

Melissa DuVant

Corporate Slaves Chronicles



Catwalks and Dog Shows

Corporate Slave Chronicles: Cat Walks and Dog Shows

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Persephone Brimstone: Catwalks and Dog Shows

Chapter One: Dressed to Thrill

Persephone walked down the catwalk, heel-to-toe, each foot in front of the other, making her hips sway. Her dress left one leg entirely bare except for the spiked garter belt, the material rubbing against her other thigh with each stride. The other swished against ankle-length silk, red material billowing against her leg, open-toed stilettos showing off her feet. Her torso was covered by a harness of leather straps, wrapping snugly around her waist, covering her nipples and supporting her breasts, along with a strap buckled around each arm. Her neck was bare, despite the best attempts of the designer to foist a collar on her – *that* had been a definite “no”!

Cameras flashed, but she kept her gaze fixed ahead of her, making sure her face showed the appropriate expression of hauteur and dismissal, above the common rabble, making sure her posture was perfect. She could hear them, murmurs amongst the crowd, hopefully approving. As she walked, she could feel beads gently rub and stroke her pussy, sliding along, lubricated by her own juices, teasing against her clit, making every step a thrill. Her body was warming up, teased and pleased, the hidden stimulation sending a thrill of pleasure through her. All the barely-glimpsed faces of the crowd looked up at her, their adulation and admiration adding depth to Persephone's desire.

She made sure to properly stride and strut, showing off her bare leg, knowing that the other was being teased at by the skirt, and the way the harness hugged itself around her body was tight and delicious, making her want to be held for real – or to have someone bound and at her mercy! To have someone bound and blindfolded and gagged, so that *she* could control when they were touched, when they experienced pleasure or pain, just the thought made her pussy tingle, her juices making the beads slide more easily through her. Suspension was even better – making someone dangle from the ceiling, unable to fight back or resist in any way, no matter their strength.

She reached the end of the catwalk and twisted, putting force into the motion, the skirt flicking and flaring out,

revealing her other leg, skin shining under the spotlight. Then she posed, angling her shoulders, leaning over to show off how the harness twisted with her, close and tight to her flesh. Persephone allowed her face some more animation, gifting the audience with a cryptic smile. Her hair had been styled into a ragged short bob, the sort of deliberate mess that had taken a skilled worker time to achieve, golden chains dangling from her ears, falling against her neck as she twisted and posed. Black strands fell over her face until she tossed her head, clearing her vision. Then she leaned forward, legs crossed, the harness tightening over her back, the straps crisscrossing over her spine, compressing her breasts and pushing them up. She could just about see a photographer, who looked slightly distracted, and she pouted before blowing him a kiss, holding the position, shooting a flirtatious wink at him. Then she twisted on a heel to walk away, swaying her ass for the cameras, knowing how tight the dress was against her buttocks, the curves of flesh clearly visible beneath the fabric.

The excitement between her legs was almost more than she could bear, her nipples hard against the top. After this, she'd have to have some personal pleasure time! Maybe see if any of the other models were up for some rough play... Although they tended to be very precious about not having their skin marked up, so any strikes had to be very careful and precise, delivered to places that couldn't be seen.

As she walked back along the catwalk, another model was stepping out – they were wearing a short skirt, the hemline high enough to show off their suspender straps, and a mesh top with tape over their nipples, along with a leather harness, the straps connected by metal rings. Around their neck was a leather collar, blood-red and held shut with brassy buckles. Their heels were even higher than Persephone's, stiletto-spikes four inches tall. Despite that, she walked with an easy, seductive gait, brown hair falling to her waist, tied with small leather belts. A little *too* much, there, the hair-straps looking on the verge of falling off and probably held on with something else, but the woman was definitely attractive – she probably wouldn't have quite as good posture with a buttplug in her tight little asshole though!

Her pale flesh would look even better wound around with rope, hemp leaving snake-print impressions on their skin when removed. Would she be a screamer, a beggar, or someone that just accepted their fate when put to the lash? Her lips would look better wrapped around a gag-ball, tears streaming down her face, garbled pleading coming from that beautiful face.

But then Persephone was past her, stepping out of the view of the audience and into the changing room. She let out a long breath, hands coming up to start pulling the harness off. Other models were lined up to take their turn down the catwalk, one of them teetering on ballet-heels, leaning on the wall for support. Another was being forced into a corset, bent over and up against a wall, cords getting savagely pulled tight, their already-slender waist getting compressed down into something small enough that Persephone could put her hands around it. No wonder her face was looking a little strained, despite the thick makeup! The room was filled with the mingled scents of leather, latex and perfume, models in the process of getting changed, trying to squeeze into slick-smooth latex vests or trousers.

She pulled the harness off over her head, tossing it over the back of a chair, feeling the sweaty bands peel off her skin, leaving slight impression-lines where they had pressed. Not as intricate as rope-imprints, and already fading. Those spotlights were hot, and the changing room wasn't much cooler, too many women crowded into too small a space! The skirt at least was easy to discard, a waist-band simple to untie, followed by unbuckling the garter-belt, leaving her naked except for her heels and beaded thong, feeling the air caress her thighs. Damn, she wanted to get herself off! At least no-one noticed her excitement, everyone too busy with their own things.

What was she wearing next? There was never enough time to get changed! A dummy held a complicated-looking assemblage of metal, latex and lace – latex hot-pants edged and reinforced with metal, with a harness to cover the chest, along with lace panels between the straps. The black leather had intricate silver whirls and patterns along it, subtle lines on the hot-pants drawing attention to the wearers crotch. A heavy-looking belt-buckle was on the waist-band, embossed

with more swirls and loops. She went towards it, trying to figure out the best way to put it on.

‘Let me help with that.’ A cut-glass English accent sounded, nailed fingers poking at the bare skin of Persephone’s back, scraping down with just a little too much force to be an accident. She resisted the urge to hiss and recoil away, turning to see her rival – Maria. She forced herself to smile rather than growl at the bitch. Maria was wearing a leather catsuit, the cleavage in a steep “V”, showing off the mounds of her breasts, and a belly-piercing, metal shining in the light. Ash-blond hair moved as she flicked her head, eyes sharp as she stared at Persephone. ‘It would have looked better on me, but I suppose you can wear it as well.’ A manicured nail, bright red, stroked down Persephone’s skin, between her breasts, leaving a faint red mark. ‘Get a move on, unless you want to miss your cue!’

There was no choice but to accept the woman’s help, pulling the hotpants up her legs, metal clicking and clacking, the metal hemming rapidly warming against her body. It felt like there were wires throughout the material as well, although they were so snug and tight that movement wasn’t much hindered. It was so tight that it pushed her beaded panties deeper into her, making her squirm her thighs together, trying not to let the pleasure show, despite how good it felt!

The harness was even more complicated, interwoven belts and straps, everything needing to be in just the right places, Maria tweaking it around with more force than seemed necessary. She pinched and poked at Persephone’s skin, “accidentally” squeezing a nipple as she shifted the straps around, her nails harsh and scratchy.

There was a box of accessories as well, Persephone’s earrings getting changed for silver studs, several rings coming out to complement the colors of the outfit. Then Maria pulled out a collar, a fat leather thing with several bright O-rings, and Persephone shook her head. No collars!

‘It’s all part of the outfit.’

‘No collars!’ Persephone glared at Maria, ready to shove her away if the woman tried to force it onto her, fully prepared to fight. She wasn’t someone’s property or a toy bitch, to be displayed in a collar!

Their squabble was interrupted by the hiss of one of the stage-hands, who gestured Persephone over, as the previous model moved away, walking down the catwalk. Persephone shoved Maria away and took her place, twisting around to help the harness settle into place. She did like the way that it clung and embraced her, close to her body, holding her snugly, although the pressure between her legs was getting harder and harder to ignore – she’d have to take it slow, or run the risk of teasing herself to an orgasm on the catwalk! She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, holding her back up straight, proud of how she looked, her legs bare and smooth, still in the heels, her torso shrouded in the gauzy material between the straps, which framed her breasts, perking them up.

She peered around the corner, watching as the previous model posed for the audience, bending over at the waist to let their top hang low, showing off their breasts, tight trousers showing off the curves of their ass. And then they stood up and started to walk back, Persephone readying herself, pushing her shoulders back, trying to ignore the faint throb of pain from where Maria had twisted her nipple.

As they reached the three-quarters mark, Persephone set out, keeping her gait steady and even. The beads kept teasing and sliding around, nestling deeper inside of her, sealed within the tight pants, rubbing against her walls. She wanted more pressure there – a tongue, sliding and kissing around, soft and warm, pushing her all the way off. Having a squeal model between her legs was already a pleasure! At least the ones that didn’t whine too much. The way the straps enclosed her body was arousing, like a long and deep hug, reaching all around her, warm and close.

She reached the end of the catwalk and put her hands on her head, letting everyone see how the harness moved with her, emphasizing her hips and breasts. Then she bent over, and felt something along her back click loose, a buckle not

properly tied, the weight of the front of the harness making it pull away from her body. She tried to straighten up but wasn't quick enough, the gauze pulling away from her flesh, her hands tangling around it, unable to prevent it falling away. As she stood up, it hit the floor in a clatter of buckles and leather, leaving her topless, breasts on display.

Cameras flashed, and she felt a slow and terrible flush burn up her face, a deep humiliation settling into her bones. Paralysis and indecision flared inside of her, unable to determine if she should flee or stay, her flesh tinting pink with a flush of shame from the forced exposure, the beads still rubbing tightly against her. She managed to make herself smile, before composing herself enough to make one arm cover her breasts, trying to hide her sense of shame. She took a faltering step backwards, a heel catching on something and snapping, and she tumbled to the floor, hitting the ground heavily, the impact winding her.

The spotlights shone into her eyes, dazing her, as she managed to rise to a crawl, trying to stand, one leg now several inches shorter than the other thanks to the snapped heel, slowly limping her way back to the changing room, the camera-flashes now making her feel shamed and degraded.

The other models crowded around her, embracing her and trying to calm her. Through the crowd, she saw Maria, holding a small metal pin – one of the harness buckles! Her humiliation turned into a burning anger, and she felt her nails spiking into her palms as she tensed her fists. Persephone made herself smile, letting herself be embraced and comforted by some of the other models, glad of their warmth and softness. But now she would have to get that bitch back!

Maria came over to offer her condolences, her words empty, smiling a little too much. Persephone went through the motions, still covering her breasts with one arm, wanting to collar them, here and now, before fucking them raw! But it would be more satisfying to take her and break her more thoroughly – she'd make a good puppy-bitch, down on all fours, with a tail swaying between her buttocks, arms and legs bound into leather.

A t-shirt, soft and baggy, came from somewhere, settling over her body, and Persephone hugged it tightly around herself, glad of the comforting closeness of the other models, breathing in the scent of their bodies and heavy perfumes. She'd have to get her vengeance on that bitch! And soon. She would probably be easy enough to grab, as long as there was someone else to do the carrying... And maybe she could borrow a few things from her sister? Lilith had so much junk around, she wouldn't notice just a few things missing.

She wriggled around, the hotpants digging into her skin. Why was there metal woven through them? It didn't show through, but she could feel it pinching her skin, a tight waistband and another cord running between her legs, the waistband above her hips. When she tried to pull on them, the reinforced waistband dug into her flesh. The buckle was metal, refusing to open, locked solid and shut. She looked at Maria, who smirked back, twirling a key between her fingers. The *bitch*! How the hell was she going to get these off? She could ask Lilith for wire-cutters, but then she'd never hear the end of it. She'd have to try and sort this out herself. And soon – there was no sign of any way of opening up the front, and she would have to go to the toilet sooner or later. Persephone felt at the metal – even with wire-clippers, she'd be at it for most of the night, pinching and snipping her way through it! And she wasn't going to let Lilith anywhere near her with a power tool.

Chapter Two: Vengeance Served Hot

Persephone pushed away from the crowd of models, glaring back at Maria before heading to her bag, hoping she'd bought some useful supplies – she must have some rope, at least! She heard applause coming through from the crowd, muted by distance, as the announcer went through a list of the models, and where to buy everything that had been shown. A bottle of champagne popped even before that had finished, someone chugging the froth straight from the bottle, before splashing it into an untidy collection of glasses, cups and mugs.

She rummaged through her bags – some neatly-looped lengths of rope, and some other toys. Well, that should do for now. And Maria wasn't very popular with the other models, so they should be willing to help. Now she just needed to get the bitch nice and relaxed, to make this easier.

She took a glass of champagne, taking a sip, feeling the bubbles slide down her throat, into her belly, before she picked her bag up, making sure she had everything ready, then let herself be reabsorbed back into the chattering cluster, feeling relaxed and soothed by their soft touches and scents and idle chatter.

Maria approached, drinking her own champagne, smirking at Persephone.

'Enjoy the shorts? They're nice and tight. They suit your bum.'

It was an effort of will not to claw at them, rake nails against their soft skin. But it would be more fun to take things a little slower, and make sure that Maria couldn't escape. She'd look good bound in rope, her ruby lips parted around tightly-wrapped cord, desperate and wriggling...

'Yes, they do look good. Although I prefer things a little more... artisanal. Actually, I have a gift for you. It's hand-made, I'm sure it'll look good on you.' She moved herself close to them, so close their breasts bumped together, both the same height. 'Turn around.'

Maria looked uncertain, but the enthusiastic chatter of everyone else meant she had no choice but to obey. Persephone pushed down on her shoulders, making her dip down, ash-blond hair rippling in shining waves.

From her bag she took a collar, three-inch high leather, fresh and new. She'd been given it as a gift from someone else, but this seemed a good use for it! Sweeping Maria's hair out of the way exposed her long, elegant neck, pale flesh practically begging for a collar. Just the thought of it, of leather binding itself into place, made Persephone's skin crawl, making her want to itch and scratch her own neck, to feel that she was uncollared herself. But she managed to control herself, pushing the leather into place, wrapping it around their neck, buckling it as tightly as possible.

It was tall enough that it stiffened Maria's posture, pushing her chin up, curving around the lines of her neck and shoulders. Maria stiffened, her hands coming up to feel the material, stroking the leather.

'Hand-crafted. Isn't it nice?' Unfortunately it wasn't a shock-collar! But it was complicated to get off, with the buckles hidden behind a fold of the leather. 'It suits you.' Not as much as dog collar would, and being bound onto all fours!

'Hmm, it does feel nice and smooth. Although it is a little tighter.'

'Oh? I thought you liked things like that. Maybe you should wear more latex?' Or a straitjacket! With Maria still facing away, Persephone took out a length of rope, pulling on it to unknot the bundle, before nodding at one of the models.

They grabbed Maria, wrapping their arms around them in a controlling embrace, Persephone flicking the rope like a whip to get the whole length out. And then she looped it over and around Maria's chest, encircling her arms, pulling it tight, looping it around several times and then tying it off. Not the neatest of ties, but it would limit her movement. As Maria struggled to figure out what had happened, she took out another loop, wrapping this one around Persephone's waist

and pulling her wrists behind her back, binding them with quick motions, letting the friction of the rope serve to bind it.

Maria was starting to realize what was happening, twisting against the ropes as Persephone tightened them, sliding a cord beneath an armpit and then pulling it back through on the other side, then around their upper arms, feeling it slide along the top of their breasts.

‘Hey!’

Persephone slapped their backside, digging her fingers into the meat of their flesh. ‘It’s very fashionable right now. Down you go.’ She gestured at the other model to stand back, and then gave Maria a shove, making them fall over. With their arms bound, they couldn’t stop their fall, landing on a shoulder with a squeal of pain.

Persephone grabbed their ankles, wrapping another cord of rope between and around them, in a triple-loop, cinching it tightly, enjoying the squeak of pain as the rough rope bit into their latex and compressed their skin beneath. They tried squirming away, but Persephone just sat on them, feeling them wriggle and twist beneath her.

‘Don’t worry, just a few more!’ All that practice had paid off, as she bound their knees, completely binding any movement other than crawling like a worm.

‘Hey! Get off!’ Her arms strained against the ropes, but Persephone had tied them tightly enough there was no hope of escape. Persephone lifted herself up and then let herself drop, hearing air rush out of them.

‘It goes well with the latex!’ It would have looked better if the ropes had been in the same color, rather than a mixture of white, red and brown, but it would have to do, all rubbing against the shiny black latex. ‘Now give me the key.’ She leaned forward and pulled on a foot, bending Maria’s legs backwards, removing a shoe, running her fingers along their sole, feeling them shiver and tense. ‘Me and the girls have a few problems with your attitude.’ She tied a quick knot between Maria’s big toes, further binding her legs together.

‘Let me go!’ Maria tried kicking her legs, but Persephone kept a tight grip of their feet, removing the other shoe, then bending their legs back as far as she could force them. She bounced herself up and down a few times, pushing Maria against the floor.

‘Why don’t you have some champagne?’ She heard pained gulping sounds, twisting around to see to the champagne bottle shoved into Maria’s mouth, most of the stuff flowing out of her mouth, but depriving her of oxygen and weakening her further.

She stood up, planting a heel into a buttock and pushing down, making Maria squeal. Their hands twisted, trying to find some slack in the rope. ‘You could just have given me the key! But I suppose this way is more fun. For us, at least.’

It was easy to roll the woman over, forcing her to be face up, her face red with anger. Persephone poked down with her heel again, sliding it down the exposed skin, from their neck down to their navel, leaving a red mark on their flesh.

She made her voice light and girlish-sweet, smiling down at them, putting more of her weight onto the heel, jabbing it into their belly. ‘We’re just going to have a little fun with you. I’m sure you wouldn’t object to getting to know us a little better?’

As Maria opened her mouth to object, Persephone shifted her weight to her toes, pressing down as hard as she could against her captive. Whatever protest she might have been about to make become a pained squeal. Persephone accepted another glass of champagne before stepping back, drinking it down in one now that she felt more secure.

One of the models, a petite redhead in a tight black party dress, rubbed herself against Persephone, hair tickling against her shoulders. Another was pulling Maria upwards, ignoring her wriggling and straining. With her legs and toes bound, her balance was off, and she probably would have fallen if not supported.

‘Hmmm, that outfit must be uncomfortable. Shall we get you out of it?’ The champagne was buzzing inside of her,

helping her to forget the shame of having her clothing fall off in public, and of the metal cinched tightly around her pussy. She'd make Maria pay!

Persephone reached out and pulled on the zip on the other woman's clothing, pulling it down further, the thing going all the way down to their crotch. As she moved it, the leather loosened slightly, no longer being held so tightly against their flesh. Maria tensed, eyes flickering around, desperate for help, that wasn't coming.

'Maybe it would be easier if it were just removed?' The redhead nuzzled herself against Persephone, before brandishing some scissors, sliding the blades against Maria's smooth belly, then twisting them so they caught on the leather. Persephone quickly checked the suit – it didn't have any special decorations, so it was probably fine to destroy – and nodded. The scissors flashed as they snipped and twisted, slicing up from the waist to an arm, Persephone then peeling away a long strip of the flesh-warmed leather, a breast now freed.

She reached out and tweaked the nipple, squeezing it hard. 'Where's the key? Be a good girl, and I'll be less rough with you.'

Maria squirmed, but couldn't escape the ropes or Persephone's grip, fear starting to rise up in her eyes. 'Let me go!'

'If you want answer, then I don't think I need that mouth of yours.' Although she'd have to find something to gag it with! She heard tape unpeel, and saw another of the models with a roll of packing tape, ready to use. That would do! She grabbed it from their hands and leaned forward, pushing it against Maria's lips, wrapping it around their head, catching some of their hair in it and not really caring. She looped it around their head several times, making sure to press it tightly into place with each loop, ignoring their whines of protest from behind it, the tape shifting as they tried to free their lips, without success.

Persephone lightly slapped Maria's cheek. 'Well, you had your chance to answer. I suppose I'll just need to check you

more personally.’ She twisted, breaking the tape and patting it, nice and tight on Maria’s face. The scissors slid, downwards this time, material peeling away under its own weight, snagging on the ropes and needing pulling away, to reveal a long and toned leg.

Frisking them was quick and easy, the suit having no pockets, but there was nowhere for the key to be hidden. Persephone had to pull the sliced-apart remnants of the leather around the ropes, before tightening them further, enjoying the site of the ropes biting into soft flesh, tightening them up with savage yanks. Maria was now dressed in tatters, shreds of leather still clinging to her body, but mostly naked, her hair flicking about as she tried to get the tape-gag off, her hands flailing. It took a few more seconds, but Persephone grabbed their hands and wrapped them in tape as well, making them into useless flipper-lumps, unable to do anything.

‘Now, what shall we do with you?’ With Maria at her mercy, she could take a little time, and have some fun! She pulled on the dangling collar-ring, making Maria bend over, teetering on her heels. ‘You’re going to be *very* obedient, unless you want to get into even more trouble.’ She jabbed a finger into Maria’s stomach, as hard as she could,

They would have bent over if not for the restraining hands of the models, all of whom seemed eager to hold Maria in place, their fingers pinching into her skin.

‘Now, now, girls. Don’t be too rough with her, at least not yet!’ Persephone reached forward, between Maria’s legs, stroking against the leather, before slapping there with the back of her hand.

‘Mpphh!’ Maria grunted into her tape-gag, before Persephone twisted her fingers around, tugging on the scrap of material covering Maria’s privates, gently teasing it away, revealing the shaved cleft of their pussy beneath. Persephone took her time, enjoying Maria’s increasingly squeaky inhalations, as she twisted around, still bound, unable to move away from Persephone’s questing fingers.

‘My, what a lovely slit you have! I wonder how many people have been into it?’ She tickled her fingers along the outer lips, giggling at the way that Maria reacted, especially when she slapped it again, using the back of her hand for maximum impact. ‘So soft and sensitive! Well, we’re going to have lots of fun together, aren’t we? And you’re going to be a good little girl.’ Another slap, Maria’s long eyelashes now blinking in pain, tears forming in the corners of her eyes. Persephone made her voice as sickeningly sweet as she could, scratching her nails along Maria’s belly, feeling her core muscles, then groping her breasts, grabbing both of the nipples and pulling on them, stretching them towards herself.

‘What shall we do with her? She’s been a naughty girl, and naughty girls need punishing!’ She brought her finger to her lips. ‘Naughty girls get spanked!’

One of the models pulled a chair over, letting Persephone sit down. She yanked on the ropes, pulling Maria down, putting the woman over her knee, belly warm against her bare legs, wriggling around. Persephone pulled away more tattered remnants of leather. ‘One!’ She slapped her hand as hard as she could against Maria’s tight buttocks. ‘Two!’ The slap echoed around the room, Maria wriggling and squirming, trying to twist away. Each slap produced a satisfying grunt of pain, red hand-prints soon forming on their skin. Persephone could feel them heating up in response to the assault, buttocks getting redder and redder. Maria’s legs kicked around, before getting grabbed by the redhead.

‘Such a naughty, bratty girl!’ The squeals of pain and humiliation were getting louder, Persephone not stopping her slaps, grabbing at Maria’s hair with her other hand and pulling it backwards, straining her neck against the collar. ‘We’re going to have some fun together. Isn’t that right? Say “Yes, Miss Persephone”, like a good slut.’

She couldn’t tell if Maria said anything, or was just squealing in pain, but she was starting to get excited herself. Persephone slapped her hand down, watching the way that the flesh deformed around her palm, a red impact-mark forming to match her strike.

‘Now, should we have some fun with you? Maybe some pictures for social media.’

‘Nppph!’

‘Oh? You don’t want that? Then you’ll have to be a really good girl.’ She pulled back on Maria’s hair, feeling strands fray and snap, before letting her head drop. Then she slid her hand over Maria’s spank-warmed buttocks, between the woman’s soft thighs, teasing at their slit again, finding it still dry.

‘You could show a little enthusiasm here! After all, I’m putting in all the work.’ She teased her fingers around their pussy, feeling the smooth skin, stroking back and forth, forcing a reaction from Maria’s body, lubrication started to ooze out. ‘There we go! Good girl, good girl. Now, what can we push into you? You have been naughty, and naughty girls need to be taught lessons!’ A can of hairspray was far too large – that would outright break the woman! She kept stroking and teasing, slowly sliding a finger in and out, finding it coming back moist.

Something buzzed next to her head, and she turned, to see a vibrator twisting away, held by one of the models. They shrugged. ‘I like to relax afterwards!’

Persephone took it, and gently touched it against Maria’s lips. As soon as it made contact, they reacted, resuming their attempts to twist away, their skin now starting to get slippery with sweat. The twisting, vibrating head easily slid into Maria, their back arcing, legs tensing up.

‘Oh my, what a nasty slut you are! Getting so excited just from being teased. Maybe I should throw you outside, I’m sure there’s still a few guests around that would enjoy you.’

‘Nphhh!’ Her head strained against Persephone’s grip, as she tried to shake it.

‘Well, be a good little girl for us all, and then we won’t have to do that.’ She kept twisting the vibrator around, letting it probe deeper and deeper into Persephone, twisting against her walls and stirring her up, at least to judge by how her

breathing was changing and getting faster. ‘Now, I think you owe everyone here an apology. You can use your lips and tongue to make them happy, can’t you?’ She pushed the vibrator in, feeling Maria’s pussy tense around it and pull it into herself, then shoved Maria off her knee. She fell to the floor with a thud and a groan, vibrator still grinding away.

Persephone poked her in the ribs with her foot, then leaned over her and yanked at the tape-gag, ripping it off their lips, at least enough to expose their mouth. She looked at the models, who were smiling down at the helpless Maria. ‘You’re going to make a lot of women very happy. Or else we’re going to be *very* unpleasant. And then we’re going to have a long conversation, about your behavior.’

The redhead didn’t waste any time, already moving to straddle Maria’s face, holding her panties aside. She ground her crotch against the woman’s face, Persephone kicking her a few more times, until she heard licking sounds, the redhead sighing in pleasure. Her fingers wound around Maria’s hair, using it to control and guide the face she was riding.

Persephone sighed in pleasure, feeling her own pussy throb with desire. She could go and rummage through Maria’s bag, but this was far more fun, watching the bitch get her face ridden and used like a cheap sex-toy!

Chapter Three: Unboxing Video

The lift doors pinged open, light illuminating a long, dark hallway. Persephone waved her hand, hoping to trigger the sensor for the lights, but nothing happened – had Lilith turned them off again! There was dim light filtering from beneath a door, although that probably just meant that she'd fallen asleep in front of her computer screen, *again!*

She stepped out of the lift, snapping her fingers. With a faint squeaking, a cart was pushed forward, holding a sturdy metal crate. It was being pushed by one of the staff – a young woman, wearing a shiny black leotard, with their long, black hair held back by a devil-horns headband, and their mouth sealed behind a thick leather muzzle. She must have done something to upset Mistress Winters!

‘Bring her into my room.’

‘Mph.’

Persephone walked forward, still waving her hand to try and get the lights to turn on, before fumbling along the wall to find the switches, clicking them on, one by one. Lights blinked on, shining off black marble walls and brass fittings, making it possible to actually *see!* The door to Helena's room was still closed – she was away still, at the island. Well, she'd probably be too rough with Maria, so that was for the best. And meant the place was cleaner – no discarded gym gear everywhere, or those two weird slaves of hers doing exercises all the time!

Now, what to do with Maria? She would be waking up soon, and it was best to establish boundaries early and often!

‘I think the bathroom first, and then the training room.’

‘Mphh.’ The slave dipped their head, hair falling between their breasts. Was this a new one? There was quite a lot of churn recently, making it hard to keep track. But she seemed obedient, and, as Persephone let them move ahead of her, did have a great ass, the leotard riding up between taut buttocks, one of them already marked with a bright red hand-mark.

The light in the bathroom turned on automatically, a fan whirring into life. There was a free-standing bathtub, the “feet” bound and gagged figures of brass, and a drop shower, with cuffs dangling down.

‘Get her in there.’ She pressed her thumb against a black panel on the metal crate, making it open up, before shrugging off her own clothing – she could do with a shower herself, and establishing her dominance at the same time would be useful. And she’d have to hurt Maria until she got the key to the belt! Watching the way that the leotard clung to the slave’s body, the cut showing off her thighs as well, legs wrapped in garters and fishnet stockings, sent a thrill through Persephone. Maria first though!

The crate opened up, filled with dense padding to secure and protect the occupant. Maria was still floppy, barely stirring as she was pulled from inside, legs thudding against the marble floor, her hair a mess, face covered in dried pussy-juice, make-up smeared. The rope was still wrapped around her body, biting into her skin, bruises starting to appear from the continual pressure.

She was carried over to the shower, Persephone moving as well. There was a pair of surgical scissors on the side, and she grabbed them, quickly slicing through the ropes that bound Maria’s wrists, her arms dangling down. Her arms had the wavy-snake imprint where the rope had pressed against them, skin dented and bobbled by the constant pressure, but she was still unconscious as the slave raised her arms up, Persephone attaching the cuffs to support her there.

Her legs were still bound together, feet not totally in contact with the ground, dangling beneath the shower. Persephone twisted the crotch rope, making it bite deeper into their pussy, Maria’s lips tensing around the gag. The slave bowed again, then took several steps backwards, her heels clicking on the marble, waiting for future orders. Maybe if she needed a snack, or some more fun? But for now, there was Maria to tend to.

Persephone reached out and turned the shower on, as cold as it would go, making sure to stay out of the way of the water

herself. It cooled the room noticeably, starting to puddle up, then flow down the drain. It loosened the ropes slightly, but Maria stirred again, twisting around as the cold made her wake up.

‘Hpph? Wphhh?’ Her lips tightened around the gag as she tried to speak, looking around in confusion, arms tensing on the cuffs, lifting herself up for a moment.

‘Hello Maria. We’re going to be spending a lot of time together!’ She made her voice bright and perky, enjoying the slowly-blossoming fear in Maria’s eyes, her wriggling getting more intense, the ropes sliding around a little, but still too tight to allow for any escape. The pool of water spread, touching against Persephone’s feet, bitterly cold. ‘And you’re going to be a good girl, aren’t you? Because you don’t want to know what happens to bad girls.’ She reached out and stroked their smooth belly, tickling her finger around their navel, before turning the water to a more acceptable temperature, condensation starting to bead on the walls.

Maria relaxed slightly, then Persephone poked her in the stomach, and held up the scissors, the metal catching Maria’s eyes, suddenly wide and fearful. ‘Be good, and I’ll get some of those ropes off. Would you like that?’

‘Mphh!’

She slid the scissors along Maria’s skin, twisting them under the crotch-rope and snipping, the cords falling away from the woman’s skin. The lovely, twisting bite marks were even more obvious there, Maria shivering as Persephone tapped the scissors against the bruised and sensitive flesh.

‘Good girls don’t complain, do they?’ The water rushed and beaded over Maria’s skin, Persephone pushing herself tightly against them, pushing their breasts together, feeling the rope press back against her own body. Maria was about her own height, but pulled higher by her wrists, Persephone leaning over to kiss on a nipple, Maria’s breasts held pert and tight within a rope breast harness. She sucked, then lightly bit, pressing it between her teeth, hearing a sudden inhalation of pain, before letting go.

‘Nice and sensitive! Don’t worry, I’ll give you a good home. But I’ll have to get you chipped and collared – a premium bitch like you, I don’t want anyone else playing with. At least without my permission.’

Maria shook her head, her long hair weighed down by water, slicking over her shoulders now, still trying to speak from behind her gag.

‘Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll still be displayed! Although maybe not in quite the same way as you’re used to.’

She twisted the scissors beneath the breast-harness and sliced it open, rope splashing to the ground. The slave had the presence of mind to approach, reaching into the shower and pulling it out, before it could clog the drain. She was a good one!

The marks around Maria’s breasts were beautiful, like a snakeskin pattern embedded into her skin, lovely and soft and sensitive. Persephone poked a nail into one of the marks, then slid along it, enjoying the reacting from Maria, before kissing her again, this time on the cheek. The water was starting to splash against her, making her feel cold, but Maria could do with a little more punishment.

‘Nice and clean! Inside and out.’ She gestured at the slave. ‘You – get an enema ready. Maria needs to be cleansed fully.’

She moved around behind Maria, stroking her hands up and down the captive body, taking pleasure in their tortured squirming, sliding her hand down between their legs. They tried to tense their thighs, but it was easy to find their slid and gently open it up, their buttocks pressing back against Persephone’s crotch. She slapped them on the ass, before stripping off her own clothing, tossing them aside, until she was naked except for the damn belt.

‘Once you let me know where the key is, then we can have more fun together. Or I’m liable to get rather... frustrated.’ She kissed Maria on the neck, nibbling the soft flesh a little. ‘And when I get frustrated, sometimes I break my toys.’ Another kiss-nibble, this one harder. ‘So be a good girl and tell me what I want to know, at least after we’ve had some fun.’

Maria was shaking now, jangling her wrists against the restraints and trying to free herself, hands twisting around without any effect. Persephone slapped her ass, digging her fingers into the ample meat and squeezing hard, using that as leverage to twist them around. The slave had got the equipment ready, and approached on her knees.

She didn't look up, knowing not to meet Persephone's eyes as she handed over the enema-hose, the penetrating rubber tip already shiny with lube. Persephone shoved it into Maria's asshole, twisting it around to make sure it penetrated deep enough, enjoying the way it made Maria twitch and squirm. The girl was already connecting up the other end to a tap, her hand hovering over the tap until Persephone nodded.

Water flowed, pumping into Maria, making her squeal through the gag. Persephone pressed herself against the bound woman, pressing one hand against their soft, smooth stomach. She could feel Maria tensing up, the supple strength of their abdominal muscles, trying to push the water out, the enema-plug wedged deeply enough to make that impossible. The bare skin was intoxicatingly vulnerable, the cold water making Maria's skin start to tint blue. She licked her tongue against their shoulder, tasting their flesh, breathing in the scent of their body, before reaching out and increasing the temperature of the water to something less stinging and harsh.

Maria still squirmed, her feet splashing about in the water. Their body was excellent quality, tight and firm without being too muscled, a pleasing amount of softness on their frame. The water made them slippery, Persephone rubbing herself against her captive. Their breasts were full and firm, Persephone keeping one hand pressed against their belly, the other squeezing her left tit, digging fingers into the skin.

'You're going to be a good girl, aren't you?' She squeezed harder, kissing them between the shoulder-blades, nipping with her teeth. Behind the belt, she could feel herself slickening, wanting to grind against them. 'Are you going to be good and tell me where the key is? Or are you going to make me be mean?' She pressed her hand forcefully against

their lovely flat tummy, feeling the resistance from the water forced into them. ‘Would you like this gone?’

‘Mpphh!’

‘That’s not good enough. I expect better enunciation! So, would you like to be a little less full?’ She pushed against the belly again, harder now, before giving it a sharp, quick slap, like a drum.

‘Yeph!’

Persephone nodded at the girl, now on her knees despite the growing puddle starting to reach her, not draining as fast as it grew. She twisted the tap, stopping the flow of water – Maria felt as though she were full-to-bursting, her bowels pumped full enough to make her belly bulge! Persephone slapped it again, enjoying the sound, and Maria’s squeal.

With the hot water running, and Maria at her mercy, it was nice and relaxing, washing away some of the stresses of the day. She squeezed shower gel into her hands, rubbing it over her body, working up creamy suds. Touching herself felt good, her fingers sliding over her wet skin, stroking over her own breasts and stomach, before moving between her legs. She touched against the hard metal, unable to touch herself properly.

Persephone slapped her hand against Maria’s ass, water flicking off the taut ass-cheeks.

‘If you tell me where the key is, then I’ll let you use the toilet. Otherwise you’re going to be soiling yourself, and then I’ll hose you down with cold water. Maybe just leave you here all night? A night of being left here might make you more amenable to answering me!’ She wanted to get off, and without having to use any bloody power-tools to cut herself out.

Another slap to that lovely ass made Maria squeal, sounding more pained and desperate. Persephone pressed herself against them, using her breasts to rub their back, leaving a trail of suds. With her hands still soapy, she rubbed them down Maria’s front, feeling those magnificent breasts

again, one hand sliding between her captive's thighs, fingers teasing their slit, water sliding between them.

‘Bagph! Iph in myph bagph!’

Persephone started to stroke Maria's pussy. ‘I already looked there, and couldn't find it.’ She slipped a finger into them, aided by the water and their own pussy-juice.

‘Hiddenph pockeph!’

‘Hmmm, I'll have to check again.’ She slid her finger out, slapping their pussy, Maria twitching in pain against her, squealing in pain. With water still pouring down between them, she started to explore Maria's body more carefully, pinching and poking at them, finding where got the biggest reaction. As her fingers brushed beneath her victim's ribcage, Maria shivered and tried to twist away, Persephone dragging them back. Another touch there made Maria buck again, while a slap to their ass made them squeal. Their hair was now plastered down their back, any style completely gone.

‘Don't go anywhere! You – keep an eye on her. Give her a good clean.’

Maria's bag had been tossed into the box, a shiny clutch in one corner. Persephone picked it up – she'd already gone through it, all the usual makeup and other detritus. This time, she ran her fingers carefully around the lining, plucking at it – a hidden pocket? If it wasn't there, then she'd get the biggest cock she could find and shove it into the woman's tight asshole!

The inner lining stuck to her damp fingers, but then she felt a slight weight behind the thin fabric. She twisted fingers around it, keeping it in place, trying to find the opening. Her nail plucked at a loose gap in the lining, increasing the size of the gap, letting her slide a finger behind it. It was a designer purse, but it's not as though Maria would need it! Fabric ripped, and then her finger touched a narrow metal rod. She managed to hook it out, careful not to drop it, glad to see that it was the key.

It slid into the lock, smoothly turning, the metal clicking and falling away from her body, dragged by it's own weight. Steamy air kissed her wet slit, and she stroked herself, glad of the freedom to do so.

With that done, now it was time to tend to Maria. The girl was washing Maria's hair, her leotard now shiny and wet, gleaming in the lights, sending another thrill of desire through Persephone. But she'd have to deal with Maria first!

Maria's head got held under the water, cleaning under shampoo-suds, the enema-bulb still lodged in place, the hose whipping about.

'She can use the toilet.'

Persephone stepped into the flow of water again, reaching between the girl's breasts, finding a thin chain there and pulling on it. There was a key there, which Persephone used to unlock the cuffs. The girl had good initiative, grabbing Maria's wrists, keeping her under control, although she wasn't currently struggling.

'Let's get her into my room. Tie her over a block.'

'Mph.'

'Good girl!'

The muzzle hid their expression, but there was a twitch of their face that might have been a smile. She deserved some treats at least – and maybe something more. She took a secure grip of Maria, Persephone moving to the toilet and lifting up the seat. Maria walked as close as she could, the enema-hose not quite long enough to let her make it all the way across.

'If there's any leakage, I'll make you lick it up. Pull it out.'

The girl had strength, whipping the enema-bulb out with a single motion. Maria bolted forward, throwing herself around and managing to get her ass on the seat, following by a splashing, gushing sound. Maria's face was a bright pink, her humiliation and shame obvious as she emptied her bowels. Persephone reached out and pressed the handle, flushing it all away. Maria had sagged backwards, her strength sapped – good, that would make this easier!

‘Give her a wipe.’

Persephone picked up a towel and wrapped it around herself, then took the belt – she’d never hear the end of it if either of her sisters found out that she’d ever been belted! When she turned around, the girl was wiping at Maria’s ass, having gotten the woman back onto her feet.

With that done, Persephone felt her own tiredness. She moved in close, slapping Maria across the face before grabbing her hair, the long locks an easy and convenient handle. She could feel the weakness in Maria’s body, their muscles weak as she was hauled forward, footsteps heavy.

It wasn’t far from the bathroom to Persephone’s own room, the door opening at her approach, the lights coming on. The huge bed looked soft and inviting, despite the pile of designer clothing over half of it, but she needed to secure Maria first. She pushed at another pile of clothing, sending it toppling over to the floor, revealing a heavy wooden block beneath, open cuffs on short chains. Persephone tossed the chastity belt into a corner.

‘On here. Belly up.’

Maria didn’t resist as she was spun around and shoved onto the block, face up. Persephone clicked cuffs around the woman’s wrists and ankles, tethering them to the sides of the block. Her body was now completely exposed and undefended, Persephone giving their pussy a quick slap.

‘Mph?’

The girl was holding up a hood, black leather, stained with spit, or possibly cum. Persephone nodded, and it was slid over Maria’s face, a drawstring tightening around their neck.

‘Good girl!’ Although they were still dripping, their leotard still shiny and wet. ‘Go dry yourself off and then come back, you can pleasure me tonight.’

They bowed, moving to obey, as Persephone readied herself for bed, but not before slapping at Maria’s belly. ‘I want you to be nice and quiet! If you interrupt my sleep, this

will go even worse for you, so be good, and be nice and quiet.’ Another slap, Maria whimpering behind her hood.

She unwrapped the towel, then got into bed, pulling back the duvet, making herself comfortable and dimming the lights. It wasn’t long before the girl came back, her leotard gone, now naked except for her muzzle. She climbed into bed as well, Persephone holding them close, enjoying their warmth.

As the lights went off, she started rubbing herself against the girl. Their fingers stroked against her, and she let herself fall into slumber, being pleased and stroked, the girl skilled at her work.

Chapter Four: A Productive Morning

Persephone stirred, the bed soft and relaxing, the girl nice and warm. A drowsy kiss brushed against the muzzle, the leather an unpleasant taste. She felt them squirm, their hands sliding up Persephone's chest, lightly stroking her breasts. Persephone's fingers fumbled through their hair, finding the muzzle straps, twisting and tugging on buckles until the muzzle released. She gripped their hair, twisting it around their hand and pulling down, rolling onto her side and spreading her legs.

The girl was well-trained, leaving a trail of sweet kisses down Persephone's belly, tongue sliding around her navel, before moving towards. As the tongue slid against her pussy-lips, she sighed in pleasure, twisting a leg over their head, feeling their hair rub against the back of her knee. They really were skilled, their tongue sliding deep, twisting around her clit and stirring her up, the leather of their collar rubbing against Persephone's thighs..

As she neared orgasm, they slowed, down, her orgasm held taut, throbbing and close, before she tightened her leg around them – she wasn't a slave or a customer, to be teased and denied – and they resumed their urgent sucking and kissing, getting her over the edge.

She sagged back down onto the mattress, letting the pleasure overwhelm her, the girl now gently kissing her slit, thighs and stomach, making the duvet rise and bubble as she moved around. As Persephone pulled herself up in bed, plumping a pillow to support herself, she pressed a button on the wall, curtains sliding open, daylight illuminating the room.

Maria was still tied in place, her body face-up on the block still, limp in a painful-looking position, still hooded. The girl continued to kiss and nuzzle her, Persephone glad of the attention, trying to plan her day. Maria would need some more breaking – she would have to be forced into the appropriate mindset of her new position! And some story as to her sudden absence would need spreading about. But this evening she was

meeting up with friends, so that would be a convenient time to work on that. And sushi!

It was tempting to just stay in bed and let herself be pleased, the girl soft, warm and pliant, but Maria's naked body was a tempting invitation all by itself, and a task she wanted to attend to personally. With a sigh, she threw the blanket off, revealing the girl between her legs again.

'You can help me today. Don't worry, I'll let Mistress Winters know so you don't get into trouble.'

Their lips were chapped and worn – she must have been wearing the muzzle a long time – and she ducked her head, making a vague noise of affirmation. Had she forgotten how to speak? Well, as long as she could help fuck Maria, that didn't really matter.

'Help me dress. I think something nice and *sleek* today. Too many frills can make it hard to move properly. You may speak.'

The girl spoke, voice slow, throat sore – she'd probably been forced to suck a lot of cocks recently, and been muzzled to let her heal. 'Yes, Mistress Persephone.' They slid out of bed and walked over to a heap of clothing, carefully teasing out a dress – a tight little thing of red silk, with charming gauze-covered cutouts to tease at her flesh beneath. It was a little rumpled from having been in the heap, but it would do.

Persephone left the bed herself, raising her arms up, letting the dress be pulled over her body, clinging and tight, custom-fitted for her. Which designer had it been? Some fresh young thing, cute and easily distracted. Maybe she should commission them again? But that would have to wait. She let a broad leather belt-corset be fastened around her waist, smoothing the dress into place, liking how it felt, snug and tight against her tummy. What else? Shoes – some nice heels, high stilettos, made her feel more powerful and dominant. Thigh-high boots were tempting, but didn't really go with the dress.

'Go and dress yourself, while I let Winters know. You can keep your mouth free.'

They bowed their head in respect, leaving the room as Persephone found the phone, dialing through to the office. It was picked up before completing the first ring.

‘I’m borrowing one of your girls for the day. The dark-haired one? I’ll give her back later. Don’t worry, I won’t harm her, she’s helping me with something.’

There was a breathy sigh, Mistress Winter probably mentally shuffling around her staff. ‘Of course, Miss Persephone. Please return her when you are done with her. Would you like me to send a cleaner as well?’

Persephone looked around her room, the floor covered with heaps of clothing, dress-bags hanging off the shelves. ‘Maybe when I’m done? And I could do with some new toys as well. You know what I like.’

‘Yes, Miss Persephone. And your kitchen is fully stocked. If you see Miss Lilith, please tell her that some deliveries have arrived for her as well.’

The brat must be holed up in her room, not taking calls, again! Or passed out unconscious after spending too long on some personal project. Well, maybe when she was done with Maria she could go and knock. ‘I’ll go and poke her later. Thanks!’

Persephone hung up, as the door opened, the girl entering again – the shiny leotard hugged her curves closely, shiny and black, even more enticing than bare flesh, the buckle of her leather collar bright. They’d tidied their hair a little as well, brushing it into some semblance of order, and found a fresh pair of stockings.

‘Good. Now, time to wake up Maria...’

She walked over to them, watching the slow rise and fall of their chest. She slapped their belly, hard enough to leave a red impact mark. The effect was immediate – they tensed up, neck straining, limbs tugging at the restraints. A pained squeak came from beneath the hood, blind head turning.

‘Good morning Maria!’ She made her voice bright and perky. ‘I hope you slept well. From now on, I think you’ll be

in a cage. That'll suit you!' She had a cage *somewhere* – was it under the pile of dresses on the wall? Well, she could always get another one.

She grabbed a tit, digging her fingers in and squeezing hard, crushing it, feeling the warmth of Maria's flesh. When she twisted it, she heard another pained squeal.

'I think I'm going to make you my bitch. You're going to look good crawling around on all fours – I'll let you pretend to be a person sometimes, if you're *really* good, but you're going to be a doggy most of the time.'

'Npphh!' The hood shook around, fringe of hair flicking over Maria's skin before Persephone yanked it off, revealing Maria's tear-streaked face, eyes red and puffy, wide with fear, lips still forced wide around the ball-gag.

'Meat needs to be tenderized first.'

The girl was holding a leather loop on a handle that she'd found somewhere, which she handed over to Persephone. Flicks of the wrist slapped it against Maria's breasts and stomach, creating red impact-circles, enjoying the way that Maria twisted in her restraints, unable to escape being struck.

When she moved down their body, flicking it against their thighs, the squeals got even louder, Maria trying to bring her legs together, before the girl grabbed their knees and held them apart, letting Persephone bring the loop down in quick, sharp strikes.

Maria's neck was tight, having to strain to hold her head up so that she could see, spit oozing out from behind her gag and trickling down her cheek before splashing to the floor.

'You've always been an annoying bitch, but now you're going to be *my* bitch!'

That provoked another squeal, but it was impossible for Maria to free herself. Another strike from the loop, around her navel, left a lovely impact-mark. She reached over and twisted their head, unbuckling their gag. Before they could start protesting, she shoved the handle of the loop into their mouth, feeling their tongue getting pressed aside.

‘Grip it tight – I don’t like my pets making a mess.’ She shoved it in, hearing Maria hack and cough as she pushed it into their throat. ‘Grip with your teeth, otherwise I’ll seal it shut again.’

Their jaw tightened, holding the thing in place. Persephone pulled on the loop, testing the strength of Maria’s jaw, making sure she was holding it properly. Maria whimpered behind the improvised gag, but her teeth were firmly clenched, keeping the loop vertical.

‘Good girl. See, if you obey, then I won’t hurt you as much. Although you still deserve pain, for being a silly bitch.’ She pulled on the loop harder, pulling against Maria’s jaw strength, satisfied that Maria was putting effort in. ‘Now, what to do next? Hmmm, I think I need to see how sensitive you are. You have been used a lot before, haven’t you?’ Despite their travails, Maria’s skin was still soft and smooth, a sign of how she had looked after herself before – as a model, she had needed to look good! Although the red loop-welts showed how much that had changed.

Persephone squeezed a breast, just lightly, but even that was enough to make Maria’s breath hitch uncertainly, her head still held up, trying to watch what was being done to her defenseless body. Persephone tickled her finger down the naked belly, circling it around the navel, before raising her hand and slapping the pussy with her fingers.

Maria squealed, body shaking around on the block, the loop shifting to the side.

‘Keep it in your mouth! Unless you want me to shove it somewhere else.’ She slapped the pussy again, Maria reacting with less shock this time. Their slit was shaved, of course, cute and pink, although without any piercings. And she’d need a tattoo as well.

‘How easy are you? I’ve heard you slept around a lot. Get me a dildo. One of the big ones.’

‘Mm. Yes, Mistress Persephone.’ As the girl rummaged around, searching for something appropriate to use, Persephone started to tease the slit. Stroking the outer lips

quickly provoked a reaction, Maria's body reacting against her will, lubricating itself, walls and folds starting to moisten.

By the time the girl returned, with a fat, knobbly strap-on cock of black silicone, Maria had been prepared.

'You really are easy, aren't you? I've not even had to use any special equipment to get you ready. Now, let's see how much of this you can fit into your body.' She held the cock up, letting Maria see how big it was. 'I wonder how many inches you can take?'

The loop shook around as Maria shook her head, grunting around the grip.

'Oh? Would you prefer centimeters? I suppose you are British.'

Putting the strap on did ruck the lines of her dress, contorting the fabric awkwardly around her waist, the weight of the thing dangling in front of her. She used her fingers to spread the pussy open, before putting the cock-tip against it and starting to thrust inside. Persephone moved deliberately slowly, enjoying the cruelty, the narrow passage getting forced to expand, wet and willing despite Maria's protests.

She put a hand on Maria's belly, feeling it tighten up in protest at the violation. It slid in, lubricated by Maria's pussy-juice, several inches now inside of them, and then Persephone began to slide back and forth, putting just a little more into them each time. Maria's eyes wide huge and white now, shock taking a toll. Well, they would have a lot more to endure than just a basic fucking!

As more of the oversized cock slid into them, their body started to resist, pussy getting stretched beyond what it should be able to take. Persephone didn't relent though, taking grip of their hips, fingers digging into their hip-bones for leverage. Silent tears were rolling down their face, but their jaw was still tight and firm around the grip, only shaking when they started to pant and gasp from the violation.

Persephone felt her own body heating up in arousal, wanting to get off again herself, the base of the strap-on

bumping against her own sex. She turned her face, the girl stepping in close. She really was well-trained! Her chapped lips drew close, and they kissed, Persephone shoving her tongue into the girl's mouth, ignoring the faint after-taste of muzzle-leather. Their tongue slid against hers, soft and submissive, their hands stroking Persephone's breasts through the dress.

They parted, the warmth inside of Persephone only growing. Mid-thrust, she reached around behind herself and lifted her dress. 'You know what to do.'

Without meeting her eyes, they moved behind her, hands gently parting her buttocks before starting to tongue her asshole. They kissed her asshole, tongue running around her rim, light and soft. That sent a pleasurable ripple through Persephone's body, slowly her pounding of Maria, not wanting to jerk the tongue away. Instead, she slid into a slow and steady rhythm, although still grinding herself deeper and deeper each time, the cock large enough to make Maria's stomach bulge as it penetrated deeper into her.

Persephone put her hands against Maria's thighs, using that to keep the woman's legs spread as a tongue pushed into her asshole. She gasped in pleasure, enjoying the tingling sensation, the tongue inside of her – the girl was a natural ass-eater! Maybe she could reserve the girl's mouth for herself alone, get a gag locked to her thumb-imprint? Although it was getting harder to think as she was pleased, a hand moving around beneath her dress and lightly fingering her.

'Yes, good girl! Keep doing that!' They started to finger her as they kissed her ass, Persephone slapping one of Maria's tits. 'Not you. You're a dirty whore, and you deserve punishment.'

She pulled backwards, feeling a nose pushing against her backside, withdrawing the cock all the way, then settling the tip against Maria's asshole and starting to push forward again.

There was more resistance than from her pussy, the hole tighter, especially when the only lubricant was pussy-juice.

But Maria's muscles couldn't offer her any defense, the cock forcing her asshole into submission.

'Mh! Mpphh... Hphhh...' Maria's jaw was rictus-tight around the grip, the strain obvious.

'Let's see if your ass is as good as your pussy.' There was more resistance, the cock sliding in and out more slowly, but doing so while being tongued and fingered was a special pleasure, the girl vigorously finger-fucking her now. She could feel her own pussy-juice seeping down her thighs, sweet and warm, mixing with the stimulation of the ass-tonguing, building up within herself. She forced herself to push forward with greater vigor into Maria, watching their asshole devour the cock, the tight hole getting forced wide, already unable to quickly close up as she withdrew, before slamming into them again.

Persephone thrust her hips forward, burying the cock deeply into her captive, ignoring their long, drawn out squeal. The tendons of Maria's neck were taut, having to strain herself to see what was being done to her, although her eyes were blurry with tears. The loop was tilted now, Maria's grip having loosened at some point, but still held in place.

Once the dildo was fully buried inside of them, Persephone let herself be pleased, digging her nails into Maria's thighs, tensing up as the orgasm built up in both her pussy and her asshole. She focused on that sensation, feeling it tingle up her spine, biting her lip in anticipation of pleasure. The girl twisted her fingers, rubbing at Persephone's nub, and she hit her peak, pure pleasure overwhelming her, a long sigh of pleasure pushing out from her. Her fingers tightened on Maria's vulnerable skin, pinching hard, making them whimper as the oversized cock shifted about inside of them, chafing the flesh inside of their asshole.

By contrast, the girl's tongue was soft and wet, licking against her rim, giving the rush of delight a follow-up, smaller waves and ripples washing around inside of her. With the girl supporting her, it was easier to stay standing, twitching her hips and watching as Maria shook about in response, like a puppet being jerked about.

They sighed and whimpered, body going slack, the loop clattering to the ground. Persephone has to muster her will to speak, withdrawing the cock before savagely thrusting it back in. 'Naughty slut! That means more punishment.'

She started to ravage their asshole more, enjoying their pathetic sounds, before speaking to the girl. It would be a shame to forgo being pleased in both holes, but it would be more useful to get Maria's training properly started.

'Get a cage. And one of the training collars. And a hood. And a prod. And... Actually, just go get anything you think might be useful. And if Lilith tries to stop you, just tell her I sent you. And don't let her put you into one of her machines!' The girl's tongue-work was *exquisite*, she'd be wasted inside one of her sister's training machines.

'Yes, Mistress Persephone.' Their voice was soft, muffled by closeness to Persephone's ass, their fingers sliding out of her pussy, making her shiver. She heard them rise and walk away, while she continued to ass-fuck her victim. They couldn't speak, lips twitching, tongue and eyes rolling around before their head dropped from view, Maria unable to hold her neck up.

Persephone withdrew the cock, slapping it against their belly, then walked around to their head. Upside down, with her hair dangling and limp, Maria's eyes were now barely open.

'Good girls clean up after themselves. And there's one more hole to test.'

She had to grab Maria by the back of the head to get the angle right, but they were too weak to fight back, Persephone pushing the cock between their full lips. They were too far gone to resist, the strap-on filling their mouth, then penetrating their throat.

'Kiss it clean, or I'll strap it into you.' That seemed to filter into their consciousness, their head starting to twist slightly, their lips suckling at the cock. 'Clean off all your juices, you dirty slut.'

Their throat was softer than their asshole, easier to violate, Persephone ignoring their spluttering mewls and choking coughs, thick gobs of their spittle now dribbling down their upside-face, face red.

‘Not really a model look, is it? Dirty, ugly bitch.’

She kept fucking their throat, smiling at their sounds of pain and the pleasure still washing through her. Persephone lost track of time until she heard a clatter, a cart wheeling in through the door – it was piled high with training equipment, rattling precariously atop a cage.

She withdrew the cock from Maria’s throat, slapping it against her cheek, smearing spit against them. So many options, and so much to do!

Chapter Five: Submission and Obedience Training

Persephone tapped her phone, Maria yelping in pain. She was backing away, whimpering through a muzzle, trying to get away from Persephone.

‘Bad girl! Come here, or I’ll turn it up higher.’ She held her phone up, so that Maria could see the screen, her thumb hovering over the button. ‘And if you’re good, then I’ll let you have some food and water.’

Maria whimpered again – she was bound onto all fours, thick leather straps forcing her arms and legs to be bent back on themselves, with padded lumps protecting her knees and elbows. Her hands were wrapped into fists, her bare soles upwards, a harness wrapped around her body, breasts hanging low. Her face was hidden behind a muzzle, the front shaped into a dog’s jaw, binding her mouth shut. A metal collar was locked around her neck, the battery-pack unfashionably bulky, poking upwards. Her skin was marked with red welts and darker bruises, not having been given time to heal. They were still in Persephone’s room, although it was cleaner now, the girl having tidied up some of the heaps of clothing.

‘Come!’ Persephone stiffened her voice, staring down at them, lifting her thumb up, ready to press the button.

Maria whined but moved forward, not yet used to crawling around, finding it hard to coordinate her limbs. Her movements were slow and faltering, making her breasts shake around. Maybe some piercings? That could be a reward for her, if she was good – although she might not appreciate it quite as much.

‘You see? If you obey, things are easier for you.’

Maria didn’t approach any closer – she wasn’t well-trained enough yet to nuzzle her owner, but that would come with time. Persephone squatted, tucking her dress around her legs and patting Maria on the head, brushing and tidying her hair. She gathered it into a long tail, twisting it up and then wrapping a hairband around it to keep it under control.

‘That might need a trim. Or if you’re naughty, I’ll shave it all off and you can have wigs instead.’

‘Npphhh!’ Tears sparkled in Maria’s eyes, but she couldn’t form any coherent words as Persephone stood up.

‘Well, be a good girl and not a silly bitch, and I won’t have to do it. Now, beg.’

Maria struggled trying to move, having to shift backwards onto her legs, her bound arms leaving the floor, wagging around as she raised her head and made a plaintive whine.

‘Good girl! See, it’s not that hard, is it?’ Persephone patted them on the head, stroking their hair. She pushed her foot between their legs – their pussy was uncovered, light fringe of pubic hair starting to grow back. Persephone was wearing high heels, pushing the top of her toes into Maria’s pussy, with enough force to part it.

‘This belongs to me. A good girl gets to feel good, but a bad girl is punished.’ She tapped them harder, still stroking their head, enjoying their pathetic whimpers. ‘There’s a display day coming up – I think demonstrating your new position will be pleasant. Maybe a quick turn on your legs, and then the rest of the time on all fours, to show off what a lovely bitch you are.’ She began stroking her foot back and forth, the leather rubbing against their slit, picking up a slight sheen of their juices.

Maria’s stomach rumbled – if it hadn’t been for the arm-bindings, her arms would probably be dangling down, but the leather was stiff enough to keep them held outwards.

‘Would you like to eat?’

‘Mpphhh!’ The sound came from behind the muzzle, pathetic and weak.

‘Beg. Down on all fours. Show me what a cute doggy-bitch you are.’ Persephone grabbed Maria’s hair and pulled on it, letting go as Maria crashed back onto all fours. She crawled forward, rubbing her head against Persephone’s legs – she was wearing stockings, beneath a short dress. ‘No dribbling!’ Not that Maria could, from behind the muzzle.

Maria rubbed her head against Persephone's legs, making a mewling sound.

'Maybe you could be a kitty, rather than a doggy-bitch? Well, if you're nice, then I won't have you bred.' The head rubbing intensified, Maria crawling forward, using her body to press against Persephone, trying to sound pleased. 'OK, then you can have some food.'

As she fiddled with the muzzle, she looked over at the girl – now back in her work “uniform”, the sleek black leotard now matched with a little peaked cap, her legs wrapped in fishnet stockings – as they went to the cart of training “toys” and other equipment, getting a flask full of food-paste and giving it a shake.

Persephone unstrapped the muzzle from Maria's face, revealing her lips and nose. There was a ring-gag in place behind it, their tongue flapping around. Persephone tilted their head back and pinched their nose shut, before the girl started to pour the flask into Maria's mouth. Persephone winced at the odor – horrible, bland mush, odious in both taste and texture. But it was food and drink both, Maria desperately swallowing it, using her tongue to try and get every drop, the rumbling of her belly stopping.

'With this, you won't need to shit much. So your asshole can be used for other purposes. A pet does need a tail, after all.' She kept Maria's nostrils pinched shut, making it harder for them to eat, having to swallow swiftly or risk drowning. 'See? If you just obey, then you don't need to worry. You don't need to think, or complain, you just need to obey me.'

Maria couldn't protest, not when her mouth was full, but her chest heaved as she choked back tears. When the food-goop was all done, Persephone put the muzzle back into place, hiding Maria's face, giving her a dogs face again.

'Now, your tail.'

'What color would Mistress Persephone like?'

The girl was holding a variety of tailed butt-plugs – one of them matched Maria's own ash-blonde hair. And the plug part

was fat and deep, shiny metal beads that would stay lodged deep inside the pet-girl's rectum. Persephone twisted Maria's head to show it to her, enjoying the way that Maria tensed up, whining in powerless protest.

'Let's get it into you!' She shoved Maria down, running her hand along their back, enjoying their tense muscles, and the way they shivered as Persephone pressed against the welts and bruises. She pulled their buttocks apart, showing off the tight knot of their asshole, nodding in approval as the girl lubed up the plug.

Maria was obedient enough that she didn't resist, the smaller beads sliding in easily, the larger ones meeting more resistance, the girl pushing in, forcing the ass to consume them, until only the tail was visible. Once it was fully in, Maria shivered and whined. She twisted out of Persephone's grip, trying to crawl away, heading for the open door.

Persephone smiled, enjoying the way the tail flicked from side-to-side, along with Maria's lovely ass-cheeks, well-marked with welts and slaps. She waited until Maria was most of the way there, and then dialed the collar up, before hitting the button.

'Mpphhhhh!' Maria screamed, or at least tried to, the muzzle muting her protests. Persephone held her finger down, making the collar shock her, again and again. Maria tried to move forward still, her outfit not letting her drop, but her limbs jerked and twitched. She was bound onto all fours, but couldn't advance further.

Persephone walked close to her, shocking her several more times. At that power level, Maria wouldn't have any control of herself for a minute or more. Persephone pulled on the tail, tugging it slightly outwards, before letting it go, the length sliding smoothly back into their asshole.

'Your days of freedom are over. You are my pet-bitch now.' She made the collar give another shock. 'A good bitch gets treats and cuddles, but a bad bitch I will have to be a lot harsher. I've not had a proper toy of my own before!' And Maria was high-quality – it was just a shame she was a

stubborn bitch. But if she could be trained, then she'd make a good display-piece. 'I need you to be a good girl for the pet show. If you're not, then I guess I'll just have to dispose of you. You're attractive enough that it shouldn't be hard to find a buyer.'

'Mpphhh...' Maria's squeal was weak and pathetic, Persephone zapping her again. The pained, tortured sounds, and that tail poking out from between lush buttocks, was exciting Persephone, making her want to get off. But not until after playing with Maria some more!

'That collar isn't coming off. *Ever*. It has all sorts of lovely functions we can discover together. So from today, you're my collared bitch. And I think you'd rather be my collared bitch, rather than someone that will be harsher to you. Or that might use you as a breeding bitch.' She reached out to stroke a buttock, enjoying how Maria was shivering in fear and pain. 'I'll hurt you, but also let you have some pleasure, at least if you behave.'

She slid her hand down, feeling between their thighs, stroking at their slit.

'Would you like to feel good?'

'Mphh...'

'Good. So you're going to learn some tricks, or I'll shock you into a coma. So, fetch. Turn around.' She withdrew her hand, watching how Maria's muscles tensed and shifted as the pet-girl shuffled around, slow and awkward. 'Good. From now on, if you misbehave, I will hurt you.' With the muzzle on, she couldn't slap Maria, but she could reach down and squeeze a nipple, pinching it hard, making Maria groan and gasp again.

'Fetch.' Persephone sealed the food-flask and then tossed it across the room, where it rolled to a stop. 'Go fetch.' She had to zap Maria again before they started to move, crawling across the room. They were even slower now, the jolts messing up their muscular control, but at least they were obeying.

As Maria crawled, Persephone gestured the girl over, lifting her skirt up. They dropped to their knees, pressing their face against Persephone's belly and tickling her navel with her tongue, before dropping down lower and starting to caress Persephone's cunt with her tongue.

Maria's movement were slow and pathetic – with her mouth sealed, she couldn't pick the flask up, but had to nudge it with her bent-back limbs, slowly moving it forward in a succession of awkward jumps. When she had managed to bring it all the way back, Persephone kicked it away again, hard enough that it bounded off one of the bedroom walls.

Maria whined, but turned around again, crawling towards the flask. The tongue flicked around inside of Persephone, the girl grabbing her buttocks, grip just the right level of strength, comforting without hurting or controlling, their head making the front of Persephone's dress rise up in an inelegant bump.

Maria was faltering, her movements slowing. Persephone tutted in annoyance, and activated the collar again. Maria shuddered, her limbs rattling to the ground.

'Hurry up, bitch-slut!' Her words must have penetrated Maria's consciousness, as they managed to shake themselves and regain some forward speed. Although Persephone was starting to lose focus herself, the girl's tongue wet and soft, pleasure quickly building up inside of herself, their hands tight around her waist. The little puffs of air as they breathed tickled her belly, and she didn't resist the orgasm as it rose up inside of her, the girl lapping at her juices as she came.

When she recovered herself, Maria was back at her feet, having managed to push the flask back across the room. The girl placed a delicate kiss on her pussy before withdrawing, head emerging back from beneath Persephone's dress.

'So you can be obedient. Good. Now roll over.'

It wasn't the most elegant of movements, Maria letting her body drop on one side and then gravity took over, pulling Maria over, and onto her back. Persephone stamped down on her, grinding her heel into the exposed belly, pressing down

hard. Maria was too exhausted to protest, simply accepting the pain.

‘Back up you get.’

Maria twitched, trying to shake her limbs enough to get back upright. She twisted and wriggled, entirely unable to achieve her ends, lacking the freedom to move in such a way. Persephone stamped down again, this time pressing her toes against Maria’s exposed slit, grinding down against it.

‘This is your place now. Just a dirty bitch-pet. But if you’re good, then you might get something other than suffering.’ She could feel Maria’s pussy getting wet under the pressure, her foot sliding back and forth with greater ease. ‘I’m going to leave you there. If you’re still on your back when I return, then I will have to punish you more.’

It probably wasn’t even possible for Maria to get up, but it might spur her to be creative. And having another excuse to punish the bitch was always good.

‘I’ve got a dinner-date with some mutuals. I’ll be sure to tell them that you’ve gone on a nice, long retreat. Maybe rehab? Well, I’m sure you won’t be missed.’ She stamped down again before withdrawing and turning to the girl. ‘You can go back to work. I may request you from Mistress Winters later though. You’ve been a good girl.’

They smiled and bowed. ‘Yes, Mistress Persephone. It has been a pleasure to serve.’

Persephone slapped them, but only lightly. ‘You serve, whether it’s a pleasure or not. But your tongue skills are impressive. I might have to demonstrate you to some of my friends.’ She moved her phone over their ass, until it beeped, picking up the ID chip embedded into their flesh. ‘Go and gag yourself.’ The smile diminished, but they obeyed, finding a ballgag to push between their lips. They didn’t move, waiting until Persephone moved towards the door to follow her out.

THE END

About the Author and Artist

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

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

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Ruby – Making of a Cum-Slut

Preview Chapter: Just a Normal Detention

The hood made it impossible to see where she was being taken, the leather smelling of other people's sweat and hair-gel, not having been cleaned between uses. It didn't have any mouth- or nose-holes, forcing how to scent and taste the previous wearers, making her wince at the taste. Hands gripped her shoulders firmly, her hands cuffed behind her back, pushing her through the hallways. She could hear other people walking around and the low murmurs of conversation, her restraints not enough to draw any particular comment. She hadn't done anything wrong!

Her foot knocked into a door, making her recoil, before it was pulled open, sounding heavy. The air that pushed against her skin was cooler than that in the hallway, impregnated with fear- and fuck-sweat, making her throat go dry – where had she been taken? She could feel the warm wetness between her legs still, only hope of an orgasm long gone, but still something that she would like to stroke and touch further.

Fingers dug into her shoulders, shoving her forward, before her hips bumped into something solid. She tensed up, but was powerless to prevent herself getting bent over, feeling a wooden ridge push against her belly, her short pleated skirt riding up to reveal her buttocks.

'You won't be needing this. Let's get you prepped for the lesson. Thanks for "volunteering".' The voice was female, and cold and cruel. 'Don't move unless you want me to get the hot sauce.'

Ruby shivered, imagining the prickling burning on her tender folds, staying bent over as experienced hands twisted rope around her knees, tying them to the wooden horse, forcing her legs to be spread wide, then tying her ankles in the same way, forcing her up onto her toes.

The top of the horse was a triangular wedge, making it uncomfortable to relax, the weight of her torso all on a small

section of her belly, making it harder to breathe. She tried to rise up a little, to relieve some of the tension, and a hand pinched her buttocks, and she stayed in position.

‘I’m going to release your wrists. Don’t misbehave!’

Having the handcuffs released was a moment of relief, before her right wrist was grabbed and dragged into place, rope tautly snapping around her wrist in a firm double-loop, then getting tied against a leg of the horse. If she twisted her fingers, she could just about feel the metal ring that it had been bound to, her fingers scrabbling at the tight cords, trying to undo the knot.

This process was repeated on the other side, stretching her out over the wooden ridge, butt in the air, head down, the hood starting to slide downwards. Nailed fingers traced up her bare legs, flipping her skirt up to fully reveal her backside, before the door opened again.

‘Ah, I see you’ve found a volunteer. Very good.’ It was a male voice, older – one of the teachers, Mr Hutton. ‘As you missed your assessment, then this is your make-up class. I need you to demonstrate your restraint and interrogation skills.’ Footsteps approached, getting closer, as nailed fingers continued to stroke at her thighs and backside. She couldn’t help but feel aroused and excited, her slit starting to loosen. How long had it been since she had been allowed to get off? It wasn’t fair! And she didn’t even really like women!

‘This is Ruby, isn’t it? She’s normally well-behaved. What did she do?’

‘She was touching herself in class.’ The nails pinched Ruby’s inner thigh, before drifting towards her slit, making her inhale sharply.

‘Very naughty!’ A hand, hard and male, slapped against her buttock with force, and she could feel her flesh getting deformed by the impact. ‘Well, you can belt her once you’re done. Now, Ruby, Samantha is being tested for her restraint skills. So if you can break free, then you will be allowed to leave.’

Ruby strained her wrists and ankles, hoping for the ropes to release her, but it stayed firmly wrapped around her limbs. She twisted her wrists and fingers, trying to find the knots on the wrist-cords, but the tight bundle of rope resisted her blind fumbling – she couldn't find anything to pull on, any ends to tug on to get herself free. As she twisted and writhed, fingers kept tracing around her thighs, making her body start to warm up.

‘Well, that seems a good initial assessment.’ He slapped her backside again, before hooking a finger into the waistband of her panties and tearing, the fabric easily giving way. The air caressed her slit, now fully on display, Ruby's bent-over position exposing her to anyone else in the room. She could feel the blood starting to flow to her head, unable to start up to relieve the pressure. ‘She won't be needing these. Now, proceed.’

‘Yes Sir. First, I would remove the hood. Ruby needs to see her punishment.’

Heeled footsteps moved around, getting closer, and then a hand grabbed at the leather hood, yanking it off in a single smooth movement, her blonde hair spilling out from beneath. From her position, she couldn't see much – a stone wall, part of a cabinet probably filled with bondage equipment, and Samantha's long legs, sheathed in stockings, her skirt almost as short as those of the submissives. From down here, Ruby could see the other woman's thong, black lace against white skin.

‘A gag as well. I'm sure Ruby wants to be a good girl, but I think she might be a bit of a screamer.’ A hand grabbed Ruby's hair and dragged her upwards, making her back arc painfully. A rubber ball was pushed between her lips, spreading her mouth open, before a strap was buckled into place. It was a relief when her hair was released, letting her drop back into position – having the ridge dig into her belly was unpleasant, but not as bad as having her back twisted upwards!

‘A ball-gag?’

‘Well, Sir, in that position, her mouth is hard to access, so a ring-gag would be hard to access, and the same for a dildo gag. Given that she will already be having difficulty breathing, then a penis-gag in her throat would be an extra punishment, but I like to leave some room for escalation.’ As Samantha justified herself, hands groped her buttocks, before sliding along her slit, teasing her, then delivering a back-handed slap to her backside.

‘Continue.’

Samantha leaned over her, pressing her weight down onto Ruby, her breasts pushing onto Ruby’s back. It didn’t take much pressure to cause the ridge to bite even harder into Ruby’s belly, to make it even harder to breath, making her whine and squirm. Her fingers kept tugging and scrabbling at the knot, trying to find any purchase, her legs tightening against the ropes, unable to break free. Samantha leaned further forward, her expensive perfume drifting downwards onto Ruby, before Samantha’s fingers parted her buttocks.

Ruby whimpered, feeling her arousal climbing again, hoping it wasn’t too obvious. A nail teased along her outer lips, before a sharp flick was delivered, making Ruby inhale in a pained hiss, sucking air around her gag. Spit was already welling up, starting to dribble from her mouth – this position was uncomfortable, even aside from pushing her ass high up into the air!

The nailed finger poked the sensitive parts between her buttocks, making Ruby squirm uncomfortably. She didn’t like things going into her backside, it always made her feel squirmy inside. If she had to have something inside of her, at least she’d prefer it was in her pussy! She’d managed to escape chastity for now, but her dorm was always so crowded, and slipping off to masturbate in the toilets would only get her in more trouble if she were discovered, so she’d barely been able to touch herself for several weeks now.

Having her genitals so exposed combined with her head done was making her feel giddy, her cheeks warming as her buttocks were lightly spanked again.

‘Good ropework. That seems to have restrained her quite sufficiently. Can you break free, Ruby?’

Ruby strained against the ropes again, feeling the wedge dig into her belly. No matter how she exerted herself, there was no give in the ropes, the scratchy cords biting into her wrists, her socks helping to protect her ankles.

‘Nppphh.’ Her wrists were starting to hurt from the scraping, as her skin was chafed and rubbed.

‘Excellent. Very good, Samantha. That position exposes her pussy and backside, while also allowing access to the mouth with some straining. Now, how will you punish her?’ Mr Hutton’s hand slapped her ass-cheeks, harder than Samantha’s, making Ruby shake about on the wooden ridge.

‘Well, after this, a chastity belt, of course. The loopy joe, if I may?’

‘With your grades, you may. A difference from the usual whip, crop or paddle.’

‘I think it’s important to try different things.’

‘Mmphhh!?’ What was a loopy joe? Being caned wasn’t too bad, at least if it was on the ass and not the hands, while being paddled might her really hot and horny, but she’d never heard of a “loopy joe”. Hopefully it wouldn’t hurt too much!

‘Now, little Ruby, you should know better than to touch yourself in class. You’re only allowed to climax when a dominant gives you permission. A shame, perhaps, that you have no specific owner, but you’re attractive enough that I’m surprised you’re not more personally commanded.’

Ruby tried to twist around to see what Samantha was going to be hitting her with, but couldn’t move enough to do more than catch a glimpse of Samantha’s other side, with Mr Hutton stood behind her, looking at her, a bulge in his trousers obvious.

Something leathery, feeling like a stiff cord, tapped against her backside as Samantha spoke. ‘Ruby, according to the rules, how many strikes do you deserve? For every one that you’re off by, you’ll earn two more.’

‘Mpph!?’ That wasn’t fair! Yes, there was a student guidebook, but no-one actually *read* it, and the dominants imposed whatever punishments they wanted! The leather cord flicked against her buttocks again. ‘Mrrmphh.’ She tried to grumble out something vague, hoping it would be accepted as an answer, but the cord struck her again, a different feeling this time – it was a full O-shaped loop on a handle, conducting viciously stinging strikes into her flesh.

‘An actual answer, Ruby. Or would you like the hot sauce?’

‘Np hhh! Np hhh, Mip hhh triph Samanpha.’ Spit was dribbling from her mouth now, her speaking and position making it impossible to swallow fast enough to keep it in her mouth.

‘So, an answer then?’

‘Tenph!’

The loopy joe cracked forward, full loop striking against the soft meat of her thighs, stinging even more than a strike against her ass.

‘Two.’ Another strike against her lower leg. ‘Three.’ This was to the outside of her thigh. ‘Four.’ Against her buttocks. Her body was starting to heat up now, her arousal peaking, her legs starting to tense from the impacts. Samantha continued to count them, although Ruby’s head was starting to get fuzzy, and she wanted to get off, frustrated that she couldn’t grind her hips against anything.

‘Ten.’ There was a pause, Ruby relaxing. And then the loopy joe struck again, a vicious crack right against another welt, making her whimper with pain. ‘The stated punishment is twenty strikes. So that will be another twenty.’

‘Mpphh!?’ Ruby tried to shake her head in protest, her hair falling over her face. The pain from the strikes was building up, her ass on fire as several strikes lashed her skin in quick succession. The leather loop was biting into her skin, more savage than a paddle, leaving circular stinging imprints. Tensing her buttocks and legs made it even worse, the slap of

the loop against taut muscle hurting more than when she was slack. But she couldn't relax when being assaulted, and couldn't even wriggle herself into a less painful position. The top of the ridge was biting into her belly now, as she sagged more heavily onto it, air forced from her lungs, another source of discomfort.

She couldn't stop herself grunting and gasping in pain as the loop struck her, again and again, Samantha coolly counting out the strikes. This wasn't fair! She'd wanted to touch herself, but that was just because she was so horny! And the strikes against her buttocks were making her even more turned on, her pussy tingling and warm.

'Thirty.'

The loop struck against her, just once more, in a gentle tap, and Ruby sank down against the ridge, ignoring how it compressed her belly. Her legs and ass felt like they were on fire, throbbing with pain from the hits, legs forced wide.

'Good striking technique. And making the submissive participate and be responsible for her own punishment is beneficial. Although I'm disappointed in you, Ruby, for not knowing the handbook properly.'

'Mphhh...' Ruby couldn't manage to speak anything more coherent, drool splashing from her mouth onto the floor. Fingers probed between her thighs, sliding against her pussy.

'She certainly seems to have enjoyed it.'

Ruby tried to tense up around the finger, wanting to draw it into herself, but it traced around her outer lips before withdrawing.

'Very good, Samantha. Simple, effective and efficient. Some of the other teachers prefer a little more showmanship, but I prefer things to be more to-the-point.' He slapped Ruby's buttocks, her tortured flesh flaring with pain.

'Thank you, Mr Hutton. If you like, I can apply her belt as well?'

'If you would, yes.'

‘Nphhh...’ Ruby tried to shake, making her hair flick about again. She wanted to be free to touch herself! But nailed fingers scratched against the small of her back, making her squeak with pain again.

‘I hope you will be a good girl?’

They pinched the base of her spine, making her squeeze her buttocks and making Ruby feel the loop-impacts again.

‘Yeph!’

‘Good.’

Samantha stepped around, stiletto heels moving into sight as she stooped, her natural-blond hair falling in a long and immaculate flow that almost reached her waist. Her pale neck was bare, without a submissive’s collar, her blouse of thicker material than Ruby’s almost transparent one, as she stooped, pulling on some part of the rope that bound Ruby’s left wrist, freeing it in a single tug, then untying the other wrist.

‘You may stand.’

Ruby had to scrabble with her hands to pull herself up to standing, her body drained by the whipping, but glad to get her stomach off the ridge and to be able to breathe properly. As she stood up, a long strand of spittle splashed from her mouth onto her blouse, soaking into the fabric over her breasts and staining it transparent. Samantha patted her on the head and smiled down at her.

‘Good girl.’ She picked up a chastity belt from the cabinet, shiny metal in her manicured hands. ‘I hope you enjoyed touching yourself in class, as you won’t be touching yourself without permission. Mr Hutton, who should be able to open it?’

‘I’ll have it set to my key. I think little Ruby needs some more training.’

‘Grph...’ More spittle oozed from her lips, her breasts now starting to feel sticky and dirty. She didn’t want this! But there was no way to fight back, as Samantha pulled Ruby’s skirt off, then wrapped the waist-band of the belt in place. It was cold, settling into place just beneath her belly-button, the lock

snipping shut with a too-loud *click*. Then the crotch-band – a metal strap, the pussy-cover having small holes in it to allow her to pee, Samantha carefully pushing it into place.

‘Mpphh...’ The cold metal pushing against her warm slit made Ruby shiver, not liking the feeling of confinement. She wanted to be free! To be able to touch herself whenever she wanted! And the band going between her buttocks felt even more intrusive, snug and tight against her skin. But there was nothing she could do about it.

Mr Hutton moved up behind her, groping her breasts, strong fingers digging into her flesh. ‘Hmmm, I’ve not noticed you before, you’re very quiet. But I think you’ll make a good test subject.’ He stroked her nipples, before pinching them and letting go. ‘Samantha, you can get her dressed and then take her to class. We wouldn’t want to disrupt her education now, would we?’

‘Yes, Mr Hutton.’

‘And I’ll let the office know your grade. Good work, Samantha.’ A bell started to ring. ‘And now we all have places to be. Thank you for your cooperation, Ruby.’ Her answering grunt of annoyance was ignored as he left the room, leaving Ruby still tied to the horse by the ankles as Samantha picked up her skirt and fussed it back into place. Even though it was warming up, she didn’t like the chastity belt, the metal hard against her soft parts. That she couldn’t touch herself anymore! She made a soft growl, before Samantha pinched one of her welts and made her whimper, before silencing herself.