. Although if you do want to set something up, they don't mind. But they're a bit too into their whole shtick.'

In unison, fingers pinched her thighs and nipples, making her yelp in pain.

'Yeah, they're also sadists, so... they do that. It's quite fun if you're into it though, and they're always up for putting a show on. But it's easier than having to wait for the "proper" doctor to come, and he's a bit of a handsy creep. These two are fully licensed, so they can do all the paperwork and checks, and provide whatever medicine you need. Got to take precautions, right?'

'Fine, but OWW do they need to be OW so rough? Stop bloody pinching me!'

'They like to know how much pain people can take as well. They're pretty into edgeplay, if you want needles or anything like that. They know just how much pressure to apply, how long until someone will pass out from a bag on the head, that sort of thing.'

Sally wriggled against her restraints again, unable to free herself. 'Maybe some other time, just OW stop bloody pinching me! OW!' She growled, feeling it rumble through her body, trying to shake off the gripping, pinching fingers.

'Shouldn't you at least check her over fully, before having fun?' Rin leaned back, sounding amused. 'Maybe ask her to do a video, she might be up for it.'

Her thighs were now red and hot and sore from the aggressive and sharp fingers, before the woman relented, instead sliding her fingers further up, gently rubbing against Sally's pussy, a skillful massage that was pleasurable to receive, her wincing of pain becoming sighs of pleasure.

White's fingers slid up Sally's chest, onto her neck. 'Don't you dare! I'm not into breathplay. What do you even need to check?'

'Bodily health, as well as how good you are at taking things in various holes. Don't want anything getting pushed too far and breaking!'

Sally tensed up, trying to keep her asshole closed, as her pussy started to moisten and loosen from the stroking, teasing fingers.

'Do I have to be tied down for this?'

White was massaging her shoulders now, fingers digging into Sally's muscles, forceful but feeling good.

‘Hmmm, OK, at least this isn’t all baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa...’ Her words turned into a drawn out hiss as a finger slid into her, warm and pleasurable, but distracting, especially as it curled up inside of her, somehow finding her most sensitive parts.

‘I’ve got some stuff to do, so I’ll leave you to it. And don’t be too rough with her, you two! I want her fully functional, so nothing too nasty, at least not yet.’

Black shoved another finger into her, stretching her wider, making her tense up on the chair, head swimming, relaxed partially due to White’s skillful massage. Rin waved at her before taking out a phone. ‘Dammit! I’m late. Have fun, Sally. It can be enjoyable if you relax into it. Or if you’re into being abused by latex domme-nurses, I guess. Some people are. And I mean it – no breaking the staff! She’s only just had her debut, we need to get some more use from her before you stretch her too wide.’

Rin spun on her heel, hair flicking out before settling down against her back, and she let herself out, the door closing behind her, leaving Sally alone with the nurses. The pleasure was making her feel all tingly and warm, especially with the shoulder massage as well, White leaning over her, but not enough to eliminate the seething irritation she felt.

‘Stop poking me!’

White smelled of latex and disinfectant, heavy enough to erase her natural scent. But this close, Sally could see a few wisps of natural hair poking out from beneath the wig. They turned their head, brown eyes staring at her, seeming to smile.

She tried to slow her breathing, not wanting to be made to cum by the two women, no matter how good it felt. And White was far too close, her face dominating Sally’s vision.

‘Amberrrrrr?!’ Her attempt at speech was interrupted by the waves of pleasure tingling through her. Dammit, she’d been gang-banged yesterday, why was she so horny again? Those fingers were far too skilled, her cunt tensing up, wanting deeper, fatter penetration.

White giggled. ‘Took you long enough! It’s been a while since we worked together.’

The fingers inside of her slowed to an agonizing crawl, still within her, keeping her heat stoked, but not getting her off, clearing her head slightly.

‘What the hell are you doing here?’

‘Great pay. And they let me play!’

‘Since when were you a domme? Or into latex?’

‘I got bored of schoolgirl. Nice skirts, but this is nicer. And it’s fun to dish it out rather than take it! You were a good play-partner though, we always did well together. But this time I get to be on top. And the men lap up the silent, bossy thing. Me and Bella have been raking it in! And the hours are better than hospital shifts. Shame I’m not gay, but hanging out with a lot of slutty maids is fun. Now, open wide.’

Sally clamped her mouth shut, as fingers pushed against her lips, trying to force their way in.

‘You want it rough? If you want, we can do that. Maybe arrange something electric?’

Sally groaned and opened her mouth, the fingers sliding in.

‘Good girl.’ They pressed against her tongue, Amber’s other hand reaching out, coming back with a dental gag. This was slid into Sally’s mouth and then ratcheted wide, metal bars pushing her mouth open. ‘But seriously, if you want to do something, let us know. I remember you used to be pretty tough? Although you preferred to top, didn’t you?’

‘Mphhhh.’ The gag made it impossible to talk, but Amber seemed to get the gist of it.

‘Yeah, thought so. It’s been a while! Kept your figure though, haven’t you? Now, let’s get a measurement. You never had problems with deepthroating, but best to check.’ She reached

behind herself, not even needing to look as she grabbed a fat cock from where it hung on the wall, inch-marks scribbled onto it.

She shoved this into Sally's mouth, until it bumped against the back of her throat, making her gag, spit swelling up around it.

'Gphhh!'

Amber kept pushing. 'I know you can manage more.' She started twisting it back and forth, sliding it deeper each time, into Sally's throat.

Black's fingers – Bella, apparently – were still inside of her, spreading her wide, swiftly finding her clit and teasing it. She could feel how wet she was, already annoyingly close to the edge, but with no ability to push herself forward and get over the edge. Having to breathe around the cock made her feel light-headed and woozy, but the fingers were gentle, even if she couldn't get away from them.

The cock went deeper in, before coming out, covered with thick, sticky spit. And then it was slammed forwards, going even deeper in.

'Ghhkkkk!'

'What? I've seen you take two at a time.'

'Ghhkkkphhh!' It was impossible to speak, between the gag and the cock.

'Wow, impressive! That'll bump your appeal up.' The cock twisted, lumps spreading her throat wide, and then it was yanked out, a rope of spittle joining it to her mouth, before snapping and splashing over her chest, sticky and slimy. The dildo was tossed aside, into a metal tub for cleaning later. 'Six inches. You won't have the record here, but you should be able to take pretty much anyone. We've got a few big guys that need special accommodation though, especially the ones that like it rough.'

'Grphhh!' Even without the cock in place, Sally still couldn't speak.

'Your teeth and gums all look fine as well. I'm not really a dentist, but gunky teeth don't sell well. And your pain reactions seem normal.'

Sally tensed as her hand moved over a nipple, now wet with dribble, yanking on the flesh.

'Auphh!'

'Yeah, you'll do. Should be more than enough for most games. There's a few that take special dispensation and stuff. Lots of forms, you know how it is. All the usual "pleasure quarter" rules. Better than doing it in the backroom of a shitty club though!'

'Whpphh?'

'Yeah, there's some pretty extreme games we've got. Electroplay, breathplay caskets, all sorts of toys. I don't know where the boss got her money from, but she's kitting this place out well.'

The slow, deliciously agonizing twisting of the fingers had started again, spreading her lips wide, air coiling against her wetness. Something more solid slid into her, spreading her wide, fat and satisfying. With Amber in the way, she couldn't see what was being done, but it felt like a vibrator, large and lumpy, easily sliding inwards. And then the thing buzzed into life, the head twisting and spinning, another prong poking against her slit.

'Wow, just slid right in! You were a bit of a gusher before, still got that going for you. Remember to stay hydrated though.'

It felt good, the vibrations thrumming through her body and stimulating her to the core. And there was no reason to hold herself back, so she wriggled her hips forward, letting the pleasure vibrate through her, taking her to a climax, wiping her mind clean as she came with a long, low groan.

A few moments later, her vision returned, her mouth trying to smile, despite the gag. Her body felt warm and comfortable now, her pussy wet, still sensitive from the rush of pleasure.

Black was holding up the dildo, using her fingers to indicate how deep it had gone.

‘Bit more than average. Well, just one more hole to go. You’re not squeamish about it, are you?’

‘Gphhh.’ Sally wriggled her hips, trying to make it easier, wanting to get the thing over with. Anal wasn’t her favorite, but at least then she’d be set free! Hopefully...

Another dildo with measurement-marks was produced, Amber taking it, squirting lube over it. ‘There’s a lot of the games that involve taking it up the ass, so if you’re good at that you can do well. Just remember to squeal and look ashamed – I’m told it makes for better tips.’

Amber moved around her, Black moving away to let Amber move between Sally’s legs, placing the fat head against her asshole. Sally tried to keep herself calm, wanting to make it as easy as possible, the lump forcing her back passage wide, getting eased back and forth as it slid deeper and deeper in.

Had everyone gone through this? Imagining the elegant Rin being tied down and subjected to medical penetration seemed unlikely, but apparently this was normal. Her breathing was still ragged from the forced orgasm, and now the anal intruder was making it hard to think. It twisted and shifted around inside of her, shoving deeper and deeper, and she sank back, unable to do anything but let it happen. Did it have to be such a fat cock? How many guys had one so wide and long? And then it was pulled out with a single motion, leaving her feeling empty and deflated.

‘Pretty good! You can take part in any of the contests. Some of the girls are so small and tight they can’t take it.’

‘Mphhh...’

More dribble oozed from her mouth, her head in a daze.

‘Right, just a blood sample, and then you’re good to go.’

A needle jabbed into her arm, Black siphoning blood into a syringe.

‘We’ll get that tested. You shouldn’t really have been performing yesterday, but we’ll fudge the dates. And you’re sensible enough not to do anything, or anyone, you shouldn’t. Don’t worry, we vet the clients as well. At least the ones doing stuff – anyone can get a handie, but if they want to keep coming back, then we poke them, make sure they won’t cause any problems. And we get to have some fun ourselves! Isn’t that right, Bella?’

Black nodded, before scribbling down some notes.

‘She doesn’t talk much. Keeps getting grumpy when I forget.’

Bella growled, seemingly directed at Amber.

‘Yeah, like that. Chill – she’s staff, and we’re backstage. Don’t worry, I’ll keep kayfabe in front of the customers.’

Sally sagged in her restraints, drained from the probing of her body. She just wanted to go back to bed! She tightened her jaw against the metal bars of the gag, probing it with her tongue, wanting to spit it out, but it was too tightly lodged.

Fingers ran along her legs, the stirrups folding back in, before the straps were undone. Metal clicked, her hands released, and she plucked the gag from her mouth, feeling her jaw relax, stretching the muscles.

‘I’ll let the bunny-bitch know you have a clean bill of health.’

She rubbed her jaw, easing away the stretching ache. ‘Great! Maybe warn me next time?’

Amber shrugged, surgical mask moving in something that might have been a smile. ‘That wouldn’t be as much fun!’

‘You used to be a lot less bossy.’

‘Yeah, I think the latex brings it out.’ She stood up straight, making the minidress tighten over her body. ‘You should go rest, you were taking it rough yesterday.’

‘I know! You set me up for it!’

‘Hey, just doing a friend a favor. Wanted you to kick off well.’

It takes several attempts before Sally was able to leverage herself out of the seat, her legs weak and wobbly. Black moved to support her, wrapping a latex-wrapped arm around her waist, her body warm and comforting.

She supported Sally as they walked towards the exit, Sally wanting nothing more than to go back to bed! And then it would be the fresh evening shift – what would that bring?

Chapter Six: Payment Due

Sally lined up with the other maids, a flurry of black dresses and white lace and ruffles, some of latex or leather instead, or thin gauze nevertheless formed into an approximation of a maid's outfit. It was the end of the month, so everyone was in, several dozen of them all waiting for accounts to be settled. A few of the regular customers were in, but it was early afternoon, so it was quiet still, and the equipment was underneath dust sheets or in need of a polish from last night's usage.

The floor manager was strutting about the place, in her usual bunny-girl outfit, her petite body sheathed in the black leotard and fishnets, shiny black heels clicking on the floor, a crop in her hand. As she walked about, some of the maids flashed rude gestures at her back, but only when they were sure she wasn't looking. Sally checked her collection of tokens again, counting them, making sure she had enough to pay the uniform rental and other fees for the month, without having to endure any penalty sessions, or hurriedly organizing a gang-bang session to get the required amount.

There was a gasp from one of the regulars before Caitlyn crawled out from beneath the table, wiping stray cum from her mouth, accepting several tokens from the man with a graceful curtsy. Then she saw Sally and smiled, walking over with a brisk pace, her ankle-length skirt swishing just enough to show her ankle-boots, her breasts large enough to draw attention normally, without the tight dress she was wearing. No wonder she was so popular, despite her refusal to do anal!

'Think you've got enough?' Sally fiddled with her tokens – too many brassy ones, and only a single gold! She'd been sick on whipping night, and she normally did well then. The solid crack of a whip against her back or buttocks felt good, getting her worked up for some more private sessions.

'Eugh, bukke-roke wrecked a dress, so I'm in the hole for that. Did a turn in the gloryhole which helped some, but there's only so much cock I can suck! And someone nicked my panties. They were a nice pair.'

'Well, the bunny-bitch is on patrol. Eyes up and have your tokens ready.'

They both smiled as she passed, glaring at them, the light shining off the military cap atop her flow of black hair, crop flicking out and tapping another maid on the cheek. Despite the fact that they were almost a foot taller than the bunny-bitch (even in her heels), they flinched backwards, their latex mini-skirt fluttering.

'You're behind, Rin. You owe for that dress that was whipped apart!' She slapped Caitlyn's shoulder with the crop, dislodging white flakes. 'And you've not cleaned this one.' Then she stepped forward, empty hand reaching beneath Caitlyn's skirt, between her legs. Caitlyn tensed her thighs, her pretty face wincing. 'Feels like you owe for a buttplug as well? That's another ten on your tab.' From the expressions Caitlyn was making, the plug was being pulled on, her body shifting and squirming, several of the customers looking on with approval as she gave a squeaking gasp, the bunny-girl yanking her hand back, now holding a shiny steel bulb.

‘Naughty girl! Well, I’m glad to see you taking some initiative and training that butt of yours. Not like Rin, who’s far too precious about her precious butthole.’ Rin shivered and tried to duck behind Sally as the bunny-girl glared at her, before turning back to Caitlyn, using the crop to flick another patch of dried cum off her latex dress. ‘I could get a good price for the first batch to fuck your cute little shitter. Enough to keep you from being locked in the stocks until your debt is paid off, I would think. Want me to set that up? You could be the headliner for a night – “Rin’s Rim: Anal Fuckfest” or something, auction off your ass to the top twenty bidders.’

Rin winced, shaking her head. ‘No thank you, I would rather not get ass-fucked! Pussy and mouth only.’

The crop flicked again, tapping against Rin’s cheek. ‘Hmph. If you insist, but it’s a shame you’re not taking this chance. Some like to go for the triple, you know.’ Then she spun on a heel, stalking towards Sally and Caitlyn.

Sally held up her small stack of tokens, hoping she’d counted them properly. The woman’s eyes narrowed, counting them herself, before grabbing them from Sally’s hand except for two stray bronze tokens. They vanished into a bulging belt-pouch. ‘Very good. There’s been some requests to see you on the whipping post or the one-bar prison.’ She reached out and lifted Sally’s skirt, air chill against her bare slit. ‘Hmmm. Did you sell your panties already?’

Sally resisted the urge to squeeze her legs together. ‘Yes, I did.’

The crop slid between her legs, the shaft rubbing against her slit. ‘Naughty girl! Well, as long as you pay for them. There’s been some requests for private sessions with you.’ The crop slid back through her thighs and then tapped against her breasts. ‘People want to mark these up. Could get a lot of money to have piercings put in. I could schedule the nurses?’

Sally moved her hands to protect her breasts, wincing at the thought of having metal shoved through her nipples, especially as part of a public display, as she shook her head. ‘No, thank you. Although is there a spanking session soon?’ Her butt tingled in anticipation. ‘I’ve healed from the last time.’

‘There’s one next week, if I can get enough volunteers. Or enough of you pretty little sluts need the tokens! There are a few others that will be doing it, even if they don’t realize it yet. Good to see you making use of that butt of yours, nice and plump and soft. And you, Caitlyn. You need to make some extra, after what happened to that dress. Latex is expensive, and you ruined it.’

‘I’ve paid for that already! And you need to keep better control of the crowd – that’s your job, isn’t it?’

The crop cracked, harder now, against Caitlyn’s arm, hard enough to make her wince. ‘Hmmm... Did you ever clear your debt for that sybian?’

‘That... that wasn’t my fault! The audience burned the motor out!’

‘It broke inside of you. So that makes it your fault.’ The bunny-girl’s voice was hard now, the crop stroking over Caitlyn’s body, probing at her toned muscles and supple curves. Her hand suddenly snapped out, grabbing for the ring of Caitlyn’s collar, using it to make the woman bend down to her level. ‘I think maybe you need to try and pay some of that off.’

‘But...’

Caitlyn spluttered as she was dragged forward by the collar, towards one of the waist-high hitching posts. There was a metallic click as a padlock sealed shut onto her collar, forcing Caitlyn to stay bent over, her hands fumbling at the lock, unable to release it.

‘Hey! Come on, I don’t think... Oww!’ Her skirt was flipped up to reveal her pert backside, suspenders holding up white stockings, a skimpy thong covering her slit, as the crop

cracked against her pale skin, red welts appearing. ‘Owww!’ She wriggled around, flashing her backside, the customers drifting close, predatory grins on their faces.

‘This slut has a debt to pay, so it’s bargain-fuckhole time! A bronze for the mouth, silver for her tight little butthole.’ The crop flicked out again, more strikes to the butt until Caitlyn’s cries shifted from annoyance to arousal, as she started making happy sounds, wriggling about. ‘Open nice and wide!’

One of the customers approached, pushing a bronze token into Caitlyn’s mouth, before grabbing her hair and holding her head steady, his cock already half-erect. Her tongue curled out, twirling around it, the thing swelling to full size before she pushed her head forward, her cheek bulging out as she started to suck him off.

The crop flicked against Caitlyn’s ass again, as another customer paid the bunny-bitch directly, slapping Caitlyn’s buttocks before slowly pushing into her. With her mouth full of cock, she couldn’t say anything, but was making happy gasping noises, along with the wet squelches of being fucked, then the orgasmic sounds of release, cum dribbling out of Caitlyn’s pucker, more trickling down her chin.

‘Mmmm...’ She gave a satisfied sigh, followed by a surprised squawk as another customer started to face-fuck her, pinching her nose to make her work faster.

With Caitlyn now profitably engaged, the bunny-girl left her to it, turning to another maid and starting to settle their account, pinching at their flesh until they paid in full, over squeals and protests. She brushed past Sally again, casually squeezing and groping a breast. ‘Think about getting these pierced. Could be a nice show, get you stretched out, and people like to see the metal go in.’

Sally shuddered. Being fucked and used she quite liked but being pierced was a whole different matter!

‘You’re paid up, but get back to work – you can start earning your next payment. Maybe get yourself a nice new outfit? That one is starting to look a little tattered.’

Sally checked it – some of the lace was fraying, but it was having to be washed virtually every night, due to the sweat and cum that stained it. It wasn’t the best fitting, either, a little baggy around the bust.

The crop tapped against her cheek, the bunny-bitch domineering despite being shorter, even in heels. ‘I want my girls to be properly attired – to keep the customers’ attention, and to keep the money flowing!’ The crop stroked against her skin, the woman’s dark eyes staring into her own. ‘You could do more to show off that nice butt of yours. Something nice and short and showy.’

The crop flicked away, moving downwards and pulling on the hem of her skirt, lifting it up. A few of the guests were making no secret of looking, Sally smiling at them, wanting the woman to go away. How come she wasn’t for rent, despite dressing in the figure-hugging bunny-girl outfit, with the military cap on her head. She wasn’t even listed as rental!

The crop slid between her thighs, head tapping against the soft flesh. ‘Well, get to it! You’re not earning if you’re chatting! Go fuck or suck someone. Or there’s a spare booth if you just want to use your hands. Won’t earn much that way though.’

Sally forced herself to smile through the rod shoved between her legs, flicking back and forth, making her stand with them further apart. She still wasn’t sure how to even refer to the woman – “Bunny-Bitch” seemed a good way to get hit with the crop somewhere more painful! The crop rose upwards, pulling the petticoats and skirt up, a few of the audience looking, nodding in approval. Sally smiled at them, brushing hair out of her face.

‘That’s the spirit! Nice and keen. Now go suck ‘em and fuck ‘em, and then get your uniform sorted out.’

She really was like a drill sergeant! Except with sexual stroking and striking rather than forced press-ups, which was honestly better. The crop slid backwards, with a swift strike on the way out, catching Sally right on her lips, making her wince in pain.

‘Get out there then.’ The Bunny-bitch turned away, facing towards the next maid, prodding them in the breast.

Sally waited a moment longer, just in case they turned back, before stepping away, tweaking her skirt back down. She didn’t want to show the goods without getting something in return!

She headed for the men that had been staring at her, looking back at them with a smile, swaying her hips. The petticoats were definitely feeling thin and worn-out! Well, she’d just have to earn enough for new ones. When she reached the table, she bent at the waist in a bow, watching their eyes stare down her chest.

‘Good evening, sirs. Would you like a drink, some food... or me? There’s a variety of games available...’ One of them was staring at her with wide eyes, somewhere between panic and lust. The other was calmer.

‘Dude, I know it’s your first time, but be cool in front of the maids! Most of them are friendly. Just watch out for the Bunny-Bitch, because...’

Sally finished speaking for him. ‘She’s quick with that crop, and it stings. And she’s *not* for hire.’ They all turned to look, watching as the Bunny-Bitch flicked the crop against the buttocks of another maid, making them yelp in pain. ‘So, what’ll it be?’

‘A beer for each of us. Let’s see...’ He took out the menu, flipping to the back page. ‘Uh... Sally?’ There was a picture of each of the maids there, along with brief descriptions. ‘I’ve heard about you – you’re meant to be good. And normal.’

‘Normal?’

‘Uh, in a good way. Like, you’re a good lay, and don’t need to do anything weird to get off. Velvet’s hot, but I don’t really like latex, while Kuroko goes too fast. She sucked me off in about a minute before! It was a *good* minute, but still, when I’m paying, I’d like a little more. Apparently you’re more... normal.’ He was getting red and flustered, and Sally decided to let him off the hook.

‘Well, I’ll go get your beers, and you can decide what else you want. The specials are on the board.’

She smiled at the newcomer, who blushed a deep, charming red, his eyes fixed on her body, then made sure to swing her hips as she walked away, heading to the bar, making sure to get them quickly before anyone else swooped in.

‘So, a beer for each of you. Now, anything else?’ She couldn’t read upside-down, but they were looking at the services available – at least that showed they had money! ‘First time? Maybe something light, then?’

‘Yeah, something fairly straight-forward. He’s definitely into maids though, and spanking. At least judging by what I found on the computer!’ The other man spluttered into his beer, gagging and protesting. ‘Dude, learn to hide your porn! Just be glad I found it, not our parents.’ He looked back at Sally. ‘I like the food here, and you’re great fucks, but I’m not overly into the look. Bit fancy for my tastes. Except the Bunny-Bitch, but she’s not on the menu. Or those nurses, they’re really hot.’

‘Well, then I can serve him.’ She moved around, watching the younger one twitch nervously. When she took a seat next to him and lightly stroked her foot up his leg, he twitched,

but didn't move away, nervously sucking at his beer. 'Would you like something normal then?' She pushed herself closer, her breasts pushing against his arm, and he made a gurgle of agreement.

'Good boy.' She leaned in, kissing him on the cheek, her hand moving down between his legs – he was already hard! And a good size. She stroked him through his trousers, running down and stroking his balls. 'I hope you've already washed – makes it much easier!'

He burbled again, practically radiating heat from his flame-red cheeks. 'Mrpphhh...'

The other one rolled his eyes. 'Yeah, he's new to this. Dude, just pull her over your knees.'

Sally leaned forward, withdrawing her hand, enjoying the effect she was having, before his arm reached around the back of her neck and pulled her over. She went with the movement, her belly over his knees, compressing her stomach, making it slightly harder to breathe. The other man's jeans were tented, cock pushing hard against the material.

A hand flipped her skirt up, then stroked along her backside, feeling the crotch-band of her panties, and then flicking up and back, the fingers slapping her ass. She moaned, louder than the soft impact warranted, wriggling her backside.

'While you're down there...' Another hand gently pulled on her hair, pulling her head up, as the flies were unzipped, a cock surging forth. She licked it, hearing a sigh of pleasure from above, twirling her tongue around. Another strike hit her butt, harder this time, the impact running through her body, as she leaned forward, taking the cock into her mouth, pressing her lips tightly against it. In her mouth, she flicked her tongue against the crown – all she could see down here was the man's trousers, hands pressing against her back and her head, holding her in place.

Each spank made her grunt, as she bobbed her head up and down, the cock hardening and filling her mouth. He was washed as well, his pubes trimmed enough not to get in her way, which was a bonus! Sounds of appreciation came from above her, vague words lost in gasps of pleasure.

Her butt was starting to heat up, his palm hitting against her buttocks, slaps loud and sharp. She could feel herself loosening, getting wet beneath her panties, before dropping her head downwards, getting her lips as far down the shaft as she could and tightening them, forming a seal and then twisting her head.

The gasps of pleasure got faster and more ragged, the fingers loosening on her hair. Hopefully she wouldn't have to restyle it after this! Another slapping spank made her gasp, the hardest yet, her tongue sliding along the shaft, the thing hot against her mouth. The next spank was even harder, making her buttocks throb afterwards, and she started to twist her tongue faster, feeling her own breath getting short, from the knees against her stomach and the cock in her mouth.

It bucked and twitched, shooting a load into her mouth, which she tried to suck in, swallowing it down. Then she slowly withdrew her head, bonking it against the underside of the table. She gave the now-shrinking cock a final kiss, licking her tongue over it, the taste of cum potent and overpowering.

Another spank made her twitch, and she had to tense up not to hit her head against the table, trying to twist away. He was getting harder and harder – much more and she'd have handprints there! Sally wriggled her hips, feeling the other man's own cock, still stiff and hard, trying to maneuver her head out from beneath the table, but not before her butt was slapped again.

From there, she was able to pivot and twist, ending up in the man's lap, looking down at him. She reached down, pulling her panties aside as he put his own hands around her, pulling

her close. It was a strain, but she managed to reach down, twisting her body upwards and unzipping his flies, shifting her body around until she found his penis, and then gently lowering herself.

She was so wet it was easy, letting her weight push her downwards, tensing up around it, and then starting to roll her hips, making exaggerated sounds of pleasure, spurring the man on.

‘Mmm, yes! Good boy.’ Her ass throbbed whenever it touched against his trousers, still sore from the spanking. He was a good size, and enthusiastic, starting to match her rhythms, thrusting upwards as she pushed down, thrusting herself onto the cock, gleefully impaling herself. The heat within her grew, his cock thrusting deeper and deeper, before erupting, cum flowing into her. She kept grinding herself up and down, not having had her own release yet, trying to secure pleasure for herself.

But his cock was already shrinking away, turning soft and flaccid, no matter how much she tensed up around it, trying to force it to return to hardness.

With a sigh, she pulled herself off him, standing up and bowing, feeling his cum and her own juices staining down her thighs, still able to taste cum in her mouth. Both of them were looking slightly dazed, lost in post-fuck bliss. She coughed, then rapped her knuckles on the table to get their attention.

‘A pleasure to serve! Now... two beers, one suck and one fuck.’ She held her hand out expectantly, watching as they fumbled in their pockets, pulling out a loose bundle of shiny tokens and holding them up. Her fingers darted forward, plucking out the appropriate number, and a few extra as a tip. ‘Good boys. Certainly seemed like you had fun!’

They both nodded, and she twisted her hips, trying to shift her panties back into position, the fabric still twisted out of shape. Her butt was still sore, she’d have to stand up for a while!

‘Well, please call on me again if you want to!’ She winked at the one she had fucked. ‘And if you want some proper spanking, I think Rin’s into that? Or you can request one of the rooms with special equipment.’ Hopefully not with her though! She didn’t want her ass beaten red-raw!

They nodded, still lost in their dazes, the man’s cock now shrunken away, not yet back in his trousers. She swilled spit around her mouth, trying to get rid of the taste of cum, then swallowed and smiled at them, bright and chirpy.

Not a bad start to the night! Now she just needed to find some more customers, and then she could get a new outfit, as this one was definitely getting a little worn and dirty.

THE END

Maid Cage Club Volume 2: Nightly Duties

Chapter One: Technical Testing

The gasmask pressed tightly against Rin's face, forming an airtight seal, the padded edges pushing against her skin. Her vision narrowed as well, only able to see through the eye-holes, her peripheral vision getting cut off. That wasn't as bad as the restricted airflow though – even though the valve was fully open, she still had to forcefully inhale, and could feel her face getting warm and sweaty already.

And it was snagging her hair! The rubbery straps were twisted up, and she tried to tidy them, wincing at the pain she was causing to herself, stroking her hair back into place after each rearrangement. Flaps knocked against her ears, ear-buds impacting into her skin, annoying lumps.

The Bunny-bitch nodded in approval. 'Good girl. You've been very popular lately, despite not putting out much.'

Rin's voice was distorted, warped and muted by the gasmask. 'It's best to keep them keen! And they have been nice and attentive lately.'

'Well, that's why you get to be the test-subject for this.'

The Bunny-bitch had to stand up on her toes to reach Rin's head, pulling her down and pushing the earbuds in, Rin's hearing getting blocked out, sound vanishing. Another strap pinged tightly around the back of her head, keeping the earflaps in.

She could see the Bunny-bitch's mouth move, but couldn't hear anything. She stared at the woman, before realizing that her expression couldn't be seen either, instead gesturing with her hands.

Hands pressed against her ears, sound suddenly clicking in, the woman's voice sounding, bright and clear. '...can be rented. The apps been synched to the usual maid one, so the customers can control it. Guess that blow-jobs are off the menu from you. Chin up.'

Watching the Bunny-bitch have to reach up was amusing, the woman's petite body pushing against Rin's, as she raised a bulky and heavy metal collar. It was cold around Rin's neck, and she could feel the electronic contact points, and the bulk of the battery pack on the back. Shocks weren't her favorite thing, but nothing she hadn't done before.

'So what does this do?'

She heard her own voice in a feedback loop, electronic and tinny, getting broadcast from a small speaker in the collar.

'Shocks, breath, you've already got that chastity bra on, there's a belt as well. Hearing, obviously, and there's modifications on the lenses.'

Rin sighed, before regretting it, needing to suck to regain the expelled breath. It was nice being popular, but having this stuff tested on her was uncomfortable! The metal chastity-bra especially – it pushed against her breasts, sealing away her soft curves beneath hard metal, the strap pinching into her back. The lens modifications were domes over each eye, slightly distorting her vision.

She could see herself in the full-length mirror of the dressing room, and the cute little fluff-ball on the Bunny-bitch's backside, wriggling around as she moved. The stockings made her legs look even longer, suspender-straps stark black against her pale skin. Stroking the curve of

her metal-covered breasts was just disappointing, not being able to touch herself! And the metal bra was just a little too small, compressing her breasts, uncomfortably tight.

‘Hope you’re nice and loose, this needs to go in.’

The Bunny-bitch held up a chastity belt, with two prongs poking up out of it, the metal bulb-shafts already shiny with lube.

‘Take that one off! You know I don’t do anal.’

The Bunny-bitch rolled her eyes. ‘You’re going to need to give it up sometime! Could make a killing.’ But she unscrewed it, putting the ass-cock aside. Rin started to stroke herself, lightly sliding her fingers along her slit, teasing and caressing, feeling her body heat up, her slit loosening.

‘Horny slut, aren’t you? Still, that’s what the customers want. Now get it inside of yourself.’

She handed the belt over, Rin taking the heavy metal bands, awkwardly twisting to tease herself with the cock, slowly inserting it into herself. It felt so good, making a dazed and blissful smile cover her face, the cock a satisfying size, if a little small, pushing against her tight folds. When it was fully in, she snapped the waistband into place, the metal snug around her slender waist, a metal bar tight between her buttocks.

‘Is that everything?’

‘Just the puffer-valve. That’s this thing.’ She held up a glass vial, filled with some red paste, an air-valve attached. The Bunny-bitch had to pull Rin over to screw it onto the front of the gasmask, a slight additional weight pulling at her neck.

‘What does that do?’

‘Can blow into your mask when triggered. Now go get dressed, we’re already late opening, and there’s been a lot of interest in you. Everyone else is already prepped. I’ll go get the crowd warmed up, you slip in the back.’

Rin’s hearing cut out, the Bunny-bitch giving her a nasty grin as she tapped at a tablet, a slight shock conducting itself into Rin’s neck. Whatever else she said, Rin couldn’t hear, before she spun on a heel, her buttocks beneath her bunny-suit and walked off, pom-pom tail wagging.

Rin dressed herself as quickly as she could – a long but tight dress, the outline of the chastity belt and bra just about visible beneath, an apron drawing attention to her waist, the bare back of the dress showing off the metal, and low-cut enough to show the collar off. The gasmask didn’t exactly match, but it would take too long to get latex on. At least she could still tie her hair into a long, high ponytail, enjoying the sleek stream from the top of the head, giving herself a quick once-over, swaying her hips seductively – her head looked like some weird alien creature, with the mask bulbous and rubbery, but she still looked good otherwise! The only thing left was her heels, some nice, high stilettos, pushing her up even higher, and then she was ready.

Walking in absolute silence was strange, her ears straining to hear anything, but the buds were too good, cutting out all of the ambient noise. Having the buds inserted made her feel wobbly as well, her balance slightly off.

The lights in the main hall were less dazzling than usual – the mask-lenses must be reducing the glare. The other maids were already lined up in their white-and-black uniforms, a decent number of customers waiting for them. The cock-shaft within her was getting her going already, making her feel warm and tingly, and she had to fight to control her breathing. Without peripheral vision, she had to turn her body completely to look at things, the collar restricting her ability to turn her head.

Watching the Bunny-bitch perform, going through whatever her patter was tonight, while being unable to hear it, was eerie – Rin felt like she was underwater, her clothing pressing in against her, a sudden and dizzying moment of claustrophobia, before she quashed it, shaking her head and feeling her hair flick about.

Bright light flared into her vision, blinding her even through the mask-lenses. The spotlight picked her out, and she remembered herself enough to pose and preen, pulling her dress even tighter, showing herself off. When the light vanished, she was blinded, green-purple smears filling her vision, only slowly fading.

‘Room six: two martinis, one light beer.’ The voice was flat and electronic, buzzing into her ear. Still wincing through the blurs of her vision, Rin headed towards the bar. ‘Bid accepted. Control handed over.’

Her collar made her tingle, a light shock making her wriggle, a faint flush of pleasure over her increasingly-sweaty face. The bar was busy, both maids and customers trying to get drinks, Rin sliding through with as much grace as she could manage, until she was at the front.

‘Slow service will result in punishment. And we’ve bought you for the next hour – let’s have some fun.’ Hearing the message relayed in the cold, impersonal tones was strange – and she hadn’t known that customers could do that! Hopefully not all of the customers, or she’d be getting bombarded all night, and the cock inside of her was distracting enough already.

She leaned forward over the bar, drawing attention from one of the barmaids. When she tried to speak, no sound came out, before she picked up a menu and pointed at what she wanted, holding up fingers for numbers. A hand stroked against her backside, and she swatted behind herself, the grip retreating. At least pay for her first! And why were men always so obsessed with her ass? It was a nice ass, but she wanted to be fucked in the pussy!

She took the drinks, balancing them on a tray, sliding back out through the crowd. The “rooms” weren’t really rooms, but curtained-off booths along the wall, giving a little more privacy, and costing more.

‘Slow service! Naughty girl!’ She had just enough time to adjust her grip on the tray before the shock came, making her vision blur. And it seemed even harder to breathe now, her chest straining for air, but she managed to avoid spilling any of the drinks, making her way over to the table.

Two men and a woman were sat there, all staring at her, their phones in their hands. Rin couldn’t make out the details, but the number of buttons was concerning. All three of them looked at her, watching as she laid out the drinks, before talking amongst themselves. The woman’s thumb jabbed at her phone, and the pressure on her chest increased, spikes poking into her breasts, hard and sharp enough to make her skin ache. She tried twisting her body, but the metal was too tight, impossible to shift.

Even though they couldn’t see her face, she smiled at them and curtsied, lifting her skirt enough to show off her legs. Her heart was starting to pound, lungs stretching for air, feeling the sweat start to form on her face.

One of the men said something, lips moving but Rin couldn’t hear anything, eyes flicking between them as they spoke, her skirt still stood up.

‘Good evening, masters and OW!’

Her collar shocked her again, before the flat electronic voice spoke, toneless and stuttering. A moment later, actual voices filtered through. ‘Oh, that’s what it does. Can you hear me now?’

Rin looked at the woman, her finger still poised over the phone, and curtsied again, lifting her skirt higher. Women always seemed to be worse – men might want to fuck her in the ass, but some of the female customers could be far meaner! Although that could be fun, sometimes.

‘We’ve got you for an hour. And that wasn’t cheap, but I’ve heard good things about you. And you’re pretty hot, even if I can’t see your face. I like your eyes though. So what does this do?’

A loud whining keen stabbed into Rin’s ears, making her shudder, turning her head to try and dispel it. Whatever was being said was now impossible to hear, the sound brutally punishing, before the dildo inside of her started to twitch and vibrate, stirring her up. When the sound faded, her ears ached, normal hearing returning.

‘I’ve set it so you can speak. It’s pretty hot the amount of control you get though – should set more of you up with them!’

Her finger twitched, and pressure started to build on Rin’s breasts, spiky nubs pressing into the soft skin. It quickly built into pain, needling her skin, making her glad her face couldn’t be seen.

‘Neat! I guess adjusting the air-valve would be a bit mean, don’t want you passing out.’ The woman turned to the others. ‘She’s hot though – I do like tall women. So, there’s some challenge or something, right?’

‘Yeah – to get her to take her clothes off. She’s got a killer body, but normally hides it beneath her uniform.’

Rin stood up straight, pulling her maid outfit around her body and twisting her hips, showing herself off, making it tighten over her breasts, waists and hips. And then a lightning-shock struck her neck again, but she gritted her teeth through it. The slow twisting in her crotch was building up, a delicious warmth spreading through her body, her breasts sensitive against the spiked metal, making her want to try and adjust the cruel metal, knowing it was too tight.

‘So we have to force her to strip-tease us, basically? Doesn’t seem that hard. Come here.’

The woman crooked a finger at Rin, who obeyed. Being locked into the gasmask was making her feel groggy, sealed away beneath the rubber.

‘Take your clothing off. Nice and slow, so we can enjoy it.’

Rin tilted her head, looking down at the woman – she was quite cute, in a slightly scruffy way, with her hair artfully tousled, wearing the t-shirt of some metal band, a spiked bracelet on one wrist, then shook her head.

‘OK, I didn’t think it would be that easy. I can touch though, right?’

Rin nodded, the woman’s hand coming forward, sliding around a hip and squeezing her ass, fingers digging into buttock-meat. She leaned into it, enjoying the molestation, letting herself relax into the vibrations of the dildo a little more. Then the hand slid around and up, over her belly, and then onto her breast, the fingers running over the chastity bra.

‘That’s disappointing! Oh, but spikes. I get it. So then this controls...’

This close, Rin could see the phone-screen – it showed a basic female outline, with sliders for the various devices. A finger flicked over the figure’s breasts, and the tit-pins started to move, sliding back and forth, giving her a painful massage.

‘Going to take that apron off yet? And then I can make it hurt less. Maybe even allow you more air?’

Rin shook her head again. She liked her uniform! And her body was starting to warm up now, the pain stimulating her.

‘Hmmm, well what about this?’

She pressed over the figure's crotch. Rin grunted in pain, a shock transmitting itself into her pussy, the sting made worse by her own juices. Her lungs were aching now, straining for air, as she stared down at the woman.

Then her vision went dark, the lenses becoming opaque. She staggered, feeling her balance wobble, only able to see painful spark-streaks. A stumbling step, and then she tripped, a terrifying moment of falling before something soft caught her, arms coming around her body.

'If you'd obeyed, then that wouldn't have happened! Naughty girl!'

Rin grunted and tried to wriggle free, managing to get her feet back under her, the pain in her breasts getting more and more intense from the shifting, jabbing needles.

'There's another option here, but it's kinda mean. So if you just take your apron off, I won't have to use it, and will give you your eyesight back. Sounds like a deal, right?'

The hands squeezed and groped her before she managed to wriggle away, standing tall and proud, before nodding.

'Good girl. Nice and slow and sexy.'

Rin reached behind herself, starting to sway her hips, imagining music playing, as she untied her apron strings, stroking her body as she did so. The aching pains were melting into a swelling pleasure, and she teased fingers over her body, enjoying the feeling from the slight teasing, pulling the apron off and holding it out, then letting it drop to the floor.

A strong electrical shock slammed into her neck, and she stumbled, a hand pulling on the collar and making her fall to her knees. She grunted in pain and shock, feeling the impact through her body, still blinded.

'We've paid for you for an hour, so I want to make the most of it. Guess I can't use your mouth, but can still use your hands.'

Rin fumbled around, trying to reach for anything to use for stability, trying to work out where she was. The earbuds meant that all sounds came straight into her ears, without giving her any sense of direction, and she flinched when she felt a hand on her arm, pulling it forward.

'Sure you won't get undressed? I want to see what you look like naked. Your pictures online are sexy, but they're all a bit shopped, and don't show much.' Another hand squeezed the chastity bra, making the pins jab even harder. Rin twisted, wanting to try and ease the tit-torture, but as it was sealed around her body, impossible to remove.

Her hand was pulled forward, until her fingers encountered a stiff, hot shaft, and she gripped it, starting to slide her hand up and down from pure reflex.

'A shame your mouth is sealed, I'd like you to eat me out! But this is fun.'

The cock in Rin's hand was a satisfying hardness, and she gently pulled it in closer. She fumbled with her other hand, finding a thigh, sliding along it until she found another cock, starting to pump that as well.

The woman shifted around, moving behind Rin, embracing her, the act making the needle-bra hurt again, one hand sliding towards Rin's crotch. The dildo inside of her kicked up several notches, blurring her thoughts, her breathing coming in fast, heavy pants, a cock on either side of her.

'Hmmm, so I can set, like, regular patterns, can't I? For your pussy and the shocks. And something with your breasts as well. I'll keep you on mute though – a maid should be seen and not heard.'

Rin's face was sweaty and damp now, making her glad it was hidden behind the mask. Just a little more, and she'd be getting off herself!

One of the cocks twitched, an oddly silent climax, and without any of the expected wetness. Where had the cum gone – he definitely wasn't wearing a condom!

Light burst into her eyes, the opaque lenses sliding backwards. The vision through her right eye was mottled, light streaks of cum half-blinding her, before a finger appeared, smearing it over the lens. Everything was now viewed through a smeary vagueness, just before the other cock twitched, cum splattering over the other eye. At least that was better than having her uniform stained.

Lips brushed against her bare back, soft and warm. 'Ready to get undressed yet? Those guys are going to be out of it for a while, so it's just you and me.' A hand pressed in on one of her breasts, the pain sharp and stinging. She gritted her teeth – she hadn't known about that! Tit-torture was painful, and would leave ugly marks that would have to heal!

'What's this thing?' A hand pulled on the front of her mask, on the additional breathing valve. 'Is that what this button controls?'

Rin felt a puff of air against her face, and a stinging bitter scent. And then the burning started – in her eyes and nose, and in her throat, a brutal, vicious chemical burn, seeping into her face. She coughed, trying to clear it, tears welling up, making it even worse. Eyes stared through the cum-smeared lenses, Rin desperately blinking as she tried to clear the stuff, tears streaming down her face.

'Huh, that's clever. Wonder what it's loaded with?' Another puff, and the burning got even worse, the chemical-pepper stench intensifying, burning into her lungs. What the fuck had the Bunny-bitch put into there? It made every breath hurt, her eyes and throat on fire, tears blinding her even more than the cum.

'Now get undressed, or I'll do it again!'

She was pulled upwards, her whole body weak, barely able to see, her face in agony. The stuff was searing deeper and deeper into her body, her lungs wracked with pain. It made her cough and splutter, but there was barely enough air to inhale again!

'Last chance!'

Rin let her head drop, hoping it was taken as a nod, reaching around behind herself for the zipper of her dress and pulling down. She couldn't even see where the woman was, her sight so limited by cum and tears! And the dildo inside of her was buzzing away, adding a loose pleasure to the pain, further breaking her focus.

It dropped to her waist, and then she twisted her hips, pulling it downwards, feeling the fabric pool to the floor. Her body was fever-hot, wracked with pleasure and pain, her nipples hard enough to make the twisting, jabbing needles even more painful.

A hand slapped against her buttocks, a harsh spank that made her totter forwards, bumping into the table. A hand pushed down on her back, bending her over.

'Nice butt! A shame you don't want it used.'

Having her breasts press against the table made them hurt even more, and she barely noticed being spanked again. It was like being pepper-sprayed! She wanted to get the Bunny-bitch and make her wear the damn mask, see how she liked it!

Hands slapped her bottom, and she could feel the chastity belt between her buttocks, glad at least of that protection.

'Kind of a shame you're sealed away, but you can at least get me off. Turn around.'

It was hard pulling herself off the table, but Rin somehow managed, her head spinning, before a collar-shock drove her to her knees. The woman was sat down now, her trousers down, revealing pale, slightly flabby legs, spread to show off her slit.

‘Move!’ Her finger hovered over her phone, and Rin crawled forward, coming to a stop between her legs. She dipped her head forward, before the valve of the gasmask bumped against skin, and then moved her hands there instead, sliding them over the woman’s thighs.

‘Guess you’re bi, huh? Suppose you have to be, working here.’

It was hard to resist the temptation to move her head forward again, her tongue sliding from her mouth, despite the gasmask being in the way, but Rin managed to focus, despite the buzzing in her own crotch, and the increasing headache. She wanted to breath properly! But she couldn’t control that, so had no choice but to tease her fingers forward, glancing up through cum-smears at the woman’s face.

Her pussy was already wet, Rin sliding two fingers in, starting to stroke them back and forth. The woman made a happy sigh, stroking her breasts, Rin trying to ignore the painful sparks of light in her eyes. She’d like to slap one of these masks onto the Bunny-bitch, see how she liked it! Even if she was being paid well for this, it was still uncomfortable!

The cock inside of her twitched, making her eyes spin. Being controlled like this was annoyingly arousing though, her breasts now warm from her own lust, as well as the constant needle-pricking. She could do without that, given the choice!

The woman’s body tensed around her fingers, drawing them in, nice and deep, pussy-juice slicking over Rin’s fingers. The fuggy closeness of the mask was getting more and more intense, her thoughts harder to maintain, the cum starting to try on the lenses, making it even harder to see.

At least they weren’t resisting or holding back – she could feel them spasm, hitting their peak, juices flowing heavily. They twitched and spasmed again, before sagging backwards, Rin’s fingers still deep inside of them, Rin slowly withdrawing. Her legs were feeling weak and wobbly now, the lack of air having an increasing effect on her.

Despite that, she managed to stand up and curtsey again, her lungs straining and burning. The woman was glassy-eyed and dazed, both the men still in a post-fuck daze. With the mask in place, she couldn’t speak, before the dildo shifted and her head lolled back, her knees almost giving way. She had to lean forward on the table to support herself, the motion making the metal pinch more deeply into her body, her breasts now throbbing with pain. She wanted to get off herself, dammit!

Trying to touch herself just resulted in her fingers sliding off the metal off the chastity belt there, her own pussy locked away. She stroked her belly, feeling hot, firm flesh, enjoying the feeling of her fingers against her body, spreading her thighs and trying to twist on the belt. She grunted as the dildo twisted inside of her, feeling her thighs get sticky, her own juices starting to soak into her stockings.

The woman stirred, glazed eyes staring at Rin, a hint of thought starting to return. ‘Naughty girl! But you’re skilled, I guess.’ She reached out with a lazy finger, siding it over her phone, and air started to flow, Rin sucking at it greedily, filling her lungs in case it was suddenly withdrawn.

‘Those two are going to be out of it for a while. So we need to have some more fun – there’s still quite a while left on the clock, isn’t there? So maybe I can persuade you to pop your anal cherry.’

Rin shook her head, before being interrupted by another burst of pain around her neck.

‘Let’s see if I can persuade you otherwise!’ The woman’s smile was harsh, her finger hovering over her phone as Rin forced herself to stand up straight, displaying herself fully, stroking and sliding fingers over her skin, feeling her heat, and the sweat of her flesh. Being

controlled was hot, but why were the women always crazy sadists? She writhed as the dildo gave a sudden twitch, letting herself fall into obedience, starting to dance for them, enjoying the look of desire on the woman's face.

Chapter Two: Two-Month Vintage

Velvet pressed her hand against the metal wrapped around her crotch, trying to push around it. It pinched into her skin, but she ignored the pain, wanting to slide a finger beneath it, to be able to touch herself properly. She could feel her own desperate wetness, so close, but locked behind the metal – and the transparent panel in front of her slit didn't help, letting her see how aroused she was in the mirror, as she tried to touch herself! The pressure-pain against her skin was increasing, the metal chafing against her finger, scratching her skin.

A flare of pain slapped against her buttock, the head of a crop impacting against her skin, jerking her out of her focus. She growled, before seeing the reflection of the Bunny-bitch behind her, petite body sheathed in her usual outfit, bunny-ears poking up from above her military cap. And tiny, even in her heels, not quite coming up to Velvet's shoulder.

'You knew what you were signing up for! And I didn't see you complaining about the payment.' She flicked her wrist again, the crop tapping against the chastity belt, before sliding against Velvet's thighs, making her spread her legs. Even that impact rippled through her, adding another pulse of pleasure to her annoyed frustration!

She growled again, before wincing at another strike, unable to move away.

'It's not like most of your fanboys even want to fuck you, they just like seeing you. And you've been drinking cum – isn't that enough?'

'No! I want to be fucked! And not in the ass, that's just not the same.' She tightened her buttocks, able to feel the metal band there, holding them apart, her asshole accessible. 'And having the nurses tie me down to keep me shaved is even worse.' The damn bitches liked to tease – not just keeping her pussy nice and neat, but also sliding their latex-wrapped fingers over her slit, tapping and probing, getting her close to the edge before cooling her off with an ice cube.

'Oh, is that what the screams were? I had wondered.' The Bunny-bitch moved closer in, wrapping her arms around Velvet, lifting up her latex skirt and sliding a hand between her legs, spreading fingers over the locked-off pussy. 'Well, it's your lucky day – enough people have bid on you that you might get released. So we need to put on a show.' She tapped a finger against the pussy-panel, making Velvet shudder again, biting her lip. 'So I want you to dress up nice and pretty. Maybe those long gloves you like, and something shorter and tighter than normal? I'm sure you want a nice high price, don't you?'

Velvet groaned, the pleasure throbbing, her thoughts scattered. She wanted to grab the bitch, tie her down and fist her, see how that tight, petite body reacted to a large and forced intrusion! Or even just a fuck-fest gang-bang, get that neat, black bustier of hers stained with cum, the same for her glossy black hair! She managed to suppress the moment of rage, tensing her hands until it was over.

'You mean it? I'm going to get fucked? Hard?'

'Probably. Your buyer might want to lock you away again, just for fun. But you've got your fanboy squad, so I'm sure at least one of them will want the chance to use you.' She was pressed tightly against Velvet from behind, who could feel her small breasts, as the crop slid over

her legs, just above her latex stockings. ‘So go dress up – I’ll put you on first, so you’ve not got long.’

She pushed Velvet away, who was already peeling her usual dress away, loving the way the latex clung and peeled off her skin, letting her go in a kissing-caress. She was careful to hang it out – she’d have to properly clean it afterwards – before picking out a different outfit, one she’d wanted to save for a special occasion. But being fucked for the first time in two months was definitely special!

The skirt didn’t even cover her buttocks, so short that the curves of flesh could be seen, along with the chastity belt. There was a transparent panel over her belly, showing off the soft skin and the dip of her navel, low enough to show off her sealed crotch as well. It had belt-straps around the waist, letting itself get tightened into a corset, emphasizing her waist, pushing her breasts up, and a nice, deep cleavage, to showcase her breasts as well. Every time she moved, the shiny material gleamed, even in the crappy lightning of the dressing room, and when she twisted her hips, she could feel it shift and rise slightly. Latex gloves covered her arms, leaving just a band of white skin on her upper arms, while her legs were sheathed in latex stockings, giving her nice plump thighs, helped by the three-inch heels. She tilted her head, making her hair flow over her shoulders, making sure that no strands were caught up, smiling and pouting at the mirror.

She was hot normally, but dressed like this, she was certain to get attention! And a nice high bid, and maybe even several? And in the pussy as well, not just more disappointment ass-fucks! As she dressed herself, other maids entered, getting their own clothing on, tending to their makeup, the air fogging with a haze of perfume and cosmetics..

Velvet gave the mirror a final pout, before turning and heading towards the main café. She could feel how wet she was, the metal pinching at her skin, her breasts feeling tight and hot against the bodice of the dress, the latex stretching and shifting as she moved. She loved the feel of it on her skin, tight and stretchy, closer than any lover’s embrace, and the way it made her skin shine. She’d rather wear a bodysuit, to feel the same touch all over her body, clinging close and hot, but the bunny-bitch normally gave her shit for it, even if she wore a maid dress over the top. But it felt so *good*, and made her figure amazing. As she walked, she stroked herself, enjoying the way her latex gloves stretched over her arms and on her palms, feeling the softness of her breasts through the dress, tightening her thighs, suppressing another frustrated growl from the feeling of the chastity belt there.

Two months! Two bloody months, with only the occasional ass-fucking, as well as a lot of cock-sucking. The money had been good, but *two months*! Even with her fans paying up for pics, having to go without fucking for two months had been a torture. The closest she’d gotten had been the two nurses strapping her into their damn examination chair and teasing her, bringing her to the very edge and then using ice cubes and electricity to make her squeal. She shivered at the memory, feeling her body get even warmer.

There was already an audience, murmuring amongst themselves. Velvet saw a few of her fans, “V” badges catching the light and gave them a smile. Who would be renting her for the evening? Or maybe a group purchase? The way she was feeling now, it would take more than one man to satisfy her!

The lights changed, crowd fading into darkness, spotlights bursting into life, dazzling Velvet for a moment. When she could see again, the Bunny-bitch was stood at the front, microphone in hand, the chatter of the crowd going silent. Unusually, the nurses were with her, wearing their

tight latex mini-dresses, a matched pair in black-and-white, faces covered by surgical masks, gloves and stockings sheathing their arms and legs.

‘Good evening, everyone! Welcome to the Maid Cage Club, where your pleasure is our passion! Before the usual entertainments start, we have something special – little Miss Velvet, our latex lover and shiny queen, is now being released from her chastity!’

Velvet curtsied, lifting up her dress to show off the metal belt, twisting her hips, enjoying being looked at, smiling into the darkness.

‘Open bids, ladies, gentlemen and others! Who wants to be the first to see what two months without pleasure does to her? She’s going to be lovely and wet and ready!’

She heard shouts from the crowd, and could see the movement of hands being raised, the price going up satisfyingly fast. Even with the club taking its cut, it would be a nice bonus for her as well! Maybe enough for some new bodysuits? Or something custom? As it ticked higher and higher, she posed and preened, half-turning to show off her backside, then bending over to make her dress tighten over her breasts. She wanted someone with a lot of stamina, or, even better a group!

The bidding slowed down as she continued to pose, the Bunny-bitch working the crowd. Despite being a bitch, she was a good MC, encouraging the crowd, working them up and getting them excited.

A hand touched against her feeling, latex-smooth, the sensation making her purr in pleasure, before seeing it was one of the nurses, the one in white. Another hand pressed against her torso, fingers jabbing just beneath her ribs, making her wince and gasp. Fingers tightened on her shoulder, pulling her backwards, the other maids parting to let her through.

‘And going thrice – the Miss Velvet fanclub! In a specially arranged “snap the choker” challenge.’

Velvet had to resist a groan. Oral throat-fuck? She wanted her pussy stuffed! But she let herself be dragged by the maid, not wanting those fingers to jab into her kidneys in painful little strikes. The other nurse was opening up the booth, revealing a device of shining steel, a heavy chair, a notch cut into the back, and heavy metal restraints, ready to bind the occupant. And a motorized dildo, positioned at the ready, between where her legs would go. It was a nice large one, covered with pleasing bumps and lumps, and she felt herself tingle again, wanting it inside of her already.

She pulled herself out of the grasp of the nurse, settling herself into the chair, feeling it leech away her heat, the metal chill against her skin. She could lean her head far back, feeling her throat stretch out, the world tilting, now mostly upside down. Her arms settled into place, metal cuffs fastening over her wrists, the padding on the inside making them a little more comfortable. More cuffs clicked around her ankles, holding her legs spread, air kissing against her inner thighs.

The white nurse brushed hair from Velvet’s face, before sliding a finger over her throat. A band was passed over her skin – a choker made of thin fabric, prone to tearing. Well, at least if someone with a big enough cock fucked her throat hard enough! She wanted the dildo though, to have that cock thrusting into her, rough and hard. If she had that, then she didn’t care what was done to her throat.

Everything being upside-down made it all seem strange, the lights shining down from the ceiling glaring in her eyes. The Bunny-bitch led a group of men – the winners, her fan-club – over to her, explaining the rules.

‘...rough as you like, she’s used to it. Whoever snaps the choker gets to fuck her sweet little pussy, which is sure to be nice and tight now. And our lovely nurses are testing a new device.’

Velvet tensed up. What new device? She just wanted to be fucked, she didn’t want to be a test subject!

‘They’ve got some numbing gel, so we can get Miss Velvet nice and warmed up for you, but without ever getting her too hot. At least until someone wins her.’

A latex-wrapped hand covered over Velvet’s mouth, swallowing any protest she might have made, pressing down against her lips. More smooth fingers brushed over her thighs, touching against the belt, and she lifted her hips. There was a crisp, beautiful *click*, and she felt the pressure ease, the crotch-panel getting pulled away, blissfully cool air kissing against her cunt, her desire surging sharply enough to make her gasp. Fingers probed against her cunt, easily sliding into her, and she felt her body tighten, greedy for more, before they withdrew.

The dildo pushed against her, the tip just lightly penetrating. She couldn’t close her legs – not that she wanted to – but when she tried to bump her hips forward, a hand pushed her down, before a band stretched across her belly, elastic but without enough give to let her take the cock into herself.

She growled from behind the gagging hand, glaring up into the eyes of the nurse. They laughed, the sound made strange by the surgical mask, before she withdrew her hand and stood aside.

Velvet could see her fanclub, all arranged, the first few already being stroked by some of the other maids, getting them prepared. The Bunny-bitch stalked forward, crop in hand, leaning over Velvet to slide it over her body. When it touched against her thigh, she shivered, and then it raised up and flicked down, cracking against the top of her slit.

She twitched, feeling the restraints easily take her movement, not letting her free, pain-pleasure coiling through her body.

‘She’s nice and ready for you! Let’s see who can stretch that throat out!’ The crop flicked again, hitting the same spot, tears forming in Velvet’s eyes, her pussy still teased by the cock, just slightly entering into her. It was impossible to shift herself forward, no matter how much she wanted to! And her pussy ached, from the bloody Bunny-bitch and her bloody crop! Another stinging impact, making her body jangle and ache, but one of the men opened up his flies, his cock already half-erect. She opened her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out. It was a decent-sized cock, the tip red.

And then another flick of the crop, making her hiss in pain, her vision blurring for a moment. Hands grasped her head, cautiously at first before tightening, her view now limited by the man’s shadow, his cock bumping against her lips. She could smell him, the scent of his soap as well as the fleshier, sweaty tang beneath, making her mouth water, as he drew back and then pushed his hips forward, the cock sliding between her lips, and into her throat. His balls slapped against her nose, the hair prickling her.

She let herself relax as much as she could, the cock sliding deep into her throat. The choker-band stretched, but didn’t snap, as he started to twist his hips back and forth, balls slapping against her face. There was the vague background noise of the Bunny-bitch giving commentary, but Velvet could barely hear it, as she let the cock slide into her, twisting her tongue around, trying to get him off as soon as possible.

The cock pushed into her, making her gasp around the penis in her mouth – but it felt cold, her body not reacting. She mewled around the shaft in her mouth, wanting to feel the hot rush of

pleasure and release, but there was nothing there – she could feel that she was filled and stuffed, but nothing else, despite how desperate she was!

And then the man came. A blast of cum in her mouth and down her throat, making her cough and splutter, the taste flowing over her tongue. She could feel her eyes water as it withdrew, the wet shaft slapping her face on the way out.

There was only a few seconds before the next one, a stronger grip, sliding straight into her mouth. This one was more forceful, thrusting his hips with greater vigor, his cock pumping all the way in then out again. Slobber started to spill from her mouth, down her face, and then onto her forehead, making her feel dirty and sticky. The cum-taste in her mouth, and the flavor of the fresh cock, was sending her into a swirl of lust. The dildo-shaft pushed deeper into her, spreading the numbing coolness – she could feel it penetrating into her, spreading her wide, but there was no pleasure, just the sensation of being filled.

The man pulled back, thrust forward, making her throat stretch out, pulling out again, and then he came. The blast of cum hit her in the cheek, a stream of sticky gobbets, the scent overwhelming. She went limp, although it was hard to think or force herself to move, as another man moved in, eager to start using her.

She just barely had time to swallow, taste of semen sharp and strong, before her throat was used again. The dildo was moving still, sliding in and out, and she had to force her body to tighten around it, trying to force herself to feel pleasure, but whatever those bloody nurses had put on it was making her numb and cold, making it impossible to get off. And she was tied into place, with a cock in her throat, so it was impossible to protest or do anything else, other than endure.

At least she had the satisfaction of a cock in her mouth, even if it was starting to make her throat sore – she'd never deepthroated in this position before! She pushed her lips together, suckling the hard cock-shaft, flicking her tongue over the crown, then the length as it shoved into her mouth. Hands gripped her head painfully tight, pressing against either side, dragging at her, the cock impaling her throat. She could feel the choker stretching over her throat, willing it to break – and then she could go and be fucked normally!

But it didn't break, as her throat was ravaged again, another blast of cum shooting straight into her throat. It was getting hard to breathe now, her mouth blocked, her nose right up against the man's ball-sack, his cock remaining in her mouth, still hard even after his climax. His cum mixed with her spit, as she tried to push it out with her tongue, wanting the next cock already.

The dildo twisted in, the cold throbbing making her whine – it wasn't fair being made numb down there! She was so wet and loose that the dildo was sliding in easily, stretching her out, but there was no pleasure, at all!

As the cock withdrew, she gulped in several swift pants, trying to recover her strength, just long enough before another shaft impaled her throat. She was aching now – she'd be struggling to talk after this, her voice all raspy and rough.

This cock felt huge, or maybe her throat was just sore now, stretched out by the previous cocks. This one grasped her throat, a thumb pressing down on the top, making her feel the stretching out of her skin even more, as her throat was made to expand around the intrusion. How big was he? He felt huge! And the way he squeezed her throat – a firm grip, pressing down against his cock through her skin.

He squeezed again, and she went limp, unable to find the strength to do anything else, her vision blurring. The pressure on her throat started to change, and then she heard a distinct *snap*,

the choker breaking. She managed to find the strength to wriggle, slapping her hands against the arms of the chair. Someone had won! Now could she have regular sex?

The cock continued to slide back and forth, as she twisted her hands around, grunting around the shaft. It withdrew, leaving her gasping, wincing as it slapped her across the face.

‘And we have a winner!’

As her strength returned, she started to twist more, wanting to be set free. She still wanted to be fucked, even if she was numb, but that would need her being freed!

‘Time for the competitor to claim his prize!’

The metal cuffs on her arms and legs both clicked open, and she sat up, ignoring the semen and spittle that was starting to crust on her face. She stood up and turned around, stepping towards the man, shoving the Bunny-bitch out of the way. The man still had his cock out and gawped at her, as she pressed in close to him.

‘You are going to fuck me raw! And I’m not letting you go until you make me cum.’ She reached down and squeezed his balls, not letting go and dragging him away, using her other hand to finger herself, trying to restore heat and pleasure to her body. She’d get off if it was the last damn thing she did!

Chapter Three: Guess Who?

Kuroko grunted as the crop flicked against her backside, her dress doing little to absorb the impact. It slide over her buttocks, making her want to shiver, a feeling she had to resist. She could feel the cold grittiness of the dressing room floor against her hands and knees, and the pert backside of the Bunny-bitch against her back, the woman using her as a chair. At least she was light, but Kuroko was small herself! And the bitch kept moving, shifting her weight from side to side, her other hand pressing down against the top of Kuroko's spine.

'Right, we're doing the box game tonight. So I need volunteers. Two for the boxes, and four to work the holes, to make it harder to guess.'

Vague mutters went around the assembled maids, most still in the process of getting dressed, soft bodies half-wrapped in lingerie and maid dresses, make-up being applied.

'If no-one volunteers, then we'll draw lots. And there can be good money in the box, at least if you hold out long enough. No squealing just because someone poked your butt, Rin!'

'Hey, they tried shoving all the way in!'

'You're going to have to give it up sooner or later, may as well get used to it. You're fully functional back there, so let it be used!' The crop slapped Kuroko's backside again, making her skirts fluff and rustle.

'Why don't you do it? Some of the customers want to fuck your cute lit' butt. Hold you down and see what that's like, behind that fluffy bunny-tail of yours!'

The next crop-strike was harder, leaving a stinging impact-welt on Kuroko's backside.

'I am not for sale – that's what your girls are all here for! So, who's going in the boxes.'

Kuroko wriggled, feeling the Bunny-bitch move on top of her.

'I'll take one! I like it in there, it's nice and quiet. And someone might push their cock in!' She smiled at the thought, of being able to wrap her lips around a nice, firm shaft, sucking and licking, and then drinking down the explosion of cum. The crop slid over her backside, the Bunny-bitch stroking her hair.

'Well, that's one. Even if it is the damn cum-junky. Who else is there that's quite small, make it a bit harder to guess? Sally – you're a bit plumper, but about the closest. You'll do.'

'Uh, I guess? What do I have to do?'

'You get shoved in a box, the customers pay to grope and squeeze you, and if they can guess who it is, they win a prize. The quicker they guess, the better the prize – whoever tried to shove a finger into Rin's virginal asshole got a whole session with her, for less than a tenth of the price! I expect you to at least try and hold out longer.'

'Usual cut?'

'Usual cut. Oh, and go in wearing just underwear. You sluts all wear such different outfits, and the customers are all maid-freaks, that it's too easy to tell you apart otherwise. And try not to scream and squeal too much! So, Kuroko and Sally in the boxes, that leaves four for the holes. Imani, you're still sore from your last session, so you can do that. Easy work, on your knees. Eve, Mary, Andrea, you'll do. You've all done a lot of shifts, so something a bit easier for once. And you don't need to dress up for it.'

The four maids all groaned – hole-work was boring, and the pay was rubbish, even if you got to sit down for most of it, and not put any effort into makeup or looking good. Even being able to wank off a lot of cocks and get sprayed with cum wasn't enough to make up for it! Although it was sometimes nice to go naked and let it soak into her skin, making her warm and sticky, letting her lick it off her fingers.

‘OK, everyone – you know what you’re doing! Get to it!’

The sounds of fabric intensified, the maids all scrabbling to get ready. Kuroko tried to keep her back straight, resisting the urge to buck the Bunny-bitch off – that would only get her into trouble! Or assigned to some even worse duty, like having to be fucked by a woman or something – there was no cum there, what was the point?

The Bunny-bitch stood up, Kuroko inhaling deeply now the weight was gone. ‘You need to get ready as well! Get that dress off.’ Kuroko obeyed, standing up, brushing grit off her knees, and then taking her dress off – it was a full, ankle-length one, covering her up entirely, letting her tease and entice, before she pulled it over her head. Beneath she was just wearing lingerie – cute white panties and a bra, along with stockings and suspenders, and low-heeled shoes. The Bunny-bitch looked her over, nodding in approval.

‘Good. You know where they are – go get yourself set up.’

The boxes were in one of the other rooms, just down the hallway, along with all sorts of other equipment. She ran her hand through a box of ball-gags, squeezing at a silicone sphere, taking it out and strapping it around her head. She licked at the ball, the sensation of having her mouth filled making her feel warm, sending a tingle through her crotch. There was a box full of tied-off bundles of rope, and she took one, starting to tie it around her wrist.

The boxes themselves were made of plywood, with circular holes fringed by rubber, preventing someone from seeing inside. She pulled the side of one open and stepped inside, the door clicking shut behind her, before tossing the rope over a metal bar that ran through the middle. It was much more fun if she was tied up! Although she had to stretch herself up quite high to reach the rope, tying the other end around her other wrist. She made herself comfortable, at least as much as she could, her body now stretched out and taut.

She was exposed and stretched out, as she pulled on her wrists, enjoying the air kissing against her skin, looking at the holes. Soon she'd be getting stroked and groped! So many hands, touching and poking her... Lots of customers, all wanting to feel and squeeze her... And maybe guess who she was. As long as he let her go down on him, it would be a happy ending. She could feel herself drooling behind the gag, not bothering to keep it under control, a small trickle starting to ooze out from beneath her gag, splashing between her breasts, over her taut belly, flat and smooth. It was easy to imagine herself as being kidnapped, taken away by some gang, to be fucked and used, blindfolded and then forced to suck cock, taking the dicks into her mouth, swallowing down all that lovely cum!

Beneath her thong, she felt herself getting wet and loose, twisting her thighs against each other, regretting not pushing a vibrator into herself. Although that would make it hard to focus on being groped, and she didn't want to be tired out for the winner!

It wasn't long until she felt the box get moved, someone else shoving it towards the main room. Her chest was now sticky with dribble, her hair sliding over her back, teasingly soft, falling most of the way to her backside. She strained against the rope, feeling it bite into her wrists, a pleasing pressure against her skin. Her excitement continued to build, and she spread her legs, thrusting her hips forwards, wanting to be groped and used. She was getting impatient now, wanting to be fucked. She should have got a penis-gag, to give her something to suckle on!

She could hear things from outside, letting herself fantasize about being kidnapped and molested as the Bunny-bitch ran through the usual introduction. There was the usual background thrum of the crowd, changing to a more interested hum as the boxes were introduced. Yes, come and squeeze and touch her! She was here to be used!

It wasn't long until the night proper got started. She waited, stretched out, and then a hand pushed its way through one of the rubber-edged slots. Kuroko pushed her body towards it, fingers stretched out. It touched her hip, fingers squeezing, sliding around to touch her butt, and she twisted to let it grope her better. The fingers plucked at the band of her thong, pulling it out and then letting it snap back against her body.

Kuroko pushed her hips forward, wanting the fingers to touch against her pussy. Instead, the hand moved upwards, spreading out and pressing against her belly, the fingers sliding smoothly over her skin. She giggled, spit dribbling out in uneven bursts from behind her gag, a warm and soft sensation bubbling up through her.

Another hand touched against her back, and she squeaked in surprise. Fingers tickled up her spine, making her shiver, before it pulled on the strap of her bra. It stretched back, before snapping against her back, making her squeak again. A third hand came in from the side, this one finding her breast, slipping beneath the cup of her bra. She was starting to melt, feeling warmed from the touches. She flicked her head, her hair rising up and then falling back down, as the first hand withdrew.

It was only a few seconds before it was replaced, this one moving with impressive speed, finding her leg, then moving between her thighs. This hand had long, pointed nails, painted bright red, and Kuroko whined, twisting away from it. She didn't want to be won by a woman! A strap-on was crap compared to a real cock! The nails scratched against her skin, finding her crotch and hooking over her thong, pulling down. There was no way for her to keep it up, the thin material getting dragged downwards, exposing her slit.

She tried to wriggle around, but the hand squeezing her breast tightened, digging in painfully hard, holding her in place. The woman's hand found her pussy, nails scratching against her shaved skin, pushing hard against her. She had to choke back a gasp of pain, trying to keep from being clearly identified, especially by some bitch of a woman – she at least wanted to be won by a man! Preferably one with a nice, big cock, and lots of cum!

As much as she could, she tried to wriggle away from the harsh, hard nails, as they scratched at her skin, more dribble falling from her mouth. A hand slid around her throat, and she tilted her head back, letting it nestle into place, a nice, tight grip. It started to squeeze, just a bit, and she luxuriated in the feeling, of being firmly grasped and held.

A finger slid into her, the nail uncomfortable against her inner walls, but it pushed upwards, making her rise upwards, too slow to avoid the impalement. Another hand squeezed her backside, a harsh pinch, making her squeak again, before it slid inwards, parting her buttocks. She tried to tense up, not liking the thought of being fingered, but with the finger still inside of her pussy, her movement was limited. It pushed against her asshole, starting to stretch the tight ring of muscle outwards, slowly forcing her open. That hurt less than the nail scratching her folds, making her wince, her eyes watering. All she could do was endure it, as the other finger started forcing itself into her asshole, violating her body.

The warmth was still growing though, her body heating up, her breathing getting faster. It would just be better if it was a guy groping her pussy, not some woman! And that nail was hard and harsh as it scraped, twisting inside of her. It wasn't even very good – no slow teasing, just a savage and harsh twisting, hooking and curving. If it hadn't been for the gag, she would have

squealed more loudly, but the silicone sphere absorbed most of the sound, although she could feel more wetness down her belly. A hand grabbed her breast, finding the stiff nipple and squeezing hard, pulling the breast forward, strong fingers squashing the sensitive nub.

The hand on her throat tightened, and then her head was dragged backwards, someone yanking on her hair. The throat-grip was making her feel vague and unfocused, a thumb sliding over her cheek, finding the gag-strap. It released her throat, following along the line of the strap, then finding the buckle and releasing it.

She tightened her lips, trying to keep the gag in place, as the pussy-finger withdrew, a swift and unpleasant sensation. Kuroko tightened her thighs, a finger slowly pushing into her asshole, forcing her body open, her strength not enough to keep it out. Trying to keep her jaw tight around the gag was hard – a single moment of relaxation, and it would drop, leaving her ungagged!

Something pushed through a hole in front of her – a hand holding a wand, a shimmering blob of tinsel-like foil. She looked at it in alarm, not sure what it was, as it slid forward, her breast getting released.

Pain stabbed and cut into her skin, her mouth tightening around the gag, along with an electric zapping sound.

‘Mmphhh!’ What the hell was that thing? It brushed her skin again, against her hips, making the side of her body cramp up, muscles forced to tense up, the sensation like being jabbed by dozens of needles, just for a second. Since when were toys allowed? As soon as it moved away, the pain quickly faded, but she could see it moving upwards, ready to touch her again.

She tried to back away again, the finger starting to slide into her ass, but that was better than the wand-thing touching her again. And she didn’t want that touching her armpits – she was sensitive and ticklish there to start with! The finger slid smoothly into her asshole, twisting into her, filling her up, but her movement was limited, and she couldn’t evade the wand, the strands touching against her armpit.

It was like a torrent of needle-pricks, sliding and stabbing and biting. Her mouth fell open, the gag falling to the floor, a thick flow of dribble splashing down over her. If it hadn’t been for the hand tightly gripping her hair, she would have shook her head, but she could feel her neck straining, tight and painful. She whimpered, desperately trying to twist to the side, unable to escape the vicious, hateful touch of whatever it was. She didn’t like being shocked and zapped – all she wanted to do was suck cock and get fucked, not be tormented with fucked-up toys!

There was a moment of mercy as it moved away, another hand grasping her hip, squeezing her bones, nice and tight, the finger violating her asshole sliding out, wiping itself against her soft buttocks. A comfortingly tight squeeze, but it kept her in place, as the wand moved downwards her belly, and then lower. Her eyes went wide – she didn’t want that anywhere near her pussy! She could angle her body, just a little, but the grip was tight, limiting her movement, her hair still getting pulled.

The fuzzy tinsel-blob flicked upwards, more electric zaps as it touched against her belly, slightly too high to get her pussy. She gasped and writhed, the spasms making her entire body jerk and twitch around, a low whimper echoing off the walls. It slid downwards, finding her crotch, the pain increasing to a savagely brutality, strands brushing her inner thighs, making them cramp up. Her moan became a series of yelps, and she tried to dance around, wanting to escape from the vicious pain. She could only move a little though, not enough to get properly away, the pain continuing to pour over her, stabbing and pricking her, again and again.

As it moved away, she sagged, all her weight now on her wrists, rope biting into her skin. Her legs continued to twitch and writhe, out of her control. If that thing never touched her again, she'd be quite happy! But it jabbed forward this time, sliding right between her thighs, the strands touching both her legs and her pussy. The stinging flow, a sensation like countless needles stabbing and pricking her, surged in her body, and she groaned, before it became a scream, making her throat ache. She didn't care if she was recognized, she just didn't want that thing touching her again!

The hands all withdrew, leaving her isolated and alone again. Her left leg was twitching, drumming against the floor, as she tried to gulp down air, wanting the sensation to pass.

The door was opened up, fresher air kissing against her skin. The Bunny-bitch stepped in, looking at her with a slight smile, before reaching up and untying the wrist-rope. Kuroko sagged forward, the Bunny-bitch catching her, then dragging her outside.

'And we have a winner! It was little Miss Kuroko, our resident cum-queen and cock-sucker.'

Her strength, and bodily control, was starting to return, but she could still remember that sensation, of the stinging, crawling pressure, stab-stab-stab-stab. She shivered, managing to stand up, looking around – there was a crowd gathered around, all looking at her, and she flushed, only wearing her lingerie, with her thong partway to her knees, and her stomach covered in dribble.

'Now, Kuroko, time for you to go and give the man his prize.' She managed to slowly turn, ready to growl and grimace if it was the bastard that had used the electric-wand-thing. The Bunny-bitch's crop sliced the air, being used to gesture at the winner – a young man, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, looking her up and down with a sudden look of awkwardness on his face, a fierce, red blush coming over his features. And next to him was someone else, holding the wand.

She relaxed, staggering over to the winner, smiling at him before she rubbed her body against his, sliding her leg between his thighs, cupping his cock through his jeans. She wanted that in her mouth, a nice shot of cum to steady her nerves! After giving him a kiss, she glared at the bastard with the wand – that should be considered cheating – then started to drag the man away, despite the jangling in her leg. Time to get her lips wrapped around a cock, to make it nice and wet. The thought was making her more aroused, heat trickling through her, displacing the pain, making her feel more confident again.

Chapter Four: A New Toy

‘Good evening again, ladies, gentlemen and honored others!’ The bunnygirl announcer bounded onto stage, spinning around, posing to show off both her boobs and butt, fishnets around her slender legs, heels gleaming under the spotlights.

‘A change to the usual schedule tonight – I know, I know, you were expecting a gloryhole, to stick your dicks into and try to guess who is sucking you off by the feeling of those soft little mouths, but we have managed to secure a new, very special entertainment. Now, three brave young ladies have been volunteered – or are currently the least popular – to be the first subjects for this. Sadly, only one person can be, ah, subjected to this particular item at a given time, and so, I ask for your votes! If you would kindly open up your apps, then send your votes through. And to all of watching from home, vote as well!’

The screen behind her lit up with three portraits, showing the three test subjects – one was tall and leggy, brown hair cut to shoulder length, the lean build of a runner, their maid outfit one with a mini-skirt, short sleeves to show off her arms. The second was an elegant beauty, hair falling in a single tail to her waist, her outfit full and demure, a dress falling to her ankles, long-sleeved blouse with a high neck, although it couldn’t hide her figure, full-hipped and large-breasted. The third was blonde and short, with even larger breasts, her ‘skirt’ barely more than a belt of black fabric and lace, panties clearly visible, suspender straps black against her plump, pale skin. Bars filled up by each of them, wavering between them, all three roughly equal.

The girls themselves were up on stage, looking nervous as the votes were counted, unable to see the counts without turning around. A countdown started, final votes trickling in, before a loud bell rang, signaling the end.

‘And it looks like the winner, or possibly the loser is... the lovely and petite Miss Andrea Golding! Her golden locks are her most obvious charm point, and she hates getting cum messed into it!’ The short, curvaceous one looked even more nervous now. ‘Now, take her away and ready...’ the announcer paused, savoring the drama, ‘...the device! Now, while she is being prepared, if the honored guests who are unable to restrain themselves would care to sate themselves upon the staff? For those that don’t have any specific preferences, the lucky dip is currently available – she gestured at a temporary wall that had been erected, various holes cut into the it, each with a number above. ‘Pick a number – it might be nothing, it might be a lubed-up ona-hole... or it might be a soft and notionally-willing hole of one of the staff!’

Two nurses walked onto the stages, both in latex, one white, one black, faces mostly covered behind medical masks, walking Andrea off stage, one of them injecting something into her neck. Her body sank down, as they carried her away.

The announcer ducked backstage, where the two nurses were stripping Andrea, ample flesh appearing from behind her skimpy outfit, a lacey bra getting discarded, stockings peeling off legs, clothing tossed into a heap. She was already starting to stir, as she was strapped into a device. The announcer pinched her, marking up her skin with little red marks, more out of boredom than any particular desire to cause harm.

Tinny, electric carnival music filled the air, cutting over the thrum of conversation and sounds of fucking, several of the guests grinding away at the holes. A large plastic cat rolled into the café, a children's ride from a theme-park, the sort of thing a child might sit upon, paying a coin to make it move. The legs wobbled back and forth slightly, but the motion mostly came from wheels on the feet, the thing rolling forward. The bunnygirl sat atop it, jumping to her feet and standing on the thing's back.

'My apologies, honored guests, but good things require...' She bent over, so that anyone close could see down her bustier, where the sleek fabric hugged her curves, '...patience.' She winked at one of the audience. 'Now, we have a new toy for you to play with! This chunky kitty takes your tokens, and then... well, who wishes to go first.'

She reached out, stroking the face of a guest. 'Would you care to try?' She pointed at a metal slot, where coins would normally go. He took a token, putting it into the slot. More tinny, electric music rang out, a plastic panel on the back opening. Two prongs, still slick with lubricant, slid out of pale flesh, constrained beneath several layers of plastic and padding. There was the plump curve of buttocks, soft meat bound within immobile plastic, unable to move or escape.

The bunnygirl straddled the cat, pinching at the flesh, marking up the meat with sharp, red marks. 'Now, honored guest, would you care to take a sample? She's been loosened up, and she is normally ever so protective of her cute little butt.'

She reached out and tickled at his crotch, noting the bulge already forming. There was a pack of condoms strapped to the side, and she took one out, ripping the package, forming fingers into an 'O'. 'If Sir would care to slide this on?'

He unzipped, cock falling out, the bunnygirl holding it so that he could slide into the sheath. Then he stepped around to the back of the cat, grabbing handles on either side and thrusting in deep. As he did so, the bunnygirl returned to straddling the cat, leaning over the front, looking into one of the clear, plastic eye-pieces. A wide, panicked eye looked back, tears gleaming.

The chassis of the cat rocked back and forth in response of the man's thrusting, the bunnygirl squealing in delight and waving her arms, like a child at a funfair. It didn't take long for him to climax, drawing himself out, the condom filled with cum. The bunnygirl took it, holding it in front of the eye-piece, long enough for the occupant to see it. Then she took it and raised it over a funnel cut into the headpiece, turning it over and squeezing the contents out, cum staining the metal.

She touched a button on the cat's head, making it move forward, through the rest of the crowd. 'So, who wishes to take a ride on this sweet little kitty-kat? Sheathed only, I'm sorry to say, but don't worry – your precious cum won't go to waste!' She jumped off, landing next to another guest, spinning to grind her tail against the crotch of another guest, bending to thrust her breasts in the face of a second.

The plastic panel had already slid shut, dildos pushing back into flesh. She took the hand of a guest, guiding them to putting a coin in the slot. The panel slid open again, revealing waiting holes, as the guest accepted the condom, then starting fucking away. As each guest took their pleasure, their used condom was taken, the contents poured in. The wide eyes visible through the plastic were now smeared with cum, sticky paste they couldn't wipe off, blinking all they could do.

Metal clinked on metal as more people lined up to take their turns, pale meat reddening under their attentions, more and more cum getting tipped into the headpiece, the bunnygirl working as a fluffer, warming up those that needed a little encouragement.

Several hours later, it was closing time, the guests shooed and ushered out. The cat was moved into the centre, the nurses pulling out wrenches and screwdrivers, opening up the cat. As the plates were moved away, the headpiece tugged forward, the reek of sweat and cum filled the air, Andrea's golden hair densely matted with cum, her eyes glazed. Her mouth had been obstructed by a dildo, rubbery lump pushed between her teeth, stilling any objections she might have made. It took her several minutes to come to, the nurses pulling her out, their latex outfits getting stained with white streaky stains of semen.

One snapped fingers under her nose until she was able to stand, wiping her face with a cloth. 'Time to put you to bed.' Andrea sank onto their shoulders, letting herself be carried away.

From the inside...

Andrea felt bleary, whatever drug those damn nurses used making her feel bleary and weak. She tried to move, wondering what the hell new "entertainment" she was part of now. There was a thick smell of plastic, like a new car. Dildos had been shoved into her ass and pussy, although neither felt too large, or were currently moving at all. Her mouth was blocked, a rubbery prong pushed in, drool trickling out. At least it was a small one, not enough to make breathing hard! If she was going to be locked into something, they could at least make it fun!

She tried moving a limb, but couldn't, something resisting her movement. Her arms were bent back on themselves, wrists against her elbow, thick foam binding her fingers, without any hope of movement. She could feel her legs, knees against her stomach, similarly bound. She tried shaking her body, but there was no give, her entire body encased within foam and plastic.

She opened her eyes – there was a little light, but everything looked blurry, like looking through cheap plastic. There was movement, a foggy shape coming into focus – a stretch of white, filling most of her view. Was it a tablecloth, one of the ones that draped the guest's tables? What was going on? She could hear, or rather feel as dim vibrations, talking, the announcer speaking, but couldn't make out any words. Instead, she tried moving again, still utterly trapped.

Then the pressure on her butt lessened, the dildos sliding out, providing a slight thrill as they rubbed against her. Cooler air brushed against her skin, her breath quickening. Where was she? Harsh fingers pinched her vulnerable skin – that bloody bunnygirl again! Andrea tried to complain, but the plastic cock in her mouth made it impossible to talk, even if she could be heard outside.

A cock pushed into her asshole, making her squeal in protest. And large – she could feel it stretching her out, even after having the dildo inside her, preparing her, as her passage was forced to gape open by the oversized intruder. They came, but there was none of the slick warmth of ejaculation – were they using a condom? That was strange. Through the eyepieces, she could dimly see something dangle in front of her, before it was pulled away. A few moments later, she felt something warm seeping down from above. She mewled in protest, as she smelled cum, felt it seeping into hair, trying to protest, as dildos slid back into her holes.

Then her view changed, whatever was carrying her moving, sending her through the room. There was an eerily smooth sense of movement, electric motors sliding her forward. She was fucked, again and again, the bunny-bitch pouring semen over her head, until it was dripping down her face, trickling into her mouth. She gave up any hope of trying to escape, simply accepting her use, hoping at least she was earning something from this.

Chapter Five: A Trial of the Mouth

The announcer stepped forward, her bunny ears waggling, pom-pom tail a bright flash of white fluff against the sleek black bunny suit that hugged her slender waist, hips and breasts, coiled whip in hand. As she walked past, those sitting down went silent, conversation stalling; some from overtly eyeing her up, others waiting to see what she had to say. The large hall had been divided into half, a curtain drawn, hiding whatever was being prepared on the other side. No event had been announced, but a few of the maids on duty for the night weren't serving, and anticipation was running high as to what they might be used for.

'Good evening, good evening, one and all!' She mounted the stage, waving her hand for attention, voice coming out of speakers, easily cutting through the chatter. 'Welcome, sirs, madams and honoured others, to this fine establishment. Please, enjoy yourself, enjoy the staff, even if they might not enjoy being enjoyed!' A slight ripple of laughter spread around the room. 'But seriously folks, we're all here for a good time, even if the staff can sometimes appear a little... whipped.' She moved her wrist, cracking a whip, gunshot crack echoing out. 'If the staff present would care to present themselves?'

The maids working headed forward, lining up in front of the stage. There was a slight pause, a gap in the lineup empty, until a maid crawled out from beneath a table, wiping her mouth on her sleeve and leaving a white smear. One of the guests on the table looking faintly abashed, as she moved to the front and took her place. There were still three empty spots, but the announcer continued. 'I'm sure you all know, and are *deeply* familiar with our staff, and the many, *many* pleasures their holes and bodies offer. But it has come to the attention of some of our fine and noble patrons that a few of the staff are getting, well, a little sloppy. And I don't just mean when giving blowjobs!' Another ripple of laughter.

'And so, a few of the staff have been volunteered to undergo some retraining. At stake is not only their pride as servants and maids, not only the sanctity of their sweet, soft bodies, but also their ratings. Of course, as you know, maids are rewarded for their services by earning credits. These credits can be spent if they are asked to provide a service they find distasteful, or to grant themselves little benefits, such as a full set of clothing, or panties. Or at least ones not containing little buzzing distractions! So failure here will drain their stores, rendering them more vulnerable to your... depredations.' That got a cheer.

'So, those that complete the trial will earn a bonus of a hundred credits. Those that fail will be penalised with a loss of two hundred!' She cracked the whip again, the screen behind her turning on. It showed portraits of three women, as the announcer introduced each of them, the crowd already alight with anticipation. 'So, for tonight only, in a trail of endurance, we have Caitlyn, Eve and Rin!'

The curtain whisked back, spotlights clicking on. There was a single large circular table, white tablecloth almost hidden beneath whips, crops, candles and other implements to cause pain and suffering. Behind that, facing away to show off their pert buttocks, there were three young women, straps binding their legs, gloved arms bound behind their backs, naked except for skimpy white aprons, heels and a maid's frill on their heads. Another screen showed them from

the front, each with a tray strapped to their waist, straps running from that to a bit held between their teeth, jaws tense to keep it supported.

The crowd went silent, considering the odds, the commentator explaining the rules. 'For a hundred credits, you can buy a minute to interfere, sorry I mean "play" with the lady of your choice! Your tokens will go on the tray. Any tokens the lovely ladies have by the end of their time they get to keep. Of course, should they drop them, then as an apology for their clumsiness they will have the same amount deducted!' Numbers flashed up, showing their current ratings.

'Eve is sitting pretty on three thousand, so stack 'em high if you want her to be more, shall we say, amenable to future offers? She's been playing hard to get recently, so now's the time to knock her down a bit. Rin was a little less enthusiastic, but with eighteen hundred, then she could be vulnerable. And Caitlyn, dear sweet Caitlyn, has a mere thirty, so she better do well, or she's going to be deep in the red, and everyone's going to be deep in her!'

Enthusiastic sounds ran around the group. 'So, without further ado, who would like to start? You there, the gentleman in the front?'

A woman stood up – she had been sat alone, on one of the corner tables. 'I think I will take some time with Caitlyn.' Her leather trousers caught the light, expensively tailored blouse showing generous curves, pulling on some leather gloves. 'The sweet thing has been quite resistant to my charms, I think perhaps she will be more amenable now?'

From the look of fear that crossed Caitlyn's face, she didn't entirely agree, clearly recognizing the voice, as the woman stalked towards the table, examining her options, a drink in her hand. She took a crop, testing it with a few flicks, tensing in anticipation, squirming nervously.

Caitlyn was tall and thin, slender-hipped, her legs toned from spending all day serving. Black hair fell to just beneath her shoulders, topped with a frilled head-dress. She was utterly naked except for glossy black heels, elbow-length gloves and a tiny apron, drawn in around her waist, not even long enough to cover her shaved pussy. Leather straps were drawn about her thighs, knees and ankles, heavy metal bands attached to the floor holding her in place.

The woman approached, dropping a handful of tokens onto the tray, bouncing on the metal and making Caitlyn tense, desperate not to lose her grip. She ran a hand along Caitlyn's jaw. 'You're always so cold and distant, perhaps now you'll be more friendly. Unless you wish to tell me to leave?' She gave her a victim a kiss, planting a red lipstick mark between her shoulder blades.

Behind her, others stepped up to take their turn with the other girls, the announcer taking payments and keeping an eye on things as the impact of hands and canes on flesh started.

The woman took her hand and slapped Caitlyn on the ass, a sharp crack. Caitlyn whimpered, tightening her jaw. 'Oh, I'd be disappointed if you made this too easy.' She took the crop, flicking it against Caitlyn's flesh experimentally, working up from the backs of her knees, then her buttocks, then the small of her back, Caitlyn's arms preventing further attacks.

She reached around, dropping more tokens onto the tray, before putting her face close to Caitlyn's, blowing on her ear, putting her wine onto the tray. 'Don't drop it! Now, what to use next...' She tapped the crop against Caitlyn again, then returned to the table, taking a multi-headed whip, the ends of the cords knotted.

She didn't give any warning before using it, whipping Caitlyn's back, red welts appearing. With the need to keep her jaw closed, even her whimpers and cries were stilled, unable to properly cry out. Although her crossed arms protected her back slightly, it wasn't enough to prevent red marks appearing on her smooth, white skin. When that was done, her attacker cast

the whip aside, pulling up a vibrator. She turned it on, running the buzzing bulb along Caitlyn's back.

'You look a little tense. And yet you keep refusing to spend time with me – maybe this will help you relax.' Caitlyn was squirming now, thighs clenching, breath starting to hasten. 'Maybe if you won't open that mouth for me before, you'll do it now.'

She slid the vibrator between Caitlyn's thighs, securing it against the trays, pushing it up against her mound. Caitlyn's body responded quickly, the bulb swiftly growing slick, her thighs tensing, trying to shift the thing away from her crotch. She was managing to whine through her gag, although didn't let the tray drop.

'Very good!' She swished the whip, leaving marks across Caitlyn's buttocks. 'I suppose you deserve some mercy.' She clipped short leather straps from the corners of the trays, clamping the other ends onto Caitlyn's nipples. 'That look in your eyes is really sexy, you know. You're normally so proud, so haughty, a little weakness is appealing.'

She tugged on the straps attached to the clamps. 'You really are too stubborn for your own good. As long as you can keep your mouth shut, then this stay nice and loose. If you let go, then things will get very uncomfortable for you. And there's, what, about four hundred credits piled up there? If you drop that, then you're going to need to make it up fast, unless you want to be spread out as a cock-warmer in the basement.' She gave her victim a kiss. 'I have offered to pay you for some private time in one of the training rooms, but you're too stubborn for your own good. So unless you can keep that in place, then you're going to be in an uncomfortable position.'

She stepped back, knowing she was out of sight of her victim, taking the time to admire Caitlyn's body, the welts and marks rising on pale skin, the vibrator buzzing between her thighs. There was a clatter from the other side of the room, one of the other maids giving in, their tray dropping, tokens falling to the ground. The announcer swooped in. 'And Rin has given in! And the generosity of her supporters and fans, she could have won two thousand, but now she's in the hole! So let's get the bidding on her holes started – who wants to take this cute little butthole? Do I have ten? You there, yes.' She spread Rin's buttocks, swatting her ass a few times while taking more bids.

'You see? If you were willing to be a little more cooperative, than I could help protect you. Unless you wish to be fuckmeat?' She lashed Caitlyn a few more times, before draping the whip over Caitlyn's shoulder. 'Don't let it drop, now.' She took a moment to re-position it, deliberately moving it so that it was on the verge of sliding forward and toppling onto the tray.

Then she moved around to the front, looking Caitlyn in the eye. Her makeup was starting to run, tears beading in her eyes, but her jaw remained tight on the bit. A sound came from her throat, a weak attempt at speech, as her tormentor reached forward and clicked the vibrator up a notch, the buzzing intensifying. Another handful of credit chips went onto the tray, weighing it down even more, the weight transmitting itself through the straps to the bit.

'Ah, are you starting to get tired now? I can see your jaw wavering, just a little. Maybe I should order a bottle of wine, and let you carry that?'

A whimper came from behind the bit, as Caitlyn's thighs tightened, trying to push the vibrator away somehow.

'Oh, you don't like that? Should I turn it up a little higher?'

A drawn-out whimper, a slight shaking of the head, the most that Caitlyn could manage without dropping the tray.

‘Perhaps I’ll show you a little mercy. But I’ve paid for more time with you; what else should I do? Unless you want to just surrender, but then all those squabbling pigs will fuck you instead.’ She ran her hand up Caitlyn’s spine, making her victim shiver. ‘I prefer meat slightly less contaminated with cum.’

The clock was ticking down, as she went to the table, taking an ice cube from a champagne bucket. Without warning, she pushed this against the small of Caitlyn’s back. Caitlyn yelped in surprise, the bit slipping from her mouth. She tried to bite down again, managing to retain grip of one end, the weight of the tray slowly pulling it away from her. The tray started to tilt, weight transferring to the nipple clamps, stretching her breasts painfully, wine glass tilting. Dangerously close to spilling.

‘That looks uncomfortable. So, what’s the going rate for your holes? If you end up deep in debt, working your way out for 10 a suck or fuck might take a while. Or you could be just a little more friendly to me, and we can work something out.’

She squirted lube onto a finger, pushing it between Caitlyn’s buttocks, close to where the vibrator was still buzzing away. As soon as the tip brushed against Caitlyn’s tight butthole, intruding slightly into her, Caitlyn yelped again, the bit dropping, straps snapping taut, breasts stretching from the weight.

‘Think those clamps can hold for long? So, are you going to be more friendly now? Are you available for a private meeting?’ She slid her finger in deeper, twisting it around, listening to Caitlyn gasp and grunt. One of the clamps was slowly pulling itself free, stretching the nipple even more.

A word escaped from Caitlyn’s lips, pleading and begging. ‘Please...’

She drew back, then pushed another finger in, feeling Caitlyn tense around her. ‘So now you’re willing to be friendly? A three-hour private session in the black room, do you agree?’

The clamp was barely holding now, Caitlyn panting from the pain and stimulation.

‘Yes. YES!’

She moved a hand around, supporting the tray, taking some of the strain, giving Caitlyn a harsh kiss between the shoulder blades, biting down to leave a mark. She pulled her fingers out, before taking the bit, pushing it back into Caitlyn’s mouth.

The announcer was currently sat atop Rin, supervising the systematic fucking and ravaging of the girl, making sure any credits were collected before fucking happened, commenting as it went, Rin bucking and writhing beneath her. She clicked her fingers and gestured at the bunnygirl, calling her over.

‘I have come to an arrangement with Caitlyn.’ She reached down and clicked the vibrator off, Caitlyn sighing in relief as the plastic stopped buzzing against her. ‘Have her cleaned up and made ready in the black room.’

The announcer nodded. ‘Of course. I’m sure such an arrangement was *entirely voluntarily* arranged.’ She smiled, slapping Caitlyn on the butt. ‘I’m sure it’ll be an experience. Would you wish this to be recorded?’

‘Yes please. I have *plans* for this one. If you could keep her un-used until then? Lock her in one of the boxes.’ More tokens changed hands. ‘Oh, and hose her down, but no food. I want her nice and hungry.’

Caitlyn whimpered again, wondering if being fucked raw by the crowd would have been the better option, but couldn’t offer any protest as she was led away by another maid, thrown into a padded box, locked away from the world and left to ponder her fate.

Chapter Six: Checking the Goods

Amber smeared the gel over her hands, the surgical gloves turning shiny and slippery. She liked the feeling of it, her skin sealed beneath the tight gloves, the sensation of the gel on her skin, but without actually touching her. The latex mini-dress fitted her like a second skin, kissing against her skin, just about covering her butt, and making her feel horny as hell. And dominant as well! A surgical mask covered her mouth, letting her feel securely anonymous.

She was white tonight, the latex shiny and smooth on her body, giving her luscious curves, and plumping her breasts up. The way it made the men (and women!) look at her when she was wearing it always made her feel confident and powerful. And she didn't even have to deal with being groped and fucked like the maids were – it was nice to get fucked, rough and hard, but not every single night, multiple times.

There was a squeal from in front of her, Rin struggling against the bindings of the examination chair. Amber tried to smile comfortingly, although her mouth was covered by the mask. The chair clanked and rattled, tilting her backwards and spreading her legs wide, her frilled skirt riding up. Her legs were sheathed in white stockings, suspender-straps running up her thighs, her pussy bare.

'Lets check you out then.' She moved in close, sliding her hands over each other again, before using her fingers to spread the Rin's pussy wide. 'You should be used to this by now. And you're nice and loose, as always.'

'Mphh!' Rin grunted as she was penetrated, Amber easily pushing a finger into her.

'Everything working OK?'

'No complaints, and I've been quite busy.'

'I saw your numbers. You're doing well. You are pretty hot though, so I suppose it makes sense. You've got quite a few dedicated followers, haven't you? Must be nice, to be so in demand.'

She started to slide her fingers back and forth, gently probing more and more deeply into Rin, while spreading her lips apart. Rin was starting to gasp, her cheeks turning red.

'They're nice to spend time with. And it's nice to get paid.'

'Hmm. And you don't do much of the kinky stuff do you? I suppose that means I don't need to check you everywhere. Although weren't you in the spank-fest the other day?'

Rin wriggled happily in her chair, making a pleased sigh. 'Yeah, that was fun. I do like having a nice paddle against my backside! Makes me feel warm and tingly.'

Her pussy was warming up nicely, and was a fresh and healthy color. Amber stretched a thumb out, pressing it against Rin's buttock. She immediately reacted, sucking in a deep and hissing breath, her body tightening up.

'Still not a fan of anal?'

'That's not a hole I want things in!'

'You must be about the only one here that doesn't! Some of you are even walking around with plugs. Guess it helps keep you nice and loose. What's the going price for your asshole?'

Amber pressed a little harder, her lubed-up finger penetrating slightly into Rin, as her buttocks tightened up, turning stiff and hard.

‘It’s not for sale. Or rent! Use my pussy if you want, or my mouth, just not back there. I’d rather be whipped or have some of the electro-toys used before I take a cock up my ass. Bleh!’ She suddenly tensed up as Amber fingered her more deeply. ‘Do you have to go that deep?’

‘It’s part of your inspection. And I have to get some fun myself. Feels like you’re enjoying it though.’

‘I can’t help being sensitive!’ She writhed and twisted against the restraints, Amber wriggling her fingers, enjoying the sense of power she felt.

‘Hmmm, maybe I should prescribe you a butt-plug. Doctor’s orders!’

‘You’re not a doctor! Mrmmphh... And I don’t want anything in my ass!’

Amber slid another finger into Rin, feeling the resistance increase, before withdrawing. ‘Well, you’re all good down there. Nice and healthy! And I am a qualified nurse – I’m not doing this because I enjoy it.’

‘Sure about that? You seem to like it.’

Amber slapped at Rin’s pussy, the impact hard enough to make Rin gasp. ‘OK, not *just* because I enjoy it. It’s nice to have some fun with you lot – and I don’t get many complaints.’ She stroked at Rin’s slit now, gently touching it, enjoying the way the woman shivered and shook.

‘If you’re going to do that, at least get me off!’ She raised her hips upwards, Amber sliding a finger slightly in, holding it steady.

‘This is meant to be a medical examination, not for your fun. Let’s check your mouth next – need to be sure you’ve not got any sores.’

She kept the finger within Rin, reaching out with her other hand to the stack of medical tools, finding a dental gag. Rin opened her mouth, making it possible to push in with a single hand, Amber squeezing on the metal to push Rin’s mouth wide. Giving an oral inspection while finger-deep in a maid was certainly not something that had ever been covered at nursing school! Rin’s tongue waggled around, pressing to the side, letting Amber see inside her mouth fully.

‘So, how’s the cock-sucking been?’

‘Goooooph!’

‘I’ve seen your on-line reviews. You do get good marks. Although not so much from the women.’

‘I likph cocph, noph cunph!’

‘Maybe I should make you inspect me?’ She twisted her finger in more deeply, a rippling pulse of breath going through Rin, her long eyelashes flickering. ‘Check if your tongue works properly.’ She reached into Rin’s mouth, feeling the warmth of the tongue, turning her head to look at Rin’s teeth, shiny and white. The tongue tried to pull away, but wasn’t strong enough, Amber pinching it tightly, between her slippery fingers.

‘Nphhhh.’ Whatever Rin was trying to say was incomprehensible, a wet and vague mumble, making the tongue tighten up.

‘Is that agreement? You’re going to use your tongue on me? Been a while since I’ve had someone eat me out – you sluts keep me too busy, and I can’t go out there and sell myself like you can.’

‘Nphhhh.’ Rin made a vague moan of protest, her eyes staring hard at Amber for a moment, before Amber slid another finger in, making Rin’s glare soften and melt.

‘I’m amazed how sensitive you are! Given how often you fuck, I’d think you’d be a little harder to get going. But just the smallest little twitch, like this...’ She started to move her fingers around within Rin, teasing her, slow and gentle, her other hand pushing into Rin’s mouth, finding her throat.

‘And you’re pretty loose here as well.’ She could feel the ring of muscle around Rin’s throat, with barely a hint of resistance as she slid her fingers forward. ‘No wonder you’re the deepthroat queen! Well, you’re not one of the queens, but you’re doing pretty damn well. You never been tempted by that?’

She slid her fingers out of Rin’s throat, just enough to let Rin mumble a response.

‘Donph liph chainph.’

‘No chains, no anal? Little miss picky! I thought you’d be into all sorts of kinky shit.’

‘Perverph!’

‘Hey! Well, true, I guess. Gotta get my jollies somewhere – and playing with you sweet little maids is always fun. Even if I’m not working the floor, I still have to work hard! Checking all you sluts are fully functional takes a while. And I’m helping out with some of the shows. The Bunny-bitch even noticed I had an electrical certification, so she’s got me checking some of the backstage stuff – I didn’t sign up for that!’

Rin groaned – Amber couldn’t tell if she was trying to say something, or was just getting excited. She could feel Rin’s heat through the gloves, getting excited herself, enjoying the way that her dress kissed against her body. She wanted to get laid, properly, but couldn’t really do that right now!

‘How come she doesn’t have to work? I know the audience like her – and she’s kinda hot, in a “short and angry” way. Would’ve thought there’d be some guys that like to feel her crop, maybe get stamped on or something.’

‘Juph fuh phnoughph.’ Rin’s gaze was unfocused, her eyes flickering.

‘She gets a bit with you lot! Although some of you seem to be into that. Surprised she’s not set up an event with herself, or done some videos. Maybe she’s just not into sex? I’ve never even seen her with a dildo! Or maybe that’s why she’s so angry? Surrounded by all you thirsty maid-sluts, and can’t off herself? Be nice to have her in this chair – see how she takes being stretched out. I think she’s probably not the sort to drop into sub-space.’

Rin moaned again, her pussy tightening around Amber’s fingers.

‘You, on the other hand... for someone not into kinky-shit, you’re sure as hell enjoying getting finger-banged by a sexy latex nurse!’ She began slamming her fingers back and forth, letting go of Rin’s tongue, which promptly lolled to the side. ‘No dribbling! Don’t want to ruin your lovely makeup.’

‘Nphhhphh...’

‘Now you’re nice and relaxed, time for the bit you don’t like.’

A spark of awareness appeared in Rin’s eyes, and she tried to shake her head, the light reflecting off her black hair.

‘Just to check everything works properly! Don’t worry, I won’t turn it too high.’ She gently squeezed Rin’s clit, making the woman sigh and gurgle. ‘Good girl. Just what you might take on some of the games, nothing too harsh.’

Her right hand was slippery with lube and dribble, her fingers slimy, but this was better than working the late shift at a hospital on a Friday night, when the drunks started to come in. It did make it hard to pick up the metal collar though, the heavy lump slippery, taking several attempts to grasp securely.

‘I’ve modified it a bit.’

And she hadn’t been able to quite remake it properly, the once-smooth metal curve not partially open, wires poking out. But she could push it against Rin’s neck, a lever on the inside making it pull itself shut, clicking shut around Rin’s neck. She twisted against it, before moaning through the dental gag, her cunt tightening around Amber’s fingers again.

Buttons were on the front of the collar – messily cut through the steel, not quite fitting right, but big and easy to press, making the small screen beep into life, counting down, Amber reading the numbers out. When it hit 0, there was a long beep, and then the snap-snarl of an electric shock. Rin tensed up, her jaw biting down onto the dental gag, arms straining around the bindings that kept her in place. Her eyes glared at Amber, just for a moment, before more finger-fucking started to melt her again.

‘Heh, so nice and soft and wet! I can see why the boys want you in chastity for a few months, bet that would make you nice and desperate. Maybe even desperate enough to accept some butt-fucking?’

Despite the glaze in her eyes, the gag, the shocks and the finger-fucking, Rin managed to conjure up the strength to shake her head, just slightly.

‘Nphh chaptity! Anph nphh anal! Owwwwph!’

She got shocked again, grunting in pain before her head sagged back down.

‘I suppose you’ve got some limits. That was a low shock – the next one will be stronger.’

The scent of Rin’s arousal was intensifying, strong enough that Amber could smell it, even over the lube. Rin’s hands were tensed up, her long nails scratching into her palms, before another shock triggered. She rattled in the chair, Amber moving her other hand to stroke against Rin’s pussy-lips. Rin started to say something, before it turned into a pained gasp, teeth biting down against the dental gag from another zap.

‘See? Not that bad, is it?’

‘Grpphh!’

Amber leaned over, feeling her dress slide up her buttocks, air kissing against her buttocks. She wanted to touch herself, but there was no time before the club opened up fully for the evening! But that didn’t mean she couldn’t enjoy the sight of the squirming, writhing Rin, her soft, red lips forced wide around the gag.

Something struck against her own pussy, a sharp and accurate strike, knocking the air from her. She gasped and bent over, her face moving closer to Rin’s crotch.

‘I hope you’re not ruining her before the night – it looks like you might be having a little too much fun?’ It was the Bunny-bitch, her crop flicking up again, striking between Amber’s legs, this time the force absorbed by her thigh, before sliding further upwards, pushing against her slit. ‘Get her worked up, but not all the way. I want her nice and tense and horny, not in a post-cum daze.’

Rin grunted as she was shocked again, her tongue sagging from her mouth.

‘Oh, you got the collar working again? Good. And are there any problems?’ The crop-shaft started to slide back and forth, Amber unable to twist around enough to properly see the Bunny-bitch, feeling it slide into her slit. She tightened her thighs, trying to keep the thing in place, resisting the urge to pull her dress down. Although one of her hands was still inside of Rin, the other resting on the woman’s pussy-lips!

‘She’s all good to go. Nothing wrong with her.’

Rin grunted in pain, before whining again. The front of the collar was blinking now, the count restarting. Amber reached out, slapping at the front panel, knocking the connections loose and turning it off, the collar popping open.

‘It’s, uh, not quite right still. Needs some more work.’

The thin length of the crop-shaft was distracting, too smooth for her to get a proper grip on as it pushed into her, her own body betraying her, her juices making it slide around even more easily.

‘Well, you can work on it some more. But later – we’ve got some new customers booked in, so you need to get them checked. They’re not allowed any of the expensive stuff until they’ve got the all-clear, so that’s your priority for the night. And after that, some of the girls are due for their checkups. Don’t want those expiring – they can’t earn if they don’t get the all-clear from you. Or the other one – where is she?’

‘Had to head out for supplies – we’re out of coke, low on lube and batteries, and there wasn’t anyone else free. She should be back soon.’

‘She’s not paid to do shopping.’

‘And I’m not paid for electrics! None of the bar-staff start until just before opening, and the maids are all busy getting ready – they can’t really go out in uniform, can they?’

‘Mphhh!’ Rin moaned as Amber pulled her fingers out of the woman’s body, pulling the collar off her neck and putting it aside, the front panel audibly cracking.

The crop slid out from between Amber’s thighs, before the Bunny-bitch stepped around her, then flicked it forward, striking against Rin’s pussy. She gasped in pain, thighs rippling as the pain hit.

‘Hope you’re ready – some of your fans are in tonight. I want you to drive the price up, nice and high!’ The crop-head came down again, knocking against the wet pussy-lips, hard enough to make Amber wince in sympathy. She kicked at the base of the medical chair, releasing the mechanism, letting Rin close her legs, her long skirt falling back into place.

‘She’s all good to go. And her oral capacity is as still the same, and with a nice loose throat.’

‘Excellent.’

Rin was moaning, her eyes fixed on the Bunny-bitch, as Amber released her from the restraints of the chair, metal clicking and clacking as the bands moved away from Rin’s limbs. She closed her legs further, twisting away from the Bunny-bitch, tweaking her maid’s uniform back into place. The crop struck again, this time just flicking against the long skirt, without Rin grunting in pain this time.

She raised her hands up, fumbling at the gag, tilting her head back as she removed it, swallowing back spittle, before rubbing her cheeks.

‘Mrhhh. I’m all excited now! I’m all wet. That’s no fair, nurse, getting me excited like that!’

The crop swished through the air, stopping short of Rin’s face before the head stroked over her cheek. ‘Good. That’s the attitude to have – nice and horny!’

Amber stepped out of the way, her pussy still throbbing from the impact of the crop. The bloody bitch, hitting her there! She wasn’t one of the maids, to be hit like that!

‘So, are you coming in for an inspection soon?’

From behind, she could see the tightness of the Bunny-bitches ass, her leotard tight between her buttocks, the little fluff-ball of her tail drawing the eye, resisting the urge to spank it. The woman continued to slide her crop over Rin’s face as she spoke.

‘That’s not needed – I’m not for rent like all the lovely maids are. I just keep them under control. And I’d rather not go into that chair – it doesn’t look very comfortable. Something else for the maids to deal with. Now, Rin, you’re needed on the floor.’ The crop-head tapped against Rin’s cheek, hard enough that Amber could see her wince. ‘Up! Time to spread your legs, and your mouth. And you’ll need to touch up your makeup as well.’

Rin slowly rose, stretching her shoulders, looking down on the Bunny-bitch, over a head taller. Despite that, the smaller woman didn’t back down, flicking the crop through the air with a hissing sound. ‘Time to go. Let’s get the punters going, get a nice high price for your wet cunt.’ She turned and walked away, Amber watching her, bunny-tail swaying as she walked. After a moment, Rin adjusting her clothing again before following behind her.

Chapter Seven: Worrisome Dreams

She stirred in her sleep, hearing the sounds of movement outside. Light, a thin crack from beneath her door, the sound of heels on carpet, one of the maid-sluts talking outside as they passed. The darkness closed around her for a moment, tight and constrictive, before her eyes found the small glowing sphere that was her nightlight, helping to soothe and steady her. She could see her outfit hanging on the back of her door, the bunnygirl bustier looking limp and flat when not stretched over her body, her hand tightening around the grip of her crop.

She twisted slightly, wrapping her sheets around her body, feeling cocooned and secure, her empty hand reaching between her legs as she fell back into a dozing, dreaming slumber...

Hands pressed down on her, dragging her backwards, her body too weak to fend them off. Her protests were stilled by the fat rubber ball on her mouth, dribble oozing down her chin, making her feel dirty and pathetic, before she was lifted off the ground entirely and thrown over a shoulder, simply carried away. Her belly was pressed against hard muscle, making it hard to breath, before a hand slapped against her buttocks. Nails, sharp and cruel, scratched down her soft skin, flipping up the short skirt she wore.

'No complaining, my sweet little pet. You've been naughty, and you know the rules. Naughty girls get punished.' The voice was honey-sweet and female, oozing into her ears, her heart starting to pound in panic and tension. What was going to be done to her? Her back still ached from the last whipping she'd received, the welts not yet fully healed?

'You should know that you're not allowed to touch yourself, without my permission. I need to break you of those nasty, dirty little habits.' The hand clenched, nails spiking in, before her skirt was torn away, leaving her backside bare. Where was she being taken? She could barely see through the loose fuzz of her fringe, just the ominous whiff of steel and leather.

She was flipped through the air, moved without wanting to, finding herself in a cold, steel chair, her arms and legs sliding into grooves. A hand pressed against her eyes, forcing herself into a soft darkness, as leather straps sealed over her limbs.

'If my little Bunny won't behave, then she needs to be taught a lesson.'

'No... please! I'll be good... I just...'

Fingers tightened around her face, nails digging in, making her gasp with pain. 'Your pleasure is not something you are permitted to choose. I thought you were better behaved, but obviously I was wrong. And so the lesson must be taught. But first, a hood. You are pretty, but I am willing to forgo that pleasure to teach you properly.'

The hand withdrew, and there was a moment of light, Mistress' stern face looking down at her, before the leather was pulled over her, her hair pressing against her face, her vision sealed away.

'Mphhh!' She tried to protest, but the straps were too strong, easily holding her in place. Hands tore at her clothing, ripping away her top, leaving her naked, before her breasts were squeezed and pulled and twisted. She wriggled, enjoying the sensation, pleasure-pain spiking through her.

'Perhaps I should belt you? Maybe a few months without any pleasure would make you more obedient? But first I need to hurt you.'

Her body moved, the chair tilting her back and then her legs were spread wide, exposing her entirely. She didn't feel shame, just doubt at what might be coming. A second later, pain exploded between her legs, the metal-studded head of a crop slapping against her pussy. And then again, and again, and again. Each impact made her whimper in pain, but she could feel her arousal increasing as well, the pain turning her on, the slaps making her desperately horny.

'Such a good little pain-slut! Even if you are a bit too bratty, but I can work with that.'

Her grip tightened on her own crop, the leather-wrapped handle making her feel more secure. She rolled onto her back, her other hand busy between her legs, teasing and stroking herself. But her thoughts, old memories, roiled through her, impossible to steer or control.

The hood was locked on now, sealed by a collar around her neck, tight enough to chafe her neck, with her hair drawn through into a ponytail. A padded blindfold sealed her vision, and even her hearing was muted and muffled, warped by the leather. She didn't dare whimper or complain though – not that she could in any effective way, with her mouth sealed by a fat rubber ball.

She felt woozy, the blood rushing to her head, cuffs around her ankles holding her upside-down, her legs spread, her pussy exposed. Pain still jangled through her belly from the last "teaching session", a wooden paddle being used to strike her, again and again, until she'd climaxed from the intensity of suffering. Now she could hear more people, footsteps walking around. A straitjacket bound her arms around her waist, leaving her breasts bare.

Footsteps approached, making her tense up, trying to close her legs. A hand came down, sharp nails digging into soft skin, making her gasp in pain, feeling light-headed and woozy.

'You need to learn your place, little Bunny. And perhaps then I might let you have your face again. But for tonight, you can be a light-fitting. I have some lovely candles, just for you.'

A fat cylinder, slightly waxy, pushed into her slit, forcing her wide, getting pushed in far enough that she knew she wouldn't be able to push it out. A moment later, there was a click, and the faint prickling of heat, before that persisted.

'Don't wriggle too much! If the candle goes out, then I'll be disappointed. And you don't want to disappoint me, do you? The red wax will be lovely and bright against your skin, so try and make a good display.'

She tried to nod, the movement making her neck ache, having to fight against gravity. She could feel the slight heat of the candle now, burning between her legs – her long would it be until it started to melt, wax dribbling down against her soft thighs? If she kept still, then maybe it wouldn't flow as much? Although she did like the way wax felt against her, bright, hot pin-pricks, making her jerk and twitch.

From nearby, she could hear the wet, slapping sounds of flesh-on-flesh, groans of pleasure, making her own body react and heat up, wanting that for herself.

'That's not for you, little Bunny. Not yet, anyway – maybe soon, if you behave.'

She spread her legs wide, sliding her fingers deep into herself, then pushing the sheets aside, letting the warm night air kiss against her body. She removed her hand, emitting a low groan of desire, before raising the crop and flicking it down against her crotch. The impact sent white sparks skidding across the back of her eyelids, the jolt slapping through her, making her moan in pain and pleasure, her mind recoiling, back into memories and dreams.

She could see herself in the mirror – the too-short, fluffy skirt, showing off her legs, and the white stockings, and the frilled bodice, and the white apron. And the thick leather dog-collar

around her neck, her face still hooded, mouth still gagged. She looked silly and far too girly and fluffy – she wanted to be sexual and powerful, not like some kind of dressed-up doll!

‘There we go. Now you can be my maid.’ A hand reached between her legs, nails tapping against metal. ‘And to prevent any further distractions! Such a naughty little Bunny you are.’

Just that little tap sent shivers of delight through her, her body immediately feeling like it was starting to melt, all her focus on the bundle of nerves between her legs, hot and wet... and sealed behind metal. But the outfit! She hated it, the look of it, the fluff and lace, and how it made her look so subservient.

‘Now, you’re going to be a cute little maid, aren’t you? Nice and obedient.’ Another tap against the belt. ‘And perhaps, one day, then I’ll let you remove this. And then we can have some fun again! You should be proud to serve me though – such a good little maid now, aren’t you?’

She growled, feeling her pulse race, still able to feel the phantom-pressure from the memory of the metal belt locked around her body, from all those years ago, slapping the crop against herself again, the strike missing and hitting her thigh instead, before she started to finger herself again. There was some fondness there, in memories of her mistress, but being locked into the hood and belt, and being forced to be a maid, a slutty servant! That had been too much!

The carpet was rough against her knees, even through her stockings, as she took Mistress’ foot in her hands, drinking deep of the scent, stroking her face against the stocking-sheathed foot. A crop slid over her back, the maid-dress having a deep cut to show off more of her skin, Mistress purring in pleasure, as she kissed the foot, her own arousal sluggish and slow, after so long sealed away.

‘Such a dedicated maid!’

She growled – service was one thing, but she hated being a maid, all the frills and fluff! The crop rose and fell, slapping against her back.

‘But I suppose all birds must, one day, fly away. A shame – but I suppose it might be for the best. You bear my mark already, so it will be known who truly owns you.’

The small of her back still ached, the tattoo-mark not having yet fully healed. And all she’d been allowed from that was one orgasm! Just one! And that had been the first in months!

‘Very well. I will release you from my service. But should you wish to return, then you may – I’ll keep your cage empty for you.’

She kissed at the foot, luxuriating in the touch, the closeness of her mistress, as her stomach churned with doubt and uncertainty – was she doing the right thing?

‘Another spanking for old time’s sake, and then you may leave. And I’ll remove your belt - but while you are under my roof, you will not pleasure yourself! I wish you success, little Bunny, but the world can be a cruel place, especially for one such as yourself. Your desires to be in charge and to be hurt are entertaining, but may be hard to balance. Now, up over my knee, one more time.’

She slowly lowered the foot, before putting herself over Mistress’ knee, letting herself be spanked, her cunt getting hot beneath the slapping impacts.

She slapped her own cunt, trying not to be too loud, not wanting anyone outside to be able to hear her. The rough impact felt good, making her head swim, memories and fantasies all swirling together, her head lost in a daze.

Rin was spread out in front of her, tried to an X-cross, her lovely mouth plugged shut with a pump-gag, the bulb dangling down. Her maid outfit was torn and rent, her pale skin showing through tears in the fabric, as she gulped in breath.

Squeezing the bulb several times silenced her, the gag puffing up inside of her mouth, her cheeks bulging outwards. Grabbing at one of her breasts and pinching the nipple produced a pleasurable groan, the sound mostly absorbed by the gag. 'What else to do with you?' An unseen audience cheered her on, as she tore away more of Rin's clothing, soon leaving her naked except for her underwear. 'Punish your tits? Or your ass?'

Rin tensed up, eyes going wide, as she held up a buttplug, currently small, but attached to a pump-bulb, the plug already shiny with lube. Watching the flare of fear in Rin's eyes was deeply pleasurable, her long legs stiffening against the X, the leather straps easily holding her.

'Time to put that tight butt of yours to work!'

Rin moaned through her gag, but couldn't speak or escape, as the tip of the bulb was placed against her asshole, slowly getting forced in.

'Mmmmm...' She sighed in pleasure, her legs spread over the width of the bed, finger-fucking herself now, pussy drenched, the sheets starting to get damp beneath her. One day she'd penetrate Rin's ass! That proud bitch had it coming!

A long, drawn-out groan as the bulb slid into place, getting swallowed up inside of Rin's body. She started to shake and twitch, trying to push the thing out, but it was too big, too firmly lodged within her. And then a few puffs, air getting forced into the plug, expanding it inside of Rin. With her other hand, she started to finger Rin, teasing and stroking her.

'I'm going to make you enjoy this. A good maid should be available in every way to her masters, after all.' She could feel Rin's dampness, forcing the taller woman to feel pleasure, her lingerie starting to dampen from pussy-juice. Rin's chest was heaving now, as she gulped in breath, tears starting to sparkle in the corners of her eyes.

She kept fingered herself with one hand, grabbing a breast with the other and squeezing the nipple hard, the pain making her gulp and gasp. Images of all the other maid-sluts flickered through her head, their faces contorted around gags, skin slicked with cum, wearing only tattered rags, skin whipped and lashed. She picked out a particular punishment for each of them – a rough ass-fucking with the biggest strap-on she could find for Rin, ballet-heels for Velvet, Sally and Caitlyn both on spiked thrones, their skin getting prickled by electrified spikes, Andrea bent over a table, held there by ropes, her holes open and accessible to anyone that wanted them.

All of the rest of them swirled through her mind, in ragged frills and lace, screaming and squealing as they were fucked and used. She hurt herself more, crushing a nipple as much as she could, savoring the pain, her body slippery with sweat, the sheets sticking to her as she twisted about on the bed.

And then there was the moment, her thoughts collapsing and fading away, everything other than the rushing gush of pleasure forgotten, as she pushed her face against the pillow, letting it absorb her moan, pleasure overwhelming her. She kept twisting her fingers inside of herself, her other hand sliding off her nipple, movements slower now, riding the wave, gulping in air, trying to wriggle away from the wet patch, soaking into the mattress.

She had to scoot over to one side of the bed, wedging herself against the wall, trying to find comfortably dry parts of the bedding, settling herself for the night. She'd need all her strength for another day keeping all the maid-sluts under control! And having fun punishing them... Her thoughts faded deeper into darkness as she started to fall asleep, letting her tiredness fuse with the post-orgasmic daze, settling into a deep and comfortable sleep.

The crop struck against lace-covered buttocks, pale skin starting to fade into red, accompanied by a pleasing squeal. Another strike, and then she reached forward, pulling on the panties, making them slide between the buttocks, presenting a better target for the next crop-strike. There was a low and appreciative thrum from the crowd, their faces barely visible in the surrounding darkness.

'You need to be nice to the guests. And try to be less clumsy.' She used her hand this time, *stroking it over the woman's backside, pushing up the skirt before it slid back down, glad that the maid was bent over a chair, offering herself up for punishment. Pleasure-heat was growing between her own legs, despite the silly maid outfit she had to wear, as she spanked them again, her palm against their backside. They squealed, and she smiled, reveling in the power she felt. And in not being belted or hooded! Able to see, be seen, and to touch herself whenever she wanted to!*

She spanked the maid again, harder this time, taking out her irritations through physical impact. When they tried to rise up, she leaned forward and pressed down against their neck, before hitting them with the crop again, landing a hit right on their crotch.

She sighed in pleasure, enjoying the memories of being dominant. Far better to rule than be ruled! Even if she had been made to wear a silly maid dress to fit the "aesthetic" – at least the bunny-suit was nice and sleek, showing off her lovely, petite body better.

Chapter Eight: Doing the Bunny Hop

Rin twisted her body, looking at herself in the mirror and wincing – showing off this much skin was rather more than she was comfortable with! The bustier of the bunny-suit was tight against her body, with a deep cleavage, and fishnets sheathing her legs. She preferred proper tights, or stockings, rather than the fishnet mesh! And when she turned, the white bobble-fluff of the tail was visible – having that much attention drawn to her butt made her feel even more uncomfortable.

‘Eugh, I hate theme nights! They’re always just tacky.’ She plucked at the fabric of the bunnygirl outfit, feeling it pull against her body, threatening to slide uncomfortably tightly between her buttocks.

‘At least this is better than Christmas! Trying to get cum out of fur is a nightmare, and if you don’t get it out, then it *reeks*. I had to toss out a view of the Miss Santa outfits because of that. And they’re all scratchy and uncomfortable - at least these are nice to move in!’ Velvet stroked her own body, running hands down the sleek and shiny latex bunnysuit she was wearing, with matching latex stockings. There was a translucent strip down the center, showing off her navel and lump little tummy.

‘Surprised the Bunny-bitch is allowing it – she gets a bit protective about her outfit! And gets very pissy whenever anyone asks her to dress as a maid.’

A crop suddenly slapped against Rin’s backside, hard enough to make her hiss in pain, tottering on her heels for a moment.

‘That’s because maids are here to *serve*, and I am here to *command*. Unless you want me to have a literal chain of command to beat you with?’

The Bunny-bitch flicked the crop again, Rin managing to move to evade the worst of the strike, the shaft hitting her butt with less of a sting. She was dressed in a latex military outfit, complete with epaulettes and brass shoulder-decorations, bright against the shiny blackness of the rest of it. It only came to the top of her thighs, with thigh-high leather and lacey stocking-tops on her legs, high heels doing a little to help overcome her shortness. On one hip she had a holster, some kind of plastic gun-toy at the ready.

‘You are here to serve and service the guests – I’m here to keep you all under control. You are for rent – I am not. At least not for anything that the guests here can afford! Now, get your cuffs on properly, make them nice and neat.’ She used the crop to gesture at Rin’s wrists, where leather cuffs were placed. ‘At least fold the rings in! And don’t forget your ears.’

Rin sighed, before tapping the metal D-rings in, making them flush against the leather, then picking up a headband with high bunny-ears poking up. Did she really need to make herself look even taller?

‘Better. And I’m not happy about this either! But the boss got a cheap shipment of them, and wanted to spice things up a little. Don’t think this will be a regular event!’ She swiped at Rin’s buttocks again, too fast to evade, sending a thrill of pain up Rin’s body. ‘Don’t want you maid-sluts horning in on my territory. You’ll be back in your normal outfits in two days. Before

then though – got a special event arranged. The bunny hop. Good to see you’ve got your ankle-cuffs on, you’re going to need them.’

The metal rings jangled against Rin’s ankles whenever she moved – she liked high heels, but the ankle-cuffs were something she wasn’t entirely used to! Although the tightness up her legs and in her butt was quite nice, making it easy to sway her hips as she walked.

‘Let’s go get you all set up! The guests have started arriving already. I want to see some hustle tonight! And I hope you’ve done your stretches.’

That sounded ominous, but Rin’s thoughts were distracted by evading another crop-strike, before heading out of the dressing room. As she moved, she could feel her hair sliding over her bare shoulders and the top of her back, the bunny-suit only covering her lower back. It was quite a nice sensation, making her feel like she was being stroked and caressed, but it was a *lot* skimpier than she was used to! And it was very tight around the crotch and between her buttocks, sending warm tingles through her body, arousal seeping into her.

The main room wasn’t very busy yet, but there was still a light thrum of conversation and activity, with other maids serving food. Although they weren’t maids tonight, but all bunnygirls, their outfits in different colors, bright white butt-tails bobbing as they moved around. Rin winced – it was all far less elegant and stylish than maid outfits!

‘You – go and stand over there. The course has already been set up.’

The Bunny-bitch flicked her crop at Velvet this time, making the woman’s plush buttocks jiggle and shake, steering her towards the display area, the spotlights not yet turned on. Rin smiled at a few of her regulars, making sure to pose for them, swaying her hips and twisting her body to show herself off – the outfit at least made that easy, even if she was uncomfortable with this much of herself being on display!

Ropes had already been set up, running horizontally across the area, with regulars lumpy knots tied into them. Rin tensed her thighs – in this outfit, she’d have no protection against them rubbing against her pussy! Beneath were long conveyer belts – they were new, only recently installed. The crowd made interested noises, heads turning to look at them. Rin felt another blush of heat spread through her crotch, keenly aware of everyone’s attention, biting her lip to try and keep from getting distracted. And hoping she was getting a bonus for this – this was *waaaaay* outside what she normally did!

More crop strikes and commands steered them towards the far end, each of them straddling a rope was pulled up to run through their crotches. With the heels on, Rin couldn’t even stretch her feet up for relief – she could feel the rope against her pussy, a taut cord that threatened to slide into her body whenever she moved, snatching her breath away. Next to her, Velvet was shifting her hips, visibly blushing already as she made herself comfortable.

Rin tried to ignore the aroused gasps, looking at the crowd, a few of them being “entertained” by other bunny-girls. At the far end of the conveyer belts were buckets, dangling from the ceiling on ropes, swinging slightly.

‘Owww!’ Her butt suddenly stung with pain as she was hit with the crop again. The impact made her twitch, triggering another rush of heat as her hips shook, the rope sliding a little deeper into her.

‘Hands behind your back!’

Rin sighed and obeyed, feeling the Bunny-bitch’s small, hot hands on her bare arms, a padlock clicking onto the wrist-cuffs, locking her wrists together. And then the hands moved down, squeezing her buttocks, before running down her thighs, tickling her skin, and then onto her ankles. Her legs were wrenched closer together, metal clicking as metal cuffs ran through

the metal rings, a short chain between them, hobbling her. She moved one leg, testing her range of movement – barely even a few inches before the chain snapped tight.

As the Bunny-bitch went to prepare the others in the same way, Rin smiled, trying to look beautiful for the crowd, despite increasing trepidation at what was about to happen. As soon as the conveyor belt started, she'd be forced to start hobbling forward, with the rope running tightly between her legs. With her wrists and ankles bound, then she'd be off-balance, and the bunny-costume was already tight and showing her body off – as soon as she started to move with any effort, then she'd be in danger of spilling out!

Spotlights blazed on, dazzling Rin, bright light stabbing into her eyes.

'Good evening, ladies and gentleman! Welcome to our special theme evening, the Bunny Parade! All of our lovely maids have been replaced with equally charming bunny-girls, for your delight and delectation! Make the most of it, because they won't be around for long!'

She was walking around the far end of the conveyor belts, a microphone in hand, posing and preening for the crowd.

'And tonight, we have a new and special game! The bunny-hop! We're going to see some nice little cotton-tails moving, and some tight butts shaking for your pleasure.'

Motors surged into life, the conveyor belts starting to move, but only slowly. Rin stepped forwards, staggering a little as she hit the limits of the hobble-chain, her heels forcing her weight onto her toes. The rope slid through her crotch, and then she hit a knot, the hard little bundle forcing itself through her lips, making her gasp. As she moved, her hair swayed, stroking against her back, sliding and caressing over her bare back. This is why she didn't wear backless outfits – they were far too distracting.

'All nice and easy – are lovely little bunnies are able to just relax without fear of being hunted.'

The Bunny-bitch was stepping between the belts now, standing on the non-moving edge of each, moving with surprising agility.

'But I'm sure you want to see them pushed a little harder, right?'

There was a vague murmur of agreement.

'What was that? I couldn't quite hear you!'

'Mmmmmmm!' The answer this time was louder and more enthusiastic, more of the crowd gathering around to watch.

'Well, if you have a particular favorite, then simply toss a chip into their bucket.' She went over to one in the middle, striking it with her crop to make a hollow ringing noise, and then pushing down on it. Rin immediately heard a motor surge, one of the belts speeding up. The bunnygirl on it struggled to keep up, taking several steps, before having to start hopping forward, the hobble-chain too short to allow steps to keep up. Her bunny-ears waggled with every jump, the rope vibrating as she landed back on it, bending her knees and the thing visibly sliding into her, and then having to jump again.

The Bunny-bitch let go, the bucket moving up, the belt slowing again, the bunnygirl able to stop her hopping and walk again.

'The more you donate to your favorite, then the more they're going to have to move! I'm sure you want to see them nice and excited, little breedable fuck-bunnies everyone one of them!'

Every belt started up, Rin taking slow and steady steps. She tried to keep her back straight, to give herself as much clearance as possible, but she could feel the rope sliding between her thighs. Each knot was a hard, tight bundle, spreading her lips wide before passing out of her. If it wasn't for the hobble-chain, she'd be able to just sprint for the end, but that crippled her

movement! And her breath was catching in her throat as she moved now, her arousal starting to increase.

‘And just in case any of our lovely bunnies get lazy and stop moving, then we’ll provide a little incentive to keep them on the go!’ She drew her pistol, a black plastic toy. A red dot flickered as she waved it, aiming it at each of the bunnygirls in turn, before leveling it at Rin. She braced herself, still trying to keep her crotch off the rope.

The Bunny-bitch smiled at her, Rin already wincing. She heard a *bang* sound, and then pain sliced across her buttocks, a whip-crack sounding out.

‘We wanted some automated ones, but couldn’t get them installed in time. So our nurses are lending a little assistance!’

Rin ground her teeth. Of course it would be those two, sadistic little weirdos! Her buttocks throbbed from the whip-strike, and the impact had made her thighs tense up, slowing her.

‘So come on in, and make your contributions!’

Rin forced herself to move, managing to at outpace the belt, getting towards the end. If she could get there, then she could just step off the end and be free!

‘Don’t be shy, folks! They’re bunnies – they love the exercise!’ The red dot from the pistol flickered around, before settling on Velvet this time. It was still out of Rin’s sight, but she heard the whipcrack sound again, Velvet groaning in mixed pleasure and pain. Her face was already red, her eyes vacantly staring ahead, the crotch-rope deep in her pussy. She was even wriggling her hips, getting herself off further!

Rin tried to power ahead, wanting to get as far as possible before the speed increased. But she could see the guests, including some of her regulars, throwing chips into her bucket. It started to lower, and she heard the motor surge, the thing getting faster.

She quickened her pace, her hair stroking over her back and distracting her further. It felt nice, but she didn’t want those pleasurable sensations right now! Every reflexive tensing of her thighs, hips or backside made the cord slide deeper into herself, up through the crotch of the bunny-suit. The heels weren’t helping either – she had to carefully plant each foot, or risk tilting to each side, which made the rope-rubbing even worse! Her body was heating up, her crotch starting to get wet, and the thought of that being visible made her blush. How was this more embarrassing than just giving hand- or blow-jobs? She didn’t know, but her internal heat was growing to a fever, swirling through her, and fogging her thoughts.

The bucket lowered more, chips rattling against the metal sides. She tried to stride forward, the ankle-chain not long enough, staggering forward and unbalancing herself. By the time she had steadied herself, she’d lost ground, sliding backwards, now behind Velvet, able to see the bright red whip-slash across the woman’s ass. She strained herself, walking as fast as possible.

‘If any of our bunny-sluts reach the end, then the first will get a third of the take! Second place will take half of that! Anything below that, will get nothing. Serves ‘em right for being so slow!’

Rin managed to catch up with Velvet, but the belt was getting faster now, and she couldn’t keep up with just walking. She tensed, then threw her body forward, and there was a moment of relief and release as she lifted off the rope. And then she landed, bending at the knees, the rope pushing deeper into her as she slid backwards a little, pushed by the belt. She had to keep jumping, trying to keep her balance, the rope dragging and scraping at her thighs as she swayed from side-to-side before moving back into her pussy. She was wet now, the rope stirring her up, making it harder to breathe and think!

She hopped forward several times, managing to gain ground, but it was getting harder and harder – her knees were aching, ankles tight and sore from landing on the treadmill, the hobble-chain now helping her to keep her balance by not letting her legs get very far apart. But now she was panting and gasping, struggling to focus even as far as the bucket. Was hers the furthest down? It didn't seem fair that she might not even get any of it! And that the house took more than half for itself – but it would be nice to win.

She tried to distract herself with thinking about what she might buy – maybe a nice dress, silk-sleek, tight and sultry? For herself, rather than for work. Or some new books – she'd read everything here, and most of the other maids had trashy tastes. Although each hop was getting worse and worse – her pussy was now sore and sensitive, her pussy so loose and wet that the rope penetrated deep into her, the knots hard little stinging lumps. It wasn't as satisfying as a full, hard cock, but it was distractingly pleasurable!

From somewhere to her side, she heard a loud, drawn out gasp, seeing a red bunny-suit sliding backwards, moaning with pleasure.

'And that's the first one out! Guess the rope was just too much for her, through her hot little bunny-cunt!'

Rin grit her teeth, forcing herself to jump forward, again and again. Somehow, Velvet was keeping up, despite her face being slack with pleasure, her latex bunny-suit gleaming as she moved, one of her stockings starting to slide down her leg. She could feel her ankles straining, sore from the repeated impacts, even the pleasure of her pussy not enough to distract her from the throbbing pain in her ankles and calves. She'd need at least a few good fucks after this to make herself feel better! How the hell was Velvet keeping up as well? She was soft and fluffy, without a hint of athleticism!

Another gushing groan, and another bunny-girl was whisked backwards, too caught up in her own pleasure to be able to keep moving. Rin jumped again, her hair rising up and then sliding over her back, adding an extra shiver of delight to her overloaded senses. And her breasts were straining against the bunny-suit, only just barely contained!

But the end was in sight! Not much further now – maybe just a few more jumps. Plastic rattled against metal as more chips were tossed into the bucket, the belt getting faster and faster. She could feel her sweat, making the bunny-suit stick to her, her brow damp. This seemed even harder than distance-running!

She could hear Velvet, close by, her leaps impacting against the belt, breathing coming in heavy pants. Rin's own desire was hot and urgent, every knotted lump of the rope tweaking against her, getting her closer and closer to release, only barely held back by her will. She fixed her gaze ahead of her, staring at the bucket as it gently swung. Just a little more... A little more...

A hand tossed a stack of chips in, plastic chinking and clicking together. She whined, feeling dribble on her chin, feeling slightly grossed out, at least as much as she could think at all. Another hop... She tensed her legs, the end of the rope barely any distance now, but she was sliding backwards. It felt like it would take an infinite number of hops to get there! She started to pant even faster, trying to get air into her body, forcing herself to stay focused. Another bounce, and she was swaying right on the edge, the rope tight in her snatch. But now she could stagger forward, the hobble-chain catching on the pole holding the rope. She tumbled to the floor, twisting to land on a shoulder.

But she was off now! The floor felt blessedly cool against her shoulders, and even better when she rolled onto her back, cool concrete draining off her fever-heat. Someone released the

chain, letting her free from the contraption, and she dragged herself upwards, feeling the tight wetness of the bunny-suit against her slit, the material wedged deep within her body. When she plucked it out, pulling it free made her gasp and writhe, her vision flickering and fading.

‘I don’t care who, but one of you is fucking me!’ She was so desperately horny, she needed a cock inside of herself *now*! There was a flurry of hands, stacks of chips getting produced, and she grabbed at what looked like the largest, dragging him away. He better have a good, hard cock and be able to last, or she’d have to find someone else, but for now, she just needed *someone* inside of herself!

Chapter Nine: Break It, Buy It

Caitlyn stood up straight, thrusting her breasts out, ignoring the hand on her ass as she put the drinks onto the table. ‘That’s two coffees and a diet coke.’ The hand squeezed her buttock, but with her hands full, she couldn’t brush it off yet, instead carefully lifting a plate off her tray. ‘A chocolate gateaux, for you, I think?’ The table was two men and a woman, the men in jeans and t-shirts, the woman having put some effort in, wearing a nice dress – a bit goth in a lacey dress, with some tatty ruffles and cuffs, and a little too much makeup, with the standard silver jewelry.

The hand gave her ass a final squeeze before retreating, as Caitlyn slid the plate over the table. The scent of the chocolate made her mouth water, the foam sweet and dark, with a dab of cream on top and a bright red strawberry. Maybe there might be leftovers? Or she might be allowed a bite herself? She hadn’t had time to grab more than a quick bite herself all day.

‘And for the masters, some selections from our light bites.’ Two small plates, each with a variety of finger-food on. Scarcely enough to be worth eating, but they looked good. ‘Is there anything else, masters and mistress?’

The woman smiled at her, black-painted lips curving. ‘Oh yes, Caitlyn. Why don’t you decorate my cake? It would look a lot nicer with something a little personal, don’t you think?’

As her hand crept out, stroking at Caitlyn’s thigh, Caitlyn moved closer to her. Caitlyn liked showing her legs off, but customers kept twanging her garter-straps against her thighs! And she already had reddened finger marks from where someone had grabbed her ass too tightly earlier. Without even giving a decent tip!

The woman had moved the cake closer to herself, forcing Caitlyn to step right in close as well, picking up a small bottle of chocolate sauce and giving it a shake.

‘What would you desire, my mistress?’

‘Oh? Am I yours now? You always seem so flighty!’

The hand came up again, squeezing Caitlyn’s ass, and she managed not to sigh. She preferred men! Why did women keep finding her so attractive? Fingers mauled her buttock through the flimsy material of her dress, as she made herself smile, leaning in close so that she was brushing against the goth. ‘It’s a busy night, mistress. I would love to spend longer with you, but there are many other customers.’ She moved to whisper into the woman’s ear, inhaling the violet-scented air that surrounded her. ‘And the boss doesn’t like us to stay in one place to long.’

The bunny-bitch was up near the front of the café-area, striding around confidently, crop in hand, flicking it against the ass of another maid as they were too slow to move, the crack sounding out across the room, followed by the maid’s yelp.

‘Of course, if you were to book me for a private session, then it might be possible?’ The woman’s smile intensified, as she bit her lip in anticipation, then frowned.

‘I think I’d need to earn a lot more at work! Your rates have gone up – getting too popular. There’s a lot of buzz on the forums about you recently. I just wish I’d seen the show you did with the nurses!’

Caitlyn made herself smile – those fucking psychos! Having a metal dildo shoved into her pussy, and then electrical zaps directly into her had *not* been fun,, even if she had gotten a decent cut of profits. ‘It was an, uh, interesting night.’

The hand pushed between her butt-cheeks, pushing against the tight metal band that ran between her legs. ‘Hey, is that a belt? I didn’t realize that you’d been locked away. Huh, I never realized that they were like thongs.’ Her fingers poked and mauled at Caitlyn’s buttocks, trying to find a way around the metal. ‘Kinda assumed they were more like a solid plate.’

‘No, only at the front.’ The hand dropped between her thighs and crept upwards, tapping against the front panel of the chastity belt. ‘What design would you like on your cake, mistress?’

‘How long have you been in this?’

Caitlyn could feel fingers scratching at her skin, pushing against the belt, trying to get around it, but there wasn’t enough give.

‘Three weeks and two days, mistress.’ Even that light probing was starting to get her going – she hadn’t had even a touch in all that time, and was kept locked away even when not working! ‘It is... a little frustrating.’ They gave the belt another rattle. ‘Well, you’re out of my price range – sorry Caitlyn! I’ll have to wait until you’ve been used enough to lower your price before we can have some fun together. But I’ll be gentle. Well, mostly gentle. I think you’d look good with some rope-marks on your skin, you’re so nice and pale.’

Caitlyn tried to ignore their hands groping and squeezing between her legs, instead starting to draw a heart shape atop the cake, around the strawberry. She was so damn horny! Not helped by the way the men were staring at her, the lust in their eyes getting her even more turned on. She wanted to be fucked so damn bad!

The chocolate splurged as she lost control, the heart shape getting messed up. She pushed her ass backwards, against the woman’s breasts, hoping to distract her, hands still probing against the belt.

A loud crack sounded, far too close, a flash of movement as the bunny-bitch slapped her crop against the table, making everyone jump. ‘Caitlyn. It looks as though you’re enjoying yourself – I hope you’re keeping the guests happy?’ The goth made a happy murmur, both the men nodding. ‘Good. Your presence is requested for a game.’ The crop slapped against the table again, loud enough to make all of them jump, the bunny-bitch smiling, her black bustier and military cap catching the light in an ominous fashion.

Caitlyn swallowed nervously. Something was being set up on the stage, but she couldn’t see what through the bodies moving around. ‘I didn’t think I was scheduled for anything?’

The bunny-bitch gave her a nasty grin. ‘Special request. Or do you want to apologize to the guest that’s paid for it personally?’

‘No, Ma’am! I’ll do it.’ The hands groping beneath her skirt seemed strangely comforting now, rather than violating, giving her a gentle stroke and a squeeze before withdrawing. As she moved away, the goth scooped up a slice of cake on a fork and offered it to Caitlyn. She leaned over to bite it, ignoring the grope of her breasts as she did so, thankful for the food, and the energy boost of the sugar.

What game would it be? Nothing had been scheduled for tonight, so someone must have stumped up the cash specially for it, and requested her. Hopefully not someone else wanting to fuck her in the ass! She didn’t like the feeling, making her insides feel all squirmy and loose, and the feeling of cum and lube coming out afterwards was just gross. Maybe she’d be allowed the belt removed though? She wanted to cum *so bad*, to be touched down there, or ride a nice fat cock to completion!

As she got close to the stage, she could see one of the nurses – the white one, if they were actually consistent with their colors and didn't swap to fuck with people – and shuddered, hoping this wouldn't be too intrusive. But none of the medical gear had been wheeled on stage, so at least she wouldn't be getting a speculum shoved into her and a camera to show everyone her insides. The crowd were grinning at her knowingly, although that might just be paranoia!

Rin and Sally were already up on stage, with Andrea fussing about, tweaking her outfit into place – her skirt was already so short that all the crowd could see her bare slit! The curtain was currently down, whatever was going to be done to them probably hidden behind that.

She went to stand with Rin and Sally – Rin was in an unusually long dress, all the way to her ankles, which she was playing with, swishing the material around. Sally was wearing a sensible-ish miniskirt that actually covered her ass, but had a tight leather collar around her neck which she was fidgeting with, her skin starting to show soreness beneath.

Caitlyn tutted and swatted at Sally's hand. 'Stop playing with it, you'll only make it worse!' As the crowd cheered, Caitlyn posed and preened for them, hoping they would be merciful to her. 'Any idea what's going on? I've not got anyone splashing cash on me, and I didn't think you two had patrons either? Andrea has her club, but they stick to her.'

They both shook their heads, Caitlyn feeling even more worried. Four of them? This was costing someone a pretty penny! If she won or survived, then it would be good for her, but it would probably be unpleasant to get through.

The lights dimmed, spotlights coming up and dazzling Caitlyn, and the others if their hisses were any indication. By the time they had adjusted, the bunny-bitch was on stage, slender hourglass-form silhouetted by the lights, crop in one hand and microphone in the other.

'Ladies and gentleman! Good evening to you all, and welcome to the Maid Cage!' The crowd clapped and cheered, until she flicked her crop against the curtain, somehow managing to make it crack loudly, cutting their sound off. 'Many of you are enjoying the feasts we offer, but tonight there is a special contest!'

Caitlyn looked around nervously, turning slightly to make it harder to be grabbed from behind without warning. The curtain shivered, making her twitch nervously, hoping this wouldn't be too rough.

'This has been paid for by a donor that wishes to remain nameless.' There was an oooooo of appreciation. 'So I hope you horrible lot appreciate what these four lovely ladies are going to go through for your delight!'

Caitlyn moved closer to Rin, taking some comfort in the other woman's presence – whatever was going to happen, at least it wouldn't be to just her!

The curtain started to raise, light penetrating into the space behind. Caitlyn kept smiling at the audience, but tried to see what was being revealed. She could see some heavy-looking devices on the ground, and the feet of some X-crosses. Hopefully not a punishment game - she didn't like being hurt that much! The white nurse was fussing around, a bottle of lube in hand. Creepy bitch. In all the time she had worked here, she'd never seen either of their faces except for their eyes, above the surgical mask, body in a latex mini-dress, the red medical cross seeming more like a bitter joke. They probably weren't even *real* nurses, although they did seem proficient enough at patching the occasional sprain and scrape, as well as enemas, shock therapy and strapping people into gyn-chairs.

'The contest will be one of self-control!' The bunny-bitch strode over, before tapping Rin on the butt with her crop, hard enough to make her long skirt rustle. 'The four of them will be bound into place, and subject to special attention! Every time they come, then they will be

punished! For a small dispensation, you can add to their torment, or even, if you're feeling *very* generous, reduce it a little.'

Andrea blew a kiss to her fan-club, making Rin and Caitlyn look at each other and roll their eyes – her fans would probably keep things from being too rough for her.

'Now, come over here.'

Caitlyn turned around, putting more force into the motion than was needed to make her skirt flick up and show off her backside. On the stage there were four sybians, each on a heavy plinth, with chains and cuffs attached. There were a few whips and paddles around, but only the usual ones, nothing to indicate any particular brutality about to be unleashed. There was the matter of her chastity belt though – having that slammed into her pussy at high power sounded painful!

She tried to stride confidently, swaying her hips from side-to-side as she walked towards on of the sybians. The bunny-bitch flicked the crop against her backside, a swift flare of pain as the leather struck her buttock.

'Ah, of course. Lovely Caitlyn has gone without any attention for a while now. But the donation paid for this more than covers the cost to have that impediment removed!'

The nurse approached, gloved hand holding a key. Caitlyn sighed and obediently lifted her skirt, letting the woman fumble the key into place, the lock at least sliding smoothly, the metal pulling away from her body. The air caressed her pussy, stinging her arousal, even as she stood back to avoid getting poked or prodded by the nurse, stepping towards the sybian. She'd ridden one before, but that had been so intense that she hadn't wanted to repeat the experience. And now she was having to do it again without having had any sexual release in ages!

Sally and Andrea were already settling themselves into position, spreading their thighs and sliding the cock-prongs into themselves, the things already lubed up for ease of use. Next to her, Rin sighed. 'Well, let's get on with this then. Guess it beats drinking cum for three hours, right?'

Caitlyn shivered, tensing her thighs, aware of how turned on she was already. It wouldn't take long to get her off! But she was already up on stage, so there was no backing away now, and so she strode to one of the sybians, looking down at it – it was shiny with lube already, slippery and gleaming. She turned around to smile at the crowd, lifting her skirt up and then bending over, to straddle the curve of the sybian, and then slowly easing the thing into herself. It felt *amazing*, spreading her walls wide, nice and firm without being too hard, just the right size. It was an effort not to start riding the damn thing now just to get off, her juices easing its passage inside of her.

'The maids will now bind themselves.'

Caitlyn managed to fumble around until she found the ankle-cuffs, clipping them around her body, feeling her stockings crinkle beneath – of course, they were locked on, so that now she couldn't release herself. The pommel of the sybian had another short chain on, running through a loop, cuffs at either end. At least the cuffs were padded leather, soft on her skin, quite comfortable compared to metal shackles.

From down on her knees, with the sybian protruding into her, it was nice being filled, but she'd rather not do it quite so publicly. The bunny-bitch's ass and her fishnet clad legs dominated Caitlyn's vision, pom-pom tail stark white against the crisp black leotard covering her butt.

'I hope everyone is ready!'

'Yes!' The crowd roared back.

‘Good!’ The bunny-bitch was handed a large controller by the nurse, after sliding her crop through her waist-sash. ‘Let’s give them a good ride.’

She pressed the button, and the sybian started to buzz, vibrations running through Caitlyn’s entire body. It felt so damn good!

‘Every time they come, then things will get a little more unpleasant for them.’

Caitlyn didn’t like the sound of that, but was already finding it hard to focus, the sybian throbbing away inside her. The others didn’t seem quite as affected, but they hadn’t been locked into goddam chastity beforehand!

‘If you wish to make any of them are little more uncomfortable, then for a small donation, your wish can be accommodated!’

Andrea blew a kiss at her fanboys, her sybian slowing down as they paid to make her life easier. Caitlyn grimaced – was hers getting faster, or was she just that damn sensitive? Several members of the crowd were staring at her, their phones out, fingers on the screen.

‘Whoever comes the least will get half the pot! Second least, a quarter, with the rest going to the house!’

Caitlyn could feel the pleasure swelling up between her legs, urgent and powerful. She wanted to come! But that would get her punished, or at least in more trouble. How long could she hold it off? Clamping her thighs onto the sybian did nothing to help, only pulling it deeper into herself, filling her fully, far more satisfyingly than a real cock.

A motor buzzed, the whole thing rising up, pushing her upwards, so her legs were no longer sprawling on the ground, but instead forcing her into an awkward half-squat.

‘It looks like Caitlyn is popular tonight! Maybe she needs to feel a whip across her back?’

The sybian pushed itself further up again, letting her stand further up, closer to standing. She somehow had a whip in her hand, a long coil of leather ready for use. Caitlyn shook her head – she didn’t want to be hurt! Her head lolled backwards as she struggled to contain her pleasure, hoping that the bunny-bitch would go and bully one of the other maids.

Rin was starting to get into it, her usually cool expression now animated, a tinge of sweat visible, although her long skirts obscured the sybian beneath her entirely. The whip cracked out, streaking through the air, striking Rin in the shoulder and ripping away some of the material, revealing soft flesh beneath.

That bought Caitlyn a few moments of peace, her legs forced wide by the sybian, feet just barely touching the ground. In the crowd, she saw the goth woman, her phone out, finger jabbing at the screen. The motor throbbed between her legs, an orgasm bare inches away. She tried to fight it back, feeling a sting of pain from the whip stinging against her shoulder, barely noticing it.

She heard a motor pop and spark beneath her, the sybian suddenly stopping, although it was still lodged inside of her. She shook her hips a few times – she at least wanted to get off, now caught up in her lust. Even Andrea was getting into it, as Caitlyn felt the orgasm start to slip away. Even when she ground against the prong, without the shaking, it wasn’t that much.

She suddenly became away of the crowd staring at her, and started shaking her hips more vigorously. Maybe she could win this? She shook her head around, trying to make it look like she was on the edge of orgasm still (surely just one wouldn’t be too bad?). Rin moaned as she succumbed, hair flicking about – her sybian was elevating itself, the nurse scurrying forward to hitch up the long skirt, revealing long and stocking-clad legs, pussy-juice mingling with sweat.

‘That’s Rin, the first to cum!’ The whip flicked against Rin’s breasts, although it looked as though she didn’t notice, as Caitlyn continued to pretend to be tormented and pleased, hoping

no-one would notice that her sybian wasn't actually buzzing away. Not being able to cum was frustrating, as she lowered her hands and gripped the pommel, trying to drive it deeper into herself.

As her head cleared, she was able to more clearly see what was going on – most people were around the stage, the other maids on service using the time to clear the tables, or peel off a few customers for private sessions, Kuroko on her knees between two men, pumping both their cocks until they sprayed cum over her face, her expression one of slack ecstasy as she used her fingers to clean it off her face and licking them clean.

'Sally's first time riding in public, and she's... oh, there she goes!' As the bunny-bitch continued to commentate, Sally spasmed and twitched, pushed into a powerful orgasm, juices spraying out, splashing onto the stage. Caitlyn continued to shake herself about, trying to get some pleasure from it, but even with her increased sensitivity it was hard, her own shaking a pale mirror of what the sybian motor had been able to achieve.

'Caitlyn seems to be doing better than expected.' The bunny-bitch's voice was suspicious, as Caitlyn tried to make herself look more slack-jawed and vacant, letting her mouth hang open, feeling dribble sliding out, having to focus not to react when the whip stung her. How long would this go on for? She could see sparkling motes in the air, a timer and scores probably being projected behind them, but didn't dare turn around to see.

Andrea was still only getting lightly buzzed, rocking from side to side and looking as though she were having fun, taking her time in getting to her pleasure, as Rin came again, sagging down over the front of her sybian, barely able to support herself as the thing lifted up, so only her toes were touching the ground, legs limp.

When the bunny-bitch walked towards Caitlyn, she tried to look more dazed and lust-wracked, shaking herself more, keeping her eyes unfocused. From her raised position, she was looking down on them, the bunny-ears sticking up above the military cap. The woman looked up at her, expression cold, as Caitlyn tried to fake an orgasm, letting herself sag downwards for a moment, before shaking herself around more, hoping her performance would pass muster.

A hand slapped against her belly, before fingers tweaked her skirt aside, feeling her cunt, around the lump inserted inside of her, stretching her uncomfortably wide to shove in.

Without speaking into the microphone, the bunny-bitch hissed at her. 'Keep faking or I'll lash you raw! And I'm deducting the cost of this from your pay!' She punched the sybian, the motor giving a fitful last burst of life and stirring up Caitlyn's pussy again, but still not enough to get her off.

'Hey! It wasn't my...' Her protest was cut off by the bunny-bitch reaching up and pushing a gloved finger between her lips, still wet with Caitlyn's own juices.

'No complaints, slut!'

Caitlyn resisted the urge to bite the finger, not wanting to get in even more trouble, shaking her hips and still chasing an actual orgasm.

'And it's back in the belt for you afterwards!'

Caitlyn whined, rolling her tongue around the finger, tasting leather and her own pussy-juices. If she kept grinding away, she might be able to come once, at least!

The finger slid out, the bunny-bitch shaking the whip at her.

'And Caitlyn's just come again!'

Caitlyn tried to pretend, rolling her eyes back, only saved from falling off by the cuffs on her wrists, hoping she wasn't overdoing it. Around her, Rin and Sally were squealing as they were both forced towards more orgasms, as Andrea was more leisurely pleased, rocking back and

forth with delight, Caitlyn feeling cold by comparison. The pleasure was slowly, too slowly, building up inside of her again, as she ground herself on the sybian, lube sliding around inside of her as the bunny-bitch turned, whip flicking out and catching Caitlyn across the tit, stinging her flesh.

She had to suffer throughout the rest of the performance, tormented by the sounds from the other maids, the scents of their pleasure mingling, as she slowly managed to push herself over the edge to get one not very satisfying orgasm, the bunny-bitch singling her out for punishment, her clothing getting steadily ripped from her body by the whip, each strike leaving stinging welts behind, until she was naked from the waist up, and in agony from both pain and frustration, hoping the thing would end soon!

Chapter Ten: Nothing Parties Like a Rental

Rin ran her hands down her body, enjoying the feeling of the crisp, fresh maid uniform, the petticoats beneath the long skirt, the silk stockings sheathing her legs. She lightly stroked her own breasts, plumping them up, feeling herself getting excited, stirring herself up for the night ahead.

A crop slapped against her backside, her outfit doing little to absorb the impact, the hit making her buttocks tingle.

‘Remember you’re the birthday treat for tonight! He’s a special guest and he’s paying a lot for this, so behave.’

Rin turned, looking down on the Bunny-bitch, who was almost a foot shorter than she was, even in her heels. The woman glared up at her, waving her crop again, striking Rin on the hip with the metal-studded head. Rin curtsied, pulling up her skirt to reveal her legs, and the elegant silk lingerie panties she was wearing beneath.

‘I know. I hope he appreciates these!’

The crop slid against her thighs, tapping against the bare skin above the tops of her stockings, making her spread her legs, the shaft stroking against her slit, making her more excited.

‘Good. There was a special request for Caitlyn, and Kuroko and Andrea are for general use. The serving carts should make them nice and accessible.’ The crop slid out, flicking through the air to gesture at the other women – Kuroko and Andrea were both inserted into wheeled carts, on all fours, butts and heads up, already stripped naked. Both had their mouths held open with dental gags, little damp patches on the metal, various toys and tools hanging off the carts. Caitlyn was even more exposed and vulnerable, suspended from her wrists on a metal frame, her legs held spread, shock-pads glued to her body, an anal hook in place. A fat red ball-gag was between her lips, dribble staining downwards between her breasts.

One of the nurses – the white one – was smearing gel over Caitlyn’s body, making it even shinier, her gloved hands groping and squeezing at the captive flesh, making Caitlyn moan through her gag.

‘They’re paying a lot of all of you, so be good and treat them well. And they did offer to pay for your asshole.’

‘Nope. No anal!’

‘You’re going to have to give it up sooner or later! I don’t know why you’re so damn stubborn about it.’

Rin stepped backwards out of the reach of the crop, the Bunny-bitch hampered by her short limbs. ‘I don’t do anal. I’d happily get a strap-on and peg you though!’ The woman growled up at her, as Rin went and got Kuroko’s cart, pushing on it to make it move, rolling through the service hallway.

Kuroko’s ass shook in front of her, a dildo already buried deep in her pussy, the scent of her juices strong enough to be overt, making Rin even more turned on. She gave the large buttocks a squeeze, enjoying the way they tensed up, Kuroko moaning in pleasure, before they came to the

access hatch to the “special suite” (actually another of the smaller store-areas, converted into a single room, for high-paying guests).

She let the Bunny-bitch go first, followed by the nurse, pushing Caitlyn on her frame along, her body shaking as she tried to make herself comfortable, cuffs digging into her wrists. The sight of all the electrical pads on her body made Rin’s body tingle – electrical play was all well and good, but maybe to not quite that degree?

From inside, she could hear the sounds of laughter and the chink of glasses, rolling Kuroko in, bracing herself as she hit the inside slope, not wanting to let the cart get out of control. Low lightning made it hard to see the guests, but there seemed to be quite a number of them – at least a dozen? Kuroko and Andrea would be getting a lot of use tonight!

‘Good evening, honored guests!’ The Bunny-bitch’s voice came out over the speakers. ‘A very special birthday celebration. We of the Maid Cage Café are delighted to present Kuroko and Andrea, served up on our special serving carts – all of their holes have been rented for the night, so please use them as you wish.’

Rin spanked Kuroko, making her moan through her gag, pushing her closer to the group. From the side of the cart she took a vibrator, flicking it on and pressing the buzzing head against Kuroko’s pussy, feeling how soft she already was, enjoying the moan of pleasure. She curtsayed to the guests, pushing the vibrator harder against sensitive skin.

‘Please use Kuroko – she’s made herself nice and wet for you all, and is excellent as giving head.’ That got another moan of pleasure, Kuroko bobbing her head forward, before whining in disappointment as Rin turned the vibrator off.

‘And, by special request, Rin will be performing with Caitlyn!’

The frame rattled as Caitlyn was dragged into position and wheel-locks flicked into place, the nurse giving her a few more pinches, then holding up an electronic remote control-box, dials all set to 0, presenting it towards Rin.

She leaned over, whispering into the Bunny-bitch’s ear. ‘I’m not a domme!’

‘You just need to make Caitlyn moan and scream. She’s soft and easy, just hurt and zap her a bit, then go suck the guy off.’

Rin groaned. ‘It’s not going to look good! I always just feel awkward, especially if there’s any screaming.’

‘Lick your lips a lot and look horny. Unless you want me to domme you?’

‘I better get a tip for this!’ As she walked away, the crop slapped against her, the impact a pleasurable tingle through her body. Dominating someone was a lot more work than being submissive!

She took the control-box from the nurse, holding it up and curtsying to the audience again. Just because she was tall, why did people keep thinking she would be any good at dominating others? With her other hand, she reached out and squeezed a breast, feeling the soft flesh, digging her nails in and scratching, feeling how taut and tight Caitlyn’s body was, her weight partially supported by the ass-hook. When she gave the rope supporting that a tug, Caitlyn moaned in pleasure, Rin wincing at the thought of having the fat metal lump shoved into herself.

‘Caitlyn’s been a naughty maid, so now she needs to be punished.’ The words sounded cringingly dull, but the audience were looking at her, at least expect for those dick-deep in Andrea and Kuroko, slamming into them with wet, slapping sounds. ‘She’s been making annoying mistakes all day, so now it’s time for her to be hurt.’

None of the dials were labeled, so Rin picked one at random and twisted it half-way around. Caitlyn grunted and tensed up, the frame rattling as she writhed against it, her belly forced to

cramp. Rin placed a hand against it, feeling the muscles twitch beneath her hand. She stroked lower, feeling Caitlyn's lower lips, already damp with pleasure.

'I think she needs a little more encouragement, don't you? I wonder if I can make her scream?' Although the sounds Caitlyn were making sounded rather more "pleasure" than "pain", as she shook around, impaled on the ass-hook. Her body shone under the electric lights, the nurse having smeared her with a clear gel, to increase the shocks, and make her look good.

Rin looked over the audience – at least it was obvious who the birthday boy was, wearing a cardboard crown. She caught his eyes and smiled at him, giving another dial a twist, Caitlyn's moans getting louder. She walked over to him, twisting to sit on the table, leaning her body to present herself, knowing that the pose would draw her maid outfit tight over her breasts.

He looked up at her, lips slightly parted, letting her stroke his face, then take his hand and put it on her own breast. His fingers tightened, groping her, and she leaned into it, enjoying the touch, then sliding the control box over to him. Caitlyn was his problem now!

'Something for you to play with.' She stroked his face again, before whispering into his ear, close and sultry. 'And then you can play with me as well.'

She twisted around, raising her legs up, the other guests ducking backwards to avoid being kicked. Her skirts flipped up and back, showing off her legs as she spread them on either side of the man. His gaze was flatteringly rapt on her, his hand still groping her breast. A loud moan sounded out from Caitlyn, the shocks still biting into her. She spread her legs wide, showing off her crotch, lightly stroking herself through her panties.

From behind, the moans were now screams, and she could see Kuroko being fucked from both ends now, hands gripping her hair and dragging her head back and forth, thick ropes of spittle flowing from her mouth as a fat cock was shoved into her. From what little Rin could see of her expression, she was enjoying it, although the dental gag warped her smile. That little cum-junkie would be getting off on something like this!

Rin moved one leg over the table, kicking a shoe off, trying to get it along the wall where it wouldn't get stepped on, pushing her foot between the man's legs. She could feel the warm hardness of his cock against her foot, rubbing it gently. He moaned in pleasure, letting her lean in, her hair sliding forward, as she kicked off her other shoe, and started to cradle his cock between her feet.

'You've paid for me for tonight, so let's have some fun, OK? And don't go too fast!' She was close enough that she could kiss him on the lips, tasting the beer he'd been drinking. Rin teased his cock with her feet, while stroking herself lightly through her clothing, trying to ignore the moans and gasps of the other girls. Andrea was gasping from somewhere out of sight, her mouth probably filled with cock, and there were constant wet slaps of flesh-on-flesh as the two women were fucked, the carts offering them up to anyone that wanted them.

She turned to check on Caitlyn – her muscles were tight and taut, shock after shock hammering into her, making her dance and jerk in place, unable to escape, more and more of her weight on the ass-hook. One of the other guests was carefully poking at her, watched over by the nurse. Rin continued her foot-job, until he was fully hard, a satisfying length that she could rub between her feet.

'I want you to suck me off.'

The command sent a thrill through Rin, and she stroked down between her legs, feeling the dampness in her panties, pushing a finger through them and into herself.

'As you wish.'

She drew back, spreading her legs and showing off her crotch, teasing herself as she teased him, before sliding off the table and dropping to her knees, giving her waist a shake to settle her skirt and petticoats back into place.

He sat back, letting her reach out and open up his flies, his cock springing forth, the sight making her mouth water. She ringed it with two fingers, before leaning forward and kissing the tip, looking up into his eyes. He was nice and clean, without any unpleasant sweat-taste, and she flicked her tongue over the crown. He immediately stiffened up with a low groan, staring down into her eyes with a faintly vacant grin.

Rin started to bob her head back and forth, taking the cock deeper into her mouth each time, twisting her head to give further stimulation. She stroked herself as well, reaching beneath her skirt and fingering her pussy, feeling a rush of warmth spark throughout her body. It was easiest to fade into that sensation, using it to drown out the moans of the other maids, the wet fuck-sounds as well.

Having a cock in her mouth made her feel satisfied, the thing hot and hard, the man's gasps getting louder and faster above. She drew back, sucking in a ribbon of spit before it could break and splash, giving the tip another lick.

'A little more, Master? And then perhaps you can have me more fully?'

'Mmmm...'

Something slapped against the table, just behind Rin's head, before she heard the Bunny-bitch's voice. 'Remember that you're here to serve!' The crop tapped against the back of her head, guiding her forward, and she took the cock back into her mouth with a grumble. She wanted to be properly fucked, not just suck someone off! Although at least she was better off than Caitlyn – just the thought of that hook made her backside tense up protectively.

She heard the crop thwip, and a grunt of pain and surprise. 'I'm not on the menu! If you want to fuck someone, use the maids, that's what they're here for. Kuroko's ass is free at the moment, go stick your dick in that.'

Rin kept up with the blowjob, feeling the shaft bump up against the back of her throat, tightening her cheeks around it and sucking it. A hand rested on her head, lightly stroking her hair, and she tried to shake it off – she didn't want that getting yanked on when he came! The shaking of her head just served to excite him further, the fingers starting to grip her hair more tightly. At least he wasn't steering her though, letting her set the pace, withdrawing and teasing him more with her tongue, flicking it over the head, making him gasp and whine.

'Would you like more, Master?' She gripped his cock tightly, the thing wet with her own dribble, hearing him moan in answer. That was close enough to "yes" to count, surely?

She stood up, shaking his hand off and holding her skirt up and then carefully lowered herself onto him. She was so wet that he easily slid into her, needing just a few slight readjustments until he was fully inside of her. Rin straddled him, putting her hands on his shoulders and then starting to rock her hips, taking it slow and steady, building up her own pleasure.

'Such a good master! Which means you deserve a special treat.'

He groaned, then grabbed her hips, shaking her faster, driving his cock deeper and deeper into her. The crop flicked against the top of her spine, the metal stud impacting her skin where it wasn't protected by her dress, making her wince. His cock was fully lodged within her, making her feel good; warm and stuffed. It tensed and twitched, shooting a load of cum into her, the stuff slowly trickling out of her. She hadn't had her release yet!

‘You’ve rented Rin for the evening, so please keep using her.’ The crop hit harder, making Rin gasp this time, hearing the Bunny-bitch walk around the table, heels tapping on the floor. As she ground against him, chasing her own orgasm, a hand grabbed her wrist, metal sliding and clicking into place, a cuff snapping locked, and then against the other wrist, binding them behind her back. ‘Her ass is off-limits, but anywhere else is allowed.’

Rin tensed against the cuffs, feeling the metal bite and pinch into her wrists, trying to slide them over her sleeves, to give her at least some protection. She was close to her own release now, still bouncing on top of him, chasing her own pleasure.

He grabbed her hips, lifting her up and making her moan, feeling the cock slide out of her, cum dripping. She wanted to cum! He twisted her around and then bent her over, lifting her skirts up, the air warm against her backside.

She tensed up, looking at the Bunny-bitch, now in front of her, crop at the ready, suddenly glad of the woman’s presence, in case he did try and ass-fuck her. She didn’t want *anything* in there, it was just kind of gross and dirty!

His hand slapped against her buttocks, spanking her several times, good solid impacts that ran through her, making her gasp with pleasure. She twisted her hips, wanting to be penetrated again, feeling the warm stickiness already between her thighs. When the cock thrust back, still nice and hard, she mewled in pleasure, feeling it slide into her, hands gripping firmly onto her hips, the man now dominant, slamming into her.

Kuroko and Andrea were both in use, a man on each end, sweat and cum gleaming on their bare skin. In the carts, they couldn’t move, reduced to nothing but some wet holes, Kuroko gurgling in pleasure as she sucked another man off, her spit now stained white with cum. Another was pounding her from behind, Rin unable to see if she was being ass- or pussy-fucked, but she looked slack-jawed with pleasure either way. Caitlyn was still twitching and spasming in electric-shock-agony, her shrieks increasingly loud, but going ignored by everyone, the nurse stood next to her, checking her phone.

Rin bit her lip, shaking her hips as much as she could to increase her own pleasure, letting it spread up through her. She started to gasp and moan, not even needing to pretend, feeling a dumb smile spread over her face as she came, her own juices flowing, flowing down her thighs. It didn’t take him long to cum again, another sticky wad of semen shooting into her, before he withdrew after a few more spansks.

‘Hey, if anyone else wants Rin, she’s free.’

There was no time to recover before everything in front of her went dark, a man stepping there, taking a firm grasp of her hair and using that to tilt her head, a cock sliding between her lips. She started to kiss and suck, relaxing her throat to let herself be better used. Another cock probed between her legs, sliding into her pussy, now well-lubricated with cum and her own fluids, leaving her spit-roasted and locked into position.

Her thoughts started to fuzz and fray, the sensations sending her deep into a submissive state, her body turned into a fuck-toy, the cocks slamming into her, again and again. She was barely aware of each ejaculation, more cum shooting into her, slicking her mouth and filling her cunt, slowly oozing over her, as the celebrations continued.

THE END

Maid Cage Club Volume 3: Public Hires and Private Use

Chapter One: New Stock, Slightly Used

The air was swelteringly hot, Sophie pausing for a moment by a fan, enjoying the air blowing over her body. It made her glad of the short skirt of her uniform, helping her to lose heat faster, turning so that the fan could blow air over her back, where the maid uniform dipped down. Most of the other maids had gone for lighter uniforms today – even Rin, who normally wore ankle-length skirts, had replaced that with a knee-length one. Velvet, in her tight latex, was suffering, her face bright with sweat, ice-cubes in her cleavage. The Bunnybitch was less active than normal, sat down with several fans surrounding her, sucking on an ice cube.

She focused, trying to make her hips sway a little more, to make the short skirt move, hopefully showing off the fluffy petticoats beneath, as well as the frilled thigh-bands she was wearing. The heels added a few more inches to her height as well, making her feel sexier and more attractive.

Her hands were sweaty against the metal tray she was holding, the condensation sliding down the beer bottles making her feel thirsty. Having to keep her head tilted tilt make it harder to keep her balance as well, the bit-gag between her teeth making it impossible not to dribble. She could already feel sticky spittle down her breasts, oozing into her uniform. Her teeth sank into the rubber, her jaw aching a little, and whenever she tensed her mouth, she could feel the more solid inner core. But she tried to walk with a sultry grace, as a maid should!

‘Yourph drinkph, maphthers.’

She had to speak slowly and carefully, forcing her words out around the gag, everything she said vague and mushy. And it was impossible to avoid more dribble splashing out! She took each bottle of beer off the tray in order, enjoying the feeling of the cool glass against her hand.

‘This is the new girl I was talking about. Only started a few weeks ago.’

She tried to smile, the gag distorting her expression, and curtsied, lifting up her skirt to show off more of her legs, before flapping it to fan herself. Maybe she could use them to start building a fan-base? Some of the other maids had regulars, customers that returned just to see them, again and again – and that paid more! She glanced over at the next table, where Rin was sat next to a man, her hand beneath the table, whispering seductively into his ear as she jacked him off.

If she could get fans and followers like that, then she could earn a lot more! And it would be nice to have that sort of attention – but compared to most of the other women here, she was short, and didn’t stand out much. Sophie turned around, giving her butt a shake and lifting her skirt a little more to show off her buttocks, bare except for a thong, enjoying the faint murmurs of approval.

‘Woulph youph liph anyphinh elph?’ Her jaw was aching from tensing against the gag, but the way the men were staring at her was sending an intoxicating thrill into her body, a warmth starting to blossom between her legs. No-one normally looked at her like that anywhere else, even when she tried to dress up sexily!

‘I can think of a few things.’ One of them spoke, before turning back to the others. ‘She’s a bit short, but kinda cute. And she’s not popular yet, which means her rates are nice and cheap. You can book her for the entire evening for what would get Miss Rin for about 20 minutes!’

Sophie grimaced, growling softly through the gag – not that the men seemed to notice. Just because Rin was tall, gorgeous, seductive and had a waiting list! It wasn't fair – and she was even a nice person, who had helped Sophie pick an outfit, digging through the racks to find one that fitted her! It would have been easier if she was an elitest bitch, but she was annoyingly perfect!

'Wow, she really is cheap. But she's tiny – and doesn't have many ratings yet. Can she even deepthroat?'

Sophie's blush deepened – she'd tried that a few times, but it made her throat hurt, with even just a medium-sized cock, anything bigger was impossible.

'Nice legs though. And she's small enough just to pick up and fuck – I've seen that in porn, but trying to do it with most women is impossible. I wonder how much she weighs?'

One of them took a swig of beer then stood up and approached her, before grabbing her around the waist and lifting. She squeaked as she was hefted into the air, ending up over his shoulder, the air getting squashed from her lungs.

'Heph! Puph meph dowph!' Dribble splashed onto the floor, her protest getting ignored, as a hand grabbed her backside, hard enough to make her moan.

'Damn, she weighs practically nothing! Easy to lift up and toss around.' The hand squeezed her ass again, before slapping against the skin. She couldn't protest with anything other than a vague mumble, although being manhandled like this did feel good, and being up higher than she was used to seemed strange, giving her a view over the rest of the café.

She heard another chair squeak back, trying to twist to see what was happening, before cold, wet glass pushed against her butt, making her squeak in surprise and relief, the thing cooling her off.

'Can toss her around, nice and easy!' To demonstrate this, Sophie was thrown into the air and caught, making her head spin. It would have been less embarrassing if the man had been big and strong, but he wasn't even that large or muscled! She was passed over, another man taking her in a bridal carry, lifting her up. There was no use protesting, and it was starting to turn her on, as she was groped and squeezed.

'She's definitely a contrast for, like, Caitlyn or Andrea – they're both stacked out, while this one is, well... not.'

That made Sophie grunt in annoyance again – she was wearing a push-up bra, but there was only so much she could do! And her breasts might be small, but they were perfectly formed! And sensitive enough that she could feel the rubbing of her bra against her nipples.

'I don't think I've seen her in any of the games. Wonder if that's because the equipment won't fit her? Like that suspension thing last week.'

Sophie blushed at the memory – she'd been set up for it, roped from the ceiling, but she was so light that the machine hadn't registered her presence, no matter how much she wriggled! In the end, she'd just worked the floor like normal, and gotten rubbish tips.

'I just checked her in the menu, and she's open for a lot of stuff. Even anal – although that might be a tight fit. Not got many ratings yet either. Cheap though.'

Sophie heard the *ding* sound of the app, recognizing the sound of someone being reserved. A thrill raced through her – a proper booking! Far more fun than just serving food and drinks, even if she was already hot and sticky, from the weather and her own dribble.

She tried to wriggle away, wanting to at least get her feet on the floor, but lacked the strength and leverage to do so, more dribble splashing onto her chest, making the front of her

dress sticky, clinging to her skin. The bitgag made it impossible to make any amount of noise more than a mumble, her words reduced to mush!

‘Just put a group booking in for her, so we’ve got her for an hour. Just out here though. Want me to order some toys as well?’

‘I think we can manage without. Anything we’re not allowed to do?’

‘Let’s see... no choking, but that’s about it. Guess she’s a kinky bitch!’

‘Most of these maids are, even the ones that don’t look it! Well, let’s have a proper look at her.’

She was put down onto the ground, staggering on her heels, hands immediately groping and mauling at her breasts. The sensation sent a deep spike of pleasure through her, making her heart stutter, as she tried to breathe around the gag.

The hand twisted, pulling at the bodice of her dress, pulling her forwards as the man sat down, and she was bent over his knee. A hand pushed against her bare back, bending her fully over, his legs squashed against her chest, making it harder to breathe. Her skirt was lifted, and she felt air coil against her buttocks, a delirious thrill coursing through her veins.

‘Shall we get her warmed up then? Hey, what’s her name?’

‘Sophie, it says. Nothing interesting in her bio, just the usual “please use me, Master” stuff.’

‘I’ph nph wriphen iph, OWWWW!’ Her words were cut off by a spank, a hand slapping hard against her buttocks. She could feel the moment of impact, the palm hitting hard, and could imagine the glowing afterimage, the palm and fingers leaving marks on her skin. She tensed up, back arching, as she was spanked again. She was panting now, desperate lust starting to build up between her legs, her arms flailing.

‘You can at least use your hands for something.’ One of her wrists was grabbed, and she felt denim beneath her fingertips, hearing the sound of a zip, and then the hot, hard shaft of a cock was against her palm. She gripped it, trying not to squeeze too hard, starting to slide her hand back and forth. If she craned her neck and twisted, she could just about see, the pale shaft gripped in her hand, already fully erect. She was surrounded by the men now, her other hand getting pulled until it was squeezing at another cock.

Another spank, and she had to focus to keep her hands moving, not wanting to lose her grip. Her thoughts were fuzzy and vague, the cock-scents permeating the air around her. Her buttocks were hot from the repeated spanks, her feet drumming against the floor. A long ribbon of dribble splashed from her mouth, Sophie unable to keep herself under control, before a hand grabbed at her head. It fumbled around the sides, before finding the clasp of her gag, the rubber bit falling from her mouth. A torrent of dribble followed, before a cock slapped against her cheek.

She opened her mouth wide, trying to twist her head to get it in. Just because she couldn’t deepthroat didn’t mean that she couldn’t give a blowjob still! She licked her tongue over the tip, keeping her hands moving, still twitching every time she was spanked, trying to keep herself under control. Another spank, even harder than before, and she gasped onto the cock in her mouth, feeling the heat of it against her lips and tongue. If she did well here, then they might give her a good review, and she could start working her way up the ranks!

The hand slid over her sore and tender buttocks, before teasing against her slit. She was able to spread her legs a little, making it easier for her to be fingered, enjoying the touches and stroking. She couldn’t see anything, surrounded by the men on all sides, but being the center of attention like this was exhilarating, drowning out most of her other thoughts.

Keeping a steady rhythm with her hands was hard, something she was doing mostly on instinct – she’d never tried multiple men at once! But this would mean a bigger tip, and maybe

this group could be the start of her fan group? And maybe some of them would let her domme them – just because she was small, she didn't want to be submissive all the time! Trying to give two handjob at once was a lot more complex than one, especially when she couldn't even see what she was doing. And she had to make sure to keep her lips kissing against the cock she was sucking off, her tongue licking and sliding over it, being careful not to bite it.

From the sounds they were making, she was having at least some success, all of them making sounds of appreciation, along with their pants and groans. The slow, teasing fingers against her slit were sending waves of hot fuzz up and down her spine, making her want to drop everything else and focus on that. But she needed to get the job done first! She increased the tempo of her hands, pumping them back and forth faster, trying to listen to their moans, filtering them from the general background sounds. By stretching and twisting her hands, she could find their cock-heads, soft and sensitive, before returning to jacking them off, hoping they would climax soon.

The one in her mouth was easier to manage – the man was only dragging her head back and forth with light tugs and twists, rather than forcing himself into her, so she didn't have to worry about it ramming into her throat! When she glanced up, she could see that his eyes were fluttering, caught up in his own pleasure. Having to try and pleasure three men at once meant constantly distracting herself from the way she was being fingered, which was getting harder and harder, but hopefully they would start to cum soon!

A finger slid into her, and she gasped, the cock-taste heavy on her tongue, the scent strong in her nose, her cunt tightening up around it. This was far more intense than just doing one guy! She started to bob her head up and down, sucking her lips tightly around it, getting it as deep as she could, able to get just over half of the shaft into her mouth. It was much better than the rubbery taste of the bitgag!

His moans got louder, and she twisted into the sucking, before the cock spasmed, shooting a load of cum into her mouth. Some of it went into her throat, making her cough and splutter, as she withdrew, swallowing the cum done. She was still pumping her hands back and forth, now able to turn her head to see what she was doing. The finger slid deeper into her, and she was tight enough that she could feel each knuckle sliding into her, stretching her out, loosening her up.

Cum was on her chin, mixing with the sticky dribble from earlier, as she managed to twist her body, planting a kiss on each cock in order, tasting them, teasing them a little more. She could feel the man's panting through their dicks, as she built them up to their climaxes. And then one of them did, shooting cum out over her, a thin spray that hit across her face and onto her shoulder, hot enough that she could feel it soaking into her skin. The scent was arousing, almost addictive, another spurt shooting out, catching her across her bare back as she turned to focus her attention on the remaining cock.

Sophie started to pump it with both hands, sliding and twisting them up, down and around the shaft, before dipping her head forward, giving the tip a wet and sloppy kiss. Another spank made her gasp, her head bobbing further forward. The taste of cum was so strong on her tongue, and then there was another burst of it, the cock spasming in her mouth, filling it with fresh cum.

'Fast little worker, aren't you? Well, it's my turn now.' She was grabbed around the waist and lifted it, burping up the taste of cum, held up in the air. 'Damn, you're so light! Never thought I'd be able to do this with someone. Well, maybe the Bunnybitch, but she's not for hire.'

She could feel his erect cock, the shaft feeling massive as it moved between her thighs. Sophie tried to twist herself, wanting to be filled and penetrated, despite the indignity of being hefted and swung around so easily. It was an awkward bend, reaching down and fumbling until she managed to grab the cock, guiding it into herself.

It started to slid in, the man behind her bumping her up and down, his arms too tight across her belly, making her pant from the pressure. But even her scant weight was enough to have the cock penetrate her, sliding in deep, as she tensed around it. This was far more vigorous than any fucking she'd done before! Each thrust-drop shoved deeper and deeper into her body, her belly feeling stretched out, the cock slamming and slapping into her. There was nothing she could do to change the rhythm – all she could do was try and hold her legs up, as she was fucked rough and hard, the full length of the cock buried deep within her.

Her moans were getting louder and louder, and she tried to stifle them, biting down on her lip. This felt so good though! She couldn't control herself, hearing a moan and only barely recognizing it as her own, her head sagging forward as the orgasm slammed into her. A few moments later, the man came, a thick wad of sticky cum filling her up, then starting to dribble out of her pussy.

The man sagged behind her, just about able to hold her up before pulling her off his cock, the length sliding out of her. She managed to get her feet beneath her, staggering on her heels and falling against the table, still panting for air. That had certainly been worth it! And four at once – if that didn't earn her some 5-star reviews, then nothing would. Although the looks she could see directed at her from across the café floor made her start to blush, a full-body heatwave that had little to do with the good fucking she'd just received. She tried to hold her head high as she rearranged her uniform, cum slowly drying onto her skin, before helping herself to a swig of beer, the taste an unpleasant mixture with the semen. Well, there was more work to do!

Chapter Two: Oral Sessions

Sophie pulled her head back, panting in a quick gulp of air, feeling her lungs ache and burn, unable to breathe and swallow at the same time, a thick rope of spittle dribbling from her mouth, splashing onto her bare thighs. Her wrists were cuffed together behind her back, meaning that she couldn't wipe herself down, not that she had any time for that, as she strained against the force pulling her forward. There was a collar around her neck, with a thick spring attached to the collar-ring, and it was making her neck ache the longer she tried to keep her head held back.

Another pant, before she managed to swallow down some of her own spit, and then her strength gave up and she was pulled forward, managing to open her mouth as wide as she could, straining her jaw.

The crowd behind her made loud sounds of approval – was that specifically for her, or had one of the other maids done something? As her head was pulled forward, a thick dildo slid into her mouth, filling her up. It was large enough that it made her jaw ache just taking it that far, forcing her to pant and gasp around it. Once it filled her mouth, she tensed up, feeling tears prickle at her eyes, having to resist the urge to cough.

Ahead of her was the post that the dildo was mounted on, the spring beneath it. Above the cock, also mounted on the post, was a large button, in line with her nose. And above *that* was a screen, showing her score. This close, she could only see the bottom part of it, but she knew it was low – getting her head forward enough to tap her nose against the button was hard!

Sophie relaxed her throat, or at least tried to, pushing her head forward. Several more maids were on either side of her, all in the same scenario, deep-throating the dildos, gulping, slurping and sucking, pushing themselves forward to hold the button down for as long as possible. She could hear a constant series of chimes, as everyone else's scores ticked up, feeling a slow shame burn through her – everyone else was so much better at this than her!

The maid to her left was moving with swift, regular motions, seemingly unbothered by the strength of the spring, taking the full length of the shaft into her mouth, making her throat bulge. Some of her makeup was running down her face, inky black smears from forced tears, but she pushed her nose against the button, another chime sounding out. And then she managed to *hold* that position, despite the tears starting to form in her eyes.

Sophie tried to emulate her position, forcing her head forward, the cock pushing against her throat, then forcing the tight hole wide. It stretched her out, and tears started to flow down her face, as she forced herself forward, little by little. She could barely breathe, just sucking in a scant flow of air through her nose, with thick, sticky dribble flowing from her mouth. The button filled her vision, getting closer and closer, but oh-so-slowly, especially compared to the fast and easy movements of all the other maids!

Her nose pressed against the button, lightly tapping against it, without enough force to push it down. She had to strain herself even more, her throat aching even more as it was stretched wide, the dildo filling her entirely, before she felt the button slide inwards. The instant she heard a chime, she started fighting to draw back, the spring tightening up as she withdrew. Combined with the lack of air in her lungs, it made her feel weak and pathetic, as she struggled to pull back.

She managed to get it out of her throat, and then she relaxed for a moment and was dragged forward, getting impaled on the fat shaft again, gagging and choking. Sophie didn't want to try and force herself forward again, instead pausing for a moment and then jerking her head backwards, this time managing to get clear of it. She was having to stay constantly tense, or she'd be dragged forward again, but at least she could breathe again!

A klaxon sounded out, signaling the end of the game. Sophie relaxed, immediately getting pulled forward and forced to deep-throat the dildo again, spluttering in surprise and shock. She tried to twist around, wanting to use her hands to push herself free, but they were still cuffed into place, and she couldn't wriggle around enough to do anything with them! The most she could do was twist out of her kneeling position and use her legs to push herself away from the pole, wedging it between the high heels of her shoes.

'We have a winner – Rin, with 28! And in second place, Sally, with 26!'

Sophie looked up at her own score, her heart sinking when she saw it. In glowing lights above the dribble-covered cock-shaft was a bright "3". For how much her throat ached, and how much spit was splashed over her thighs and chest, that was pathetic!

'And, in joint last place, we have Sophia and Sabrina. Just 3 each – although they're both only small.'

Sophie moaned in humiliation – she'd been practicing with a dildo, forcing it into her throat, trying to hold it for as long as possible, but this was all that she could manage still? A crop struck against her back, where her dress didn't cover her, the Bunnybitch stood right behind her. 'Guess she's going to need more practice – something I'm sure you can all help with!'

Sophie was having to keep her legs tense to keep herself from being impaled again, before twisting to the side. As soon as she relaxed, she was yanked forward, turning her head to the side and just about managing to stop herself smacking her face against the post. She still couldn't manage to get her hands around to release herself from the spring, powerlessly wriggling around. The crop slapped against her back again, making her yelp in pain, before a hand reached down to her neck, freeing her from the spring.

'Sophie is one of our newest maids – eager to serve, and nice and petite!' Another crop-strike, this one harder, hitting with enough force to make her gasp in pain. 'Currently without many bookings, so put a request in for her if you want her! Those of you that are better endowed might want to have mercy on her though.'

The flush of humiliation intensified, prickling her face with embarrassment. She could manage most cocks! It was just the dildo that was huge – not many guys had one that large! And even then, she could just lick and kiss it, without needing to take the full length into herself. Sophie stood up, feeling the dribble on her legs flowing downwards, onto her latex stockings, more of it between her breasts. She plucked at the tight, latex bodice of her dress, wincing a little at the wet clamminess of it against her skin.

The Bunnybitch moved close, taking Sophie's wrists in one hand, slapping her crop upwards between Sophie's legs, a strike against her pussy making Sophie gasp in pain.

'A new outfit – I'm not sure if you have the right build to try and pull off something so dominant.' After her hands were released, the Bunnybitch squeezed at Sophie's breasts. 'And the padding is a little excessive! Self-promotion is acceptable, but this is almost false advertising. Your earnings haven't been very good lately – so I suggest you get to work.' She pushed Sophie away, dismissing her with another crop-strike to her butt, hard enough to make her wince, heat flaring over her buttocks.

She tried to dismiss the shame she felt, before coughing and spluttering again, clearing out the wad of spit in her throat. But she hadn't come last by herself – who had she tied with? All the other maids were far better than she was! Two stations down another woman was being detached from the collar-spring, eyes dazed, the front of her dress drenched with dribble, making the fabric stick to her body. Her maid uniform was a tight mini-dress, showing off her butt and legs, her stockings laddered from being on her knees.

And she was short – even shorter than Sophie (although that might be due to her heels being shorter). When she saw Sophie looking, she gave a weak smile, coughing and spluttering up more dribble, before coming over, still panting and gasping from the throat-fucking. The Bunnybitch raised her crop, Sophie wincing, but it struck at the other woman, catching her across her thigh.

'Sabrina – you're behind as well. You and Sophie both need to work hard tonight – you need to suck a lot of cocks to catch up, or get bent over a table and reamed. Get to it! And don't make a mess this time.' She raised the crop again, Sophie flinching again, backing away, glad to get out of range. The other woman moved with her, away from the face-fucking device, as another Maid came over to clean it, mopping up all the spit-dribbles.

'Crap, I'm waaaay behind! I spent all last night with two guys – *super* hot, but didn't pay much. So, uh... I'm Sabrina, hi! Wanna work together? We can offer, like, a shortie special or something?'

It was rare to be able to look down on someone, even a little, Sophie standing up straighter, looking over Sabrina again. Her makeup had run a little, thick black lines down her face, but her own was probably little better! And it was peak time, so going away to fix it would take too long.

'Hey, you free?'

A man interrupted them – Sophie recognized him as the one that had lifted her up and fucked her before. She smiled, having to back up slightly to see him properly, before curtsying, lifting her skirt up, wishing she wasn't quite as sticky with dribble. Sabrina was doing the same, showing herself off.

'Of course, how may I serve?' She was still aware that the Bunnybitch was close by, crop at the ready, her butt stinging from the last strike. Getting away from that would be nice! She glanced around – one of the booths was free, along the wall. 'Shall we go over there?'

She didn't give him a chance to respond, walking away, being sure to sway her hips, feeling her petticoats ruffle, trying to build up her self-confidence. At least *someone* wanted her, even if the other maids were getting far more attention! Sabrina walked alongside her, whispering into her ear.

'50/50 split? It shouldn't take long to get him done, with both of us. He's kinda hot as well.'

'Sure. I've been with him before – it was pretty good.'

They led him over to the booth, letting him sit down before curtsying again, Sophie plucking at the top of her dress to show off her breasts, feeling the sticky fabric peel off her skin.

'Am I getting a double deal? Surprised you've not got anyone else wanting you.'

Sophie could hear the loud chatter and laughter coming from other tables, the other maids playing with their favorites. And the steady *ding* of phones as tips were paid! She wanted to get some of that.

'Just me tonight, but if you're offering, then I think the two of you can use your mouths. You should be nice and stretched out by now!'

She sat down next to him, leaning against him, resting a hand on his crotch, stroking it through his trousers. Sabrina sat on the other side of him, stroking his chest.

‘A double sweet kiss special?’

‘Heh, if that’s what you’re calling it. Let’s see if you’re as good as Sophie! On your knees then. If you can manage the full length, I’ll give you a tip. Either of you!’ He picked Sophie up, easily lifting her up from the seat and then putting her down, gentle pressure until she was on her knees. ‘No hands, just your mouths.’

Sophie crossed her arms behind her back, leaning in with her head, managing to bite at the zipper of his flies, gripping it between her teeth and pulling down. Once his flies were open, he pulled his cock out, Sophie unable to resist a gasp.

The thing was *huge*! She hadn’t seen it before, when he had fucked her, but it looked bigger than the dildo she had been failing to suck off before. She kissed the side of it, feeling the heat from it, the thing already stiff and hard. And the scent, of sweat and musk, was making her aroused.

Sabrina dropped to her knees on the other side of the cock, pushing her face forward, so that they would have been kissing if the dick hadn’t been in the way. They both kissed and nuzzled it, leaving red lipstick smears along its length, the man making a sound of pleasure.

‘Neither of you can really do a titjob, but this is even better.’

Sophie growled, before he moved his hips and the length of the shaft swung, hitting her across the face. The mass of it was enough that she could feel a slight sting of impact, turning her head so it didn’t hit her eyes. Was it getting even hotter, or was that her imagination? She licked at it, her tongue touching against Sabrina’s, as they both licked and kissed at it.

She moved her head up to the top, flicking her tongue against the cock-crown, enjoying the sigh of pleasure.

‘You going to try it then? You managed it in your pussy – but your throat seems tighter.’

A hand grabbed the top of her head, Sabrina digging her fingers into Sophie’s hair. The other woman licked along the cock, kissing the crown as well, before whispering into Sophie’s ear.

‘I’m not even going to try and take that! You can do it.’ She pushed Sophie’s head forward, the cock filling her mouth, as she stretched her jaw wide. At least she was already warmed up from the dildo-sucking, but it was making her mouth ache! And she couldn’t respond to Sabrina, or do anything other than mumble around the cock-shaft, rolling her tongue over and around it. Sophie started to bob her head up and down, looking up, trying to smile around the cock. There was no way that she’d be able to take the whole length into her mouth and throat! It was already hard to breathe, with her mouth blocked, and every inhalation was heavy with cock-scent, making her feel dizzy.

Sabrina started to pull her head back and forth, putting more force into the forward pushes, Sophie starting to splutter and gasp. She could relax her throat, but there was only so much she could do! And keeping her gaze upwards was getting harder and harder, as her eyes started to water.

It didn’t help that she was getting turned on herself, able to feel her pussy getting wet, wanting to be fucked there. Sabrina was still licking at the side of the man’s cock, leaving a red lipstick smear there, before retreating away, starting to lick his ballsack instead, so that Sophie had space to work. Each push was getting her further forward, and she strained with her neck to try and get it deeper. It was a little softer than the dildo, and she could feel the breathing of the man getting faster and faster.

Her vision started to blur, as she forced herself to take more and of the length into her mouth. It started to violate her throat, stretching her out, and she had to suppress the urge to withdraw to let her choke and splutter. A little more, her throat getting forced wide, and that was all she could take, withdrawing despite the grip of the hand on her head. Just a quick moment to desperately inhale, and then she pushed her head forward again, impaling herself on the wet and slobber-covered shaft, trying to get it deeper and deeper.

She could hear her own gulping, the sounds wet and sloppy, thick ropes of dribble starting to splash from her chin – at least with the latex stockings, when it hit her legs, she couldn't feel it stick to her! Her nose was still not close to her body though, despite how much she was forcing herself forward. This was far more than she'd ever taken before! And it made it hard to use her tongue, with her mouth full, although at least the man was sounding increasingly pleased. She forced herself back and forth, taking more of the length each time.

Sophie lost herself in the motion, the lack of air making it hard to think, slamming her head forward. Her nose was almost touching his stomach now, as she drew back, rolling her tongue, kissing the cock-head. It erupted, spraying cum over her face, hot and sticky beads splashing over her face. Some went into her mouth, the taste swelling over her tongue, making her feel even more turned on, as she sagged down, panting, the cock starting to shrink away, although it was still intimidatingly large.

'Hahhhh... Good girl! Guess you're getting a tip.' *Ding*. She smiled at the sound of it, before grabbing at Sabrina and dragging her close, into a French kiss, pushing cummy spit into the other woman's mouth, ignoring her faint squeak of protest. As she drew back, sticky ribbons joined their mouths, only slowly breaking and splashing down.

'Your turn next!' She grabbed at Sabrina's head, positioning herself behind the other woman, forcing Sabrina forward, making her take the shrinking cock into her mouth, ignoring the splutter of surprise.

'Mphhh!'

'If I can do it, then so can you!' She started to drag Sabrina's head back and forth, dragging with force.

A groan of pleasure came from above, the man sitting there, happy to be pleased. As long as he could pay afterwards!

Chapter Three: Troublesome Twosome

Sophie leaned forward, enjoying the way the customer's eyes followed the moment of her body, the front of her dress falling forward, so he could see more of her chest. She wriggled her shoulders, making her breasts move, making the petticoats beneath her short skirt fluff out.

'I hope you like what you see?'

He grunted, the tape over his lips keeping him from forming words, body straining slightly against the chair he was attached to with more tape. She advanced, resting her hand on his crotch, feeling the hot, hard bulge within his trousers. He was shirtless, with little dark rings around his nipples.

'You feel nice and eager.' When she leaned in and gently puffed air onto his ear, he made a whimpering gasp, his arms taped behind his back, ankles firmly attached to the chair. When she unzipped his trousers, his cock sprang out, a satisfying-looking length, already fully erect. Giving it a flick made it shake a little, as he groaned again.

'You've paid for some *special* services, but I think you need to leave a nice tip.' She tapped his cock-crown, already slightly damp with pre-cum, before leaning over to look behind him. His phone was taped into one hand, showing the club app, a single finger free to allow him to enter commands. She could just about see the screen, showing the amount that he was tipping here – currently just 3! Quite insulting.

She spread her legs and straddled him, feeling his cock bump against her hips, and started to rock back and forth, just gently. The hardness of his cock was making her feel horny, her panties rubbing against her! But she needed to take this slowly, and make sure he gave a nice, generous tip.

Kissing the tape left an unpleasant taste in her mouth, the adhesive even on the outside, but his eyes were going soft and vague.

'And it's not just me, is it?'

She withdrew, standing up again, and lifting up her skirt, showing off the cute, frilly panties she was wearing beneath. Sophie started to stroke herself, just gently, teasing through the thin material, pressing against her slit, not yet penetrating herself.

'So generous of you to pay for both of us!' A hand snaked over the man's shoulder, fingers finding a nipple and giving it a tweak, making the man groan. 'Sophie and Sabrina – just because we're new here doesn't mean we're inexperienced!' She flicked and rubbed his nibbles, the nubs visibly hard, Sabrina's long, black hair sliding over his chest. 'And we've got bills to pay, so you need to be a nice, generous guest. After all, we're being generous enough to arrange this off-the-books, so it's cheaper for you.'

The man groaned again, his breathing getting faster, as Sophia slipped off her shoes, losing several inches of height as she stepped out of the clunky and chunky Mary-janes, leaving her even shorter. It never seemed fair that so many of the other maids were tall, graceful and elegant, when she was barely over 5 feet tall, *in* her shoes! And she had to use a push-up bra to have anything resembling a cleavage, when so many of the other maids were soft and

curvaceous. Even the Bunnybitch was taller than she was – and scary to work with, that crop flicking out with stinging impact hits all the time.

The man's pants were getting louder, the tape warping over his lips as Sabrina kept flicking and rubbing his nipples. She had a similar build, being petite and slender. Both of them faded into the background compared to the other maids!

She looked around the dingy backroom – full of unused furniture and equipment, and not somewhere they were meant to be. But she couldn't get enough work on the main floor, so she had to sneak customers back here for private tips! The rental charge for a private room was far too expensive for her to afford, so she had to do this.

Sophie pulled a chair over, settling herself onto it, then stretching her legs out, pulling her skirt up nice and high, so that the tops of her stockings were visible, the suspender-straps stark and dark against her skin. She stroked herself again, before extending her legs, rubbing the sole of her foot against the cock, able to feel the heat of it against her skin, thanks to the thin material of her stockings.

She gripped it between her feet, starting to slide them up and down, before stroking her breasts, kneading them through the bodice of her dress. Her own pulse was starting to race, excitement tingling through her, as she started to massage the cock between her feet. Just because she was so short, barely anyone even noticed her, never mind thought she could be dominating! Even when she was picked to serve a table, it was always new customers that wanted someone innocent and non-threatening looking.

Her feet pressed harder against the shaft, before she spread her toes, stocking-silk spreading between her toes, carefully taking the cock-crown and kneading it with her toes.

'You're going to give a nice, large tip, aren't you? And then we can have some fun with your tip.'

Sabrina's fingers were flicking faster now, the man gasping and groaning, before she moved around in front of him, leaning over and kissing on his chest. Sophie could hear his sudden groan of pleasure-pain, before Sabrina withdrew. There was now a bright red lipstick-bite mark over one nipple, as Sabrina giggled in pleasure.

'Just because we're shorter than the other maids, doesn't mean we can't make you feel good!'

Sophie's fingers kept stroking against her own slit, feeling herself start to loosen. She barely ever got fucked on the job – it was mostly just blowjobs. And the games some of the other girls did looked interesting, but also scary! She didn't want to have to drink down a glass of cum or be bent over a table and spanked, or handed over to the nurses for them to play with. It was bad enough having to be poked and prodded for the regular health checkups, and those didn't have a crowd watching.

She started to move her feet faster and faster, the man gurgling from behind his tape-gag, his hips starting to rise up and down, matching her rhythm.

'Oh, what a good boy you are! I hope you're going to reward us both – if you do, then you might get a reward.'

There was a soft *ding*, the sounds of the app – she wasn't sure if he realized he'd triggered it, or if it was just from the twitching of his fingers. Either way, it meant money for her! She purred again, bending her toes against his cock-head, pulling her skirt all the way up so that he could see her finger herself, as she pulled her panties aside.

‘So obedient! I think we should give him a treat.’ She tightened her feet up before withdrawing them, ignoring the gasping, pleading pants as he continued to thrust his hips into the air, desperate for more touching.

She moved off the chair, dropping to her knees and taking the cock in hand – it filled her palm completely, a heavy and comforting weight, easy to grip and squeeze. And every time she squeezed, he gasped and shuddered, the movement easy to feel through the shaft! She rolled the palm of her other hand against the top, feeling the precum there, enjoying how sensitive he was.

‘Generous boys get even more rewards.’

Sabrina moved as well, coming in from the side, kissing at his balls. She planted a sloppy, wet kiss there, leaving a smeared red mark, moving her head up and down as she licked at it. Sophie kept her hands moving, but only slowly and gently, making sure there was never enough stimulation to push him over the edge, keeping him teased without release. Some of the other maids had long-running, regular customers – maybe she could have that as well? A nice and steady stream of men, coming to adore and pay her!

The cock twitched in her hand, tensing up, a spray of cum shooting out. She felt it splatter over her hand, wet and sticky – she’d gone too fast! She needed more practice – and maybe a pair of those long gloves some of the other maids wore? Warm, slippery wetness moved over her hand, Sabrina licking away the cum, as Sophie kept her grip tight on the cock, still stroking it.

A hand grabbed hold of her head, fingers pushing hard against her scalp. Fear shot through her and she tried to rise, before being pushed back down again.

‘I was wondering where you two had gone! I was having to work two tables myself.’ It was Rin, her grip tightening on Sophie’s head. ‘And I’m sure you don’t have permission to be back here, or to be using it to entertain guests.’

‘We can’t afford the guest rooms!’

‘You are both quite cute – I’m sure you could find some guests that would appreciate you. But I suppose you are lacking in presence.’ She pushed down on Sophie’s head, forcing her into an awkward, stooping bow. ‘I can give you some help with that – and I don’t think this is worth troubling the Bunnybitch with, wouldn’t you agree?’

Thoughts of the crop, stinging and flicking, made Sophie flinch, and she tried to shake her head, although couldn’t complete the movement.

‘No, Miss Rin!’

‘The “Miss” isn’t required – that’s not really something I’m into. And I’ve done well enough this month that I suppose this one can be a freebie. I suppose it’s his lucky day.’

More dings rolled out, Sophie unable to not feel annoyed – just because Rin was tall and gorgeous! The hand pulled on her hair, dragging Sophie to her feet, Sabrina next to her, face twisted in pain.

‘You need to be more careful to take it slowly. And use what advantages you have. Both of you, strip. It would be a shame to get your uniforms messy, especially when you’re not earning much.’ Rin stepped back, letting them go, staring at them expectantly.

Sophie found herself obeying, unzipping the back and pulling her maid uniform off, crossing an arm over her breasts.

‘Shame can be attractive, but boldness is even better. You may be petite, but that’s nothing to be ashamed of. Arms down, shoulders up.’ Rin’s nails slid down Sophie’s back, unclipping her bra and pulling on it. She immediately felt even smaller, her breasts no longer getting plumped and pushed up. ‘Hmmm, tit-jobs might be hard for you. But you and Sabrina both

have mouths. A nice, sloppy double cock-kiss will get our honored guest ready for another round, I'm sure. And he can admire your body – it's certainly nice to look at.'

The praise sent warmth coiling through her body, a blush of pleasure pinkening her cheeks. All she was wearing were her stockings and panties now, her body fully on display. One of Rin's hands slid over Sophie's chest, cupping her small breast and stroking the mound, Rin's fingers smooth and warm.

She let herself be guided forward, before a push on her head made her drop to her knees, Sabrina next to her.

'If the two of you regularly work together, then you could offer that as a package deal. A lot of guests enjoy being teased.'

Sophie could smell the man's body, the sharp scent of semen burning into her senses, making her mouth water, her jaw hanging open. Sabrina's naked body knocked against her shoulder, as they kissed the cock from opposite sides. After the ejaculation, it had shrunk away to become a small, floppy thing. It was so tiny that she and Sabrina could kiss each other around it, the other woman tasting sweet and soft, as the heat between Sophie's thighs started to increase.

The cock stiffened, starting to grow again, as Sabrina French-kissed Sophie over the cock. The heat of the shaft pushed against her lips, separating her from Sabrina. When she pushed her lips against it, she planted a firm kiss there, pulling back to look at the bright red lipstick mark left behind.

'That's it. Nice and firm and confident. But don't go too fast – you want to make sure that he gets his money's worth! And then he'll be more likely to come back and become a regular.' A hand took hold of her head, starting to steer and guide her – setting a slow, steady pace, drawing her back so that she had to stretch her tongue out in order to keep licking the cock. Sabrina was being guided as well, needing more force to yank her away from the shaft.

'Listen to the breathing, and use that to help determine when he's nearly at his limit.'

The man's legs were shaking, as he tried to move his cock around, lost in the throes of lust. The chair he was tied to squeaked across the floor, making it hard to hear his panting over the noise. Sophie's head was pushed forward again, and it was time for another cock-kiss, with Sophie just about able to feel, and taste, Sabrina's tongue as it slid around the shaft, now fat and heavy again.

'That's it! Sabrina, you can take his balls, while Sophie looks after his cock.'

Sophie's head was pulled upwards, and she kissed at the cock-head, feeling the shivering of her body. She could hear his panting better now, while Sabrina started to kiss his testicles, massaging them with her tongue.

'It's too soon to go for a deep-throat, but start to lick the tip.'

The cock was now covered with smeared red lipstick marks along with their dribble.

'Don't let him set the pace – if he goes too fast, then withdraw and force him to slow down.'

As soon as her lips closed over the cock-crown, his hips came up, trying to force more of his length into her, but she pulled her head upwards, Rin not forcing her to take it. She could hear his whines through his gag, the desperation there making her own arousal spike, and she started to stroke her own slit, fingering herself through her panties.

'Give him a moment to cool down – he'll accept that you're in charge soon enough. At least, most do. Good work with the tape, by the way. A good, efficient restraint, although I prefer rope.'

Sophie could only gasp in pleasure as she pushed a finger into herself, so wet that it sank deeply into her pussy.

‘Just because you’re petite, doesn’t mean you can’t be dominant – the Bunnybitch manages, after all. Although maybe try and be less abrasive? And maids are cuter than bunnies. You can tease him again now. Make him stay as close to release for as long as possible. Try not to get distracted by your own pleasures – I appreciate that this can be arousing, but if you wish to deliver good service, some sacrifices must be made.’

Sophie whined, but withdrew her finger, feeling an ache of loss between her legs, as she dipped her head down over the shaft again. The scent was intoxicating, and she could taste semen as she closed her lips over the tip in a kiss, stroking her tongue over the swollen tip. He didn’t slam his hips forward this time, instead staying in place, making a disappointed whine.

‘Good boy! Let these two look after you. And next time, do it through the proper channels. You’re lucky I found you – the Bunnybitch would probably kick you out!’

With the cock partially in her mouth, Sophie could feel the man’s breathing, as he panted and gasped, getting faster and faster.

‘You two should think of becoming a pair – a lot of the guests like that. And you have a similar look already, which makes the marketing easier.’

Sophie couldn’t respond, not with her mouth full of cock, dropping her head lower. Sabrina’s head was just below hers, licking and sucking on the man’s balls, their hair mingling together.

‘That’s it – a marked improvement already.’

She could hear Rin move, walking around, before there was the sound of tape getting ripped away and a grunt of pain.

‘Now, honored guest, you are being served by two lovely, if inexperienced, maids. Would you like to finish?’

‘Please! Please, please... Ah....’ His voice trailed off, into desperate whimpers, as Sophie drew her head back again, letting the cock quiver in the air, straining and tense, desperate for stimulation. ‘Please, Miss Rin, let them finish...’

‘That’s up to them. But it’s nice of you to be so polite.’

‘Miss Sophie, please keep going! I’m so close, so close...’

Sophie dropped her head, licking all the way up the shaft and then kissing it again before she spoke. ‘If you’re a good boy and come back again, then I think we might agree to see you again. As long as you pay for a private room!’

Another cock-kiss, and another deliciously arousing and desperate moan, the guest now slumped in his chair, completely passive, quietly begging for release.

Sophie carefully took the entire cock-head into her mouth, before dropping her head down – she couldn’t fit the entire length into herself, but felt it bump against her throat, rubbing her tongue around it. He made a loud, low desperate moan, before the cock spasmed, and he came, shooting a wad of cum straight into her mouth. She managed to avoid it going down her throat, tasting it as it flowed over her tongue, before swallowing it down.

As soon as she withdrew, Sabrina kissed her, close and tight, tongue probing into her mouth, the cum-spit flowing between them.

‘Good. You need more tuition, but I can help with that. You should have asked before! Now clean up here, and quickly, before anyone else notices that you’re gone. And remember to set him loose as well!’

A fist lightly bonked her on the head, a gentle chastisement, before Rin walked away.

‘And put your clothes back on! You should only get naked if you’re being paid for it!’

Chapter Four: Interactive Activities

The rope tugged at Velvet's crotch, the hard, tight knots making their presence known, going into her slit and between her buttocks. She squirmed, trying to catch her breath, but she was pulled forward, not given any chance to gather her thoughts. With her arms behind her back in a leather box-binder, each wrist grasping the opposite elbow, she couldn't push it away!

She wanted to tell the Bunnybitch to slow down, but her mouth was sealed away behind a panel-gag, making it impossible to make any noise. The way the rope pushed into her was affecting her concentration, making it harder to walk – the shoes she was wearing had high heels, but also spikes on beneath her own heels, forcing her to stagger on her toes or get pricked. The white bobble-tail of the Bunnybitch swayed in front of her, Velvet's jaw tightening against the gag. How come that bitch never had to do anything like this?

At least she was drawing attention though! Velvet tried to keep her back straight, letting herself be seen, the tight latex leotard showing off her curves well, latex stockings nice and shiny on her legs. A more normal maid uniform would have offered more protection against the teasing rope though – the only concessions this outfit made to her being a maid was her frilled headband, and a transparent plastic apron. Every step made her ass tighten up, forcing her to be aware of the plug in her ass, the fat metal lump warmed by her body already.

She tried to thrust her chest, liking the way she was being looked at, but accidentally put weight onto her heels, the spikes jabbing into her. The Bunnybitch kept pulling on the rope, Velvet trying to move faster to keep up, heading towards the front of the stage. An area had been cleared, marked off behind ropes, Velvet trying to figure out what was going to happen.

Several one-bar prisons were in place, lubed-up dildos on metal poles, several of them already occupied by other maids, all up on their toes to try and avoid excess stimulation. Although one of them had a long skirt on, making it hard to see if she was properly stuffed by the cock! That seemed like it was cheating – especially as a surge of pleasure cut through Velvet, when the Bunnybitch pulled on the crotch-rope again.

A few guests were gathered around the edge, the area roped off, Velvet preening and showing herself off, liking the way that the spotlights gleamed off her leotard and stockings.

'Fresh maid-slut coming through!' The loud shout of the Bunnybitch cleared the way, before she unhooked the rope and pulled Velvet towards one of the upthrust cocks.

'Hope you're nice and wet, time to mount up.'

It was a relief when the crotch-rope was released, the thing getting pulled out of her, the latex that had been wedged in her pussy coming out as well. It made it impossible to focus, as she was pulled forward, nails scratching at her arms. With swift motions, the dildo was dropped, just low enough for her to be moved above it, and then the Bunnybitch clicked it upwards.

Velvet was so wet that it slid into her easily, the shaft penetrating, filling her up entirely. She could feel it inside of her, spreading her as it was shoved deep, her own weight keeping her trapped there. All she could do was rock on her heels, rising up a little higher onto her toes, but there was no way for her to escape without the cock being lowered. And it was so deep and high into her that she could even rock up and down to get herself off!

A hand slapped against her backside, the sound loud and the impact making her shudder, the dildo rubbing against her pussy-walls.

‘Don’t get too excited! Remember you’ve got a job to do.’ Nails dug into her buttock-meat, hard enough to make her wince. ‘That’s for all of you! Get ready.’ The hands moved to the box-binder, releasing the buckles and straps, the leather sliding off her skin and getting tossed aside. The Bunnybitch’s hands moved over Velvet’s shoulders, nails scratching over her skin, feeling at her body. The slight prickles of pain mingled with the teasing presence of the cock, Velvet trying to squirm away, held in place by the shaft wedged inside her body, before the other woman walked away, turning to face all the impaled maids.

‘Time to see how good you are at your duties! Both the ones that involve getting fucked and the ones to do with actual work. Some of our honored guests are going to grope you sluts up – which I’m sure you’re going to enjoy! But just to make things a little more fun, you’re not just going to be stood there and getting poked and prodded.’ She bent over, the white bob of her tail wagging as she picked up silver trays, handing two of them to Velvet.

Velvet put them on her palms, having to hold her arms extended. If she dropped them, then she wouldn’t be able to pick them up again! And the underside of each was just smooth metal, that was slippery against her gloves.

‘Some of our guests are going to come and play with you. If they make you drop anything, then they win some personal time with each of you!’

She started to load the tray up – slices of cake went onto Velvet’s left, the weight starting to add up, the scent making her salivate behind her gag. On the other side were placed plastic cups of water, ice cubes floating in them. Velvet could manage the weight, at least for now, but could feel the strain starting to build already, and there was no way to put them down or relieve herself. And having to tense up made the one-bar prison even more intrusive, her internal walls tightening around the shaft!

‘Be a good girl and don’t make a mess!’ The Bunnybitch spanked Velvet again, the impact making her tense up even more, feeling the water slip and slap around, trying to keep it from spilling. To distract herself, she looked over the crowd, seeing a few of her regulars, trying to relax a little, despite the impaling shaft wedged inside of herself. One of them was flirting with Rin – the hussy! She had enough followers of her own, without needing to poach anyone else’s!

It didn’t take long until all of the maids were loaded up, supporting the trays, held in place by the dildo-poles. At least it looked like a decent audience – although that meant more chance of getting groped and pinched by someone that didn’t know how she liked to be treated!

‘Thank you for your patience, honored guests! Now it’s time for those of you that have reserved slots to test the endurance and skills of our lovely maids, and see if they can be distracted from their service. Make them drop something, and you might win some private time with them! So will the first three customers step up and we can start the clock.’

Three men approached, Velvet recognizing one of them, trying to smile despite the gag. She liked being stroked and teased, but this setup did leave her *very* exposed and vulnerable, with her arms stretched out. And whenever she relaxed her legs, even slightly, then the needles in the shoes jabbed into her feet, making it impossible to find any comfortable position.

The first man was waved through, approaching Velvet, and she tensed, feeling nervous. Even though she recognized him, she was still far more exposed than normal!

His hand pressed against her stomach, pushing the air from her lungs, and making her desperately, acutely aware of the sheer size of the dildo lodged inside of herself. She was so wet that she was starting to leak a little, able to feel lube and pussy-juice down her thighs! His hands

stroked over her latex-wrapped torso, the light touches making her shiver, her arms starting to feel the strain.

Compared to the Bunnybitch, he was a lot more gentle, as he caressed her breasts, making her breathe skip, her warmth starting to increase. She'd rather just be stroked and fucked, rather than having to endure this as part of a game! Being stroked through her leotard added an extra layer of erotica numbness, distancing her from the touches. With the gloves and stockings, the seductive pressure was all over her body, pleasure making her shiver, that movement making the dildo tease her even more.

His hand slid around her head, pulling it forward, making her neck ache, before he released the gag-buckles, pulling it from her mouth. Dribble splashed over her breasts before she could swallow it back down, sliding down her cleavage.

'It's always fun to hear you squeal.'

'Hey! I don't sqahhhhhh...' Her words turned into a gasp as he reached around and pulled on the plug, the lump forcing her asshole wide, her vision blurring. When he released it, the thing slid back into her, before he played with it more. 'You, guhhhhh...'

He'd moved around behind her, stepping out of view, his hands cupping her breasts. 'A nice handful! Just the right size.' He was grinding himself against her backside, just lightly, but she could still feel the hardness of his cock, the sensation just adding to her arousal. She could only respond with the smallest rocking motion of her own hips, that sending further sparks of pleasure up her spine.

'Want me to go a little harder, Velvet? I know you like it rough!' He slapped her backside hard enough to make her gasp, from the sharp sting of pain and the way it made her shift on the dildo-pole, a blush covering her body now.

'Hahhh... Dammit, stop making this harder than it has to be!' Her arms were starting to tire, the strain taking a toll on her, feeling sweat start to form beneath her long gloves. And the presence of that cock, rubbing between her buttocks – that would feel much better inside of her! Better than the hardness of the plug, at least.

The cake-tray got slightly lighter, a slice being moved over to her mouth. It was sponge, covered with a thick layer of creamy-white icing that made her think of cum, making her flush with even more heat. She stretched out her jaw, managing to take a bite, the thing fluffy and light, some of the cream getting smeared onto her face, out of reach of her tongue. It kept getting pushed forward, forcing her to chew and swallow fast, gagging the stuff down, feeling it suck away all the moisture in her mouth.

Another spank, and her arm tilted slightly. She recovered as fast as she could, but she could feel the cakes starting to slid and tilt, several slices falling to the floor and splatting apart. The plate was now awkwardly balanced on her hand, putting more pressure on her wrist, as she tried to keep more from falling.

A whistle sounded out, shrill sound making Velvet wince. 'Time's up! Everyone out, next one in!' The Bunnybitch strode around, avoiding the splatted cake on the floor, not wanting to dirty the glossy black sheen on her high heels. 'You sluts will be licked that off the floor as well! Can't have maids making a mess, can we?'

Velvet grimaced, trying to get a better grip on the trays. Some water had spilled out, but none of the cups had fallen over yet – but the next guest was approaching already, this one a man she didn't recognize. Before she could speak, one of his hands had slid beneath and around her leotard, squeezing at the bare skin beneath. Velvet moaned, feeling shaking going through her arms, the cups reflecting and emphasizing the movement, impossible to get back under control.

Another hand reached between her legs, sliding against her spread pussy-lips, pushing a little into her, stretching her out even more. If she hadn't been impaled on the thing, she would have fallen over, overwhelmed by how much was inside of her.

'Don't think I've had you yet.'

'Hahhh... No, master...'

'Nice and tight! And I like this.' He pulled at the crotch of her leotard, making it snap against her body, her eyes bulging from even that light impact. His hand moved around, squeezing her ass, before moving between her buttocks, finding the base of the plug. 'Oh, and you like it up the ass?'

'Yessss, mastahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...' She gasped again as the anal plug was yanked out in a single movement, stretching her asshole wide from the size of the bulb, and she barely heard the sound of it hitting the floor. After another squeeze of her breasts, the man moved around behind her, his hands spreading her buttocks apart. Lube trickled from her asshole, before she felt a cock between her cheeks, hot and hard.

Was that allowed? She couldn't pull away, and it was taking all her effort just to keep the plates held up, as his cock-tip pushed against her asshole. She did all she could to try and relax herself down there, but having to stand on her toes while having the dildo in her pussy forced her to be tense, the man forcing his way into her. At least she was lubed up already, and had been stretched out by the plug, although the cock was larger than the plug had been!

It pushed into her, making her feel fully stuffed, with the dildo in her pussy and now a cock in her ass, before he started to thrust back and forth. Her breathing was getting faster and faster, his hands gripping hard onto her hips. She couldn't shift herself back and forth, even the slightest attempt at that making her shiver with forced pleasure, having to let him set the pace of the ass-fucking.

Each time he thrust his hips forwards, the movement ran through her, the full length of his cock buried inside her body now, his hips pushing against her backside. Keeping her arms up was getting harder and harder, her strength fading away, her arms just barely able to keep the plates raised and level. She could hear his panting, her own breathing quickening now, her head bobbing up and down in time with the thrusts.

Velvet mewled, unable to keep her mouth closed, dribble splashing onto her breasts, flowing into her cleavage, beneath the latex.

'Fuck, you're tight back here! Even after that plug, I can feel you sucking me in!'

'Hahhhh... Thank you... master...'

Her body shook, several of the cups falling and spilling, water splashing to the ground. Some fell onto her arm, sliding off the latex, hard to feel as anything other than a faint presence on her limbs. Her next groan loud and sultry, making her blush with a fierce heat, able to see everyone looking at her. She liked drawing attention, but not from something like this! And even with the dildo in her pussy, it wasn't enough for her to get off from, just keeping her teased, stimulated but without release!

She could feel sweat starting to build up, beginning to pool beneath the latex, making her skin hot and slippery. His hips were thrusting faster and faster, the wet slapping sounding out. The strength in her arms gave, both trays hitting the ground, wet splashes and cake splats sounding out. Her arms dropped, muscles aching and sore, and she stroked her breasts, enjoying the feeling of latex-on-latex and of being able to touch herself.

The cock pulled out before slamming all the way into her, forced deep into her body, making her shudder and gasp. She could finger herself, just a little, around the shaft of the dildo,

but not enough to get off from, and there wasn't any space to finger herself more. Shaking back and forth just made it the whole thing more teasingly frustrating, both her holes full to their limits.

The man groaned and gasped, fingers squeezing tightly onto her hips, hard enough to hurt as he ejaculated, cum shooting up into her. As his cock withdrew, she could feel it starting to trickle out, changing the feeling of the lube oozing out of her. His hand slapped against her butt, making her squeak.

'I guess this means I get some more time with you? I'm looking forward to seeing if your mouth and pussy are as good as your asshole.'

Velvet was still panting, feeling sweaty and clammy in her latex, wanting more stimulation that she couldn't give herself! No matter how she twisted on her heels, there wasn't enough range of motion to let her get herself off – when the damn thing was lowered, she'd have to go get some customers to fuck her, to work off the tension!

The whistle blew again, the man departing with a final spank. 'I'll be seeing you later! Make sure you're nice and ready.'

She could barely manage to gather her thoughts to respond, managing to gasp out a "Yes, master". Before she could start stroking herself, there was a sharp stinging strike on her butt, the Bunnybitch hitting her with the crop, then picking up the trays and forcing Velvet to take them.

'No resting! Come on, you've got plenty of other guests to see.'

Velvet groaned, accepting the trays and more stuff on them, although it felt lighter now. She could still feel cum and lube oozing out of her, as the next guest approached, wasting no time before groping her. She sighed, putting on a smile and trying to enjoy it as much as possible, leaning into the growing warmth. All she could do was tease herself by rocking a little on the dildo, making herself feel good but without getting off, letting the pleasure build and coil, as she was groped and squeezed by more guests.

Chapter Five: Personal Attention

‘Velvet, private booking!’

Velvet barely had time to put the drinks she was carrying down before the Bunnybitch descended on her, a swift crop-slap against her butt, her latex mini-skirt offering limited protection. A hand slid around her body, cupping one of her breasts, tweaking and twisting at the tight material, the woman pressing against her from behind. There was the temptation to twist backwards and shove her away – the Bunnybitch was small enough that it would be easy to send her flying – but that would only get her in trouble, and probably get her sent to do more shit jobs. So, instead, she had to endure it, letting the pinching, grasping hands grope at her, only twisting away when one moved down between her legs.

‘I don’t need checking down there!’

‘Good to know.’ The hand moved upwards, pressing against the thick corset-belt around Velvet’s waist, making her glad the thing was thick enough to offer some protection, even if it did reduce her mobility, making it hard to twist her waist. ‘He looks nice and horny, and he’s booked you thirty minutes. This is one of your freebies from getting distracted and making a mess.’

A hand grabbed her buttocks, nails spiking into her skin, Velvet gasping in pleasure-pain, trying not to sound too horny. From the looks on the faces of the guests, she wasn’t doing a very good job of it!

‘Any special requests?’

‘That you need to know about? Nope. Just that you show up and be obedient. He sounded quite enthusiastic! And you’re already collared.’

The thick leather band around her neck seemed to press in on her, the heavy O-ring dangling against her collarbone. How rough was he going to be? And was the Bunnybitch going to keep mauling her ass? She twisted, trying to shake the hand off, thrusting her ass backwards, forcing the smaller woman to back off a little.

‘I’m going, I’m going! Just send someone else over to do this table, they were about to order some services.’

‘I’ll send Sally in, she’s been getting too lazy lately. I’m sure these gentlemen can give her a good seeing to. Now get to work!’

Velvet wasn’t fast enough to avoid a stinging crop-strike, yelping in pain as the metal-studded head struck against her thigh, a sharp and vicious hit. That better not bruise! And the Bunnybitch had managed to hit just above her stocking and below her skirt-hem, against bare and unprotected skin – she was way too good with that damn crop of hers.

As smoothly as possible, trying to hide the faint throbbing pain of the hit, Velvet left, heading across the main café floor. It was a shame when the place was so busy – she’d been looking forward to a good tip from that group! But a private booking was rare, especially without any special requests. The “special equipment” could be virtually anything, from the fun of being mounted on a sybian, to the choking, sense-drowning darkness of a vacbed, pushed into almost-suffocation while compressed beneath clinging rubber. She loved latex, the tightness of

it, the way it hugged her skin, smooth and close, but at least it let her move, rather than being squashed in tight, unable to move, or even see or hear, a purely passive participant to whatever was being done to her!

As she moved, she stroked her hands against her body, feeling the luscious tightness of the latex dress, smooth and warm against her skin, long gloves and stockings stretching as she moved, compressing her skin in ways that made her feel good, making her smile to herself. If she swished her hips, then the skirt was light enough that it flicked up and around, showing off her butt beneath, a thong between her buttocks.

Moving away from the main café, the volume dropped off fast, swallowed up by the thick concrete walls and the backing thrum of the AC units. They really should do some work to make the place look a bit nicer – the rooms themselves were quite nice, but the walk there obviously showed that the place was a converted mall, with bare concrete and exposed pipework between what had once been storerooms. Well, at least it meant they had plenty of space!

The lights above each door, crudely bolted into place, showed which room she was in – at least it wasn't one of the *special* rooms, with all the hardcore equipment that couldn't be moved, half of which she wasn't sure how it even worked! And the bits she did understand she mostly didn't want used on herself – taking an automated paddle to her pussy seemed painful, especially having it done again and again and again.

She took a deep breath, feeling the tightness of her clothing, twisting in pleasure against it, pulling her gloves and stockings up into place, before knocking on the door and stepping through. As soon as she was inside, she curtsied, lifting her skirt up to show off her crotch and smiling.

'Good evening, master.' She held her skirt up for a moment before letting it drop back down into place, glancing around the room. Nice big bed, a smattering of the usual canes, crops and cuffs racked up on the wall, a X-cross securely mounted into place. A metal hook, the end tipped with a large metal ball, dangled in front of her, suspended on a chain, the guest on the other side. He smiled at her, giving the hook a shove, sending it towards her.

On reflex, she caught it, seeing that the ball was already covered with lube, making the reflections on the metal strangely mottled.

'Good to see you again. Turn around.'

She let the hook go, the thing swinging away, before she obeyed, spreading her legs a little, hearing him advance.

'Skirt up.'

A slight blush came over her face as she exposed her butt, feeling herself heat up, unable to see what he was doing. A hand slapped against her backside, and she gasped in response to the spank, biting her lip in anticipation of pleasure. She thrust her ass out, already feeling herself loosening up.

'Spread your ass.'

She obeyed, spreading her buttocks wide, exposing her asshole, hoping that he wasn't going to go in dry. The touch of cold, slippery metal made her tense up, feeling the lump get pushed against her, being forced into her. The lube helped, but it was still a large lump of cold metal, stretching her asshole open. It was pushed into her a little before being withdrawn, then pushed deeper and deeper. She started to pant in time with the shoves, her asshole stretching around the lump, holding her buttocks spread. At least her body started to warm it up first as it entered her, going past the widest point and then sinking into her body.

Velvet could feel the weight of it inside her body, making her move awkwardly, able to feel the chain dragging when she moved. Another spank, this one heard enough to push her forward, only able to manage a half-step before the chain reached its limit, the anal hook starting to stretch her out.

‘That should keep you in place. You have a nice body – let’s see all of it. Strip off.’ Another spank, Velvet’s body warming up, able to feel the imprint of the hand on her butt. She tried to sway her hips, to look seductive and sultry, but she was having to rise up slightly on her toes to adjust to the hook, the thing limiting all of her movements.

First she had to release the corset-belt, feeling the confining, shaping pressure fade away, the wide leather band no longer protecting her, before she dropped it to the floor. Her dress was next, but she stroked her body, latex gloves against the dress, letting her passions start to increase.

The sheer size of the anal hook was impossible to ignore, the chain clinking as she moved, keeping her on her toes. When she reached behind herself, for the zipper of the dress, she hit the chain, making it tighten, yelping from the slight tightening of it. It made it impossible to move as she wanted to, keeping her rooted in place!

As she pulled on the zip, she felt the latex start to peel away from her skin, kissing off her body, the sensation one that always made her smile. It was also removing a layer of protection though – she was naked beneath it, unable to wear even a bra at the same time. It wriggled her to pull and twist, the outfit so tight it stuck otherwise, her sweat having mingled with the powder she’d used on herself.

Her blush got brighter, a sensation of disempowerment flowing into her – she was no longer a latex maid, body sheathed in the tight dress, but was starting to be just naked, exposed and on display. And already penetrated, her ass full of metal! As she tensed up, she could feel the thinner stem of the anal hook, in her asshole. It didn’t take long to peel it all off, as she pulled down at it, feeling it move off her hips, before gravity started to take over, dragging it downwards, until it was all in a rubbery pile at her feet. All she was wearing now were the latex gloves and stockings, and her thong.

Out of reflex, she tried to bend over and pick it up, not wanting to have the thing just laying there. That changed the way the anal hook was lodged, making her gasp again, unable to bend properly, hands coming up short.

‘I think the cleanup can wait for afterwards. Now turn around so I can see you.’

The heat was spreading through her body – a hot surge, settling over her skin, a strange combination of shame at her nudity and pleasure at being commanded, and a desire to serve. Velvet crossed one arm over her chest, the other covering her crotch. It had been a while since she’d had a personal customer, especially one that was so commanding! The slow daze of submission was settling in, her senses reeling, easier to simply follow whatever commands she was given, the blush on her face surprising her.

‘No covering yourself up! I want to see what I’m here for.’

She couldn’t meet his eyes, face blushing deeply as she moved her hands from over her breast and crotch to web her fingers on the back of her head, exposing herself entirely. He moved, pulling on something, the butt-chain tightening and forcing her up onto her toes, even more strain on her body.

‘The Bunnybitch was very precise about what I’m allowed to do to you. But I’m sure you know the rules, don’t you, Velvet?’

‘Yes, Master...’

He picked up a flogger, approaching, and then cracking it over her body, across her breasts, the knotted cords slapping into her. Several more hits in quick succession, his wrist moving in an easy roll, putting his strength behind each hit. Her breasts deformed under the impacts, her head only supported by her hands, her breathing turning into quick pants and gasps.

‘Isn’t there something you’re meant to do? Or maybe you want more punishment already?’

The flogger-strikes were compounding, her skin getting stripped away by the cords, starting to turn red.

‘Thank you... master...’

‘That’s a good maid! Not been to a place like this before – cute theming. Although I prefer you out of your uniform. I should come when there’s one of your theme nights – does that Bunnyslut ever put herself out?’

‘No, master...’ It was getting harder and harder to think, the flogger moving down, now impacting against her belly.

‘Shame! It’s always fun to play with a domme like that – and she’s small enough that there’s a lot of fun things that could be done to her. Although you’re probably tougher, there’s more meat on your bones.’

The matter-of-fact tone cut her to the core, biting into her, at the same time as the flogger struck again. The anal hook kept her standing straight upwards, unable to lean forward to protect herself. Her hands tensed up against her head, pulling on her hair, and she tried to use that little surge of self-inflicted pain to keep some amount of self-awareness.

He stepped in closer and reached out, his fingers brushing over her belly, where she was sore and sensitive from the flogging. Her own squeak of pain added to her sense of shame, his fingers hooking beneath the band of her thong, and then ripping it towards himself. Velvet was pulled forward, the hook starting to stretch out her asshole, before another savage yank, and the material gave way, getting torn off her body.

‘What a nice neat slit you have!’

A hand slapped against her cunt, pleurably hard, making her want more. She was already warm and loose, body prepared to be used. Another slap, and she would have sagged down if it hadn’t been for the hook. The thick handle of the flogger was pushed against her, parting her lips, the leather rough and hard against her body. It still entered her easily, chafing against her inner walls, getting pushed deeper into her.

‘Huh, you really are horny! You must have gone too long without a rough fucking, haven’t you?’ He pushed harder, and she moaned as it entered further into her. With the lump in her ass, she felt stuffed and full, the thing twisting around.

‘Master... Please...’

‘Oh? Is there something you want, Velvet?’ He yanked it out before stepping back, flicking it upwards, managing to make it impact against her pussy.

How was she so damn desperate and horny? She hadn’t done anything rough for a while, but she’d been fucking her regulars often enough that she shouldn’t be getting this worked up! But it was like she’d been in chastity for months, the way her body was reacting, fever-lust stabbing deep into her body. Each hit just hammered it in even more, leaving her gasping and writhing, her arms tightly locked onto her head.

‘I want... I want to be used. Please, master!’

‘Well, you maid-girls are polite, at least. Much better manners than the sluts from that place on the other side of town. And better facilities! Think I might make this my regular place, even if I don’t really get the theming.’ A savage strike across her breasts, then another that lashed

over her belly and onto the bone of her hip. ‘Still, that collar suits you, and you’re obviously a pain-slut.’ Were the hits getting stronger, or was that just because her skin was now sensitive from the previous hits?

‘Please, master!’ Her desires were getting stronger and stronger, impossible to ignore or deny. ‘Please... Use me... Hard, now!’ Her breasts and pussy were throbbing in time with her heartbeat, every inch of her skin desperately sensitive, able to feel the faint twists and curls of the air that preceded each strike. She drank in the pain and all the other sensations, begging and pleading with him.

‘Maybe a gag next time? And a blindfold? Been a while since I met such an eager pain-slut! You working girls are normally faking it – and badly. But you’re totally into this, aren’t you?’

‘Master! Use me. Please!’ The emotions were more than she could control, as she twitched her hips, ignoring the pressure this put on her ass. She *needed* to be fucked, rough and raw, to have a cock inside herself! Even a dildo would do, but she needed to feel the pleasure of release. She was panting, struggling to think through the haze of obedience, relief flooding into her as she saw him unzip his trousers, cock already hard and erect.

He was just the right height, guiding his cock into her, her body tightening around it, their hips pushing together. Her hands were still on her head, the submission impossible to break, the ass-hook letting him set the pace. His cock wasn’t as hard as the metal in her ass, but it was still a satisfying hardness and size. And she was so loose that it slid all the way in at once, making her body feel stuffed and full, both holes occupied.

His clothing rubbed against her body, her nipples desperately sensitive, his arm tight around her body. Speech was beyond her, Velvet’s head sagging in time with her movements, the heat coiling and bursting inside of her. Sparks burst across her vision, the orgasm slamming into her, her arms sagging down. As her weight dropped, the anal-hook became even more intrusive, forcing her to recover her senses or risk pain from that.

‘Not bad for a freebie – I guess the first fuck is free? You’ve earned yourself a returning customer.’

He slammed his hips forward, cock fully inside of her, even as she gasped and moaned through the aftermath of her own orgasm. She felt the cock tense up, then there was the sudden release of cum, making her insides even hotter and wetter.

‘Mmmm... Think I’ve got time to go again as well. Just give me a minute to recover...’

He withdrew, cum spilling out of her, his own breathing rough and hard. Without his support, she had to struggle to stay standing, trying to keep herself up, to avoid the pressure of the ass-hook. She felt like a dumb slut, barely able to talk, her lips slack, dribble splashing onto her bare breasts.

‘Thannnnnnnnnnnnnnnks, massssssterrrrr...’

A breast-slap helped wake her from her daze, as Velvet started to prepare herself for another fucking, hoping this one would be just as good as the first!

Chapter Six: Working Night, Working Girl

Rin tensed up, feeling the ropes prick and bite into her skin. The harness was tight around her upper body, pressing against her hips, waist and breasts, with her arms bound behind her back. Her legs were bound at the ankles and knees, tight enough that she could feel them through her ankle-length dress, feeling her body starting to warm up. And there was a crotch-rope as well, not as snug as it needed to be to get her off because of the dress, but she could tense up against it, and feel herself getting more excited. Even the thin leather collar around her neck felt like it was kissing her skin!

She twisted her feet, heels scraping along the plastic step she was stood on. Rin could feel the rope up her back, connected to the harness and the ropes on her arms, connected to a beam above her. The crowd was staring at her, adding to her internal heat, even though they were hard to see past the glare of the spotlights. Two other maids were tied up in the same positions as her, one on either side, both of them also squirming against their ropes, making little sighs and mews of satisfaction.

‘Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!’ The Bunnybitch swished her crop, slapping it against the stocking-covered leg of one of the other maids, making them yelp in pain. ‘We have a lot of entertainments scheduled for you, and a full staff of maids to pleasure yourselves with! And I see that a few of you have already started to partake!’

She gestured with the crop, one of the spotlights rolling forward, highlighting the black-and-white outfit of a maid, down on her knees, head bobbing back and forth in front of the waist of one of the customers, illuminated mid blowjob.

‘Well, that’s what the maids are here for! All of them are here to serve, in any way that might be required. And first up, we have a display of three of our maids! The lovely Rin, Miss Violet and Sally.’

She turned around, looking up at Rin with a sharp smile, Rin able to see the lights gleaming off the Bunnybitch’s slender body, sheathed in a black bunnygirl outfit, with a leather officer’s cap on her head. She approached, Rin tensing up as the crop came forward, the impact absorbed by her dress. It slid upwards, slapping against her buttock, the impact making her tense up, the crotch rope pulling even tighter inside of her.

The woman drew her leg back, before kicking away the plastic step. Rin dropped, the rope catching and supporting her, tightening around her body. Her breasts were now under greater pressure, ropes compressing them, embracing all around her body. And between her legs! The crotch-rope pressed even deeper into her crotch, her pussy-walls feeling the taut cords and strands. A lot of her weight was now on her crotch as she swayed in the air, feet off the floor.

She knew that a blush of desire was spreading over her face and let it flow through her, as she twisted and squirmed, showing herself off as best she could given the position she was in. The other maids were treated the same, each squealing in turn as they dropped down, slowly twisting around, getting teased and pleased by the ropes. The feeling was exhilarating, an inescapable embrace, pressing tightly into her skin, into the most sensitive parts of her body. She wriggled around more, leaning into the sensations, letting herself feel pleasure.

‘A very special offer! All three of these lovely maids have been generous to put themselves up for auction. The winner of each will be the first to break in each of our three new rooms, each made with a specific theme – there’s the steel room, for those that like cold, hard metal and heavy chains! The breathing room, filled with all sorts of gasmasks and other breathplay devices! And the pit, with a medieval theme! All just finished, and all ready for your use!’

The crowd cheered, Rin still squirming in her ropes, trying not to slip into a complete daze of lust, wondering which she’d end up in – all the metal stuff looked interesting, but quite heavy and hard work, while the pit was just dusty and grimy, and the breathing room reeked of rubber and latex. The growing warmth between her legs, as she swung back and forth, was getting harder and harder to ignore though – she’d have to be careful not to climax just from that!

‘And first up, the bidding for the lovely Rin! As always, her cute asshole is off-limits, but otherwise she’s willing, able and very obedient! Do I have a starting bid?’

There was movement in the crowd, the bidding heating up, Rin doing her best to smile and pose for the audience, feeling little burst-spikes of pleasure every time she tensed her body at all, the swinging movement making the ropes into a deliciously teasing embrace. It barely seemed any time at all before the crop sliced through the air, striking against her butt, hard enough to jerk her from the lust-daze she was in.

‘And gone! For 400!’ Another crop-strike, barely giving Rin any warning as her ropes suddenly dropped, lowering her to the floor. The hard, teasing embrace faded as slack entered the ropes, and she managed, just, to stay standing. The Bunnybitch had to reach upwards to clip a leash onto Rin’s collar, handing the other end over to a well-dressed man.

She was pulled forward, having to making awkward hops and jumps, her legs still bound together. This made the crotch-rope jolt and twist inside of her, chafing her pussy-walls and turning her on even more. Combined with her high heels, keeping her balance was a struggle – and the man kept pulling on the leash, giving her no chance to recover! Being treated so forcefully made her start to blush, as she was dragged away from the crowd, towards the new rooms. Which one would he choose?

Her breathing got faster and faster, the rope starting to absorb her pussy-juices, still rubbing and teasing her. She just followed the pull of the leash, trying to keep jumping forward, her ankles aching from the strain of the leaps and landings, making her wish she’d gone for something shorter than 3-inch heels!

A door opened, cooler air brushing over her face, helping to dispel some of her lust. The reek of rubber filled her nose, lights blinking on to illuminate rows of gasmasks, breather-tanks, and a heavy metal chair to strap someone into, along with chains dangling from the ceiling, tipped with cuffs. A massive bed was made up with latex sheets, while a vac-cube was in the corner, the walls currently flat, not yet sucked in.

She was pulled towards the center of the room and then the leash was detached and tossed away, before a hand pushed down onto her shoulder. She was glad of the break, dropping to her knees, already opening her mouth on reflex, a cock appearing in front of her face.

‘You know what to do.’

‘Yes, Master!’ She lent into the task, sucking and licking and kissing, as he stroked himself. He was a good length, nice and long and hard, and nice and clean as well. With her arms still bound, she could only use her mouth, licking over the tip, enjoying the taste.

At the last moment, he pulled back, making a sigh of pleasure as he ejaculated over her face. She could feel the hot, wet clamminess of it, as the cum splatted over her face, soaking into her skin. And the cum-scent sent her senses further into desire, making her even more aware of the

teasing rope. As she reveled in the cum, unable to wipe it off even if she wanted to, the man turned away, coming back with one of the gasmasks. She had a brief glimpse of the thing – dull black rubber with hints of metal, with a little glass vial to one side of the lump of the mouth, a rubber bulb coming off it – before it was pushed against her face.

The rubber was soft enough to form a tight seal over her face, her vision now limited, through just the eyeholes. And it made the scent of the cum even stronger, without it being able to fade away! Every time she inhaled, it caught in her nose and in the back of her throat, making her eyes prickle, and soon she was panting, caught up in her own heat. The mask was restricting her airflow as well, not letting her take the full, deep breaths her body wanted, the valve in the way, while also making it impossible for her voice to be heard.

‘You have such lovely eyes!’ A finger tapped against the eye-lenses, startling her from her daze. ‘So wide and big – and there’s no escaping the cum, is there?’

Rin could feel herself whine, but not hear anything, the rubber of the mask swallowing the sound up.

‘Let’s get those ropes off, I want you nice and exposed. You’re costing me a lot, so I want a good show!’

She strained against the ropes, feeling them push back against her arms, indenting themselves into her skin. With a single tug, the knot was undone, the arm harness slithering to the floor, before the man took a step back, watching her. It was an effort to force herself to focus, but she managed to untie the chest-harness, feeling her skin prickle as blood started to flow back towards the pinched and compressed skin, gasping from the sensation, feeling more of the cum-scent ooze into her. Her knees were next, then her ankles, before she released the crotch-rope, feeling disappointment as the tight bundle of knots was pulled from her slit, visibly damp with her juices.

‘And your uniform. Your master wants to see your body.’

She curtseyed, starting to remove it – taking the apron off and neatly folding it, then unzipping her dress and pulling that off. Beneath she was just wearing lingerie – a lace bra, a thong, along with stockings and suspenders. The collar around her neck was feeling even tighter now, a heat burning her up from inside, and she couldn’t resist stroking herself, running a hand up from her crotch, over her flat belly, then feeling one of her breasts, before her fingers slid over the leather band of the collar. When she pressed down on it, she could feel the pressure against her skin, a dazed, almost drunken feeling, mixing with the heady daze the cum was making her feel.

‘I can see why you’re one of the most popular here!’

The praise made her blush, and she curtseyed, hands plucking at a skirt that wasn’t there, before she slowly twisted around, showing off her ass and back, twisting at the hips to make her buttocks nice and taut. A hand spanked against her butt, hard enough to make her rock forward, a sharp, sudden strike that faded into a hot glow across both buttocks. Her sharp intake of breath pulled the cum-taste deep into her mouth, making her thoughts even fuzzier, her vision starting to narrow, even more than could be explained by the narrow eyeholes of the mask.

‘I’ve wanted a solo session with you, but the queue is too long! So I’m going to have to make the most of this. And I want the taste and scent of my cum to be something you never forget!’

The cum was slowly oozing down her face, and she was able to lick at a trickle of it, the taste flaring in intensity as it covered her tongue. Another spank, before an arm wrapped around her waist and dragged her backwards and then down, and she found herself sat on the edge of the

bed, between the man's spread legs. She could feel his cock, hard again already, pushing against her bare back, already damp from her licking.

'On your knees, facing me.'

She obeyed, dropping down between his legs, having to look directly ahead, otherwise he was in her blocked peripheral vision. He slipped a condom on, her head dipping forward on reflex, before he pushed her back.

'Use your breasts. I want to see those lovely bright eyes of yours!'

She shuffled forward a little, pushing her breasts together, using them to massage the cock-shaft. It was warm, hard and sheathed in the condom, the man sighing in pleasure as she leaned into it. The pressure in her chest was growing steadily – there was enough airflow that it didn't hurt, but she was having to gasp and pant to draw it in, more and more strain building up. The man's eyes stared down at her, entrancing her, and she fell into a steady rhythm, squeezing her breasts and using her body as a sex-toy, trying to get him off.

She couldn't see fully, but could hear him, his pants and gasps getting louder. Even through the condom, his cock was still sensitive, reacting as she massaged it between her breasts, the collar feeling like a firm hand on her throat, a constant and pleasurable pressure. It didn't take long before he groaned again, and she felt the cock twitch and tense, the tip of the condom filling with cum.

Rin was panting as well, her senses all focused on the feeling of the cock between her breasts, still feeling the semen-splashes down her face, breathing through her nose and letting the scent flow into her. She was wet between her legs, shifting her thighs against each other, wanting to stroke herself, but she hadn't been commanded to do that yet.

The man peeled the condom of his cock, Rin feeling her tongue loll from her mouth, wanting to taste it, fresh and hot, despite being sealed into the gasmask. Instead, he pulled her close and pulled at the glass vial, opening it up and squeezing out the contents of the condom into it. When he put it back and squeezed the vial, a puff of cum-infused air wafted across her face, the scent even more intense and vivid, making her head pound with desire.

'Up.'

She didn't even realize she had obeyed until she was pushed backwards, strong hands grabbing her wrists and pulling her arms apart, metal cuffs clicking around her wrists. Then one of her ankles was grabbed, her leg bending at the knee, another cuff going around her knee, this one aching slightly as her weight made it bite into her skin.

Rin wobbled, shifting her other foot on the ground, trying to balance on one heel, feeling the strain and tension build, all up that leg.

'I can see why you're so popular! Your body is *amazing*. And you're certainly eager.'

A finger pushed against her crotch, the lace offering no protection, a shivering thrill racing through her body, making her shake around. The limited air was getting to her now, her brain entirely focused on the taste and scent of the cum, and the gently probing finger between her legs, as it teased her further.

And then a sudden, sharp pussy-slap, making her gasp, head sagging backwards, her hair sliding over her back.

'A masochistic maid! So much fun to play with. I think it'll take these as a trophy though.' Her thong was ripped away with a single yank, her hips coming forward, her body yearning for more touches there, wanting to be filled and *fucked*. Another puff of mind-melting, cum-laden air blew across her face, before she was slapped in the crotch again, unable to hear her own whines and whimpers.

Her breasts were next – his hands slid beneath the cups of her bra, squeezing at her, pinching at her nipples and using them to stretch them out. The crushing fingers sent deliciously hot surges of pain into her chest, making her squirm around, trapped on one leg, fully exposed, wanting to be used. And she could feel his cock, now hard again, brushing against her stomach, its presence teasing her – so close, but she couldn't do anything to bring it into herself! All she could do was shift and shiver, made mute by the gasmask.

‘What a slutty maid you are!’ Another cunt-slap, although this one was lighter, sending sparks of pleasure-pain directly into Rin's crotch, her senses entirely focused down there. She kept twitching her hips backwards and forwards, grinding against empty air, as he took hold of his cock and positioned it, then pushed forward.

The moment of penetration shot through her, making Rin's vision flicker as pleasure took hold of her entirely. In her restrained position, she was entirely at his mercy, unable to beg him to move faster, filling his cock push into her. She was so wet that it was easy, her body tensing up around it, desperate for the sensation, as she drowned in the cum-scent, trying to use her arms to keep herself stable, but having to lean on him for support. One of his arms wrapped around her waist, letting him push and pull Rin as he wanted to, while the other spanked her backside, making her gasp again.

Her body was meltingly hot, sweat starting to make her hair cling down her back, the heat even worse inside the mask, making the cum-scent even stronger. The cock was fully sheathed within her now, as she was pulled back and forth, completely at his mercy. Her pussy was tight around the length, everything else fading away, even the spanks doing barely anything to distract her.

The orgasm came, powerful enough to drown everything else out, making her toes curl up, a whole-body spasm, and she would have collapsed if she hadn't been suspended by the chains. The aftermath kept making her twitch around, her head sagging backwards, her view becoming nothing but the ceiling. She was so starved for air she felt as though she were melting and flying, all at once, feeling as he came, his cum starting to trickle out of her.

‘We've got plenty of time still. Another time for me to have some more fun!’ He spanked her, helping her return to her senses, just a little, managing to tilt herself back forward. ‘Give me a minute to recover – I wonder how much cum I can pump into you, before I have to let you go?’ A puff on the vial, and she was drowning in the scent again, her thoughts scrambled and melting away, back into the cum-haze, her body ready to be used again.

Chapter Seven: A Night at the Races

‘You’re late! Come on, get into place!’ A hand grabbed at Sophie’s arm, pulling her forward, hard, tight fingers squeezing at her skin, as the Bunnybitch hauled her forward, yanking her off balance. The squeezing grip hurt, making Sophie yelp in pain, staggering a little on her heels. Higher than she was used to, but she was still shorter than most people here. Finding ones that fit her had taken a while, digging through the racks of shoes, but she was here now – the Bunnybitch didn’t need to be so rough!

‘Mess up the schedule again and I’ll give you a public spanking – although maybe you’re enough of a pervert you’ll enjoy it?’

The thought did send a pleasing tingle through her body, despite the annoyance of being dragged around. A large part of the café had been cleared, some sort of track set up there, metal rails in straight, parallel lines. At the far end were metal... carts? Maids were mounted on some of them, black skirts and white aprons standing out atop the metal.

She gulped when she saw the unoccupied one that was presumably hers – the thing was a steep-sided wedge, a triangular shape that would put all of her weight onto her crotch. The other maids had a variety of expressions – Rin was sat there with a surprising amount of poise, shoulders high and straight, a faint smile on her face, despite heavy cuffs binding her ankles to the top of the wedge, her legs bent backwards. Velvet, next to her, was less restrained, her face flushed, wriggling her hips, bound in the same way as she ground herself against it.

Sophie let herself get dragged closer, seeing Sabrina mounted on another, pushing down against it with her hands, trying to hold as much of her weight off it as possible, making cute little mewls and squeaks.

‘Mount up! We’re already running late, so be quick about it.’

The Bunnybitch shoved Sophie forward, crop slapping against her backside with a sharp, stinging strike. Sophie tried to obey as quickly as possible, mounting the wedge, glad that her skirt was short enough not to get in the way. The top of it was a metal triangle, flattened a little, but still sharp enough make her ache and throb as she put her weight onto it, the bare skin of her crotch getting compressed. Twisting around to reach for the ankle-cuffs made her gasp more, even her own slight weight a teasing torment!

It took her several tries to buckle them shut, her legs now bent behind herself, her thighs clamping onto the metal wedge to try and ease the pressure, the metal cold, smooth and hard against her soft skin. There didn’t seem to be any way to get comfortable, and she could feel the wedge pushing up against her, poking into her inner thigh. No wonder Velvet was wriggling and blushing so much – she was taller and curvier, with more weight being put onto her pussy! Although how Rin was managing, Sophie wasn’t sure – the other woman was tall enough that there should be significant weight on her crotch, but she seemed to be maintaining an almost serene calm!

After some wriggling, Sophie managed to find a slight dip in the wedge, her body settling there, unable to prevent herself from squirming and twitching still. It wasn’t easy to even use her hands to push herself upwards – pressing down onto the wedge just hurt her palms!

‘Good evening, honored guests and masters! Tonight, we have some special entertainment for you all – a race between some of our lovely maids! Each one has been mounted atop a metal horse, rubbing them in all the right places.’

Sophie grimaced, squirming again, her ankles knocking against the wedge. And after all the trouble she’d gone to with the heels!

‘When the race starts, then each time they squeeze their lovely thighs, then their mount will move forward. However, each time they do that, the dildo mounted inside their mounts will rise up and start to vibrate. The more they move, the more of a distraction they have to endure!’

The Bunnybitch walked down the line of mounted maids, approaching towards Sophie, holding leather straps in her hand, metal balls dangling down.

‘Some of our more petite maids have an advantage, as they are so dainty that the wedge doesn’t torment them properly. And so they need a little handicap.’

Sophie tried to twist away, her ankles knocking against the metal again. She wasn’t *that* light, the wedge still pressed against her! The Bunnybitch wrapped the leather strap around her thigh, letting the ball drop, dragging Sophie down, making her gasp. When this was done on the other side, both the weights made the wedge even more of a torment, as she tried to tense her thighs enough to prevent herself being tormented by it.

‘Little Sophie here is one of our new girls! Available for rent, once she’s done here.’

Sophie made herself smile for the audience, enjoying the faint murmur of approval that came back at her. The pressure of her own body, forcing her to rub against the metal, was turning her on just as much as it hurt though, heat building up in her torso.

‘To prevent excess wriggling, hands will be cuffed.’ The Bunnybitch clicked her fingers, and Sophie felt someone else grab her wrists, pulling them behind her, metal cuffs clicking into place. Now her wrists were locked to the back-pommel of the wedge, limiting her movements even more, and meaning that it was impossible to spread any weight off her thighs and crotch.

‘Some lucky maids have even had “gifts” from their fans.’ The Bunnybitch smiled at Sophie, showing her teeth as she held up some clamps, small lump-weights attached. Sophie tried to twist away, but gasped as that changed where her weight pressed against her, feeling metal bite into her nipple, her dress offering little protection. The weights made her want to bend forward, but with her wrists cuffed behind her, that just made her lean onto the wedge even more!

‘Soon, honored guests, the maids will be ready for the race. Once it begins, then bets can be placed – and payment can also be given to make the ride more entertaining for any of the racers!’

Sophie could hear more metal clicking into place as the other maids were cuffed, as well as soft little gasps and moans, equal parts pain and arousal, clamps getting applied to breasts. From her position, it was hard for Sophie to see much, with the other maids all being in line with her, but she could see clamps on Sabrina’s chest now, shaking up and down as the other woman wriggled around, testing the limits of her movement. The track, that had seemed so short to start with, now seemed a vast distance, with guests all staring at her, making excited murmurs.

The pinching pain in her breasts grew, turning into a steady, aching throb, and Sophie had to force herself not to pant, not wanting the pain to get even worse. The constant need to shift and shuffle was the worst part – there simply wasn’t any position that was comfortable for more than a few seconds, and now her pussy and inner thighs were getting sore from her own weight, making the pressure-pain worse and worse!

The Bunnybitch stalked to the end of the track, raising her hand high in the air.

‘Ready, set... GO!’

Her hand chopped down, Sophie's wedge sliding forward a little, making her jolt around. She gasped, feeling the movement through her entire body, her breast-weights shaking around. To her side, she could hear gasps and metallic squeaks, another of the wedge-horses moving forward slightly. She tensed her thighs, pressing them against the metal, glad of the way that it drained off some of her body-heat.

The thing lurched forward, movement rough and harsh, making Sophie gasp again. Something nudged up against her pussy lips, pushing with enough force to enter into her. She tensed her thighs again, managing to move forward more, but the shaft rose up deeper into her, skewering her insides. She tried rising up, not wanting the distraction, but the sides of the wedge were too sheer for her to get any purchase, her skin now clammy with sweat, sliding around on the metal.

Another squeeze, and more movement, but she could feel the dildo-shaft stirring again inside of her, the strength fading from her thighs and hips. All of the other maids were advancing as well, whining and gasping, as they tensed and relaxed. Movement seemed tiny, each squeezing of thighs producing just the slightest amount of forward thrust.

With the cock pushed into her, there was no way for her move and get it out – Sophie had to endure the constant presence of it, able to feel the ridges and bumps all over the length of it. When she tried to lean forward, wanting to relieve the pressure, the cuffs bit into her wrists limiting her movements, pinching at her wrists. If she gave in, and let herself orgasm, she'd never be able to recover in time to make it to the end – and that would probably get her punished or something!

She shook her body, trying to rouse herself, feeling the nipple-clamps shake around, the weights stretching and dragging on her. The prickling pain in her nipples was getting worse, the metal biting and pinching, making it hard to keep her breathing under control.

The pain suddenly increased as the weights started to buzz and vibrate, increasing the pain. Her reflexive squirm just made them hurt even more, a futile attempt to shake them off, the sensation stabbing deep into her, her breath catching in her throat. That wasn't fair! Even though some of the other maids had them as well – or throat-constricting collars, impeding their efforts as well.

Turning her head twisted her body as well, making the cock twist against her. She managed to tense her thighs again, making the wedge lurch forward. The movements were jerky and spasmodic, the dildo vibrating faster inside of her. She moaned, the sound getting swallowed up amongst the gasps from the other maids. How much further had she moved? It seemed barely any distance at all!

Another tensing of her thighs, and then she had to stop, unable to progress without needing to cool down. The dildo was still inside of her, but at least it wasn't moving now. To her side, she could see Velvet, puffing and panting, skin starting to shine with sweat. Even Rin was showing some strain, her normally-pale skin tinged with a pink flush, her nipples visible through her dress.

The crowd were cheering, Sophie's blush deepening. But winning was always better than losing! She managed to tense her thighs up again, the metal wedge now warmed by her legs, starting to get damp with her own sweat. If she did well, then she might draw in more customers! She focused ahead of herself, as best she could, the Bunnybitch posing and flaunting herself for the crowd. There was now a whip in her hand, the long cord trailing along the ground as she thrust her butt out towards the audience, then flicked it through the air.

It sliced above her head, the sound making Sophie flinch, before it shot forward, striking against the body of another maid. The yelp of pain was even louder than the other groans of denied pleasure, the Bunnybitch's arm circling through the air, bringing it back around, sending it forward again.

Sophie tried to force herself to move, having to fight the urge to relax into the orgasm, making progress, little by little. Was she doing well? It was hard to tell where everyone else was – Velvet was lagging behind, her pants more and more orgasmic, her body twitching around. The whip stuck at her, leaving a red welt-mark across her chest, making her yelp in pain.

Her vision blurred, the white skin of the Bunnybitch glowing under the spotlights, her arm twisting above her head before the whip was launched forward. Sophie felt the impact, slicing into her skin, making her moan with pain. It tore into her outfit, shredding away fabric, and making her breasts shake around, weights dragging on them. Where the whip had struck, her skin ached, the feeling settling deep into her, twisting into her stretched out breasts. The weights were still buzzing and vibrating by themselves, the things dancing and shaking, so she could never tune out that feeling either!

The background sounds started to faded away as Sophie focused herself entirely on trying to balance movement and not making herself cum, letting herself cool down just a little bit, but that was getting harder and harder. Someone started to moan, loud and passionate, pushed past their own limits, slamming into an orgasm. She couldn't recognize who it was from their voice, and didn't want to distract herself by looking – and knew that twisting around would just make her breasts get tortured even more!

Each twitching, uneven burst of forward motion seemed calculated to be as agonizingly teasing and painful as possible, making her crotch shake over the wedge, the dildo twisting inside of her. But she was moving, despite that, getting closer and closer to the end! Her pussy was hot now, the dampness mingling with the sweat from her legs, her thighs getting sticking, the metal wedge now absorbing her heat.

Sophie's breathing was ragged and raw, her heart pounding in her chest, every shaking twitch of the breast-clamps sending more pulses of pain into her body. Another whip-slash tore into her body, ripping away more of her dress, the biting agony helping her to focus, gaze fixed on the slender body of the Bunnybitch, figure outlined by spotlights from above, outfit highlighting her narrow waist. Was she being singled out for punishment? The slash-sear was a diagonal pain over her belly, throbbing with heat.

Several more twitches of her legs in quick succession, and then she had to stop, or else she'd collapse into her own full-body orgasm. From what she could hear, all the other maids were in the same state, groans and moans impossible to tell apart. She risked a quick glance to the side, seeing that Velvet hadn't moved since her orgasm, now slumped to the side atop her wedge. Rin's lips formed a perfect, red "O" shape, eyes rolled back in her head, intensely erotic even as she slipped towards an orgasm herself, her hair starting to slide out of its long, sleek ponytail. Sabrina was still managing to make progress, yelping in pain as she was whipped, her clothing starting to fall apart, torn by the repeated lashes.

It was an effort to force herself to force herself to move more, her body wanting nothing more than to just fall into the orgasm, but she wanted to finish the race! She pushed inwards with her thighs as hard as she could, managing to raise herself up a little, the dildo-pressure easing. The wedge moved forward as she wriggled herself from side to side, shifting where her weight was, the cock-head still teasing her, but at least she wasn't completely stuffed now! Her

vision was blurry, her focus almost entirely on the desire she felt, everything else fading away except the pain in her tits, but she was getting closer and closer to the line!

Then her strength gave out, and she sank back down, impaling herself on the cock again, the thing filling her up, the full length slamming into her at once. Her spine arched backwards, the dildo stretching her insides around itself, the bright and flaring release so close! Her nails bit into her palms, just about enough pain to give her focus to keep her from giving in. Was she in first place? The Bunnybitch was saying something, but her mind was too filled with sensations to make sense of it, her thoughts full of bright, sparking mush.

She leaned forward again, ignoring the biting pain of the cuffs, rocking her entire body in the hopes that it would make the wedge shake forward and get this over with, before she gushed everywhere. Time skipped and warped, her eyes closing for longer and longer periods, sinking into the deep and sensual darkness, only pulled out of it by whip-slashes across her body, her clothing now almost completely torn away.

Just a little more... a little more... little more... The roaring of the crowd slammed into her – was that her name? She couldn't tell, barely able to keep her eyes open, her thighs twitching and spasming on their own, their rhythm out of her control. Again and again and again, each movement making the cock slam and twist and writhe inside of her.

And then the pressure on her tits changed, and she forced her eyes open to see the Bunnybitch reaching for her, releasing one of the clamps. As blood flowed back into the crushed nipple, she moaned, then gave up, unable to hold back the orgasm. It poured into her, her body completely out of control, spasming and twitching, the only thing keeping her from falling her own weight, and the way that she was impaled on the dildo-shaft.

‘...surprise winner, it's one of our newest maids, Sophie!’

A slap to the face helped her wake up more, and she tried to make herself smile, knowing her face was a slack and dribbling mess.

‘Now available for hire – although she might need some time to freshen up!’

Even after the weights were released, she was too weak to move herself, simply panting there, trying to get her strength back. But surely now she might get more customers? At least, once she could move again...

Chapter Eight: Caitlyn's Appointment

A crop flicked through the air, Caitlyn too slow to react, hissing in pain as it slapped against her buttocks, with enough force to sting even through her dress. She turned, forcing herself to smile as she faced the Bunnybitch, looking down on the shorter woman, able to see the black sheen from the top of her military cap.

'Lift your skirt. She's paying a lot for this, so I need to check you're properly dressed.'

Caitlyn sighed but obeyed, lifting her ankle-length skirt up, exposing her stocking-clad legs and lingerie panties – a specific request, that had arrived earlier that day. With the skirt in her hands, she couldn't protect herself as the crop tapped against her crotch, not full-force, but still hard enough to sting. And making her even more aware of the vibe buried inside of herself!

'Good. It's rare to get such a specific request. And gifts as well!' The crop flicked again, Caitlyn managing to twist herself to take the hit on her hip rather than her pussy. 'She's picked the red room, and even paid for champagne and food. Enough for two, so you get a meal out of it. And you've read the request list?'

'Yes.'

'And she's booked you all night – so give her something to remember. She's had you before, so you should know what she likes.'

As the Bunnybitch withdrew the crop, Caitlyn let her skirt drop, the next strike hitting against fabric rather than skin.

'Try to look a little more enthusiastic! Unless she's into that? Now get going – for what she's paying, you don't want to be late.'

As Caitlyn walked away, there was another impact against her butt, Caitlyn trying to ignore the faint sting of pain. She took a deep breath, giving her hair a final twist and tweak, making sure her makeup was immaculate (even if it would likely be a mussed mess by the end of the night!) and her outfit was just as requested. The leather cuffs on her wrists and ankles were fresh and new, another gift that had arrived that morning, custom made just for her, with only one hole on each. They seemed to drag at her limbs, making them just a little heavier, their presence impossible to ignore.

The same for her collar – a perfect, snug fit, ruby-red leather around her neck, making her skin tingle constantly. It was like a hand curved over her throat, not quite squeezing, but a constant presence that she couldn't ignore, her breathing too light, making her head feel empty and light.

The other maids were all getting dressed, the changing room a flurry of lace, petticoats, perfume and makeup, a few of them squeaking into latex or rubber, tottering on heels or getting bound into corsets. She wouldn't be working the main floor tonight – for the rest of the evening, she'd be in the red room. At least that was better than the black, with all the heavy rubber, suction pumps and sensory deprivation tanks, but it was still well-equipped, with a lot of heavy wooden equipment, all made to look as luxurious and glamorous as possible.

As she walked, she tried to settle herself, inhaling deeply, but that just made her feel the collar even more, the thick band of leather pressing back against her skin. It somehow felt hot

against her body, hotter than the leather should have allowed for, and sliding a finger beneath it just made it tighten up. And the custom fighting made it impossible to loosen off without taking it off entirely!

All she could do was go to the red room – in a back passageway, the door marked by being painted a bright, brilliant red, standing out against the dull concrete surroundings. Outside, she hesitated, before raising her hand and knocking, waiting for a response that didn't come. Well, she had never been punctual before, so that hadn't changed at least!

Inside, everything was red – red leather cushions and padding on the queening chair, the bed set with red sheets and pillows, even the lights tinted, casting everything in a crimson haze. One the bed was another display box, this one with a handwritten note: *I'm running late, put this on and prepare yourself*. It was a leather hood – red, of course, matching the room, but well-made. Putting it on would blind her, but there was no choice except to obey.

She knew where to go – the middle of the room, at the foot of the bed, where chains dangled down, ending with metal clips. The hood slid over her head and face, blanking out her senses, restricting her breathing again. And the inside had been sprayed with a perfume she recognized, the scent worming deep into her nose, activating her memory, sending a deep shiver of lust through her body. Caitlyn had to fumble for the clips, snapping them over her cuff-rings, holding her arms up and outstretched, slightly taller than was comfortable.

The darkness was unnervingly soothing, her head emptying of thought, despite the discomfort of the position, with her arms stretched upwards. There was no sound, and the hood only had small nose-holes, limiting her air, making her feel like she was drowning in the perfume. Her mind drifted, conjuring up phantom fingers, that slid over her body, caressing and stroking, feeling herself heat up. Whenever she moved her arms, she could just about hear the faint clinking of chains, but there was no way for her to release herself – not until her client arrived!

She tensed her thighs, feeling the vibrator buried inside of herself. It was just a passive lump, not moving, with the battery held on her thigh by a strap. It would have been nicer if at least that was turned on! More memories trickled into mind – of being stroked and teased, fingers twisting within her as she strained against ropes, mouth sealed with a gag, caught in the darkness of a blindfold, hearing a soft and sultry voice.

The thoughts were intoxicating, but also dangerous. How long had she been in that position, of being at another's beck and call? Desperate and eager to serve, begging for please, yearning for her mistress' touch?

A soft buzzing started within her pussy, the vibrator activating. It felt good, sending strong waves of pleasure through her body, making her gasp, gulping in more of the perfume-addled air. The vibrations weren't enough to get off from, but it felt *good*.

A hand slapped against her backside, making her step forward, arms getting stretched by the chains. She could barely breathe, feeling the leather pull against her mouth. A body pressed against her from behind, hands coming around and cupping her breasts. She could feel their softness, her breath catching in her throat.

'It's been a while, hasn't it? Since you failed the tray game the last time we met, and now it's time for some fun.' The hands groped her breasts, the vibrator continuing to buzz and tease her, making her twist her hips, wanting it to move faster. The hands let go, before pulling her skirt up and reaching beneath, feeling between her legs.

‘And I see you’ve received my gifts as well. How lovely and soft!’ Two fingers pressed against her panties, making her shiver from just that light touch. ‘I see that your measurements haven’t changed – the collar is a perfect fit!’

All Caitlyn could do was pant and gasp, her head sagging forward.

‘Don’t go passing out on me! I’ve booked you for the whole evening. And even arranged food. It won’t be as nice as your cooking though.’ The fingers kept stroking, slow and gentle, stoking the fire starting to burn within Caitlyn’s body. ‘I can feel that you’re still nice and responsive in the same places! I wonder, have you reconsidered my offer?’

‘Hahhhh...’ All Caitlyn could do was pant and gasp, her body entirely at the woman’s mercy, intense heat starting to blossom within her, her panties starting to dampen. It was hard to think, as a hand came up to the bottom of the hood, rolling it up, letting her gulp in a deep pant of air. Fingers grasped her chin, turning her head, before she was kissed on the lips, a tongue pushing into her mouth, the taste of the other woman swelling on her tongue.

‘It’s been too long since I’ve had the pleasure of your body. To think, you used to be my personal maid – and now you work here, servicing anyone with the money to rent you for a few minutes.’

It was hard to keep track of the woman’s location, Caitlyn struggling not to fall into a haze of desperate desire, shivering every time she was touched. The vibrator inside her body was buzzing faster now, stirring up more and more excitement.

‘Please...’ She twisted her hips, wanting the vibrations to get even more intense, to push her over the edge, into the bliss of orgasm.

‘Remember that you’re here to entertain me! Don’t want you to have too much fun.’ Another kiss, long and slow, stealing away her air, and letting her feel the soft curves of the woman’s body. ‘At least, not yet. What should I do first? That bunny-brat gave me permission to damage your uniform – for what I’m paying, this place can buy another.’

The metallic snipping sound of scissors, and then the touch of metal against her back, slicing easily through her dress. It peeled away from his skin, pulled away by its own weight, pooling around her feet, and soon it had all been cut away, leaving her in just her lingerie and stockings.

‘A much better look for you! I’ve missed being able to look at you whenever I want to.’

She scratched her hand over Caitlyn’s belly, scratching at the exposed skin, little stings of pain soaking into Caitlyn, adding to her daze of confusion.

‘Have you been working out more? You feel firmer than you used to. Or maybe I was spoiling you with too many treats? But watching you eat cake from your dog bowl was too cute! Especially with your hands cuffed behind your back. Watching your ass waggle was adorable! And it was even better when it was plugged and covered with spank-marks.’

A hand slapped against her backside, a stinging spank that made her gasp, still blinded by the hood.

‘I... I just needed some space!’

‘Well, at least you’re still easy to find.’ Another spank, before she walked away, Caitlyn sagging in her restraints. ‘But I do want you back. I’ve not been able to find anyone quite as skilled as you. And as lovely, of course. I expect that working here has taught you a lot – I bet you’re a lot more used to taking it in the ass now.’

Cold metal brushed against her pussy-lips, and Caitlyn whimpered, before feeling spiked clamps bite into the soft skin, making her gasp in pain. A weight was dragging at her, stretching out her lips. She tried to drop down, to relieve herself, but the chains on her wrists weren’t long enough. As she moved, whatever the weight was swung, adding to her torment.

‘That’s more like it! You’re beautiful, but so much more when you’re suffering. And you like it as well, don’t you?’

The next spank was even harder, with enough force to make her rock forward, a wave of momentum passing into the pussy-weight, making it swing and drag, stretching out her lips again. And the heat inside her pussy was growing, even more than the vibe excused!

‘Mhrrr... I... Please, Mistress, let me...’

‘Oh, so you do remember how to speak to me?’ Another kiss, rougher now, a hand grabbing the back of her neck. She was almost delirious, lost in the sensations, memories flooding through her. The only thing keeping her grounded was the constant, dragging pain on her pussy-lips, stopping her from fading away into the darkness.

‘Hmm, I see you’ve got a few other marks.’ Nails jabbed at her body – a few other bruises and scratches, from other customers. ‘That means I’ll have to mark you up as well.’ Nails scratched *hard* down her back, painful enough to make her gasp, head sagging backwards. ‘I know where you’re most sensitive. All those nights together! And I know you enjoyed it just as much as I did.’

‘Yesssss... Yes, Mistress.’

Another nail-rake, marking her arch her back and gasp, leaning into the pressure, wanting it to be harder and harder, to be pushed more, to lose herself entirely in the pain. When she was spanked, she could hear the burst of heat flare on her buttocks, her skin soft and sensitive. She was moving so much that the pussy-weight was constantly moving now, swinging back and forth, and she panted in time with the swings, rocking her hips to try and ease the stretching pains.

Another spank, brutally, deliciously harsh, sparks bursting in her blinded vision. Hands stroked over her arms, nails scratching and jabbing, making her writhe and shake. Her arms were released, and she dropped into an awkward squat, the pussy-weight hitting the ground. The hood was yanked off, light bursting in her eyes, making her wince. A hand grabbed her hair, using that to drag her forward, forcing her onto all fours. As she crawled, the weight was dragged behind her, slowing her movements and making her moan and gasp. The vibrator was still turned on, making a cruel contrast with the pain of her pussy-lips.

There was no chance to look up, so all she could see were legs, wearing tight leather trousers, leading up to pert buttocks.

‘This is your natural place, isn’t it? You really do like being used. A shame that it’s men as well, but I suppose that’s who you are.’

There was no way to respond, Caitlyn unable to form anything more coherent than moans of aroused pain. She’d never experienced anything quite like before, even when she’d been degraded and hurt! It was driving all other thoughts from her head, making her want to just be *used*, tied down and fucked and hurt, until there was nothing else left, nothing of her that could even think.

‘Up on the bed.’

She whimpered, the bed now seemingly to be toweringly high, stretching far above her. She was dragged by the hair, forced to stand, the pain increasing on her crotch, making her whimper and gasp. When her head was shoved forward, she didn’t resist, falling onto the bed, feeling herself sink into the mattress, the sheets soft against her skin. And the pussy-weight wasn’t stretching her out anymore!

Caitlyn didn’t resist as her ankles were grabbed, legs spread, something clipping onto her ankle-cuffs, holding them there. Another few buttock-spanks, and then her arms were spread as

well, spread-eagling her, face-down, on the bed. The clamps still hurt, but not that much, letting her focus on the sensations of the vibrator, grinding her hips against the bedding.

‘Oh no, that’s not allowed! Naughty little slut. Hmm, I wonder how much it would cost to lock you into chastity? Maybe I should do that – if you want to keep working here, then you can, but you’ll be a little less free.’

‘Mrhhhh...’ Caitlyn could feel the warmth spreading through her body now, dampness starting to soak into the bedding.

‘Looks like you might be having a little too much fun! Can’t be having that.’

The vibe cut off, vibrations stopping, making Caitlyn whine with disappointment.

‘My offer is still open, you know. Even if you’re unwilling to be mine full-time, I think it would be good to rebuild our relationship. I suppose if you have to continue selling yourself here, then you can do so.’ Another spank, and then the pussy-clamps were released, blood surging back, making Caitlyn moan and whine in pain. ‘Would you like that, you dirty slut?’

‘Ahhhhh...’

Nails jabbed into her back, strong and hard, before slowly scraping downwards, making her writhe and shudder, unable to control herself.

‘Well? Your ex-mistress has asked you a question. Don’t you think you should respond?’ Another savage clawing motion, Caitlyn’s moans and pants louder now, until she buried her face in the mattress, to try and stifle the noise.

‘I wonder if you’ve learned to enjoy anal? You’re probably a lot looser than you were.’ The mattress shifted as the woman climbed onto the bed, her leather-wrapped legs brushing against Caitlyn’s skin. A rubbery lump pressed against her backside, Caitlyn tensing up against it, feeling it push against her asshole. It was lubed, starting to shove into her, as the woman’s weight pushed it down, forcing her asshole wide open. It hurt, stretching out the tight hole, but it added to her breathless delirium, and she rocked her hips, helping it slide deeper in.

‘Certainly more enthusiastic than you used to be! Dirty slut! But I suppose if you’re selling yourself by the hour, it’s not really a surprise.’ Each movement drove it deeper and deeper in, forcing her body wider, as nails kept scratching and scraping at her skin. All of her back was on fire with pain, her moan of pleasure getting swallowed by the mattress. Her whole body tingled, pain and pleasure mingling inside of her, a fierce passion she hadn’t felt for far too long!

A few more thrusts, and the dildo was fully buried inside of her ass, forcing her wide, making her pant and gasp. It was thrust back and forth, the woman riding her hard, scratching her more, her skin feeling like it was down to raw nerves. She couldn’t keep her eyes open, flicking in and out of darkness, barely on the edge of consciousness.

Whatever else the woman was saying, she couldn’t tell, all her focus on the pain of her back and in her ass. Her next moan echoed out, loud enough to make her blush, and then she felt it – an orgasm, strong and fierce, somehow provoked by the anal assault. She’d never had that before! But it felt so good, impossible to resist or deny, her asshole tightening around the fat shaft.

She sagged back down, still spreadeagled, barely conscious, still being mounted and fucked. Maybe letting Mistress own her, at least parttime, might be fun? Her thoughts drifted away, into vague, pained darkness...

Chapter Nine: First Times, Twice Over

‘OK, fine, I’ll do it.’ Rin looked down at the Bunnybitch, drawing herself up to her full height.

‘Hmm?’ The other woman was reaching upwards, trying to put glasses back onto a high shelf. Rin reached over her, taking the glasses from her and easily putting them into place.

‘Anal. I’ll do it. But with conditions!’

The Bunnybitch spun around, a smile on her face, sliding fingers over her crop. ‘Finally ready to have you asshole stretched out? Damn – what’s brought this on?’

‘Could do with the money. And, I won’t lie, a little curiosity, although it still seems a bit gross. But I’m not just doing it as a regular auction!’

As the crop moved, Rin grabbed at it, managing to get her hand around the shaft, twisting it out of the Bunnybitch’s grip.

‘Oh? What makes you think you’re so special? You’re not one of the queens.’

‘You know I could be – and also that I bring in a lot more for this place working the floor! I’m one of the top workers here, and the amount you’re raking in from my tips alone is worth listening to me. So I need this to be a little different.’ Rin put the crop down, out of reach of the Bunnybitch, being sure to keep her body between it and the woman. Despite being small, she was skilled with the thing, Rin’s body aching from the memories of all the times she’d been struck with it!

‘So what are they? I’m not making you a fourth queen – it’s hard enough keeping those three from killing each other, egotistical sluts.’

‘Trust me, I don’t want to be one! I like working the floor, it’s nice meeting people. And means I don’t need to commit to a schtick. No, this is different. Firstly, this is a one-off. Special auction, limited invites, private event.’

‘At least five winners. If you’re making this so exclusive, you need to let a couple of guests have their chance to stretch you out.’

‘Two.’

‘Three?’

‘Fine, three. And I want to domme you.’

The Bunnybitch tensed up, hand tightening as though she were still holding the crop. ‘Absolutely not! You maid-sluts are here to be fucked and used – and I’m here to keep you all under control.’

‘Oh? That’s not always true, is it. I was doing some research – and found out what you did before coming here. You were cuter a few years ago, “Bunny”. And a lot more obedient!’

The Bunnybitch made a strangled gasp, glancing around to see if anyone else was close to overhear, before glaring up at Rin, body tense, eyes narrowing. Her voice changed to a low hiss, hands in tense claws.

‘What the hell have you been doing?’

‘I was doing research – into other places like this. And found that you used to be the Bunnypet, not “Bunnybitch”. It was strange watching you being obedient and submissive! And

you didn't have the military cap, or the crop back then, did you? You had to follow the maids around, cleaning up after them, doing your cute little dance.' She made a heart shape with her hands on her chest, swaying her hips, smiling at the sheer annoyance on the Bunnybitch's face. 'Guess you got pissed off and angry somewhere along the line, and ended up like this? Not exactly a superhero origin story, but I managed to find a cache of pictures. Even a few videos - they're pretty low-res, but it's still obviously you.'

'Get rid of them! That was a long time ago.'

'It was. And they're not mine - they're just out there. Found them on an old web forum. But unless you want me to tell everyone else, maybe make a nice montage to throw up on the screens, then you might want to consider agreeing.'

'I'm not going to be your collared pet!'

'That's fine - petplay isn't really my thing. But I want to try domming a bit more, and we can charge a lot for that. A one-off, no recordings, limited audience - some of our guests have been coming for five years, could make it an anniversary event, super-exclusive, and *expensive*. And I want a cut of the take for that!' Rin was tempted to reach out and pat the woman on the head, but from the look on the Bunnybitch's face, she might get her hand bitten off! 'You've not served a guest in years - you have any idea how many of the guests mention you? Men and women both! Surprised you've not had any private sessions with them. But you should keep your hand in, get some practice with what the rest of us actually do, rather than just being the MC all the time.'

'I'm not performing!'

'You want me to do anal, then you are. We can talk over the specifics, but I want your cute little butt to get spanked, and a few other things. You might want to prepare a body stocking for afterwards to hide the marks!'

'I've not agreed to this yet.'

Rin stepped in close, using her height to loom over the Bunnybitch. It was strange to realize how small the woman actually was, having to crane her neck to look up at Rin's face.

'But you will - and you know it. You've been wanting to get me to take it in the ass for years, and you're not new to being a cute little sub. And you really don't want anyone else to know that, do you? Even though you were so cute, down on your knees, cleaning the shoes of your maid-mistress! You made such happy...'

'Dammit!' Dark shame covered the Bunnybitch's face. 'I never expected this from you! But you're taking 4 up the ass, and I'm going to train you first. Can't have my best girl limping around the place because she was enough of a dumb slut to rawdog four cocks up her precious, tight asshole. And this isn't a free-for-all - some stuff is off limits.'

Rin lowered herself down, until she was on level for the woman's face, smiling sweetly at her. It was easy to reach around, pulling the woman close, into a kiss, the Bunnybitch's body tensing up, her buttocks hard beneath Rin's grip. Despite that, she was still soft and warm, before she managed to twist her head away.

'I'm taking a cut of our... special event then.'

'Sure, sounds fair. Even though you're mostly going to be strapped down and taking it! We can talk over terms and what I can do to you in advance - it'll take some time to put the word out, start the rumor-mill going.'

'We can talk about that when I've got a strap-on deep in your butt!'

Rin smiled at her, squeezing the woman's backside, before drawing her into a hug and lifting her - the Bunnybitch was small enough that it was easy to just lift her up, trapping her in a

tight embrace. There was no way for the woman to avoid another kiss, Rin forcing her tongue into the other woman's mouth and then withdrawing.

'Not too rough, or the deal's off! I expect lots of lube, *Bunny*. Nice and sweet and gentle – just like how you used to be, when you were a cute, fluffy blonde. I have to say you do look better with black hair though, suits you. And the cap was a good idea, gives you a gimmick.'

The Bunnybitch just growled at her, wriggling around, unable to break free, a leg kicking against Rin's shin.

'And I'll be a good little maid, and not tell any of the other girls. Be awkward for you if anyone else were to know, right?' She could feel the vibrating growl rumble through the smaller woman's body, before putting her back down, stepping out of the way of a fumbling slap.

'Grrr... Dammit. Fine. We're going to talk over the terms. A *lot*. And you're coming with me now, so I can start training that asshole of yours. If you want to be the best, then you need to learn to take it rough and hard.'

Rin shivered, her own butt tensing up, starting to feel nervous. She'd never had anything in there before! It couldn't be that bad though, could it? Most of the other maids did it, and seemed fine with it – but the thought of having something shoved into there still made her feel a little queasy. Surely it would hurt, stretching the tight hole out too much? But some of the maids managed to get off from it.

'You're coming with me.' The Bunnybitch broke away, grabbing at her crop and spinning around, flicking the thing with enough force to make Rin back away, protecting herself. 'It's a quiet night, so the other girls can manage. And no time like the present to start training, right? So let's get moving!' She spun away and walked off, shoulders tight and tense, Rin taking a moment to admire the swaying white pompom on her butt, before moving to follow nervous anticipation filling her.

Rin tensed up, ropes painfully tight against her wrists, holding her bent over at the waist, a bench holding her up, padded leather pushing against her belly. The rope was wound directly over her wrists, rubbing against her skin, without any cuffs to lessen the chafing. Her legs were held in place as well, more ropes around her ankles and just above her knees.

'Was it necessary to be naked?' She could hear the Bunnybitch moving around behind her, but it was hard to turn her head to see the woman, her hair continually getting in her eyes.

'Don't want you making a mess!' Heel-clicks approached, before a hand spanked against her backside, making her grunt in pain. 'And now I've cleaned your insides, it's not worth the trouble to untie you and let you get dressed. Although maybe I should pump another few liters into you?'

Rin squirmed, ropes tensing even more. That feeling of being *stuffed*, completely filled up as water had been forced into her from behind... And then having it flow out of her, splashing and dripping into a tub. It was different from anything she'd experienced from before – having a cock in her pussy felt good, and there was a satisfaction in having her mouth filled, using her lips and tongue to lick and suck a shaft, until it exploded and shot cum into her mouth. But being given an enema, especially like this, with bitterly cold water, made her feel fat and squashed-up, before it was pushed out, making her feel deflated and empty. And *cold*, the chill forced into her.

'I think I'm clean now!'

'After three rounds, I should hope so.'

Another spank, Rin grunting in pain, although she could feel herself starting to get aroused, the ropes embracing her – even if they were tighter and rougher than normal, it still felt good to be tied up!

‘Guess it’s time to start small.’ A hand reached between Rin’s legs, cold and wet fingers touching against her pussy-lips, making Rin shiver and gasp. ‘Don’t worry, I’ll use plenty of lube. And you can tell me about what you’re doing to do to me – although that might make me step up a few sizes!’

‘You’re so small...’ That got a small growl, but Rin continued. ‘...that maybe some suspension? Get you nice and high. I’m definitely giving you a spanking.’

In response, Rin was spanked again, grunting in pain – that had been a *lot* harder than the last one! She could feel the aftermath, a handprint on her ass-cheek.

‘And make you eat me out? I saw the videos of you OWW!’ The next spank was brutally hard, a cane slapping against both of her cheeks at once, a single line of force that made her wince, the bamboo splintering.

‘Hmm, must have been old.’

Rin gasped from the pain of the strike, struggling to get her breath back after the hit. She was definitely going to be rougher with the Bunnybitch when she got her turn! See how those small breasts reacted to tight metal clamps, and being bitten.

‘Relax, and don’t fight it.’

A rubber lump was pushed against her asshole, starting to force her open, slipping into her body. It was far fatter than the enema-tube, and far harder, feeling fat and huge as it started to enter into her. She started to gasp, tensing up against the ropes, finding some solace in how they clung and bit into her.

The tip passed into her, and then the thing got bigger and wider, forcing her hole to stretch even more! Another spank-slap made her tense up, forcing the thing out, before nails dug into the small of her back, making her groan and sigh. That felt good, but she didn’t want to show that she was getting turned on by this!

‘Don’t push it out! Dumb slut.’

‘Hahhhh... I’m, try...Hahhhh...’ The nails scraped harder – dammit, did the woman know how sensitive she was along her spine? Or was it just fluke? There was no time to collect herself before the dildo was probing into her again, getting shoved with greater force, the lube smeared inside of her making it penetrate a little more easily. It went deeper in this time, stretching her out, starting to fill her up. It was completely different from the enema, a long, wide shaft entering her body.

Her body kept trying to tense up, and she had to force herself to relax, so that she didn’t just push the thing out of herself again. It was forced deeper and deeper into her bowels, stretching her from the inside, her head reeling. It ached, just a little, but it didn’t hurt, it just felt strange and cold and squirmy, the dildo stiff and hard inside her body. It didn’t merge with the pain in her butt, an entirely separate source of sensation – that, at least, she was somewhat used to!

The Bunnybitch pulled it backwards, Rin’s asshole trying to close up, before being forced open again, the dildo forcing her asshole wide. It felt like it must be huge, even though it was probably only an inch wide, if that, although the lumps covering it made it feel even bigger. Another push, and it was even deeper inside of her.

‘That’s it – take it all in! This should be easy for you.’

‘Mrhhhh...’ Her lips were slack, lungs panting for air. This felt *nothing* like being pussy-fucked – there wasn’t the slowly-building pleasure, the internal warmth, the reactions she was

used to. But it was still driving her away from her own self-control, her body twitching and pulling on the ropes, the biting, chafing ropes starting to turn to pleasure, as well as the sense of being controlled and contained.

Fingers slid between her legs, starting to tickle her pussy.

‘When you can take the whole length without moaning, then I’ll let you come. That’s how I was trained! Didn’t have any pleasure for weeks, and could only earn with my mouth. I’m sure a slutty girl like you will learn faster, though.’

The Bunnybitch was talented, her fingers moving with practiced ease, finding all of Rin’s most sensitive spots with disturbing speed, until she was squirming around from the more normal sensation of being fingered and teased, as well as the stranger sensation of being ass-fucked. The full width of the shaft was making her asshole gape, unable to contract while it was fully stuffed and full, a large lump pushing it out even more. And the length of it! It pushed against her bowels, reshaping Rin’s insides, her vision starting to blur and spin.

It made it impossible to focus on the finger-fucking, even though that was heating her up and making her feel loose and good.

‘Just relax into it! Dumb maid-slut. Maybe you’d do better strapped into one of the machines? Just leave that running until you’re nice and loose and easy to use?’

Rin shivered, that slight movement making her even more aware of the thing in her ass.

‘No! Just keep, oh god... This!’

‘Sounds like you might be getting into it?’

The dildo suddenly twisted around, Rin groaning and spluttering, dribble trickling over her chin. A finger pushed deeper into her, her tongue now lolling out, head sinking downwards. The biting ropes seemed gentle now, tight and firm caresses around her limbs. And then another push on the dildo, so it felt as though she were skewered through with it, her insides forced to accept the firm length.

A finger flicked against her clit, a hard, sharp impact from a nail, Rin groaning again. Damn, the Bunnybitch was far too good at this! She was ready for a *real* cock now, wanting to get fucked raw by a guest! She was so sensitive that a pussy-slap made her gasp and whine, hating the sound of weakness, but the cascade of mingling sensations forced onto her was overwhelming her, turning her into nothing more than a grunting, gasping lump of fuck-meat.

The Bunnybitch started pulling the dildo back and forth, the lumps rubbing against Rin’s asshole, the ring of muscle forced to gape wide.

‘That’s it! I’ll make an anal slut of you.’

All Rin could do was whine and gasp, enduring the violation of her asshole, trying not to lose control entirely, unable to speak, or even moan, just making pathetic whimpering noises. Did it always feel like this? How did people *enjoy* this?

Chapter Ten: First Times, Part Two

Rin could feel lube dribbling out of her asshole, now mixed with cum, her legs spread and bent back on either side of her head. Her arms were spread wide, padded cuffs holding them in place, chained to a wooden table. A metal spreader bar with cuffs at each end held her legs, her stockings now laddered from being gripped and held, with that attached to another chain, making it impossible for her to move. A bright light shone in her eyes, next to the dark bulk of a camera, focused on her face – it better not be recording! But it meant that everyone here could see her face, each time she was ass-fucked.

The fat ballgag in her mouth meant she couldn't talk, but she could hear as the bidding started again. After all the anal training she'd received, it was easier to take a cock back there, but it still made her ache each time an erect cock was shoved into her, violating the still-tight hole, making her ache. How on earth did any of the other maids get off on this? It didn't hurt, as such, but it felt mildly degrading, being used as a fuck-hole without even the pleasure of being pussy-fucked!

And she hadn't even been able to see who had been using her – with the light shining in her eyes, it had just been pairs of hands grasping her restrained legs, and then a cock shoving into her lubed-up asshole, until each man had shot his load into her. Hot cum and lube slowly trickled out of her, as the Bunnybitch started to work the audience up, for the final one. Why had she agreed to do four? She was aching already!

But soon she'd have her chance to play with the Bunnybitch – or “Bunny”, as her name apparently was. She twitched her legs, keeping the blood flowing, wanting to be ready for action as soon as the sodomy was over. At least the bidding was ticking up fast, the crowd enthusiastic, despite the small size. Rin squirmed, trying to dispel the wriggly, squirmy, loose feeling in her ass, squinting up into the light, eyes aching.

The price went up fast, bidding punctuated by flicks of the Bunnybitch's crop, Rin grunting in pain as it slapped against her butt and breasts – all she was wearing were the stockings and her shoes, shiny leather stilettos strapped onto her feet. She tried to make herself relax, readying herself for the next one, as the bidding finished. There was just enough time for her to calculate her percentage, before she felt hands grab her legs, fingers digging into the meat of her thighs, further tearing her stockings, a cock shoving into her asshole.

She was already loose and lubricated, the fat shaft easily penetrating her again, a low and guttural groan escaping her lips, through the gag. The full length slammed into her, stretching her out, her eyes rolling back into her head, arms tensing up, the chains clicking and clinking as she pulled against them. There was nothing she could do except endure being ass-fucked, her body being used as a fuck-hole. Despite the lack of pleasure, being used like this was still making her gasp and groan, and if she hadn't been on her back, then she would have been dribbling down herself!

Rin could feel her asshole, not so tight anymore, getting stretched wide – was this cock bigger than the previous ones, or was she just aching from being fucked there? She tried to tense up around it, feeling the throbbing get worse, the man's pleased groans intensifying. And then

he came, hot and sticky, shooting cum into her, the stuff dribbling out as he withdrew, wiping himself off against her buttocks, leaving a lube-smear across her skin. Rin sagged back, feeling relief that it was over now. And started to gather her strength for what was next – she was going to enjoy this!

She pulled on her chains again, ignoring the aching of her butt, rattling the chains and mewling through her gag. A shadow approached, blocking the light for a moment, and then her arms were released, the chain holding the spreader-bar unlocked, her legs flipping back down. It took a moment for her to get her breath back, before she released her own gag and set about removing the other restraints, her body lightening as the cuffs and bar dropped to the floor. And, outside of the blinding glare of the light, she could see now!

A few dozen guests, four of them looking very smug – those must be the ones that had ass-fucked her. She gave them a brief smile as she stretched, enjoying the way everyone was staring at her mostly-naked body, before curtsying, raising her voice to be heard.

‘Thank you for your service, gentlemen. And now I must excuse myself for a moment to prepare for the next portion of the evening’s entertainment.’

The Bunnybitch shot her a glance that was pure murder, crop making an angry flick through the air, as Rin stepped behind a curtain. More cum-lube was oozing out of her, getting pumped out with every step, and there wasn’t time to clean herself properly! All she could do was give herself a quick wipe, before she started to get changed.

Her new outfit was customized, built to her measurements. A latex dress, coming to below her knees, but with cut-outs over her ass and pussy, a gauzy apron not really covering her from the front. A leather corset-belt, loading with useful toys and equipment, pushed in at her waist, emphasizing her hourglass figure, pushing her breasts upwards, another cutout showing off her plumped-up cleavage. A moment to tidy her hair and fix her makeup, and she was ready! The laddered stockings were a bit of a shame, but in some ways they somehow added to the look, being a little bit rough and tattered. If only she could ignore the loose, sloppy feeling in her ass, more cum still oozing out of her!

She flicked the curtain back, making sure her expression was appropriately severe, the room going silent, a pulse of exhilaration running through her, as everyone turned to stare at her, eyes soaking in her new look. Without pausing she marched forward, heading for the Bunnybitch, grabbing her by her outfit and pulling her into a long, close kiss. She could feel the other woman’s body against her own, slender and light, muscles tense, unable to break away before Rin pushed her down, forcing the woman to her knees.

The room was small enough that she didn’t need a microphone to be heard, one hand pressing down on the Bunnybitch’s shoulder, keeping her down.

‘Thank you for your service, honored guests. As a special thank you for being our patrons for all this time, there will now be a special, one-time only show!’ She grabbed at the Bunnybitch’s head, taking the cap off and putting it on her own head, before gripping the woman’s hair, feeling a sadistic pleasure at the yelp of pain this provoked. ‘She might be fierce and scary, but under all of that, she’s just a little bunny looking to be tamed.’

She turned around and bent over, thrusting her ass at the Bunnybitch as she pulled her in close, feeling the woman’s face against her buttocks.

‘Now clean me!’

There was a stifled groan of protest before Rin tightened her grip, feeling hair start to rip, a tongue sliding against her buttocks. She had to drag the woman’s head around until the tongue was over her asshole, and then pull her even closer in, before it licked around her rim, the soft,

wet touch making Rin shiver. That felt far better than being fucked back there! And it was cleaning her up as well, wiping away the trickles of cum still dribbling out of her.

‘As you can see, she just needs a little persuasion, and she becomes a cute, obedient little bunny!’ That provoked a vibrating growl, which sent a pulsing wave of pleasure through Rin, scattering her thoughts. Another hair-tug made the tongue move with greater speed, lightly pushing into her from behind.

Despite the slight awkwardness of the position, she still made herself look at the audience, seeing the looks of surprise and arousal on their faces. She let the tongue lick and slide across her asshole a few more times before turning back around, dragging the Bunnybitch back onto her feet – the woman was so light that shoving her around was easy, a hand around her throat granting all the leverage that could be needed.

Rin used this to drag the Bunnybitch back and forth, forcing her to stagger and stumble, arms flailing around in a desperate attempt to keep her balance.

‘Such a cute little thing! But always so bossy and bratty – time to teach her a few lessons.’

It was easy to drag the Bunnybitch over to the table that Rin had been tied onto, pushing her onto it and using it to make her bend over at the waist, before using her other hand to take a pair off metal cuffs, snapping them over one of the woman’s wrists, then pulling that arm over and joining it to the other one.

The Bunnybitch squirmed, wrists straining against the cuffs, trying to push herself upwards, her bunny-suit letting Rin see her bare shoulders, enjoying the way her muscles shifted and tensed. It was so easy keeping her in place, requiring her just to lean forward with her weight, as the white pompom tail wriggled around.

It was far too tempting a target to ignore, Rin raising her hand and then slapping it down against the tense buttocks in a satisfyingly hard spank, putting her strength behind the hit, her palm tingling from the impact.

‘Hey!’

She ignored the yelp of protest, spanking the Bunnybitch again, and again, fishnet stockings offering little protection against the spanks, before Rin hooked fingers between the strands and ripped. Bare skin appeared beneath, the material easy to rip away, tatters and fragments falling to the floor, letting Rin see the red impact-marks, her hand-imprint clear and bright. Another spank made the squirming slow a little, Rin digging her nails into the buttocks.

She could feel the tense muscles beneath the soft skin, slowly and forcefully raking them across the exposed skin, leaving red furrow-marks in their wake. Another spank, and then she yanked the Bunnybitch fully onto the table, grabbing at the woman’s heels and pulling them off, tossing them aside.

‘She likes to be all scary and mean, but she’s actually tiny, just with a big attitude. But I’m sure she’ll be a good little girl, with the right amount of persuasion! Isn’t that right?’ She scraped her nails up a leg, tearing away more of the stockings, enjoying the moan of pain from her victim. When she pulled the Bunnybitch back off the table, the difference in heights was even more obvious – the other woman’s head was now level with the Rin’s chest.

A tight grip around the Bunnybitch’s throat let Rin steer her around, letting everyone have a good look, and then it was easy to reach forward and grab at the zip of the bunny-suit, pulling it downward. The material started to peel downwards, before Rin grabbed at it and pulled down, the Bunnybitch squeaking and trying to move her arms to shield herself, cuffs stopping her doing that.

It fell to her hips, needing another pull and then it was around her ankles, leaving the woman completely naked except for her tattered stockings. Rin pulled her around, letting everyone see her, taking pleasure in the way the smaller woman tensed up, unable to cover herself.

‘In all the time she’s worked here, she’s never had a customer! No wonder she’s so angry all the time, all that tension and stress she must be feeling.’ She dragged the Bunnybitch in close to herself again, running her hand up the woman’s bare belly, feeling the soft, smooth skin, groping a small breast, no longer plumped up by the bunnysuit, pinching and squeezing a nipple. Another rumbling growl, cut short when Rin gave a nipple a savage twist, the growl becoming a gasp of pain instead.

‘She just needs to learn to relax, isn’t that right?’ She grabbed at the woman’s face, forcing two fingers into her mouth, deliberately pushing hard, having to trust the Bunnybitch not to bite her. A tongue licked around her fingers, making her giggle from the wetness and strangeness of it all, before she withdrew them.

Rin had to lean down to kiss the Bunnybitch on the neck, leaning into it, lightly biting, being sure to leave a mark, feeling the sharp, hissing intake of breath. When she traced a finger over the Bunnybitch’s pussy, she found it already damp, easy to slide a finger into, the woman tightly swallowing her up, emitting a groan of pleasure.

It was easy to slide her finger back and forth, twisting it inside of the Bunnybitch, giving her another hard kiss on the neck.

‘She’s nice and tight! Definitely needs to learn to relax, and I’m sure you can all help with that.’ She slid her finger out and then slapped the Bunnybitch’s pussy, the woman groaning and writhing against her. Another pussy-slap, and she shoved the woman onto her knees, squeezing at her jaw, forcing her mouth to open, covering the Bunnybitch’s eyes with her other hand.

‘Honored guest, you have been a loyal customer since we opened. As a reward for your loyalty, you may use her mouth.’

She felt the Bunnybitch tense up beneath her, before she stamped down on a leg, jabbing it into the meat of a calf.

‘Don’t be shy, she won’t bite! She’s going to be a good girl for tonight.’

The Bunnybitch was panting now, leaning back against Rin for support as the man approached, already rubbing himself to get himself hard, before opening up his trousers. He shoved his half-erect cock into the Bunnybitch’s mouth, making her splutter, before Rin starting to pull her head back and forth. There was a flash of pink tongue, sliding out of the woman’s mouth, licking along the underside of the cock-shaft, Rin releasing her grip on the Bunnybitch’s face.

‘She’s a bit out of practice, but I’m sure it’ll come back soon enough.’

‘Mrhhmmmm!’ Whatever the Bunnybitch was trying to see was impossible to make out, words distorted and mangled by the rapidly-swelling cock lodged between her lips, but she was kissing it now, leaving red lipstick smears along the length, starting to move by herself.

‘That’s it – you see, you can be something other than a bossy bitch! Maybe we should get you a maid outfit? One of Sophie’s would fit, she’s only a little smaller than you.’

‘Grphh!’

That got a distinct growl, Rin scraping her nails down the woman’s back, forcing compliance onto her. The Bunnybitch drew her head back, the cock sliding from between her lips, now fully erect, and then Rin pushed her back forward, making her take the entire length into her mouth. She pushed until there was a coughing splutter and resistance, but at least the Bunnybitch was showing more initiative now, sucking, kissing and licking by herself.

‘That’s it! You see, you can do this. What a lucky bunnyslut you are!’ Every time she pushed the Bunnybitch’s head forward, she was a little more forceful, making the woman deepthroat the cock, ignoring the gasping splutters of protest. As the man started to pant and gasp, she pulled back, the man climaxing and spraying cum all over the Bunnybitch’s face. Fat white pearls splatted over her, Rin carefully scraping her finger over one, collecting it up, and then holding it in front of the Bunnybitch’s mouth. A tongue poked out, rolling over her finger and licking it up.

‘Good girl. Underneath all that hardness, you’re such a lovely soft slut, aren’t you?’

There was barely any response now, the Bunnybitch’s body soft and warm against her legs.

‘I think there’s a few other guests that deserve a go, aren’t there? Let’s get you into position and then more people can have fun with you.’

She yanked the Bunnybitch back upwards, kissing her on the mouth, able to taste the cum, and then spinning her around, over towards the table she had been strapped to. It was deliciously easy to just pick her up and dump her onto the table, on her back, head dangling off one side, eyes slightly glazed over. The cuffs that had restrained Rin now fastened onto the Bunnybitch’s wrists, holding her arms stretched out, and then Rin picked up the spreader bar.

A slap of her hand against the woman’s belly made a solid thudding noise, followed by a gasp of pain. She was limp and floppy, not offering any resistance as Rin attached the spreader bar, forcing the woman’s legs into horizontal splits, exposing her entirely. She fingered the exposed pussy, teasing the Bunnybitch, watching how the captive woman shuddered and tensed up, struggling against the bonds, unable to break free.

With a few tugs and twists, she was able to pull the Bunnybitch into a better position – her head still dangling off one end, but her legs hanging off the other, her pussy easier to get to, before turning around and crooking her finger at another of the guests.

‘As a reward for your continued patronage, you may use her. Mouth or pussy – take your choice!’

The Bunnybitch’s neck strained as she tried to lift her head, but the man approached and grabbed her, pushing his cock down her throat. Rin could see the skin bulge, the Bunnybitch making wet gurgles and coughs as her throat was used as a sex toy. The next man she gestured over, stroking and fingering the Bunnybitch’s pussy.

‘She’s nice and tight and ready! Please make good use of her.’

Rin moved around to watch what was going on, enjoying the sight of the throat-bulges. As her pussy was used, her gasping got even more desperate, her heels twitching against the side. Rin entertained herself by reaching out and pinching the small, hard nipples, the Bunnybitch now entirely defenseless. This “domming” thing was quite fun! Although she probably wouldn’t get the chance to do it to the Bunnybitch again, but one of the other maids would probably be willing.

The sounds of wet slaps and desperate gurgles got louder, the Bunnybitch straining and tensing against the chains, unable to do anything except be fucked, two of her holes fully stuffed. And she had other guests to tend to afterwards! Well, it had been years since she’d had a good seeing-to, so maybe this would help her relax? Rin smiled to herself, feeling her own arousal increase. And then maybe she could have some fun herself? There were certainly several customers looking at her with interest.

THE END

About the Author

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking.

Petgirl Playtime Chapter One: Picking Up A Stray

Suki took a deep breath, staring at the screen, her vision wavering. Her hand was shaky and sweaty on the mouse, her heart racing in her chest, a soft wetness between her legs. She read over the options again – dog-cage pickup, self-delivery, or stray collection. Each had an icon by it that could be selected for further information: the first would have a cage delivered, which could then be picked up by the company. The second was a mundane drive to the destination and park there (and the notation of “limited parking” made it seem even more dull), while the third...

Within a limited geographic area, strays may be collected by our staff.

She had entered her address, and stray collection had been indicated as an option.

Please ensure that all documentation has been completed prior to requesting this option.

The pet will present themselves at the requested location, along with an appropriate change of clothing for their discharge. Due to the specialist nature of this request, the minimum stay is two (2) weeks.

Suki stroked her neck, feeling the leather collar there, warm around her neck, and softened by wear. If she moved her head too fast, then the leash-ring would chink against the collar, but she was used to that. It was a little too loose – she’d never been able to find one that was quite snug enough, without choking. As she read over the details, her other hand slid between her legs, touching against a thigh, before lightly touching elsewhere, easily sliding into herself.

She was hot and tight, her folds clenching around her finger. She didn’t want to climax yet, teasing herself, still reading.

Please ensure that you have informed us of any dietary requirements or allergies. All pets will be fed enough to fulfill their needs – either wet or dry food is available, and pets that perform well may receive treats.

Our trained staff will examine all pets upon arrival, to determine physical health and any other needs. Our kennels are kept staffed 24 hours a day, training and caring for the pets in our care.

Should any issues arise, the pets can request a break, by using the alarm function on their collars. As well as kennels, our facility also has extensive grounds for training in.

She kept teasing and stroking herself, awkwardly typing in her details with one hand, the other lodged within herself, not moving quite enough to get off from. She’d booked two weeks off, despite the complaints of her boss, but the reality of it hadn’t quite hit. But the text in front of her went into intense detail, with a lot of options for what she consented to, just the words making her head hotter and fuzzier, more and more fantasies chasing each other through her head, before she was done.

And then she came, hot and wet, her juices staining the seat beneath her. She’d have to clean that later, but, for now, she couldn’t bring herself to care, instead sagging backwards, naked and hot. Now she was done, she had both hands free, able to stroke her breasts, reveling in the soft firmness of her body.

It took a while, but she managed to shake herself out of her post-fuck daze, as her phone buzzed, several messages having come in while she had been out of it.

Confirmation of pickup time: 23:00 PM. Attached are pictures of the pickup team, for your safety and security. As mentioned in the preparatory documentation, please ensure you have identification, a change of clothing, and any required e.g. medication.

11? She glanced down at the clock in the corner of the screen. That was only half an hour away! She scrambled to her feet, dashing for the shower before thinking better of it – there wasn't enough time! Instead, she went to get her suitcase, opening it up and then throwing some clothing in. What would she need? Just something to leave the place in, so comfy clothing. She threw in a pair of jogging bottoms, and a hoodie. And then a t-shirt, and some underwear. Would she need toiletries? No, those should all be provided. And it wasn't like she would need books or anything to do! What about her piercings – studs through her nipples and her clit, warm from her body. She didn't want them out for that long, and surely they'd be used to such things?

After thinking for another moment, she threw her phone charger in – she would need to charge up when she was finished. And maybe call for a taxi to get back as well! The suitcase looked pitifully empty, but she couldn't think of anything else to take. Although now she needed to get dressed herself! She could still feel the wetness between her legs, wiping it off with a t-shirt from the laundry, then tried to pick something.

She didn't want to wear anything that might get damaged – but showing up in tatty workout clothing didn't fit her fantasy! Her hand reached out, settling on her office-wear, a silk blouse that was a little worn, but still sleek and tight against her body. And then a tight little pencil-skirt, showing off her backside, with just a touch of a thigh-slit. There wasn't enough time to pull on stockings, even though they would fit the look, but she stroked her body through the clothing, feeling a heat within herself.

10:45! There wasn't much time! She slipped low heels on, before taking her case, glad that it was light, nice and easy to carry. And then she was out the door, locking it behind herself, out of her tiny, stupidly expensive flat, and into the dark, warm night, with her case in one hand and her phone in the other, holding it tightly. Her palm was sweaty, waiting for it to buzz, still not quite believing that this was happening, feeling her arousal starting to flow again.

It was a small dog-walking park, well-lit and kept open at all hours. Even at this time, she could see someone walking across the open space, a leash in their hand, a large dog trotting in front of them. Parked up on the road was a large van, a logo on the side, showing a spiked collar around a dog's paw.

She looked around, taking a deep breath, glad that the night was warm, suddenly realizing that she hadn't put any underwear on. With her sleek, tight office-lady outfit, she could easily imagine attracting admiring glances from others – although there was no-one else around.

Her phone rang, making her squeak in shock, before raising it to her ear and answering it. A female voice spoke.

'Suki Suzuki? Are you ready to begin?'

She looked around, wondering if she was being watched as she entered the park.

'As requested, you will be taken to the kennels.'

Suki took a deep breath, before nodding. 'Yes. I'm ready.'

'Good. Please don't be too loud – this is a residential neighborhood, and most people are asleep.'

Suki kept walking, her heels clicking along the path. Ahead of her, the dogwalker had paused, grooming their dog.

Footsteps scuffed behind her, and she turned, seeing two people there. Both were wearing baggy jumpsuits, toolbelts around their waists, faces covered by masks. One was smaller than the other, with longer hair, their clothing just about showing off the curve of breasts and hips.

‘Miss Suzuki?’

Suki nodded, her tongue fat and dry, finding it hard to speak.

‘Good. You’re lucky - we got a late cancellation, otherwise we’d have been fully booked. Now, let’s get you prepped.’ She reached down to her belt, taking out a shaft and then twisting it, the thing extending to be about five feet long, longer than Suki was tall. It had a circular cord on one end, Suki watching absently as it raised up, before coming down, falling over her head. The cord tightened, pressing against the collar, and she blushed as she realized she hadn’t taken it off, the leather still around her.

The woman stepped backwards, pulling on the shaft. Suki had no choice but to step forward, yanked by her neck, the cord snug but not choking.

‘It’s rare to provide your own collar, at least for someone not owned. But you’re going to be around for the show, maybe you’ll attract some attention there? You’re certainly attractive enough. Now, *down!*’

The shaft was pulled on again, angled downwards now, Suki stumbling and then dropping to her knees, dropping her case and her phone. She scraped her hands against the path, suddenly glad that she hadn’t worn stockings, not wanting to tear them. Her palms pressed against the ground, still warm from the day, and she crawled, on her hands and knees, the pressure firm around her neck.

‘Good girl! Let’s get you in the van. And you won’t need those clothes – although I’m digging the office-slut look. Michael, get her things.’

Suki’s blush got even more intense, her cheeks flaming pink, feeling grit stick to her palms and her knees. She kept crawling forward, feeling the heat between her legs, her skirt riding up. The other figure, burlier and more masculine, walked past her, picking up her case, then putting her phone into it. Then his hand touched her backside, and her vision fuzzed, the touch sending an electric ripple through her. Fingers slid between her thighs, pulling her skirt even higher up.

‘I think she’s in heat!’ The man’s fingers were strong and calloused, making her shiver, wanting more.

‘We could always do with another bitch. But get her muzzled, and then into the van.’

A hand slapped against her backside, before running up her thigh and finding the zipper of her skirt, pulling it down. In the silence of the night, the noise seemed loud, making Suki blush again, sure that everyone would be able to hear it. The material was pulled off her body, leaving her only half-dressed, her head bobbing as she panted.

Another spank, and Suki mewled, arching her back and biting her lip, the pleasure starting to melt her senses. A hand grabbed her head, another moving in front of her face. Leather pressed against her jaw, rigid and stiff, a lump sliding into her mouth, her tongue tasting rubber. Straps went around her head, a pad pressing against her lips, tight and close, and she could see a metal frame poking in front of her face, her mouth and nose now sealed behind a muzzle. The weight was strange, a reminder of her position as she was pulled forward again, along the path.

All she was wearing was the blouse, her breasts hanging down against it, as she was pulled forward, made to crawl. Despite the shame of the position, she was desperately horny, panting

into the muzzle, feeling how it affected her breathing. She was made to back out of the back, the man still walking behind her, carrying her things.

The back of the van was open now, a thick, musky scent of sweat and lust washing out. It was dark, but Suki could see large cages inside, the metal bars catching the light. Two of them were occupied – Suki could see a tall and leggy young woman inside one, curled up tightly, her flesh dimpling where it pressed against the bars. The other, she could just see a back, partially covered under a tatty old blanket.

‘You’re being captured as a stray, aren’t you? So do you want the full treatment?’

As her eyes adjusted, Suki could see things other than the cages – cuffs and crops, hanging off the walls of the van, and metal chains and collars. The intense heat between her legs made it hard to think, but she managed to gather her thoughts enough to speak.

With the lump in her mouth, she couldn’t talk properly, but nodded and grunted. ‘Yeppphh, eephhh!’

‘A polite bitch? That’s a rarity, most of you are gobby little brat-bitches these days. I think we’re going to get along just fine.’ The woman stepped backwards up into the van, still pulling on the shaft, Suki having to follow. The floor of the van was dirty, more grit sticking to her palms, cooler than the ground outside. The shaft clicked as it was folded down, before the woman pulled a bright red prod from her waist, metal teeth on the end. She pressed a button and lightning sparked between the metal. The woman in the cage shivered, wrapping her arms around herself – as she moved, Suki could see that she was muzzled as well, with the same style of but hers was a flat leather panel, that sealed her mouth entirely.

The prod came forward, jabbing into Suki’s shoulder, sliding beneath her blouse. The poke didn’t hurt, but then there was a jolt of electricity, making her arm tense up, her fingers scraping along the floor.

‘Strays aren’t allowed clothing. Must have stolen it from somewhere! Let’s get that off.’ Another shock, this time to her spine, knocking the air from her lungs, making her tense up again. But she felt good, despite the pain, before a hand grabbed the collar of the blouse and ripped. She heard buttons tear, and then another yank, ripping it off completely, leaving her utterly naked. A hand slapped against her backside, the sound echoing around within the small space, and she moaned through her muzzle. The impact stoked the fire within her core, making her feel hotter and hotter, wanting more.

‘For a first-timer, she’s doing well.’ Another spank, making her rock forward, feeling the stinging impact on her buttocks. The prod poked into the small of her back and then flared again, and she tensed up against it, her head spinning. She spread her legs, feeling the air slide against her wetness, wanting more, wanting to be filled!

‘Not yet, you slutty stray. Let’s get you to the kennels. And you need a nice new collar – that one’s a bit tatty. Maybe you’ll attract an owner? You’re certainly attractive enough.’ Hands parted her buttocks, exposing her butthole, making her moan in pleasure again. She wanted to stroke herself, to curl up and get herself off! Her buttocks were released, the hands grabbing at her ankle, bending her leg and pushing it against her calf. Duct-tape, sticky and wide, was wrapped around her ankle, then the top of her thigh, binding them together, forcing her onto just her knee. It looped around and around, forming a tight bind, her buttocks still stinging from the strikes.

This was repeated on the other side, as the prod scraped along her back, scratching her skin. She twisted and stretched against it, wondering if it would flare again.

‘Seal her up – don’t want the bitch making a mess as we travel. And do her hands as well, she looks slutty enough she might try and get off.’

Suki took a deep breath, sucking air in through her nose, desperately horny. The man leaned over her from behind, the rough canvas of his clothing pressing against her back. She pushed herself back against him, shuffling her legs wide, wanting to get off, wanting to grind herself against him.

The prod flared, delivering a shock into her flank. ‘Strays in heat aren’t allowed that. You’ll need to be a good girl, understand?’

Suki whined, as her wrist was pulled upwards, bent against her shoulder, more tape wrapped around it. It kept winding, forcing her hand into a fist, sealed within a bundle of dull grey tape. When she tensed against it, she could make it flex, just a little, but the thickness of it made it impossible to break out, at least quickly, feeling the glue prickle against her skin, pulling on it as she moved.

The woman in the cage stirred, rolling over and opening her eyes, long blonde hair flicking aside. Although the cage forced her onto hands and knees, she wasn’t taped up – instead, her legs were sheathed in high boots, ending with a hoof-lump, while leather gloves ending with solid ball-lumps sealed her hands away. It seemed much more elegant than Suki’s own tape bindings! The woman looked at Suki, somehow seeming proud, despite being caged and bound, then closed her eyes and rolled over – was she falling asleep?

Both of Suki’s hands were now taped – all of her limbs were restrained, binding her onto all fours, her weight on her knees and elbows. She waggled her feet, toes twisting in the air. Fingers hooked around her collar, the woman pulling her forward, her elbows scraping over the rough floor of the van. Metal clanked and creaked, another cage getting opened up. The floor had a thin blanket on, the rough wool scratchy on her skin.

The hand let go of her collar, before shoving on her backside, pushing her into the cage. It was screwed into place, firmly attached to the wall of the van, the top just above her head. For anyone larger, they would be squashed right up against the bars, but she was small enough that she had space to turn around, just in time to see the cage swing shut, a padlock fastening it closed. With her hands bound, there was no way for her to escape, even if she wanted to.

‘Good girl! I always like it when a capture is obedient. I hope you’re as much fun to train. Now get some rest – you’re going to be worked hard!’ She reached through the bars, stroking a hand down Suki’s back, Suki leaning into it, feeling the warm, slender fingers. The heat continued to throb between her legs, but there was no way for her to touch herself, nothing that she could rub against to get off!

Both of them got out of the back of the van, the door shutting with a heavy *thud*, sealing Suki into darkness. The engine rumbled into life, vibrations rippling through her body, making the cage buzz against her. Both of the other captives mumbled, Suki unable to see them, as she felt the van start to drive, every corner making her body slide against the walls, wondering what the kennels would be like.