

Massive Management
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Acknowledgements

This was originally going to be an illustrated book on Gumroad, but then they banned all NSFW stuff. So now it's just a story – if you want the pics, they're on Formant's subscribestar, if you want to search that up.

Chapter One: The New Owners

Analeigh checked the address again, making sure she was in the right place, slowly walking towards the house – small, plain and suburban, looking much the same as the houses surrounding it. Why did Master have to go away for a year? A whole *year*! That was just mean! And sending her off to stay with some “keepers”, to look after her. Like she was a pet! Although... In some ways, she was. At least when Master was training her. She shivered in remembered pleasure, remembering what it had been like to have her body wrapped in leather, her arms and limbs bound, made to crawl around, serving and servicing him. She licked her lips, salivating at the thought!

But there wouldn't be any of that, not for *months*, at least. Silly Master! She looked at her phone – he was on the plane now, and wouldn't be messaging her until he landed, at the soonest. Leaving her... here. With... what had the names been? She couldn't remember. Well, she could at least do her stretches and exercises every day, to keep herself lean and toned for Master.

With her case wheeling behind her, she walked up to the door, phone still in hand, pressing a neatly-manicured finger against the buzzer. There was no sound she could hear – was it broken? Or was the door thick enough to silence any noise from the inside? She pressed it again, the red of her nail bright against the dark wood of the door. It was larger than normal – at least a foot wider, and taller, like it was built for an ogre!

There was a sound, the heavy clunk of a lock turning, before the door opened. A shadowy figure was there, hard to see when contrasted against the bright sunlight outside, currently warming Analeigh's body.

She squinted, trying to smile, wanting to seem friendly. ‘Good afternoon.’ She dipped her head, trying to show her respect like Master had taught her. ‘Am I in the right place, with Mare and Morana? I am Analeigh and I am supposed to report to you. My master is traveling abroad for a year and sent me to you.’

She blushed as she said it – if this was the wrong house, then it would be really, really awkward! Her eyes adjusted, and she could see the person stood in the day – a woman, large, burly and powerful, almost a full head taller than Analeigh. Just one of her thighs looked about as wide as Analeigh's waist, while her arms were large and strong-looking. Even just wearing jeans and a loose top, she exuded power, looking down at Analeigh, making her stumble over her words.

‘I'm Analeigh. I'm here to stay with you? For a year?’

Cold, dark eyes looked down at her, before turning into a faint smile.

‘Ah, you are finally here. A pretty little thing like you. A bit thin, perhaps. But I can understand your master. He doesn't want any other man to feel you up. But he has no worries with us girls. We may do with you what we want! Absolutely *anything*.’

She reached out with a hand, the fingers fat and strong, taking hold of Analeigh's wrist. She could feel the woman's strength as she was grabbed, unable to pull away, getting dragged closer. Even if she tried to resist, the strength the woman had was simply too much, pulling her off-balance. She'd been told she was getting sent to live with some mistress's – she'd been expected

svelte and slender women in latex and lace, not someone so *big*. She quavered at the thought of those strong hands, mauling her flesh, slapping at her breasts or buttocks.

‘The first thing we’ll do is change your name. Analeigh is funny but boring, from now on you’ll be called Pussy!’ A faint smile came over the woman’s face, as she bared her teeth, not letting go of Analeigh, dragging her inside. There was movement from behind her, Analeigh now able to see the inside of the house, with a staircase running up out of sight. Another woman, even larger than the first, had stepped out of a doorway, and walked up, moving with surprising lightness, despite her size.

‘Uh, Pussy? Really?’ Analeigh shook her arm, at least the tiny amount she could, the fingers like iron. Maybe she could find someone else to stay with for a year? ‘And absolutely everything? What does that mean - I mean since you are both, uh, you’re both very... mighty!’

The grip tightened, and she couldn’t move her arm at all – she was even more immobilized than if she were bound with rope. She got pulled forward again, with greater force, into the shadow of the house, feeling suddenly cold as she was moved out of the sunlight.

‘That, my little famished one, is true. We are the mighty, and if you don’t obey perfectly, you’re in mighty trouble. Take another breath of fresh air, because you won’t get that for another year! Then stop standing around like an idiot and come inside! Welcome to your new--hmm---hell.’

The woman dragged her forward with ease, not even seeming to put any effort into it, Analeigh’s heels scraping over the floor, then the threshold of the house. The air inside was dark and cool, the walls looking plain and bare.

‘Give me your bag, Pussy. And your smartphone. These are all things you won’t need for a year. Honestly, all the things you brought with you are going to end up being mothballed. We’ll take care of everything you need. Even your clothes. If we let you have any.’

Analeigh could see that there was another staircase heading downwards, the wall plain, dark concrete. There was barely any light in the hallway, as the other woman spoke. She slipped her phone into her pocket, hoping it would go unnoticed.

‘Do you want to go straight to the basement and see your room or do we want to get to know each other properly in the living room first? Think about it, this may be your last wish for a long time.’

The door slammed shut behind her, making her squeak with fear, sending out a blast of air over her skin, as she stammered back a response. ‘I, I think the living room is good. I need something to drink first. It’s been a long trip.’

‘Suit yourself. But we’re fussy about the living room. We have a strict dress code there, especially for people like you. You’ll have to change and get out of those dirty travel clothes.’

The other woman nodded and spoke. The sheer size of them! No wonder the door was bigger than normal! Everything inside the house was scaled up, making Analeigh feel tiny and weak by comparison. ‘I’ll go downstairs and get her evening clothes right now! It would be best if you two waited in the hallway, and got her undressed. I don’t want her dragging dirt into the living room.’ Her eyes stared at Analeigh, still tightly in the grip of the first woman, before turning and walking down the stairs, into the basement, the stairs creaking beneath her feet.

The first woman spoke. ‘Did your master not train you properly, or are you just stupid? Or maybe you want me to help strip you off? If Morana comes back and you are not undressed yet - well, let’s say today you might have a grace period because you just arrived, but she doesn’t like it at all if her orders are not executed immediately. That is when she gets really nasty. If that happens then I wouldn’t want to be in your shoes, Pussy! She’s the mean one – compared to her,

I'm kind and sweet.' She smiled, showing her teeth, her grip tightening around Analeigh's wrist, making her bones ache. 'But a masochistic whore cunt like you might even like that, who knows? Your master knew what he was doing when he sent you to two real full-blooded sadists, didn't he?'

Analeigh tried to twist her arm away, but couldn't move it, not even the smallest amount. She'd known she was being sent to live with two mistresses, but had been expected something more... elegant? Being trained to serve, and service, attractively dressed women, maybe getting dressed up as a maid, or in latex, and fetching food and drinks? Not people like those two, huge and powerful and just... plain!

'So are you going to strip? Or would you rather be punished? What would your master say if your clothing was all torn away? You're such a pretty thing, but I wonder how long that will stay?' She leered at Analeigh, lips wet as she licked them, letting go of Analeigh's wrist. 'Make your decision, Pussy.'

Analeigh's hands moved to cover her chest, feeling her breasts through her tight t-shirt. But... Master wouldn't have sent her to anyone too bad, would he? She sighed, trying to steady herself, before pulling her t-shirt over her head, suppressing the slight shiver she felt in the cooler air, wearing just a bra beneath.

'Well, your master has good taste.' Having the woman stare at her made her flush – it somehow seemed even worse than when Master took her to a sex club to show her off, parading her with a collar. At least then he was there to protect her, but now there was no-one.

Next were her shoes, comfortable sneakers, which she slipped off, then her socks, balling them up and pushing them into her shoes. It was like going to the gym! The floor was wood panels, cold underfoot.

'We're going to be getting nice and close.' She was grabbed and twisted around, her body offering no resistance to being moved and dragged, an arm going around her throat. Even without tightening up, it was still enough to control her, hauling her towards one of the doors. Heavy footsteps creaked against stairs, the other woman walking back up the stairs.

'Too slow, Pussy. Let's get you into living room, so we can have some fun.'

Analeigh was dragged forward, the woman simply dragging her around. She could feel their body behind her, sinking into the lush flesh, feeling the thick, strong muscle beneath it, as a doorway was pushed open.

It revealed a large, but surprisingly normal, living room – couches, larger than normal, against the walls, with a large TV screen against the far wall, and some old-fashioned decorations and ornaments on the wall.

A hand reached into her pocket, sliding her phone out, the other arm tensing up around her throat as she tried to wriggle and resist.

'You won't be needing this anymore. Don't worry, we'll let your master know how you're doing. Now, take your bra off. You're not going to need normal clothing, not while you're here.'

The grip released itself and Analeigh was shoved forward, onto a large rug in the middle of the floor, covering herself up with her arms for a moment, before reaching behind herself to unclasp it, and then sliding her bra off, leaving her topless. Master always liked to admire and play with her breasts, stroking and kissing them. And sometimes using clamps, but only if she'd been a naughty girl! Having this strange women leer at her was a completely different feeling though, with none of the warmth or comfort she felt from Master.

A hand grabbed at her backside, twisting against her jeans. They were snug and tight, showing off her pert buttocks, and then they were pulled down. She shivered, taking hold of the waistband herself, trying to keep some control herself, slowing their movement downwards.

She could feel the woman's presence behind her, a hand grabbing at her cute panties and pulling them down, before pushing through her thighs. The arm was warm, the muscles shoving through her thigh-gap, her attempt to tense up and keep it out useless.

'Nice and neat down there.' After pulling her panties down, the hand twisted around, fat and heavy fingers touching against her crotch. 'Easier than having to shave you.'

The door opened again, more heavy footsteps entered.

'Pussy being a slow little bitch? Well, she'll need to learn to get faster. Isn't that right, Mare?'

As the woman molesting her spoke, Analeigh could feel the wide arm twisting around, fingers still fumbling and touching against her. 'That's right, Morana. She might be a bit dumb. But she'll get better over time. Unless she enjoys pain. Maybe she's a silly masochistic pain-slut? Like that red-haired hussy? Although she wasn't too happy about being locked in the cage. Well, I think she wasn't too happy – it was hard to tell, through the muzzle. She kept crying though. Maybe they were tears of joy?'

'Maybe. Get her clothing off, and then we can get her dressed. Her master sent her sizes through, and I had this made, just for her. It means that little Pussy will have to be closely monitored though – if she changes size, then nothing will fit, and then she'd have to go naked. Although she might enjoy that?'

The panties and jeans were both yanked down around her ankles in a single, rough movement, making her gasp as she was left utterly exposed.

'Get them off. Unless you want them to be torn off?'

Analeigh stepped out of her jeans, resisting the urge to cover herself with her arms. Being utterly naked and exposed, with both of the women looking at her, made her skin flush with shame as she turned to look at them. The bigger one, Morana, was stood there, holding up a tight and skimpy outfit, pink, shiny and frilled, looking like something a ballerina would wear, if they were being displayed as a fuck-doll as well.

She tried to hold herself up, straight and proud, reminding herself that her Master loved her, and wouldn't have sent her anywhere too rough... would he? He was always joking about making her a pain-slut, but those were just jokes, weren't they?

Morana put the dress over the arm of the sofa before approaching, eyes worryingly hungry, before reaching out with a huge hand and grabbing at one of Analeigh's breasts. She squeaked, feeling the fat fingers sink into her skin.

Mare grabbed at her from behind, pulling her arms apart. Analeigh tried to resist, but was utterly powerless and unable to move her arms, with her wrists gripped by Mare, who pulled her arms wide, straining her shoulders, making them ache.

'We need to inspect you, Pussy. Make sure you're not damaged before we get hold of you.' She could feel the woman's breasts, large and heavy, pushing against her from behind, soft and doughy.

Morana kept one hand squeezed tightly against Mare's breasts, twisting the skin back and forth, the constant pressure starting to ache and throb. Her other hand pressed against Analeigh's belly, gently at first, and then harder and harder. Analeigh couldn't back away, feeling her guts get compressed and squashed, without anything to pad or protect them. It was getting harder to fill her lungs, Morana's smile getting wider as she stared down at Analeigh. She could only

wriggle around a little bit, her arms held too tightly, twisting her hips in a futile attempt to relieve the pressure.

Her breast was released, moving down and feeling between her thighs. Analeigh whimpered as it touched against her slit – that was Master’s special place!

‘Nice and clean and tidy.’ A fat finger parted her lips, making her gasp, skin chafing, her pussy dry still. ‘But a pussy like you needs to learn to be more friendly. Otherwise you’re going to be very sore whenever we use you. And we’re going to be using you a lot! Can’t have something like you around without making sure everything works.’

The finger started to slide back and forth, bringing tears to Analeigh’s eyes, trying to will herself to enjoy it, wanting it to hurt less. Her arms were pulled even harder, stressing her shoulders, Mare’s breasts heavy against her. It was like being caught in a vice – there wasn’t any hope for escape!

The finger withdrew, giving her a moment of relief, before a large palm slapped against her crotch, sending the shock of impact running through her, making her squeak in pain and shock.

‘I hope you obey, Pussy. I like your body, and it’ll be nice to see what it can do. But naughty girls go into the basement, into a cage. And you won’t be so pretty after being stuck in a cage for several months, especially if the rats are back. Now get dressed. After all, this is an outfit just for you.’

Her hand slapped against Analeigh’s belly with a loud smack, before she stepped back. Mare turned Analeigh around, towards the couch. The garment on the arm was still there, pink and skimpy, as Mare released her, then spanked her backside. The sound was like a gunshot, echoing around the room, Analeigh barely aware of her gasp of pain. A spanking was normally a cute and sweet thing, not harsh and hard!

‘Get dressed, Pussy. We want to have some fun with you, and it would be a shame to dump you into a cage on your first day.’

Analeigh picked up the outfit – it was like what a ballerina would wear, but super-skimpy, and pulled it over her head, not wanting to be struck again. It didn’t cover her breasts, and the “skirt” stuck out horizontally, doing nothing to cover her crotch. It was tight across her belly and hips, highlighting her curves.

‘Good. So you do know how to obey. I was worried you’d be like that last brat! Made my arm sore, having to spank and slap her so often. And her crying annoyed me, so I stuffed her mouth with my clothing. Nice and sweaty!’

Analeigh gulped – any garment of either of them would be huge, straining her jaw and cheeks!

As well as the “dress”, there were some ballet shoes, the toes reinforced, with long ribbons to tie around her legs. As quickly as she could, she pulled them on, tying the ribbons in place, the silk soft against her skin.

‘Good. Your master said you were dance-trained. I hope you’ve not forgotten it.’

A hand, fat and powerful, grabbed at Analeigh’s right hand and pulled on it, dragging Analeigh off-balance. A black leather sack slid over her hand, forcing her hand into a fist, a strap buckling it around her wrist. She could flex her fingers a little, making the sack bulge and move, but it was fastened too tightly to her body, making it impossible to remove. The same was done to her other hand, sealing it into leather as well.

‘You’re going to be a good girl, Pussy. Otherwise you’re going to be punished. We’re both very happy to have you here – it’s been quite boring without a silly little slut to entertain us. And if you don’t entertain us, then we’ll make you regret it. Head up, for one more thing.’

There was no chance for her to obey before a hand pulled on her hair, dragging it upwards, making her tilt her head. Leather, soft and cool, touched against her neck, a collar sliding into place, a small O-ring touching against the top of her chest. It was tight and snug, and made her skin crawl – she wanted Master to collar her, not these women!

‘If we ever see you without it, then you’ll regret it. Now, it’s time for snacks, and then you can entertain us.’ A meaty hand smacked against Analeigh’s buttocks, the impact making Analeigh wince. ‘Time for some fun!’

Chapter Two: Dancing

Analeigh shivered, feeling cold and exposed, the outfit baring both her breasts and her pussy. What was she meant to do? Morana had gone to a drinks cabinet and made herself a cocktail, various alcohols mixed together, as Mare went and pulled out a long, thin cane from an umbrella stand. Analeigh watched her nervously, hoping that it wouldn't be used on her – she didn't mind some punishment, but being caned *hurt*, leaving ugly red lines on her ass.

Morana finished mixing her drink, swirling differently-colored fluids together, a slice of lemon hooked over the side of the glass, before she went to sit down. The sofa creaked beneath her, her bulk settling into place, compressing the cushions.

'You said you wanted to get to know us properly, now you do: we like ballet. But not just any ballet, we have our very own choreography! And I hope that you have the stamina to keep the poses and positions, otherwise you will be punished.'

Mare walked behind Analeigh, the cane flicking through the air. 'Twist your arms like this. Show us your body.' She grabbed a wrist, pulling at it, making Analeigh hold her mitten-wrapped hand up in front of her, in line with her face. Her other hand was lower, elbow bent, in line with her bare breasts. The outfit felt cheap, and silly, against her body, worse somehow than just being naked!

'Now, spread your legs and get up on your toes. We want to see your body, and that sweet little cunt of yours. Your master has given you to us, so you're going to be used.'

A hand grabbed her thigh and pulled, forcing her legs to spread, the stupid little tutu doing nothing to cover her up. The ballet lessons faded back into mind, as she rose up *en pointe* with her legs spread, blushing as her pussy was exposed.

'Legs stay exactly in this position and then you dance for us. Something that makes us horny. It's good that you went to ballet school, isn't it? We will judge your dance afterwards. In case we're not really horny, we'll stuff you full as punishment, because that always gets us wet. And you don't want to upset us, Pussy. That wouldn't be very good for you.'

Analeigh strained, feeling the tension through her legs, calves and hips, her toes starting to ache. 'What do you mean, stuff me? And this is a really skimpy dress. With these mittens, I can't serve you either.'

'You're here to be our entertainment, Pussy. We didn't forget anything. We like to see our Pussy's cunt. And the mittens -- well, you don't need your hands around us, and the mittens prevent you from playing with yourself. You see, here in the house, we have a simple rule: Morana and Mare have fun. Pussy doesn't.'

Hands grabbed around her waist, adjusting her posture, until her upper legs were spread horizontally, putting even more strain on her body. Analeigh was glad for all the dance training now, that being the only thing that was allowing her to stay standing, although she could feel the small shakes and tremors starting to build, getting stronger and stronger as her muscles cramped and tensed.

Fingers pushed against her thighs, feeling at the tensed-up muscles, squeezing and pinching. 'Hmmm, Pussy, you have trained well, haven't you? Not like some of the other sluts we've

seen. Nice, tough body. Good girl!’ The hand curved to touch against her pussy. ‘But this is still cold and unwelcoming. You need to learn to be nice to us – we own you, remember.’

She adjusted Analeigh’s position, twisting and tweaking her position slightly. It was a strange relief whenever she adjusted Analeigh’s position, her hands taking some of the strain off her legs, before she was put back down, her muscles starting to ache already.

‘Now, let’s see what you’re like.’

The hands groped at her, pressing against her belly, then her breasts, squeezing the nipples with strong fingers. She groaned, bringing her hands inwards, the pressure increasing.

‘No protests, little Pussy. You’re here for our pleasure, not yours. Hands out!’ Her breasts were stretched out, soft skin contorting as Mare pulled and twisted, Analeigh gasping in shaky, pained gasps. Her arms were starting to ache as well, bent into the strange position, a strain to maintain. But as she moved them back, the pressure on her breasts faded, Mare relenting somewhat. The lack of pain made it easier to focus, although it also made her more aware of how much stress she was putting her body under!

Mare let go, stepping backwards, and then the cane poked against her buttocks. It moved away, then jabbed against her back, just beneath her ribs, into her organs. Up on her toes, she couldn’t move to evade it, simply having to endure the probing, jabbing pain. And then a sudden, stinging strike, against her ribs, making her breath whistle between her teeth, the cane leaving a throbbing welt on her skin.

‘We don’t like noisy sluts. So keep yourself nice and quiet, Pussy, or that mouth of yours will be sealed. I wonder what gag would suit you best? The last slut we had to use a panel gag on – we started with a ballgag, but she kept dribbling everywhere! Messy, messy slut.’

A hand reached over her from behind, grabbing her left hand and pulling it into a slightly different position. The cane moved as well, sliding over the top of her leg, flexing a little as it moved. And then a sudden stinging flick, against her calf, making her whimper again.

‘Stay silent, little Pussy. Or that mouth of yours will be stuffed, remember.’ The cane struck again, this time angled upwards, against her thigh. The force was vicious, leaving a stinging pain on her skin, flesh suddenly hot.

‘Augh!’

A hand grabbed over her mouth, filling it with the taste of Mare’s skin, warm and slightly sweaty. Analeigh could only breathe through her nose now, trying to resist the instinctive flash of panic she felt, the collar around her neck feeling far too tight, almost a threat now. The cane struck against her opposite leg, any noise she made swallowed up by Mare’s hand, breath whooshing instead out of her nose. The cane-strikes *hurt!* And the position was torture to start with!

Another strike, this one on her inner thigh, getting closer to her crotch. She didn’t want to be hit there! Even with barely any space to move the cane in, Mare was still able to generate enough force to make each strike hurt, another swing striking against the very top of her thigh, as she tried to suck in air through her nostrils.

‘Now, dance for us, little Pussy. Entertain us, or we’ll hurt you.’

Mare shoved Analeigh forward, before letting her go, and taking a seat next to Morana on the couch, the wood protesting under their shared weight, cane still in hand. Morana was sipping her drink, expression unreadable. They both stared at hard, expressions hard, Analeigh gulping in nervous fear. What was she meant to do?

Still staying on her toes, she raised her hands above her head, feeling the stupid little tutu shake about, as she twisted her hips.

‘Good. Show off your pussy, Pussy. It’s your most valuable part, after all.’

Analeigh’s eyes focused on the cane, as Mare idly flicked it through the air, hoping it wouldn’t come forward and strike her. The impact-welts were strong and hot, only slowly fading into her body, each one a source of pain.

‘Keep your arms like that, and shake your hips.’

Her feet, still *en pointe*, were starting to hurt now, more pain transmitting itself up through her legs, her calves cramping up. She rolled her hips, feeling the air over her crotch, stirring over her shaved pussy – Master had done it himself, just that morning! Both the women were looking at it, making her want to hide and cover it up.

Then her foot cramped, and she stumbled, tumbling to the ground, managing to get her hands in front of herself to break her fall.

The cane poked against her buttock, as one of the women sighed in disappointment, then Morana spoke. ‘Well, that was disappointing. I suppose some posture lessons are needed.’ She put her empty glass onto a coaster, then wood creaked as she stood up, standing over Analeigh and hauling her upwards, easily lifting her up, onto her shoulder. It was strangely dehumanizing, being hauled around without any say in the matter, but Analeigh tried to force herself to relax, the cramp slowly fading, as she was carried out of the living room, and down the stairs. A thick metal door was opened, cooler air sliding over her skin, as she bent to look.

It was a basement, the floor lowered, although the ceiling was still only a few inches above Analeigh’s back. Bondage equipment was scattered around – several small, metal cages in one corner, a variety of ropes and dildos, canes, floggers and other implements. And the thick smell of sweat and other fluids – there was barely any ventilation, the only light coming from a few bulbs on the ceiling. A noose dangled down, and Morana carried Analeigh over towards it, putting her down, letting her stand.

‘Mare, come and hold Pussy in place, while I get her sorted out.’

The stairs creaked as Mare walked down, getting closer, and then she took hold of Analeigh’s arms, bending one above Analeigh’s head, gripping the other, holding it against the bulk of her body.

Morana took hold of Analeigh’s right ankle, lifting it up and sliding it through the noose, tightening it up. It held her leg up at a painful angle, almost horizontal, her hip feeling the strain immediately. Then she pulled Morana away, making her stagger, lifting her up. Metal clanked, and Analeigh felt something get slid over her foot, stiff metal pinching at skin, forcing her skin into the *en pointe* position – a ballet heel! She’d heard of them from Master! But it made keeping her balance even harder, and she would have fallen if it hadn’t been for Mare holding her up.

‘This will help you keep your balance. A good Pussy knows when to stay still.’ Mare’s grip tightened as Morana stepped away, coming back with another rope, which she swiftly tied into a noose and slid over Analeigh’s neck, tightening it, the cord rough hemp. There was a hook on the ceiling, which she strung it through, and then knotted, pulling Analeigh’s body taut and tight.

Mare let her go, Analeigh staggering, trying not to choke and strangle herself. She could only hop around on one foot, the metal boot giving her foot enough support she wasn’t in pain, but it was awkward and uncomfortable!

‘You’re going to be our ballet-slut, Pussy. You’re going to dance for us and make our pussies wet.’ Mare grabbed at her arms again, bending them behind her back, her hand large enough that it could easily wrap around both of Analeigh’s wrists. Metal snapped, pinching just above her elbows, metal bands snapping into place, restricting her movements. And then more

handcuffs around her wrists, before they were pulled upwards. Her shoulders protested at the sudden strappado, her body starting to bend forward before she reached the limit of the noose around her neck, feeling it tighten against her throat, cutting off her breathing.

Morana spoke, smiling widely as she held up a little metal bell on a clamp. 'These will let us make sure you're not moving too much. And make a nice noise if you do!' She grabbed at a breast, squeezing it out, before attaching the clamp to the nipple.

It *hurt*, the metal biting into her flesh, crushing and squashing it. She could feel the bell as a small weight, swinging about, chiming as it moved. Another was attached to her other breast, a throbbing ache starting to penetrate her chest. This was far harsher than anything Master had ever done to her!

Morana looked down at her, holding up another of the clamp-bells. 'Two more to attach, little Pussy. You need to learn to get wet for your owners, maybe this will encourage you?'

Analeigh twisted around, desperately trying to find some level of comfort in the torture-pose, her legs stretched out, the rope threatening her neck and throat. The breast-bells chimed and rang out, sound tinkly and bright, despite the gloom of the room. Morana bent over, using one hand to part Analeigh's pussy-lips, stretching one out.

Any protest Analeigh might have made was stifled as the rope tightened around her neck, making her gasp and wince, tears coming to her eyes. She couldn't see, but could feel metal sliding over her lower lips, a clamp opening up, and then pinching shut, compressing the sensitive skin. The bell dropped with a faint chime, sending a ripple of pain through her belly. And then the action was repeated on the other side, her other lip trapped between the metal as well, two bells dangling down.

'There we go.' Morana stood up with a satisfied grunt. Analeigh mewled, the different sources of pain all mingling together, as she tried to get some control of her balance. 'Hmm, I suppose you might need a gag after all? Which one would be best?'

'I think the fat ballgag? She needs loosening up, so we can loosen her jaw as well. And it'll keep her quiet.'

'Yes, that will work.' Morana stood back, looking at Analeigh as she squirmed, her booted foot tapping against the floor. Every movement made all of the bells jingle, also making the clamps jerk and pull at her body, making her ache even more!

A hand grabbed her jaw, squeezing and forcing it open, and a fat, rubber ball was pushed in, behind her teeth. It was big enough that it made her cheeks puff out, sealing her mouth entirely, squashing her tongue down. And limiting her breathing even more! She kept moving, hopping and twisting about, unable to find any comfortable position, her legs both hurting more and more.

'If you want to be a dancer, then you need to practice, don't you? This is good training. And you can do this without force – the last slut we had was so inflexible, she started crying as soon as we put her into this position!' A hand slapped against her buttocks, propelling her into another agonized hopping dance, bells jingling and dragging at her. 'Try and be silent. There's a few ducts leading upstairs – if we have to come down here to shut you up, we're not going to be very happy.'

Her head was grabbed and forcibly turned, to make her see some gridded slats in the brickwork.

'Understand, little Pussy?' She couldn't speak through the gag, or even nod her head, but Mare continued to speak. 'You belong to us for a year. So we're going to have some fun with

you. There are some nice, simple rules to follow.’ Analeigh’s head was turned, to see a poster on the wall, covered with large writing, Morana reading them out.

‘Pussy does what it is told, immediately and without delay, otherwise it will bitterly regret it. Pussy shuts the fuck up unless it is being asked something. Pussy owns absolutely nothing. Pussy has neither its own will nor its own body. Pussy must always be horny for the mistresses, but may never ever come. Pussy must earn food and drink. Otherwise it will not get anything. Pussy always moves and poses sexy for the mistresses! If Pussy is not sexy enough there is severe punishment. Pussy satisfies its Mistresses properly OR ELSE.’

Another painful spank, even harder than before, and then Mare spoke. ‘We have more important things to do than to look after a silly little Pussy all day, so we’re going to leave you here for a while. But we don’t want to hear you. And then we’re going to have some fun with Pussy’s pussy.’ Her cackle made Analeigh twitch, trying to move to protect herself, but didn’t have the range of movement to do so. ‘And no dribbling either, Pussy! I don’t want to have to clean up because of you.’

The two of them moved away, leaving Analeigh strung up, hopping about, trying to still her movement, the bells chiming every time she did so. The lights clicked off, leaving her in darkness, her body aching and throbbing. She heard them tramp up the stairs, the creak of the door and a heavy *clang* as it shut, and then she was alone, in the darkness, with just her pain, and the tinkling of the bells, for company.

Chapter Three: Bells

Analeigh was acutely aware of every sound, every time the bells tinkled. Her breasts and pussy-lips had gone numb, crushed beneath the harsh metal, making her body ache and throb. With one leg held stretched out, it was impossible to properly gain her balance, especially with her hands bound behind her back, and her other foot stretched out in the ballet-boot. She could make herself more stable, but only by putting strain on her neck, making her head feel giddy as she strangled herself. Her leg was in agony, stretched out, supporting her weight, but there was no way for her to relieve the tension! And her bladder was full, feeling hard and solid inside her, as she tried not to piss herself. The two women would almost certainly punish her for that, if they returned and she was stood in her own piss.

The only light she could see was the lowest of glows, coming from above, reminding her of the outside world. There was no way to tell how much time had passed, her aches and pains getting steadily more acute. The gag in her mouth was making her jaw hurt as well, filling her mouth entirely, muting her and squashing her tongue. She ached all over, but her pussy-lips especially, the bells dangling down, dragging and hurting her sensitive parts.

From above her, she heard the occasional creak, the floorboards shifting, probably caused by the weight of one of the two women. Or both! Were they lovers? Any bed capable of holding both of them must need special reinforcement. And their strength... Not like the slight elasticity of rope, or even the harder chinking of chains, but strong and unyielding, keeping her fully restrained when held. And this was on the first day – what would they do to her if they were angry or annoyed? Either one of them could easily hold her in place, rendering her vulnerable to whatever they wanted to do to her. Whipping, caning... Or even worse things. She shuddered, making the bells tingle again, having to awkwardly hop around, her hip-joint feeling strained and painful.

What wouldn't she give for some relief from this! Just to stand on both feet, even if she couldn't sit. This pose was agony, throbbing pain coming up coursing along her hips, into her legs, and of course along her breasts and her pussy as well. And she couldn't even breathe properly with the gag in, feeling her nostrils flare as she tried to suck in air.

Metal creaked, and light spilled down the stairway. Analeigh gulped, nervously hopping in place, bells chiming, hearing heavy footsteps approach, wooden stairs creaking. Would it be Mare, or Morana? Not that it made much of a difference – they both seemed violent and cruel!

She flicked her head, trying to keep the hair from her eyes so that she could see, the lightbulbs turning on, illuminating all the bondage equipment. At this point, she'd happily accept some punishment, if it meant being released from this hellish position!

It was Morana, now with sweat-stains on her clothing. She reached out and groped at Analeigh's breast, her hand a little sweaty, pulling on the bell-clamp, stretching out the breast. 'Bit stupid, aren't you? Or just not very obedient. I've been hearing your chiming upstairs. I don't think you understand your position here. So I think it's time to start making some changes. Your master was very permissive – after all, you've got a year to heal up. Might even shave

your head, just to teach you some manners! But I don't hold with chastity belts – so it's time for something else.'

Analeigh hopped again, unable to keep her balance for long, Morana wincing at the sound. She walked past Analeigh, towards a heavy metal chair, looking like something from a hospital in a horror movie, slightly rusted, and with heavy leather straps to hold someone in. It clanked as Morana spread the legs out, locking them into position, then turned back to Analeigh.

'Let's get you into place. Pussy needs to learn her lessons!'

Morana grabbed at Analeigh's raised leg, loosening the noose and pulling her leg through. It made her hip ache and throb in different ways. It dropped to the floor, and she was glad to shift her balance, putting weight onto it, taking some of the strain from her ballet-booted foot, although the uneven height of her feet made her stagger.

'Silly Pussy, you're making a lot of noise.' A strong arm grabbed at her, hauling her around, Analeigh staggering and lurching, her hips throbbing and sore. She was pulled forward, twisted around and then dumped into the chair, the metal cold against her body. Her legs were pulled apart, falling into the curves, straps tightening to lock her in, arms still bound behind her body, uncomfortably poking into her back.

Morana blocked out most of the light with her body, looming over Analeigh. 'Let's get you prepared. I'm sure you must want something a little different to the gag?'

Analeigh grunted, her jaw straining around the fat rubber ball.

'Well, don't worry, I've got something that you will enjoy the taste of.' She shoved at Analeigh's head, moving it over a padded headrest, then applying straps over Analeigh's chin and forehead, locking her movement down. Then she unbuckled the gag, Analeigh vainly pressing it against it with her tongue, trying to push it out. Her jaw was so strained from holding it in, that she couldn't apply any pressure, simply having to wait until it was pulled out, her mouth aching and sore still.

Morana held up a fat wad of clothing, which Analeigh recognized as exercise shorts, dark and stained with sweat, the odor strong enough that she could smell it from here. It made her wrinkle her nose, unable to even shake her head in rejection.

'Don't want you making any noise!' She started to shove the garment into Analeigh's mouth, the lycra sliding in. Morana's fingers pushed it behind Analeigh's teeth, the fabric soaking in her spit. She could taste Morana's sweat! It was vile and rank, gross and disgusting. And there was more and more of it, the woman's clothing huge, to fit her massive body. It ended up filling her mouth completely, almost drowning her, leaving her tasting Morana's sweat, and her flesh. It ended up stretching her jaw out even more than the gag had! There was so much of it that she could compress it, or close her mouth!

'Let's keep your mouth sealed.' There was the sound of tape, a long roll of silver-shiny duct-tape getting peeled off, Morana just tearing it, and then pushing it against Analeigh's lips, sealing them shut. 'There we go! Just to let you enjoy my taste. And to make sure you don't make any noise. The last slut we had wouldn't stop screaming when I did this! Just to make sure you don't do anything that you shouldn't, I'm going to seal that pussy of yours, Pussy.'

She reached out, pulling the clamps off, not very gently, sending more pain coursing through Analeigh's body as the blood started to flow back again. A chill of fear ran through Analeigh, as Morana picked up a bottle, pouring something onto a cloth, which she wiped over Analeigh's crotch. It stung slightly, but all she could smell and taste was sweat!

‘Three on each side, to make sure your labia is shut. And one for the clit – and bells can be attached of course! Don’t worry, your master is OK with this. He wanted you to have some nice decorations, after all.’

She held up a needle, the metal catching the low, Analeigh’s eyes opening up wide. She tried jerking around, wanting to break free of her restraints, the leather tight over her forehead. Any noise she might have made was swallowed up entirely by the rancid, sweaty fabric in her mouth, as she gasped and panted, her legs too strained to break free.

Her eyes went wide as the needle moved, pushing against the top of her labia. Her skin resisted, just for a moment, before there was an agonizing pricking sensation, the needle sliding into her body. Full-blown panic was coursing through her, hot and ugly, followed by a wave of pain. She couldn’t fully see what was being done to her, but a brassy ring was held up, before she felt more pressure down there.

This was repeated, on her opposite lip, another agonizing poking of the skin before penetration, metal sliding through her softest parts. Her breathing was coming in short, desperate pants, her head filled with fuzz, feeling her body get altered, rings sliding into place. This was repeated, twice more on each side, the insertions fading into each other, her crotch a mess of hot pain.

Monara smirked down at her. ‘Just one more to go, Pussy. And then we’ll be sure you’re not doing anything that you shouldn’t be doing.’

Fat, heavy fingers parted her throbbing and pained lips, swiftly finding the nub of her clitoris and squeezing it. Just being touched down there, so soon after the piercings, made her body throb and ache, but then she felt the needle again, pushing against her clit. Tears trickled down her face, and she wanted to scream, but every time she inhaled, she was overwhelmed with the taste of Monara. The needle pushed forward, first pinching against her skin, resisting it, and there was the horrifying moment of penetration, the metal sliding through her.

She whimpered, unable to offer any resistance, feeling the long spike of metal embedded into her flesh. Why was this being done to her? She didn’t want this! But it was *there* now, part of her body, at least for a moment, before it was pulled out, another ring going through the hole.

‘There we go! That means no fun for Pussy. A few wires through them, and you’ll be nice and locked up. Much tidier than a chastity belt.’

Pain-sweat slicked her body, leaving her drenched and slippery, the salt stinging her skin. She couldn’t move, could barely even think!

‘That just leaves us your cute little asshole to train. It’s not going to be so little when we’re through with you!’

Analeigh sagged limply in the chair, her arms jutting into her back, feeling the pain throbbing from her now-pierced crotch.

‘Let’s get you up against the wall. And then your training really begins!’

She was in too much pain to resist as Morana unbuckled her from the chair, picking her up like a lump and carrying her across the room. A raised bench had metal attached, along with several hooks and brackets on the wall. All she could do was ache and throb though, as she was dumped onto the bench, metal stocks getting locked around her ankles. A short chain was clipped onto her collar, so that all she could see was the wall, unable to move her head any further.

More footsteps came down the stairs, another large shadow blocking more of the light, Mare speaking. ‘Done the piercings already? I was expecting Pussy to make more noise.’

‘She’s nice and stuffed. Her lovely mouth is getting used to my taste!’

Heavy footsteps got closer, a heavy hand pressing against her backside. It slid over the flesh, before lightly tapping one of the rings. Even just that soft touch made Analeigh feel more pain, the sensation getting transmitted all the way through her, forcing her to rest her head on the way, or she would have collapsed.

‘We’ll have to let Pussy’s pussy heal up, but we can start on her other training.’ The hand moved away from her crotch, now spreading her buttocks and exposing her asshole. ‘Another cute little hole to use!’

Analeigh tried to shuffle forward, not liking the hand on her ass, and not wanting to be used back there. Her ankles were locked into the metal though, limiting the area she could move in. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Morana hold up a massively oversized dildo, the girth of Analeigh’s arm. Was that something they used? Surely they couldn’t mean to use it on her? She’d never be able to take it!

But Morana was rubbing lubricant over it, making the black silicone shiny, as Mare continued to speak. ‘We’ll have to keep her nice and full. I’m sure she’ll learn to appreciate it – after all, Pussy isn’t going to be getting much of her usual pleasure! And then we can attach your cute little bells again.’

She moved to the side, letting Morana take her place. Mare took a tight grip of Analeigh’s hair, holding her head securely. Analeigh felt the tip of the cock press against her backside, forcing her tight asshole open. Tears streamed down her face, Mare keeping a strong hold, not letting Analeigh’s head move much. It felt *massive*, stretching her asshole wider and wider, the muscles feeling like they would break! It was forced into her, bit by bit, the lube doing little to help, sparks darting across her vision.

Analeigh lost all sense of time, her body getting violated with greater and greater force, her insides getting squashed up and compressed by the intruding shaft.

‘Once that’s in her, then we can leave her for a while. Give her some time to think about her position.’ Mare leaned over, planting a wet and slobbery kiss on Analeigh’s cheek. ‘I’m sure Pussy will come to enjoy this, after a while.’

Her entire crotch was throbbing with agonizing soreness, her lips aching from the piercings, a harsher pain coming from her clit, as the huge cock was tugged back-and-forth, pushing deeper and deeper into her bowels. She tried to relax as much as possible, through her sobs and cries, despite the agony she was in.

‘Hmmm, it won’t fit! Little Pussy isn’t big enough.’ The cock was pulled out, a single motion that left Analeigh gasping, feeling empty with the intruder gone. ‘Let’s get the pump instead.’

Analeigh couldn’t even open her eyes, just hearing movement, before something else started to get shoved into her asshole. It was smaller and less stiff, more easily moving into her, not stretching her out as much. A plastic hose touched against her leg, making her flinch, before she heard the pump of air. The thing inside of her stiffened, getting harder and stiffer. Another pump, and it expanded again, swelling inside of her.

‘I wonder how many she can take?’

It kept growing, violating her bowels as it stretched her from the inside-out, getting larger and larger. There was no way for her to force it out, and no sense of pleasure either, just a growing, aching pain.

‘Hmmm, that might be her limit. We don’t want to break her just yet.’

Through her pain, Analeigh couldn’t tell which one was speaking, but was desperately, acutely aware of the thing inside of her, wanting it *out!* But there was nothing she could do

about it except suffer, as a hand spanked her asshole. Her hair was pulled upwards, getting tied around a hook on the wall, leaving her bound and helpless.

‘We’ll be back later, Pussy. And then we can have some more fun!’

They both walked away, the lights clicking off, leaving Analeigh alone in the darkness, her ass filled and stretched, her crotch pierced and agonized.

Chapter Four: The New Normal

The cage was small and cramped, Analeigh forced to sit, unable to change her position much. Her hands were still bound in the mittens, and the pussy-bells chimed slightly whenever she moved. Her eyes weren't covered, but in the almost pitch darkness of the basement, there was nothing to see anyway. And the darkness meant she wasn't being hurt more! Every time either Mare or Morana moved in the house above, she could hear the creak of the floorboards, letting out a sigh of relief when the movement was away from the door to the basement. The darkness was oppressive, but at least it meant that she wasn't being hurt more!

Her back ached, forced into an uncomfortable bend, unable to straighten up within the cage. Hanging outside was the padlock, keeping the cage sealed. But at least in the cage, she was safe! Her asshole throbbed, from the latest set of "training", but at least it wasn't getting any *worse*.

The floor above her creaked, Analeigh shivering in fear, hearing the sounds get closer to the basement door. Please just let them be going outside? Please, please, *please!*

But she heard the creak of metal, the basement door opening. Footsteps, heavy and solid, progressed downwards, getting closer and closer, before the light clicked on, hurting Analeigh's eyes.

'Hello, Pussy! Time for some more training. We need to get you cleaned off first though. Can't have Pussy being stinky and dirty. You've not pissed yourself this time though, have you?' Morana bent over, looking inside the cage, her arm too large to fit through the gaps. 'You're learning.' She pulled out a key, unlocking the padlock on the cage. 'Out.'

Analeigh crawled forward, glad to be able to move, the strains and stresses in her back starting to fade.

'Get dressed.'

The skimpy ballet outfit was tossed at her, flopping over her body. Even with her mitten-wrapped hands, she could put it on, pulling it over her head, glad of anything to cover herself up. Every time she moved, she could hear the bells chime out, their weights dragging against her lips. She hadn't been allowed to touch herself ever since coming here – although with the rings on her lips and metal wire between them, then she couldn't touch herself! How long had she even been here? She couldn't tell, kept down in the darkness. Long enough to heal up from the piercings – but had it been weeks, or months? How much longer until Master returned for her?

'Over here.'

Mare was already in position, a hose in hand, in front of a wet patch of wall, the floor angled towards a drain. Analeigh shivered, goosebumps spreading over her body already.

'Move faster, unless you want the big cock again. Although maybe you like that now? Even though you haven't managed to have an anal orgasm yet. I'm sure you'll have one eventually. Maybe we just need to use a bigger cock?'

Analeigh shook her head, her body shaking, the bells chiming. Just the mention of it made her ass throb and ache, sore from being stretched out by the oversized shaft! She crawled forward, over to the wall, forcing her body to stand, her legs having to get used to standing up again. There were metal brackets, with rope attached, and she stood next to one at ankle-height.

Morana came over and tied the rope around her ankle, the rope rough and harsh as it scratched against her ankle. Then she grabbed Analeigh's other ankle and pulled it upwards, stretching it out, tying it off against another bracket, the ropes going around a toe. This forced her leg out, stretched and tight – although even this position was a relief from the pressure of the cage, the metal pushing against her all the time.

Her arms were next, Morana tall enough to just drag them up, a noose slipping around her wrists, getting pulled taut. Now her whole body was stretched, one foot on the floor, side on to Mare, waiting with the hose. Stood up, the bells were a heavier weight, dragging on her pussy-lips, making her ache and throb. The bells stretched out her lips, the wire between them dragging on her skin, reminding her of her locked-away pussy. She could feel herself getting moist down there, any sensation enough to make her want pleasure, starting to warp her mind.

Morana moved out of the way, and then Mare turned on the hose. Stingingly cold water bit into her flesh, the torrent powerful, wiping off the top layer of her skin, slapping against her. She tried to keep her mouth shut, not wanting to choke and splutter, but couldn't help but moan a little. When the hose moved down her body, slamming against her crotch, it was even harder to resist, the bells all chiming, the flow of water strong enough to make the bells move around. The water cooled her down, washing her all over, before the flow stopped, leaving her shivering and wet.

Rough toweling rubbed against her body, Morana drying her off with brusque impatience. The towel scraped against Analeigh's skin, harsh against her body, making her whimper again.

'Time for you to dance, Pussy. Entertain us, and maybe you'll get some nicer food. Or it'll be the sludge again. But that's all that a silly slut like you deserves, isn't it?'

The towel moved between Analeigh's legs, touching against the bells. Just that movement was enough to make Analeigh's heart race, a stirring thrum of stimulation coming up from her sealed-away crotch. Water was caught inside the bells, slowly splashing out, down her thighs, a bitter and chill imitation of warm pussy-juice.

It didn't take long until she was mostly dry, her silly outfit still damp and plastered to her body. The towel rubbed over her head, drying off her hair, before she was untied, her leg dropping down to the floor.

'I hope you remember the sort of dancing we like!'

She was untied and then grabbed by the collar, getting dragged upstairs, struggling to keep up with Morana's strides.

After the cold darkness of the basement, even the low light of the front hall felt good. The brighter light of the front room was the first relief she'd had from the basement in... weeks? At least? Mare followed up, grabbing Analeigh's head, tying a cloth gag into place.

'Don't want you complaining! The last slut managed to scream loud enough that the neighbors complained. It's not fair to them to have their Sunday ruined because of a silly slut. Now, let's get your ballet shoes on, and then you can perform for us.' She was shoved forward, stumbling, Morana picking her up and Mare winding the ribbons around her legs after sliding the ballet shoes on.

Then they both moved over to the couch and sat down, the thing creaking beneath them. Mare picked up a cane, sliding it through her hands.

'Arms and legs spread! Pussy needs to show everything she has.'

Analeigh forced herself to move, spreading her arms up above her head, spreading her legs wide. At least it was warmer up here than downstairs, the air sliding over her pussy, making it

tingle. Her breasts were bare and uncovered, as she focused on Mare's cane, desperately hoping that it wouldn't slide forward in a sudden strike.

She moved with the slow, steady movements they liked, trying to make each position sharp and distinct. Her limbs were still slow and unsteady from her confinement though, and she had to force herself to move – she just wanted to stretch out and relax, without pain and suffering! But Morana nodded, giving Analeigh a little surge of hope that she might escape without any punishment. She twisted, turning around to display her body. Every time that she moved her hips, it made the bells ring out, dragging on her skin, hurting her, but stopping movement would result in her getting hurt even more!

Analeigh thrust her ass out at the women, hearing them move on the couch, wood creaking along with the rasping slither of clothing. A cane poked against her backside, then flicked out in a strike. It was a sharp impact, making her jump, sending the bells dancing around, causing her more pain.

'Up on your toes, Pussy.'

Analeigh groaned, going up *en pointe*, the reinforced toes of the ballet shoes helping with the posture. It still hurt there, all her weight on her toes, as she danced across the room, every movement sending a wave of pain through her crotch and belly. She could hear herself mewling through the gag, the cane flicking against her now-tight thighs, hard and taut muscle getting harshly impacted, aching and throbbing from the impact.

She danced across the room, still on her toes, pirouetting on one leg and slowly bending over, trying to keep her body tightly aligned, not wanting to think about the consequences of failure. When she spun, she could see the women, Morana now sat with her legs spread, skirt pulled up, stroking between her legs, meaty fingers disappearing into her own pussy. Analeigh slowly continued to move, forcing herself through the dance positions. The only time she was ever allowed out of the dungeon-basement was when she was forced to hurt herself by "performing", stressing and straining her body even more! And she had to watch them fingering themselves, their large mouths contorting in slobbery grins as they masturbated, until they gasped in pleasure.

At least that normally put them in a good mood, where they would just slap and spank her, rather than doing anything more cruel and painful. Having weights attached to her pussy-rings, as well as the bells, stretching out her labia – that *hurt*, and made her worry about what damage it might be doing to her. She managed to contort her body, Monara moaning, her eyes watching Analeigh's movements, as her fingers squished into her body, pressing at her rolls of fat to squash them out of the way.

'Come closer.' Mare spoke, gesturing with her empty hand. Analeigh obeyed, not wanting to anger them, flattening her feet for a moment and then going back onto her toes, gracefully moving her own arms. 'Because we're so nice, we've got you another bell! Just for you, Pussy!' The chair creaked as she reached into a pocket, pulling out a large metal bell, brassy and right. Just the sight of it made her feel ill, not wanting to have it attached anywhere.

As soon as she was close enough, Mare lunged forward, grabbing at Analeigh's wrist and dragging her in even closer, over Mare's knee. Analeigh tried to keep her legs closed, not wanting her bells to snag on Mare's clothing, putting even more stress onto her sensitive skin. Pressure came down onto her back, Mare using one hand to hold her in place. The other slid between Analeigh's thighs, the bell cold and hard. Mare's hand fumbled between her legs, strong and insensitive, spreading itself wide, forcing Analeigh to part her thighs. She could feel the pussy-wires getting bent, pulling on her lips again, just that enough to stimulate her.

‘Pussy likes this, doesn’t she? Naughty girl!’ Fumbling, fat fingers pushed into her, making her gasp, especially when they found the clit-ring. She was so hot and wet already, despite the insensitive probing, making it hard to think. Metal clicked, a chain scraping against her, before something pulled on her clit, stretching it out, making her whimper.

‘Another special bell! Just for you. Now we’ll be able to hear it more when you dance.’ A hand slapped against her backside, making it sting and throb, and then she was pushed back to her feet. She almost sagged down, feeling a weight on her clit, the new bell dangling between her legs. Whenever she moved, she could feel it sway, knocking against her thighs, making her head spin from the pressure it exerted.

‘Now dance, Pussy. Spread your legs nice and wide!’ The cane flicked out with a vicious *thwip*, smacking against a thigh, marking the skin throb.

Analeigh whimpered, forcing her body to move, raising her arms up, spreading her legs wide. Having the clit-bell attached was agonizing, pulling on her skin. When she swayed her hips, it swung around, the pressure fading for just a moment, before it reached the top of its curving arc, and then swung back down, the force of the swing rolling through her as it pulled her clit savagely downwards. There wasn’t enough way to protect herself against it, every rocking movement jolting her, although there was a disturbing wet looseness she could feel, growing and flowing in her slit.

The cane flicked out again, hitting her thigh, making her wince in pain. She must have made some sound that could be heard through the gag, Morana slowing the pace of her fingers, pulling them out, now wet with her own juices. She spread her own pussy wide, exposing the slick and soft inner walls, wriggling her hips forward.

‘If Pussy isn’t going to dance, then she can do something else useful. I wonder how good her tongue is.’ She bent her legs, pulling them back onto the couch and fully exposing herself, pulling at her crotch to spread her pussy wide open.

The cane flicked against the new bell, making it ring, at the same time spending a surge of pressure-pain through her, as her clit was stretched yet again.

‘On your knees, Pussy.’

She was happy to obey, glad to be taking the weight off her feet, collapsing to the floor, all her bells tinkling. Mare stood up, moving behind Analeigh and flicking the cane against her ass. At least that was a *normal* pain, rather than the more degrading pain of having the weight on her clit! Another stinging impact against her ass, and she crawled forward, her vision filled with the sight of Morana’s spread legs, able to smell the woman’s juices, and the sweat of her body, making her feel slightly nauseous.

Morana reached out with one leg, hooking it around Analeigh’s head and dragging her closer. Her gagged mouth bumped against Morana’s body, before Mare’s head tugged the thing free, tossing it aside. And then she was shoved forward, her tongue sliding out, over Morana’s skin. It was soft and tasted of sweat, the leg moving, pushing down on Analeigh’s back.

Analeigh pushed her tongue into Morana’s spread out slit, wanting to get this over with as soon as possible. Maybe then she would be allowed to rest? Compared to this, even being in the cage wasn’t too bad! Although the taste of Morana was unpleasant, the scent of her was slightly sour and sweaty. When relaxed, her body was plush and soft, squashing down as Analeigh pressed her face forward.

Being used like this was degrading, but it was better than having something shoved into her ass, or having them sit on her, squashing the air from her lungs! She slid her tongue in as deep as she could, her nose pressing tightly into Morana’s body. She had to probe and lick with her

tongue to try and find the woman's sensitive parts, hearing for the changes to Morana's breathing as it got faster and faster.

There was a rumbling murmur of approval, vibrating through the woman's body, as Morana shifted her position.

'Good little Pussy! It's times like this that make it worth keeping you around. Your dancing is improving, but needs a lot more work still. Mmmm, yes, that's the spot!'

Analeigh continued her licking, feeling the cane poking against her from behind, but without coming down with greater force. It jabbed and probed against her, thrusting into soft skin, poking into her buttocks, Mare stood close by.

Analeigh licked and stroked with her tongue, kissing Morana's slit. She had found the woman's clit, curling her tongue around it, the thing feeling hot and large, reacting to Analeigh's licking. She kept grunting and groaning as Analeigh licked at her, legs shaking, thighs muscles shaking and sagging. Analeigh could feel Morana's orgasm getting close, the woman getting hotter and hotter. And then it came, fluids flowing out, washing over Analeigh's face, some of it going into her mouth, over her tongue. She choked and spluttered, wanting to spit it out, but not wanting to get into more trouble, just swallowing it down.

The cane flicked against her back in a vicious swing, making her gasp, swallowing more of the pussy-juice.

'Good little Pussy! That's why we keep you around. Now you can have a little bit of a break, and then it's back into your cage. Good little pussy-licker!' A hand came forward, grabbing at Analeigh's hair, keeping her held close, forcing Analeigh to drink down more of the pussy-juice, her face bathed in it. But this was still better than being tortured and hurt, even with Mare poking at her with the cane!

Chapter Five: Weight Training

Analeigh's calves and ankles ached as she tottered around, brutally high heels pushing her onto her toes, with barely any other support. The ballet heels weren't even boots – just shoes, giving her legs and ankles even less support! Her torso ached as she moved, every breath making her body ache, an ultra-tight corset compressing her waist, but leaving her breasts free.

'Hghh...' Dribble oozed out of her mouth and down her chin, leather straps keeping a fat ballgag in her mouth. Her tongue slid against the back of the rubber ball, the thing stopping her from making any meaningful sounds, all she could do was gasp and whine.

A hand, fat and heavy, cracked against her backside, hard enough to make her stagger forward, stumbling into a wall. Her buttocks ached from the impact, as Mare chuckled behind her.

'Keep moving, Pussy – we want to see you dance for us! Like a good little toy-slut. And it's fun to watch the bells swing and sway.'

'Nhhhh...' As she moved, the pussy-bells swung and chimed, dragging on her body, adding another source of pain. It was hard to control her movement and momentum, the high heels making her stagger and lurch. With her hands cuffs to each other, and in front of her, Analeigh was limited in what she could do.

'You need to put more effort into it, Pussy! And stop whining, unless you want to go back into the basement.'

Analeigh shook her head – she didn't want to go back into the dirty darkness, left tied up in some humiliating, degrading position, made to hurt her and deny her any rest. At least a cage let her sleep, until Mare or Morana got bored and came to molest her more.

Mare's fat fingers grabbed hold of her backside, squeezing the soft flesh and pulling her backwards. She fell against Mare's body, glad of the support, just for a few seconds, before a wide arm wrapped around her waist and crushed her, forcing all the air from her lungs. Analeigh was pulled off the floor, held there by Mare, utterly powerless to resist. It was like being grappled by a bear – there was no possible way to resist! Even the fact that she was now off the ground, taking the strain from her calves, didn't make it any less unpleasant.

Mare's other hand moved, fingers grabbing a breast and mauling it, squeezing and twisting the sensitive skin, making Analeigh whine in pain. Every part of her seemed to ache, denied proper rest or the chance to heal, being tormented, trained, abused and then thrown back into her cage!

'Such a soft little thing, aren't you? You need to be tougher!' The fat fingers squeezed her breast again, before sliding down her body, as the arm around her waist tightened. She could barely breathe now, gulping in tiny little pants of air, just enough to keep her conscious. The hand moved between her legs, a finger shoving into her slit.

She yelped in shock and surprise – she was dry down there, the finger just forcing its way into her body, spreading her open, brutal and painful. Her hips shook around, the pussy-bells chiming.

‘What a lovely sound that is! Nice and musical. It makes it fun to listen to you move around.’ The finger continued to twist instead of her, a forced violation that she couldn’t do anything to evade. Mare was so much stronger than her!

The floorboards creaked as Morana approached, the smile on her face making Analeigh whimper again, not liking the cruelty in her eyes. In one hand she was holding a heavy metal weight, casually pumping her arm, her bicep tensing up and then relaxing. She was dressed in exercise gear, stretched over her massive frame, darker patches visible where she had been sweating, her forehead shiny.

‘Take this, Pussy. If you drop it, then I’ll tie it onto your cute little pussy-rings.’

She gave it another casual lift, before handing it over. Analeigh grunted in effort, the strain of holding the weight running through her arms – it was even heavier than she had thought, immediately putting pressure onto her arms and shoulders.

‘Now, lets give you a few extra decorations.’

Morana held up a clamp with a small bucket attached, clicking the metal open and shut a few times. Analeigh’s eyes focused on it, seeing the spikes on the inside of the metal, still crushed against Mare’s body. The metal scratched over her chest, a slight aching scratch, and then it opened over her breast, then was released, the metal biting into her nipple. Her body was throbbing with pain, her arms already straining to hold the weight. Whenever she moved, the small bucket shifted, sliding over her skin. Another was attached to the other nipple, adding another brief flare of pain before the crushing pressure numbed itself.

She was fingered throughout this, her body slow to react, the dry-finger fucking making her pussy ache, another source of pain, before the finger mercifully withdrew.

Then Mare lowered her, putting her back on the ground, and she staggered, her back aching as she tried to hold the weight up. The burning, forced pressure of having to hold the weight *hurt*, building up fast and not relenting.

She was shoved forward, just barely avoiding falling on her face, not wanting to know what punishment that would result in! It was so heavy that she couldn’t even dream of lifting the weight higher though, just barely managing to hold it at all, trying to tighten her grip as the strain kept building, the burning spreading through her body, muscles trying to obey her commands.

The buckets slid over her chest, moving around, making the clamps shift with every movement, changing the angle of the pain on her nipples. A loud *crack* echoed out, Mare’s hand slapping her ass in another hard spank, making her stumble forward with a yelp. Tears started to form in her eyes, more dribble oozing from her mouth. Another spank made her stagger forward, forced to move faster and faster or falling, the weight in her hands seeming to get heavier and heavier. It was taking all her will and focus not to drop the thing, but then she would get punished even more.

The bells chimed and tinkled, seemingly inappropriately jaunty, contrasting with the misery she felt.

‘See? Now she’s putting some effort in!’

The only way to get herself under any kind of control was to lean herself backwards, the angle making the corset dig into her body. Morana caught her, grabbing her by the neck, easily holding her in place, before holding up a metal lump, the size of her thumb.

When she dropped it into one of the buckets, Analeigh immediately feeling it, her tit getting stretched downwards by the extra weight. ‘Would you like that weight you’re carrying attached to your tits instead?’

‘Nrhhhh!’

‘Then be a good girl and stop moaning, you dumb little bitch! You need toughening up.’ Another weight rattled into the opposite bucket, stretching that breast out as well, and then another into each. The strain was making her want to lean forward, but that made her arms ache more, having to take more of the weight she was holding.

She was spanked again, squeaking in pain, her toes dancing around, unable to find any comfortable position to stand in. Morana put a few more of the little weights into the buckets, staring down at Analeigh, cruel and dominant. This close, Analeigh could smell her, the scent of her sweat slightly musty.

Hands pushed her buttocks apart, something hard and cold sliding over her skin. ‘Pussy needs to get used to more weights! She needs to be stronger.’ It was slippery, leaving behind a trail of lube on her skin, her eyes going wide as she realized what was about to happen. The tapered end of the thing moved between her buttocks, Mare finding her asshole and then starting to push harder.

‘Hphhhh!’ A wet and sticky torrent of dribble oozed from Analeigh’s mouth, splashing between her breasts. How big was the thing being forced into her? It felt massive, stretching out her tight asshole, the tears starting to trickle down her face – it wasn’t just a plug, but a full, fat dildo. She could feel how wide her asshole was being stretched out, forced to accept the fat lump, and it *hurt!* Analeigh was panting now, her lungs burning for air, Morana taking the chance to finger her, shoving one of her own fat fingers into Analeigh’s pussy.

Mare was wrenching and twisting the thing around – even with the lube it still hurt, her asshole getting stretched painfully wide, the muscles feeling as though they were about to break.

And then, mercifully, it reached the tipping point, the fat lump sliding into her body, getting sucked into place. It still hurt, a hard and heavy lump nestled in her bowels, but at least her asshole was now closing up, with just a thin stem passing through her butthole, with another lump pressing against her buttocks. The cold metal was warming up rapidly, nestled inside her body.

Mare gave it a tweak, pulling on it and forcing Analeigh to thrust her hips back, jerking her off-balance, Morana still holding her by the throat. Her arms were shaking now, from the strain of holding the weight, her breasts stretched out and tormented. Morana’s finger continued to violate her, making the bells shake and chime.

‘Pussy is a bit of a weakling! But we’ll toughen her up. Make her into a tougher bitch, that can take more punishment.’

The fingering was starting to have an effect, warmth beginning to gather in Analeigh’s crotch, making the finger move more easily. The casual violation in both holes made her flush with shame, but it was impossible to escape – the two women were simply too strong! And the weights and the heels meant that she could barely move.

‘Time for a squat position!’ Mare spoke from behind her, and she heard the rattle of a chain. A slight weight tugged on the butt-plug – not enough to pull it out, but enough that it made her want to drop down. ‘I’m going to lock your pretty little butt onto a 20-kilo weight. That should be fun to watch! Have a look.’

Mare walked in front of her, carrying a heavy metal disc, grey and pitted, even Mare straining slightly to carry it casually. A tab in the center had a padlock on, with the chain already locked into place. As she moved, Analeigh could feel the movement transmit itself into her. Mare gave it a shake, as Morana stepped away, letting go of Analeigh’s throat and sliding her finger out of Analeigh’s slit.

‘This should give you a good workout!’ She took the weight from Mare and shook it around. Analeigh gasped, feeling the ass-plug vibrate and shudder inside of her body, stirring her up as it degraded her, making her whimper and whine though her gag. Her chin was drenched now, with a sticky smear-trail falling all the way down between her breasts, sliding into her navel, making her feel even dirtier and more degraded. Master had never treated her like this! Morana pulled the weight around, forcing Analeigh to turn around, to increase the slack in the chain.

‘That’s it, Pussy, spin around, show yourself off!’

She was facing Mare now, who licked her lips hungrily. Dark stains were visible under her arms, where her clothing had soaked in her sweat, making Analeigh feel vaguely nauseous. There was no time to think about that before she was forced to stagger backwards though, another tug on the ass-chain. Her torso dropped forwards, and it took all her focus not to drop the weight.

The plug was pulling against her from inside, threatening to slide out of her and hurt even more! All she could do was let herself be pulled backwards, tottering on the ballet-heels, her arms stretched out by the weight. Every movement she made was led by her ass, as she was dragged around by the plug and chain.

‘Why don’t you lift your arms, Pussy? Dance for us?’

Analeigh strained, her arms feeling like slabs of dead, cold meat, her strength virtually gone. She managed to lift the weight, just a little, but could only manage a few inches of movement before her arms sagged. She felt the grip slide through her fingers, the sweat making it hard to grip, having to curl her fingers.

‘You’re not very good at this, Pussy.’ Another strong slap against her buttocks made her stagger, and then she was dragged down by the weight and forced to squat. Aches and pains started to spread up her calves immediately, the chain not long enough to let her properly stand.

Morana looked down at her, stepping in close. Analeigh had to strain to keep the weight lifted at all, feeling it waver against the floor, giving her a moment’s reprieve, but she didn’t dare put it down.

‘What a weak little thing you are, Pussy!’ Strong fingers grabbed her hair, pulling her forward, so her face was buried in the woman’s crotch. Her vision was almost completely gone, and she felt as though she were drowning in Morana’s scent, sweaty and wet. Clothing rustled above her head, the scent getting even stronger, before she was pushed away.

Morana was topless now, her massive breasts now longer covered by the exercise-wear. ‘We’ll have to work you a lot harder! Don’t want you getting soft and weak, little Pussy!’ She flicked the top at Analeigh’s face, before flapping it open and then dropping the thing onto Analeigh’s head.

It was soft, warm and damp with sticky, humid sweat, fogging Analeigh’s senses as it was twisted around her head. It made it hard for her to breathe, having to suck air in through the material, every inhalation bringing with it Morana’s scent. She couldn’t see anymore, but she was still weighed down and forced into the squatting position, her claws burning with greater intensity as she endured the painful position.

A hand grabbed the top of her head, using the clothing-hood to drag her around. The darkness was terrifying, infused with Morana’s scent and presence, impossible to escape, the same as the anal penetration, still firmly lodged deep in her ass. She shifted around uncomfortably, the weight in her hands finally dropping, thudding against the floor.

Morana made a sound of annoyance, and a hand slapped against her face, some of the force of the impact absorbed by the fabric. It still stung, hitting hard enough to turn her head.

‘Weak, Pussy, weak!’ The weight was taken from her hands, leaving her in the squat position, although it felt as though she were about to collapse. ‘You’ll need to be a lot tougher if you want to endure, Pussy! We’ll have to feed you up as well.’

The lack of air was making it hard to think, a dull throbbing starting in her temples. With every movement, she could feel the ass-plug, fat and hard inside of her, weighed down by the chains and the weight. There was no way to take the pressure off, to make herself even slightly more comfortable.

‘May as well get those arms stretched out! Mare, you know what to do.’

Her wrists were grabbed, the cuffs released as her arms were stretched out to either side of her head. Metal wrapped around her wrists, a bar running along her arms and over her back, pressing down onto her body, and forcing her to keep her limbs outstretched. Metal clicked and clacked, the device getting rearranged, stretching her limbs further out, enough to make them ache.

A weight was pressed into each of her hands, her fingers twisted around them. These at least were smaller, enough that her strength didn’t immediately fade.

‘You can deal with that, at least, Pussy, can’t you? Otherwise you’ll need far more punishment.’

With the metal bar, at least she couldn’t move her arms, but the weights still strained her, and then there was the thing in her ass still. She twisted, just a little, shifting her weight from one leg to the other, shifting the strain around, still desperately uncomfortable.

‘We’re going to go wash ourselves – if you’re not in that position when we get back, then you’re going to be punished!’ Her head was dragged around again, making the scents of sweat get even stronger. It ached, her head throbbing, her body as she twitched and shifted, her thighs burning with pain. She didn’t dare make herself more comfortable, even after she heard the women moving away, the weight making their movements impossible to hide.

It hurt, the aches spreading all the way through her calves, and then up her back, then into her arms. All she could do was try and endure, despite the merging pains and aches, and the fat lump in her ass!

Chapter Six: Domestic Utility

‘Hurry up and go, Pussy! You don’t want to make me angry.’ Mare’s voice came from above and behind Analeigh, making her shiver in fear. She could feel the tension in the leash Mare was holding, connected to the collar around her neck, not letting her go far from the back door into the yard. Although it was surrounded by high walls anyway, making it impossible for anyone to see in or out. They were even topped with barbed wire, like a prison camp!

She crawled forward, the scrubby brush prickling against her legs and her bare palms, before lifting a leg. That made her pussy-bells tinkle, the sound sending a flush of shame through her body. And her arms were still like jelly, not yet recovered from the enforced exercise! It was a struggle to even support herself as she moved, glad that it was at least evening, the cool air kissing against her skin, mercifully cool.

Mare growled behind her, and she tried to move faster, knowing that she was reaching the limits of the leash, the leather cord limiting how far she could get. Analeigh moved closer to the wall before lifting a leg and relaxing her bladder, trying to push as hard as she could.

Piss, hot and fresh, flowed out of her, splashing onto the grass and up the wall, leaving a long, dark mark. Her flush deepened, hot shame coursing through her veins, making her face burn red. When she felt droplets of it splash onto her legs, the shame got even worse, cutting her up from the inside. Having to piss like this, like she was a bitch-dog!

Mare shook the leash, the movement strong enough to drag Analeigh’s head around, her leg wavering. This altered the stream’s course, and more splashes struck against her leg.

‘Hurry up, Pussy!’

Analeigh whined, her mouth distorted by a huge ball-gag that had been forced into place, the fat sphere stretching her jaw out painfully wide, straps pressing against her head. She was going as fast as she could! And pissing faster than the ground could absorb, the gross puddle starting to spread towards her. She forced her bladder as tight as she could, expelling this piss from her body, trying to empty herself fast, before the puddle reached her.

She gave her hips a shake, a few final droplets shaking loose, before crawling backwards and then turning around. Mare was in front of her now, and grabbed hold of the leash-cord in one of her massive hands, and then pulled. Analeigh couldn’t keep up with the yank, feeling her knees burn as she was pulled over the grass, the stuff scraping and scratching her skin.

‘Let’s wipe you down and then you can be put back to work. Don’t want you slacking off!’

Analeigh whined – her legs were still throbbing and aching, her feet locked into the ballet heels, and being down on her knees had been a welcome break. Her thighs and calves were burning from the constant strain on them, her feet sore from being bent into the tight arch beneath the leather.

Fingers grabbed her collar and used it to twist her around. Mare was so big and strong that Analeigh couldn’t escape the constant groping and manhandling, being forced into whatever positions she wanted! A cold, wet cloth wiped between her legs, making her yelp from the shock, as her pussy was wiped clean, Mare moving with force and speed.

‘Break’s over, pussy.’

She was dragged up to her feet, choking and gasping as the collar pressed against her throat, making it impossible to breathe. Her legs kicked in the air before she managed to regain her balance, teetering on the ballet-heels, feeling her thighs start to cramp up almost immediately. She swayed, supported mostly by Mare's body, feeling the massive strength of the woman, her pussy-bells chiming and dragging on her sensitive parts.

Behind Mare, she could see the kitchen – Morana was sat down already, her chair heavy, reinforced wood to deal with her weight, a huge bowl of salad in front of her, and looking impatient.

'Let's get her stuffed, and then we can eat. And little Pussy can have our leftovers!'

As soon as Mare let go, Analeigh collapsed to the ground unable to bear her own weight, her legs too weak. Mare sighed and twisted her around, slapping her backside until she poked it up into the air.

'Silly Pussy! Now you've pissed, you need to be filled up again.' Slippery rubber pushed against her buttocks, Analeigh reflexively trying to relax, to make the forced violation less painful. Her asshole was penetrated, a fat dildo-shaft penetrating her. It made her body spread wide to accept the thing, her head spinning, feeling it slide into her bowels, compressing all her insides, her breathing starting to come in ragged pants. Would she ever get used to being so brutally violated?

Mare continued to twist the thing into her – this wasn't a butt-plug, a fat lump with a narrow base, but a full dildo, the shaft massive and wide, not giving her anus any relief as she was spread wide! She'd never taken anything this large into herself, and it hurt, stretching her out, everything aching.

'Got something new for you, Pussy! Because we're such kind owners, getting toys for our pet. Give me your hands.'

It was shoved into her, filling up her insides and holding her asshole wide and stretched. It was so deep in her that there was no hope of pushing it out, and it remained there, gravity not pulling on it.

Before Analeigh could react, Mare had grabbed one hand and slipped something leather over it, some kind of mitten that held her hand stretched out, a cuff locking around her wrist. Then her hand was dragged down, metal clicking, before the process was repeated on the other side. Now, whenever she moved her hands, she could feel the movement transmitted through into the ass-dildo – her hands must be locked onto the thing! This meant that every motion she made sent faint ripples of pain through her asshole, the cock lodged deep inside her body, her asshole pained and stretched.

Then Mare took the leash and pulled on it, making Analeigh crawl across the floor, the tiles hard against her knees. Every movement hurt, her asshole stretching wider and wider as the cock shifted, and she had to try and keep her arms as still as possible to avoid causing herself more pain. She could feel the dildo deep inside of her, too deep to force out, but it was so large that it *ached*, a deep and brutal violation that couldn't be escaped. And not just in her bowels either, but her asshole itself was being assaulted and tormented!

Mare gave her a soft slap to the cheek before releasing her gag, tossing it into the sink for cleaning, Analeigh swallowing down a fat wad of spit before she dribbled. Then Mare sat down, the chair creaking as it took her weight. The two women started to eat, Analeigh simply taking the chance to rest, her legs feeling like slabs of meat beneath her, aching and sore.

Something bounced off her head and hit the floor, rolling away, a bright red sphere. It took her a moment to recognize it as a tomato, slowly rolling to a stop.

Morana's voice spoke from above, between the sounds of chewing. 'Eat it, Pussy. You need to eat up!'

It was an effort to move, the ass-dildo vicious and painful within her as she wriggled her backside forward, trying to get closer with the least amount of movement, keeping her arms as straight as possible. Leaning over hurt even more, putting extra strain onto her body, her hands pulling the cock a little out before it slid back into position, making tears form in her eyes.

But she managed to twist around, dropping her head close to the tomato and then taking it into her mouth, before biting down. It burst, an explosion of wet sweetness, easy to swallow down.

'Good Pussy!' Another tomato fell down, landing close to her head, so that she could stretch for it without causing herself too much extra pain. 'Maybe you can learn to be a good bitch-slut! You just need to learn how to obey.'

The sweet wetness of the tomato made Analeigh feel light-headed – how long had it been since she had been allowed a proper meal, instead of scraps? And with all the physical work she was forced to do, no wonder she was exhausted all the time!

'Come closer, Pussy.'

Her view of Morana and Mare was now mostly blocked by the table, but she could see their legs beneath it, bulky columns of flesh, hopefully not about to move and hurt or trap her.

'Head up.' Morana spoke again, before her hand appeared from above, grabbing Analeigh by the hair and dragging her closer. The sudden forced movement hurt, hair getting torn from her scalp as her asshole was roughly violated again.

The hand dragged her head back, making her neck ache as she was forced to look up. A plastic funnel appeared, narrowing to a tube, which was shoved into her mouth, a strap binding it into place around her head. Her tongue scrabbled it, tasting dry plastic, the thing half-blocking her vision.

'We've been neglecting you, haven't we? Need to feed you more. Hold this.'

Morana picked another bowl up, not her own one, and poured something from it into the funnel, a paste starting to drop down into Analeigh's mouth.

It was thick and lumpy, with clods of stuck-together powder slowly flowing amidst the liquid, tasting bitter. With the plastic tube between her teeth, she couldn't bite down to break up the clumps, instead just having to try and swirl her tongue around, pressing them against the roof of her mouth or her cheeks. When she did so, the soft, squidgy clumps broke up, exploding into dry lumps of powder, sucking up all the spit from her mouth and coating her tongue, sticking to it.

The stuff kept coming, flowing into her belly, filling her up. She could feel the cold slime moving down her throat, gross and clammy. It was impossible to do anything other than swallow it though, as Morana kept pouring it.

'You need to swallow faster, Pussy! A good slut should have a loose throat. Let me help you get that down!' As she turned away, Analeigh twirled her tongue around, trying to break up the clumps and swallow as much of the stuff as possible.

Mare reached out, without even standing up from her chair, grabbing at Analeigh's leash and using it to pull her around. This made her arms move, shifting the ass-plug, making it twist against her inner walls, stretching them out, painfully wide.

'Up on your toes, little Pussy! You still need more work!'

Analeigh whined into the tube, the noise barely audible, aches and pains starting to flare in her thighs and calves, but it was go up onto her toes, or be choked. Morana came back with a

dildo – this one looked thinner than most, at least from what Analeigh could see by looking around the cone.

More of the food-goop was poured down, Analeigh desperately trying to breathe through her nose, having to swallow fast or down in the stuff. Morana took the dildo and started shoving it up and down, using it to push the paste down the hole. It came in fat lumps, slightly broken up by the slamming of the dildo, but getting forced down into the hole.

Mare reached over and pinched Analeigh's nostrils shut. She whined, before gagging and choking, desperately trying to swallow as fast as she could, wanting to clear the food-goop, to let herself breathe again. She could feel herself weakening fast though, her body strained by the posture, the collar tight around her throat.

She coughed and spluttered, some of the stuff going down the wrong hole.

'Silly Pussy! Can't even swallow right!' Mare let go of Analeigh's nostrils, and she sucked in a deep draught of air, helping the aching in her head to recede. Her thighs were on fire now, the muscles shaking and twitching, and she sagged back down, unable to hold herself up.

Morana made a sound of disappointment, making a savage thrust with the dildo, the tip of the thing shoving into Analeigh's mouth. She could feel the tip of it with her tongue, wiping goop off it before it retracked and vanished.

'So pathetic!'

Analeigh whined. She didn't want to be hurt and tormented like this! The ass-dildo was a constant brutal intrusion, one that she couldn't push out. Even when she tensed her backside, that just made everything hurt even more, her asshole tightening around the fat shaft, the muscles aching and throbbing, unable to properly close. Through this all, her pussy-bells kept chiming and jangling, dragging and pulling on sensitive skin. It was like drowning in the horrible stuff, as she coughed and tried to keep it out of her lungs, tears coming to her eyes.

Mare yanked on the leash again, pulling Analeigh up onto her toes, the bells ringing out. Her arms moved, forcing the ass-dildo to move as well, stretching out her insides. Her movements made the dildo slide out a little, the lumps and ridges of the dildo scraping at her sensitive skin, making her yelp. She just barely managed to swallow down another lump of the paste rather than choking on it, as Morana continued to pour more down into her. It was filling her belly, making her feel fat and full, oozing down her throat.

Morana shoved against her forehead, and she swayed, then fell onto her back. She groaned in pain as she hit the floor, her arms reflexively tensing up. This made the dildo twitch and shake, scraping at her insides even more.

'Dirty, useless bitch!' A foot pressed down against her belly – even without Morana's full weight, it was still far stronger than Analeigh could ever hope to shift, keeping her trapped in place. With her body stuffed though, between the food-paste and the dildo, it made her feel fat and queasy, everything inside of her getting all squashed up and compressed.

'You should be thankful, Pussy! We could just keep you in a cage downstairs and not let you out – keep you fed with a tube and nothing else. But because we're so good and caring, we let you see the sunlight, even get some exercise!' The foot pressed down harder, Analeigh groaning in pain, feeling her ribs creak under the weight. 'Let's get that other hole of yours stuffed.'

The foot moved off her, and she gasped, before it stamped down onto her thigh. 'Spread.'

Analeigh didn't want to obey, but the alternative would probably get her punished!

Awkwardly laid out on her back, she spread her legs, trying to keep her arms as still as possible to avoid causing her asshole more pain. Morana leaned down, so large that she blocked out the

light, holding up the dildo that she'd been using to force food-paste down the hole. It was still covered with flecks and gobbets of the stuff, Morana flicking it, sending some of them cascading through the air.

She lowered it, tapping the tip against Analeigh's belly. She could feel her own sticky dribble slicking against her skin, wet and warm and gross. It traced along her skin, making her shiver in repulsion, then again as the movement transmitted itself through her ass, making her gasp in pain.

The dildo pushed against her lips, getting stroked slightly up and down. Despite herself, she could feel herself getting wet, the stimulation rushing through her and warming her up, making her feel excited and ashamed.

It slid into her, her own body providing lubrication along with the food-goop, which she could now feel was formed into gritty blobs, getting smeared all inside her pussy-walls. Morana used it to tease her, twisting it around, her touch surprisingly light for once. Analeigh's breathing became even more scattered, the pleasure making it harder and harder to think. When she twisted her hips, trying to be penetrated deeper, then that might her ass ache even more, but this time it felt strangely good, a twist of pleasure starting to mix with the pain, humiliation and discomfort.

'You see, Pussy? All you need to do is be our obedient pet, and then we can have some fun together. But you're so pathetically weak that you need training up!' The dildo continued to penetrate her, stirring up her pleasure, making her shiver with pleasure, her thoughts now scattered and vague, her vision blurring. 'Such a frail little slut! But you'll get there, unless we break you first. But if you're a good girl, then that won't happen.'

She withdrew the dildo, Analeigh whining in protest, before it was pushed back into her, getting pumped back and forth, with rapid, savage twists. Her tongue lolled in her mouth, rubbing against the plastic tube, her body reacting against her will, forced towards pleasure. She sank into it, trying to ignore the pain she could feel from her asshole, and the general aches in her body, as her pussy-bells chimed softly, rolling on the floor. At least now she wasn't in some hellish pressure-position!

'Mrhmmmm...'

'Maybe, if you're a good little Pussy, then you'll be allowed more? But for now, you need to learn to obey!' The cock was withdrawn again, leaving Analeigh hanging, denied any release and sagging down against the floor. 'That's the spirit. Now more exercises! I want to see Pussy working hard!' She stamped down on Analeigh, making her groan with pain, before returning to her food. Analeigh whined, slowly struggling back upwards, trying to ignore the pain she was in, and the fading pleasure between her legs.

Chapter Seven: Vicious Heat

Hot, dry heat assaulted Analeigh, emanating from hot rocks in the center of the room. The wooden walls of the sauna were light wood, clean and bright, with sturdy benches on the other side of the room. Analeigh could feel the heat, strong enough that it was almost physical, sucking sweat from her body, making her slippery and shiny. Her arms were bound above her head, the leather shackles uncomfortably hot, holding her stretched out, her toes tight and tense, just about able to touch the ground.

‘You should be honored, Pussy! Being able to relax like this.’ The wooden boards creaked whenever Mare or Morana moved – even with whatever reinforcements were in place, it wasn’t enough to keep the boards from shifting and warping beneath their weights!

The heat was washing out from the coals, fiercest against her front, her breasts and belly bright with sweat. She felt light-headed already, her body drained by the heat, her throat getting dry.

‘We need to soften your skin first, Pussy!’

She felt a flogger impact against her back – although the ends were soft, the sweat soaking her skin made the impact sting, the strike hard enough that the salt in her sweat made her back ache. Several more strikes followed, up and down her back, and then onto her thighs as well, and over her buttocks – Morana set a steady rhythm, the impacts rippling through Analeigh.

She used to quite like being beaten by her Master – and this was less brutal than some of the past punishments and “training” that Morana and Mare had inflicted upon her. Compared to those, this was almost pleasurable, even if the heat and her sweat added extra pain to it. And the strikes were getting harder, making her sway on her toes, unable to stay in place.

Her mouth was sealed with a bit-gag, the leather between her teeth soaking in the heat, the metal components even worse, making her cheeks throb and ache from the conducted heat.

A hand pushed against her back, strong and heavy, sliding a little thanks to her own sweat. It pushed her forward, her feet leaving the floor, moving her closer to the heated stones.

‘Such a dainty thing you are, Pussy!’ Another hand slapped against her buttocks, hard enough to make her wince, especially with her skin already tenderized by the flogging. She could feel the impact crack against her, and the handprint that it left on her, one of her buttocks aching and hot. Another loud spank against the opposite buttock, the pain now even across both of them.

‘That lovely skin of yours is so soft and lovely! It just needs softening up. A pet bitch like you should be nice and sensitive.’

Analeigh tensed up, expecting another spank, but there wasn’t one. Instead, something touched against her back – some kind of plant. It twisted, and she felt sudden prickles, nettle-stings biting into her skin. The pain-sensations from that were completely different to the flogging, making her skin ache, the spikey fronds forcing her to twitch and shake.

‘Mrhhmmmm!’

‘It’ll open up your pores – stop whining!’

The nettles brushed over her back, making her tense and writhe, pain stabbing into her body, prickling her skin all over. Wherever it touched, she felt pain, hot and urgent, before it was flicked back and then forward, this time striking her butt. The impact didn't hurt much, but having her soft, vulnerable skin needled by the nettles did, making her tense up and try and twist forward, wriggling around in a futile attempt to avoid it.

'Some people pay for this – you're getting a luxury spa treatment for free! Pussy should be thankful.'

'Hnnmmmmnnnn....' Her back was on fire now – still throbbing from the flogging, but the nettle-stings ached even more, her body wet and floppy, hard to make move.

A hand grabbed her ankle, bending her leg backwards. A moment later, the nettles stroke against the sole of her foot. Her other leg jerked and twitched, vicious little stabs of pain getting forced onto her, forcing her breathing into ragged, uneven pants. Having it flicked against the backs of her thighs was slightly better, but still hurt, adding yet more aches and throbs to the rush of pain.

'And we can't forget those tits of yours!'

A hand grabbed her hair, yanking on it and tilting her head back, straining Analeigh's neck. She heard a flicking noise, and then saw, just from the corner of her vision, the bundle of nettles flicking forward. It struck against her breasts, the spiky tips sending up more hot flares of pain, making her gasp again. She was given a good going-over, her breasts and belly both, the heat from the stings all merging, steadily increasing until she felt vaguely delirious, especially with the heat from the sauna as well.

When she was released, she sagged down, the sole of one foot still aching, limp and tormented. Morana moved around in front of her, still flicking the length of nettles, using it like a whip, leaving stabs and prickles of pain all over Analeigh's body, making her moan and groan. Having the woman there at least helped block the heat a little though, Morana's massive body acting as a shield from the sauna.

Mare approached her from behind, grabbing a buttock, the strong squeeze making Analeigh yelp with pain, all the nettle-stings reigniting. 'Is little Pussy's mouth getting burned? We can't have that – a burn mark would be far too ugly!' Fat fingers fumbled with the strap of the gag, making the buckle touch against bare, unprotected pain, causing Analeigh to hiss in pain from the mild burn.

As soon as it was released, a torrent of dribble oozed from her mouth, splashing onto the floor.

'Don't want you being noisy and interrupting us! We deserve to relax as well.' Fingers pinched into her jaw, forcing it open, Mare far too strong for Analeigh to have any hope of resisting. A wad of fabric was forced into her mouth, pushing her cheeks out and compressing her tongue. 'Let's make sure you stay hydrated.'

She saw a water bottle, before her head was dragged back and Mare started to pour it into her mouth. The fabric soaked it up, filling her mouth even more, before slowly trickling through. She coughed and spluttered, trying to swallow it down rather than choke, the effect being like a slow waterboarding. More water kept trickling through, forcing her to be on guard all the time.

'Now, what else? Oh yes, we don't want you watching either. Let's get you nice and warm!'

It was already roasting-hot in the sauna, sapping Analeigh's strength with every moment. The water kept slowly trickling through the wad of fabric in her mouth, but then she felt a towel wrap around her head, soft and fluffy as it covered her eyes, wrapping her up entirely. It got

tweaked and pulled, so there was a tiny hole beneath her nose, letting her suck in the hot, dry air, feeling it singe her nostrils.

Beneath the towel, it was dark, and even more stifling than before. The heat-haze was spreading through her, making her weak and floppy, her thoughts increasingly scrambled and loose. Her hair was poking out of the top in a high ponytail, but otherwise her head was completely sealed away, binding her into the soft darkness.

It was harder to make out noises, but she heard a soft plastic *crack*, and then water pouring again. Coldness touched her scalp, water being poured onto the towel from above, soaking in. It came down, making the towel stick to her head, stiflingly tight, cutting off her senses and making it even harder to breathe. The towel clung, wet and thick, her head trapped within the humidity within, unable to shed any heat.

‘Good Pussy! Now we can admire you properly.’ A spank slapped against her backside, making her gasp, her head immediately reeling for the lack of air. A hand grabbed one of her breasts and squeezed, Morana’s fingers strong and heavy, crushing her slippery, shiny skin, making her twist in pain, powerless to resist.

‘I don’t know what you’re complaining about – you’ve not even got your pussy-bells in, because they might burn you! See, aren’t we such kind owners, preventing silly little Pussy from hurting herself?’

The water from above didn’t stop until the towel was drenched, turning it into a torturous hotbox, the humidity seeping into Analeigh’s skin, making her light-headed and woozy, struggling to even think. She felt a hand grab her ankle and wrap wet rope around it, before it was pulled to one side, lashing to something, held off the floor. This was repeated on the other side, suspending her in an upside down “Y”, with both her legs spread wide. The hot air kissed against her slit, and the insides of her thighs.

When Morana slid her hand down Analeigh’s belly, Analeigh was so slippery with sweat that the hand was scraping wetness off her, moving down skin, resting over her crotch. Analeigh was already starting to pant, her head reeling from the heat, feeling all the moisture getting drawn out of her body.

Morana started to tease her pussy, fat fingers stroking at soft skin, peeling them apart. The nettle-prickles still throbbed and ached in time with her pulsing heartbeat, her legs stretched wide. She could feel sweat-beads sliding over her skin, slowly rolling their way down her skin before dropping off, wicking away all her strength.

‘It’s nice to see how obedient you are! Such a good little pussy-slut – it’s been fun training you. I wonder when your master will return? But until then, we get to have fun with you.’

Analeigh didn’t even have the strength to whine in protest – she wanted her master back, so that she could escape these two! And not be kept in a cage all the time, and be allowed to walk normally, to be a person again... She was jerked from her brief reverie by a finger sliding into her, just one of Morana’s fingers so big that it was like a cock, pushing into her. Despite her near-delirium, it felt *good*, adding another thrill of heat to her body, twisting and coiling up her spine.

‘I can feel you tighten up! What a desperate, needy slut you are. But that’s why you’re so fun to play.’ It twisted and rotated inside of her, as Analeigh fought to try and stay conscious – the waterlogged towel was a brutal torture all by itself, making her pant for air, her head trapped in the thick, wet heat.

Mare spoke. ‘I think you’re enjoying this too much! Naughty, dirty slut.’

Analeigh shrieked when something cold touched her back. It reignited all the aches and pains, leaving behind a trail of cold water – was it ice? In the heat of the sauna, it must be melting away already.

Mare ran it up and down Analeigh's spine, making her yelp and shudder, especially as it touched the base of her spine, just above her buttocks. And then it moved down, getting pressed into the cleft of her backside, pushed against the knot of her backside. The cold revitalized her, forcing her into awareness, as Morana's finger kept teasing and stroking.

The ice-lump was melting enough that it was now slippery, slowly stretching her asshole wide as it was forced into her. As it passed into her body, the bitter coldness of it was even more apparent, radiating the chill into her body, still melting inside of her. Another ice-cold lump was pressed against her asshole, sticking for a moment before it started to melt enough to self-lubricate, stretching her tight hole out.

'You need more work to loosen out back here! But don't worry, by the time we've finished with you, then you'll be able to take even the biggest cocks.'

Analeigh made a faint whine of protest, the sound stifled by the wadding in her mouth and the towel around her head. She didn't want to be fucked in the ass that much! But she felt the ice-lump force her asshole open, before hitting the tipping point and going beyond, getting swallowed up inside of her. Another lump started to push against her, and she was too weak to even try and resist keeping it out, just sagging in her restraints.

Morana kept fingering her, pushing another fat and stubby finger into her slit, stretching that wider as well. But it felt good as well, her pussy tightening around the intrusion, her thighs and hips twisting, trying to get more. Hot and cold mingled inside her, the ice-lumps starting to melt.

Several more were pushed into her, making her insides feel fat and stuffed, and then a rubbery butt-plug pressed against her ring. She was so loose now that it easily pressed into her, getting greedily devoured by her body, sealing her up.

'We don't want you making a stinky mess, so you can keep that in, Pussy!' Mare gave the thing a twist, fat lumps pressing against Analeigh's insides. The ice-lumps were turning into chill water, dropping her heat even as she was assaulted by the sauna heat, her head still trapped in the delirious humidity of the towel. Her whole body felt weak and wobbly, her consciousness flickering and fading, kept awake only by the pains she felt, and the soft promise of pleasure between her legs.

Morana continued to tease her, moving with deliberate slowness, not letting the pleasure build enough for Analeigh to get off, although she could feel her pussy-juices starting to trickle down her spread thighs, mixing with her sweat.

The flogger cracked against her back against, the multiple leather strands going stiff as they hit her, making her gasp. They stripped away sweat and the outermost layer of her skin, making her shudder and twitch.

Morana's fingers pushed deeper, so far inside that Analeigh could feel Morana's knuckles against her crotch, the oversized digits writhing away, a thumb stroking against her clit. Each crack of the flogger drove her deeper into the pained darkness, but the luxury of unconsciousness was denied her, as she was kept awake and aware, the cold water inside her belly steadily warming up.

Another shock of cold, this time against her belly, another block of ice rolling over her skin. It immediately started to melt, leaving a trail of blessedly cold water against her skin, helping to cool her off, trickling down her body. Morana shook it over her belly, slicking her down with cold water, before removing it.

A moment later, it pushed against her clit, and she shrieked. Immediately, she felt even weaker, desperately trying to suck air in, her head now throbbing and sore. The cold ice and water flowed around her clit, into the hot folds of her slit and then down her thighs, chilling her core, forcing her even further from both orgasm and unconsciousness, her senses reeling and vague, all her focus on the sensations between her legs.

‘Did Pussy like that? Well, maybe you’ll like this even more.’

Morana’s fingers slid out of her, and she heard a cracking hiss-spit of water, falling onto the hot rocks. And then something colder and more solid, not immediately-melting ice, touched against her belly. It was firm but squishy, the slippery tip rolling down her body, before coming to a rest over her pussy.

‘A nice cold cock! Let’s see what this does.’

It was thrust forward – she was so wet that it slid into her easily, pushing deep into her. And she heard herself shriek again, at least as much as she could, the thing sucking away her heat. The chill against her most sensitive parts was vicious, but her body clenched onto it, holding it inside of her, even as Morana twisted it around, pumping it back and forth. Her hips started to buck wildly now, as she was forced to twist and writhe, Mare still striking the flogger against her back and buttocks, leaving hot and stinging streaks of pain across her skin.

She was gasping wildly now, the humidity around her head draining her thoughts, making it impossible to focus on anything other than the cracking pain across her back, and the vicious cold shoved deep into her pussy. Her body was caught in a confusing fever-whirl, scattering her senses and her thoughts, whatever Mare and Morana were saying impossible to hear.

The cock shoved deep into her, and she felt herself come. Her hot juices eased the passage of the cold cock, lubricating it within her, making her feel even deeper pleasure. She could feel her juices drop and splatter to the floor, flowing along with her sweat.

And then, pain-lashed darkness, even Mare’s flogging not even to keep her full conscious, the stifling heat too much for her, as she tumbled into its embrace.

Chapter Eight: Changing Times

Analeigh moved her head, the heavy chain attached to her collar clicking tight, the other end secured around a table-leg. The links were so thick that they dragged her down, making her neck ache from the strain. Mare and Morana were both sitting down, eating food, their legs stretched out, thick trunks dominating Analeigh's view.

'Eat up, Pussy. Today's a special day for you! And you need to keep your strength up.' Mare moved her plate, tilting it off the edge of the table, crumbs cascading to the floor. 'Lick those up, be a good little slut.'

Analeigh shuddered, but still crawled forward, her neck aching, collar chafing where the chain dragged it around on her neck. At least it gave her an excuse to lower her head, the chain hitting the ground, as she extended her tongue and started to lick the floor. The floor was clean, but she still felt shame at having to do this, even after all the time she'd been here! Months, at least by now – enough that her body was accustomed to some of the torments, able to move despite the aches and pains from constant beatings and spankings.

The floor tasted slightly gritty, and she tried to suck the crumbs of food up as much as possible, without leaving any sticky dribble-trails, acutely aware of every little movement that Mare and Morana made, in case they moved to strike her again. As she moved, she could hear her pussy-bells chiming, dragging on her pussy-lips. Having her head down like this made her feel even more exposed and vulnerable, her ass up in the air, her pussy exposed.

Morana moved her leg, scraping it down Analeigh's back and then pushing it against Analeigh's head.

'You can clean my feet, Pussy. Show me that you know your place.'

As soon as she moved closer, a strong and heavy hand grabbed Analeigh's head, yanking her by the hair and moving her into position. Morana's foot was just beneath her face now, and she shuddered for a moment, before obeying, dropping her head down and licking at it. At least it was already clean, but having to kiss and lick and worship Morana's foot only added to her sense of degradation.

'You've improved a lot, Pussy. You don't cry or whine any more – you're nice and obedient now! And we can twist and pose you into even the most awkward positions, and you barely even cry and protest.'

Analeigh heard Morana's thighs slide against each other – she was wearing a dress, short enough that Analeigh could see up it, and see that she wasn't wearing anything beneath it. She kept licking at the foot, feeling dull and degraded inside.

Mare's foot kicked against her buttocks, before moving away and lightly tapping at her pussy-bells. They chimed, Mare's touch making them move, stretching at her lips, making her wince as she kept worshipping Morana's foot.

'While you're down there, you can use your tongue for something else, Pussy.' The crushing weight against her back let up, Morana spreading her legs wide. Analeigh made a faint mewling sound, but obeyed, crawling forward and placing her head between Morana's thighs. The scent of the woman enveloped her, the strong thigh-muscles on either side of her head. If

they tensed up, then Analeigh would be crushed between them, her air cut off! She'd have to try and be good, otherwise she knew she'd be punished.

She dipped her head forward, tongue already sliding out, kissing Morana's lower lips. There was a rumbling sigh of pleasure from above her, the legs spreading wider, Analeigh pushing her tongue deeper in.

'Good Pussy! Such a nice little lick-slut. This is why we keep you around.' Morana was already wet, Analeigh's tongue sliding in easily, and now she could taste Morana's pussy-juices, fresh and intense. Her vision was dark now, her face pressed up against Morana's body, the thigh muscles currently slack and relaxed, Analeigh's forehead meeting Morana's belly.

She could feel and hear the gasps and rumbles that ran through Morana's body, the woman's breathing getting faster and faster, the taste of pussy-juice getting even stronger.

Mercifully, it didn't take long before Morana climaxed, juices slicking over Analeigh's face, making her wince in distaste. Morana sagged back down on the seat, body relaxing, making the chair creak, Analeigh wriggling herself backwards.

Mare reached beneath the table and grabbed at Analeigh's collar, dragging her over the floor, scraping her knees, untethering the chain from the table leg.

'It's a special day for you, Pussy! We're getting a visitor.'

She was dragged out from underneath the table, pulled upwards by her collar, twisting her neck to try and keep breathing. Mare was so strong that she could easily manhandle Analeigh around, dragging her as needed.

'I suppose you should be dressed up, at least a little.'

She hauled Analeigh forward, and she just about managed to stay standing. Who was coming? Was it Master? Was she finally going to be allowed to leave this place, and these two hellish bitches? Her heart started to beat, just a little faster – she could be happy with Master, actually relax and feel good for once, without being tortured and tormented! And maybe she would be allowed to remove the degrading pussy-bells, so that she could move without having to be careful not to make noise. And she'd be allowed her own name again, rather than being called "Pussy" all the time!

She barely even noticed Mare dressing her, in a little silk negligee, her fingers fat and heavy, pinching and tugging at skin, making her grunt in pain. She groped and mauled at Analeigh's breasts, giving them hard squeezes, twisting and crushing the nipples. Analeigh's mouth had a fat ballgag pushed in, making her jaw ache. She had to suck back spit, swallowing it down before it oozed from her mouth, not wanting to look dirty for Master, or to stain her negligee.

'We even got some special shoes for you, Pussy!'

Mare held one up, Analeigh focusing through her excited daze. They were metal stilettos, the arch coming up to four inches off the floor – but there was no heel. Instead, there was just a spike coming up from the bottom, positioned to jab the heel of the wearer. She whined through the gag, but her objection was entirely ignored as the stiff metal was placed over her foot, getting securely buckled into place. Now, when Mare moved her into position so that she was standing, she had to stay on her toes, her weight off-balance and awkward. If she ever leaned backwards or tried to walk normally, then the inverted heel-spikes would jab into her, her weight torturing her further.

'You should be able to walk in these, Pussy. Or would you rather crawl like a bitch?'

'Mhhmmm!'

Analeigh took several steps around, having to extend her arms to help with her balance. Mare slapped her backside, sending her staggering, feeling pain in her heels as she tried to move normally before re-balancing herself, her ass now stinging from the hit.

Mare grabbed her collar and pulled her backwards, before forcing her wrists together. Leather slid over her arms, straps going over her shoulders, an armbinder tightly sealing her shoulders into place, pulling them backwards and making her push her breasts forwards. This made it even harder to balance, especially when Mare pushed her forward, making her totter until she collided with a wall, glad to get at least some support. And with every step she made, the pussy-bells chimed, dragging on her body.

‘Good Pussy! Nice and quiet and obedient.’

She heard Mare approach, and couldn’t turn around fast enough, as another strong strike hit her backside, making the throbbing even stronger. She whined into the gag, feeling dribble start to leak through, splashing onto her negligee, making it dirty and gross. The heavy chain was still locked onto her collar, falling between her breasts and scraping over her body, and making it even harder to keep her balance.

‘Won’t be long now, Pussy! Let’s get you into the front room, so you’re all nice and ready.’

Analeigh’s heart leapt again – she would be getting out of here! She was being united with Master!

She leaned forward, trying to keep her weight on her toes, and off the heel-spikes, letting Mare move in front of her and drag on the chain. That at least relieved some of the weight, making it easier to move, her shoes tapping against the floor as she was dragged back through the house. In the front room, the chain was attached to a hook on the ceiling, and then a hood was shoved over her head, leaving her in darkness, as she swayed about, her legs already starting to ache. But soon she would be getting out of here!

It was impossible to keep track of time, with her head covered by the hood, her hair messily falling out of the bottom, cascading down her body. But there was warm sunlight against her body, and she made herself as comfortable as she could, despite the steadily-growing aching in her legs, as she tried to shift her weight about to ease the tension.

She could hear Mare and Morana moving around, the floor creaking beneath them, along with the sounds of them... getting things ready? Moving the furniture around a little and cleaning up. Despite the discomfort of the position she was in, she was still excited – she’d be able to leave this place! And not be tormented and trained by those two bitches anymore! She wanted to feel her Master’s touch, and have his cock inside her, rather than being slapped around and hurt all the time. It was just a shame that she hadn’t been able to apply makeup and fix her hair – she wanted to look as good as possible for him!

A hand slapped against her buttocks, making her grunt in pain, swaying forward from the impact, and then hurting her own heels as she rocked backwards onto the spikes, having to shuffle around awkwardly until she wasn’t being hurt anymore.

She heard the doorbell ring, and couldn’t resist an excited squeak. Soon she’d be out of this hellhole! Heavy footsteps moved away, and she heard a creak as the front door opened, then lighter footsteps along with the heavy ones. With the huge gag in her mouth, she couldn’t make any expressions, but... two sets of footsteps? Was someone else here? And with the hood over her face, she couldn’t even scent her master!

‘Pussy’s been trained well. She’s nice and tough now, barely cries at all anymore! We’ve only had to put her in the basement a few times – once she learned what happens done there, she started being a good girl.’

Morana was standing close behind her, casually groping and molesting her defenseless body, her large and strong hands roaming over Analeigh's breasts with squeezing fingers, and then between her legs. Slaps to her pussy made her gasp, Morana's body pressed against her from behind. Pain rippled through her body, her head reeling from the impact, the hood and gag combination making it hard to breathe, her toes tapping against the floor, her pussy-bells chiming.

'She was a little shy at first, but now she's almost friendly. She likes to get her tongue nice and deep!' Another pussy-slap, Analeigh now seeing sparks in the darkness, along with an embarrassing arousal that started to seep through her body, mingling with the pain. 'She's not had much experience with cocks in the last year, so this is a good training experience for her.'

Analeigh murmured in excitement, remembering the sensation of licking her Master's cock, and having it inside her body. More excitement tingled up her thighs, her body readying itself. A fat finger slid into her slit, making her dance and shudder, the bells swinging and chiming. She wanted to get rid of those as well – surely Master wouldn't keep them, would he? He'd want access to her pretty little pussy, without anything in the way. She tried thrusting her hips forward, hoping to make herself as appealing and accessible as possible.

Her neck was released from the chains, the support vanishing, making her stagger backwards, falling into Morana, feeling the bulk of the woman against her body.

'On your knees, Pussy.'

Analeigh was happy to obey, taking the weight of her legs and the tortuous high-spikes, even managing to keep her body upright, despite the armbinder sealing her arms behind her. She mewled from behind the hood – she wanted to be with Master, sucking his cock! Or, even better, back home with him, tied to the bed, being used there, rather than left here with these two!

Fingers fumbled at her neck, finding the bottom of the hood and rolling it upwards, fresh air sliding against her skin as her move was revealed. Her jaw was still stretched wide from the gag, her excited grunts making dribble slide down her chin. She wriggled her torso, hoping to draw attention to her breasts, wanting to look as sexy and fuckable as possible. She just wanted to get out of here as soon as possible!

Morana's hand pressed against her head, guiding her forward. More dribble oozed around her gag, as she kept shaking her body, feeling the sticky wetness splash down between her breasts. She whined, pushing her tongue against the gag-ball – she couldn't suck a cock with that in place!

Her shoulder dipped down, and she felt a faint shock of impact, brushing against a leg – not the monstrously huge leg of Mare or Morana, but a normal-sized one, wearing trousers. She whined again, rubbing herself against it and pushing her head forward.

A hot, hard shaft brushed against her cheek, making her heart pound. Master's cock! She purred, rubbing her face against it, enjoying the firmness of it.

She was pushed forward, her head forced between the legs of her Master, as fat and strong fingers teased the gag-buckle open. There was no time to swallow, a huge wad of spittle dribbling from her mouth and splashing down, falling onto the cock-crown.

Analeigh dipped her head, her jaw already stretched wide and falling onto the cock. She kissed the crown, flicking her tongue over the sensitive parts, hearing a sigh of satisfaction from above her. With her arms bound, she couldn't use her hands, but she wriggled herself into position, feeling the large wet glob as she took more of the length into her mouth, caressing it with her lips and tongue.

'Eager thing, isn't she?'

Analeigh dropped her head, taking more of the length into her mouth and holding it there – having a cock in her mouth, rather than being forced to eat pussy, her head between the monstrous thighs of Morana or Mare, was far better! And to be able to suck Master’s cock after all this time... Her head felt hot and fuzzy, conscious thoughts hard to keep hold of, as she twisted her head from side to side, taking the cock deeper into her mouth, feeling it tap against the top of her throat.

A hand touched against the top of her head, through the hood – a far lighter touch than either Morana or Mare possessed, making her sigh with pleasure, feeling the cock twitch under her attentions. Her own pussy was wet now, desire flowing through her – she wanted to be fucked, properly, right now! But she kept using her mouth, savoring the taste of it, and the sensation of the firm shaft, moving her head back to kiss at the cock-crown again, tightening her lips over it.

Then she dropped down and started to twist her head from side-to-side, pushing herself further down with each dip, relaxing her throat to allow even deeper penetration. She was gasping and whining with desperate desire, wanting to please her Master after so long apart.

She could hear his familiar gasps and groans, becoming more addled as she fell into memories, of all the past times she had done this. And then he came – his cock twitched and spasmed, and suddenly her mouth was full of cum, the taste making her delirious. She didn’t swallow, letting it sit on her tongue so that she could savor it fully, slowly rolling her head back off the shaft, her mouth still open to show off her work.

Analeigh let herself drift, only slowly swallowing the stuff down, trying to let it last as long as possible. This was where she should be – pleasuring her Master, being used by him! And maybe he would use her pussy as well, and let her have some pleasure?

Her gag was reinserted, and she whined, not liking the stress it put on her jaw. Strong hands grabbed at her hood, yanking it over her head, making her ears sting, bright light bursting in her eyes.

When she could see, her Master was sat on the couch in front of her, recovering from her blow-job, his cock still out and wet with spit. And sat next to him... Analeigh blinked in confusion. It was like looking at a slightly twisted mirror. There was a woman there, that looked like her – same hair style and color, same build, even wearing her clothing! She whined – who was that? No-one should be with Master but her!

She tried to stand up, not Morana pressed down on her shoulders, easily keeping her in place, despite her struggles.

‘Your Master has decided to leave you here with us. It seems he’s found a replacement for you.’

The other woman looked down at Analeigh, pleasure and triumph on her face. Analeigh whined more loudly, trying to protest, the taste of cum still in her mouth, her stomach roiling with sudden fear. She couldn’t be left here with these two! They’d break her, even more than they already had! Tears started to flow down from her eyes, fat and hot, trickling down her face.

‘Nuuhhhh! Nuhhhh!’

Master looked away, before the other woman kissed him, long and slow, on the lips, sending another dagger into Analeigh’s heart.

‘So you’re going to become our sweet little Pussy-slut! You can dance for us every day. And that lovely little butt of yours is going to need to get used to being stretched out – I’ve even ordered some new dildos, nice and fat, just for you.’

She tried to protest again, but was dragged backwards, the collar pushing against her throat and choking her. Fear-sweat broke out over her body, making her negligee cling to her body, her

muscles refusing to respond, a paralysis falling upon her. Morana had to drag her, but she barely noticed the pain as she was pulled towards a cage and tossed inside, the door clanging shut.

‘Pluuuu! Nuuhh, pluuu, Mapha!’ The other woman kissed him again, and then Morana kicked the cage, making it skid slightly backwards.

‘Shut up, Pussy. I thought you’d gotten used to your place, but if you need more training, then we can do that. There’s a lot of places I can put some extra metal if you want – maybe some more rings in that pussy of yours? Your next set of training will have weights attached there, to toughen you up!’

Analeigh whined in terror, before a blanket was thrown over the cage, casting her into darkness. She curled up in a ball, desperately savoring the taste of cum in her mouth, trying to cling to the memory for as long as possible...

THE END

About the Author and Artist

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as *Digital Slave* and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking.

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink.

Mistress and Her New Toy V1: An Unsteady Awakening

‘I suppose I should tell you what’s going on, as you can’t really see for yourself.’

Nicole twisted, feeling at her restraints – her arms were held upstretched above her head, something on her wrists. When she moved, she could hear chains lightly clinking.

‘Nice that you’re awake, I was starting to get bored.’ The voice was female, proud and amused, and close.

Nicole turned her head, senses returning. Her vision was blocked, padding over her eyes, a strap keeping the blindfold in place. As she moved, her long hair slid over her bare back – she shivered, suddenly realizing that she was naked. Where was she, and who was speaking to her?

‘You look lovely, all spread out and exposed. Padded cuffs on your wrists, chained to the ceiling to hold you in place. A leather panel-gag, sealing your mouth – I have no patience for any protests or complaints. So when I think that you’re going to be sweet and obedient, then the gag comes off.’

Nicole tightened her jaw – there was a fat and rubbery lump in her mouth, and stiff leather over her lips. She tried to make a sound, but all she could hear was a muted and pathetic whimper, before the voice continued.

‘A blindfold over your eyes – a shame that your lovely face is mostly hidden behind leather, but it sets an appropriate tone, I think? Just your cute little nose poking out. Anyway, You’re naked except for some latex stockings, and shoes – I wanted to show off your lovely legs. Oh, this is being recorded as well. Once you’re nice and obedient you might be allowed to see it. And cuffs around your ankles as well, holding your legs spread. I wonder how used to heels you are? Well, we’re going to find out.’

Nicole tried to move her legs – she could feel resistance on her ankles, another chain tinkling, both her ankles connected to each other, and something else. Her feet were bent, up on her toes, high and narrow heels making her calves start to ache already. She shook around, finding that her movement was limited, her legs only able to shift an inch or two around, an aching in her shoulders from her own weight.

‘It’s always cute watching someone try and get out. Don’t worry, those cuffs will hold. Now, where were we? Oh yes – latex stockings, to show off those lovely legs of yours, and some 5-inch heels. Securely locked on, so they’re not going anywhere. I took the liberty of shaving you while you were out – you’d gotten a little tufty down there.’

‘Mmphh!’ Nicole’s objection was louder this time, the thought of such a thing being done to her making her flush with shame.

‘Don’t worry, I’ll look after you. And I brushed your hair as well – it’s a lovely shade of auburn, isn’t it? If you’re allowed clothing, I’ll have to pick something to complement it. I’ve put studs into your ear-piercings as well – it would be a nuisance if they were to close up. A good girl gets nice jewelry – if you’re naughty, then, well, I’ll have to sort something out.’

A scent coiled through the air, sweet and sultry, making her breathing quicken – it made her feel woozy, just from a sniff, creeping into her brain, lust and desire somehow flowing through her.

There was a slight sound, squeaking and stretching, and then a finger touched against her chest, between her breasts. Nicole shivered, trying to pull away, the finger easily moving forward and staying in contact. It felt strange, inhumanly smooth but still warm as it touched her.

‘You will need to earn the touch of my bare hand – and that is not going to be easy.’

Nicole was as far back as the chains allowed, more finger-tips pressing against her until it was a palm, the thing sliding across her chest and cupping a breast.

‘A nice size – and entirely natural, which is nice. I’m not a fan of such modifications! But I might put a few more piercings into place. Maybe here?’ The fingers pinched at a nipple, stretching it out. ‘And your tongue as well – that will increase the pleasure you can give, as well as give another convenient place to bind you. I find a padlock there can be quite effective as a punishment! But I’m sure you’ll be a good girl, and not need that, isn’t that right?’

Nicole tried to push the hand away, shaking her chest, wanting the woman to back away. All she could do was twist and shake her chest, the hand pushing against her, easily keeping her in place.

‘But there’s one thing missing, isn’t there? One thing that every cute little toy should have.’

The voice was teasing and flirty, another hand touching her belly, more of the slippery-smooth fingers caressing her skin, making her skin crawl.

‘It looks strange for your neck to be bare. That’s not right for a toy, is it? I’ve got a lovely collar, just for you. Although it’s not got a name on yet – you’ll have to earn that.’

Nicole tried to hunch her shoulders, bringing her chin down protectively.

‘So cute! I’ve got it right here.’

The hands withdrew, heels stepping away, and then something clicked. The very faintest metal squeak, the footsteps returning.

‘No resistance, my lovely toy. Not that you have much choice right now.’

Metal, cold and hard, slid against the back of her neck, before her hair was yanked on, tilting her chin up. The thick metal band swung shut, pressing against her throat, several inches tall. It was heavy, dragging down and pressing against her shoulders and collarbone, snug against her skin.

‘A custom size, just for you. And locked on – you might be able to earn something a little less arduous eventually, but for now you’ll have this.’

Nicole shook her head, feeling how the collar restrained her movement, making soft little whines of protest.

‘It’s a very nice collar – three inches high, shining bright metal, with a large O-ring on the front, secured with an in-built locking mechanism. No key, it takes a special item to open up. And it’s got some nice little toys built in.’

The side of it was tapped, the feeling rippling through Nicole’s neck. ‘This is a battery pack. The collar has inbuilt GPS, a motion sensor, a tilt switch so I can tell if you’re standing up or crawling. There’s a camera and audio built in – and a shock feature. So if you’re naughty, then... ZAP. I’m sure you’d prefer to avoid that?’

Nicole shook her head again, desperately hoping that the collar would somehow fall off, leaving her free.

‘You should be thankful for a gift from your mistress – and the sooner you accept it, then the easier things will be. We’re going to be spending a lot of time together!’

A hand brushed against the top of her thigh, a finger sneaking into the top of her stocking, pulling on the latex and then releasing, making it snap against her leg, the sound crisp and clear.

‘Maybe I should make you a latex doll? A little passive, but you’ve got the figure for it. Just your lovely soft lips, wrapped around a fat ballgag, and the rest of you sealed away?’

The finger slid upwards, against her inner thigh, the back of a hand stroking against her slit. She squirmed and twisted, trying to break the contact, only able to breathe through her nose.

‘A good girl should be obedient!’ Fingers pinched her nostrils shut, cutting off her air. She tried to pant and gasp around the gag in her mouth, but it was too tight, a burning constriction starting to ache in her chest. The darkness in her head throbbed, hurting more and more, but it was impossible to break away or make the woman release the grip.

She slumped in defeat, her strength fading fast. The fingers let go, and she gulped in air, the aching receding.

‘I prefer my toys to be obedient and sweet – so that way I don’t need to be harsh. So I hope you will come to understand the situation you’re in? But I’m not all pain and no pleasure – if you live up to my expectations, then you will be rewarded.’ The hand between her legs continued to stroke, and she could feel the heat building up within her body, her pussy responding to the teasing fingers. ‘I’m going to discover where you’re most sensitive.’ A finger tapped her nose, before withdrawing, and then the underside of her arm was touched, fingers sliding downwards towards her armpit, making her shiver and twitch.

‘Ticklish? That can be fun to work with. What about here?’ The fingers ran down her flank, just light enough that she could feel them, her nerves flaring up, desperate for the touches, her sight sealed away. ‘So sensitive! Now, I’ve described how you are arranged, my sweet Nicole, so I suppose I should describe your surroundings. It’s quite a large room, about 40 feet square, with just a single door, which is currently locked – I have the only key. This is where you will be staying, at least until I can be sure of your obedience. There’s a cage in the corner, large enough for you, with food and water tubes attached. There’s too much equipment to fully describe, but you can be assured that I have a full complement of whips, paddles, crops, canes and the like – over time, you’ll become familiar with all of them.’

Nicole was starting to loosen, a finger teasing into her, the words painting a disturbing vision in her mind.

‘There’s an X-cross on the wall behind you, as well as a heavy wooden chair without a seat, and lots of restraints built in. A little like an electric chair, I suppose – I’m sure you know the general look. I don’t have a medical chair, I’m afraid, but we can make do without that, I imagine. What else? Oh yes, my cabinet – glass-fronted, to show all the toys inside. A rather extensive collection of dildos, vibrators and buttplugs – everything to keep your body nice and full! There’s a wooden horse, if you know what that is. And if not, then, well... you will soon. I have a sybian, although that’s currently just in the corner. Also a padded bench with chains attached, for bending someone over for a good spanking. And a small chest with some clothing in – lingerie, mini-skirts and the like, I’m sure you can imagine. Oh, and tape, rope, cuffs and other restraints. I think that’s most of the toys and tools.’

Nicole tried to pull her hips upwards, wanting to get away from the probing fingers, but they just moved with her, one of them now inserted up to the first knuckle.

‘The walls are bare brick, and there are no windows – well, we are underground. The light comes from three lights in the ceiling – I’ve tried to eliminate the shadows as much as possible. And then there’s me. We’ve met, although I don’t think you remember. I’ll leave most of the specifics for later, but I’m currently wearing a latex bodysuit – don’t think I didn’t notice the squirming when I touched you!’

Fingers tickle-teased her lower lips, making Nicole shiver again. ‘I prefer dresses, but it

seemed appropriate to the tone, even if you can't see. I'm taller than you are, even in those heels, and, if you behave, I may let you touch me, so you can discover more yourself. I think that should cover the basics? Now, what tool should I use first?' The finger slid out of her, the woman walking away.

'This?' Leather slithered, and then snapped, a loud crack popping in the air next to Nicole's head, making her flinch in fear. 'Hmmm, perhaps a little harsh. You have such lovely skin, it would be a shame to brutalize it too much, at least so early. I think this then.'

Nicole's ears strained to follow the woman's movements, desperate for any information as to what was going on. A faint whispering slither – what was that? Her skin crawled at the thought of the whip again, that brutal crack being against her own skin, slicing and hurting.

'A little more gentle. But also to remind you that disobedience will come at a price.'

Strips of soft leather stroked over her body, hard little knots along them, teasing over her breasts and chests. Then it withdrew, before pain suddenly burst into being on her inner thighs, the thing smacking upwards, making Nicole wheeze and gasp.

'A flogger – leather cords tied into knots, if you don't know. Far less harsh than a whip, I'm sure you'll agree.' Another strike, Nicole squirming and shifting, trying to close her legs for protection but the ankle-chains making that impossible. 'I do have some with spikes in the knots, but this is a nice, soft one.'

The pain flared red in Nicole's head, making her feel light and vague, somehow caught up in this unreality. More strikes, some of the cord flicking against her thighs, leaving welts there, slowly fading into her body.

'It's nice that you're so sensitive. This should make the training easier!' The next strike was across her belly, the cords slapping against her skin and then wrapping around and getting pulled loose. She tried to brace herself, but not knowing when the next strike would be, or where it would land, made that impossible, forcing her to powerlessly struggle and wriggle.

The woman moved around her, the angle of strikes changing – first across her breasts, then along her right-hand side, then down her back and across her buttocks, before a savagely strong hit upwards, one of the cords hitting her right on the pussy. She gasped and shuddered, her arms shaking, jerking on the chains, sparks dancing behind her eyes.

'That's it! Good girl. Soon I'll have you dancing properly, but this will do for now. Oh, and I'll pick out some specific outfits for you. I'm not sure if you'd look better as a maid or as a latex slut – but we'll have long enough to try both. And all the usual things as well – lingerie, office-slut, I'm sure you get the idea. I have a photography studio I can use, so it'll be a nice project to work on together.'

More strikes, a regular rhythm now across her buttocks, making her ass throb and heat up – not as brutal as a whip, but still hurting. Nicole twisted around, trying to move out of the way, but lacking the freedom to do so.

'That's it. Nice and soft and pliable! Not that you have much choice, I suppose. Now, I have other business to attend to, so it's time for you to get into the cage.' There was another strike, far more force behind it, Nicole gasping in pain. 'I do hope you won't try and resist – it would be a shame if I had to be forceful this early on.'

Nicole sagged down, trying to ignore the deep throbbing heat of her flogged ass, her buttocks aching whenever she tensed up. Through the pain, it was hard to focus on the woman's movements, but then metal clicked around one of her wrists. A moment later, her arm was released from the cuff holding it to the ceiling and yanked around. Nicole squirmed, but didn't have the time to respond as her arm was dragged backwards, her other arm getting freed, yanked

backwards and cuffed, joining her wrists behind her back.

She swayed in place, struggling to keep her balance without her arms being held in place. Fingers grabbed her by the collar-ring, keeping her up until she was stable again.

‘I will look after you, but only as long as you behave yourself! Otherwise you may find me rather less supportive.’

Nicole stood there, barely noticing fingers pushing against her crotch before they slid down her legs, releasing her ankle-cuffs. There was just a tiny moment of freedom, and then metal locked into place around one ankle, hands grabbing it and pulling it over towards the other leg. She swayed, managing to stay up, the cuff locking around the other ankle, leaving her with just a few inches of clearance in the chain between them.

The collar was pulled on, making her stagger, having to take tiny, mincing steps, the heels throwing her off-balance. With her hands cuffed behind her back, it was even harder to keep her balance – if it wasn’t for the firm hand on her collar, she would have fallen!

She got dragged around, feeling the hard floor make her heels ache as she hobbled forward, still at arm’s length. Every step made her wince and shudder, fearful of walking into something, glad for at least the minimal guidance of the arm.

‘Down.’ She was pulled forward, the hand releasing her, and she staggered, balance swaying again, in danger of falling. A hand pushed down on her head, forcing her down, and she followed the movement, stooping down. ‘Good girl. In the cage. And don’t cause any trouble!’ The hand pushed against the back of her head, forcing her down and forward, making her crawl on her knees.

The top of her head bumped against metal and she stooped further, crawling over a raised metal line. When she was further forward, metal squeaked and clanged, before a lock clicked shut.

‘There we go. You won’t need food or water just yet – and don’t even think about making a mess! I cleaned you out before you woke up. So be a good girl and be patient and wait for me.’

Nicole twisted around, feeling the metal cuffs bite into her wrists and ankles, lifting her head until it hit against the low ceiling, reaching out with her hands and finding cage bars. She was locked into a cage now!

Footsteps walked away, leaving her alone, trapped, bound and still in the darkness.