

Melissa Duvant

DIGITAL SLAVE



Volume 1

Digital Slave Volume 1

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Published by Melissa DuVant at Smashwords

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Acknowledgements

Thanks to everyone that has read the earlier draft versions of this and enjoyed them or pointed out the occasional bloopers of “how did they get into that position”! Special thanks also to Lisa, for her sterling work as a technical advisor on latex and diving equipment. And sharing a *lot* of, uh, educational videos...

Chapter One: A New Life Starts

Present Day

The pressure on her shoulders was intense, wrists cuffed together behind her back, a chain running to the ceiling and pulling them up. This forced her into a painful strappado position, unable to properly stand without wrenching her shoulders out of position. Her mouth was full, a large sphere of black rubber strapped between her lips, slow trickles of spittle flowing over her red-painted lips, down her chin. Around her neck was a collar, a chunky band of bright metal, chunky metal bracelets of the same material on her wrists. Ever since she had started wearing it, she had become intimately familiar with the devices it contained – at the moment it was as loose as it got, although it could tighten without notice to choke her, or shock her.

She had lost track of how long she'd been held in this position – the apartment had no clocks, and the windows were blacked out, the time of day impossible to tell. Her slender body, something that she had always been proud of, even used to draw attention to herself, was dressed in a silk blouse and black pencil skirt. In the pale glow of emergency lighting, the fringe of a lacey bra could be seen beneath the blouse, her skirt short enough to show the patterns on her stockings around her thighs. If it wasn't for the collar, gag, and position, she could have been any office worker.

She whimpered, trying to shift, find some element of comfort. How long had it been since she had been here? Days, weeks, months? She was kept here, every element of her life controlled, only allowed out in what the owner permitted. She had nothing of her own, everything she had, everything she had become, was what the owner desired.

But she had never seen the owner, her owner. She had been shaped and moulded, without ever even being touched by him. She twisted in her bonds, thoughts of her previous life bubbling upwards. She had had a name then. Been able to go out. Had control of herself, been able to choose her own

clothing. What had her name been? Her twisting strengthened as she twisted, the chain softly clinking.

Her collar beeped, and she froze in fear. It tightened, not even to choke her, but a warning. Was her owner watching? She knew there must be cameras, watching her, knowing when she was bad or good. But he couldn't read her mind, could he? The AC whirred into life, cold air beating down on her, her clothing doing little to protect her. The memories died within her as the cold air blew, until her stirring stopped.

The thing between her legs briefly stirred into life, an empty promise of warmth. Not long enough to give her any relief or pleasure, simply a reminder that she lacked even the control to pleasure herself. She shuffled awkwardly, stilettos clicking on the floor. If she was good, if she managed to maintain this position for long enough, maybe she would be allowed to sleep on the floor, rather than restrained. Maybe she would be allowed out – her clothing chosen for her, her mouth sealed behind a gag, but *outside*, where she could pretend to be a person.

The pressure in the air changed, the AC shutting down. The door, path to the outside world, always locked to her, clicked open, light spilling in. She was bound facing away from the door, unable to see who was standing there. Was it the owner? Or someone else? She didn't dare twist to see, in case she was punished for it. The shadow moved closer, footsteps seemingly as loud as thunder. A hand reached out, slapping her ass in a possessive way, and she couldn't restrain herself from squeaking. Had her owner finally come to claim her, or was this someone else to service? Either way, she had to please them. She parted her legs slightly, hoping they would find her pleasing.

Days, Weeks or Months ago...

Sophia's heart sank, blood turning cold. She pressed refresh, in the desperate hope that things would be different. They couldn't have dropped that fast. The screen reloaded –

everything was in the red. *Deep* into the red. Could she move money from anywhere else? No, everywhere was tapped out. Everything had been riding on this. But how could everything have dropped like that? The market shouldn't move like that, something should have gone up. She refreshed again. It was even worse. She'd bet her apartment on this, everything she owned!

She felt a presence, before a hand touched her shoulder, nails pressing against her flesh through her thin blouse. 'Go home for the rest of the week, Sophia. We'll talk about this soon.' The woman squeezed her shoulder, red-painted nails digging in harder, just for a moment. Then she turned and left, heels clicking against the trading room floor.

Sophia glanced around, seeing rumours already spreading amongst her colleagues, looking at her with pity or contempt. She ignored the sting of pride, trying to look calm and collected, picking up her handbag and left the office.

She went to get drunk. A fancy bar, piano playing, no shortage of people willing to buy drinks for her – even without getting changed, her silk blouse, unbuttoned to show the edge of her bra beneath, tight pencil-skirt short enough that the tops of her stockings flashed into view as she walked, or crossed her legs were enticement enough. She might have lost big today, lost everything she owned, but all she needed was some seed money to get started again.

Who could she hit up for a loan? Stephen was normally a sucker, especially if she wore something tight and black. And he wasn't even pushy enough to demand sex, just a quick handjob was normally enough. Although he was out of town, having taken a new job in Hong Kong. Maybe Ken? Although his latest wife was a pushy bitch. Another drink appeared, the spirits burning into her stomach, her thoughts turning into alcohol-infused mush as night fell.

She awoke, in sunlight. Crisp sheets wrinkled beneath her hands, discreet buzz of a phone alarm vibrating nearby. Where was she? She blinked sleep from her eyes and looked around –

not a place she recognised, but it oozed wealth. Sunlight streamed in from full-height windows, showing views over a park. The bed was massive, what looked to be a walk-in wardrobe opposite, floor-length mirrors, grey and chrome drawers and cupboards. And she was naked. Well, if it was whoever owned this place, then she had done well – she rolled over, finding the bed empty. She didn't feel satisfied, so they must have been too drunk to have sex.

The rest of the apartment was small, but the view outside the window showed that it was right in the heart of the city, worth several million, at the least. The whole place shared the same chrome-and-steel colouring, probably designed by some tech-bro nerd, everything electronically controlled, both austere and massively expensive. A screen blinked on, displaying a message.

Had to go to work, but last night was great. This place was my ex's, feel free to crash here. She was about the same size as you, use her clothes if you want.

Well, this seemed to be quite fortunate. She had no recollection of who the mysterious owner was, but they were clearly wealthy, which was what she needed right now. Everything was chrome and metal, custom-fitted and expensive. Near the entrance was a strange piece of modern art, dangling from a chain on the ceiling– a roughly female shape of solid black plastic, a head, the swell of breasts and curve of hips, a hole for a mouth and another between the legs, edges stained slightly. She'd always preferred more classical art and sculpture but having such a thing on casual display showed vast wealth. She looked at more closely – there was a tiny hairline crack around the edge, the thing cast in two halves. She gave it a gentle shove, setting it swinging. Something tickled the edge of her hearing; was that a moan? She must have imagined it, an apartment like this would be fully sound-proofed.

She returned to the walk-in wardrobe, the door sliding open with an electronic beep. Inside was a carousel device filled with clothing, so only a single outfit was accessible at any given time, like a giant vending machine. More sealed

lockers lined the walls, all currently shut. The current outfit was very much in line with her own preferences - sleek and sexy office-wear, a skirt, tight and black and short, a silk blouse, along with a lace thong and bra. One of the lockers popped open, revealing a pair of very high heels and some stockings. The ex must have been about the same size as her, conveniently. Before dressing she had a shower, luxuriating in the steaming hot water, rubbing herself down, feeling the fug of last night retreating under the steam and heat.

When she was done, she applied her makeup – this ex had similar colouration as well; the owner must have a distinct ‘type’. Well, that would make him easier to butter up for some money. With her lips tinted red, mascara around her eyes, hair pulled back into a ponytail, she felt decidedly more in control, more like herself, especially when she dressed as well. She admired herself in the mirror, blowing herself a kiss.

Another message blinked onto the screen in the main room, accompanied by a faint chiming noise.

You lost your phone last night, here's a replacement. I loaded my number onto it.

A drawer opened with a pneumatic pop. Inside was a smartphone, sleek, black and unbranded, the sort of prestigious item normally seen in the hands of millionaires. She pressed her thumb against it, as it unlocked for her - even the programming was something she didn't recognise, although most of the functionality appeared to be locked. There was only one number listed: ‘Owner’, with no other details listed.

Well, he had been so nice, he deserved a treat, and something to keep him keen and friendly. She found the camera function and posed for a selfie, tweaking her blouse to make sure it showed her cleavage, making a seductive face.

Thanks for last night “owner”, you were great. See you soon!

She took several pictures, making sure to find the best one before hitting ‘send’. Then she explored the rest of the apartment. It was small, little more than the bathroom, a kitchen-diner, and a box room, with the colossal bedroom and

walk-in wardrobe taking the largest amount of space. This close to the center though, it must have cost a fortune – she took her new phone out and tried to access the internet, to look up the value, but couldn't find any way to access it.

All the draws in the kitchen had an RFID scanner, remaining stubbornly locked, surfaces too smooth to pull open. Denied there, she went to the wardrobe – it would have been a decent-sized room by itself, but the carousel device took most of the space, leaving only a small space to get changed. She rotated through the other outfits – beyond a variety of office-wear and gorgeous (and expensive!) evening gowns, there was a variety of more 'special' outfits - a latex nurse's outfit, several skin-tight catsuits, a schoolgirl outfit, a shiny nun's habit with holes at the crotch... Well, those wouldn't be getting used, at least not on her. She liked to be in charge, not the one being dominated. She smiled at past memories – keeping someone on the edge, just shy of climax, could be a powerful incentive when negotiating. Although she hated the feel, taste and scent of cum, so always tried to slip a condom on first.

Her stomach rumbled – she hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday. She went to the front door, running her hand against the card reader – there was no handle, nothing to force it open. When she tapped it, a prompt appeared; "Present Owner authentication". Without that, it wouldn't open.

Another bell chimed, message appearing. *Nice pic, you're a doll. Have some food.*

A drawer popped open, revealing a bowl full of powder. She grimaced. *Of course* a techbro would be into food-substitute powder. She gave it a sniff. Flavourless food substitute, to boot. Enough of that, and even the taste of cum would be a welcome change. She turned to the tap, trying to figure out how to turn it on – there was nothing to twist or turn. She waved the bowl beneath the tap, water rushing out. Just enough to turn the powder into a paste, nutritional enough to keep her alive, but bland and tasteless. She'd have to convince him to take her out somewhere proper, or this

relationship wouldn't last long. She ate the paste, then put the bowl back into the drawer which slid shut and locked itself.

Unable to leave, she explored the apartment – everything was sealed away, the place spartan and barren, no pictures or any other touches of life. In the bathroom were fresh toiletries, a sealed toothbrush and paste, the cabinet locking shut once she had cleaned her teeth. There was a TV in each room, but no remote control, nor any buttons on the units themselves.

She bent over to look under the bed, finding what she expected – a large box, filled with more 'toys', those for obviously female use. She pulled it out, having to strain to shift the weight; if she was stuck here while some dickless techbro was spending his time hacking code, she may as well enjoy herself. The ex must have been feeling frustrated, if the amount of stuff present was any indication, and most of it still unopened.

At the bottom of the box, and the reason it was so heavy, was a heavy block, a vibrating pad at the top – a sybian. She'd seen one used at a party before, an unwilling escort made to mount it only when threatened with being stripped and forcibly ejected onto the streets. From the sounds the girl had made, it had been quite intense, although that might just have been to try and please whoever had hired her or hoping to get them to let her go.

She managed to find a plug socket (even that was behind a metal panel, although at least it was open rather than locked) and plugged it in. This one looked pretty heavy-duty, with straps to ensure the occupant didn't fall off, the controls on the front of the box where they would be hard to access when in use. She straddled it, then took another picture.

Think I should go for a ride?

It didn't take long until there was a response.

Strap yourself in, it's a hell of a thing!

She squirted lube over the dildo, shimmying her thong off, playing with herself to get herself ready. This was how she wanted to live, surrounded by luxury, although with rather

more control herself. She played with herself, loosening herself up, then slowly eased herself onto the prong. The thing was cold inside her, although was a comfortable size, satisfyingly solid. She strapped the bands around her thighs, then reached forward, fumbling along the front of the device for the 'on' switch.

It buzzed to life. She immediately grabbed her phone, trying to concentrate through the vibrations and stimulation, pressure swiftly building inside of her. This selfie wouldn't be very well focused, but... Her thoughts went white as the vibrations rumbled through her, bringing her to a peak. If it hadn't been for the straps, she would have fallen off already.

The phone fell from her hand as she was shoved into another orgasm, hands covering her mouth as she tried not to yell. She came again, the buzzing seeming louder. Oh god, was it getting faster? A cry tore itself from her lips, audible even through her hands, and then she sagged forward as the buzzing slowed slightly. Her hands scrabbled over the front of the panel, fumbling for the controls.

It started to vibrate again, her nails scraping against knobs and dials, flicking a switch and the thing powering down. It took her a long moment to collect herself, head swimming as she slowly pulled herself off it, the dildo now slick with her juices. She could understand now why that escort had started to beg after the sixth orgasm had been ripped from her, the onlookers only turning it up higher and laughing.

She climbed off, needing to collect herself. That thing was powerful! Her pussy was drenched, thighs moist with her own juices, as she wiped herself down on the bedsheets. She didn't have any other clothing, and the device in the closet seemed to have jammed, leaving her reeking of sex as she put the thong back on, taking a moment to rearrange her own clothing as the message bell chimed again.

Nice look, doll, suits you. Wonder how long you can go for if it wasn't turned off? Called in a favour, got you a job. Close by, phone will tell you the way.

It had fallen against the wall, fortunately undamaged. A map had appeared, showing her current location, a destination not far away. Who was this guy? The place shown was an office building, filled with super-expensive lawyers and consultants. For a one-night stand she couldn't even remember, he was very generous. Even when drunk, she wouldn't have been picked someone ugly so he must be a looker, and wealthy as well.

The bathroom door had sealed itself, so she couldn't shower again. The door to outside opened, allowing her to leave, hissing shut as soon as she passed through.

Chapter Two: The New Job

Moving from the chill, electric light of the apartment made actual sunlight seemed a blessing. After the mind-blowing ride from the sybian, the world seemed bright and happy, and the lustful and envious looks she got from others she passed were gratifying. She turned towards a reflective shop window, bending over slightly and pretending to fix her makeup. The effect was pleasing, someone on the other side of the street outright stopping to look, a cyclist screeching to a stop.

It didn't take long to reach her destination, the phone showing her the route. It was a new building, all chrome and glass, shining in the morning sun. The doors whisked open as she approached, a slight puff of chilled air pushing past her. Inside was a reception, outstandingly attractive receptionist, all blonde hair and breasts, smiling at her. They looked at their screen, then at her.

'You're expected. Floor 3, second on the left.' She handed over a lanyard and pass, Sophia's face already printed on, although without any name or other identifying information. The lift moved with smooth silence, taking to a hallway of anonymous offices, interior walls of frosted glass, the names giving few clues as to what the companies did.

She swiped her badge at an RFID reader, the door clicking open, to reveal a blandly mundane waiting room, personal offices taking the rest of the space. A taller woman, dressed in an expensive skirt-suit, tailored to her personally by how well it fit, approached, hand extended. They shook.

'I'm told you have experience in everything we need? You will be helping the senior partners with anything they may need, from research to whatever else they need. I would show you around, but we are very busy, so if you could kindly start right now. Mr Sandham requires your aid to begin with.' She pointed at a door, and then returned to her own office.

Well, that was very rushed. And being a PA wasn't what she had envisioned. But she needed a job, and there would

likely be some doddering old men to target for easy money. She tugged at her blouse, showing just a little more cleavage before walking to the door and knocking, then stepping through.

Her heels were silenced by a thick Persian rug, brilliant reds and blues, covering the entire floor. The walls were covered with paintings, all amateurishly done. Behind a large wooden desk was an elderly man, currently tapping away at a computer, single-finger typing. As the door slid shut, sealing them in, he looked up at her. He was a bulky man, not having suffered the shrinkage that affected some in old age, wearing an expensive shirt, silver cufflinks glinting in the light.

She smiled, noting his quick assessment of her body and smile back. 'I'm the new assistant, can I help?'

He pushed his chair back and gestured at the computer. 'Problem with this damn thing. Mind having a look?'

He didn't push his chair back any further, so she had to all but sit in his lap to see what was on the screen. Dirty old perv! She clicked around, closing windows until whatever was jamming it closed itself, services resuming. A hand slid along her rear, lightly swatting her on the backside.

'Frisky thing, aren't you? A finger reached underneath her skirt, hooking around her thong and tugging it down. 'Starting a new job, after getting a fucking so good I can smell it on you?' She could feel his erection through his trousers, hot against her thighs. He stroked her through the flimsy material, already pressing into her. 'I'm sure you want a good review, so be a good little assistant, would you?' His other hand reached groped at butt as he started to finger her. 'I have a problem I'm sure you can make go away.'

She rubbed against him, feeling him grow rigid beneath him. Dirty old man! But a wealthy one, at least. 'Oh, that doesn't seem like it would be right. After all, someone could walk in at any moment.'

'I've booked myself a meeting, so we'll be quite alone.' He pulled his finger out of her, wiping it on her clothes before

pushing his chair back. 'Put those sweet lips of yours to work then.'

She couldn't refrain from making a face, knowing that he would make her swallow his cum. Instead she turned and put a knee onto his chair, feeling his cock with her hand. He lifted her skirt with one hand, unzipping his flies with the other, letting her pull his cock out. She stroked and pumped it, as he settled back, happy to let her do all the work.

When he was fully erect, she straddled him, twitching her thong aside and mounting him, exaggerating her moans of pleasure, hoping that the office was soundproofed enough to block her noises. He grabbed her by the hips, dragging her in time with his own thrusts, eyes shut. At least it made her acting easier, as she rode him to a rapid climax. She felt warmth inside her as he shot his load, cock rapidly shrinking away as she dismounted, frustrated that she hadn't orgasmed herself. Although after the sybian this morning, anything would likely be a disappointment!

His hand snuck out, grabbing the band of her thong, ripping the flimsy material. She tugged her skirt back down, the fabric just about long enough to hide their removal. He zipped himself shut, then stood and gave her a kiss on the lips. As he pulled back, he raised his hand, pushing the thong into her mouth.

'Just a reminder to not mention our little encounter. Wouldn't want anyone to get the wrong idea. And if you're not willing to use that mouth to pleasure me, then you probably don't need it to talk.'

She couldn't talk, feeling saliva building up already, tasting her own juices – at least a less rank taste than cum, but she was still effectively gagged and unable to talk. He grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her towards the door, patting her ass as she moved away. She grunted in complaint.

'If you're ever willing to use those pretty lips of yours, then come back. I'm impressed you're trashy enough to go all the way on a stranger, most girls would just blow me. Now go

do some actual work.’ He opened the door for her and pushed her outside, pulling it shut behind her.

The woman from earlier appeared again. ‘Have you helped him?’

Sophia nodded, unable to speak, having to try to swallow around the material in her mouth.

‘Good. Now, come with me. There’s some typing that needs doing.’

She was led to an open-plan office, where a number of other women (all very pretty, she couldn’t help but notice) were working, tapping in numbers from sheets. She was logged in and given some work to do, having to nod along without speaking. She glanced around but was unable to see anywhere that looked like a bathroom, or even an empty corner where she could empty her mouth.

She sat there for several hours, working through the numbers. She had no idea what they represented, but needed some distraction from the moist lace, tinged with her fluids, still lodged in her mouth. She was almost choking in her own spit, while being unable to drink.

Finally, at some unheard signal, it was lunchtime. Everyone rose and headed for the exit, a flurry of toned legs, sheer stockings and short skirts. Sophia followed, looking around for a bathroom, following one of the others down a hallway into a fancy executive bathroom, all shining marble and porcelain.

In a cubicle, she was able to extract the thong, spitting into the toilet basin. Well, still better than swallowing cum. She grimaced at the thought, as her phone buzzed.

Hope it’s going well, doll. Dull work, but you should make the most of it, who knows the next time you’ll be outside? Got a fancy masquerade to go to, got a special outfit just for you. I’ll tell the boss to let you go early, we can play a game first.

A picture came up, showing an expensive evening dress, the sort of thing designed to be draped around a body to display it to best advantage, and show the wealth of the

wearer. This one was silver-grey, the back cut deeply enough that it barely covered the buttocks, cloth strips over the breasts, material loosely bundled at one hip, tight at the other. And custom-made! Whoever he was, she must have made an impression, to have this much spent on her. Definitely worth dealing with a bit of strangeness. She flushed the toilet, several times, until the thong vanished from view.

She tugged her skirt down as much as possible, the AC slightly too high, making her acutely aware of how bare she was, feeling vulnerable and exposed. The other women had all gone, leaving her alone. Without money, she had no way of getting food, but she found a small meeting room with some biscuits, eating those. Not much, but better than tech-bro food-paste!

The afternoon passed quickly, as she worked through the papers, tapping away, before she was done. At 3 PM, several of the girls got up and left, Sophia following them, intrigued by the promise of a “game”, and her desire for that gorgeous, expensive dress. She returned to the apartment, waving her phone over the scanner at the entrance. The door buzzed open, the lift only allowing her access to the appropriate floor. The door to the apartment stood open at her approach, sealing itself shut behind her.

A message pinged. *Hey doll, I've got stuff I need to do, but we can have some fun together.* One of the boxes popped open, revealing several items. *Used to play this with the ex, she got quite good at it, despite her complaints. Earned herself some nice little treats!* Some images of golden jewellery flashed up, all very expensive-looking, before she looked into the box – on top of other items was a device – a metal front-plate, some kind of small rubbery lump protruding, and with a strap to lock it around her head.

It'll give you something fun to do, doll. Can't just sit around touching yourself all day, right? See if you do well enough to earn a treat tonight. Very fancy, very exclusive, you'll be just the thing to display. You up for it? The last one could only manage a few minutes, I'm sure you'll do better.

Well, she definitely wanted to get a “treat”, and if he was giving her that dress, then she supposed she should show willing. Before putting it into her mouth, she prepared the rest of the items, all pulled from the box – stiletto heels, high, black and strappy, showing obvious wealth, latex underwear, a party dress.

There was a dildo in there, which she slowly teased inside of herself, making a show of it, spreading for the camera, teasing him with what he might have later, if he was good. It was held in place by latex panties, wires connecting it a power-pack she strapped to her thigh, although one without any controls for her to use. Her “owner” would be tending to her needs, it seemed, as she turned to the camera with a smile, wriggling her hips to show her satisfaction. A latex party-dress, tight around her breasts and stomach, so short that she would be fully on display were she to actually dance in it, with sleeves coming down to her wrists. It was so tight across her shoulders she had to strain slightly just to move, but she looked damn good in it!

Knew it would look great on you, doll! Could take you out to a special club I know, you'd be very popular there. Bit classier tonight, but you look good in anything, and better in nothing!

She stretched out her arms, feeling the latex resist her, twisting to feel the range of movement, before standing, turning and bending over, letting him see what he was missing. The place was gorgeous (despite the lack of food), but it would be much nicer with the two of them! Teasing the dildo in had been quite the show, the bumped surface needing slicking as she slowly teased it in, the messages highly appreciative, as she writhed and groaned for his pleasure.

There was a necklace, two inches tall, thick and chunky metal, made to look gold, although the inside had been worn smooth, colouring worn off to reveal bare steel beneath. She clipped it around her neck, twisting it around the thing forcing her to hold her head up straight. She'd rather have a real golden one, something to show off her wealth and status, but

there was something reassuring about the weight and solidity of the thing.

*You'd look better in real gold, but... well, we'll see ^_^
Almost done!*

All that was left was the mouth-piece – a digital display on the front, currently blank, a bulky metal panel with something black and rubbery on the back, looking a little like an empty condom.

I made it myself. The ex didn't really appreciate it, hope you'll enjoy it more.

Well, that was the bitch's loss. Sophia picked it up, having to open her jaw wide to get it around the metal block, finding a rubber ring to embed her teeth into, before buckling it into place. She couldn't talk, only make muted grunts, her jaw already feeling the strain. She'd prove that she was better than the ex, prove herself worthy! But it was bloody uncomfortable.

The last items in the pile were cuffs, four heavy and chunky metal cuffs attached by chains. She snapped them around her wrists and ankles – they were long enough to not restrict her movement, although she'd have to be careful not to get them tangled up on anything.

Good look, doll. See how well you can dance.

She gave an irritated grunt, but tried to following the order – the chains weren't that heavy, but between that and the latex, there was a continual drag on her movements, as she tried to sway her hips and her arms. And doing it without music was hard! She must have done something right though, as the dildo started to vibrate, a low thrum of pleasure.

She twisted her hips more, enjoying the feeling, although she was still far from a climax. The sybian was on the floor – maybe if she was allowed on that instead, she'd have more fun. She remembered the pleasure from the last ride, almost making her black out. There was a rattle, one of the boxes popping open.

Good girl. Have a go with this.

She went and looked inside, to find a black plastic rod, covered with ridges and buttons. It didn't look particularly erotic – what did it do? She picked it up, and poked a few of the buttons, without anything happening. It was heavier than it looked, a large central sphere holding most of the weight, a plastic strut extending from each end, covered with buttons.

Let's start nice and easy.

It lit up, different buttons glowing different colours, some weight inside the central sphere shifting around, making it hard to hold. She noticed there were other controls – sliders and toggles. She frowned – hadn't she seen something similar as a party game? Lights illuminated themselves in a pattern – red, green, green, blue.

She pressed them in the same order, earning herself a little buzz of pleasure between her thighs.

Good girl.

Another pattern of lights, this one a little harder – on completion, the dildo kept vibrating. The patterns kept getting more complicated, lights blinking on and off all along the length of the shaft. She fumbled one, the dildo immediately stopping, becoming inert inside of her. She sighed in disappointment. And then the lights started again, with the more complex patterns straight away. She managed it this time, setting the device to buzzing again. The weights inside the center began to shift, making the thing harder to handle, trying to shift out of her hand. She had to use both hands to hit the buttons, so couldn't grip it properly while still hitting everything she needed to.

She lost track of everything outside of the device, nothing else mattering. Each time she got one right, she earned a few more seconds of the dildo buzzing. Then it suddenly twisted and bucked, slipping from her grip and falling over, dildo going dead again.

The message screen beeped, drawing her attention back to it – she'd been so caught up, she'd missed several messages!

Clever, doll. Let's turn it up a little more, make it harder. More fun if you get it right, nastier if you don't.

There was a loud beeping from her face – in the mirror, she could see it was a countdown, seconds ticking away. As soon as she picked up the thing again, lights flashed. Green, green, red, yellow, blue, blue, green. She pressed them back, but nothing happened, the countdown continuing. She tried again, without any more effect, counter hitting zero.

She heard a soft hiss, and the thing inside her mouth grew. She flicked it with her tongue – it felt like a balloon, but made of thicker rubber. How big would it grow? Before she could think, the patterns started again. This time she got it right, setting the dildo into life again. The patterns now were more complicated. It was shifting around in her hands even more, the center shaking constantly, weights shifting around, the timer in her mouth ticking down, only pausing for a brief second or two after each pattern she got right. This wasn't fair! She grunted, trying to express disapproval.

The gag inflated further, getting harder inside her mouth. Her hands were starting to get sweaty now, making it even harder to keep a proper grip on it. Every time she dropped it, or made a mistake, the thing intruding into her mouth grew, more air getting pumped in, becoming a rigid shaft in her mouth, starting to push down her throat. She glared at the message panel, but there was no response, as it grew again, almost making her gag, eyes starting to water.

She managed to get a lengthy sequence right, setting the dildo buzzing inside her long enough to climax, shuddering with pleasure, just barely managing to keep hold of the device. Even as she recovered herself, the counter ticked down to zero again. This time there wasn't the expected hiss of air, but a sudden sharp snap from the collar, electricity snapping into her. It hurt, and she had to struggle to breathe, the damn thing in her mouth trying to suffocate her, as she dropped the rod.

Hard mode, doll. Get through this and I'll give you something nice. Penalty is a tingle each time, and a few other things. Only two ways the rig unlocks – completing the game is one, you want to avoid getting the other, doll.

She stooped to pick it up, chains rattling. As she stepped forward, she had to take two small steps, the chain between her leg seeming shorter. She tried to breathe as deeply as she could through her nostrils, feeling tears trickle down her eyes. The timer was still ticking, and hit zero again, earning herself another shock. Metal clinked, and she felt the chain tense and tighten between her legs. Was it getting drawn tighter whenever she failed?

She set to the task again, the central weight almost violent now, bucking and twisting in her hands. She kept it just about under control, setting the dildo buzzing. That distracted her enough to make her fail, some motor in the ankle-cuffs winding in the chains, until her ankles were touching, her wrists getting drawn together as well.

With her arms bound, it got even harder to complete the puzzle, the chains pulling tighter and tighter, forcing her to bend over, and then fall to the floor, bound into the foetal position. The dildo was still vibrating inside of her, not enough to get her off. She tried to twist herself closer to the rod, now skittering and dancing along the floor – maybe she could at least use that to get off? It was a struggle to move at all, every breath a fight with the inflated lump in her throat. She managed to strain her neck enough to see herself in the mirror, just as the counter ticked down to zero again. Electricity burnt into her neck again, the thing in her mouth feeling as though it had grown again.

She heard the beep of a message again but couldn't read it. With her wrists bound to her ankles, there was nothing she could do except endure the pain and the shortness of breath, denied either pleasure or release.

Another shock, and then the buzzing between her legs went still, the beeping of an alarm sounding. The chains went slack, and she slowly stood, still dazed, as the restraints unlocked themselves, collar almost falling onto her foot. That had been intense. She kicked at the rod, still buzzing along the floor.

Then she saw the time, and the most recent message – Driver @ 7.30, be ready! She looked at the time – she had less

than an hour!

She went to the closet device life, spinning past the fetishwear and displaying the evening gown. She felt the material, practically oozing wealth, but didn't put it on yet.

Instead she had a shower, holding the showerhead between her legs, achieving her pleasure that way. Partway through, the water ran suddenly cold, cutting through the thick steam. She fiddled with the panel, trying to make it hot again, beginning to shiver. Stupid technology! Giving up, she turned the water off, towelling herself dry.

Then she went to get dressed. The material was exquisite, flowing over her body as though made just for her, silvery-sleek and flowing. There was a strange metal bead, hanging at the back of the cut-out back, dragging the material strangely – she looked at the long tear-drop shape, suddenly realising that it was a buttplug. Well, that was one way to ensure the material fell and draped properly across her body.

She went to the box of sex toys, the metal bumping awkwardly against her back, finding a bottle of lube. A few squirts against the metal, being careful not to get any onto the dress, and she slowly pushed it into herself, feeling her walls stretch to accommodate the widest part, before it was sucked into her, cold metal rapidly warming. It seemed “owner” had some odd tastes! But the dress hung properly now, buttplug keeping it close to her body, and there was a certain stimulation in having such a thing concealed within in. Turning, she could see that there was a sparkling gem on the outside – she twisted it slightly, feeling the metal plug move inside her. Well, as long as no-one tried to pull on it!

There were matching shoes, 4-inch heels strapping over her ankles, silver beads gleaming. And a fresh thong, this one silk. There were matching bracelets and anklets, white leather bands studded with metal rings.

She did her hair and makeup, then took a selfie. It would be nice to finally meet her mystery donor. Maybe she would even let him fuck her? Although it would be better to make

him eat her out, tease him and string him along for a while, see if she could trade up at all.

Hope you enjoyed the game. You look great, doll. But it's a masquerade, so that pretty face of yours is going to be hidden. Got a mask for you.

Another box opened, this one filled with foam padding. Inside was a mask, a complicated-looking series of straps and buckles connecting to a domino mask and collar. She held it up to her face, looking through the lenses in the eyes – the world was slightly darker, the lenses tinted. The collar was used to support a battery pack, strangely bulky for the amount of power needed to fuel a few lights. She clicked it into place around her neck, ignoring the slight sting as metal prongs poked into her neck. Flaps with earbuds hung down, the buds popping into her ears, cutting out ambient noise for a moment before something activated, sound returning.

The half-mask had more straps than seemed needed – there was a chin-strap, one going over her head as well as a band running across the back of her head, securely locking it into position. All of them clicked in place, the mask locking securely onto her head.

As soon as it was on, lights on the mask came on, the emerald-and-ivory material glowing with a pearly sheen. Well, hopefully the owner would recognise her, as she still had no idea what he looked like. Through the tinted lenses, the room was dark enough that she had difficulty seeing, fumbling her way towards the door. It was a little better in the main room, although she had to move her face right next to one of the control panels to read the message, after the chime of a bell.

A car'll be round in twenty. See you there!

That didn't leave her long. She was tempted by another round on the sybian, but that would make her sweaty, and a cold shower wasn't appealing. Instead she felt the mask and collar – the mask was of surprisingly heavy plastic, the collar equally heavy. As she shifted it, she could feel metal prongs spiking into her neck and grimaced. Strange that those hadn't been smoothed off, she could feel them scraping slightly every

time she twisted. She admired herself in the mirror, looking at the way the fabric draped and flowed over her skin, almost caressing her breasts, showing her legs, her thighs. She gently teased herself as she posed, stroking her body, lightly fingering herself through her thong, just enough to bring colour to her cheeks. He wouldn't know what was going to hit him!

Another chime sounded at 7, showing an image of someone ringing the buzzer in the lobby. She quickly wiped her fingers down, then headed for the door. This time, it opened for her, and she headed down. The driver was smartly-dressed, waistcoat and suit, bowing slightly as she approached.

'Good evening, ma'am. This way, please.' He led her outside, where a sportscar was waiting. The thing matched her outfit, all sleek silver lines, flowing in the evening air. She ran her hand over it, still warm from the drive here, as he opened the passenger door for her. The seat embraced her, soft and warm, as she strapped herself in.

The phone buzzed. Sorry doll, it's a bit of a secret society thing. Lots of bigwigs, very hush-hush, so you're not allowed to know where it is.

The lenses went completely dark, blinding her. She heard the driver sit down, the engine start, and then the sound went as well, the earbuds stopping transmission. She managed to fumble her phone back into her handbag, all she could feel the seatbelt strap across her breasts, the rumble of the car up through the seat. When she finally met this "owner", she'd have to make clear that she wasn't a toy to be displayed! At least unless she was rewarded for it. Still, the rumble of the motor was pleasing; no comparison to the sybian, but with the plug inside her vibrating in time, she was starting to anticipate a proper fucking, at least if the man turned out to be good-looking.

Chapter Three: Welcome to the Party

With the plug thrumming in time to the engine and her eyes and ears blocked, Sophia quickly lost track of time. They must have hit a motorway at some point, engine hitting a regular rhythm, vibrations running up through her body, not enough to push her to climax, but certainly loosening her up, making her wet. She shifted her legs, tugging the dress down, not that there was much material to pull on.

Several sharp turns and corners made her shift suddenly on her seat, the plug twisting inside her. Then they slowed to a stop. Hearing returned but not sight, as she heard the driver's door open, cool night air drifting inside, and then her door opened.

'I will escort you inside, madam.' She managed not to start from the sound or when he touched her hand, his grip strong. He helped her stand, her heels making the gravel treacherous, the chauffeur taking her arm to guide her. She could feel her thong, already moist from the vibrations of the plug, cling to her skin as she stood. Being escorted from a luxury supercar by a handsome driver – she made sure to stand straight, hoping someone was watching, even if she couldn't see anything herself.

Gravel crunched with every step, slight odour of metal and petrol, probably from other cars. She could hear a slight thrum of conversation, other guests, scents of roses and other flowers. It was probably some country house, converted into a fancy club, for the rich and connected to debauch themselves. Well, this was certainly a lifestyle to which she could become accustomed! Although being able to see would be better. She ran a hand along the mask and collar, hoping for some manual override or off-switch, but it was all featureless plastic, without even any wires to pull in, everything presumably integrated into the straps, impossible to deactivate without ripping apart.

'Five steps, madam.'

She carefully stepped forward, feeling for the steps with her foot, stepping onto a broad stone raise. She managed to step up all of them, feeling inordinately proud, before advancing again, carpet suddenly underfoot. The conversation was louder now, along with the chink of glasses, the distant but unmistakable meaty impacts and squeals of someone getting a good, hard fucking.

‘I will be waiting by the car, madam. Enjoy your night.’

‘Of course. Thank you.’

His hand vanished from her arm, leaving her suddenly alone. The lenses on her mask began to clear, darkness slowly vanishing, slow enough to let her eyes adjust. She was stood in the entrance hallway of a country house, a security checkpoint in front of her, a large hall on the other side, other masked guests drinking champagne, waiters passing around food and drink. The wood-panelled walls were lined with the standard ornamentation; old swords and shields, paintings of past owners of the house, casually displayed markers of inherited wealth.

A security guard approached – it was a tall woman, wearing tight leather trousers, her shirt partially unbuttoned to show her generous breasts, even within the confines of a sports bra. Hung around her waist were handcuffs, a stungun and a truncheon, in case anyone turned rowdy. She stood in front of Sophia, pulling on disposable latex gloves.

‘Feet on the marks, hands on your head.’

There were black marks taped onto the floor, and Sophia obeyed. The woman knelt, feeling the need to run hands up Sophia’s bare legs, in case there was an invisible weapon somehow hidden there. She ran her hands over Sophia’s thighs, buttocks and hips, then along the shoulders, before patting down her front, stroking her breasts, a brief feel between her legs. She then took a metal detector, waving the wand in front of Sophia. It beeped and whined as it moved over her, probably picking up the plug.

‘This side please.’

She was pulled to one side, the woman taking a grip on Sophia's neck, fingers pushing into her mouth before she could protest. The taste of latex was unpleasant, the strong fingers gripping and squeezing her tongue.

'I'm sure you understand ma'am, but we have to check.' Some of the other guests were looking, enjoying the show as the guard squirted lube onto her fingers.

'Hey, you don't need to...'

The guard pulled Sophia's dress up, tugging the thong aside and pushing fingers into her, cutting off her objections. It was fortunate that the drive and the plug had loosened her already, otherwise it would have been brutal and rough. Two fingers curved into her, spreading her wide, as she forced herself to smile, trying to appear calm to the other guests as she was publicly molested. The fingers pumped in and out of her several times before the guard seemed satisfied, and her hand moved around, pinching a buttock before feeling along the curve of flesh.

Probing fingers found the plug wedged into her anus. The woman looked up at her, a wicked grin over her features. 'This seems suspicious.' She pulled on it slightly, dragging it partway out, Sophia feeling her sphincter gaping as the bulb stretched her wide. The guard held it there, looking up at her. 'I think I should report this. Could be dangerous.' She twisted it, Sophia biting her lip to keep from exclaiming. At least let the damn thing go so it could slide back in!

'I don't think that will be necessary. I am a guest.'

There was a burst of static, the guard putting a hand to her ear to better hear an incoming message. Her expression changed, and she let go of the plug, the bulb mercifully sliding back in.

'My apologies, madam. I didn't know who you were a guest of. You are, of course, free to enter.' She stepped away, lifting a rope barrier and allowing Sophia access. Sophia drew herself up, at least as much as she could while the plug was still settling back inside her, pussy still sore from the violation and stepped through. Her still-unseen friend must be someone

of influence then – this was getting better and better. Maybe she could have the guard fired, or worse? It would serve her right.

A waiter hovered close by, his face concealed behind a black leather hood, bearing a tray of drinks, shirtless and showing off an impressive torso. She took a champagne flute, savoring the taste, before going on a slow circuit of the room. There were the staff, all young and toned-looking, at least from their bodies, faces hidden behind leather hoods, and likely to end up bent over a table and fucked raw by the end of the night. There were the honored guests, all dressed to impress, bodies wrapped in finest suits and dresses, jewelry gleaming at neck and wrist, light conversation masking vicious barbs and enquiries. And then there were the escorts and hangers-on – some business associates being groomed for advancement, some friends, others simply pretty ornaments here to be used and then discarded.

She'd seen similar parties before, the escorts pitted against each other to sustain their keeper's favour, lest they be thrown to the mob, and then discarded like an empty champagne bottle. It had already started – a finely-dressed woman had a young man on each arm, both competing for her favor, one leaning in and kissing her on the neck. One of them would be thrown to the crowd before the night was over, their fine clothing stripped away, youthful body getting ravaged. Well, they were both quite attractive – she wouldn't mind a ride herself, or pushing a handsome face between her legs, before they were too ruined.

Everyone was masked, although the 'actual' guests were wearing more ornate ones, those of the escorts plainer. A few others had ones outfits to hers, integrated with technology. Her phone buzzed again.

Running late doll, go have some fun. And a party treat to get you started – I'm sure a girl like you likes a little boost

What did that mean? A moment later, she felt something prick against her neck, a warmth blossoming from her neck, rapidly spreading into her chest and then through the rest of her body. The fuck? A mild euphoria overcame her, and she

resisted the urge to giggle. Had the collar just injected her with drugs? She had no objections, but a choice would have been nice! The champagne was quickly having an effect as well, her empty stomach offering no resistance. She tried running a finger around the inside of the collar, but the thing was close fitting enough that she couldn't squeeze anything in. She twisted it slightly, only feeling the slight snag of the uneven metal inside. Had it been her imagination?

She continued to explore, trading empty pleasantries with a few other guests who seemed to accept her as one of their own, carefully evading any questions as to who she was or who she was here with. An open patio was currently playing host to a dancing troupe, five dancers, all wearing only masks and the minimum of clothing, performing a highly erotic dance, just shy of having sex in front of the audience.

From down a hallway came the sounds of fucking, interspersed with strikes of a lash and cries of pain. Doorways opened up into bedrooms, although they were clearly intended for fucking rather than sleeping. Paddles, cuffs, cattle-prods and a variety of other implements were hung on the walls, ready for use on the escorts, or those of the guests wanting to let out their more submissive side. Maybe her 'friend' would turn out to have such tastes? It would be nice to repay him for the tech-bro paste-food, spread him out on a bed and tease him, make him beg for release, only to be denied. She reached out for a men's chastity belt – that would be one way to keep him loyal and polite.

Her stomach rumbled, cutting through the blissful daze and reminding her how long it had been since she ate. Somewhere this fancy, there must be something to eat, even if only finely prepared snacks. In one corner of the main hall there was a table, stacked high with all sorts of fancy food. She ate as delicately and rapidly as possible, trying to cushion the impact of the champagne.

As she ate, the place filled up, some of those present being pushed towards the center. Some sort of game was about to start, then. She felt woozy for a moment, the champagne

hitting harder than she anticipated, her head reeling. Her phone buzzed again.

Initiation time, doll. Do me proud, and you might be let in again. Nothing you've not done before, I'm sure

She sighed. Why did these stupid places always have some kind of induction? That was invariably degrading or painful, if not both. There was actually one of the hooded servants with a video camera, making sure to record everyone in the center, to be held against them if they misbehaved. At least her mask covered enough of her features to be deniable. She felt a shove from behind, the security guard pushing her towards the center, then whispering in her ear, the microphone on the collar barely picking up the sound.

‘Sorry about earlier, didn’t realize who you were with. This can get a bit rough, but I’ll keep an eye on you. No hard feelings, right?’

Someone dressed as a toastmaster, resplendent in a bright red jacket trimmed with golden thread, their face hidden behind a mask shaped like a boar’s head, swung a heavy bell. ‘And now, let those who wish to show their worth approach their betters on their knees, to give them the pleasure that is their due.’

A glass beaker was placed in the center, as those to be initiated, Sophia amongst them, were pushed to their knees. The guests, mostly male, unzipped their trousers, although a few women had equipped themselves with strap-ons. Sophia squirmed uncomfortably, relaxing slightly when she saw a condom appear, getting slid over the erect cock. Another woman on her knees began sucking him off, sheathed cock sliding in and out of her mouth until he blew his load. The condom was taken, the dispensed semen getting poured into the beaker. She grimaced, able to imagine the smell and taste, even from here. More people were getting sucked off, the semen getting poured into the beaker.

Sophia was nudged forward, made to crawl on her knees, having to be careful not to snag the fabric and pull on the buttplug. She was guided towards a young man, already

stroking himself in preparation. Maybe that was him? A bit young-looking for her preferences, and he could do with some time at the gym, but his clothing showed wealth and a surprising amount of taste for someone of his age. Might make him easier to train as well, if he wasn't as callous and cynical as someone older might be.

She was passed a condom, ripping the packet open and taking the ring, holding it between her teeth. She pushed her head forward, the motion unwrapping the sheathe onto the erect cock (a decent size, and washed clean recently, pubes trimmed, mercifully). She looked up at him, although no-one looked good viewed upwards from the crotch. Still, he was a decent size, and looked young enough he might be malleable if she could get him alone. He placed his hands on her head, using the straps to grip as she flicked her tongue around, lips wrapping around the shaft. He wasn't rough like some that had taken her before, even though he could have used the straps to deep-throat her without resistance. And he had decent stamina, managing to last a while before she sucked her cheeks tightly around him, feeling the meat twitch inside her mouth, condom catching his release. Her stomach churned slightly at past memories, even though she didn't have to taste the stuff this time.

She withdrew, then imitated the others, taking the condom off, pouring the contents into the beaker. It was about half-full now, a rancid pool of slick, greasy-looking cum, pearly sheen turning her stomach. Why anyone would keep the stuff like that, she had no idea.

The circle was still unbroken, those inside still required to keep going. She was guided to another man, this one rather more to her tastes, better muscled, silver cuff-links gleaming in the light. He grabbed her head more roughly, forcing himself down her throat, gagging and choking her until she made him cum, another condom-load of the stuff added to the beaker. Her third was an elderly man, already drained, as she had to suck and slurp for what seemed forever before his tired old cock finally spluttered into the condom.

The beaker was now almost completely full, rank odor spilling out. At least with the condoms she hadn't had to consume any of the stuff herself. She tried to stand, but the strong hand of the guard on her shoulders held her down, forcing her to remain on her knees. The bell sounded again, toastmaster swinging it, cock still out, as bright red as his jacket, stark against his black trousers.

‘And now that the offering has been collected, then it must be given.’ His free hand, finger already pointed, spun wildly through the air, before coming to a stop, pointing squarely at her. The guard grabbed her head, tilting it back. Other guests grabbed her arms, spreading them wide, as she tried to break free.

The guard whispered in her ear. ‘Hope you’re thirsty.’

She tried to shake her head, managing to choke out a denial, asking, then begging. ‘Please, no! Not that. Not mph...’ A metal funnel was slid into her mouth, the taste cold and bitter. The toastmaster approached, beaker in hand. Sophia fought, trying to break free, but the guard held her strongly, keeping her head locked in place, other guests keeping a tight grip on her arms, rendering her unable to free herself. She tried to spit the funnel out, but it was held in place, tongue uselessly rubbing against the metal.

The toastmaster, his boar-face stern and impassive, chinked the beaker against the metal funnel like he was announcing a toast, then began to pour it. Underneath her mask, Sophia could feel her tears, prickling hot, streaming from her eyes, starting to seep through the bottom of the mask. The cum trickled down the funnel, flowing into her mouth.

‘This is a gift of the society, to an initiate. Every drop is precious.’

She gagged as the stuff flowed over her tongue, taste vile. She tried not to swallow, whimpering and spluttering, but the stuff kept coming. The guard reached under the nosepiece of her mask and squeezed her nostrils shut. She coughed, missing several breaths, but then had to swallow or drown in the stuff. It slid down her throat, cold and rancid. In between gasping,

choking breaths, she swallowed it, the vile goo flowing into her stomach.

‘Pleas...’ She couldn’t even finish the word before she had to swallow again, speech lost behind the torrent of cum. She lost conscious thought, words giving way to a desperate, sobbing keening whine, a nightmare she couldn’t escape. Finally, a hellish eternity of drowning in rancid cum later, the beaker was empty. She was allowed to drop, sinking to the ground, almost unconscious, the cheers of everyone else barely scraping into her consciousness, coughing and hacking up cum as she curled into the foetal position, the movement dragging on fabric and yanking on the buttplug painfully. The lenses went black, earplugs activating and sending her into dark silence, rancid taste of cum bitter in her throat, more of the stuff smeared down her face and on her chest. She tried to rise, heels scrabbling against the floor, a harsh pressure on her back stopping her rising. Something spiked into her neck again, cool numbness spreading through her body, her mind going slack and numb.

Chapter Four: Two Rough Rides

A hand pawed at her breast, strong fingers harshly kneading her flesh. She squirmed, trying to move a hand to flick them off, something catching at her wrist, preventing her moving fully. Starting to become more awake, she moved more, still blinded, trying to figure out what was going on. She could feel that she was upright, weight supported by her wrists, body slumped forward. Her ankles were restrained as well, something snapping taut as she tried to move more. The dress was still draped over her body, the plug still buried securely inside of her.

She tried to voice an objection, but found her jaw was forced open. Her tongue ran against a rubber ball that pushed against her cheeks and stopped her from closing her mouth or forming any proper words. Another hand ran against her inner thigh, pointed nails, stroking and tapping their way upwards. A finger was hooked around her thong, pulling it down, harsh enough to snap the material. She couldn't hear anything at all, the damn earplugs blocking any noise. She twisted in her bonds, trying to close her legs, as the hands continued to maul her breasts, lightly finger the outer edge of her pussy. The vile taste of semen was still in the back of her throat, and she fought not to retch. Then the hands suddenly vanished, leaving her spread-eagled, defenseless, nervously squirming.

A hand gently took her chin, angling her head upwards. If she hadn't been masked, they probably would have been looking into each other's eyes. Something brushed against her lips, glass, the scent of alcohol. A voice sounded, electronically bland. 'Good girl. You swallowed, rather than spitting.'

Sudden euphoria overcame her, and she giggled. The scent of the stuff was clearing her head somewhat. The voice sounded again – it was like listening to an old-fashioned text-to-speech, every word precisely enunciated, but without any of the normal flow of conversation.

‘Sorry doll, headset got busted, this is all you get for a while.’

A hand ran down her back, fingers trickling down her spine, before resting on the gem of the buttplug. A body pushed against her – he felt toned and muscular, taller than her, as he tweaked the plug, making her hips twitch forward. She could feel their cock coming erect through their trousers.

Was this her mystery friend? A wipe was moved over the visible parts of her face, letting her smell something other than cum. He was wearing an expensive cologne, as he continued to play with the plug. She gave a moan through the gag, clenching to try and keep the plug in, thrusting her hips forward and rubbing against him.

‘Eager, aren’t you? Good job chugging that stuff down.’

Some part of her was happy to be praised, glad that she had done well. More of her, the greater part, was furious at the violation, the indignity, the sheer humiliation of being forced to drink countless men’s seed. She twisted and tugged at the chains binding her, trying to slap him, shout through the gag, make her feelings felt. All he did was grind against her, swelling within his trousers as she powerlessly writhed around.

‘This place doesn’t have a break room, this was the best I could do to keep you out of the way. Didn’t want you to drown.’ His other hand moved under her dress, the loose fabric giving no protection, although his touch was soft and gentle as he rubbed her breasts, stroking and teasing her nipples, tickling her belly. She shook her head again, trying to ward him off – she wanted to at least know what he looked like! The plug was slowly pulled out of her, stretching her wide, making her gasp.

‘Takes guts to wear a dress like this. Heard the security was having some fun with you. Sorry about that, I’ll have her dealt with.’

Sophia nodded, hoping that the woman was currently spread out in a backroom somewhere, getting violated by the guests, like she deserved.

‘Another treat for you.’ Something rubbed against her arm, cold and stinging, like before getting an injection. She twisted again, suspicious now, mewling her complaint. ‘Don’t worry. I’ve left orders that you’re not to be touched for the rest of the night. I’ve got business, doll, so will have to love you and leave you, but I know that you like a ride. This will help you relax. I’ve got a lot planned for you.’ There was a kiss on her cheek, faintest touch of stubble. A needle stabbed into her arm, something burning into her vein, her heart starting to race. She tried to break free again, bonds pulling tight.

‘Shh, don’t worry. Just something to help you relax, soon you’ll be back at your new home.’ She felt her ankles getting lifted, her weight being taken by her wrists alone. Something moved beneath her, a firm shaft sliding into her, plug getting pushed back in. She recognised the feel of the plastic on her thighs, trying to pull herself off by the wrists as straps went around her thighs, binding her onto the sybian. She started shaking her head, feeling her hair flick around, grunting refusal through the gag.

‘Don’t worry, doll, I know you like a good hard ride.’ It started to vibrate beneath, slowly at first, then ramping up. The vibrations were intense enough to make the plug buzz as well, adding to her squirming and twitching. ‘I’ve got business, but this should keep you entertained.’

If it hadn’t been for the gag, she would have sworn at him, telling him where he could shove the device currently buzzing away inside of her. All she could do was lift herself slightly off it, her wrists rapidly growing sore from her own weight before she dropped back down. The scent of cologne vanished, leaving her alone, rapidly hitting a climax. She sagged down, but the machine didn’t relent, continuing to buzz and thrust into her. Whatever she had been injected with clouded her thoughts, sending her into a numb, black daze.

She felt something warm and hot splatter against her breasts, slowly trickling down her body, as another orgasm was wrenched from her body. Another impact, this one against her face, liquid trickling down over her lips. The scent of cum again. She tried to protest or break free; some of the guests

must have found her, and decided she was entertainment. Without anyone to protect her, she couldn't do anything but let herself be used as target practice, thankful at least that the mask and gag prevented any of it going into her eyes or mouth.

Between the machine continuing to hammer away, the drug forced onto her, and the semen hitting her, soaking into her clothing, she soon lost all track of time, lost in pleasure and the scent and sensation of semen. Finally, after what could have been minutes, or hours, the device between her legs was stilled, vibrations dying away. She went limp, barely managing to stay conscious as she juddered and groaned, sore between her legs.

Cold water was poured over her head, ice nestling in her hair, spikes of chill trickling down her body. An ice cube fell down her top, making her yelp as it caught against her skin, starting to melt. Hands unbound her wrists, her arms powerless to support themselves, dropping limply to her sides, before her ankles were unclipped as well. She slowly pried herself off the sybian, feeling the wetness between her thighs, slicking all over the plastic and rubber of the device. Hands supported her as she stood, legs wobbling, barely able to support her weight. Sound crackled through the earpieces as some wires connected.

‘...fucking mess you are, cum-addled slut.’

She grunted through the gag, her arms feeling like lead as she staggered against someone, trying to find the strength to unbuckle the gag. It took her several attempts, fingers numb and clumsy, finally fumbling the damn thing off and tossing it aside. It had been large enough that her jaw was still sore from being stretched open, as she massaged her face, trying to speak, only able to mumble incoherently.

The voice came through again, recognisably female. ‘I’ve been told to get you back. Come with me.’

Walking was a struggle, legs threatening to give way with every step, heels now dangerous. The sounds of fucking and rutting came through, meaty impacts and gasps and groans of

pleasure. She couldn't focus her thoughts enough to speak, having to lean on whoever was helping her for support. They shifted away slightly. 'You're drenched with cum. You're not sitting in the passenger seat, you're going in the boot.'

They must have stepped outside, the night air cold on her skin. She was feeling stronger now, able to support herself on the gravel. She heard a mechanical pop, and then a hand took hold of her head, pushing her down. 'Glad I put sheeting down. In you get.' Sophia was pushed, hard, her hand skidding on slick plastic sheets. Then hands grabbed her wrists, pulling them behind her back, shackling them to her ankles, forcing her into a hogtie.

'Hey!' She twisted and bucked, feeling the x-cross of chains snap tight between her ankles and wrists. She rolled to one hand, bumping herself up against the back of the boot, the plastic sticking to her cum-slicked skin, wrinkling and clinging. 'Let me out!'

'I just had this cleaned, washing cum off leather is a pain. Head down.'

She just had time to duck her head before something moved above her, the boot coming down above her. She tried to twist around, push against it, but didn't have the range, the hogtie too tight, twisting and rolling in the plastic sheets. Who kept plastic sheeting in the boot of a sportscar? And it was sticking to her skin, sweat and semen making it cling wherever it touched, crinkling and crunching as she moved. The car started, the woman racing off, making Sophia bump around in the darkness, trying to protect herself from being slammed against the walls, as they took a sharp corner. She tried yelling, kicking her heels with what little movement she was allowed against the plastic surfaces, only succeeding in wrapping herself up further. She could feel the dress, not designed for this, slipping and shifting off, only tethered by the plug.

The engine hit a steady thrum, rumbling away, echoing around the tiny space. The darkness pressed in close around her, every movement bringing her in contact with a wall or the top of the tiny compartment. As she rolled and tumbled, she

had to fight not to get swaddled in the plastic, managing to at least keep her mouth clear, trying not to suffocate.

She could feel when they left the motorway, screeching through the sharp turns of a street. Harsh braking slammed her against the wall, knocking the breath from her – hogtied as she was, it was impossible to protect herself against impacts, and the dress had slipped mostly off, only attached to her now by the plug buried inside of her.

With a final, screeching slam on the brakes, the car stopped, engine going quiet, thrumming ceasing. Her world went silent, only sound her own breathing, and the crinkle of the plastic against her sweaty skin. Then the boot opened.

‘Glad I put the sheeting in, and at least you’re less of a mess than the last one.’

Sophia twisted towards the speaker. ‘Let me out of here! Don’t you know who I’m with?’

The voice was cool and amused. ‘Time for you to go home and be put to sleep, I think.’

‘Hey! Take this mask off me!’

A hand grabbed the center of the shackles binding her and lifted, pulling her from the boot. She was put, quite roughly, on the floor, feeling hard concrete press against her breasts. There was a yank on the dress, the plug sliding out from her with a twinge of pained resistance, her body arching as her anus stretched itself to allow the intruder to be pulled out. She heard the dress get discarded on the floor, leaving her utterly naked except for the mask. She continued to wriggle and struggle, then a knee was planted in her back, someone’s weight pushing her down against the concrete floor.

‘I hope if we ever meet again, you’ll be a lot more agreeable.’ A needle jabbed into her neck, cold, intrusive numbness spreading through her body. She felt her limbs go slack, kept in place only by the resistance of her hogtie, before falling into unconsciousness again.

Chapter Five: A Sleepy, Sunny Saturday

She woke up in sunlight, the electric whine of motors pulling the curtains back, bright, warm light stabbing into her eyes as an ear-piercing buzzing thrust into her ears. It cut out suddenly, replaced by blank silence. The light is warping and refracting strangely, her head sore, from drink, tiredness and pressure from the mask, still bound onto her head. She reached up, tugging on the straps, the thing refusing to budge, only shifting slightly on her face. She could at least pull the earpieces out, eardrums aching as the buds were removed, harsh buzzing returning.

She looked around, finding a glowing panel, smacking it with her hand before it stopped. She was still naked, her butt sore from the plug being held there and played with all night, pussy sore and sensitive from the pounding she had received. Whatever that club had been, she'd more than earned her membership! Memories of the taste and scent of cum forced down her throat rose up, her stomach roiling and she dashed for the toilet, just about making it in time, tottering on the heels still strapped to her feet. She hadn't had much to eat or drink for several days, dry-retching up nothing but thin, white bile. The water swirled, water automatically flushing, and she became aware of how thirsty she was. The temptation to simply lower her head and drink was strong, but she wasn't *that* desperate.

After her head stopped spinning, she stood, waving her hands beneath the tap, managing to eke out a small amount of water, which she gratefully lapped up. She looked at herself in the mirror – her hair was a mess, slicked and spiked with cum, the visible parts of her face dirty, dirt picked up during her time in the car boot. Her fingers were weak, but with the aid of the mirror she was able to find the buckles and undo them, finally taking the damn thing off, although the collar was still locked in place. There were visible lines across her face from where it had sat, thin red pressure marks along her cheek bones and forehead.

The collar beeped, barely giving her time to catch it as it released itself, falling off. She twisted her neck, glad of the freedom, no longer having the damn thing bound about her neck, to say nothing of those irritatingly slipshod metal spurs. She looked at them – two prongs next to each other, protruding from the heaviest part of the thing. Surely a crafting error, and bloody uncomfortable whenever it had scraped her neck!

After so long in the heels, it hurt slightly to take them off, her feet taking a moment to not being on tiptoes. She got in the shower, turning it up, hot and hard. Her body, not just her pussy, was sensitive and sore still, although she only had slight bruises on her wrists from however she had been suspended over the sybian. When she got to meet him, she was going to strap him down and give him a good working over! Candlewax to start with, maybe one of those cock-torture things, teach him to at least give her warning fast. Steam billowed out as she washed herself, being careful not to aggravate her bruises, glad to wash the grime from her hair.

The water suddenly cut cold, needles of ice thrusting into her skin. She shut it off, the water taking longer than expected to stop, the shower door stubbornly refusing to open until the water had stopped. Still, she felt a lot better being clean, towelling herself off before dropping the dirty towel into an open chute. The panel closed, chute presumably connecting down towards a laundry room in the basement.

That left her naked, although the apartment was currently a pleasantly warm temperature, filled with morning sunlight. From up here, she could see down into the center of the city, filled with people going about their business, doing their shopping, or relaxing in the expensive cafes and restaurants. Her stomach rumbled, reminding her how long it had been since she ate.

Every single cabinet in the kitchen was still sealed shut, tightly enough she couldn't even get a nail into a gap. There had to be some snack food or *something*! One of the cabinets popped open, to reveal a plastic bowl filled with powder. She sighed. It was better than starving, but not by much. She waved it under the tap, water mixing in with the powder to

form a bland, flavourless paste. It was sustenance, but that was about it, even if it stopped her stomach rumbling and stilled her thirst.

Her phone buzzed.

Hey doll, you were great last night. Super hot! Big hit at the club, sure you'll be popular in future. Got to watch some code compile, but got a gift to treat you, you deserve it. Here's the first part, the others should be with you soon. Until then, why not have a look through the outfits, send some pics and keep me happy?

A small draw opened, revealing a gift box which she opened to reveal a chunky golden bracelet. She picked it up, feeling the weight of it – it was about two inches long, with silver d-rings set onto each side. Well, this was more like it! She wrapped it around her wrist, snapping the clasp and turning it – it was so well made that the clasp was virtually invisible, taking long minutes to find, and without any release she could find. A full set like that would be fully deserved, given what she'd been through. Her stomach broiled at the memory of the cum, but she had enough control not to spew again.

She entered the walk-in wardrobe, finding the carousel controls activated for once, allowing her to select an outfit, rather than having to use whatever was picked for her. She scrolled through them – the previous occupant had been something of a slut, to judge by their outfits. Over half was outright fetishwear; latex, lace and PVC, all clinging and constraining, some of them made to utterly cripple the wearer, arms bound into monogloves or tied to corsetted waists.

The “businesswear” was better, but the pencilskirts were very short, the blouses very sheer. It seemed pretty obvious how her predecessor had acquired this position! She must have slept her way to the top, happy to be a slutty fucktoy for the wealthy, until she had been found out and ditched. Well, her loss was Sophia's gain. The evening gowns were beautiful, all loose silks and clinging lace, but a bit much for lounging around in the day. With a sigh, she scrolled back to the most normal clothing she could find, picking out a tight leather

miniskirt and sheer blouse. As she was starting to get used to, one of the boxes opened, revealing shoes and underwear – shiny black 4-inch heels, patterned silk stockings, a silk thong and lace bra, just about the right side of “trashy”.

She dressed, admiring herself in the mirror, blowing a kiss at her reflection. The miniskirt drew attention to her slender legs, heels keeping the muscles taut, her cleavage trimmed with lace. If she were to walk through an office like this, then she’d be fucking the CEO within the month.

A chiming sound came from near the entrance, a bell she didn’t recognise. She approached, seeing a flashing light by the door, the screen showing outside, a smartly-dressed deliveryman carrying a wooden box. ‘Delivery.’ He looked down at his papers. ‘For, uh “Doll”. Mind buzzing me up?’

She pressed buttons until something buzzed, allowing the man to enter the building. A few minutes later, there was a knocking at the door, the sound of a human fist hitting the door strange amidst all the electrics. It took her some more fumbling, but eventually the door opened.

He smiled at her, smiling even more when he saw her outfit. ‘A gift for you. Someone must really like you!’ He didn’t stop looking, eyes drinking her in as she approached, being sure to sway her hips seductively. ‘You need to use your phone to sign.’ He held up a tablet, green square flashing. There were prices above, Sophia trying not to gasp when she saw the number of zeroes involved. For that much, the last night’s excursion didn’t seem so bad!

She had to turn around, the phone being left in the other room. When she returned, the deliveryman’s eyes were still devouring her, clearly the best thing he had seen all day. She preened under the attention, making sure her posture thrust her breasts out, delighting as she saw the slight tenting in his trousers, lust in his eyes.

When she waved the phone over the tablet, it took several tries to make a connection, but eventually the devices beeped, the transaction done. He opened the presentation box with a slight flourish. Inside was black velvet, the contents sparkling

gold – three more pieces of the set of shining golden bands, for her other wrist and both ankle, even a heavy golden band for her neck, as well as several studs and dangling chains. She didn't have any piercings other than her ears, nor any intention to get any, so that seemed a bit excessive, but it was a nice gesture.

She lifted out one of the bands, designed to slip around an ankle. 'Would you mind slipping this on? Just to make sure it fits?' She took a seat in the living room area, lifting a leg and staring at him expectantly. He swallowed nervously but didn't refuse, coming in and kneeling next to her. She pushed her leg forward, feeling the point of her heel push against his chest, a thrill of empowerment stirring through her. His hand took her ankle, holding it securely, the slightly chill metal locking in place – it was almost two inches wide, shining in the morning sunlight, four smaller rings of silver metal sending out bright flashes as she turned her leg.

From his position he would be able to see right up her skirt, and was clearly doing so, his trousers shaping around his erect cock. She pretended to admire the bracelet, twisting and turning her leg, letting him look at something that he would never be able to have. 'Exquisite work.'

It took him a moment to respond, lost in the view. 'Uh, yes. Nothing but the finest workmanship. And the best materials, of course, they're virtually indestructible.' She moved her heel down, spearing it against his cock, just shy of causing pain. A little more pressure and he would have to retreat, instead he was lost between pain and lust. She smiled, then pushed harder, making him stumble backwards.

He was down on the ground, and it was tempting to stand, pin him to the ground and see what happened, but he was only a delivery boy, and she was still sore from yesterday. 'Is there anything else I need to sign, or is that all?' She lowered her leg, making sure he couldn't see up her skirt anymore.

It took him several moments to collect himself, picking himself off the floor, hurt and confused and trying to hide it. He stood, gathering up his tablet, rapidly striding for the exit to cover her shame. Sophia remained in her seat, revelling in

the power, the sensation of her heel pressed against vulnerable flesh as he left, the door sealing itself behind him.

That done, she went to study her new treasures, admiring their shining glow, deep and lustrous in the sunlight, and their solid weight. They clearly weren't solid gold, but some fancy alloy, far harder and stronger, but just as shiny. She put the matching bracelet onto her opposite wrist, feeling their heft – strong, shining metal, the ornamental rings solidly tethered to the base, able to rotate slightly from the flat surface. The ones about her ankles were similar, sitting above the straps of her heels.

The collar was a beautiful curve of gleaming gold, heavy in her hand, a silver circle on what was probably the front. She wrapped it around her neck, rotating it until the circle was at the front, and clicking it shut. She stroked the metal, still astounded at the price. Even solid gold probably wouldn't be as expensive! The display case also had several ear studs and cuffs, as well as other piercings. Well, it was nice to have the full set, even if she had no intention of getting pierced.

She went to admire herself in a mirror, turning to make them catch the light. It was like something an ancient priestess would wear. She imagined herself, powerful and dominant, stood over her benefactor, heel scraping down into his muscled chest, as he begged for release. A little payback for everything she'd been subjected to thus far! The thoughts aroused her, the fantasy developing – a wax candle in hand, droplets splattering against him, tied body uselessly struggling against bonds, begging her, as she ground him underfoot, semen uselessly splattering against shiny black shoes. See how he liked being the one tied up for pleasure, used and abused. She wondered what gifts she could extort from him that way? His credit card details, at the least.

But they were impressive, and beautiful, gifts, so he deserved something in exchange. She still felt too sore to even contemplate mounting the sybian, but dressed like this, she could probably manage something. She flicked through the phone options, tweaking the camera mode slightly, heading to the bathroom, the cabinet actually open for once, a wide range

of makeup available. She applied it, pursing her lips to make sure they were appropriately crimson, blusher, mascara and eyeshadow getting applied, before adjusting her bra so just a hint of it could be seen. This was definitely an outfit for teasing and enticing, although the golden bracelets added an undeniable power to it.

She began posing around the apartment, starting with typical “naughty secretary” poses, fingers against her mouth in faux-confusion, bending over to allow someone to see down her top, or from the back, the skirt pulling tight against butt, not quite short enough to ride up, but allowing clear sight of the lace trim around the tops of her stockings. Then she began to get more adventurous, posing against the wall, tossing her hair back, running a hand down her body, reaching underneath her skirt, lightly starting to play with herself. Next she went to the bedroom, arranging herself amongst the sheets, the pictures getting racier as she continued to stroke her body, feeling her breasts through the blouse, before shedding it.

She trickled her fingers over her now exposed chest and belly, enjoying the slowly building pressure within her, a far distant sensation to the brutal fuckings she’d endured recently. The collar, bracelets and anklets had all warmed to her body heat, the slight pressure they provided against her body almost unnoticeable as the camera recorded. She looked at it, eyes wide, giving a seductive smile, crawling towards it on all fours, sinking slightly into the bed.

‘Maybe soon, you can come and enjoy this yourself, if your bosses ever let you go.’ She blew the camera a kiss, before rising to a kneeling position and unzipping the skirt, letting it drop. Through her thong, she slowly stroked herself, feeling the slick tension rise within her, her folds parting, a dampness beginning to appear on the fabric. She’d never been so horny before! Having gold sheathe her limbs was a surprisingly potent aphrodisiac. She spread her stocking-clad legs wide, heels bent back against the bed, as she stretched the moment of pleasure as long as she could, teasing herself, denying herself release.

‘If you like what you see, then maybe your tongue could be here.’ She slipped a finger, then another, into herself, gently, still sore and stretched from yesterday. On the bed, in the slow and sleepy sunshine, she pleased herself, a slow and steady climax that left her pleasantly numb as she withdrew her fingers, wiping them on the sheets. Then she reached over and stopped the recording before falling into a gentle doze, letting herself rest and recover.

When she woke up, it was late afternoon. She yawned and stretched, feeling indulgent. If he had been working all day, maybe he would be willing to take her for some proper food, somewhere expensive? She could wear one of those fancy dresses, although without a plug this time, use her foot to tease him under the table, and see how persuasive she could be. After everything she’d been through, then pulling someone down and making them service her, eating her out, was that too much to ask?

She scrolled back through the pictures, picking out a few of her favourites.

Sure you need to work so much? <3 Something to help you focus!

She heard a “thunk” from the kitchen and went to investigate. The food draw had opened up again, another bowl of powder being dispensed. With a sigh, she took it to the sink, where it filled with the correct amount of water. She would definitely have to talk him into going for some *real* food, rather than this bland mush. A reply pinged back.

Wow, looking good, doll! See you got my gift, hope you like wearing them, they’re staying on for a while ^_^

Well, that was a strong sign of commitment! She sent back the video, wanting to keep him keen.

Wow, doll, nice. Impressive drive, and the “office slut” look works for you. Bet you’ve had a lot of late-night meetings with senior management, huh?

She jumped as the door, the front door, slid open, sending a message back. *Hey babe, the door just opened. Some fault?*

Nah, just your last chance to leave ^_^ Feel free to stick around, but don't blame me for what happens if you stay.

Hey, I'm looking forward to spending some time with you!

Lol, careful what you wish for, doll! But if you're hanging around, there's a few outfits I think would look particularly good on you. Loving the pics, keep them coming.

She heard electronic movement coming from the wardrobe and went to look. The carousel was spinning, moving through the fetish outfits, all latex and lace. It stopped on a dress of gleaming black latex, the long dress cut to hobble and restrict the wearer's steps, but with holes over the crotch, backside and breasts. She felt the fabric, the stretching tightness of it. Well, he had been generous, so she could indulge him a little.

It didn't take long to strip, and then she started to pull it onto her body. It was tight, stretching over her body, supporting and constraining her. It wasn't as tight as a corset, but she was having to push against it slightly with every movement, tight about her body, just slightly too small. When it was fully on, she tried walking, now only able to take tiny steps. The sleeves and gloves were tight as well, every movement of her fingers now a tiny struggle, the impulse simply not to fight it. Impressively, it had cut-outs on the wrists to display the bracelets, shining gold a beautiful contrast to the gleaming black.

She removed the thong, the material clashing with the outfit, admiring her the soft skin of her pussy. A box opened, revealing more bondage equipment – handcuffs, a blindfold and a ballgag. This last she put back, feeling her jaw, still sore from yesterday. Bending over to put the heels back on was something of a challenge, and further limited her movement, but completed the image. If she had a whip in hand, then she could be a dominatrix, sleek, commanding and sensual, a man beneath her feet, begging her through a gag, barely human, simply there for her pleasure.

There was something stimulating about being swathed in the stuff, like an inescapable hug, pressing against her, forcing her to push harder just to move. The afternoon shadows were now beginning to lengthen, falling towards a summer's evening, the crowds heading home. Stood on high, her body sheathed in latex and gold, she felt powerful and commanding. Once she finally properly met him, then she could tease and train him a little, make him more susceptible to her influence, having him service her.

The thoughts excited her, and she hobbled towards the box of toys, opening up a dildo. She started to finger herself again, latex-bound fingers feeling strange against her body, a slight numbing of sensation. Then she set the camera to record, streaming the video live. This was less gentle than before, but she didn't rush herself, encouraging him to come and visit. As she approached her climax, a flare of pain stabbed into her neck, electrical agony spearing through her, and sending her into oblivion.

Chapter Six: An Incomplete Awakening

She woke up, although it was hard to tell, as everything was still pitch black. She could feel that she was still partially encased within the latex, the stuff tight about her arms and legs. But now her arms were spread out, back above her head. She was on her back, the bed soft beneath her, as she experimentally tried to move, something around her wrists snapping taut. Her legs had been bent back on themselves, more latex binding them in place, her feet against her butt, and also causing her to thrust her crotch upwards. Slightly chill air prickled her flesh, letting her feel what was exposed – her breasts, belly and crotch were tickled by the cold blowing air. She tried to close her legs but met resistance, something tied to her knees keeping her legs spread. Something covered her face, blinding her, and there was a solid lump between her teeth, although this was less jaw-stretching than her previous gags.

She mewed and twisted, testing her bonds – whatever was on her wrists snapped taut with only a little movement, the chains or ropes very short, tethered against the bedposts. The latex around her fingers wasn't a glove, instead it bent her fingers into a closed fist. Even when she tried to open her fingers, it resisted, having a little stretch to it, but not enough to let her open her hand and grip anything. She couldn't hear anything, but there was the familiar intrusion of earbuds. She twisted her head, trying to force them out but whatever was wrapped about her head was too tight, denying her any purchase. There was a pillow beneath her head, its softness defeating the wriggling of her head.

A voice, buzzing and electronic, spoke. Simultaneously, something moist and bumped started to press up against her bare pussy, gently buzzing, a cool, soothing sensation as it slid inside her.

'You really are something else, doll. The gold looks good on you.'

She squirmed happily, letting the dildo slide further into her, trying to make pleased sounds from behind her gag. It pushed in and out of her, and she twisted her hips, as much as she could, eager to show willing. Could she smell a faint whiff of that expensive cologne again?

‘It’s been a rough few days, so this should help you rest, cool that hot slit of yours a little.’ He twisted it around inside her, bringing her close to the edge already, before pulling it out. She thrust her hips up as far as she could, trying to follow it, sinking back down to the bed with a disappointed whine, denied her release. The thing was wiped along her belly, her juices smeared across her skin.

‘Did you like my gifts?’

She nodded, as much as she could.

‘But you’re not wearing the full set yet.’ The dildo tapped against her crotch, then each of her breasts. ‘Don’t you want to be a golden princess?’

Priestess, not *princess*! She wanted to be in charge, not be owned. He could at least finish getting her off! She thrust her hips forward again, trying to connect with something, get some feel of his presence, or at least get that dildo inside of her, rather than an electronic voice and some inconclusive teasing.

‘Eager thing, aren’t you?’ There was no tone in the electronic voice, but she imagined him as being amused and impressed. Well, if he would reciprocate, then she would be happy to play her role, at least for a while. But she would still rather have him leashed and at her heels, begging for mercy and release, his balls beneath her feet. The dildo was resting against one of her thighs, buzzing and twisting away, so close to her dripping pussy, yet she was powerless to move it, to actually get herself off. ‘Getting some fuzz down there, doll. You need to shave that off tomorrow.’

She whined through her gag. She’d been a little too busy to trim her pubes! The dildo was moved, tapping against her slit again. ‘Got to look good, doll. Be worthy of that gold.’ She twitched against the dildo, so close to climax, before it was

moved away, and she sank back down in disappointment. If she could move, she would have turned over in bed, denying him her body for the night – *of course* she was worthy of such things! Instead, all she could do was powerlessly twitch her thighs in the hopes of being allowed an orgasm, shaking her wrists against their bindings.

‘Oh? Energetic, aren’t you? Well, as a rare treat, I think you should be allowed a mouth for night, for something other than cocksucking.’ A hand reached around the back of her head, unbuckling her gag.

She coughed, trying to clear the spit from her mouth then smiled coquettishly, running her tongue over her lips in what she hoped was a seductive fashion. ‘I’m looking forward to some more time with you. Although maybe you should be tied up for a change? I could be your queen!’ She twisted her upper body, knowing she looked good, trying to show herself off, receiving only a command in exchange.

‘Open.’

She obediently opened her mouth, something dry and chalky dropping in. She swallowed without thought as the dildo traced lines over her body, drifting lazily around, never quite making it to her sopping crotch. The chill air blowing was even more uncomfortable now as her body heated in arousal, the sheets wet beneath her.

‘So, you think you could be a queen?’

Her head felt loose and hazy, and with her eyes blocked, it was easy to lose herself in describing a scenario – some fancy office, him handcuffed to an office chair. She was wearing a tight black pencil skirt, blouse partially open, golden bracelets and necklace sparking. She teased and caressed him, grinding against him, sitting on the desk and spreading her legs in front of him and pleasuring herself, leaving him hard and unfulfilled. Slipping a heel off, her stockinged foot caressing his shaft, before he came, semen splattering against the dark fabric on her legs. Making him lick it off and clean his mess, worshipping her, before she teased him again, only then letting him inside her, mounting him on the chair.

The dildo tapped against her clit, hard enough to sting. 'Quite the imagination you got there, doll!' It tapped again, even harder, painful now rather than pleasurable, and she strained against the spreader bar, trying to pull her legs together to defend herself. 'Never met anyone like you, most are less friendly. Another other fantasies in that pretty head of yours?'

He must be a tech-dork, not used to friendly women, other than ones gold-digging. Well, that would make him even easier to control. She let her head sag back, tone dreamy, describing herself as a priestess, body wrapped in gold and silk, enthroned before an adoring crowd, picking out the most handsome to service her, or condemning them to being locked into a chastity belt unless they pleased her. She was arousing herself as she slipped more fully into her fantasy, describing herself being pleased by those of her choice, the denial of pleasure driving her deeper into fantasy. Her thighs and hips twisted as she tried to grind her thighs together, desperate to climax and powerless to achieve it, as the dildo spun and tapped against her thighs, close but not close enough to her throbbing sex. The dildo moved away, leaving her unfulfilled as she described herself teasing a slave, caressing their cock, before stopping, making them beg for a release she wouldn't allow them.

'Oh? You've had your gold, and now you want to cum as well? Greedy little thing, aren't you? Given everything you've had already, I think it should be the other way around. Mouth open.'

She was obedient and opened her mouth wide, the dildo sliding in, still buzzing and grinding. She could taste herself on it, the taste arousing her further, but there was nothing she could rub against to finish herself off. She tried to speak around it. 'Ease 'ir, 'an I 'um?'

It was removed and she started to speak again, feeling a weight settle astride of her. As she opened her mouth, a cock thrust between her lips, hot and hard. She grunted in displeasure, trying to pull back but didn't have enough movement to get it out of her mouth.

‘I know this isn’t be the first time you’ve sucked a cock, doll.’ Despite his shaft being buried in her throat, his voice was still listless and electronically flat, ignoring her squeaks of protest. ‘Use that tongue a little more.’

She obeyed, hoping he would at least pull out rather than shooting into her mouth. It was hard to judge, but he seemed to be a decent size, and had at least washed, as she flicked her tongue around the thing, before he thrust deep, making her gag and splutter. She couldn’t object, feeling her eyes tear up from the assault on her throat, before he came, semen shooting into her mouth. She gagged at the taste, desperate not to throw up. Some of it trickled out, spit and semen dribbling onto her chin. She made herself smile, having no choice but to swallow, wanting to show willing.

‘God, I love your tight throat!’

She made a show of running her tongue over her lips to collect some stray drops of semen, smiling and thrusting her hips forward, hoping for release herself. ‘You could eat me out.’ She thrust her hips forward again in hope.

‘Oh, still want more? I think after the last few days, you might need a break.’ The dildo ran along her belly, then inner thigh before withdrawing. She tried to rise to follow it, before sinking back down in defeat. ‘Don’t worry doll, you’ll get your fill and more soon. Open wide.’

She was slower to open her mouth this time – surely he couldn’t be hard again already? Something hard and solid dropped into her mouth, dry, chalky taste of a pill, then the gag was pushed back in.

‘A treat for you. I’m redecorating, so you’ll have to stay in the wardrobe tomorrow, those workmen can be rough to something fancy like you. Then we can have some more fun.’ She thrust and ground her hips, still wanting her climax. ‘Maybe this will cool you down.’ An ice cube, already partially melted, cool and slippery, was rubbed against her nub, even that pressure almost enough to finish her.

The cool air blowing on her was starting to bite more viciously now, as the water melted into her hot flesh. She did

what she could to break free, slamming her body uselessly against the mattress, bouncing against the surface but the bindings held, her legs straining against the latex bands.

‘Mmmmm!’

‘Oh? What’s that?’

She twisted again, and would have spread her legs wider, if the spreader bar hadn’t made that impossible. At least get her off, not just leave her hanging!

‘You really want it, don’t you?’ She nodded her head, fuzziness in her head capable of nothing but lust, overriding all other thoughts. Just a brief fingering, even more of that ice would do it. There was a long pause, more of the ice cooling her flesh, even the frigid blasts of the AC stimulating her body. The dildo, now slick and strangely cool, touched her naval, making her shiver in anticipation. She started to whine, twitching her hips.

‘Calm there, girl.’

She tried to force herself to some restraint, but was *so close*, the buzzing now just above her mound. It was slightly sticky now, gel left wherever it touched, her belly feeling strangely numb. It touched her, against her outer lips, and she thrust forward, rubbing against it. It vanished from her touch, making her whine again, before it was gently rubbed against her, outer folds first, before softly entering her. She mewled quizzically – wherever it touched, her pussy felt cold and heavy, further from climax.

‘I said you need to calm down. Just a touch of numbing gel.’ A hand soft and warm, patted her on the head, the human contact making her start in pleased excitement, another whiff of cologne. ‘I wouldn’t want you to be overstimulated, you need some rest.’ She could feel her sex going cold and frigid, pleasure now denied her. The hand patted her on the head again. ‘Shhh, doll, you need to sleep. And there’s some more treasure to decorate you with.’ She wriggled in anticipatory pleasure. More treasure? She already had golden bracelets and a necklace, what else might there be? Rings, maybe, or fancy dresses?

‘And to make sure you don’t wear yourself out...’

The fuzz in her head was starting to consume her more fully now, as she sank down into the chill bed, disappointed and cold. Something wrapped around her crotch, firm and unyielding, as she bucked again, desperate just for that little bit more touch that that would finish her off. She tried to feel any movement through the bed, but it felt as through she was wrapped in prickly cotton wool, her body aching for a denied release, whimpering and alone. She twitched her arms, testing her bonds, but could feel her strength fading, before darkness took her again.

Chapter Seven: Toys in the Closet

This time, when she awoke she could see, and was unbound. Her golden jewellery was shining in the morning sunlight, although a few streaks of sweat marred the gleaming metal. She blew on them and wiped them against the sheets, restoring them to full lustrous shine. She stretched her arms, luxuriating in having full movement again. Down below, she could see people moving, small and anonymous, far beneath her. Heat thrummed through her as she recalled last night, the warmth of that touch, the gold presented to her, now sheathing her body.

Images of herself as a priestess, body wrapped in silks, proud and strong in the sunlight, came to mind. Her cunt was quick to respond, hot and greedy, as she moved to stroke herself. Her fingers met a barrier, flesh-warm metal locked about her crotch. Her fingers scrabbled against it, trying to slip through, but it was too close-fitting, no gap large enough to slip a finger through. She ground against the bed in frustration, trying to rub it hard enough to achieve a release. Then she heard a sound from the main room, several male voices, rumbling and harsh.

‘Come on, you take that end.’

The removal men! She fought the urge to grind further, instead rolling off the bed, dashing into the wardrobe, door opening just before she slammed into it. The door shut behind her, locking her in. She hugged herself, the chamber cold – the AC must have been running all night.

There was a message flashing on the control pad. *Sorry doll, changing a few things around as it looks like you'll be staying a while, and then there's a treat for you. I'm sure you can entertain yourself though, keep the pics coming. And I mean it about not getting too excited! Don't want you burning yourself out.*

She growled, fingering the belt – there was a slit down the front so she could pee, and she ran her fingers along it, trying to get enough in to pleasure herself. All she could do was fit a

nail in, doing nothing more than exciting herself and frustrating herself further, without getting any closer to achieving an orgasm. She tried again, more desperate now, thrusting her hips, trying to fit more than a sliver of nail through the gap, growling in increasing irritation.

The box of sextoys was in here, and she picked up a dildo. It buzzed into spluttering life, the batteries obviously going, but she pressed it against the belt, feeling the vibrations rumble through it. With the belt locked in place, she couldn't get enough pressure, enough stimulation to get off. Then the batteries went, the thing dying in her hands. She kept rubbing it against herself, still seeking release, whining as she released it wouldn't happen, sinking against the wall in dejection. Bastard! Sure, it was nice of him to make sure she didn't damage herself through too much sex, but a *chastity belt*? She wasn't some Victorian servant, bound at her master's pleasure!

She looked through the box, trying to find a key for the belt, or at least something thin enough to get through the pee-slot. There were far too many gags, handcuffs and blindfolds, but the only other thing in there was a single vibe. She pushed it against the slit, trying to will it through the gap, turning it up to full and feeling it buzz uselessly against the metal, her thirsty cunt barely a finger-width away, but utterly inaccessible.

The cheap, crappy vibe bounced off the far wall as she threw it away in frustration, still buzzing. Dammit! She was so damn horny and couldn't do a damn thing to get herself off! She managed to shake the lust from her thoughts long enough to look around. Was there any food or water in here? Knowing removal men, they were probably taking a break, having a cup of tea and taking their own sweet time. In one corner was a metal dog bowl, full of water. Did he not have a bottle he could have left her, at the least? Although maybe he liked pets and kept them in here during the day.

She tried to pick it up but it was firmly attached to the ground. She had to crawl on all fours and duck her head, her necklace clanging against the metal bowl as she lapped at the water, drinking it down as best she could, slaking her thirst.

There was a little spigot at the base of the bowl, allowing it to be refilled, although she couldn't find any way to make it flow. That session last night had left her sweaty and drained, and more than a single bowl of water would be good! And some actual food. It seemed days, *had been* days since she ate anything other than goddam food-paste.

Wiping the water off her lips, she rose. Putting her ear against the door, she could hear the sounds of movement, heavy items getting shunted around, masculine chatter. Something bumped up against the door, making her move backwards, covering herself with her hands. Being naked except for jewellery and a chastity belt would be awkward! And she had nowhere to go and being ogled by some movers was not her idea of fun, especially when she was still so desperately horny.

Conversation mumbled through the door, which she could just about hear. '...not in there, that's special stuff. Probably servers or some tech shit. Or a prostitute or something – smells like someone got a good fucking last night, but no other sign of a woman.' She heard laughter, and then the sound of conversation moved away.

There wasn't much else to do while the removal continued, the sounds of heavy items moving and power tools occasionally rumbling through the walls. The bowl had refilled slightly, so she dropped to all fours and drank that down. One wall was full of the metal lockers, likely full of clothes and probably other "equipment". None of them had any obvious way to open them up, not even a keypad. They must be keyed to the main carousel somehow, or the previous occupant had a keycard or something she could use, to swipe against the black gem of the control panels. Only one of them was already open, door slightly ajar, revealing cosmetics. Well, at least she could fix her face.

Before that, she scrolled through the clothing, looking for something to wear – she tried to move it around to some officewear, but the thing seemed to be jammed, limiting her options. She was tempted by some of the fetish wear, wondering what it would be like to have a latex suit

compressing her body, tight and restrictive. And then maybe with a whip in hand, every inch of herself covered, yet entirely on display, commanding and only to be granted as a favour to those she deemed worthy, at no man's command. Warmth trickled through her core, making her growl in irritation. And no damn chastity belt! There was a French maid's outfit, petticoats peeking out from beneath a tiny skirt, complete with a frilled headpiece, a latex straitjacket with muzzle gag, binding the occupant's arms but leaving their pussy uncovered, several corsets, a variety of catsuits of different colours... She hit the end of the section, the motor jamming and whirring, eveningwear just out of reach, refusing to move to the front.

She sighed and began to scroll back through. What would go well with gold? She moved backwards, past the shining reds and blacks, finding lingerie on the other side. The latex and leathers were now replaced by laces and silks, everything gauzy and see-through. Well, if she had nothing else to do, and couldn't pleasure herself, she may as well entice her benefactor some more.

She found a slinky black negligee and skimpy bra, gauzy enough it did little more than draw attention to the flesh beneath, visible and pale through the thin fabric. And the contrast with her golden jewellery was beautiful, the black-on-gold striking. There were some fancy panties that went along with it, but with the bloody chastity belt locked onto her crotch, she couldn't put them on. Still, it was worth taking some pictures, and if she looked sexy enough, she might be able to get the damn belt removed faster by driving him crazy with lust! It was nice that he cared enough about her to do such a thing, but bloody inconvenient, especially when she was so damn horny.

She did what she could to make herself look beautiful, washing her face from the bowl on the ground, now full again. She dabbed some down her front, making the fabric cling enticingly, wiping the sleep from her eyes. The range of makeup wasn't great, but enough for her to do her eyes and lips, make herself even more appealing. For someone that had recently awoken, she looked damn good! She posed as best she could, rubbing herself, feeling herself getting aroused

again as she played with her breasts, hand dropping between her legs, scratching uselessly against the metal plate. She hissed in irritation.

When she got the chance, she would have to take a whip to him, teach him his place, rub against him with her body sheathed in the tight and shiny latex, see if he could keep control. And if he couldn't, if he tainted her gleaming, perfect body with his filthy seed, then make him lick it off, crawling on all fours like a dog, leashed and at her command.

At the back of the locker with the cosmetics was a remote control. She pulled it out, then pressed buttons, hoping it might fix something. Instead, a light shone from the wall, a projector starting up. It was showing this room, although with less of the lockers in place. In the center was the sybian, with someone mounted atop it. Her body was bound inside a pink latex suit, hugging every curve, but made so that wrists and shoulders were bound, the same for ankle to thigh, binding them to walk on all fours. Her head was locked inside a hood, no trace of hair or humanity except for the eyes staring out from behind clear lenses, bright blue and opened wide.

The sybian buzzed beneath them, crippled limbs twitching – she could sympathise, wondering how long she had been mounted there, unable to free themselves from having pleasure forced upon them, again and again. They must be enjoying it though, she could see their eyes, dilated from pleasure, moist with tears of joy as they rocked back and forth. There was some device over their mouth, their breathing coming in strange hissing gasps. A shadow was cast upon them from the doorway, and her heart leapt – that must be him! It was too vague to make out much detail, but he looked tall, the shadow seeming powerful and commanding.

The trapped figure twisted and writhed atop the sybian, gasping with choking pleasure. Sophia felt herself getting even more aroused, reaching for the control to try and stop it, or at least turn the volume down, but the other buttons didn't work. The eyes turned to where the shadow was cast from, going even wider – she must be smiling beneath the latex, glad to see him – before a hand reached into shot, tweaking the sybian

controls, turning them higher. This sent the occupant into uncontrolled paroxysms, only kept in place due to the straps. The hand held her head in place as the arms twitched and flailed, hissing gasps coming from inside the hood.

That must be the previous occupant – well, she had been ditched for some reason, and her loss was Sophia's gain. It had been hard to tell precisely through the latex, but it looked as though she had had a nice body, although not quite as large breasts as Sophia, her hips a little dumpier. He had definitely traded up to a nicer model! But the gasping and groaning was distracting and arousing, turning Sophia on despite her inability to do anything about it. She didn't mind some restraints, but being turned into a bitch was more than she was willing to consent to – the pink suit even had a leash, so the occupant could be dragged about, probably positioned to serve whoever wished to use them.

In an attempt to distract herself, she looked through the box, pulling out several gags. One of them was shaped like a cock, with a rubber bulb attached. Curiously, she put it in her mouth, then she squeezed the bulb and felt the thing expand. Several more pumps and it filled her mouth almost entirely – she couldn't even move her tongue, seeing her cheeks puff out in the mirror. She tried to pull it out, but it was too big to get past her teeth, the rubber of the thing not stretching enough to allow her to remove it.

She fumbled with the bulb, finding a metal catch and flicking it, the air hissing out and the penis shrinking. Well, that was something she wouldn't be using again! Next up was a strange plastic mask, a transparent curve that covered the face, some kind of valve built into it. The straps were chunky plastic, clips plugging into a central box, and it had a little control device, the thing looking like a sleek, fashionable gasmask.

She put it onto her head, the clips locking into place. It warped her vision slightly, some of the frame blocking peripheral vision, but it didn't seem too uncomfortable. Then she fiddled with the controller, hearing some part of it give a

soft electronic whine. Nothing seemed to happen, so she pressed the “-“ button some more.

She started to feel faint, lungs aching as she tried to suck in air, tugging at the mask to get it off, but the straps were too tight. In desperation, she hit the “+” button, the airflow increasing. She’d never experimented with breathplay, but she could see how the mask would work. She tried speaking through it, the plastic thick enough to dull her voice – you probably wouldn’t need a gag beneath it even; if the person inside got too noisy, simply reduce the airflow.

She imagined it being on the head of someone in a fancy business suit, sat at their desk while she played with herself, stroking herself with one hand, playing with the controls with the other. Handcuff one hand to their desk, let them play with themselves with the other, knowing that at any moment their air, their very breath, could be eliminated... She started to feel faint again and increased her airflow. She wondered how it would work when someone was in the throes of passion, gasping and groaning but without the air to sustain themselves.

As her fingers scrabbled uselessly against her chastity belt, the screen continued to show the previous occupant, eyes wide in delight as they ground and juddered to another orgasm, breath whistling through their mask. Dammit, right now she’d accept being bound to actually get off!

She took some pictures off herself with the mask on, hoping he would appreciate her taking an interest in his toys. *Think this would look better on you!*

Oh, I think you make it work pretty well, doll ^_^ Got someone coming around later to give you something, so I hope you’re thankful!

Her breath caught in her throat, head woozy. He must really like her! Her head swam, body going weak at the knees before she recovered herself.

Maybe you can take this belt off and show me some fun?

No can do doll, you need some rest. Take a break, then I can have some fun.

She sent him a few more pictures, but got no response. Then she tried taking the mask off – the straps all connected to the central box, but there was no release mechanism, and it was too tight to take off, a rubber seal around the edge keeping it airtight. She looked at the controller, pressing all the buttons, accidentally choking herself several times before managing to unlock it, glad to finally be able to breath freely.

Trapped in the closet, she had no idea how much time had passed, but the movie of her predecessor played on loop, her groans of pleasure and tearful eyes never far away, as Sophia looked through the few costumes currently available, playing with the gags and blindfolds. She took a few more pictures but didn't send them, saving them for future inducements. As the water bowl filled up, she knelt to lap at it, trying to ration herself so she wouldn't have to pee.

Chapter Eight: Intrusive Ornamentation

Finally, the door clicked open, allowing her to exit. The first thing she noticed was that the furniture had changed – the bed was still there (although the sheets and bedding had all been stripped), but the sofa, couch, dining table and chairs were all gone. The strange hanging sculpture had gone as well, although there was still a large ring in the ceiling where it had been suspended. It made the apartment seem empty and barren, now all that was left the electronically-controlled shelves and cupboards. In place of the dining table was what looked like a massage table, a raised platform securely bolted to the floor, able to be tilted. That would be nice, having someone tend to her body with soft, gentle hands. Close by was a large flat-topped cabinet, dozens of drawers built into it, all locked.

She went into the shower, turning it on, wanting to wash herself down, but only cold water came out. It refused to turn off and the door seemed jammed shut, forcing her to cower away from the harshly biting needles until it stopped and she was allowed out. She shivered as she dried herself, wrapping herself in a towel, hair a bedraggled mess – he really should get someone to fix it!

The buzzer rang and she went to check, the video screen showing a young woman, a medical mask covering their jaw as they spoke, blue eyes striking against their pale skin and neat black hair.

‘Good morning, Madam.’ She bowed at the camera. ‘This one has been ordered to deliver a massage and related services, as’, she glanced down, checking a note, “”thanks for the fun”. May this one enter?’

A masseuse? Well, that would be pleasant. Sophia buzzed the door, letting the woman into the building, waiting by the door until it opened and let her in. She was attractive, wearing a short, white silk dress that only came to the top of her thighs, tight against her small breasts and slender hips, her face impersonal and polite. She bowed again, the large bag over her

shoulder significantly less elegant than the rest of her appearance.

She looked around, taking in the empty room, but didn't comment, instead moving towards the massage table. 'This one has been ordered to clean and make you beautiful, before giving you a massage. If madam would care to strip, then we may begin. This one has been instructed to give you a gift afterwards.' She gave a chill smile. 'But am not permitted to discuss it beforehand.'

A personal beautician, a massage, *and* a gift? She really was being treated well!

'If Madam would care to undress?'

Sophia flushed as she remembered the chastity belt, but it was not the place of the help to comment on such things. She took off the towel, kicking it into a corner, noting the slight spark of desire in the woman's eyes. She preferred the meaty filling of a hard cock, but it could be nice to fool about with a woman sometimes, and this one certainly was attractive, if a little cold.

The woman approached, slightly shorter than she was, lightly brushing her hand over Sophia's flesh, nodding appreciatively as she took an assessment. Her fingers fluttered over Sophia's navel, her nipples, softly skimming over hips, a slight frown when she encountered the chastity belt. She ran a nail down Sophia's spine, making her shiver for a moment.

'Madam has had her pleasures.' She ran a hand through Sophia's hair, slightly messy, over her puffy face, makeup done in the wardrobe not the best. 'This will be remedied. To the shower.' Without a trace of shame, she pulled her own mini-dress off over her head, showing a finely toned body, a tattoo of a firestorm spiralling down one shoulder-blade.

'I don't think it works.'

'Nonsense.' The woman's tone was firm, as she stepped into the shower cubicle, gesturing at Sophia to follow her. In the cramped space, their bodies pressed together, as water started to stream. Sophia flinched, readying herself for the cold

shock, but it was lovely and hot, steam rapidly fogging the panels. The woman started to wash her, whispering soft instructions; “arms up”, “legs spread”, working up a lot of suds. This was how Sophia wanted to live! Maybe a live-in attendant could be arranged, although she would rather have a man, someone young and obedient. And maybe a chastity belt for them – something to keep their cock safely controlled, except when she wanted to use it.

The woman gently stroked Sophia’s body, arousing her, water bouncing off the chastity belt. She was skilled, her fingers easing Sophia’s muscles, soft caresses and slight touches, squirting shampoo into her hands and kneading it into Sophia’s hair. She closed her eyes, letting herself be pampered, the snarls teased from her hair. A gentle pressure on her shoulders pushed her down, and she squatted, the woman taking the shower head and running it up and down her body, hosing off the suds. Even that, rattling against the belt, was stimulating, despite her inability to get off.

She groaned in pleasure as she was cleansed, all the efforts and travails of the last few days washing away. The water cut off, the woman towelled her dry. Even then, despite the blank expression on her face, she kept touching and stroking Sophia, clearly a prostitute as well as a masseuse. She would look good in that maid’s outfit, cuffed and collared, fetching drinks in between being fucked by guests at a party – maybe that would bring an expression to her face, or some colour to her cheeks.

After drying Sophia, she dried herself, slipping the short, tight dress back on, not entirely dry, the fabric clinging at the moisture.

‘If you would care to go and lie down, Madam? Then this one shall begin.’

‘Of course.’ She made sure to look over the woman’s body, admiring it, the swirling fire-storm bright against her otherwise pale skin. To be served by someone so beautiful, well, that was certainly a pleasure by itself. Maybe the girl would stay, and she and her benefactor could play with her together, strap her down and make her beg for release, or take

her to a party and have her strip and service the guests. Maybe if that pretty, perfect face was slicked with cum then she would be a little less frosty.

Sophia lay down on the slotted board – there was a padded ring around her face, so that all she could see was the floor, but it was sculpted to be comfortable to lay on for extended periods. Soft footsteps appeared, the click of a lighter, the squirt of oil, slick and smooth on her back, and then those supple, strong fingers started to knead her flesh.

In the shower, the woman's touch had been pleasurable, but here, on her back, it was magnificent. She gasped and groaned as she was pampered and caressed, fingers pushing and shoving, the woman straddling her and pushing her weight down onto her. 'Madam must relax, to better endure.'

She couldn't respond other than a soft gargle. If it hadn't been for the belt, then this would be perfect! She let herself drift on the sensation, fantasising about being powerful and beautiful and proud – she wondered if it was possible to get an on-going contract with this girl. Being tended to every week would be pleasant. And something about that bland, impassive face made her want to try and provoke a reaction – maybe take her like a bitch, get a strap-on, bend her over and fuck her raw? Or clamps on the nipples and a thick gag, make her beg and scream through a blocked mouth, her words mumbled and senseless, attempting to cry for a mercy that she would never have.

Sudden pricking heat cut through her fantasy and she twitched, as hot droplets of wax touched against her skin. A hand pushed down on her head as she tried to move. 'To open your pores, madam. And then your gift.'

She forced herself to relax as the stabbing needles of heat were spattered down her back, a hand continuing to push down on her head – between that and the girl's weight over her hips, she couldn't move even if she wanted to. After her back had been liberally splattered with the hot wax, there was a soft flicking sound, as strings of knotted cords were flicked against her back, breaking the dried wax, her skin feeling cleansed and unbound. Every fragment of the stuff was carefully removed,

nails scraping down her back a little more harshly than seemed needed, but the girl clearly knew what she was doing.

A tablet was pushed beneath the table, a dense screen of legalese. ‘Sign.’

Sophia obediently did so. The tablet was whisked from sight, and fingers slowly tickled down her back, against the now super-sensitive skin, making her twitch slightly. ‘Good.’ She felt hair tickle against the top of her spine, a soft kiss there, more down her body. ‘Madam shall have her gift. Stand.’

Sophia obeyed, getting off the board. The girl flipped it over, locking it at a steep angle, revealing it had a foot board and regular slots through the material, before pulling on disposable latex gloves. ‘Stand there, madam.’ Sophia did so. There were slight indentations for her arms and legs. ‘This is your first, and this one wouldn’t wish you to move and risk injury.’ The girl disappeared from view, a heavy plastic band suddenly appearing through a slot and snapping around a wrist, binding her arm against the board. Smaller bands locked around each finger, which was repeated on the other arm.

A faint panic stirred in her, as she tried to move her arms, shifting her shoulders against the board. The girl stepped around, stroking Sophia’s face. ‘Shhh, shhh. This will make you even more beautiful, but you are so precious this one has been instructed to avoid any unnecessary harm to your body.’ She leant up, kissing Sophia on the lips. ‘Do not worry, Madam. But you must *relax*.’ She stroked a hand down Sophia’s flank, stroking and soothing, until Sophia let herself relax against the board.

She was bound at the thighs and knees next, then the neck and forehead, so she couldn’t even move her head, her world limited to the tiny area she could see in front of her. Throughout, the girl kept making soothing noises, occasionally reaching around to touch her, as though she were a twitchy animal. Once Sophia was completely restrained, then the girl stepped around, bending down to kiss her navel, tongue nuzzling the cleft. She reached into her bag, pulling out a strange metal device, all ratchets and bars.

‘If Madam would open her mouth, then she shall receive her gift.’

Sophia opened her mouth, the device sliding over and into her mouth, holding it open – it was like something a dentist might use, to ensure a patient wouldn’t close their mouth mid-operation. It was ratcheted wide, her jaw aching slightly, her tongue wagging. Was she to be fed some fancy food? Or given wine?

‘Tongue out.’

As she did this, the girl reached out and twisted part of the device, and she felt metal bars clamp down on her tongue, meaning she couldn’t withdraw it into her mouth. She tried to voice an objection, but all that came from her mouth was a mumbled grumble. The girl took a needle and disinfected it, then swiftly pushed it into and through Sophia’s tongue.

She couldn’t even attempt to speak, with her mouth jammed open, but she still whimpered as the needle stabbed her. The girl continued to stroke and sooth her even as Sophia felt tears well up, a golden bar and sphere being passed through the hole. She flapped her tongue in mute, mewling objection – she hadn’t agreed to this!

‘Shhh, shhh, Madam is now showing her worth every time she opens her mouth.’ The girl kissed her between the breasts, sweet and warm. ‘Madam wishes to be beautiful and precious, does she not?’ She rubbed Sophia’s nipples with something astringent smelling, pulling out another needle. Sophia couldn’t keep from whimpering as it stabbed through her nipple, a soft groan, soothed by more gentle noises and stroking, as a golden ring was inserted into her nipple, then again on the other side, more metal forcefully intruding into her. Next was her navel, her body now a confused riot of soothed arousal and sore pain as more gold was added.

‘Madam shall show her beauty and wealth to all that see her.’

Yes, she would become a thing of beauty, wealth and grace – proud and powerful, with others bowing before her, serving at her whim. Still, even that promise of beauty wasn’t enough

to ignore the throbbing soreness and heat from her tongue, nipples and navel. The girl stood back, looking at her work, admiration in her eyes. Then she looked at the belt and flicked it, looking annoyed. 'One moment, Madam.' She started fiddling with the belt, and a few moments later it sprung loose.

Having her pussy exposed made her almost immediately horny, and her arousal was obvious to the girl. 'Allow me to tidy you first, madam.' Her fingers brushed against Sophia's clit, making her whine, trying to ask to be pleased, her tongue still bound captive. Then the girl walked away, into the bathroom, returning with shaving foam and a razor. She began to trim Sophia's pubic hair, leaving her skin utterly raw, bare and exposed, even more sensitive than before. She whined for more pressure, more pleasure, still wanting the orgasm she had been denied for what seemed so long.

Instead, the girl finished shaving her and then looked up. 'A deep breath, madam.' Her arousal was still by a stabbing pain in her most sensitive place, as her clitoris was pierced, an aching, dragging heat and soreness that bought tears to her eyes, trickling down her face. Even a kiss, the gentle swirl of a warm, soft tongue as a parting gift did little to take away the pain or get her any closer to her long-denied pleasure. A golden ring was added, heavy enough she could feel its weight pulling at her.

'Madam must not touch until it has healed.' The girl locked the chastity belt back in place, Sophia whining in pain and indignation. Those soft, soothing hands caressed her again. 'Madam shall draw every eye when she is displayed.' Kisses and nibbles traced along her hips, and then her thighs, her newest adornment stinging as she started to grow slick again. 'Entertainment shall be provided, but Madam must not strain herself.'

Her gag meant she couldn't do anything but wriggle her newly-pierced tongue, wanting to command the girl to release her, or at least get her off! She would have to command the girl onto all fours, bind her limbs and take her like a bitch when she could talk again. Cooling gel was spread over her breasts and navel, reducing the pain somewhat, plasters over

the top. ‘Madam has been good and earned her gold and her slaves.’

That got Sophia’s interest – finally, the chance to be in charge!

‘But Madam must not risk injuring herself, or her precious, smooth skin.’ The caress was long and intimate, even as the girl’s hands avoided the sore parts of Sophia’s body. She started by wiping away the sweat that had accumulated, before starting to apply oil over Sophia’s body. The ankle straps were released, her anklets removed, and then the girl started pulling a latex bodysuit over her, from the ankles up.

It slipped over her oiled body, a tight and confining feeling, first up to knees, then her thighs and waist. As it moved up her body, she relaxed into it, feeling it shape and contour her body, slipping into a dream of herself as a dominatrix, helping her to ignore the sore, throbbing heat and pain from her pussy, navel and nipples. To have this girl service her, crawling like a dog, that bland, empty face contorted in tears as she was fucked, some form of emotion torn from her by a hard pounding – that would be a pleasure.

Her arms were unbound, the girl carefully removing the bracelets before feeding Sophia’s arms into the sleeves, inching the stuff over her skin, inch by inch, touch by touch. The tight latex bent her hands into half-curves, a rigid mitten shape, and then she was released fully from the board, as the rest of her body was encased and contained within latex. It made every breath, every movement a thing of constraint, impossible to forget she was wearing it. But then the girl walked her into the closet, showing her what she looked like in the mirror, removing the gag (Sophia quickly retracted her tongue, the piercing throbbing in pain).

She looked like a goddess – her body was no longer a thing of flesh, but gleaming latex, perfect in every curve, shining in the electric light. She was helped into staggeringly high heels, forcing her onto tip-toes like a ballet dancer, making her seem even taller and more powerful. She could look down on the girl from here, although could feel strain building in her thighs and calves already.

‘Madam is beautiful.’

Sophia allowed the bracelets and anklets to be reattached, the gold atop the black adding a shining lustre, making her appear even more divine. She stroked her hands down herself, at least as best she could – the fingers were forcibly bent into an awkward half-curve, like a doll made to have items slotted in.

‘Madam should not have to exert herself. This one shall be Madam’s hands and mouth. But Madam’s face is...’ The girl trailed off, unwilling to finish.

Sophia checked herself in the mirror – her face was indeed a bit of a mess, cheeks still puffy and stained from the gag and the tears, her hair slightly frizzed despite the girl’s care.

‘Madam must be made perfect. Kneel.’

The heels made it hard, but she managed to drop to her knees. A black latex hood was carefully slipped over her face and then knotted tightly, meaning her skin was completely covered, her body utterly transformed into gleaming, beautiful glossy shininess. Her hair was drawn through the hood into a single ponytail, the only mark of her humanity, flicking like a whip when she moved her head. There weren’t full eyeholes, instead just lots of small holes, enough to retain vision, but not betray that there was someone inside, although her peripheral vision was impacted. There was no proper mouthhole, instead a rubber block protruding into her mouth with a pipe through it, allowing some air to pass through, a small metal valve on the outside. But it was easier to breathe through her nose, as the girl leant over, examining her work.

‘Madam is beautiful. The entertainment shall soon arrive – this one does hope Madam will enjoy.’ She kissed Sophia, the sensation strangely numbed through the clinging latex, a tongue flicking against her shoulder, but feeling entirely dry. She was lost in admiration of her own form, of what she had been transformed into, a shining goddess, fit to be worshipped, to be served and adored! There was the buzzing of the bell, the girl stepping outside to answer it. Sophia felt herself stir again,

wondering what the newcomers would be like, what slaves were being provided for her delight.

Chapter Nine: A Slave's Delight

She managed to teeter to her feet, heels almost impossible to balance beneath her, having to continually move or risk falling over. But she looked almost divine, a figure of gleaming black latex, serene, commanding and inhuman, the soreness of her new piercings impossible for anyone else to see, only the majesty of her shining and perfect body.

The girl had two new companions; both must be expensive escorts, wearing sleek and skimpy dresses. One was tall, blonde and slender and in red, the other darker and more full-figured, wrapped in emerald green. They would be fit companions for any grand event, arm candy to be displayed, fucked raw and then discarded. Sophia smiled behind her hood, wondering how they would please her, even though her clit was still sore from the piercing and locked behind the metal plate of the chastity belt.

The girl ushered them in, the door locking shut behind them. Red had a jarringly inelegant duffelbag, which she dropped on the floor, looking at Sophia with admiration.

‘Mistress, please do with me as you will.’ Red moved to show off her body, pulling her dress tight around herself to show off her lean, toned body before she approached. She began to caress Sophia through the latex, her touches strangely dry and cool, every sensation lessened through the skin-tight covering. With the hood and the rubber block between her teeth, she couldn’t speak, but the touches were seductive, her body warming, slight flares of pain as her piercings throbbed.

Green reached into the bag and pulled out a vibrating wand, powerful enough it needed plugging in. They both moved towards where the couch had been, now empty except for an island of newly-installed cabinets and cupboards, and the massage table.

She hitched her skirts to show she wore nothing beneath, neatly trimmed black hair around her slit. ‘Please Madam, would you pleasure me? I promise I’ve been good.’ She

grinned. 'Or bad, if Madam prefers.' She found a metal box on the wall which opened at her approach, revealing a plug socket. She plugged the wand in and flicked it on, the thing buzzing to powerful, vibrant life as she leant against the new cabinets, exposing herself.

Red approached, starting to nuzzle and kiss Green, looking flirtatiously at Sophia. 'Please Madam, may we have some pleasure?' They kissed again, breasts rubbing together. From their looks and their clothing and jewellery, gleaming at neck and ear, they must be expensive escorts, willing to serve the tastes of their betters. She wondered how far they would be willing to go, what they could be induced to do to each other – all sorts of intriguing games suggested themselves to her, as she tottered forward on the high heels.

Sophia had always preferred men, but seeing the two of them start on each other, obedient to her whims, bought a thrill to her core, even over the pain of the piercings. Their jewellery was simple, just a few flecks of gold and silver, some basic gems, nothing to compare with her own golden bands. And swathed in her latex, her skin, her humanity replaced with something greater, she was clearly superior to them.

The girl gave her the wand, sliding it into Sophia's hooked hand, the device sliding into her forcibly shaped grip. Red spread her legs wide, showing off her long, slender legs and trim belly. Her makeup was a work of art, eyelids bronzed, her lips soft red bows. Her voice was soft and pleading. 'Please Madam, please pleasure me.'

She began to stroke herself, fingers stroking over her pussy, spreading herself wide as she smiled at Sophia. She shook her head, and the girl looked disappointed, her fingers stopping moving, despite how obviously aroused she was. No-one should be allowed to climax without her permission.

The girl spoke. 'Madam, if you would use the wand?' Her hands stroked against Sophia's perfect, glossy body, touch electric even through the latex, pushing her forward. Sophia managed to kneel in front of Red, close enough to scent her arousal, her sense of smell undiminished by the material bound about her body. It was slightly complicated, having to

strain against the latex with every movement, moving the wand against the woman's thigh, pushing it against her exposed clitoris. The escorts continued to kiss and caress each other, providing her with a fine show, two beautiful bodies rubbing and pleasuring each other.

Where they touched her, hands or feet brushing against her, she could feel the thrill of contact, but always slightly numbed and cold, the latex blocking her from contact. She would have to have them back when she wasn't swathed in the stuff, so she could probably enjoy them, make them pleasure her, maybe use some of the more painful toys to break down those perfect faces.

The girl spoke, whispering in her ear, kissing her head through her hood. 'Very good, Madam. Master them and show them pleasure.' Those fingers continued to stroke Sophia, somehow chill and feverish at the same time, strangely dry kisses against her head. Sophia switched her attention to Green, who had been gently playing with herself, already loose enough to slide two fingers into her body. The girl spoke, acting as her voice.

'No pleasure unless Madam commands.' Green's hand retreated with disappointed whine. Sophia moved the wand away from Red, moving it towards Green's eager crotch. The girl reached forward and switched it up to a higher power, helping Sophia guide it to the correct place. Green shivered and writhed, holding herself wide and vulnerable, her hips spread to give Sophia full access. It didn't take long for her to climax, that beautiful face contorting into the slack spasms of pleasure, before sagging back, almost falling over.

Red spoke, her voice cloying and sweet. 'Please Madam, may I have pleasure as well?' She pulled her dress off in a single motion, revealing herself entirely, fingers playing with petite breasts, as she implored Sophia to get her off. Sophia teased her a little, her hook hand moving the wand back and forth, not quite enough to get her off, her beautiful lips making low groaning sounds. The weight of the girl from behind her moved away, going to the bag and fetching something out. Then Sophia slammed the wand forward, pushing it hard

against Red. It was so powerful that the effect was almost instant, Red peaking and climaxing in front of her. Green immediately fell on her in a flurry of squeals, nibbling and kissing.

‘Madam would surely like to pleasure her toys more... intimately?’ The girl was holding two dildos, one of them with a metal screw on the base, the other a strap-on. She kissed Sophia on the forehead, then screwed one of the dildos into the slot over Sophia’s mouth, kissing and deepthroating it, slicking the black rubber. Then the strap-on was bound around Sophia’s waist, sitting firmly over the chastity belt.

Green looked up from playing with the still-dazed Red, a vicious grin coming to her face. She ran a finger along the strap-on. ‘What an impressive cock you have, Madam. Please use it to pleasure me.’ Then she leant forward, kissing it, her hair flowing along the shaft – if it had been real, no doubt the sensation would have been thrilling. But watching her head duck and bob along the fake cock was exciting, wet gulps and slurps a sign of pleasures to come, despite there obviously being no feeling in the stiff black rubber.

The girl whispered in her ear again. ‘If Madam would care to lie down, then pleasure shall be taken.’ She kissed her again, a soft presence through the latex, helping Sophia to lay on her back. ‘Now, Madam, may this one be pleased?’ The girl looked down on her, obedient and waiting for a response. She nodded, as much as possible when she was on her back. She lifted her skirt slightly then mounted Sophia’s face.

Sophia had to strain her lungs to breath, her view now nothing but the woman’s crotch riding her face. She could taste the woman through the penis-gag, the cock easily sliding into her. Now stuffed with a cock, her chill demeanour defrosted slightly, her expression showing some animation. She took it slowly and gently, enjoying herself, locking eyes with Sophia, praising her.

‘Madam is a generous mistress, allowing this one such pleasure.’

Sophia couldn't respond, could do anything, Green straddling her waist and getting her own pleasure. The chastity belt protected her recently-pierced clit from harm, but between that and the latex having someone ride her waist was strangely unsatisfying, no matter how attractive and obedient they were. When would she be allowed to control her own pleasure?

She was distracted from her thoughts by the girl, who stroked her head, praising her further. 'Madam is wreathed in black and gold, powerful and commanding.' Sophia trilled with pleasure, tasting more of the woman's juices trickling down the gag, her nostrils full of the woman's scent. The girl would make a fine slave, attractive, skilled and obedient. Red and Green were just escorts, no more than sex-toys, but were still attractive enough – Red had now recovered herself enough to join in, kissing and stroking Green, who eagerly reciprocated.

Green shuddered and groaned in pleasure, sagging for a moment before pulling herself off the cock, guiding Red into mounting in her place, as the girl continued to ride Sophia's face. It seemed to take her forever to reach her own climax, stroking her hands against Sophia's latex-wrapped head, praising her power and wisdom. Sophia felt her breath growing short, having to fight harder and harder to breathe, the girl's sparkling eyes bright. She could imagine herself dominating these three – bind the escort's arms, make them pleasure any guests, then bend them over and take them like dogs, fuck them raw and make them realise they were nothing more than expensive ornaments to be used by their betters.

And the girl, the girl could be her personal plaything. Petite and well-formed, she could be dressed to impress, some sleekly slutty officewear, used as a secretary or a sex-toy without distinction, servicing visitors, helping to obtain favourable deals.

The girl finally reached her own climax, smiling softly down on Sophia, thanking her for being allowed an orgasm. Then she leant over, kissing the mouth-cock, tasting her own juices, and stealing the air from Sophia's lungs until she

withdrew. 'If Madam would be so kind, then your toys are still desirous of pleasure.'

Green was bent over, her hands spreading her ample rear wide, puckered asshole begging to be penetrated and violated. The girl helped Sophia up, moving her into position. 'If Madam wishes, then this is a gift to you.'

Sophia accepted the invitation, leaning her hook-hands on the woman's back and starting to sodomise her, grinding and thrusting away. She'd never done this before, but she felt powerful and dominant, a squealing piece of fuckmeat at her mercy. 'And now the other one wishes pleasure, at your sufferance, Madam. Do you agree?'

Red approached, playing with herself already and sitting atop the cabinet, making Sophia turn her head to keep the cock facing towards her. Sophia nodded, face-cock bobbing. Her head was pushed forward, the cock sliding easily into Red. Sophia could smell and taste the difference between Red and the girl and felt a thrill at the thought of two beautiful women having pleasure, or not, by her decision. Two sets of orgasmic groans, felt as much as heard, rippled through her, the women reaching climaxes, the girl still whispering praise into her ear.

Then they moved to the bedroom, Sophia being helped to her feet and guided there. They stroked and caressed her, skilled fingers teasing her through the latex, but the thoughts of her perfect, how majestic she looked, kept her strong. When she was healed, then she would have these women visit again, and take them properly, truly teach them that she was in charge, and they were just fuckmeat, at the mercy of her and her patron.

She was laid on her back, arms and legs spread wide, three pairs of hands stroking her. The girl whispered to her. 'Madam must not strain herself, allow us to pleasure her.' She was lost in an agony of teasing and numbed touch, denied warm flesh-to-flesh contact, drowning in pleasure and the taste of her slaves, but never reaching climax herself.

After permitting all three of them to ride her face, the cock was detached. 'Madam must eat.' A funnel was screwed in

place instead, and she watched, body far too sensitive, as powder and a pearly liquid were mixed into paste. 'This is so Madam can heal and stay strong.' Her head was held in position, the thick paste poured down her throat. She couldn't do anything but drink, the taste bitter, far too similar to cum. She tried to murmur dissent, wishing she could request something else, some actual food, but her head was held in place, and she had no choice but to keep swallowing until the stuff was gone.

The two escorts continued to pleasure her, kissing her between her thighs, making her legs twitch, desperately seeking the stimulation to her get off. When the vile paste was gone, the girl produced a blindfold, kissing Sophia's forehead again, before fingering herself and smearing her juices beneath Sophia's nose.

'Madam must now rest.'

Sophia tried to shake her head, wanting to be released from the suit, allowed to properly fuck her slaves. Instead the blindfold was slipped in place, her world going black. As she moved her hands to try and take it off, her wrists were grabbed. Unseen bonds clipped into place, her ankles similarly restrained.

'Shhh, shhh. Madam *must rest*. Only then can she be all she must become.' Sophia tried fighting the bonds, but they held firm against her wriggling. 'Soon you shall display your gold, and your majesty.' Something was pushed into her mouth through the small slit; the chalky taste of a pill. She couldn't spit it out, and she could feel it slowly dissolving in her own spit. Her struggles grew weak, the mattress swallowing her up as she fell into the soft, teasing darkness, her body still sore and unfulfilled. She could still hear them, their happy moans of ecstasy, as the girl murmured a final message to her. 'Madam is a good mistress to allow her servants such pleasure.'

She could still hear them pleasuring each other, kissing and touching each other, as the darkness rose up to claim her.

Chapter Ten: A Cold Night

She was awoken by the girl's light touches, clearly dutiful to her mistress's needs, although the continual teasing was growing frustrating, her aching for relief intensifying, despite the throbbing pain from her clit. She had been released, at least partially, no longer spread-eagled but still swathed within the tight latex. The girl kissed her, the sensation still strangely dry and distant through the material binding her body.

‘Madam has been good. But she must work harder.’ Hands brushed over breasts, her nipples hot and sore. ‘Madam must eat.’

She couldn't protest, as her mouth was still blocked. A funnel was put in place, a vile-tasting mixture flowing down after the girl mixed white liquid into the powdered food. Why did it have to taste like cum? She tried to protest, but the girl was straddling her, legs pinning arms in place, leaving Sophia unable to pull away, drinking down the stuff to slake her hunger and thirst.

‘Now stand.’

She was helped to her feet, tottering on the heels, unable to stand without the girl's assistance. But the girl's naked body was glorious in the low light, the street lighting coming in through the full-length windows, highlighting her flesh, the flame tattoo brilliantly coloured against pale skin. Sophia whined in soft protest as her bracelets and anklets were removed, even if it was necessary to peel off her latex. It was almost disappointing to have the second skin removed, her skin fading from gleaming perfection to normality, even if she was still proud of her naked beauty. As this was done, the girl continued to pet and sooth her, whispering gentle noises.

The hood was the last to go, and it felt strange to have full vision, to feel her hair against her naked body. She fumbled towards her bracelets, feeling uncomfortable not wearing them, the girl clicking them back on. Then her piercings were checked, her tongue pulled from her mouth, cooling gel spread

over her breasts. The chastity belt was removed, and her vagina was checked. With those quick, clever fingers exposing her, a gentle breath upon her clit, she almost lost control, buckling at the knees, head swimming.

‘Further rest is needed.’

There was a flare of pleasure as fingers pushed into her, easily sliding in, then she felt herself growing cold and numb, the gel taking effect. She whined in frustration, uselessly pushing her hips forward, unable to finish herself off. The girl pinched her thigh. ‘Madam would not wish to damage herself, would she? This must stay in place until Madam is healed.’ She handed over the chastity belt.

Sophia whined again, before realising she wasn’t gagged and could actually speak, trying to sound commanding. ‘I need to cum!’ She couldn’t help but plead, thighs clenching, the piercing through her tongue making her words sound strange. ‘Pleasure me!’

‘Madam must wear the belt, or she will injure herself.’ The girl’s tone was adamant as she stepped forward and gave Sophia a slow, sensual kiss, her clean and immaculate body pressing against Sophia’s skin, grimy with sweat and lube to help slide the latex on. ‘If Madam can be trusted not to touch herself, then she may be cleaned, before the belt is added.’

The realisation of how grimy she was made her long for the shower. And the girl’s body was undeniably attractive, toned muscle and petite breasts, the thought of it rubbing against her strongly appealing. ‘Yes. Clean me.’

They moved to the shower, the girl taking Sophia’s hands and leading her; even with the numbing gel, Sophia could still feel lust burning within her. Surely she could manage a few touches, or even get hold of the shower head, for just a few moments to get her over the edge?

‘Arms up, Madam.’ She obeyed, the girl beginning to clean her as the steam billowed up from the hot water. She was thorough, washing off every trace of sweat and grime, and being careful not to touch the recent piercings. Sophia let her hands casually drop towards her waist, a finger slowly

stroking against the very edge of her vagina. The girl flicked the back of her hand, and Sophia stopped, chastened. The girl then stepped outside for a moment, and Sophia began to stroke herself again, before her arms were suddenly grabbed and pulled behind her back.

She tried to pull them apart but felt a chain snap taut between her wrists.

The girl's look was cold. 'Madam must follow instructions, or she will be injured.' She turned the temperature down, water now tepid. The cleansing that followed was brusque and business-like rather than sexual, Sophia stewing in uncomfortable frustration, testing the chain in case she could break it, even trying to twist to make the cold water drill against her, but without getting off. Still, having the girl tend to her was pleasurable, as she was towelled dry. Not many could claim to be served by someone so beautiful, even if they were a little too pushy.

'Madam must not be injured. Now, Madam must wear the belt.'

Sophia squirmed, mouth dry. Surely just one orgasm couldn't cause injury? And she was so horny, having spent all night ordering her slaves to pleasure, without having any herself. The girl suddenly leant forward and flicked her finger between Sophia's legs, against the golden ring. Pain and pleasure thrummed through Sophia, making her whimper. *'Madam must wear the belt.'*

Unwillingly, but not wishing to defy that tone, Sophia raised her hands, allowing the girl to kneel in front of her, first wrapping the metal waistband around her, sealing it tightly with a woeful "click". Then she was examined, her folds parted, still sore, but despite the gel and the pain she felt herself loosening.

'Madam must still rest.'

'Can I not...'

'No. Madam must not risk damaging herself.' The girl passed the metal panel between Sophia's legs, although it felt

different, now with something protruding into her, slightly bumped. Maybe if she ground against something, she could get off? Almost in disbelief, she rubbed her fingers against the panel, feeling the desperate lust trapped behind the metal. The girl stood and kissed her, their tongues rubbing together, a faint flare of pain every time Sophia's tongue stud was touched.

‘Very good, Madam.’ A ring-gag was produced and shoved into her mouth before she could protest, her new stud clicking against the metal. ‘Madam must be protected.’ She was kissed on the cheek, even as she mumbled wordlessly. ‘When Madam is prepared, should Madam prove herself worthy, then she may punish this one, as is deserved.’

‘Mmmm?’ The girl certainly deserved pain, although it was currently impossible to order her in any way. A caress of her breasts, of the metal rings impaling her nipples, made Sophia grimace in pain again, even with the cooling gel applied. A rigid metal bra was produced, getting locked onto her body, tight enough it felt as though it had been made just for her.

‘To protect Madam, until Madam is healed.’ With her cunt and breasts now locked away, Sophia's lust redoubled, despite it being even harder to get off. The ballet heels were strapped onto her feet again, returning her to her more majestic height, looking down on the girl. Then she was guided into the main room – through the doorway into the bedroom she could see the bed folding up into the wall, leaving the room bare and empty.

‘To remove temptation, Madam.’ Her hands were pushed into latex mittens, forcing her hands into closed fists, the girl locking them tightly on and padlocking them. Sophia mewed against the ring-gag again. ‘Shhh, shhh. Madam is precious and clever, and would try to remove her belt. She must not.’ She was kissed on the cheek, hands brushing against her buttocks, then up to her thighs. She groaned in frustration, receiving more gentle touches in return, being rubbed and stroked, like a nervous pet.

‘If Madam would punish this one?’ A large dildo was strapped onto Sophia’s waist and lubed up, the girl bending over and presenting herself, spreading her buttocks wide.

Sophia grinned, or at least would have if the gag hadn’t been in the way. This is what she had expected! Compliant, submissive flesh, to be used and abused. The girl must be a masochist, conditioned to accept the punishment of her superiors, something Sophia was only too glad to tend to. With her mittened hands, Sophia grabbed her about the waist, pushing between their buttocks. The girl immediately started grinding back, forcing herself onto the thing, her pucker spreading wide to accept the dildo. ‘Please punish this one, Madam.’ Sophia was pleased to accept, fucking the woman as hard as she could, burying the full length of the cock into her. The chastity belt was well-fitted enough that all she felt was a slight rattling impact, but it felt good to finally be in charge.

Her spit dribbled through the gag, falling onto the woman’s back, as she gasped and groaned, taking an annoying amount of pleasure in the act, even when Sophia tried shoving harder, withdrawing fully with each thrust. The girl climaxed, her bucking slowing, Sophia continuing to pound away for a while before stopping herself. The girl was breathless, her pale cheeks showing a touch of colour. ‘This one thanks Madam for her punishment. Madam must now follow the instructions she agreed to. If Madam attempts to pleasure herself without permission, there will be consequences. Madam must be a good girl.’

She tidied up Sophia’s hair, brushing and tidying it, reapplying makeup, although with her current attire, Sophia couldn’t exactly go anywhere. It was pleasing to be tended to though, brushes delicately flicking over her eyelids, her lips getting reddened, cheeks contoured, despite the low light making it hard to see. Having a full session before going to a properly fancy restaurant would be exquisite!

‘Madam must now endure.’

Sophia made a questioning squeak through her gag, unable to form anything more coherent. The girl moved to a panel, tapping at it, lights responding to her touch. Sophia frowned –

that didn't seem right, that a slave had such control when she didn't. But she was distracted by the lights flicking on, bright at first then fading to a twilight glow, the metal surfaces reflective and hazy. The girl approached her again, giving her a slow, full-body caress, at least of the skin that wasn't sealed behind metal, setting Sophia's body afire with desire.

'When Madam has healed and proven herself worthy, then this will be removed.' She tapped the chastity belt. 'Madam must show herself worthy of the gold with which she had been blessed.' Sophia nodded, feeling the weight of her bracelets and necklace. She mewled through the ring-gag, trying to signal agreement, earning herself another pat. 'Very good, Madam.' Having those hands run along the metal locked around her body was so frustrating, but soon, surely, she would be healed, and able to assume her rightful position? Taking the girl like a bitch had been a nice start, but maybe a double-headed dildo next time, so she could have some fun as well.

'Now, will Madam be obedient? And then this one shall return, for her punishment.' The girl leaned up, kissing Sophia on the forehead, the feeling of flesh-on-flesh invigorating after so long swaddled in latex. 'Very good. Prove yourself worthy, or there shall be consequences, Madam.'

The lights blinked out and Sophia felt herself being shoved backwards, towards the central island. She staggered, fighting to keep standing in the heels, knocking against the raised cabinets in the darkness. She heard footsteps, a thin line of light, and then the front door clicked shut, leaving her alone in the dark.

Sophia managed to stand, feeling lonely and abandoned. She tried rubbing her hands together, to get the mittens off, but they were buckled on too tightly, impossible to get off. With the mittens on, she couldn't release the gag or the heels. She tried scraping her bound hands against the chastity belt, still desperate to get off, unable to get through the metal. She turned, leaning on the cabinet, grinding against it, the lump slightly inside of her shifting. It felt rigid, but not sharp or hard enough to do damage. Could she get enough traction? It was

slightly degrading, having to grind like this, but she was so damn desperate to get off, she didn't mind.

A red light shone above her, an angry buzzing tone sounding. Something inside the island clanked, and the top started to expand, pushing her backwards as the surface expanded. She whined, denied yet again, the expanded surface too thin to rub against. The buzzing sound grew louder, and then pain flared in her neck, the sharp snap of an electrical shock.

One of the control panels lit up, cold blue in the dark room. She was still reeling from the pain, eyes misty from tears, trying to swear through the gag, the air suddenly turning chill as the air-con turned up, as cold as it would go. She hobbled over, pawing at the controls, which didn't respond to her bound hands.

Hey, hope you liked your gifts and playtime, but you've been told the rules, doll. You need to cool down a little. Oh, found a few things of yours, if you're good.

A draw popped open, her driver's licence, passport and purse inside. She reached for them, but the drawer slid shut before she could get them. What rules did he mean? She was the one that made the rules, she didn't follow them!

I've set up something for you, keep you out of trouble for a few days. You do well, you get a reward, you do badly, then... well, don't do badly and you won't find out.

Sophia mewed, uselessly slapping her bound hands against the panel, trying to get it to respond. She wanted gifts and rewards, but not to have to work for them!

For starters, a good girl gets to sleep in a bed. A bad girl gets to sleep on the floor, if she gets to sleep. So, hope you're ready, doll.

The cold air was blowing harder now, goosebumps starting to raise on her skin. The AC was turned as cold as it would go, enough to keep someone comfortable on the hottest summer nights. She tried to fumble at the control panel again, mewling a wordless objection. This wasn't right!

A light appeared on the wall, about level with her neck, wavering up and down. As it passed the level of her neck, she felt the necklace vibrate slightly. The cold was starting to get to her, forcing her away from the panel, towards the center of the room. The door to the bedroom (although there wasn't currently a bed) sealed itself shut, as did the door to the bathroom. She backed away as the text on the panel changed, too far away to read it.

The light expanded, becoming a line on the wall, like a tidemark. The windows tinted themselves fully black, locking off the outside world entirely. The line rose slightly, until it was just above her neck-line, staying in place there for a moment. There was an angry buzz, the line flashing red, and then pain spiked through her neck, searing agony of an electrical shock.

'Mmmph!' Her tongue flapped against the ring-gag, stud knocking against the metal ring. A countdown chime started, something clearly expected of her. She started to totter towards the control panel, but was too slow, another stab of pain through her neck.

Through her tears, she could just about make out words on the panel. *Failed already, doll? The girl explained the rules, all pretty simple.*

The countdown chimes started again, making her squeak in fear, and she took another tottering step, rising upwards, bringing her neck in line with the band of light. A chime of satisfaction sounded, the line flashing green. Then it moved upwards again, just slightly, making her strain even more to reach it, her thighs and calves starting to burn. She staggered against a wall, falling against it. As her neck fell beneath the line, the angry buzzer rang out. She managed to push herself against the wall, using it to support herself, glad of the extra support, just able to get back in time, saving herself from another shock.

The line inched up, forcing herself to stretch out, as high as she could manage. Then it kept moving, leaving her flailing impotently against the wall, another flare of agony driving her off balance. That wasn't fair, there wasn't anything to stand on

to boost herself! It returned to a height she could reach, then dropped down, to waist level. She squatted, earning herself another ding.

A beam of light shone down into the center of the room, away from anything else. The line moved further down and she had to drop to all fours. The collar buzzed and shocked her. But she'd moved down! Why was she getting being punished? The pillar of light shone more brightly. But there was no wall there! She was zapped again, starting to crawl over to the pillar, managing to get there with only one more shock.

As soon as she was in the light, the 'good' buzzer sounded. She sagged down, relaxing for a moment, as the light moved upwards. It was a strain to stand, and she just barely made it to the correct height in time.

She had to keep moving, any thought lost in continual effort, her legs soon burning with the effort, getting slower and slower, earning herself more and more shocks. After missing several in a row (was it five? Ten? She couldn't tell anymore) she felt something stir within the chastity belt. The next time she failed, unable to drop to the floor fast enough, fire burnt into her pussy, her clit ring flaring with electric agony. She writhed in agony, hands flailing against the ground. The light wavered sympathetically close, bare inches away.

She was able to earn herself some reprieve by slightly extending her neck, but then it started moving again. By now she was in agony, legs weak and wobbling, her crotch on fire, even her breasts sore from her piercings. But there was no mercy, the light continuing to move. It split into two, a blue light splitting off. She whimpered, dreading whatever new punishment this entailed.

She must have done something wrong, as the collar tightened slightly around her neck, making it harder to breath. What did she need to do? She moved an arm, bringing it into line with the new light, and earned herself a ding. Now she had to not only move her neck, but her arms, keeping them in line with the light, or she would be shocked, or the collar would tighten further. Tears were streaming down her face as

she tried to beg for relief, unable to form any words. Before she could form any thoughts, a third line split off, meaning she had to stretch and contort herself.

She managed to make it, but the lights kept shifting and moving, forcing her to keep moving without pause. Her muscles were burning, lungs heaving to try and get enough air.

How long had she been doing this? Minutes? Hours? Days? She started missing more and more, a continual cascade of angry buzzes running together. She collapsed to the ground, barely able to breath, neck and clit burning in agony. Another angry buzz, another flare of pain into her neck. She curled up into a ball, sobbing in pain and shock, body twitching and spasming uncontrollably, trapped in punishment.

Chapter Eleven: From Darkness to Light and Back Again

When she awoke, she was cold, sore, hungry and thirsty. The room was still pitch black, and a quiver of fear ran through her as she glanced around for the lights, ready to crawl and scrabble towards them, to avoid further pain. Mercifully, all seemed to be at ground level. Her neck was sore from repeated shocks, and her legs were tired and weak from being forced to stand and move in the heels. A chime sounded, the light slowly drawing up. She squeaked in fear, managing to stand, staying at the correct height to avoid further punishment. Her tongue flicked angrily against the gag, trying to form a protest. Words formed on the screen.

Not the best of starts, doll. I guess you must be frustrated, but you've got to be the best.

Her name wasn't "doll"! Not that she could say that, but she tried to glare at the control panel, wondering if she was being watched. Just in case, she tried to twist seductively, although her mittened hands running along her metal-sheathed body was a far cry from the image she wished to portray, especially with her legs shaking and threatening to give way at any moment.

Guess that might have been a little harsh for your first time. I thought you had more than that.

She mewed through her gag. She had whatever was needed! She was perfect and would prove it. And then she would have the girl again, only this time without her crotch needing to be sealed away, so she could make the girl eat her out, force those perfect features to pleasure her. Then find the biggest dildo she could, and take her like a dog again, make her cry and beg for pity.

Well, doll, guess you need some rest. Maybe you'll do better next time?

She tried to object, spittle dribbling down her front. The line moved down, but she stayed standing, until the angry

buzzer sounded. Fearful of punishment, she moved down as well, until she was down on all fours, staying even with the line. She could hear another message come in, but couldn't read it, didn't dare stand up to see it.

A light shone down from the ceiling, highlighting a spot on the floor. She moved over it, nervously awaiting a shock, relaxing slightly when she heard the chime that she had got it correct. Crawling on hands and knees was uncomfortable, but better than having to stand again – she could feel the deep, deep weariness in her muscles, threatening to collapse beneath her if she had to stand.

What had she done wrong? She didn't deserve this! That bitch must have lied, said something! Another dot of light appeared, and she crawled over towards it, earning herself another happy 'ding'. She let out a slight sigh, glad to have avoided more pain. She couldn't argue back, or find out what had happened, without drawing pain onto herself, so she scuttled towards another light, trying to look as obedient as possible until she was offered release, or a chance to explain. The constant need to move, to be aware of the lights, even when they appeared behind her, made it impossible to think beyond the moment.

How long had she been doing this? Sweat clung to her body, her muscles aching from the strain. But she must still be valuable and precious. She looked at her golden bracelets for reassurance, feeling the throb of the gold piercing through her, the weight of the anklets bashing against the floor. The next time that girl came, then Sophia would do more than just fuck her in the ass. Maybe put that remote-control gasmask on her, see how she managed when strapped onto the sybian and denied all but the least amount of oxygen! Serve the bitch right, make her suffer!

Further thoughts of vengeance were denied her as the light continued to move around. The cold air continued to blow, making her shiver, wishing for a blanket, or at least some clothing. The metal was leeching heat from her as well, the gold now chilling her flesh. She almost butted her head against the walls several times, when the light moved close to one and

she focused on that, not noticing her surroundings. With everything pitch-black other than the dot of light, it was easy to lose track of where she was, the space seeming vast as she was sent into loops and spirals, walls often out of sight. When she had to stay low, the crawling gait was hard to get used to, her knees knocking against the floor, making her wish for padding. The curved mittens made her posture even less even, and so she tried switching to her elbows instead.

There was no time, no clocks, the windows fully blacked out, just the strain of her own body, tiredness increasing, but nothing she could judge time by. A few times, she must have crossed back on her path, a drop of spittle or sweat sticky against her skin, feeling herself becoming grimier and sweatier, the metal starting to chafe. Her throat was dry, and how long had it been since she ate? Somewhere nearby she heard a sudden click, warm yellow light spilling out. She looked towards it, but the dot of light led away, and she didn't want to risk pain from disobeying, instead being pulled away from the new light. When the dot led her back, she moved faster, urging her aching limbs to action, interested in what the light was, desperate for any relief or release.

There was a circular slot, slightly larger than her head, a curved plate above clearly designed to move down. But on the other side, there was a bowl of the food-paste, a light, creamy sludge. Her stomach rumbled, and she couldn't stop herself salivating even more, spit dripping to the floor.

She crawled forward, cautiously pushing her head through the gap, having to duck down to lap at the bowl. The upper part slid down, trapping her there as she devoured the food, lapping the watery paste up. The ring-gag only allowed her to take in a little at a time, having to curl her tongue and flick it into her mouth, trying not to waste any. There was a small screen opposite which blinked on, the black bead of a camera beneath it, allowing Sophia to see herself – her face was a mess, makeup smeared, mouth still contorted around the metal ring-gag. As she lapped at paste, desperate to get it all, her golden stud caught the light, gleaming and bright, soothing her slightly.

Once the paste was gone, she tried to pull back, but a panel had slid down, locking her inside, too tight to remove her head from. The screen changed, showing the room, a body stuck in the same position she was in, their head stuck, a close focus. A shadow approached them, a cane cutting the air, impacting on a buttock. Sophia tensed, but there was no impact, no flare of pain, even as the figure on the screen was brutally caned.

That wasn't her, was it? Without a head, it was hard to tell, but she'd remember being locked into this thing and punished, wouldn't she? The bound figure bucked and writhed as they were struck, welts raising on the flesh. Sophia twisted awkwardly herself, imaging the pain of being trapped and punished like that, flesh entirely at the mercy of the unseen captor. Their hands flailed, trying to protect themselves but without effect. Her eyes flicked over the image – it wasn't her, was it? It couldn't be her, she was precious, and would never be punished in such a way. The trapped figure had bracelets and anklets, but they were only dull steel, not gold. And their crotch was free, not locked into a protective belt, making the strikes of the cane more effective.

She gave a slight sigh of relief, the sound loud in the confined space. This must be the slut, the previous occupant, probably getting punished for sleeping around or something. From their twitching, and the marks appearing on their flesh, the caning was quite intensive – Sophia wondered what they had done. When the girl returned, then something similar would have to be arranged for her!

The caning eventually stopped, leaving bright, angry marks all down the victim's thighs, buttocks and back. They sank down in defeat and submission, not wanting to draw more ire or violence onto themselves. Sophia nodded. They had probably deserved it! But she was still trapped. She scrabbled with her hands, fumbling at the smooth surface, trying to find something to control the mechanism and release herself. The video changed to show another angle. The room was dark, Sophia straining her eyes to see, until some of the darkness started moving. As something moved, she started to see the shape – it was another, or possibly the same, decapitated figure, still trapped and bound, but their body was now

swathed in latex, visible only as a sheen in the darkness. Without a head, they looked like some sci-fi sex toy, the merest suggestion of flesh at the crotch, the arms bound behind their back into a tube, making them appear as more of an object, a decoration, than a person.

A hand teased at their crotch, fingers stroking and teasing. The latex shone under the electric light, shifting and shimmering as the occupant breath quickened. Sophia started to lose herself in a fantasy, imaging that she was being teased and pleased, that the belt wasn't locked around her, denying her the pleasure of sex. She could imagine it vividly; strong, manly fingers spreading her open and granting her what she wanted, what she deserved! A cock would be better, but even a single finger would do!

She slipped into her fantasy, starting to buck her hips and twist and writhe as though she were being penetrated, the headless woman easy to identify with. Phantom hands caressed her buttocks, running around her back, caressing her hips, her body growing feverish.

The figure on the screen seemed to be slowing, like they were moving through thick syrup, her own breath panting faster and faster. She squirmed and twisted, desperate for release or contact, wishing to be touched, to feel, to have any sensation beyond her imaginings. She could feel sensations building inside of her, phantasmal fingers stroking her skin, her breasts, tugging on her piercings, slipping inside of her. It was so vivid it felt as though the belt had been released, that her dripping cunt was being teased and fingered and stroked and touched, her vision growing hazy as the latex-clad figure was brought towards to their own climax. But while they tensed in climax, her sensations were empty, denying her release.

The figure's hands were also embedded into the cabinet; as they bucked and shifted, Sophia adopted the same pose, feeling something give, then push down and lock into place, trapping her hands in place. She mewed, trying to pull them back, but something rigid and unyielding prevented her doing so.

She sagged down, hot, lusty, but denied, her crippled hands scrabbling impotently against whatever was locking her in place, making her whine in frustration. She tried grinding her hips forward, the lump inside of her shifting, just enough to give her more stimulation. She could feel the dampness of the metal, from her sweat and juices, trying to pivot against the floor, even though the thing around her neck was almost choking her. Just a little more, please!

Pain shattered her almost-pleasure, agony flaring into her clit, making her shout in pain, meaningless sound echoing around the small space. That familiar angry buzzing sound filled the air, light turning from warm amber to angry red. She only wanted an orgasm! The harsh buzzing made clear that wasn't an option. The video was showing the previous occupant still, now with sex toys strapped into both orifices, gloved hands locked into the cabinet, scrabbling and flailing, unable to remove them.

The video blinked out although the sound continued, a message appearing on the screen. Hey doll, having fun? Don't want you to injure your precious little pussy, so that means no fun times until you're healed.

She whimpered through the gag.

Shouldn't be too long. The better you do, the faster you get out, and then you're allowed some fun. Looking forward to a nice date with you, doll. A picture flashed up, someone in the butt-plug evening gown, face hidden behind the mask. Was it her? She thought it was, but it was hard to tell. Maybe you can look that good again. Be nice to have a date with you, if you show you're good enough. There was a slight buzz at her crotch, a gentle thrum rather than a harsh snap. Be a good girl.

She tried to mouth a protest, or tell him how eager she was, but all she could do was dribble meaninglessly. He might take her on a date! She wriggled in pleasure, trying to smile, wanting to look good for him. Yes, shower her with compliments and gifts. What did she have to do? She'd be a good girl, better than the last one!

The screen continued to show the punishments inflicted on the slut, the same anonymous body subjected to whippings, wax dripping over them, electricity applied to their genitals and worse, their self-control shattered by ongoing pain and degradation. She closed her eyes, wanting some relief from the show; they deserved it, but it was making her own body start to ache in sympathy. A loud buzzing started, and she opened her eyes, glancing around nervously – she could barely move, was there something she had to do?

No sleeping on the job now! There was a warning tingle in her collar, and she opened her eyes wide. That's the spirit, doll. A timestamp appeared in the corner, marking time, every second seeming to take multiple breaths.

The screen was showing a body, wrapped in shining latex again, legs bent back on themselves forcing it onto its knees, blocky padding in place to make movement less painful, the same on the arms. The thing on screen was teased and tormented, a cattleprod pushing against genitals, sparking snapping white, making the shape flinch and quail. The barely-human form was tormented and teased with electricity, bound tightly enough that even breathing was hard to see, not a person, just a thing to be used.

The videos continued to play – if she ever shut her eyes for more than a quick blink, she earned herself a punishment, a zap, to either neck or clit. Or the lights would flash and strobe and burn her eyes, while loud, harsh notes assaulted her ears. The bowl beneath her filled with paste, and she eagerly dipped to consume it, the sounds of orgasmic anguish continuing to play. Something brushed against her thigh, a sudden chill, as the figure was lashed, and she startled, hearing a murmur of laughter beneath the muffled groans and screams.

She watched her doppelganger get tormented and abused, their body wracked with pain. Denied any pleasure, she could feel her crotch still tingling and wet, desperate for sensation, throbbing in time with the figure on the screen, wishing she was the one being molested and manhandled, feeling herself get light-headed as the figure was beaten, then roughly fucked. She couldn't even feel the belt anymore, dreaming of feeling

air on her crotch, a fantasy of being touched and molested and abused, as another spurt of food came. She'd not been in here long enough to feel hungry, but went to consume it again, jerking her head and squirming as more phantom hands stroked and teased her.

Any sense of time completely gone, any sense of self lost in watching the abuse being depicted. She could feel her body longing for any physical touch, any contact with the outside world at all. The screen showed her face, tired and drawn. She tried to focus, through the tiredness and pain and lust, head reeling, looking at herself, barely recognising her own face, feeling lust surge through her again as the video switched from her own face to the woman being fucked again, men taking turns, fucking her in both the ass and pussy, treating her like a cumdumpster, just something to be used.

Then there was grey haze, the woman being tied, teased, spanked and hurt, bound in latex or getting wax poured over them, sealed from the world, Sophia's body and mind reeling with desire and agony. She wanted to be fucked! How long would she be sealed away? She'd done nothing to deserve this! Her eyes closed for a moment, and then the buzzer rang, and she forced them open, fearing further pain.

Food-paste came, which she gladly ate. As the figure was lashed, whipped or caned, she felt herself aching in sympathy, rocking her hips, imagining the crisp flare of the impact against her own body. Or when they were plugged, an oversized dildo buzzing away in their crotch, Sophia felt herself slicken, rubbing her bound hands against the constraining metal. Memories of the past, of when she had been allowed to be fucked, tumbled and crashed through her, until she could feel something pushed into her, stretching her wide, strangely chill sensations on her back. She begged, or at least tried to, thrusting her hips to and fro, desperate to feel the phantom cock penetrate further, even hallucinating semen

splattering onto her bare back. Again and again, she felt herself get shafted and penetrated and buggered, reeling in imagined sensation and dreams.

She twisted and strained in her box, earning herself a loud, harsh buzzing until she stilled herself. Minutes, or hours, later, there was a dry “hiss”, powder spraying into the bowl. She waited, hoping that water would follow, but none did. A new sound started, like the “angry” buzzer but slower and lower-pitched, building up until she dipped her head, licking at the powder. The stuff was even worse dry than it was wet – utterly flavourless and textureless, bland and empty, like eating dust. She kept licking, feeling the stuff dry her out, getting harder and harder to swallow with every mouthful. Even cum would help, thick gobs of the stuff, the thought repelling and arousing her, another dazed confusion running through her.

When it was gone, painfully bright light flared again, stinging her eyes, more videos being shown. Her eyes wavered, tiredness overwhelming her, sleep surging up. The figure was getting fucked now, a shadowy figure thrusting in and out of them. She could remember the sensations, imagining a cock plunging into her, her pussy feeling red-hot. She whined, not even able to rub her chastity belt, feeling sweat and juices slicking her thighs. Just one orgasm, please!

The latex-wrapped figure was twitching, being allowed some pleasure. Sophia could feel every inch of her own fevered body, the flares of pain from the piercings now arousing her further. To have hands caress her body, run around her breasts, gently touch her thighs! As the figure was penetrated, she could imagine the same happening, moving her body in time, phantom thrusts penetrating deep into her. She could imagine, remember the sensations of being fucked vigorously, gasping and groaning as though it was her. They continued to be fucked, although now they were being lashed again, their back raising into welts even as they were roughly fucked. She felt each blow as though it was her, phantom

pleasure and pain mingling together as time passed, her body caught in a fever of lust and a haze of tiredness and confusion.

She imagined a cock pushing into her, and she tightened against it, a phantom hand slapping her ass. Please, could she be let free and fucked for real? To have her benefactor take her, hold her close, kiss and stroke her, licking and kissing her golden rings, allowing her a real orgasm! She dreamed hands running along her thighs and hips, along her back, cock-meat shoving into her butt, spreading her wide, cum bursting into her.

Any time her body threatened to force her to sleep, she was shocked, or blasted with sound or cold water. She tried to gulp it down, licking it from her face, or the stray droplets from the ground, desperate to slake her thirst. She started to feel faint but wasn't allowed to succumb to the looming darkness, her body feeling lighter, brain incapable of higher thought. She fantasized about being free of the belt, imagining the feeling of it, of having her pussy exposed and available, mentally willing herself towards pleasure, hips thrusting against empty air, keeping her arms spread. In her mind, it was almost real, a cock sheathed deep inside of her, ragingly hot and hard. She moaned through the gag, barely conscious, even another electric shock doing little to push back her tiredness.

She could feel hands on her hips, grasping her strongly, a cock slamming into her, cum blasting into her. Then another, then another. White fire dragged at her, pushing her over the edge, an orgasm slamming through her. Her head sank down, another shock of electricity to her neck unable to rouse more than a pained grumble. She ground her thighs together, trying to ride the moment as long as she could, feeling her own juices slick her thighs, a phantom hand touching her as she faded. Then there was darkness, calling to her, and she collapsed, falling into oblivion.

Chapter Twelve: Cleaning and Fitting

She awoke with a whimper, mouth forming apologies, begging forgiveness from an unseen tormentor. Something brushed against her face and she flinched, hands flailing, managing to push it off. She could move! Sunlight hit her eyes, bright enough to make her wince. Sunlight? She slowly opened her eyes, a brilliant blue sky above her, the windows now transparent. Down below, people went about their business, blandly anonymous blobs, entirely unimportant and irrelevant.

Her hands reached down, feeling the smooth skin of her breasts, now crowned with gold. She felt the metal rings, feeling how they pulled against the skin, their weight and value. Then she stroked down her body, over her navel, feeling the metal embedded there. But then, further down, she could feel herself growing lustful, stiff fingers running past her hips, then hitting rigid metal. She whined in desperation, grinding fingers against the metal plate, then whipping the sheet back, looking down at herself.

The chastity belt was still bound around her waist. She tugged and yanked at it, trying to get the thing off, but the metal refused to give. 'FUCK!' It was a surprise to hear her own voice, especially after being gagged and forced to mumble for so long. She pushed fingers into her mouth, feeling the metal stud there, carefully touching it – it didn't seem sore any longer.

She got out of bed, staggering for a moment, her legs feeling weak and sore. Memories of darkness, of pain, of following a light on pain of suffering, surged to mind, of watching someone being tormented and pleased, while being denied her own pleasure. That hadn't been her, had it? No, it must just have been videos of the slut, the previous occupant, being punished. She wasn't really into lesbian domination, but maybe she could get the girl, that masseuse, back, and then she and her patron could toy with her a bit, hurt and degrade her. That bitch deserved it!

She looked down at her breasts and navel, the gold sparkling in the sun. It had been worth it to be adorned so wonderfully, but to gag her, even if it was for her protection! And the chastity belt... Her nails scrabbled against the metal, still desperately seeking a way through. She leant against the wall, legs threatening to give way beneath her, weak like jelly. The message panel pinged, a gentle tone that sent a wave of pleasure through her body.

Hey doll, you OK? You took a funny turn after the piercings, took a load of painkillers and went a bit funny watching some videos. And no, the belt's staying on, you need to let it heal. Although you were getting pretty frisky last night, even with it on! You might have had some strange dreams, from the booze and the painkillers. You were twitching all night, like a dog having dreams.

She frowned. Had those really just been dreams? She could still feel the thing around her neck, being forced to eat dry food-powder, the burning, seething lust building within her, phantom pain of being spanked and lashed and *hurt*. Her hand went to her neck, heart stuttering for a moment. Her bracelets and necklace; where were they? Their familiar weight was gone from her body, making her feel exposed, unprotected. She looked around, starting to panic, before seeing them in the corner. She picked them up, locking them around her wrists and ankles, the necklace clicking comfortably into place, setting her at ease.

No rest for the wicked, doll, so I'm at work, but it was great spending time with you. When you're healed, then we can take that belt off and have some proper fun.

Lust rose in her again, a smile coming to her face, as she smiled at the camera next to the message-plate. 'Yes! Yes, "owner", that would be fantastic.' It sounded as though they'd spent the night having a date and watching videos. That would explain the strange dreams, if she'd been drinking then had drugs as well. That must be it – if they'd spent the time making out and watching porn, then that would explain why she was so damn horny and frustrated! She swilled her tongue around her mouth, but couldn't taste any cum, even the

thought making her stomach clench. If she'd been off her face on painkillers and booze, then it was a good sign that he hadn't fucked her mouth when she had been so vulnerable.

She sniffed herself, rank with fever-sweat, then headed towards the shower. In the main room, there was evidence of last night's activities – a bottle of vodka was still open, mostly empty, several empty tin of beer, along with takeaway containers. She didn't remember that, but everything was blurry – scarcely a surprise if she'd been mixing vodka and painkillers! A shadowy memory of a cold brush against her thigh – he must have propped something up against her.

She put the cap back on the bottle, the smell making her feel ill. There wasn't any food left she wanted to pick over, just some cold and greasy noodles, a half-eaten duck pancake, lipstick marks on one end. Unless he'd had someone else over, then she'd had something to eat, at least! And a box of condoms, half empty, used up ones discarded by the central cabinet. She grimaced at the smell, but was impressed by the number – she must have sucked him off a *lot*, or given him a lot of handjobs. Looking at the cabinet made a darkness rise up, memories of being trapped and tormented, violated and hurt. But that was just videos of the other girl, not her – he would never do anything like that to her, his precious one, would he?

Then she saw herself in a mirror and shuddered. She was a mess! She must have spent all night tossing and turning in her fever-dream, her hair a crazed tangle, makeup smeared over her face. She must have re-done it at some point last night, as the lipstick on the roll was a different tint to what had been on her own lips, worn away to nothing.

The bathroom door slid open, allowing her access and she started the shower. The water stabbed at her, bitterly cold, but mercifully warmed up fast, until she was bathed in thick steam. She scrubbed at herself, wiping away the grime and tiredness, pleased with her progress. Even if she couldn't remember it, then it sounded as though he was pleased with her and wanted to see her again! If it wasn't for the damn belt, then she might actually be able to get properly fucked for a

change! Having to wash herself wasn't as nice as having that girl tend to her needs, but hot water was still pleasing.

She towelled herself dry then stepped outside, looking at the mess of the room. There must be a projector hidden somewhere, and they'd spent the night cuddling and watching the previous occupant getting what she deserved. And then she'd gotten off her face! Dammit, but at least it had been because of his gifts – she might be able to make him feel guilt, get some more gifts from him. But the messiness gave her an idea, and she went into the closet, scrolling along to the appropriate outfit. It would be better suited to that girl, far more subservient than Sophia was, but she looked damn good in it!

The maid outfit was almost actual clothing, but the skirt was too short, the petticoats doing little more than draw attention to her legs and ass (and the metal sealing her cunt away), the front low enough that her pierced nipples were almost on display. But she looked damn good! She posed in front of the mirror, bending to thrust her butt out, twisting so both her breasts and butt were on display at the same time. This should get his attention!

Her phone was on a charge-plate, battery now topped off. She looked at the date – that couldn't be right, it was a Thursday. She'd only been here two days, hadn't she, since Friday? And then her piercings had been on the weekend. The phone must be wrong, she couldn't have missed most of a week!

She flounced her hair, trying to make it look attractively tousled, picking up the trash with a disapproving look and taking a picture, making sure it was angled to show down her cleavage. She looked around for a bin, a cupboard popping open to show a garbage chute. It took longer to photograph herself cleaning than it did to actually do the work, and she made sure to show the chastity belt, peeking out from beneath the white fluff of the petticoats. Tease him a little, show him what he was missing out on, and maybe the damn thing would get taken off sooner – just one decent pounding couldn't hurt,

surely? Enough to get her off just once, and then she could put the belt back on to recover. But she was so damn horny!

I didn't expect to be your maid! You should come back and inspect my work. She sent the best of the pictures; her, a coquettish smile on her face, holding out a greasy plastic tub, just above the bin.

Thanks, doll! It's mostly your mess from last night, tbh. Good job cleaning, although I'd have to punish you if it's not perfect – put you over my knee and give you a good spanking if there's anything wrong.

That made her shiver and squirm, just from the thought of the impact of a hand on her body, slapping her butt. She'd never been spanked before, but if it got her out of the damn belt, she'd willingly accept it, and the thought of the pain was strangely invigorating. She checked the surfaces, the gleaming metal spotted with grease. Another drawer opened, revealing cleaning supplies and she started wiping, making sure it was spotless. After, of course, posing some more, pushing her breasts against the surface and taking more pictures.

Have I been a bad girl then? She struck a pose of innocence, finger in her mouth, eyes wide. *Do I need punishment?*

Careful what you wish for, doll! But I've made an appointment for you to get fitted, some special kit, just for you. No spoilers though, you'll have to wait until it's made. Should fit like a glove ^ _ ^

Well, that was promising. Something made just for her? The dresses and clothing here were all good fits considering they were built for someone else, but a fitting meant it would be just for here, as a special gift. But she couldn't go out like this! She took another picture, bending all the way over so the skirt lifted up, revealing the band of metal between her legs. *I've been naughty, I think I need a spanking!*

You need a lot more than that, doll. But work calls, so keep yourself busy, and I'll tend to you later. But you deserve some food for the pics.

It looked like the belt wasn't coming off anytime soon, then. But a drawer popped open, dispensing another bowl of paste. She sighed and wolfed the stuff down, then went to change again. She had no idea where this "fitting" was, but it would probably be a high-end boutique, keenly attentive staff measuring her, making something just for her. Maybe several dresses, although hopefully without integrated buttplugs this time!

She picked out a short and tight black skirt and a long-sleeved top, just about showing the ends of her bracelets beneath the cuffs. Some strappy heels, jewellery and large sunglasses completed the look – she definitely couldn't be mistaken for an office-worker now, clearly a sexy and wealthy woman of influence. She tugged the skirt down, making sure her chastity belt couldn't be seen, undoing an extra button so that lacey trim of her bra could be seen, checking her makeup again. Her legs still felt strangely weak, but that must be the aftereffects of the painkillers and booze. She'd have to make sure not to do that again – if it made her sick, throwing up everywhere was definitely not sexy!

She approached the door, which refused to open until she pressed right up against, almost having to grind against the metal surface. It felt strange and disorientating being outside, the spaces too large, sun too bright, even with the sunglasses on, and for a moment she wanted to head back inside. But the attention she drew from other people, men especially, was entertaining, fucking her with their eyes. The address given was a short walk, towards some old warehouses, now all fancy boutiques and artisans. She shivered in anticipation, wondering what her gift would be. She deserved it, after all – maybe more jewellery, or dresses? A car would be nice, but that didn't require a personal fitting.

She walked past the receptionist, confident enough not to bother talking to him, heading up the stairs. He started to say something, then went silent; she must look the part of a wealthy patron of the crafters here, not needing any introduction. The instructions on the phone were simple to

follow, leading her to a frosted glass door, marked with a mask symbol, mouth contorted in a silent scream. It hissed open at her approach, cool air wicking out, making her uncovered skin crawl for a moment. Inside, it was poorly lit, a few flickering neon bulbs illuminating bare brickwork. The door shut behind her, locking her in.

‘Be with you in a sec!’ A voice came from a speaker on the wall. A few minutes later, another door opened, admitting a young woman. She was wearing a tight white latex dress marked with a red cross between her breasts, the effect slightly undercut by a few grease-stains across her petite chest and over her arms. Short brown hair and large glasses made for a very mixed image, awkwardly between ‘fetish nurse’ and ‘tousled nerd’. She looked at Sophia.

‘You must be the 11 ‘o’clock? Come this way.’

Sophia was led into a larger room, two stories deep. Ahead of her, suspended by a chain from the ceiling, there was a statue of black plastic, an obviously female silhouette from the breasts and hips, but with their arms straight down by their sides. The mouth was a black hole, cut deep into the material, looking slightly wet. Modern art had never really been her thing – it was probably representative of “society” or something. Down below, various tech was running, 3D printers whirring and spinning, plastic shaping itself. The girl walked ahead of her, tight latex showing off her butt, faint shape of something between her cheeks – was she wearing a buttplug? They moved through the workspace, their heels clinking on the metal floor, before stepping into a side room.

‘Now, Sarah, this should be fairly quick.’

‘I’m Sophia.’

The girl pulled out a tablet, flicking through options, then twisted it around to show Sophia. It was a picture of a driving licence, with her picture on, but the wrong name, date of birth and address. ‘I’m only authorised to take measurements for this person. Is that you?’

‘Well, yes, but...’

‘Good. Now, you’ve already read through everything, so you should know the process. This part is fairly straightforward, although I will require you to be naked. Although I like that outfit, you look great!’ She smiled at Sophia, who smiled back, always happy to accept any compliment. If she just cleaned herself up a bit, the girl could be quite attractive herself, but the smuts of grease on her face and dress, and those almost absurdly large glasses, were definitely detracting from her attractiveness. She pulled on some disposable gloves then leant in, far too close, carefully removing Sophia’s sunglasses and looking into her eyes, a hand running down her cheek. ‘Yes, you should be an excellent fit for this, if you’ll pardon the pun.’

Memories of being wrapped in latex herself stirred her again, and she pushed her thighs together, trying to quell the arousal welling up inside her. Maybe they could remove the belt here?

‘Now, let’s get those clothes off!’ A hand reached out and started to unbutton her shirt. ‘That bra is lovely, I like all the lace. I like the feel of this stuff, but it does get a bit samey sometimes.’ She gestured at her own white dress, tugging at it, material snapping back into place when she let it go. ‘Now, come on. Sooner this is done, the sooner we can get everything made and get you processed.’

Sophia undressed, her clothing scant enough it didn’t take long to remove. Soon she was utterly naked but for the chastity belt, the flush of her shame from showing it countering the slight pricking chill of the air conditioning. The girl flicked the metal. ‘Don’t sorry about that, I’ll make the appropriate adjustments to the measurements. Hang on a sec though, let me put this on first.’ She reached around to a printer, pulling off several squares and pushing one against Sophia’s skin, just beneath the navel, then wiping it with a wet cloth. When she removed it, a QR code and some text were on her skin, stark and black.

‘Don’t worry, it’ll rub off in a few days. Unless you want it permanent? Sometimes it’s useful to be tracked without a face.’ She took a scanner-gun and swiped it over the mark,

then stepped behind Sophia and applied another one, at the base of her spine. ‘Makes it easier to keep tags on you when you’re processed and stuff. Now, up here, and follow the instructions.’ She took Sophia’s hand, guiding her onto a raised metal dais, between two metal panels. ‘Arms by your body at first.’

Motors whirled into life, the panels starting to move. Lasers danced out, swiping over her body. ‘Try to stay relaxed, if you’re too tense, then it’ll be a tight squeeze! Now, eyes shut, mouth open.’

She just had time to close her eyes as lasers swept over her face, obediently opening her mouth. Was this measuring her entire body? What clothing would it make? Or was it a sculpture of herself, her beauty preserved forever in a 3D-printed statue? She was ordered through a number of different poses – arms out, squatting, curled into the foetal position, some decidedly erotic, bent over and spreading her legs or playing with her breasts, although the damn belt stopped her doing anything.

Throughout it all, machines buzzed and chuntered, doing whatever they needed to do. Eventually, the panels stopped moving, lasers ceasing, and Sophia settled back down onto her heels. The girl approached, something black and rubbery in her hands. ‘We can’t take full internal measurements with that belt on, but if you could open your mouth for this?’

A rubber bulb was inserted into Sophia’s mouth, and then the girl squeezed a bulb, inflating it. It went from “slightly uncomfortable” to “completely filling her mouth” in just a few puffs, bringing back uncomfortable memories of the various devices that had been used to block her mouth, or force it open, before. It forced her tongue down, the girl tapping it a few times, another puff of air making her jaw ache and strain, managing a groan of protest, even if it was barely audible. It was left in place as the girl entered measurements into the computer, then came back, the thing suddenly shrinking down before being removed.

‘Very good. Just a moment.’ Numbers flickered and flashed on the screen, although Sophia had no idea what they

meant, or even what units they were in. She reached out with a marker pen, marking two ticks onto Sophia's belly.

‘Hey!’ Sophia grabbed her wrist.

‘Oops, sorry, force of habit. I’m used to dealing with meat, so it’s easier to mark the stages on directly.’ She took the scanner again and swiped it over Sophia’s QR code. ‘That’s you registered, any preferences for colour? I think something darker for you, maybe? That gold would look lovely against black, or a deep scarlet. I like the collar, that’s going to make things easier as well, nice and strong for tethering.’

Sophia stroked it, the solid weight of the metal reassuring her. ‘I think black would look best. And tight.’

‘Oh yes, it will definitely be tight, you certainly have the figure to be very well displayed. These are going to look fantastic in place.’ She tapped one of the nipple-rings. ‘When displayed, of course, the usual range of accessories will be provided. Everything needed.’ She moved in close, gloved hands lightly touching Sophia’s body, feeling her flesh. ‘Yes, you have an excellent body, you’re going to look great when finished.’ Her hand drifted down, tapping against the chastity belt. ‘A shame I can’t take internal measurements, but I can estimate well enough.’ She groped Sophia’s breasts, utterly unashamed. ‘Oh yes, these will look beautiful! So many simply think bigger is better, but a slender physique is far more artistic, I feel. Don’t worry, Sarah, I think you will be one of my best jobs.’

The girl was so enthusiastic it was hard to take offense at the casual physical contact, and getting her name wrong, especially with the promise of being made even more beautiful. And accessories as well! Hopefully not anything to be inserted quite so painfully into her body, or that would require her mouth locked open, or her pussy sealed again. Maybe earrings, or some chains to wind through her hair? Or gems. He was clearly willing to go to quite the expense on her behalf – a custom-made dress, sleek, dark and alluring, cut to fit her, and only her. She smiled, savouring the anticipation. Something to wear to that sex club, except she wouldn’t be forced to drink cum this time, she’d be the one in charge. If

that guard were still there, then subject her to some torments, strip her naked and toss her to the guests, make her beg for mercy.

She shook her head, jerking herself out of the fantasy, the girl stepping back, giving her enough space to dress. The girl turned to her machines, happily mumbling and whistling to herself as she typed away. 'If you could try and make sure not to eat or drink too much until delivery? Afterwards it won't matter as much, but I've been instructed to make the fit *very* precise, so even a little extra, uh, podge could be a problem.'

The girl was so cheery it was hard to be offended, even if it did seem a little rude. 'Of course. I'll be careful.'

'Thanks! This is a big opportunity for me, and I wouldn't want to get in any trouble for getting it wrong. I should show you out, shouldn't I? Don't worry, everything will be done. Although we are a little behind on orders. I'll see that this is rushed up the queue though; for something this important, I'm sure I can push some other things back.'

Sophia smiled, always glad to be treated as a priority. She followed the girl back outside, up the stairs and past that strange suspended statue, bland and featureless. Some more work had been done on it, tubes now pushed where the crotch and anus would be. The mouth-hole looked slightly darker, as though slick with dribble. She shrugged – these artisans always seem to have such odd tastes and displays, surely she should have some of her own work on display, a fabulous dress or something, rather than a blandly anonymous statue? Maybe it was some famous sculptor or something? But she was definitely a strange one, still chattering away as she walked Sophia to the door, letting her out.

Chapter Thirteen: Final Sun

It was still a bright, sunny summer day, although the bright light and open spaces made her feel nervous and exposed, wanting to stay close to walls and in the shadows. She had no money, no way to buy anything. She tried flicking through the phone apps, to see if there was anything on there she could use, any form of contactless payment, but there was nothing. If she had to watch her intake in order to fit whatever was being created for her, then she probably shouldn't anyway, but she wanted to. She passed a cake shop, looking at the window, filled with slices of sugar and icing and sponge, glorious creations to look at, never mind eat! And all she'd had in the last few days had been food-paste! It was probably good for the figure, but why did it always taste like cum?

She managed to tear herself away, trying not to drool. The lack of food wasn't as bad as the lack of sex, but it was still frustrating! Would it kill him to take her out somewhere nice? There had been the Chinese takeaway, but she couldn't remember any of that, so it didn't count. Other than that, it had just been that awful food-paste stuff. A memory surfaced, the sensation of eating dry powder, her throat parched and painful. That had just been the video of the previous occupant they'd watched together, she'd never been subjected to anything that harsh. She was even being protected! Although she really would rather have the ability to remove the chastity belt herself, and to enjoy a good, solid fucking again, when she wanted to rather than needing permission.

Watching that video had given her a few ideas as to what could be done to that masseuse in a future session. That cool, expressionless face would be far better contorted in pain, her smooth skin marked with welts and lashes, lips contorted around a fat gag, blubbering for a release Sophia wouldn't grant. That would be suitable payback! She noticed a waiter checking her out, staring back until he scuttled off in submission. A boy-toy would be nice as well – her benefactor surely wouldn't mind her having a fuck-toy of her own? She probably wouldn't even let him cum, just tease him, make him

beg and scrape, binding his cock behind metal. She tensed her thighs, feeling the warm metal still locked there, and growled.

A waiter gestured at her, inviting her inside, but she had no money, or anything to do. There wasn't even anywhere she could get a drink without paying, there was nothing she could do by herself. Her throat was dry, and she was getting hungry, so she had little choice but to return to the apartment. Heading up in the lift was like travelling to another world, one higher and better, limited and exclusive, the people in the streets shrinking into dully anonymous blobs, while she was elevated, raised to a better place. She approached the door with a confident stride, having to abruptly stop when it didn't open for her. She stood there awkwardly, tapping at the blank surface, waving the phone about. It finally opened, letting her in, before locking shut behind her.

Inside, she relaxed slightly, feeling a strange comfort from being inside.

Digging the 'maid' look, doll. You should do the cleaning like that every day! Saw that you've been to the fitting, when it's made you're going to look great on display.

She messaged back. *I know I have to watch my diet, but could I have some real food?*

Heh, not a fan of paste? It'll keep you nice and trim. But maybe one treat couldn't hurt. As long as you earn it. Now, what should a sweet little maid do to earn a treat from her master?

She curtsied, although her skirt was far too tight to allow it to be lifted without showing off her chastity belt. She quickly changed out of her 'normal' clothing, putting the maid outfit back on, now able to properly play the part, posing for the camera.

'Oh, please master, let me have a treat. I've been such a good girl.' She posed and preened, slowly rotating to show her body off. 'I'm sure I can give my master a treat of his own, should he deign to visit his manor and the lonely, lusty maid he's abandoned.' If she hadn't been wearing the belt, then she

would have been playing with herself, but the damn metal prevented that.

You wear it well, doll. But I thought you wanted to be a priestess? Let's see how good you are at worship. If you can be reverent enough, then your god will reward you. Got an outfit just for you – bit of a rush job, but should be close enough.

Intrigued, she went to the wardrobe, where there was a light shining down on a new costume, still in a clear plastic bag. She gasped in delight – it was cut from linen, bright white fabric sparkling under electric light. The maid's outfit was quick to be dumped to the floor, as she changed again. This wasn't as tight as latex, not clinging to her body like a second skin, but it still looked fantastic, strips of cloth over each breast leaving a diamond of skin between and beneath, showing off the gold piercing through her navel, bumps visible on each nipple from those piercings. The dress wasn't as sluttilly short as the maid outfit, but she could still easily tug it upwards to show her other gold, at least once she was healed and allowed out of the bloody belt. And it *shone*, the sheer white fabric having a lustre of its own – combined with her golden bracelets, anklets and necklace, she looked majestic and powerful. Now all she needed was a few servants of her own to use and abuse, that girl crawling at her feet, some strapping young man grovelling and begging her for release!

She moved over to the nearest panel, turning to show it off – it was backless as well, exposing yet more of her skin to be loved and adored. She pushed her palms together in front of herself, smirking at the panel. 'Does a god require worship?' She leant in, slowly licking her lips. 'This priestess offers the service of her worshipful mouth and body.'

Wow, doll, you make that work for you! Let's see how good you are at worship. Never played with a priestess before!

She couldn't resist giggling. 'Oh, so you've had maids, nuns and schoolgirls, but never a priestess?'

Ngl, doll, but you're a whole bag of surprises. But your god demands worship!

She returned to the main room, where text was being projected onto the screen. A draw had opened up, revealing the bottle of vodka, some finger chimes and other touristy knick-nacks, as well as lots of candles, mostly fat and wide, designed to burn for a long time. They were a bit out of keeping with the otherwise smooth and impersonal apartment, the first sign of any personal life she had seen.

A worshipful priestess gets to stay in the sunlight and gets rewarded with food. An impious priestess, distracted by her lustful thoughts, will be plunged into darkness and pain.

She made herself look serious. ‘Yes, my lord. This one shall give her most respectful worship.’ She poured a shot of vodka, tipping it down her front, making the material clingingly transparent before drinking one down. ‘I offer myself to you, body and soul.’ She took another shot and drank it, the stuff burning into her empty stomach. ‘How should I offer my worship?’

A snippet of text appeared on the projector screen: *Dabo tibi res fraudi mea stultitia est.*

Your lord commands you to stand and face the sunlight, arms extended. The prayer shall be repeated 30 times, along with counting the number each time and chiming the count. Failure shall be punished harshly. First, light the candles

She recited the text under her breath as she lit the candles, dozens of the damn things, covering most of the cabinet top, then turned to face the window. From up here, bathed in the golden sunlight, looking down on the city, she really did feel like a priestess, powerful and commanding. She held herself a little straighter, wondering what her reward would be, enjoying the warmth of the sun on her skin.

‘Dabo tibi res fraudi mea stultitia est. I pray once.’ She knocked the finger-chimes together. The necklace felt warm and soothing, until something on the inside pricked her. She yelped, feeling a soft warmth blossom from her neck, a strangely soothing numbness spreading through her body. She shifted, half-turning, and a disappointed buzzing sounded. She immediately turned back around, and repeated the prayer, this

time chiming twice. She began to settle into her role, smiling, feeling her own confidence grow.

Lust started to coil within her and she felt her juices slicking against the chastity belt. Soon, when she was healed, then she would punish that girl, and be able to have a lover herself! She knocked the chimes together again, opening her eyes and looking down on the sun-kissed buildings. Yes, soon she would be free again, able to torment that girl and get the good, hard fucking she so truly deserved.

The disappointed buzzing rang again. She turned – she hadn't done anything wrong! The window tinted itself slightly darker, shadows darkening.

The prayers of the priestess are incorrect. She shall now punish herself.

‘But, I got it right! Please don't punish me!’ She couldn't stop a quaver of fear coming into her voice, the encroaching darkness making her feel afraid, memories of suffering writhing inside her.

Learn the prayer, or be punished.

She obeyed the instruction, glancing at the text of the prayer: ‘Dabi tibo res mea fraudi est stultitia.’ That was different, wasn't it? Or had she somehow mis-remembered? She turned away, looking out through the windows again, now slightly darkened rather than clear. She prayed again, ringing the chimes three times.

The windows darkened, buzzing sounding. *Start from one, priestess!*

This time she managed to get as high as five before making a mistake. By now, the candles were burning smoothly, molten wells of liquid wax having forming beneath the flames, enough heat she could feel it against her bare back. The windows were noticeably darker, making it seem like early evening, rather than bright daytime.

She started again, more slowly now, being careful with the pronunciation, even performing a little bit, waving her hands and hips. She must have messed up a few times, as the

windows darkened again to an evening tint, the room starting to vanish into shadows, but eventually she completed it, feeling strangely tired from the effort.

You may yet be worthy. Would you like to fly?

She didn't hesitate before answering, happily agreeing. Maybe a helicopter flight? Finally somewhere exotic, or at least expensive. There was a rattle from above, chains dropping down, one almost hitting her, each ending with a padded cuff. *Time for something new. Strip and bind yourself.*

There was a flash of pain from her pierced cunt; hopefully this would be less painful than her previous gift! But she took the dress off with a slight sting of regret, carefully folding it, then wrapped the cuffs about her wrists first, then her ankles. She was pulled upwards, world shifting as she was hauled by her ankles first, then the chains at her wrists shortening, suspended her over the cabinet. She could feel the heat from the candles beneath her, trying to pull herself up, away from the danger.

The chains clanked and she dropped slightly, heat intensifying, windows getting just a little darker, the outside world just a little more distant. There was no hope of any control of her body now, beyond tensing her arms and legs.

You give, so that I may receive. You are mine, until I bore of you and find another.

'I worship and adore my master, the lord of all.' She was raised higher, the heat lessening, flames a safer distance away now. Half-remembered snatches of prayers and Sunday school tickled her memory. 'He provides succour and rest, he forgives my trespasses and protects me. He has lifted me high.' She tried not to giggle, feeling very light-headed. 'He shall punish me if I err, and bless me when I succeed. For him, I shall give all that I am, all that I have.'

As she spoke, the window darkened, like an accelerated nightfall as the light faded and vanished, until she was suspended above an endless black void, the candles reflecting in the opaque glass, looking like a river of fire beneath her, liquid wax gleaming.

Words appeared, even the bland electric font seeming quasi-divine in the flickering candlelight. *You look more like a sacrifice now!* In the reflection, Sophia could see herself, body shining with sweat and reflected candlelight, limbs splayed out, utterly defenceless above the candles, gold shining with reflected candlelight. *Give unto me your dreams. What do you desire to be?*

A fantasy rose in her mind - loyal servants watching her, the men clearly aroused, wondering who she would pick as her consort, knowing most would be denied. Calling her favourites to attend to her, ordering them to stroke, oil and massage her, their manhoods locked away behind metal to which she alone held the key, denied and frustrated, dependent upon her for any release.

Strong hands would caress and fondle her body, the most honoured of them kneeling at her feet, begging to be allowed to eat her out, as she took hold of his hair, dragging him in, riding his face and smearing her juices over him. Unlocking his belt to reveal him fully erect, running her stockinged feet over his swollen cock, making him twitch and beg, any dignity lost in his rampant lust. After he came, tainting her clothing, then she called upon the girl, the masseuse, who was dragged in on all fours, chains clanking, body marked with welts and lash-marks, made to clean off the cum with her tongue before Sophia pressed her head down with a sharp-heeled shoe.

She was worshipped and adored, granting favours only when she wished, the girl squirming in frustrated denial, whimpering in agony as Sophia lashed her, or tipped burning wax across her breasts and thighs, mumbling pitiful cries for forgiveness through a gagged mouth. And behind her, hidden in glory, her god (she almost said “benefactor”, before catching herself), supporting her, and being given all the sweetness and favours she could bestow. She would kiss him and love him, worship his cock, even drink his cum.

She closed her eyes, drifting into the sweet fantasy, imaging herself, not powerlessly suspended in the air, but reclining on a golden couch, being fed grapes by a slave, a goblet of wine in hand. This is what she wanted, to be loved

and adored, with obedient servants waiting upon her, everything she desired at her command, wreathed in wealth and luxury. Being suspended in the air only fuelled this further, raising her above mundane concerns; all she could feel was her own weight on her wrists and ankles, sweat beading and trickling down her chest, and the heat from the candles, currently distant enough to be hot and passionate rather than burning.

Her words trailed off, her lust now burning inside of her, as she imagined hands touching her, cupping her breasts, a tongue licking sweat off her body, kissing her navel, her thighs. Even with the belt still locked on, she could feel arousal building, trying to grind herself against empty air, desperately seeking release.

Pain suddenly seared her body as she dropped closer to the candles, pricking stabs of heat jerking her from her pleasurable fantasy. It was impossible to hold herself in such a way as to avoid pain, some part of her body always too close to the heat.

Nice fantasy, doll. But you're asking a lot. I want to hear you give worship or face the flames. She was dropped just a little lower, whimpering in pain as her skin started to burn, the metal piercing her nipples conducting the heat fastest.

'I give myself to you, entirely and utterly!' That stopped her descent, although she was still low enough to feel her skin burning. 'I am your dedicated servant!' She was raised slightly, the heat lessening. A droplet of sweat fell from her body, splashing into a pool of wax.

Very good. Keep it up until the dawn, and then I might accept you.

She glanced out of the window, but it was impossible to tell the time. How long had she been suspended for? Was it even night-time yet? A sudden loosening of the chains, dropping her again, and she started to pray, worshipping her benefactor, her master, her owner, her god, a fervour born of fear and pain.

Whenever she faltered or slowed, then she was lowered, pain quickly lending passion to her words. Even when her

tongue grew slow and dry, she forced herself to keep talking, suspended in the darkness, feeling herself grow delirious, from dehydration and panic, her entire world nothing but her tender flesh and the vicious, stabbing flames below. Surely he must see her devotion, her love? And surely he would reward her as she deserved! Her prayers changed to soft mumbles as she weakened, warning snaps of electricity through her necklace keeping her awake. Time slipped and warped, her words slipping to mumbling and mush, her sinking from exhaustion. As her mind went black and blank, the candles beneath her were starting to gutter out, pools of wax spreading over the table.

She was lowered, blubbering slightly in fear, but the candles were burning low. She had no strength left to arc herself away, hot wax on her skin as her body fell onto them, extinguishing the last few still burning. A soft and warm light crept through the windows, as the blackness faded, a touch of sunlight being permitted into the room. She was still babbling prayers and worship, even as she felt the wax drying on her skin. Twisting and writhing, with her limbs chained to the ceiling, all she could do was limply flail against the surface. As the light warmed her body, she finally gave up, falling into her own personal darkness.

Chapter Fourteen: A Slave by Any Other Name...

It was twilight-dim when she woke, the windows now admitting some light, but it was impossible to tell the real time. She twitched and groaned, her stomach and breasts sore and burnt, wax flaking off her body. Chains clinked, still cuffed around her limbs, meaning she couldn't move, until they released their grip and dropped her, retracting into the ceiling. She sank down, feeling the wax beneath her, eventually stirring as the fog cleared from her brain. Peeling herself off the table took time, although there was a strange pleasure in how the wax flaked off her body, like an entire-body caress. It was less binding than the latex, her skin regaining sensation as it shredded off.

She managed to stand, legs shaking and weak – the table was a mess, a riot of different coloured wax melting together, more having dripped to the ground. It was pretty much the only sign of life, other than herself, she had seen here. The food drawer clicked open, and she accepted the bowl of paste with a sigh, glad of the nutrition and liquid. Her body was dirty, both with wax and dried sweat, so she entered the shower.

The shower door locked behind her, and the water started before she'd even pressed anything. Chill needles of water cut at her, making her whimper in pain and try to hide in the corner, until hot water started flowing. She slowly cleaned herself, making sure to remove every fragment of wax, playing with her breasts, then trying to angle the showerhead into her belt, hoping to gain stimulation that way. The slit was too narrow, the water uselessly drumming against the metal, leaving her just as frustrated as before, but at least she was clean now.

The bathroom cabinet was locked, meaning she couldn't apply any makeup, and had to settle for brushing her hair with her fingers – there was even wax in her *hair*, stray beads and blobs requiring teasing out. She blew a kiss at the mirror to

reassure herself that she looked tousled and cute rather than tired and ugly, leaning back to admire the gold pierced through her breasts, feeling the ring in her navel, shifting her belt to feel the ring piercing her clit. It felt less sore now – surely it must be almost healed, and time for her to be released? She ran fingers around the edge, trying to slip into the metal, growling in irritation. Just a single orgasm! That wasn't too much to ask, was it?

She only had two outfits available, the maid or the priestess. She looked at the mess of the table, sighed, and put on the maid outfit.

Like you read my mind, doll. You made quite a mess yesterday! Make it gleam.

She curtsied, being sure to lift the skirt high enough to show off her chastity belt. 'This one shall serve, my lord. But perhaps this one might be permitted to remove her belt? Then she could service her lord with her pussy?' God, she was so horny! Just one fucking, *please*, before she went crazy with lust.

I like your eagerness, doll, but have to defer to the expert on that one.

She set to work, scraping the wax off the surface, which was fortunately hard enough that she didn't scratch it as she went. She pulled all the wax into a single pile, scraping it into her food bowl and then tipping it into the bin. The air was still heavy with the smell of melted wax, and her own sweat and lust – she tried opening a window, but there were no hinges, nor could she control the AC. The bed was still retracted, visible only as thin lines in the wall – there was no control mechanism she could see for it, meaning the bedroom was now empty and bare except for the box of sex toys, and with the belt, those were useless! She looked at a vibrator with irritation, wondering how long it would be until she would be allowed to stick anything into her pussy.

As she cleaned up, the room darkened further – was it truly night-time, or simply the windows tinting further? She had no sense of time anymore, body-clock destroyed and her eating

entirely ad-hoc, severed from the real world. By the time she was done, everything faded into the low light, the walls almost invisible. She managed to fumble her way towards a wall, feeling her way into the kitchen area, waving her hands beneath the tap, trying to draw forth water.

Nothing came out, forcing her to fumble back around to the bedroom, then the wardrobe. The bowl attached to the floor was filled with water, and she knelt to lap at it, slaking her thirst. She looked with longing at the costumes, trying to scroll through them, the device jammed again. She could see some of the evening gowns, just out of reach. Those would be far more fitting to someone in her position, surely? Although for more casual relaxation, then maybe some of the chic tight skirts and blouses, to show off her legs and breasts. She was tempted to change back into the “priestess”, but she wasn’t sure if she was worthy, and didn’t want to risk further punishment.

She went to the window, pressing against it, trying to peer out and guess the time of day. It was virtually opaque – she couldn’t see anything, not even the neighbouring buildings. She tried to imagine herself as powerful and looking down on all the other people, petty and unimportant, but such a fantasy seemed dim at the moment. Although there was whatever beautiful thing was being crafted for her by that girl! That would surely be a magnificent thing – would it be a latex dominatrix dress, gleaming and threatening? Or something more esoteric, the priestess outfit but even more regal?

There was a click from the front room, harshly discordant in the silence. She went into the front room, to find the masseuse standing there, face as carefully blank as always, wearing a light coat slightly splashed with rain, some white material peeking out from beneath. She was carrying a duffel bag, the top open to reveal a variety of BDSM implements, a leather whip coiled on top.

She stepped up close to Sophia, far too close, pressing her body up against Sophia’s, slightly wet. ‘I must inspect Madam’s body. To ensure that she has not been interfering with herself.’

Sophia tried to stare her down, but the girl's glare was fierce and unrelenting, making her look away.

‘Madam must strip, so she can be inspected.’

Sophia glanced at the panel, hoping for some backup. Although if she was checked, and found to be healed, then she might be able to get the belt off. The girl moved even closer, forcing Sophia to step back. ‘Is Madam being disobedient?’

Sophia's eyes dropped, seeing the heavy whip again, the end looking ominously wet and dark. The girl gave her a disconcerting grin. ‘This one has been serving another, who was being wilful. Now, Madam *must strip*.’ She moved towards Sophia again, who flinched and stepped back. That whip looked thick and heavy, enough to strip flesh and leave bleeding meat behind. The bag was dropped, a hand grasping at Sophia's outfit, making her retreat again, but already pulling it off. She felt suddenly ashamed of her nakedness, huddling up and crossing arms over her chest. The girl shook her head, and Sophia slowly, uneasily, lowered her arms to her side. She tried to assert herself, regain some authority, as the girl put on disposable gloves.

‘I demand you... mph!’

A hand was shoved into her mouth, fingers gripping her tongue. The girl's other hand grabbed her wrist, surprisingly strong as she pushed Sophia back, until she bumped against the cabinet. The fingers tugged on her tongue, feeling the piercing, spreading wide and making Sophia burble unintelligibly. She tried to move a hand, the girl's grip unmoving, too strong to shift. Sophia used her other hand, trying to slap the girl. Instead, her strike was dodged, and the girl retaliated, spinning Sophia around and bending her over the cabinet, taking her arms and spreading them. She was cuffed to the cabinet, breasts squashed against the surface.

She struggled, the cuff-chains snapping taut. ‘Hey! Let me go!’ Hands grasped one ankle, pulling it to the side and cuffing it in place, then repeating the process with the other, so she was completely restrained, legs spread. She kicked, trying

to break free, without success. 'I don't want this! I order you to stop!'

The voice came from out of sight, cold and emotionless, accompanied by the sinister squelch of lubricant being squirted. 'Madam must be examined. Whether she wishes it or not.' Fingers pinched the skin of her back. 'Will Madam be silent and obedient, or does she need to be gagged?'

Sophia didn't say anything. She was pinched again, even harder this time as the question was repeated. 'Will Madam be silent, or does she need to be gagged? Command this one.'

'Silent! Please, don't gag me.' She couldn't keep her tone commanding, trying not to sound like she was begging too much.

The pinch become a stroke, plastic-covered hands rubbing something into her skin, slippery-smooth. 'Madam is wise.' A hand grabbed her hair, painfully tugging her head back. 'And Madam will obey her own instruction, or she shall be punished. Correct?'

Her neck ached from being bent backwards, but she managed to gasp out words. 'Yes!' Her head was let go, almost smashing her head against the surface as it fell forward.

'Very good, madam.'

Hands reached underneath her, feeling her breasts, cupping the flesh, squeezing them, probing the embedded metal. There was a strange tugging sensation, and the metal was removed. Sophia whined, unhappy at the thought of them being taken – what if they weren't replaced – but was ignored.

Then there was a release of pressure as the belt was removed. Hands felt her buttocks, then started to caress the edges of her slit. Sophia bit her lip, trying not to gasp. It took little encouragement before she was wet, two fingers easily sliding into her. She tried grinding her hips, just a little, feeling them shift inside her. It wasn't as good as a cock, but at this point, she would take whatever she could get. The fingers felt towards her clit, tugging at the ring, the manipulation of her

flesh stimulating and exciting her. The metal was twisted and pulled, the girl's breath tickling Sophia's skin.

‘If Madam cannot control herself, then the belt stays on.’

Sophia whined, desperately trying not to cum. It was so close now, a static fuzz inside her, calling to her, swelling up to consume her. Just a little more! A hand spanked her buttock, the sharp slap drawing her back. She bit her lip, choking back a whine of desperation, as the hand was withdrawn, leaving her aching and unfulfilled. Another sensation, soft and wet, threatened to tip her over again, as her sensitized flesh was kissed, tongue rubbing against her, just for a moment.

They her buttocks were spread wide, something thrusting into her anus. She grunted in surprise and pain, a shaft penetrating deep into her.

‘Madam should be polite, and thank her examiner.’

The thing felt massive, forcing her wide and open, stretching out her sphincter. ‘Tha... thank you.’ It was hard to think straight, or breath, with the intruder splitting her wide. What the hell was inside of her? The girl's entire arm?

‘Very good, madam.’ Another thrust went even deeper, blasting the air from Sophia's lungs.

Sophia couldn't speak, no air left in her lungs, only able to emit a wheezing squeak, as whatever the thing was slowly drawn out of her. She could feel her butthole slowly shrinking as the violator was removed. Fearful of it being thrust into her again, Sophia spoke. ‘I thank you.’

That got her a playful swat on the buttock. ‘Madam is too kind to this one. And Madam didn't lose control. For that, she shall be rewarded.’

Sophia whimpered, fearful of what the “reward” might be. In her current position, she couldn't twist and see, hopeful it didn't involve that brutal whip, rending her flesh. She heard a soft chinking sound, two hard materials meeting, and squirmed uncomfortably, hoping something wasn't going to strike her, or be inserted into her. Instead, her hands were released, for a moment, before being cuffed behind her.

‘This one cannot make Madam as beautiful as she deserves to be, and shall make her face perfect.’ A leather hood was gently placed against her face, her hair pulled up before strings were pulled tight, the material tight against her skin. Her ankles were also released, and she slowly turned, to find the girl holding a hand mirror, so Sophia could see herself. The leather was a creamy white, turning her face from a splotchy, tired mess into a coldly smooth thing, her hair spilling out of the top. Her eyes could be seen, and it didn’t cover her mouth, but it still looked a lot better than without it. The girl snapped the mirror shut, before taking her coat off, taking a seat on the kitchen cabinet, next to the sink.

She was holding a plate and fork. There was another plate on the floor in front of her, holding a slice of cake. She used a foot to gesture at the plate on the floor. ‘Madam may eat.’ She used her fork to take a slice of her own cake, seeming to savour the taste.

Sophia tried not to salivate, her stomach already making sounds. Real food! She dropped to her knees, crawling over and managing to take a bite. It was a soft, sweet sponge, dissolving on her tongue, sweetness, the faintest bite of lemon. Something tapped her on the head; the girl’s bare foot, lightly pressing down.

‘Madam should enjoy – she has earned it.’ The foot pressed a little harder, pushing Sophia’s head down onto the cake, a smut of cream ending up on Sophia’s nose, as she took a long lick of the stuff off the top, before taking another bite. With her hands bound behind her, Sophia had to eat the cake with her face, but she savoured the taste of it, the sweetness almost divine, compared to the bland mush of the food-paste. From above her, there was the gentle sound of the girl’s cake fork against her plate as she enjoyed it herself, finishing her slice before Sophia did.

While Sophia kept eating, the girl’s foot maintained a pressure on top of her head. When she was done, it lightly tapped her on the side of the face, before coming beneath Sophia’s chin, raising her head. She locked eyes with the girl,

wanting to look away but not daring to. ‘Madam will be polite to the one that bought her a gift, will she not?’

Sophia looked up, managing to restrain a hiss of distaste. She had been distracted by the cake, but she could see the girl’s outfit now – white linin and silks, sheer and gauzy, a similar style to her priestess attire. Her face was hidden behind a fabulous mask, ivory, gold and vivid emerald paint. This wasn’t right - Sophia was special, but this girl was just a fucktoy, a tool, an ornament!

The foot came in front of her face, pale skin, nails deep black, flesh soft and firm, lightly tapping against her cheek. ‘Madam is too kind, and may continue. Unless she wishes this one to report that Madam is not yet ready to be released?’

Sophia dipped her head forward, gently kissing the foot. She wriggled herself further forward, kissing the foot, the ankle, each of the toes, one by one. The girl had a musky scent, earthy and sexual, another shot of stimulation arcing through Sophia. She glanced upwards, seeing the girl’s bare pussy above her, an expectant smile on her face, lust, fear and hate mingling together inside of Sophia. She kept kissing the girl’s flesh, slowly moving upwards, from the ankle, then towards the knee, stretching up and kissing the upper leg, then moving towards the inner thigh. The girl reached forward and grabbed Sophia’s hair, pulling her in, a leg locking against the back of Sophia’s head, forcing Sophia’s head against her crotch. It was hard to hear properly, thigh-meat locked around her ears, but words trickled through.

‘This one accepts Madam’s gift.’

She’d never properly eaten out a girl before, as she licked and kissed at the bare pussy in front of her, tasting her fully, the flavour mingling with that of the cake, sweetness melting her brain. She tried to move her hands around to her front to touch herself, but the leg tightened around her, and she drew back. The hand gripped her hair tightly, tears forming in Sophia’s eyes, but she didn’t dare stop. Her senses were filled with the scent and taste of the woman, caught between her legs. A gasp of pleasure came from above, the grip relaxing,

Sophia being allowed to sink backwards. A smile crossed the girl's face.

‘Madam really is too kind.’ She leant forward and patted Sophia on the head, sliding off her perch, heading towards her bag. ‘And this one was looking forward to using this.’ She took out the whip, the leather snaking across the floor. She flicked her wrist, just slightly, the cord jerking to life, marking Sophia twitch in fear. The girl laughed, cruelty in her eyes. ‘Madam is a delight.’ Another flick of the wrist brought the thing close to Sophia, slithering against her knee. She squirmed, the slick arousal between her thighs contrasting with fear of the whip. ‘Follow.’ She glanced down at herself, seeing soft fuzz around her crotch. She’d been shaved clean, just a day or two ago. How had that regrown so fast?

Her thoughts were interrupted by a tut from the girl, and she crawled on her hands and knees, following the girl into the closet, through the dark bedroom. Here, the lights were low, the room in shadow, the full-length mirror seeming to stretch the room's dimensions strangely. The girl pointed in front of herself, Sophia taking up position there, kneeling on the floor, still horny and desperately wanting to be fucked. She ground her thighs together, even that slight stimulation feeling oh-so-good.

There was a small metal ring on the floor, probably used to tether the pet, when there had been one, a short chain connected to it. The girl knelt behind her, nuzzling her neck, kissing her back, feeling her breasts

‘Madam is improving. But must work harder.’ A hand dropped between Sophia's legs, tweaking her piercing, something metallic clicking against it. With her other hand, she took the chain and brought it forward. Metal snapped together, seeming gun-shot loud in the small room. The girl wiped her fingers against the leather of Sophia's face, as she looked down in disbelief – the chain was now padlocked to her clit, stretching the skin as she tried to pull back, pain spiking through her.

The girl stroked and soothed her again, soft and warm, as the lights clicked out, plunging them into darkness. ‘This one

should sooth Madam.’ Another sequence of kisses, trickling down her spine. Sophia tried moving, but was too fearful of straining herself to do more than slightly shift her balance. The warmth of the girl retreated, leaving her alone, before soft yellow light flickered into life, the girl lighting a candle. It cast strange shadows upon her face, the mask looking more malefic now, faceless and fearsome.

She bent over, released the cuffs that bound Sophia’s wrists. The candle drew close, heat pricking Sophia’s skin, fear and remembered pain surging inside of her. Then she stood, putting the candle on a cabinet and taking a crap. ‘Madam may feel herself. If she comes, she will be punished. If she stops, she will be punished. She must learn to savour her own body and pleasures. Begin.’

‘I order you to release me!’ Despite her words, her fingers were already probing herself, feeling how wet she was, desperate for release.

The crop tapped her on the shoulder. ‘This one must report if Madam is ready for her position. Would Madam wish to disappoint?’ Sophia shook her head, feeling her hair whisk along her bare back. ‘Then begin. If Madam climaxes, then she shall be sealed into her belt again.’

Sophia whimpered, as she started to stroke and caress herself. It felt so damn good, but she didn’t want to be locked away again! Having to pull back from the tempting fuzz, the allure of orgasm, was hard, but the girl behind her, shimmering and ghostly in the candlelight, was a reminder to not push herself too far. She shuffled forward, rising onto her haunches, one hand playing with herself, the other starting to rub her breasts. The piercings felt like part of her now, warmed by her body, giving herself something else to play with, stretching out her skin, taking pleasure in the gold tethered within her flesh.

The small room quickly warmed, her skin starting to shine with sweat, until the golden candlelight made her gleam herself, the bracelets, anklets and necklace even brighter. The crop played over her back and shoulders, gentle taps. She was gasping for breath, the faceless thing in the mirror panting and desperate. ‘Please. Please, please, let me...’ She couldn’t bring

herself to finish the sentence, fearful of punishment, the girl hard and unmoved behind her, face masked.

‘Madam must endure.’ Another tap of the crop, a bead of sweat flicking into the air. She leant forward, a nailed hand running down Sophia’s back, scratching and harsh, leaving furrows in flesh. Sophia whimpered again, as her hand was pulled from her crotch, moved towards her mouth. She licked her own fingers, sweat and pussy-juice mingling together. Another hand gripped her neck, squeezing hard.

‘Madam must learn to pace herself.’ A countdown timer appeared, projected on the wall, counting down from one thousand. ‘Madam may climax on 0. Earlier, or later, and she shall be punished.’ The grip squeezed harder, her vision starting to dim, before it was released.

It started to count down. It didn’t seem to be seconds, or her sense of time was even more damaged than she thought, the numbers wavering as she tried to focus. The light shifted behind her, as the girl took the candle, moving it close, making Sophia yelp as the flame drew close. Wax dribbled onto her back, making her twitch again, her clit stretching as she instinctively moved. Beneath the hood, Sophia could feel tears trickling down her face. But it was close now, so close...

The counter passed 400, and she shifted her other hand to her crotch, spreading herself wide, looking at herself in the mirror, sweat-slicked and shining, a faceless thing run through with gold, desired and sought after by all. 350. Almost, just a little further, please! After so long, and all she had endured, then an orgasm would be... She couldn’t even think of it, already lost in desire. 400. Her hands slowed, earning her a warning tap. That couldn’t be right. She blinked away sweat and tears, trying to focus on the counter, as wax splattered over her back again, making her whimper in pain.

Time was stretching and warping strangely, the counter stuttering and uneven as it counted down. She pulled her fingers away, panting in desperation, not wanting to come too soon. Another flick of the crop.

‘Does Madam not wish her reward?’ There was a soft metal rattle, the girl picking up the chastity belt.

Sophia forced herself to move her hands back to her crotch, the warm flesh still eager, but the orgasm was so close. 284. Was that seconds? She couldn’t hold out for that long, surely! 242. ‘Please, no. Not... Not... that!’ She was barely holding back, feeling her entire self centered on the searing sensation in her clit, the chain tugging at her. 267. Please, just a little longer!

The girl moved in close, her scent sweet and sharp, distinct from the sweat and sex coming from Sophia’s own body. 205. Breath tickled her ear, a wet tongue flicking out, even that slight sensation sending her spiralling further, making her whimper breathy denials. 198. Oh god, so close! A hand stroked her buttock, brushing against her anus, probing lightly at that entrance, but without penetrating. 196. ‘Please, no. Let me, please. Finish.’

‘Madam must endure.’ The candle was slid beneath her, heat scorching her butt, forcing her to raise herself uncomfortably, trying not to stretch her clit out. Hands grabbed her neck, applying pressure, her vision wavering, making it even harder to read the timer. 206. 193. 134. 154. 108. 107. 125. Numbers danced together, all out of order, meaningless haze. All she was aware of was the two faces in the mirror, one hidden behind white leather, the other behind an ornamental mask, and her own fingers slick and wet, inside of her. 20. Surely, this must be close enough now?

The hands on her neck gripped more tightly, fighting to breathe through the hands choking her. 31. She succumbed, feeling the orgasm rip through her, her body sagging, all thoughts gone from her mind, a drawn-out, keening whine escaping her lips. She sank down, sitting on the candle, putting it out, plunging it into darkness. She felt hands around her neck, strong and tight, the darkness without her rising up, even as the room vanished from view.

A hand reached between her legs, and she felt the pressure of the chain release itself, and then she sank backwards, and there was only darkness.

Chapter Fifteen: The Final Light, a Gas Light

She woke up, her mind feeling empty, light and fluffy. She could remember an orgasm ripping through her, mind-scouring blast of long-denied pleasure. She arched her back in remembrance, as other memories started to return. The girl, treating her like a slave, making her kiss and worship her foot, then trampling on her, making her eat food off the floor, tying her down and making her play with herself. Fear and the memory of pain rose up, as she twisted and wriggled, checking she could move.

She opened her eyes, hunching up in case of fresh assault. The room was dark, a surface soft beneath her – sheet, a mattress. Had she done well enough to be allowed to sleep in the bed? The sheets felt crisp and smooth against her skin. Her hands flashed to her crotch, feeling the tufts of pubic hair, sliding over her uncovered crotch, feeling her thighs, freed of metal. Had she done well? Was she now free?

Her hands rose to her chest, feeling her breasts, feeling strangely relieved when she found that the nipple piercings were still there. She was still special, still marked – yes, she still had the bracelets, necklace and anklets, even if she couldn't see them in the darkness. She wasted no time, starting to stroke herself, eager to masturbate, before a sound came from outside, a mumbled cry and the beeping sound of a message. She managed to pull her hands away then stood and felt her way to the edge of the bed, standing, fumbling for the wall as weakness overcame her.

She had to feel her way along the walls, ignoring the rank stench of sweat and sex coming from the closet. It felt like midnight, and it might have been, but the windows were all solid black, making it impossible to tell. But there was a harsh electric light coming from the main room, Sophia going to investigate.

The girl was there, in an uncomfortable looking-strappado position, arms cuffed behind her back and drawn up by a chain hanging from the ceiling, forcing her to bend forward. Her

face was hidden behind a white leather mask, although her mouth was uncovered, smeared with spit and tears, softly mumbling. Her butt was red-raw with welts and strikes, and she stirred painfully as Sophia carefully touched her.

‘This one is... sorry for any offence Madam has... taken.’ Her head sagged down, clearly strained from the effort, her arms stretching taut. A message chime sounded.

Wow, doll, I knew you were getting horny, but don't shoot the messenger, OK? She says you're not healed yet. She's kinda into the rough stuff, but not quite this much.

The projector whirled into life, showing a recording. There was someone on their knees, face covered in a white head, their head pressed down by a figure in the priestess outfit, their own face hidden behind a mask. Then the submissive figure began to kiss and lick the priestess' foot, worshipping their body, before rearing up, starting to kiss between their legs. Sophia's own loins started to thrum again, as the priestess pulled her worshipper in close, riding their face.

I hope it was worth it, doll, because you're probably not going to be allowed stimulation for a while. I don't want you damaged. You definitely made an impression on her though.

The video changed to show the closet, Sophia stood over the girl, who was squatting on the ground, stroking herself. She was using a crop to command and strike the girl, using a candle to pour wax onto her defenceless bodies, making her shake and twitch. Beside her, the girl, still in her strappado, stirred again and murmured.

‘This one apologises, Madam, please don't hurt this one further. But Madam must not allow herself to be damaged.’ She sagged down, tired and trained, as the video of Sophia hurting her continued to play. ‘Please, Madam, please.’ Her head dropped, obviously drained from her efforts.

You did a number on her, doll! Thought it would take more practice. But you really need to put the belt back on, wouldn't want you to be damaged.

The thing was on the floor, discarded in last night's activities. The girl continued to mumble apologies, twisting against her bonds. Sophia took the belt, feeling the metal, the thing that kept her bound and constrained, from the sexual release she wanted so much.

'This one must inspect Madam and check she has not injured her most precious parts. Please, Madam.' The girl's eyes fluttered open, looking imploringly at her. Sophia unhooked her wrists, and she fell against Sophia. She kissed Sophia, barely standing, seeming eager to please. 'This one does not wish to offend Madam, but she must be protected, even from herself.' A hand reached down, pulling on her clit ring, pain flaring through Sophia's crotch. 'You see, Madam. You are not yet healed. Please, Madam.'

The girl tugged her towards the cabinet, another spotlight flicking on to illuminate it. Tether points popped out, Sophia's heart stuttering. Please, not the belt again. *Please.*

'This one must inspect Madam and ensure she hasn't damaged herself.' The girl pulled away, suddenly stronger, grabbing at Sophia's wrist and tethering it in place. Sophia frowned – the girl's back was smooth and unmarked, no sign of last night's abuses. Before she could question this, she found herself on her back, wrists tethered to opposite sides of the cabinet. Her legs were also quickly constrained, leaving her looking up at the ceiling, the light stinging her eyes. She tried to move, but all she could do was impotently snap at the chains.

The girl laid a hand on her belly, digging nails in painfully. Her weakness now seemed entirely gone, as she lightly tapped Sophia's body, light slaps to the belly and thighs, getting harder and harder, stinging Sophia's flesh. She moved close in, tugging at the navel ring, before kissing it, teeth suddenly nipping at flesh, making Sophia squeak.

'Madam is still sensitive and needs further rest.'

Sophia tried to raise her head to object, a hand covering her mouth and pushing her back, a sharp swat to her twat making her tense and squeal again. She tried to bite the hand,

earning herself a slap to the cheek before something soft was shoved into her mouth. It expanded to fill her cheeks, large enough that she couldn't push the foam ball out.

The girl stroked her, pulling on her nipple piercings. 'Madam is sore.' She shook her head regretfully. 'Madam has set back her healing.' Then she pulled on a pair of disposable latex gloves, pulling them over her hands with unnerving taut snaps. It was hard to see in the low light, but the bottle looked red, marked with flames. She squeezed a little onto her finger, rubbing it onto Sophia's lips. A moment later, she felt a burn, as the girl looked at her with a savage grin, smearing the lube up and down her finger. Sophia bucked and fought, trying to break free, as a burning slick pushed into her, followed by a viciously intense burning sensation. The fingers twisted and pumped into her, but any pleasure was impossible behind the cruel, stinging heat.

Her eyes watered from the pain, the examination a burning humiliation. Was this payback for yesterday? The girl's voice was as flat and calm as ever, at odds with the twisted grin of a moment ago. 'Madam is sore, she has over-exerted herself. She must not be allowed to do so again.' The lube was dripping off the girl's fingers, settling into Sophia's folds, promising a long-lasting, tortuous burn. The ball didn't even allow her to make piteous cries, her tongue pinned in place, the ball absorbing her spit and moans, as she tossed her head around. She felt her pubic hair get tugged, intensifying the pain.

The girl stepped away, removing her fingers, the burning settling down slightly as she moved into the bathroom. Sophia tried to thrust and twist her hips, futile clenching to try and flush the stuff out, without success, burning settling into her, cruel and persistent. The girl returned with shaving equipment. Sophia's eyes widened, and she frantically shook her head, hair flicking about, as she realised what was about to happen, trying to beg through the ball.

'Madam has become unkempt. Madam must be still.' She slipped a finger into Sophia again, reigniting the burning. Sophia tried to force herself to be calm, but then the girl

started to shave her. The gag absorbed Sophia's screams, every stroke of the razor bringing new agony, her skin getting scraped bare, limbs tugging powerlessly against her restraints, panting, trying to scream, order the girl to stop.

Tears poured down her face, limbs scrabbling against the cabinet, her cunt prickling and burning, skin raw and inflamed, agony intense and indescribable. The razor scraped her skin, every pull of the blade bringing fresh agony. When the girl was done shaving her, a finger was pushed into her anus, another source of pain flaring up, drawing out more whining gasps, choked screams and sobs.

The girl had deserved to be punished! Sophia pulled on her restraints again, trying to pull her wrists away, straining her neck to keep the girl on sight. She, Sophia, was the mistress, not this servant! Her tongue pressed against the squishy ball, making it impossible to give any orders, a gentle twist of her piercing sending spears of fire stabbing through her crotch, making her cry and yell, meaningless mush coming from her mouth.

'Madam has injured herself. This one is sorry, but Madam cannot be exposed to further risk. She must be distracted from her desires.' A hand slapped her belly, the lube stinging Sophia even there. The girl walked away into the darkness, leaving Sophia to desperately twist, feeling the burning pain settling into her flesh, both her holes bright with pain.

Somewhere out of sight, Sophia heard metallic clanks and clicks, before the girl returned, various lengths of metal gleaming in her arms. She dropped them, the loud clatter making Sophia twitch nervously, a few more slaps to her breasts and belly doing little to distract her from the pain still burning through her pussy and anus.

Her wrists were released, getting bound to a spreader bar, stretched apart. A ceiling chain dropped down, raising her up, all her weight on her wrists. As her ankles were released, her legs were bent back on themselves, ankles to thighs, straps binding them in place, a spreader bar on her knees as well. She could just barely touch the cabinet surface with her knees, taking some of the strain from her arms. The girl spun her

around, so she was facing away from the door, able to see a dim reflection of herself in the blacked-out window.

The girl's voice was louder, stronger now, as she tethered the bottom spreader bar, locking Sophia in place. 'Madam Sarah has proven to be flawed. Madam's gift is still being prepared, but Madam may not be worthy.'

Sophia shook her head, mumbling through her gag. She was worthy! She was perfect and special and beautiful! And she was Sophia, not Sarah! A hand grasped her hair, pulling her head back, fingers reaching into her mouth and pulling the gag out. It was tossed into the darkness, hitting the ground with a wet splat, somewhere out of sight.

'Will Madam Sarah prove herself?' Nails scraped down her back, making her twitch. The nails pressed harder, painful now, the question being repeated. '*Will Madam prove herself?*'

Sophia gave the only answer she could, although her voice came out as a barely audible whisper. 'Yes.'

'*Louder.*'

'Yes. Madam will prove herself!'

'Good. Now Madam Sarah must endure, without sound, except when instructed.' There was a final press, sharp and pointed against her back, before the pressure relented, and the girl moved away, presence fading, leaving Sophia suspended and powerless. Her body was stretched and aching, her knees just barely touching the surface beneath her.

Something brushed against her back, stiff leather, flexing slightly as it pushed against her.

'Madam must ask for the punishment she deserves.' The girl's voice was ice-cold, as the AC turned on above Sophia, blasting her with cold air. 'And state why she deserves punishment.'

Sophia squirmed, not wanting to admit fault, not wanting to be punished, as something brushed against her back again. 'Please... I order you...'

'Incorrect.'

Sophia heard a rushing noise, a heat against her back, the sound registering first. Several seconds later, the pain registered, a searing slash against her back. She cried out in pain.

‘Madam must be silent, except when requesting punishment. Madam must now request her punishment.’

Sophia twisted, wrists pulling on her restraints, fear and pain surging through her. What did she need to say? What were the words to say?’

The whip prodded against her back again, touching the wound, a fresh flare of agony, the chill air exacerbating the sensation, hot wound and cold air. *‘Madam Sarah must now request her punishment.’*

‘Madam needs to be punished! Madam Sarah has been...’ She trailed off, feeling icy air blowing onto her wound, feeling a strange distance, as though stepping away from herself.

‘Continue.’

She scrambled for words, desperate to avoid further pain. ‘I was disobedient! I was wrong! I deserve punishment!’

‘How should this one punish Madam?’

Sophia desperately tried to free herself again, wanting any option other than to say the words herself. The whip prodded her back again, then there was a sharp “crack” as it flicked against the floor, Sophia shuddering, desperate not to be whipped again, but wanting to retain some semblance of control.

‘Madam desires punishment! This one has been weak! Please strike me!’

The girl’s voice was honey, sickly sweet and cloying. A hand touched her shoulder, softly, but the contact still made her shudder and try to jerk away.

‘This one obeys. How shall this one punish Madam?’

Hadn’t she been punished enough? She could feel the cold air against her wound, chilling her blood and body. The girl

shifted behind her, and Sophia spoke as quickly as she could, before the girl decided whip her raw.

‘Please punish madam!’

The hand stroked her again, warm flesh making Sophia shiver, as it reached around, cupping a breast, playing with the piercing. ‘Shall this one remove madam’s gold?’

‘No. No! Please.’ Thoughts of the lash, of the leather searing and biting into her back, filled her with fear and panic.

‘This one must punish Madam.’ The piercing was tugged, stretching Sophia’s skin painfully, before being released. ‘Does Madam wish to be lashed? *How shall this one punish Madam?*’

Sophia whimpered and twisted, desperately trying to think of a way to avoid that punishment, being made into bloody and raw meat. She spoke, slowly and falteringly. ‘I wish to be punished. Madam, me, I wish to be put into darkness, to rest.’

Hands moved, stroking her belly and hips. The girl spoke, voice sickly-sweet and obedient. ‘This one obeys. Madam must rest and contemplate her worth and position.’ There was the sound of footsteps, the girl moving away, Sophia sinking down in desperate thanks, that she wouldn’t be lashed again. She could feel the single stroke throbbing on her back, hot and pained, stinging in the cold air.

Footsteps returned, and Sophia’s hair was grabbed, the gasmask being pulled over her face. The seal was inflated, the air around her face rapidly growing hot and stale. It had been modified, a soft plastic tube running from the valve into Sophia’s mouth. And the surface was now entirely opaque, rendering her completely blind. One of her ears was kissed, before an earbud was inserted, a soft plastic flap locking it into place and deafening her, before a soft electric “pop” and the girl’s voice sank through. ‘Madam is wise.’ Hands stroked her. ‘In the darkness, Madam shall find herself.’

Sharp pinches to Sophia’s nipples made her gasp, until she felt her lungs burn, trying to force herself to breath more slowly, knowing that the girl couldn’t hear her, and even if she

could, probably wouldn't respond to any pleas. There was a cold, antiseptic burn against her back, something being rubbed there, and then she was left, suspended by her wrists. It probably wasn't long, but there was nothing to judge time by, her lungs straining for breath draining her concentration and will.

There was a sharp prick against her neck, and then cool numbness overtook her, sending her into unconsciousness, even through the pain and suffering.

Chapter Sixteen: Deep Darkness

Sophia shivered nervously, heeled feed clicking against the naked concrete floor. The apartment was where she belonged, where she was someone, special and well-treated. She'd woken up in a car, some soft fabric settling against her skin, breath still restricted by the mask, her hearing blocked. She was now being pulled by a leash, sharp slaps and strikes driving her forward if she ever stopped. Where was she? The ground underneath was rough and harsh, industrial-feeling concrete, rough against her skin when she scraped against it. Although her hands weren't cuffed, fear and doubt kept her hands at her waist.

Sophia was being pulled fast, struggling to keep up. The leash went slack, and she bumped into someone, almost falling over. Hands touched her face, making her flinch, as the mask was removed, permitting her to breath freely. The air was chill and musty, but still seemed sweet after the plastic-flavoured air she had been forced to inhale for however long it had been. In the low light, it didn't take long for her eyes to adjust, revealing how grim her surroundings were – some industrial facility, all exposed pipes and wires, weeds starting to break through. But she was dressed, at least, in a tight black dress, suitable for partying in, sleeveless, barely falling past her thighs, the sort of thing she used to enjoy wearing when going out, revelling in the attention it bought her. When she saw the girl holding the leash, she almost screamed, pain and humiliation rising up in her, as well as a desperate lust, desire for a long-denied climax.

Why was she here? Maybe there would be an underground rave or something here? A VIP room, where she could pleasure her patron; her hand between his thighs, stroking his cock, teasing him, not allowing him release unless he gave her a gift. The girl could be tied over a table and used as a party favour, her holes getting stuffed by the other guests, until that cold expression of hers broke into tears.

She was pulled along again, and almost tripped over a spur of metal, staggering and scraping against a wall, the concrete rough against her skin. She must have yelped, as the girl turned to look at her, expression as cold as ever. She took a step towards Sophia, a hand reaching out to stroke her chin, Sophia struggling not to flinch away.

‘Madam must endure. Here she shall be transformed.’ Then she stepped even closer in, and kissed Sophia, full on the lips, her body warm, breasts pressing close, a hand stroking down Sophia’s back. Sophia lent into the kiss, trying to savour the warmth, welcoming contact without pain. Then she was pushed back as the girl spoke, staring into Sophia’s eyes, commanding and cold. ‘Madam shall be given a gift here. But she must be obedient.’

Sophia slowly nodded, not daring to speak. Her piercings suddenly ached, as though fresh again, metal spiked into her body, hot and sore. But showing her worth and beauty, surely? If she were to gain more gifts, then she would be more worthy, more beautiful, wouldn’t she? Her tongue tripped over itself, the stud seeming to bind and block its movement. ‘I will obey.’ This earned her a stroke of the face.

‘Very good, madam. This one shall endeavour to make Madam worthy.’ Then she stepped back, tugging on the leash, pulling Sophia deeper into the complex.

They didn’t stop until they came to a large open hall, deep in the bowels of the place. Here there was even more abandoned machinery. There was a wide pit below them with a massive metal box rising from the center, a metal gantry allowing access. There was some evidence of other use here, at least – empty drink cans, dead glowsticks and similar detritus, racks of speakers along the wall. Maybe this would just be an underground rave? It was certainly large enough, and she could see speakers and other bits of technology scattered around.

As she was pulled onto the gantry, every footstep became a loud metallic “clang” that echoed around the place, making Sophia’s heart start to shudder, skin breaking into a chill sweat. A sound seemed to whisper from the shadows, moans

of fear and pain, victims being led into the darkness and abused. She stopped, jerking back on the leash, feeling it snap tight around her neck.

The girl turned to look at her, mild curiosity on her face, a crop suddenly in her hand, starting to come up in a warning gesture. Sophia lunged forward, grabbing it from her hand, trying not to whimper, her heart feeling like it was about to burst from sheer tension. Having something in her hand made her feel slightly better. She waved it in the air, wishing she knew how to make it slice the air.

Behind the girl, she could see that special equipment had been set up – latex and rubber and metal reflected in the low light, a metal frame behind them, chains hanging down. Her mouth went dry. Was she going to be hung there, displayed like a religious icon, body slick with sweat, blood and cum? She waved the crop again, trying to sound powerful and confident, as the girl regarded her curiously, head tilted.

‘You will obey me, I am your mistress!’ It might have been more convincing if the crop hadn’t been shaking, Sophia’s hand already clammy with fear-sweat. ‘On your knees.’

The girl bared her teeth in a terrifying grin, pulling out something from her pocket, a plastic remote control. Pain flared into Sophia’s neck, savage electricity burning into her brain, world turning white. She sank down, lights bursting through her vision, crop falling to the metal floor. The girl was above her now, holding the control out, thumb above a button. Sophia bit her lip in agony, trying to stay conscious, shaking her head. ‘No, please. Please.’

The girl pressed the button, pain searing Sophia again, darkness overtaking her as she crashed to the ground.

She was being embraced, whole body held tightly. She tried to move, something resisting, pulling her limbs back, her muscles weak and frail. She could feel the ridged metal beneath her, but it felt strangely dull, her body still numb. A light slap to the cheek, then another harsher one bought her

more fully awake, to find herself on the ground, the girl standing over her, face expressionless.

‘Madam fell, this one was worried Madam had injured herself.’ Fingers flicked towards her face, Sophia flinching from them, as the slap became a stroke, the fingers cold against Sophia’s face. She tried moving again, something pulling back and resisting her movements – she glanced down, to find her body bound in latex, tight and restrictive. The only skin she could see was a pale strip at her crotch, not yet zipped shut. She tried to pull herself up, but the suit was so tight around her arms and shoulders that it was a struggle to even flex at the waist.

She had fallen? The girl grabbed her head, the feel of her hand letting Sophia know her head was enclosed in latex as well, although at least it didn’t cover her face. The girl repeated, as though emphasising, staring into Sophia’s eyes, pinning her in place. ‘Madam fell. Isn’t that right?’

The grip was tight enough she couldn’t nod, tongue dry as she responded. ‘Yes. I fell. Sorry.’ The girl smiled and released her grip. There’s another touch, someone else, making Sophia flinch in surprise, as the girl that had fitted her moves into view. She’s suited up as though for diving, a squashy bodysuit sheathing her body, although her hair is still a slightly tousled mess. She leans up and gives Sophia a kiss on the forehead, a gentle peck, the warmth flooding through Sophia and making her wriggle happily.

‘Are you feeling OK now? We wouldn’t want you to hurt yourself, would we?’

The girl glares at her, pushing her aside. ‘This one has been preparing Madam. Madam must not struggle, or this one shall be forced to prepare Madam more harshly. Will Madam cooperate?’

Sophia managed to answer, although it was closer to a whimper than a word. ‘Yes.’

They were on top of the metal tank, the metal framework above her, a harness hanging down. There was a hinged metal panel on the floor, a deep, abyssal black beneath.

The two of them began spreading talc over Sophia's latex-bound legs, before tugging on another suit, this one like a diver's drysuit, compressing her legs even more. She gave a slightly delirious giggle, twisting her legs slightly, the contact and pressure turning her on, making her want to feel soft kisses trail up her legs and thighs, to feel the meat of a cock pounding into her. As if in answer, the fitting-girl lightly fingered her in-between pulling the spongy material over Sophia's legs. Not enough for her to get off, but she was certainly getting there.

She tried moving her arms, wondering if she could get herself off, but the latex bound her arms to her sides, making Sophia whine in disappointment. When her legs were fully wrapped, bound in two layers, the girl picked up a strange looking valve device, smooth black plastic and shining metal. This was plugged into Sophia, spreading her open. She tried wriggling against it, not liking the cold metal inside of her, but it wasn't enough to get off. Then she was twisted over and a similar device was pushed into her backside. Maybe they would start vibrating? She deserved something, surely?

The outer suit was pulled up the rest of her body, pushing against her, compressing her stomach and breasts. Something inside the suit pushed against her nipples, metal hard and cold, dragging her piercings slightly before settling into position. The outer suit didn't have hands, instead the arms ended in padded balls, forcing her hands into fists. The arms were webbed as well, material binding them to the main body, forcing her to keep her arms close by her torso. If she strained, she could just about move them a few centimetres, but as soon as she relaxed, they would be pulled back into position. A heavy seal was tightened around her neck, above her regular collar, pushing close against her, not enough to cut off her breath, probably making a watertight seal and stopping water entering the body of the suit.

'Madam is almost ready. But Madam's eyes must be made exquisite. After all, soon they will be all that can be seen.' The girl fetched cosmetics, carefully applying them to Sophia's face, mascara and eyeshadow, as Sophia tested her confines, trying to ignore the brushes fluttering over her face, closing

her eyes when commanded. The material was so tight that her legs may as well have been bound together, and every breath was made a little harder from the material swathed about her body.

The girl fetched a hand-mirror, using it to show Sophia her face. The makeup was beautiful; deep, rich tones highlighting her eyes, making them wide and beautiful. If it hadn't been for the double hood around her head, she would have looked mostly normal, at least from the neck up. There was an outer layer of padding around her head, dulling her hearing, that and the neck-seal making it virtually impossible to turn her head. With the tightness of the suit, all she could do was wriggle and writhe, unable to stand, powerless to even try and remove the suits from her body.

Then they turned and worked together to pick up something, clunky and metal. A diving helmet, a full domed headset with a mirrored glass panel at the front, tubes running into it. Sophia tried shifting away, but could barely move at all, as the thing came down over her head. Rubbery material shifted over her mouth and nose, meaning she couldn't even hear her own breathing, and there was no light at all. For a moment, she suffocated, and then air began to flow, although it was stale and dry. Something tapped against the visor, making Sophia blink in surprise.

The girl's voice came from within the helmet, some speaker projecting the words. 'Madam should be thankful. She shall now be made to rest.' Then Sophia felt a pressure underneath her armpits, strong hands hauling her up, another pair grabbing her shoulders to help. She was lifted upwards, suspended in the air. The material was still tight and constrictive, not allowing for any movement that wasn't resisted, pulling her body back. She tried to shake her head, indicate that she didn't want this, but couldn't even move her neck, couldn't speak, could only blink in the darkness as a harness was strapped around her body, the suit taking most of the pressure.

She could feel the water, a chill embrace moving over her, but none of it touched her skin. A slight coolness against her

ankles, then her knees, her thighs, her stomach, as she was submerged. It moved around her, a constant temperature and pressure. She couldn't tell when her head dipped beneath the surface, her world entirely black and silent anyway. No light, no sound. She tried kicking, punching, anything, but could barely manage to move her hand an inch before the material binding her pulled it back. She tried to speak, but couldn't hear herself, barely even able to detect the slightest vibration in the helmet. There was nothing to tell time from, no space or time, and strange drowsy doze came over her, a waking trance as her mind stuttered and stalled, without anything to engage with.

A light, bright and sharp from beneath her eyes, showing her nothing but an empty abyss in front. A voice, that of the girl, cracked into her ear, harsh and cold. 'You shall obey. Here you shall be shaped. Or broken.' Sophia tried to speak back, but wasn't sure if she was even making any sounds.

Sophia tried to look around, but couldn't even move her neck, and all there was ahead of her was endless, pitiless black, nothing to break it apart. She heard a cold, humourless chuckle, and then even that sound was cut off, leaving her adrift in silent darkness. She tried to move, but the material sheathing her limbs was too tight and strong, refusing to let her to more than slightly move her limbs.

Minutes or hours later, there was something in the darkness, moving towards her. A shape, a sleekly black humanoid, pulled itself through the infinite depths. All that could be seen of their humanity was a pair of eyes behind a mask, and a few strands of messy hair drifting in the water.

They caught hold of Sophia, the simple pressure of touch running through her. It was impossible to tell, but Sophia liked to think that she was smiling, glad to be paying homage and performing a service to one so deserving as Sophia. Their hands ran along her bound and crippled limbs, checking them, or her, over, before pulling herself back up, using Sophia to hold on to.

They moved downwards, disappearing from view, as touches roamed over her body. And then pressure at the crotch, fingers probing at the metal plug, pressing against her, pushing it harshly in. She tried resisting, kicking and struggling, but her suit was too tight, unable to do anything than bob in the water. The same was repeated for her backside, metal harsh and sore in her sphincter as it was twisted and tugged.

Then a hand appeared, making her jump, gripping hold of her helmet, Sophia being used as a support. They pulled themselves up, their eyes meeting through their helmets, as they reached out and touched something on the helmet. A slight “thunk” sound rattled through Sophia’s helmet, as they adjusted something, and then her vision vanished, plunged into darkness. She tried shifting around, eyes dancing, worried in case she had suddenly gone blind. Hands, now belonging to an unseen presence, probed and poked at her like a test subject. There was no way for her to voice any objection, or even move her body. One arm was tight around her waist, just beneath her breasts.

The other probed downwards, tickling between her legs, fingering around the intruder. Through the suits, the fingers were thick and clumsy, but she felt the pleasure building within her, even with the discomfort. All she could do was flick her eyes about and try and tense her thighs, eager for release. She twitched and squirmed, willing to endure even the discomfort, until the fingers were removed, leaving her unfulfilled. She could feel the suit shifting again, as the unseen person pushed off her.

And then she was alone in the darkness. There was a brief moment of something, vision flickering, just for a moment, eyes meeting hers, and then the darkness again. She tried speaking, not knowing if she was making any sound, begging for release, either to be finished off, or returned to the light. But she couldn’t talk, or if she could, she couldn’t hear herself, talking, screaming, silence all the same.

Everything was empty. Not chill enough to be cold, not hot enough to be warm, nothing existed save the pressure on her body.

Sometimes she thought she saw lights, dancing through the water. Maybe some weird plants lived here? Or maybe they were divers, come to look at her. She could be a mermaid or a siren, seductive and potent, luring men to their death. Lust, hot and impotent, stirred between her legs. She could have a golden palace on an island, staffed by the most beautiful of those washed onto her lands. Shackled with gold, worshipping and pleasing her, showering her with love and affection.

She would keep the girl suspended in her throne room, above a well, dunking her into the water. Make her cry and weep and suffer, bring her to the edge of drowning before pulling her out, her tears mingling with the water causing her suffering. Maybe that would teach her to be more obedient to her mistress, to respect and worship her. As Sophia dreamed, more lights danced in her vision, streaks and dots of white flaring and fading in the abyss. She clenched her thighs, starting to pant, breath drawing short, light sparking behind her eyes now, not just out in the darkness. Images, jumbled and incoherent, burnt into her mind, desperate for stimulation.

It was impossible to tell if she was awake or asleep, just darkness surrounding her. Not even the sounds of her own body to calm her, silence bleak and oppressive.

Chapter Seventeen: Broken in the Black

Panic rose in her. Had she been forgotten and abandoned? She strained and twisted, trying to gain some sense of movement. Her arm, for a moment, managed to gain the slightest separation from her body, before she lost her strength, arm pulled back to its original position. She could feel her lungs heaving, compressed within the latex and the outer suit, but there was no sense of movement as she gasped and strained. She tried shouting, but no sound was conducted from her mouth to her ears, water and the helmet absorbing all her efforts. Was she even moving? She shook herself further, trying to kick her legs, shouting more, but nothing changed.

Something, anything, please! Even the searing pain of the collar, or the stinging flick of a crop! A memory surged up, and she lost herself in it, glad of the release, the time she had dressed as a maid. She had been an obedient maid fuck-doll, hadn't she? She tried imaging the feel of the fabric over her skin, silk and lace and latex. Then the stroke of a phantom hand, a caress, a slap of her butt. She tried to wriggle in delight, but had nothing to brace against, and the darkness seemed to surge and swell around her again.

As her panic overcame her, her lungs started to burn again. Was she being suffocated? Was she going to be left here to die? What if she was already dead? She blinked furiously, moving her eyes, darting around, desperately trying to find something to focus on. Dots of light, streaks, lines – she tried to move towards them, shapes shifting in the abyss. She twitched, imaging hands down her back again, a finger tracing down her spine, then down between her legs. Was she even wet down there? She tried shifting her legs, unable to tell. But she wanted to be fucked, so badly, she must be!

A sudden, soft gasp of satisfaction, another vision slamming into her. A woman, face hooded, bent over the bed, a man's hand grasping their hair, holding them down. Yes, that was her. That was what she wanted. Had it happened? She tried to remember if this was a memory or a desire, wanting

someone to hood her and make her a sextoy. She couldn't remember, why couldn't she remember? But her patron, her owner must have visited her, bestowed an honour upon her. She took a breath, the air stale, tinged with rubber and plastic, her mouth dry, heart pounding. Had she even seen his face? But she had been allowed, honoured with his cock? Hadn't she?

Thoughts seemed slow, her heart and lungs straining, as she faded amongst depthless black. Her mind thrummed and faded in and out, sensations and feeling only coming if she focused, desperately seeking something to bind herself together with. The pressure over her body was constant, the temperature of the water impossible to discern, and she had lost the strength to move her arms or legs days or hours ago. Existence was ephemeral, a distant dream of the solidity of the apartment, the place she belonged, where she had a place and purpose.

Memories of the girl. Pain, degradation and suffering. But it was to improve her, wasn't it? The girl was her servant. When she had shown she deserved it, then the girl would be obedient. She shivered in fear, nails tracing down her body, sharp and cruel. Her patron, he loved her, wanted her, but then why was she here? Surely if she endured, another minute, another hour, another day, then she would be freed. A light shone in front of her, sheer reflex making her try to walk towards it. Her body and mind seemed to separate, her legs feeling as though she was walking, even as the binding material held her in place. A shadow-memory of pain stung her neck – had she been shocked or injected with something, or was that simply her brain hallucinating sensations?

She felt herself able to move, although was slow and groggy. Her hands were bound in a tight leather sleeve behind her back and trying to stand revealed that her feet were trapped in cruelly pointed heels, forcing her onto tip-toe. Her vision was hindered, something on her face, the world seeming dark.

Light, burning bright snapped against her retinas, almost a physical impact. Whatever sound she made, she couldn't hear,

although her mouth was jammed open. Another flare of light, as she tried to look around, heavy collar restricting her, heels forcing her to lean on walls for support. Everywhere was filled with mist, industrial hallways and pipework coming into vision. A screech, loud and bestial, pierced her ears, her heart racing. Flickering strobes made it hard to see, every shadow an attacker, as she tried to flee, having to keep moving or else her heels would send her toppling to the floor.

A shadow moved, a demon emerging, crimson skin gleaming in another burst of strobe-light, face contorted and horned, framed with a mass of hair, a savagely-barbed cock between their legs. She screamed, or at least tried to, and then ran. She scraped a shoulder against a wall, desperately sucking in air, heart hammering in her chest. The strobes and mist and the hood limited her vision, as she ran through the pipe-lined halls, flinching from the darkness.

An arm grabbed her waist, latex against her bare skin. Her arms were pulled up, bending her over, as her buttocks were spread wide. She tried to scream again as something slid into her, both her holes getting filled, oversized and twisting around, cold and inhuman. The red demon approached, grabbing the top of her head and thrusting a barbed cock into her mouth.

She was penetrated, cold shock searing her pussy and butt, pain and degradation mingling as the intruder, spiked and barbed, tore into her. There was no pleasure to be found, only fear and pain. But even this nightmare was better than darkness, trapped in an eternal purgatory. With a final juddering thrust, savage cocks tearing her deeper, they disengaged, the darkness returning. She screamed again, or tried to, not able to tell anymore. The orgasm had been swift and brutal, a thing forced onto her. Still, she tried to focus on the pain left in her aching holes, desperate for something to feel, but even that faded into nothingness too soon.

It was impossible to tell if she was awake or asleep, drifting in the endless black. She couldn't even tell if her eyes were open or closed. Let her be a maid, a slave, a toy, a pet, a

doll, a cunt, an ass and a mouth to be used. Anything but dead-yet-alive! Despite the images flashing through her mind, of herself being used, abusing others, a fetish doll, an item of lust, despite the pressure that sometimes surged through her crotch, there was no release, nothing to break the blackness. As her consciousness flickered and faded, she saw eyes, staring back at her. They looked dead and dull, the makeup running from tears, once-vivid colours now just grime. She looked at herself, an endless recursion, panic rising again, air growing short as all thought faded.

A shifting of pressure, a slight sweet tang in the air would always bring new nightmares. The darkness would fade, being replaced by gritty half-light. Metal passageways, cold against her naked, vulnerable feet, and then figures of gleaming back or red would chase her down, their bodies inhumanly perfect, faceless and terrifying. She would try to run, try to escape, but they were always faster, smarter, stronger. Bindings around her arms, a chain between her legs, all made escape harder and fighting impossible.

Their hands, slick and smooth, would grasp her, and she would be bound to a metal frame, cold and unyielding, or her body bent and contorted to fit into some torturous device, cages or caskets or boxes, turning her into a *thing*, mute and sealed, to be used, rather than a person with any will. Sometimes there were other figures, malefic tormentors on the edge of her vision, howling for her degradation and punishment.

Shocks would be applied to her most sensitive parts, or the frigid chill of ice, or the burning embrace of wax on her flesh. Or she would be beaten, abused and tormented, whipped, caned or nails scraping her skin. Whatever pleasure she was allowed was force upon her, extracted at a cost, any sense of self fading in the pain and humiliation. On the rare occasions when her mouth was free, she tried begging and pleading, her mouth and tongue trying to form words. But her tormentors wouldn't acknowledge her, simply hurting her, again and again. Were they even human? Too many seemed to have

strange shapes, skin slickly perfect, heels too high, waists compressed to thinness, hands ending with razored nails, faces hidden behind masks, or simply blank curves of shining plastic.

And then the dream would end, and the abyss would return. Darkness, cool and empty would embrace her, fracturing her further and further. All she could see in the darkness was herself, broken and empty. Sometimes she could see a vision, a gleaming reflection of herself hanging in front of her. Her makeup was fresh and clean, and then the darkness would come, and a nightmare vision of herself would be visible, thick black clumps tearing down her cheeks, eyes reddened with tears and shame.

There was no escape, no relief or release, nothing but darkness and pain. She lost all sense of time, of self, of everything, drifting in an endless agony.

Light exploded in her eyes. She spread her arms, feeling sheets, crisp and clean beneath her hands. She whimpered, fearing another dream, or the nightmare creatures ravaging her. She hunched in on herself, fearful of pain or suffering. She felt sunlight, *real* sunlight, warm against her skin. It took long minutes for her eyes to adjust, but she embraces the pain, desperate to move into the light.

A bedroom, the bedroom in the apartment. Her limbs felt strange, weak and unresponsive, slow to move to her command. Nightmares faded under the brightness of the sun, a horror of being trapped in endless black, or being pursued by gleaming demons, bound and tortured. She twisted, pushing her limbs against the mattress, feeling the reassuring weight and heaviness of her jewellery at wrists and ankles.

A knocking on the door, then the girl entered, dressed in a tight silk minidress. Fear seized Sophia, her heart starting to pound, black specks bursting in her vision until she realises she's forgotten to breath, inhaling deeply. The girl simply

looks at her, expression as cold as ever. ‘Does Madam require the assistance of this one?’

Terror is surging through Sophia now, thick and heavy. But there’s nowhere to flee to, and she can’t even remember why, as fear-sweat oozes from her body, clammy and chill.

The girl moves, terrifyingly swift, approaching the bed, Sophia pressing herself against the wall, trying to push herself through the wall, away from whatever attack is imminent. And then a kiss, gentle and soft, on her lips, making her whimper in anticipation of pain.

A hand pulls the sheets away, stripping the fabric from her body, leaving her naked. A hand reaches out to feel her breast, stroking the skin, pulling on the piercing.

‘Madam appears satisfactory.’ Another kiss, lust and terror mingling within Sophia, as the hand strokes her breast, then down her belly, nails chinking against the metal of the chastity belt. ‘I trust Madam has been well-behaved?’

Behind the metal, Sophia can feel herself stirring, desiring further stimulation. How long has it been since she was allowed to get off? Surely she must be healed by now? The girl’s caresses continue, those unnerving cold eyes piercing into her.

She speaks, her tongue feeling thick and heavy, as though she’s not spoken for weeks, struggling to form words. ‘No, I haven’t.’ She can’t help but sound pleading. ‘Could I please be allowed to come?’

The girl’s tone becomes even colder and brusquer. ‘This one shall inspect Madam, after Madam is restrained. Madam has proven... unworthy in the past.’

Fear spikes Sophia’s heart, as a hand squeezes her throat, cutting her breath short. She goes limp, even the thought of resistance impossible. The slightest curl of a lip is all she is granted, as she is spread-eagled on the bed, her wrists and ankles chained to the corners. As the belt is removed, her thighs twitch, and she can feel herself slicking up, desperate to be penetrated.

The girl places a hand on her face, the world going dark, and her fear spikes into panic. She pulls on the restraints, snapping the chains taut, desperate to escape, desperate for the light. She tries shaking her head, but the girl's grip is too strong, pushing her head down. 'Please! No!'

Light returns, the girl straddling her, already lifting her dress over her head to reveal her slender, toned body. She looks down on Sophia, shaking her head regretfully. 'Madam is not yet ready.' She starts to finger herself, staring down at Sophia, before pulling her finger out, holding it in front of Sophia's mouth. She obediently sticks her tongue out, licking the finger, still wet with the girl's juices.

And then the girl shifts forward, putting a knee on either side of Sophia's head. The intent is clear, Sophia sticking her tongue out, sliding it in, working it around. She can feel her stud pushing against the girl, sliding and flicking it around, as the girl emits a pleased purr from above, grinding her crotch against Sophia's face. Sophia's own lust is untended, as the girl twists and writhes above her, sounding the most alive Sophia has ever heard her.

She twists and twirls her tongue, desperate to please, desperate to earn some pleasure for herself, until the girl arcs her back, achieving her orgasm. Her perfect poise is broken for a moment, and she falls to the side, eyes fluttering, breath puffing against Sophia, a moment of warm humanity compared to her usual chill. The moment is all-to-short, as her face returns to its normal chill tautness, eyes going hard again.

'Madam is obedient. Madam is learning.' Hands run along her side, fingertips lightly caressing her skin, tracing between her thighs, sliding into her. In contrast to the girl's cold expression, her touch was gentle and warm, stoking Sophia up, her breath starting to shorten and pant. Her other hand came up, clamping tightly over Sophia's mouth, making it hard to breathe. As she nears climax, her vision starts to burst and spark, her lungs burning. And then the fingers withdraw, leaving her hanging, thighs pushing forward, before she sinks back down.

As soon as the hand is removed, she gulps in a deep breath, feeling faint. The girl looks down at her, contempt on her face, looking disappointed. 'I shall leave Madam to think about her weakness.' She leans over Sophia, a quick kiss against her forehead, before pulling out a gasmask. She lifts it over Sophia's head, the heavy latex sliding on, Sophia's world now seen through two small portholes, both heavily scratched, everything blurred. She has to strain to breath, rasping through the mask, every breath a struggle, a bag beneath her face inflating and deflating as she breaths. Straps and buckles are snapped and tightened, the girl ignoring Sophia's struggles, before testing the thing was fully secure.

Then the girl slipped her dress back on and reaches for a remote. The window darkens, Sophia stiffening in fear as the light is removed, darkness stoking Sophia's fear. She tried tugging against her bonds again, unable to break them, wishing her mouth was free so she could at least beg and plead. The tinting turns dark, then black, her eyes desperately seeking a trace of light, the eyepieces of the mask blurring everything further. Then there's the whirring of fans, the AC turning on, chill air blowing against her. With her arms bound, she can't pull the sheets up to protect herself, shaking her head in protest. A slight movement in the darkness, and then nails rake down her belly.

'Madam should know her place.' Nails push down against her vulnerable skin, sharp pinpricks. 'This one shall return.' There's a tug on the clit piercing, stretching her out, teasing her with an empty promise of release, as the cold air buffets her body. And then the fingers give her a final teasing twist and withdraw. And then only darkness and cold, her struggles futile, breath coming in short, pained pants. All she can hear is her own mumbles and squeaks, the mask secure over her head, her body rapidly chilling under the assault of the air conditioning.

Chapter 18: Void

Something teased Sophia's pussy, a light stroke, sending wires of pain and pleasure through her. She tried shaking her body, to twist away from the stimulation, but had no leverage. A gentle kiss against her navel, fingers running up her ribs. Was there the soft chuckle of the girl, or was that her imagination? A movement of air made her flinch, fearful of a strike, before she felt something solid against her knees.

The bindings on her wrists and ankles were released, but she didn't dare move, someone rolling her onto her back. Her arms were pulled together, wrists bound together, tight material pulling her arms together before straps went over her shoulders, as an armbinder was slipped over her limbs. With her breath cut short, she couldn't struggle too much without suffocating herself, especially when a nailed hand spiked against her back, pushing her down.

'Madam must learn obedience.' The hand moved off her, her legs released from their bindings. 'Madam must stand.' That was more of a struggle than it should be, finding the edge of the bed as she tried to regain her balance, before managing to stand up. She could feel the armbinder more now, pulling her arms tightly together, making her thrust her chest out. She felt a stir of pride as the girl praised her. 'Excellent.' A slight touch against her hip, warmth welcome in the chill room. She was pushed backwards through empty space until her butt brushed against the cabinet, hands around her waist lifting her so she was sitting on it. Then tight latex was pulled over her legs, coming up to her thighs, the pressure strangely reassuring, a reminder of the gleaming goddess, bound and swathed, she had been. Could she be that again? A thing of worship and inhuman beauty?

A tug at her neck made her move forward. As she stood, she stumbled, weight suddenly on her toes, her feet now in ballet heels. She tottered, barely avoiding falling over, earning herself a swift slap on the butt, skin smarting in the chill air.

‘The light shall guide you, Madam.’ Fingers dipped into her pussy, briefly exciting her before they were removed. ‘Madam must prove herself worthy, or shall only ever know the darkness.’ Another whisper, sharp and dangerous. ‘*This shall be Madam’s final chance.*’

Sophia whined, trying to push back, wanting those soft, gentle fingers inside her, twisting and stimulating, or at least to be able to see, rather than being stuck in whatever was strapped onto her head. A line of light appeared in front of her, slightly beneath her. Swiftly afterwards, there was an angry buzz, and then she felt her lungs burn, air cut off. She dipped her head, gasping, and felt a slight whisper of air breath into the mask, and she smiled. She could do this! Another line, lower down, making her drop herself, teetering in the heels, but she was permitted to keep breathing.

A line appeared ahead of her – the thought burst through her head that this was like an airplane landing at night, the runway lit up against the darkness, and she giggled, feeling light-headed, moving as indicated. With her vision blocked, the apartment could have been infinite in size – she was kept away from the walls, forced to totter around. At one point, a hand brushed against her and she startled, earning herself an angry buzz, air suddenly short. She tried to apologise, but the tube in her mouth made it impossible to speak, spit and dribble flowing out, almost choking her.

She was lost in the darkness. There was no sense of her own body, nothing to see, her ears blocked, so even her breathing was something she couldn’t sense. But she was having to fight for every breath, straining against something she couldn’t see.

She heard something, or was it simply a hallucination? Breathing, harsh, raw and deep, sound of flesh on flesh, a moan of pleasure. Then silence. She tried to move at all, feeling her own desire well up, her spread legs leaving her open, but abandoned and unfilled. Then silence again. She couldn’t even tell if her eyes were open or closed, stray bursts of light appearing and disappearing, physical or hallucinations,

she couldn't tell. She saw herself, momentary visions flashing before her, even above the dot of light.

The dress, gleaming and beautiful and sheathing her body, soft and warm against her skin, the plug nestled with her, face hidden behind a mask. She squirmed in pleasure and delight – that was her true self, beautiful and showing it, to be wined and dined and praised and honoured.

She lost herself in the memory, of the handsome young driver, clearly desiring her knowing he couldn't have her. The drive in that luxurious car. The plug, quivering and shaking within her as she was whisked away to an exclusive club. She gasped, her breath suddenly short, having to strain for breath, fantasy disappearing into pained choking, forcing burning calves and thighs into motion to avoid more suffering.

A snap of pain, lightning into her neck. She embraced it, thankful for another sensation beyond emptiness and darkness, wishing for more. The throbbing from her back had stopped, leaving her with nothing. She felt a trickle of liquid in her throat, or was that a dream? Nothing, not even hunger, just darkness.

The latex bound her, a soothing, comforting sensation, something sealing and binding her. Her movements were bound and constrained, her entire body held in an embrace, her skin more than human, shining, gleaming black, a goddess, more than human. Even her face had been hidden, showing her elevation above all others. An image, of herself spread-eagled on the bed, the escorts teasing and pleasing her. She wanted to be there again, a mute thing of perfection, tended upon by others, being used for the pleasure of others. The recollection shattered, another shaft of lighting burning and scorching her. Please, hurt her more, something other than nothingness! She could feel the latex against her skin, yes, snug and tight and perfect.

She tried to speak, unable to move her tongue, lips stretched around the tube, not even able to pant without feeling her breath get cut short. Had something dripped into her throat? She could remember the cum she had been forced to drink, the stuff turning her stomach at the time, but now she would willingly lap semen off the floor, go down and beg for it, for any taste or sensation. The security guard at the party that had violated her, the thought making her shiver, now wanting to feel a hand violating her from behind. Stretching her out, spreading her wide, using and hurting her. Please, something, anything! A slap against her buttock made her shiver with delight, wanting more, but of course, it was just another delusion, another dream, even as she tried to burn the impact into her memory, desiring anything, even pain, still lost in her fantasies.

A pressure from behind, touching her back. Nothing. Pain. Begging. She was the priestess, praying to her benefactor, held aloft by his power. The agonies of fire below. What had she done wrong? She must have erred, to be punished so. Wax, drying against her body, the prickling pain of the candles. Sweat trickled down her body as she saw herself, as though from outside, body glowing with reflected light, slick with sweat. Please, let her be suspended like that again, to be held, raised high and gleaming in the darkness.

Memory of a pricking heat against her belly, and she squirmed in pleasure, feeling the edge of pleasure through her body. How long had it been since she was allowed? She gasped and groaned, attempting to beg, plead, anything. The thought of the heat, the candles tickling and prickling her body, sent surges of lust through her. What would it feel like to have her pussy spread wide, wax dribbled there? Thoughts of the sensation, of the clinging, burning wax in her most sensitive parts. She felt herself slick and loosen, a phantasmal nail tracing down her body, teasing and pinching a breast, then scratching down her belly, tantalizingly close to her sex.

Overlaid with her memory-dreams were the lights, her body moving by habit now, pained and tired, indeterminate

periods when she blacked out, regaining herself sometime later, pain unceasing. The gleaming goddess was strong in her memories, as she tried to suppress the thoughts of the grime and sweat on her real body. This wasn't her, she wasn't that! She was more, pure, blessed! Bind her in latex, seal her body away that gleaming perfection, make her what she truly was!

Fantasies of herself, chained to a golden throne, punished for her sins, using her body to plead for forgiveness. Giving of herself, earning absolution. Anything other than darkness. A phantom touch, fingers along her thighs. Just a single orgasm, she deserved that much, surely? She tried to talk, to apologize, beg, speak her fantasies, but all she could do was mumble and dribble, until her air was cut off again, silencing her into her personal delusions.

Did she deserve it? Doubt plunged into her thoughts. She had been punished, she must deserve this treatment. What had she done wrong? She had punished the girl. But the girl had deserved it. Hadn't she? Keeping her trapped and bound. But the gold. That showed that Sophia was precious and valued! She pressed her tongue up against the tube, feeling the stud against the metal. It soothed her slightly, a reminder of herself, of her presence in the world. But if that was taken from her, if she wasn't worthy, then what was she? Empty and useless. Meat to be discarded.

The girl had been right to punish her. But why? What had she done wrong? She must have deserved her punishment. The pain of the piercings, needles into her most sensitive places. She could feel her clit, hungry for stimulation, for anything. Ghostly memories of the girl slapping her there, remembering being trapped, watching herself be tortured, a cattleprod applied to her exposed privates. Arousal again, even memories of pain enough to stimulate her. That had been her. Had it? Suffering and degradation, of being trapped in a confined space, head and body severed. She had been watching videos of the slut. But then why could she remember it so well?

Headless, reduced simply to fuckmeat. Yes, that was her. A body, personality eliminated. But the room, guests. Was that real? A sequence of images played, delusions or phantasms, she couldn't tell. Visitors, faces she didn't recognize, taking turns and fucking her. One rested a can of beer on her back, before shoving their cock up the ass of the, *her* body, as it grunted beneath them, accepting the violation, the intrusion.

She wanted to cum so badly, feeling it rising within her, but with no physical stimulation, she couldn't escape or release her lust. But please, let her be used, like she deserved! To have any sensation, or feeling... Darkness, soft and blurry, rose in her mind, embracing and confusing her, crushing her sense of self within itself. And the lights still. At some point, she had fallen to all fours, unable to support herself anymore, now reduced to crawling around, still moving, for fear of pain or choking if she ever stopped.

Something brushed her crotch, soft and gentle, slamming away her thoughts. She lacked the energy to grind her hips against it, fearing punishment, but wanting it to continue. Was she allowed, was this real, or another delusion? Was there something there, or was it part of her fantasies?

She was the maid, cleaning, ready to be fucked by the master. Yes, she could be part of the house, there to fuck and suck and please whoever owned her, sweet and obedient furniture. She could be that. Surely she could be that? If she wasn't worthy of anything more, then at least a servant-slave-fucktoy, ready and willing, cunt, ass and mouth hot and ready for anyone willing. Her breath cut short, lightning searing into her, lungs straining for breath.

Darkness and light and pain blurred, her lungs heavy as lead in her chest. Images of her body, used, abused, tormented, slick with sweat, cum, her voice begging for mercy, cajoling, requesting, flirting, crying, begging, screaming. Let her be that person, that *thing*, away from the darkness. Even bound into

latex again, a thing of glimmering perfection, no longer a person, a gleaming and perfect goddess.

Phantom pain burst along her back. The whipping. She had been wrong, she had deserved it. She could feel lust rising up within her, cunt dripping and loose. Yes, let her be whipped and lashed. But there was nothing, only darkness and the choking pain, being denied even air to breath unless she proved herself. The light faded within her, and there was only darkness.

Darkness.

Darkness.

Darkness.

Nails of water, cold and sharp against her skin, hands washing her down, rough and harsh. Even that was a delight, fantasies of the escorts paying her homage, as she tried to grind her pussy forward, thrusting against the water, even as the frigid lines scored her skin, bitter and painful. She wished to be at the mercy of the girl, getting cleaned by that blank, hurtful face, used and tormented. Anything other than this, trapped outside of the world, horny and desperate! She felt herself spread wide, searing cold water against her hot pussy.

The image burning through her dreams now was herself, on her knees, crawling and begging, then suspending, begging to be hurt, pleading for stimulation. Please, yes, let her be that woman, that thing, shaped and broken and moulded. She felt tears trickling down her face, the first thing she had felt in what seemed like eternity. But they dried, and then she was alone again. The darkness claimed her, mind turning in on

itself, seeking refuge in stimulation that never came, in memories that may or may not have ever happened.

There was a sensation of tightness, like she was back in her gleaming latex. Every movement was now harder, her body bound and constrained, but she twisted happily, revelling in the feeling until she numbed to it, dreaming of strikes against her breasts and buttocks, her cunt free and dripping, but impossible for herself to touch or reach. The ghost-sensations seemed to enjoy teasing her, soft touches against her, never quite enough, and then harsh strikes, slaps and pinches. Those were almost more pleasurable, seeming more real, as she twisted and writhed, lost in her dreams.

There was a release of pressure, and she dreamed about breathing, deeply and truly, her head free of the mask-hood. Light burnt her eyes, a glimpse of shadows and people, before it was taken from her again, black leather wrapped over her eyes. Laughter, words she couldn't comprehend, a cock between her lips, large and hot, the scent searing her nostrils, raw and pungent. She thrust herself over it, savouring the sensation, lost in the dream, devouring the taste and scent and feel, kissing the tip and shaft, before deepthroating it. A hand pushed her back, and she felt them pull back and come, blasting over her face, wet and sticky. She whined, desperate for the taste, licking the parts of her face she could reach with her tongue, more sensory input than she had experienced for a long time, overwhelming her. Then hands grasping her, taking her like a beast, a bitch, bending her over, spreading her wide and using her, deep and hard. She couldn't speak, even that ability gone, her tongue numb and sore, simply gasping and groaning.

Too soon, the dream ended, and she was back in her lonely, isolated darkness, bereft of anything but the pressure of the floor against her body, the lights leading her on, and the desperate hope of her memories. The dream was strong enough that the stink of cum was strong in her memories now, as though her face were plastered with the stuff. If it hadn't

been for the breathing-tube pushed into her mouth, she would have licked her lips, desperate for the taste.

Her body arced and bucked, as she remember-dreamed fucking the girl in the ass. But now she was on the receiving end. She gasped and gulped, wishing for such rough treatment, a cock violating her and stretching her out, lost deep within her memories of sex and pleasure and stimulation. She bent all the way over, grinding her hips against nothing, flailing her bound arms in a desperate attempt to reach and touch herself. Pain flared, a delicious agony, sweet sensation against her buttocks, snapping flick of a cane. She wriggled, desperate for more, remembering-imagining herself being trapped by the head, being used and hurt then. Any sense of who that had been was now lost, memories mangled, in a desperate sense of wanting anything but darkness.

Another strike, vicious and satisfying, and she squirmed happily, accepting her punishment. Everything blended together; pleasure, pain, self, others, as she lost herself in memory and fantasy and darkness.

There was light, hurting her eyes, far too long in the darkness. But surely she must be healed now? She remembered the girl punishing her. If she had sinned, then the girl must punish her again. Madam Sarah was meat, to be shaped as her master commanded. She shook her head. No, her name was Sophia. Wasn't it?

Air touched her skin, she shivered and whimpered. Was this real, or simply another hallucination? It took long moments for her vision to adjust, even the low light painful. What has happened? Her body was free of the latex, and she could move her arms and legs properly, although felt a bone-deep tiredness. Her head was... soft. Thoughts slipped away before she could grasp them, memories sinking into darkness, where she didn't have to think about them, or about herself.

Light, real light (she hoped) came from the clothing storage, showing officewear, sexy and chic. She tried to get it,

but the device didn't open. She sniffed, smelling something rank in the air, then realising it was her. She went into the shower, having to push on the door several times before it opened. She entered, and then the shower cubicle door clicked shut, cold water blasting out. It stabbed and cut at her body, icy and rending, a sensation she revelled in, spreading her arms wide until the water cut off. She could feel herself, horny and desperate. Her hand dropped to her waist, and a warning buzzer sounded, making her flinch.

Her thoughts were slow and hazy, the cold seeping into her body and soul, chilling her, the shower door not opening until she had served an appropriate penance. She went to get dressed, desperate to please. Fancy lingerie, with an ornate bra, clearly designed to be seen and shown off rather than worn for comfort made her smile – *someone* clearly had plans for her today! Crotchless panties as well, hard to get on without making herself cum, and stockings.

The miniskirt was tight and high-waisted, short enough that the laced tops of her stockings could be seen, and if she ever bent over or stretched upwards, a ribbon of bare flesh flashed into view. The blouse was silk, clearly expensive, and she buttoned it low to show off her cleavage. And some cute heels, shiny, black and high, to complete the look. She was surrounded by darkness as she put her makeup on, shifting awkwardly, desperate for sex but unwilling to touch herself. Shapes seemed to surge there, shadows of people, molesting and groping and using her. She could feel herself slicken again, wanting to be taken, used and hurt, to feel something on her skin.

How long had she been in the darkness. Just a few hours, surely? She shivered. But the dreams had been so vivid. But now she was sure to be rewarded, wasn't she? Fear surged, but she repressed it, looking at her golden ornaments for reassurance.

The rest of the apartment was pitch black – she felt her way around the walls, hearing the bed retract into the wall. She couldn't tell what time it was, the windows utterly opaque.

Even in the kitchen area, the usual food drawer wasn't opening. She heard a soft click from nearby, a warm light spilling out from the cabinet – a section near the floor had opened, a circular hole, with a bowl visible on the other side.

Memories surged, of being trapped and bound, fucked and tormented. Memories of the previous occupant, the slut, being punished. That hadn't, couldn't have been her, surely? But the memories were so vivid and strong! Lust and pain surged through her groin, her thighs tensing. She had to crawl to approach, carefully sticking her head into the hole, lapping at the food, trying to eat it as quickly as possible, panic surging through her and setting her heart racing, for reasons she couldn't remember.

She ate the food as quickly as possible, flinching at every imagined sound. When she moved her head up, the top of the slot brushing the back of her neck, she yelped in fear, pulling her head out fully, leaving half the bowl uneaten. The panel closed shut, light vanishing. She scrabbled at it, trying to get it to open, to get the rest of the food, still hungry and thirsty, but it didn't respond. She whined, having to force herself to remember to move her mouth and lips in anything other than the shape the tube had forced them into, trying to speak and beg like a person.

Some equipment was already on the cabinet, a chain hanging down ending in a hook. A large ballgag, the black rubber sphere gleaming ominously in the low light. Cuffs, black leather with a short chain.

She put the gag on, glad to have something filling her mouth, protecting the golden stud. It felt almost natural now, her mouth filled, not having to worry about speaking. She cuffed her hands behind herself, hooking them over the chain. It pulled upwards, forcing her to bend over, facing towards the black windows, away from the door. The tension hurt, but the pressure, the feeling on her body were making her aroused. She didn't have to think like this, to be anything other than an empty vessel.

The door opened, and her lust surged, even that almost enough to take her to the edge. A shadow, several shadows

approached. Was one of them her master, her owner? She tried wriggling her backside, wanting to appear enticing, wanting to please him. A hand tugged her skirt up, slapping her ass, and she made a happy sound. This is what she wanted. Fingers slipped inside of her, words she couldn't follow. A cock, hot and hard, thrust into her.

She came, fast and hard, the dick slamming into her. It wasn't long until they came, semen shooting into her. And then another, this one rougher, grabbing her roughly, making her thrust herself onto him. She didn't, couldn't track them, simply losing herself in the feeling of her body, letting them take her, pussy and ass both, her panties ripped off, skirt pulled high. Cum trickled between her legs, the stuff only driving her lust. Then she was pulled up and off, out of the strappado.

She dropped to her knees, immediately pulling herself forward, trying to suck a cock. Hands guided her, taking the gag out, until she had a shaft buried deep in her throat, as she was taken from behind as well. There were no thoughts, no words, only sensation, as she was used, again and again, a cocksleeve, filled with cum. She was lifted, place back onto the strappado to keep her in place, slapped and fucked and used.

Even when her conscious thoughts gave out, she kept going, getting fucked and shafted, again and again. Her mind was black and blank, white fire in the darkness, until they grew bored and discarded her. She was too weak to follow, softly whining, unable to speak despite not being gagged, until the door clicked shut, leaving her alone in the dark, sweat- and cum-slicked.

Chapter Nineteen: Tainted, Broken Gold

She dangled there, lost in a twilight daze, the only light when the door opened each time, more guests taking their pleasure upon her. But she was giving her worshippers what they wished for, as her mind faded and grew dim. Eventually, she was dropped, falling to the floor in a pool of sweat and cum, unable to stand.

A figure stood above her, all she could see a high-heeled leather shoe. She crawled forward, kissing the black material, recoiling backwards and flinching as they kicked her off.

It was the girl, now wearing a sleek and stark black mini-dress, fear stirring through Sophia as she saw gloved hands holding a bag of equipment, and whimpered. The girl squatted next to her, reaching out, one gloved hand grasping Sophia by the throat, as she leaned in and licked her cheek, tasting the cum, some still wet. Sophia whimpered, leaning into the grip, glad of the contact. The girl's other hand lightly slapped her face, until she raised her eyes.

'Madam has been giving pleasure, it seems.' She reached into Sophia's mouth, leather gloves rough against Sophia's tongue and lips as she felt for the stud. Sophia couldn't speak, even if she could remember any words, as those rough fingers intruded into her mouth. They withdraw, a gleam of light between them. As Sophia withdrew her tongue, it felt suddenly light, the stud gone.

'Madam has dirtied her gift. It shall be cleaned, and then *may* be returned.'

Horror rose up in her, and she tried to push forward, bound arms flailing in a futile attempt to grab it back. Tears begin to flow, hot and dirty and ugly, the girl still gripping her by the throat, the only thing stopping Sophia being choked the golden necklace. She whined, before managing to form words, softly begging. 'Please. Mine, please?'

The girl's look was cold, as she wiped the removed stud against a scrap of cloth not yet ripped from Sophia's body. She

raised a hand as though to slap Sophia again, making her flinch. ‘Tongue out.’ She starts to squeeze, Sophia’s vision starting to waver before she obeys. Another stud was inserted, this one cold and dull. Sophia’s skin grows clammy with fear-sweat – is she not worthy and beloved? But she still has her other gold, doesn’t she? A spark of light gleams on her navel though, steadying her heart slightly.

A leash is clipped through her necklace, and she is pulled forward on her knees. Lights click on as they move, each spark of light making her twitch and wince, fearful of punishment, the necklace now feeling more like a collar, tighter than it used to be, the jagged spurs digging into her neck. Her clothing, once elegant and sexy, is now tattered and shredded, soaked with sweat and cum, clinging uncomfortably to her body. The electric lights are cruel and pitiless, showing off every stain and imperfection.

The woman leans against the cabinet, one leg out, toe pointed towards Sophia. ‘Now the toy may use her tongue.’

Sophia shuffles further forward, tilting her head down, running her tongue against the leather shoe, making sure to make it shine, as the girl purrs in pleasure above her.

‘The toy is obedient.’ The words reach through to Sophia. Toy? But she’s “Madam”, respected and obeyed! She raises her head to object, but the girl, the woman, shifts, her foot pushing down on Sophia’s head, grinding it onto the floor. ‘What is your name, toy?’

She can’t twist herself out from beneath the foot, wishing she had still had the helmet on, to protect her. Before the question is repeated, she manages to speak, her voice still slow to command, her name something she has to remember. ‘Sophia?’ She can’t help but make it a question. So much has been lost into the darkness, her memories of who she is, what’s been done to her, vague and chaotic.

The pressure of the heel removed itself from her head, and Sophia looked up, meeting the woman’s eyes, forcing herself not to look away, although it takes all her remaining will. She pulls out something from her sleeve and tosses it down. Sophia

looks at it – it's a driving license. It looks like her, but... the name, the dates are all wrong. They are wrong, aren't they? It says "Sarah". Was that ever her address? She tries to remember, but everything is blurry. She had a life outside of this apartment, didn't she? But she can remember nothing, as though she was created when she entered this apartment. How did she even get here?

‘What is your name, toy?’ She produces a whip, brandishing it with an evil grin.

Sophia stuttered, tongue halting. What is her name? The whip caressed her back, making her nerves tingle with searing memories of pain, despite the gentle touch. She spoke slowly and fearfully, tense in fear of retaliation. ‘Sa...rah?’

The whip caresses her back again, the girl's voice sugar-sweet and razor-sharp. ‘The toy has some memories, it seems. Very good. Down.’

Sophia – no, Sarah, she must remember her name is *Sarah*, not *Sophia* – presses herself against the floor, fully prostrate. The woman's shoes – and that whip – disappear from view – and then the tattered remnants of her clothing are removed, before hands start undoing the buckles of her cuffs, remove her shoes and toss them aside. As it is released, her arms fall free, weak from their confinement. Then the boots are removed, leaving her completely naked and exposed except for her jewellery, still face down and pressing against the floor.

‘The toy may stand.’

It took Sarah several attempts to do so, her arms weak, legs wobbling. At first she tried to stand on tip-toes, but without the support of the shoes, she can't maintain the position, dropping to her flat feet, feeling diminished and weakened. The girl feels her body, strong fingers twisting and kneading flesh, probing and pushing, feeling her muscles and meat.

‘The toy is dirty.’

Sarah squirms, feeling suddenly awkward and ashamed as the girl grabs her by the chin, face up close to Sarah's own, breath hot and sharp against her face.

‘How many have enjoyed you, toy? How many have used you?’

There’s a swirl of shattered memories and fragmented images, seeing herself from the outside, her body a mute and headless *thing*, being used and fucked. Herself, in the dress, masked and blinded, being made to drink the cum of strangers. She is meat, her body offered up as sacrifice, pounded and fucked and used.

A projector flickers into life, showing a video she’s seen before, of the previous occupant, the slut, locked in place. Her memory stutters and blinks. But that’s her. Isn’t it? She can feel herself growing wet, body heating up. But she’s never been used like that. Has she? She can’t remember, memories and dreams blurring together into a crazed maelstrom of darkness and fear. She shudders, sinking to her knees, vision blurring through tears.

The woman grabs her by the hair, dragging her up, staring into her eyes, slapping her across the cheek. ‘The toy remembers?’ Her grin is barbed.

Sarah can’t speak, unable to find any words. Her very self is collapsing, shattering back into the darkness. Her breath catches in her throat and she feels a leaden weight pressing on her lungs, as though she’s wearing the mask again. Who is she, how long has she been here? She struggles to remember even the name of the city. The outside world, how long has it been? Sunlight is a distant memory, her world is now nothing but this apartment, this room, the spotlight shining on the girl, still holding her by her hair. ‘Please...’ She doesn’t even know what she’s begging for – she has nothing, is nothing, is no one, outside of this place.

‘The toy wishes for a purpose?’

She nods, at least as much as possible when she’s being held by the hair. She needs something, otherwise the crazed, whirling darkness will claim her, reduce her to nothing. She can still feel it, heavy and cold, heart pounding, fear-sweat slicking her body, breath starting to pant.

‘Did the toy think itself worthy of these?’ She tugs on a nipple piercing, stretching the skin. Then she twists the metal, unscrewing it and sliding the metal out, flesh pulling back. Sarah whines, trying to beg, as the other piercing is also undone. She feels lightheaded and dazed, body feeling unnatural, almost broken, without the metal stuck into her. The girl reaches into her bag, pulling out replacements, of dull, heavy metal, no glorious, shining lustre. More tears trickle down Sarah’s face, hot and burning, as cold metal penetrates her body.

Next is her navel, the girl batting away Sarah’s hands, slapping her across the face and breasts to quell any thoughts of rebellion. The cute golden stud is replaced with an iron ring, more appropriate for livestock than a person. Then fingers move down to her cunt, wet and hungry for stimulation, even amidst her terror. Sarah starts shaking her head, unable to form any coherent words.

‘This one supposes that is your best feature, and definitely the most used. Would the toy like to keep it?’

She feels herself nod desperately. She is worthy and precious, she must keep something! The fingers slip inside of her, and she pushes against them, trying to smile and look happy and enthusiastic, desperate for another orgasm despite her pain and terror.

‘Then the toy may keep it. For now, and that alone.’ There’s a click, and her arms are suddenly lighter, a heavy clunk as her bracelets fall to the floor. She scrabbles for them, picking them up, snapping them on, but they don’t lock, simply falling open as soon as she lets go. Panic and fear now – she can’t lose them! The girl pushes her away and picks them up, locking them over her own limbs.

‘The toy has tainted her gifts. And so may not keep them.’ She looks at the stains on them with disgust, wiping them with a cloth. Then she grabs the anklets, pushing Sarah, putting them on herself. They sit snugly against her bronzed skin, contrasting well with the deep black of her dress. Then she puts fingers through the ring of the necklace, pulling Sarah in for a long kiss. Despite herself, Sarah melts into it, desperate

for warmth, for touch, the darkness abating for a moment from the physical contact. And then the collar releases, leaving her neck feeling bare and naked. The click as it locks around the girl's neck is loud, Sarah whimpering again.

The girl strokes the collar, running hands along the smooth metal, looking strangely relieved. 'This one is glad to be properly dressed once again.' She produces a heavy leather collar, the inside bearing several savage-looking prongs. 'The toy will put these on.' Four cuffs are also thrown down, hung with metal rings.

Having anything around her neck feels better, as Sarah swiftly locks the collar in place, feeling more comfortable with a bound neck, despite the spikes scraping her skin. The plain cuffs snap into place, settling her somewhat. Surely these show some worth and value? She is still someone, or at least something? A leash is clipped to her new collar, as she is led through to the bedroom, the bed descending from the wall, already made up. Sarah's pulse quickens – will she be allowed onto the bed? Even spread-eagled and bound would be an honour and a pleasure. The woman sits on it, spreading her legs. 'The toy is dirty but may have some value.' She beckons Sarah forward, her intent obvious, and Sarah slides forward, tongue already out, the new stud bigger and heavier.

She buries herself in the woman, thighs tight around her head, savouring the taste, glad of any sensation, desperate to keep the darkness at bay. A hand rests atop her head, but only lightly, trusting her to know what to do. She gives herself fully to her new purpose, tongue sliding in and out, glad to have to not think, simply existing as a thing to give pleasure, seeking refuge in this purpose.

Too soon, it's over, as she tastes the girl's climax, savouring the flavour. The hand exerts pressure now, pushing her back, the girl looking down at her, blue eyes gleaming in the low light. She raises her hand, making Sarah flinch, but it moves only to pat her on the head. 'The toy has learned.' Then she reaches over to the wall, pressing buttons on the control panel. A horizontal line is projected onto the wall, just above the level of Sarah's head. The girl hooks fingers through

Sarah's collar and pulls her upwards, an angry buzzing starting. Sarah struggles, but is too weak to drop back, a shock zapping her neck. As soon as she is released, she drops back down below the line, cowering away from the pain.

'Very good. The toy knows her place.' She presses another button, the line lowering a few inches, Sarah being forced to stoop, even on all fours. She pushes a foot against Sarah, who desperately kisses it, wanting to regain her favour, to earn something other than punishment. Then she stands, taking the leash and pulling, Sarah having to squirm and wriggle along, trying to stay low to avoid being shocked. The leash is clipped to the wall and pulled short, leaving her close to the smooth surface, unable to see anything else.

She can hear the girl moving, a cabinet opening, a rattle, the sounds of eating. How long has it been since she's eaten anything proper, anything other than food-paste? The leash is tight enough she can't move her face to see properly, and the darkness seems to surge around her, threatening to overwhelm her, broken memories surging up, her fucked and used body, taste and scent of cum and sweat. Maybe if she served the girl properly, then that was her purpose? She could be of use, granted light and succour that way?

She hears the door opening, more movement, something heavy. Soft speech, scribble of a pen, a chirpy "thank you!", the door closing, electric locks slamming shut. Footsteps approach, a hand, wrapped in latex, touching her back. She flinches but doesn't say anything, as her skin is felt and probed, lubed fingers slipping into her holes, cold and business-like, before the soft brush of lips on her buttock.

'You have been a good girl, haven't you? It looks as though you've kept your measurements. Although you are a bit dirty.'

Sarah can just about twist enough to see it's the woman that took her fitting sizes, now wearing a black latex bodysuit, although still with the same tousled hair. Maybe she wants to be pleased? She sticks her tongue out and pants, wanting to show willing. She smiles at Sarah, still feeling her body, squeezing an arm. The girl approaches, heels loud on the floor

and unclips the leash. Sarah flinches away, fearful again, before the tousled girl strokes her, making gentle, soothing noises. 'Shhh, shhh. Don't worry, soon you'll be perfect and preserved.' She reaches around, feeling a nipple, pulling on the piercing. 'I did prefer the gold, but I suppose these will have a certain industrial appeal. A little less elegant, but proudly utilitarian.' She sniffs. 'But you stink! Come on, let's get you cleaned.'

She steps back and turns, clicking her tongue, like someone talking to a pet, gesturing at Sarah. The leash is unclipped, allowing Sarah to follow her towards the bathroom, being gestured into the shower. The ridged floor is uncomfortable on her knees, but she doesn't dare stand. The girl follows them in, pulling off her dress and shoes, revealing that she is now wearing the gold, piercing through her nipples and navel, matching the bands on her wrists and ankles, flame tattoo bright against pale skin. Sarah tries not to think of them as hers, fearful of punishment even for that.

Cold water blasts against her body, the tousled girl hosing her down. She shivers but didn't protest, before the temperature increased.

'The toy may stand.'

Slowly, fearful in case it's a trick, Sarah stands, water still pushing against her, cleaning off sweat and cum. The girl approaches, kissing her, before starting to clean and scrub her, fingers gentle.

'The toy shall soon be in her proper place.'

The tousled girl nods. 'Yes, I'm still thinking of a title. Perhaps "Broken Meat"? It would fit these.' She uses the water to gesture at the piercings, before mounting the showerhead on the wall and pressing her body against Sarah's, latex-bound breasts compressing against Sarah's body. Her fingers feel Sarah's body. 'You really are excellent material, I don't know where he found you.' The hands drop between her legs, two fingers pushing into her. Lust rises up, as she is pressed between the two women, their hands caressing her. Maybe she still has worth? They are serving her, are they not?

Her hair is washed, and she closes her eyes, dreading the darkness there, focusing on the feeling of the water, the hands washing and teasing her flesh, desperate to loose herself in the moment, not drown in her fragmented memories. Too soon, it's over, the water stopping, and she lets herself be towed dry, glad to be able to open her eyes again, to be back in the light. Fingers dance over her crotch, teasing her with the promise of pleasure, but not granting it. The thought of doing it herself doesn't occur to her, knowing that such would only lead to suffering.

Back in the main room, Sarah drops to all fours by force of habit. More lights have come on, leaving the edges of the room in darkness, the windows still solid black. "Day" and "night" lost their meaning long ago, now there is only "light", when she has some semblance of existence, and "darkness", a fearful scrabbling for meaning amongst pain and terror. There's something new, a long, black shape, a casket, shaped like an exaggerated female body – curved at the waist and hips, breasts, suggestion of slender legs, the arms tight by the body, blank face staring back.

Shaking herself dry, water flicking off latex, the girl approaches it and lifts off the top, to reveal the hollow space inside. Sarah whimpers, a presentiment of darkness. There's little padding, the occupant kept restrained by the precise fit, and Sarah catches a glimpse of a tube set into the inside of the headpiece, so the occupant would have their mouth forced open, able to breathe and be given food.

'He was very specific about it having just the basic shape, which is a shame – I've been wanting to try alternate shapes, maybe something with spread limbs, for a change?'

'His orders are absolute.'

'Yes, I suppose. It is nice to be able to make so many. And they are always so happy and enthusiastic!' She smiles at Sarah, who forces herself to smile back. 'It's nice to get everything signed off and proper as well. You must have really wanted this, right Sarah?'

Sarah feels her neck being squeezed. Yes, this is what she wants. To be used and valued.

‘The toy will find her purpose. She will be of use, this one supposes.’

Sarah is led forward by gentle swats to her backside. Will this make her perfect? Even tighter than latex, her skin perfect and imperishable. A hand covers her eyes and she whimpers in fear, suddenly forced into darkness, shaking her head to push it off, starting to pant in fear already.

‘The toy will accept?’ Sharp nails tickle her back, a warning and a promise of pain to come. The other girl smiles, looking at her expectantly, and Sarah keeps moving forward.

The casket is lent at an angle. She slowly lays down in it, the thing perfectly engineered, made just for her, showing her worth and value. It’s slightly soft, just enough padding to prevent her, the precious cargo, being damaged. Her arms are carefully pushed into place – even without the top in place, the fit is snug enough she would have difficulty getting out.

The tousled girl claps her hands delightedly. ‘Very good! Yes, you will be an excellent centerpiece. Or is she being installed here? I see the last one has been removed already.’

‘Here, for a time.’

‘Oh, very good. It always goes better if they don’t have to acclimatise to new environments too fast. Too many shocks close together can be disruptive once the process is finished.’

Her hair is pulled, tugged through a gap in the case, ensuring it won’t press against her when she’s sealed away. The top of the casket is moved over her, pressing down. She can feel, but not hear, clicks reverberate through her new body, her hearing blocked. A tube is in her mouth, her sole contact with the outside world her breathing, everything else sealed away. Her entire body feels like it’s floating, a continual pressure, equally spread over every inch of her. She can see, although not much, a narrow tunnel of light, the two women talking, before they start to kiss. Yes, a show to honour her, a reward for her virtue!

They kiss each other, before she feels a pressure at her own pussy, hot warmth somewhere she cannot touch herself. One of them must be praising her, a finger teasing into her, and she starts to feel herself rising to it. It twirls around and this is withdrawn, leaving her horny and desperate. But she will be served, as she deserves, eventually, will she not? They continue to make out, the tousled girl dropping to her knees and eating out the masseuse. Then she stands up and reaches out, touching something on the side of Sarah's head.

The world went dark. Fear took her, heart starting to hammer. Images formed, her body as fuckmeat, only stirring her desire further. To be wanted, to be used, adored, fucked and taken, that is her value and worth. She feels fingers stir inside of her again, unable to tell if they are real or illusionary, and not really caring. But too soon, the sensation fades, denying her a release.

There is a shift of balance, and she feels herself becoming vertical, swinging for a moment before settling into place. Something was pushed into each of her holes, front and back, water pumping into her, cleaning her out. Then there was only darkness, lust and a desire to serve. She couldn't even twist or settle herself, but she simply waited, until she could be of service. Images of herself surrounded by worshippers, praying to her, skilled fingers touching and teasing her, cocks of the most worthy sliding into her cunt. She groaned in anticipatory pleasure, already lost in her own world, severed from reality.

Chapter Twenty: A Cage for a Broken Mind

She hung in the darkness, bound and confined and perfect. Worshippers came to her, to pray to her perfect body, give her offerings of their cocks, in her mouth, her pussy, her ass. All she knew of the outside world was when someone took her, urgent fuck-meat slamming into her, the wet eruption of cum. Other than that, she was lost, adrift in a sea of memory and dreams.

Sometimes, she could feel memories surfacing, of a life apart, when she had been something other a sex doll. She had had a name then, hadn't she? Had seen the sun, been outside, walked, even talked? She tried to suppress them as best they can, fearing what else she might remember. She preferred the other memories, that appeared more vividly to her.

Sometimes she could see herself, a latex-wrapped body, the shining black slick-stained with cum, deigning to allow herself to be used for pleasure. Down on all fours, men pounding and shafting her, taking her in every way. Memories trickled and tumbled, times when she was removed from her shell, and worshippers fell upon her inner body. In these times, she was blinded, padded leather against her eyes, the outside world too impure for her to see, so she was kept in her sacred chambers, where her worshippers could take their pleasure upon her meat. She could remember when she had had the power of speech, but such things seemed a blur now, a thing entirely beyond her.

She was worshipped with sensation, the impact of a crop, sharp fingers probing her divine flesh, the juddering sparking of electricity against her most sensitive parts, making her writhe and groan, lost entirely within her feelings. She was blessed; her body provided such pleasure, after all. But she was happiest within her new body, silent and bound, reduced to nothing more than three holes.

In time, even the faint memories of her old life faded. She was meat, worshipped and perfect. The only flaw in her perfection was visions of the girl, with gold on her limbs and a

mark of fire on her back. Distant memories of pain, harsh and brutal, would rise, and she would weep and groan, trying to remember long-forgotten words of pleading and begging. In these times, she tried to lose herself in the darkness, now wanting to experience the memories of suffering. In those memories, she was tied and spread, her body weak and powerless, claws raking her back or wax melting against her thighs or breasts. In these nightmares, she was denied, brought to the edge but then the girl, the devil, would deliver only pain, rather than the cleansing purity of an orgasm. Tears, weeping, wordless begging; all did nothing but bring her more suffering, her body a thing of pain, rather than pleasure.

Her limbs would be bound in rope, or chain, or swaddled in latex, and she would be abused and hurt. Even her most precious places, those most worshipped by her followers, would be assaulted, stretched wide or burning oil rubbed in, pinched, slapped. Such dreams seemed to persist for days, or weeks, a timeless daze of degradation until she awoke in her divine casket, to be worshipped again.

Once, she dreamed of her owner, her own god. A whiff of a half-remembered scent, a cologne, cut through the sweat and cum. She panted into her breathing tube. She had been good, would she be rewarded? Her tongue waggled, licking a finger, crumb of something sweet there. She almost fainted from the pleasure of the taste, rolling it around in her mouth, trying to make it last. Something other than insipid, flavourless paste! And then, a cock, *his* cock, pushing into her. She squealed with delight, at least as much as she could. She couldn't move her hips or do anything, but with the taste of sugar still in her mouth, she lost herself fully, her head filled with dreams of golden luxury, her body transcendently light. She felt semen blast into her, grunting in satisfaction, clenching herself, trying to keep the sensation as long as possible, wanting to live forever in that moment.

From that time forward, the owner-dream was an occasional delight. Sometimes it would be after the girl hurt and humiliated her, a divine reward for endurance. Sometimes it seemed as though he were truly a god, able to take her in

several ways at once, bringing her to the very heights of pleasure.

And so she passed her time, bound in her casket, a mute thing of pleasure.

Postscript: Do Sex Slaves Dream of Electric Cocks?

The casket hung from the ceiling, suspended from a chain above a pit, so it can be lowered to allow access to every hole. Emma gave it a push, watching it rock back and forth. The only sign of the living thing inside was a slight sheen of liquid around the mouth hole, a little more at the dip between the legs. She wondered what it was like – she'd experimented, of course, settling herself inside one of her creations, but always carefully, with a timer set to release her. To be locked inside for weeks or months, settled into the warm darkness, sealed away entirely except for the sexual organs, she couldn't even imagine! Quite where he kept finding these test subjects, she didn't know. But they all looked similar, high-powered businesswomen from how they dressed and behaved, so maybe they were just stressed, seeking an escape? It must be quite soothing, in some ways, to be locked into the darkness, without anything to worry about other than being fucked.

She plugged a tube in, water gushing into their backside, a slight uptick in heart-rate. She reached out and touched the hard, outer shell, stroking it, even though she knew the contents couldn't feel anything. This one had been here for six months already, but still seemed eager, at least if the amount of fluids she shed was any indicator.

It was nice to see them, and think of how happy they must be, sealed away from whatever had been stressing them out. She licked her fingers then felt their pussy, sliding her fingers in, the walls tightening around her digit, hot and warm, heart-rate peaking higher, obviously eager for stimulation.

'You really are keen, aren't you? And you've only just had a group!' Signs of their leaving were still there, semen spattered onto the outside of the casket. She withdrew her finger – was that her imagination, or was there a disappointed sigh? She ran her finger along the casket, scraping up the stuff, before pushing her finger into the open, waiting mouth. A tongue stirred to life, licking her finger clean. There was a

small bulb underneath the nostrils, that could emit a light spray of cologne, that seemed to drive this one into intense lust. Emma squeezed it, hearing an ecstatic groan, the tongue twirling around her finger.

‘Good girl! You must really like the taste. You certainly consume a lot of it.’ She patted the casket again, making it swing slightly. Then she sighed, as she saw someone had scribbled graffiti onto the casket: ‘SLUT’, ‘Fucktoy’, ‘cumdumpster’. She reached for a cleaning wipe, scrubbing away the markings. There was no need to be mean! Not that the occupant would know, but Emma had put a lot of work into building the casket. Including a wipe-clean surface, fortunately. The first few she had made had quickly ended up dirty and impossible to properly clean, so she had made some improvements to them since. She liked to think that it made the occupants happier, even though they obviously couldn’t see, unless she streamed a video into the eyes.

She checked to see what was currently being shown, pulling it up on her tablet. It was an edited video of them and several other earlier subjects getting fucked, the speed varying at random between one quarter and triple, along with some random shocks to keep them awake. She idly poked a finger into the wet, hot cunt again. It must be stimulating, as the slit was already dripping, desperate for more stimulation.

‘I think you might need to calm down a little.’ She pressed her tablet, stopping the playback. ‘You’ve only just had eight visitors, you need a little rest!’ She tapped the casket, setting it swinging again. ‘Maybe this will help you take a break?’ She played white noise, changing the video to something less violent, with a latex-clad woman being used to pleasure three other women, played at a slow speed, one of the random videos recorded here. ‘I wonder what you think of in there? Your sense of time must be utterly broken by now.’ She reached up and touched the headpiece, wondering if she should make one that allowed a lash of hair to be displayed, to contrast a sign of life with the black and unyielding plastic.

Then she looked around guiltily, before reaching and flicking a hidden switch. The eye-pieces flickered, eyes, real

eyes, suddenly staring back at her, the illusion of inhumanity lessened. They couldn't hear her, of course, but she liked to hope they would remember her. She pushed her tongue into the mouth-slot, their own tongue rising up, soft and wet. Maybe when this one's term in the casket was finished, Emma could keep her? They always needed some rehabilitation afterwards, and this one had been quite cute, in a rather desperate to please and needy way. She'd make a cute little pet; dressed up as a secretary or maid, and trained to do simple tasks; those long legs wrapped in stockings, cute breasts in a tight top, and she might appreciate a pussy rather than getting reamed by cocks, again and again.

There was a sound at the door, and she flicked the switch again, the eyes vanishing. Another group already? This one was popular! She withdrew the enema-tube with a 'pop' and started tidying away the cleaning equipment, giving the casket a slap to set it spinning. Several men came in through the door. 'Sorry, I'll be gone in a minute! Let me just put this away.' She dragged the machine away. 'She's ready and waiting for you.' The first stepped forward, cock already large, as he grabbed at the casket, fingers probing at her slit, checking the occupant was ready.

From the Inside, a Goddess Looks Out

She was worshiped. In the darkness, she was pure and perfect, a divinity aside. Worshipers came to her, cocks plunging into her, allowing her to bless them with her cunt. Sometimes her mouth was used instead, and she would consume their seed, flavour sweet on her tongue. This was her duty, to show her value to them, to prove her worth. Her body thrummed to phantasmal sensations, any true contact long since denied, lost in her dreams of when she had *truly* existed, as something other than a mouth, an anus and a cunt.

Her memories played before her, clean and fresh. A body she dimly recognised as herself, before her ascension, being used, granting favours to those she deemed worthy. Sometimes the memories would vanish, and she could feel herself cracking, left alone in her darkness, waiting, wishing for them

to return. In the darkness, she became fearful and desperate, waiting for either the blessed intrusion of a cock, hot and vivid to push it back, leaving her in the blessed white surges of pleasure. That or her favoured worshipper, the woman.

She appears sometimes, smiling and happy. She is brighter than the other visions, appearing bathed in light. She vaguely associates the woman with her current state, for her ascension, for the men appearing to worship her, and for that she is thankful. When the woman appears, then it seems warmer. Sometimes a finger pushes into her, a sweetly gentle probing, less vigorous than a cock thrusting and pumping into her, but somehow more pleasing. Or raising a finger to her mute and immobile lips, giving her sweet libations of semen.

A vision appears, of herself, or another, she can't tell anymore, being fucked and abused. If she could, she would be squirming in lust, desperate to grind herself against something, to be filled and used. She can remember hands pulling at her flesh, harsh and rough, and her juices start to flow. All she can do is flap her tongue, hoping that soon a worshipper will appear, to fuck her, use her, make her feel alive, keep the darkness at bay.

The vision changes, showing something older. A bound victim, swathed in latex, being used as a sextoy by three women. She can't remember which one of them she was – perhaps the one in green? Was that her? Or maybe the one with the flame tattoo? Sometimes her back aches, maybe that's why. Their victim writhes and squeals beneath them, being ridden and mounted with dildos mounted onto their body, to be used by the women. The darkness surges up, something about the vision seeming too familiar, as the bound victim wriggles around, unable to escape her tormentors. A finger pushes into her, pleasurable and oh-so-sweet.

Then there's another vision. This is one of her favourites, of the woman, her favoured. If she could, she would smile down upon her. She is given an offering, a finger raised to her mouth, and she eagerly laps at it, savouring the taste, desperate for more cum. Then there is darkness again. She twists her

tongue, desperate for sensation, for more cum, feeling her slit leaking and wet.

Fingers again, rough and harsh this time, shoving into her. She accepts them, glad of the heat and pressure, already feeling the pressure of an orgasm forming. She is divine, now, perfect and protected, pure and worthy. The fingers pull out, leaving her desperate and hungry, before a cock shoves into her. She accepts that as her due, semen hot and vicious as it fills her, panting down her breathing tube, desperately fleeing the lightning.

Much Later...

Emma carefully opens the door, not wanting to disturb her pet. She's stood at a desk, a metal cuff around one slender, stocking-clad ankle, above shining black heels. Her hands move, slowly, tapping at a keyboard, numbers flashing on the screen. Her face and hair are exquisite, Emma taking care of her every morning.

She's dressed like an office lady, tight skirt high enough to show the tops of her stockings, blouse with a translucent lace panel down the center, her piercings visible through the thin fabric. Her collar, a chunky black thing, is tight around her neck, and she occasionally touches it, as though comforting herself it's still there. Wires run along the ground, up her leg and beneath her skirt.

As Emma watches, the screen flashes red, and there's an angry buzzing. The pet whimpers, frantically hitting the keys, too slow to reverse her error, as there's a sparking snapping sound, electricity scorching into her pussy, the collar tightening around her neck. She whines as she tenses, although Emma can smell her lust in the air.

She remembers how long it had taken to train the pet not to masturbate, having to take a cattle prod to her, again and again, until she had learnt that trying to bring herself pleasure would bring only pain. Of course, that had bought the side-effect that now electricity aroused her – Emma was sure that the pet was making mistakes on purpose to get zapped, and so

had engaged the ‘choke’ mechanism on the collar. Now it seems that is starting to get her going as well! But at least she’s learnt not to touch herself unless explicitly commanded, and even a day or two of denial drives her to pleading desperation.

More random numbers fill the screen, some of them highlighted, her pet having to enter them or be punished, and needing to do enough to earn her breath, food, and warmth. It’s not much, but it seems to keep her busy. Emma slowly creeps into the room, walking up behind her, admiring the lean body of her pet.

She must have made some sound, as her pet turns to see her, face breaking into a simple-minded smile. She turns away from the screen, dropping her head respectfully, just short of dropping to her knees. Her tongue is already sliding from her mouth, ready to lick and kiss her owner’s mound. She can barely speak, except for the simplest words, like “more” and “please”. As she opens her mouth, there’s a flash of metal, the dull stud replaced with a silver one. When that had been implanted, the pet had been almost rapturously thankful, gushing with delight. It had taken a dozen men to tire her out!

Emma can see the pet’s nipples are stiff and hard, despite, or possibly because of the shock she’s just received. Emma tries to speak soothingly to her, even slightly harsh words making her simperingly desperate to please, more effective than any physical threat. Emma pushes a button, and the ankle cuff releases itself. The pet turns, wrists behind her, knowing her place.

‘You are a good girl, aren’t you?’ Emma steps forward and strokes the pet’s backside, feeling the plug inserted there, reaching under the short skirt and unclipping the wires connecting to devices in both her holes. The girl mews in response, as her wrists are clipped together, not that she needs it. Emma reaches around to cup a breast, feeling lust stir within herself, the memory of the pet’s tongue pleasing and tempting. But that can wait, they have an appointment, and the girl is always eager to please.

‘Your first owner wants to see you.’ That makes the pet shiver with delight, and Emma feels between her legs – she’s drenched through, thighs dripping with lust.

The pet tries to speak, taking several tries before she can get her lovely lips and soft tongue to all work together. ‘Master? Please, yes?’ She smiles again, eyes bright.

‘Yes. Although I think this might be the first time you’ve seen him? He’s very smart though.’ She attaches a leash to the collar. ‘Come on, we can’t be late. And then there’s a lot of men to see you. You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Lots of cum for you.’

If the pet was a dog, her tail would be wagging enthusiastically now, as she smiles and nods. ‘Yes. Yes! Master. Cum.’

Emma tugs on the leash, pulling the pet forward, making her voice harsh. ‘As a special treat, you can pretend to be a person. A person! Don’t embarrass me by trying to fuck the taxi driver again, or I’ll lock you in the box again. You understand?’

The pet quails and shakes. ‘Box. No box. Pet good. Good!’ She’s almost crying already, as Emma gently pats her on the cheek, shushing her.

‘Be good, and you can have lots of cum. Now, come with me. It would be nice to wash you down, but you’re probably going to get fucked again. But you like that, don’t you?’ She patted the pet on the head. She tugs on the leash, pulling the girl forward. It always takes coaxing to make her leave the room, open spaces and sunlight making her nervous. But she obeys, stepping out of her room. There’s a shelf full of wigs, and Emma picks one up, long and brown. As she removes the pet’s current hair, the light in their eyes dims, their self fading to almost nothing. It was something of a shame, but it’s so much easier to clean, and it’s fun swapping out. It takes a moment to adjust, and then she’s ready.

The pet whines for a moment, but goes silent when Emma glares at her. ‘Maybe your master will want you back in your casket?’ It would feel odd giving her up, but this pet is a bit

clingy and needy. Until Emma set up the computer to keep her busy she had done nothing but whine and try to touch herself! And now she was starting to enjoy punishment, she'd probably burn that out as well.

The taxi is waiting for them outside, the driver having worked in London long enough that a woman on a leash was only mildly unusual. Emma puts a plastic bag down, knowing how wet her pet gets, not wanting to get a cleaning fine, as they drive off.

Final Ascension

Her priestess leads her into the sunlight. It hurts, bright and stinging, and she wants to run away, back into her sanctum, where she is valued. Sometimes she had visitors, worshippers, blessing her with their attention, leaving her bathed in sweat and semen. Outside, she sees the woman. Fear, pain, darkness surge up in her, and she shudders. Her priestess leads her away, and then she sees her body, black and solid, and happiness returns. That is her true self, a thing of perfect, shining black, sealed away from the world except for the happiness she can bring to others. Even a burning against her back can't distract her, as she moves towards it, feeling air gentle against her skin, as her clothing is stripped. She lays down, feeling snug and warm, before the cover slips into place, sealing her in.

She is happy. She is content. She is nothing but what she needs to be, mute and silent, a thing to give pleasure. And in her mind, she imagines herself worshipped and adored, as the van starts up, the vibration of the engine translating itself as fervent wordless prayers, the stimulation flooding the pet with fresh lust.

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.

Connect with the Writer and the Artist

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