

Mistress of the House

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Acknowledgements

To Sophia. For someone that says they're not a domme, you seem pretty good at it!

Chapter One: The Mistress of the House

Hannah hauled her suitcase from the boot of the taxi before it sped off, leaving her alone on the empty country lane. She stood next to an old gatehouse, although all the windows were bricked up, the door sealed behind a metal sheet. At least the gate was open, although a heavy chain and padlock hanging from the dark metal showed it could be locked closed. Why had she agreed to this job, out in the middle of nowhere? The money, mostly - three months cleaning work, that paid what she would normally earn in two years! Probably some old dear, unable to keep on top of the dust in the few rooms she used. But the place was miles from anywhere, even the nearest train station a long and expensive taxi ride away. She checked her phone – no reception, of course.

She started trudging up the long drive, the manor house easy to spot, set on a hill ahead of her. When fully maintained, it must have been glorious, with rolling grounds and a huge garden, but now everything was very much run down and clearly delapidated. A statue peered at her from a cocoon of greenery, a toned six-pack stomach barely visible beneath moss and vines. Her arms were getting more and more tired, her case dragging at them more with every step. But if she was going to be here for a long stay, she needed to bring clothing, as well as... entertainment, something for the lonely evenings. She was only 23, she needed something to keep her entertained and turned on! A strapping young gardener or groundskeeper to keep her company would be nice but seemed unlikely.

She passed several outbuildings – some cottages, a boathouse, a pavilion – but all looked boarded up and unused, except for the stables, that looked open and in use. She would have to explore later, but she should find the owner first.

By the time she got to the front door, up a grand staircase of its own, her arms were burning from the strain of carrying her case, sweat making her clothing stick to her body. The door was fronted with a brass face that glared at her, long tongue forming the knocker. No doorbell, or any other sign of modernity. She took a moment to compose herself, tidying her long, brown hair into a ponytail, hoping she didn't look too tired and sweaty. Then she lifted the knocker and let it drop.

A loud “thud” sounded, the door vibrating under the impact. The sound cascaded into the house, probably echoing amongst empty rooms. She could imagine ancient *things* arising from their rest, shuffling up and coming to answer the door. If it was an old lady, then hopefully she had her rooms near the door, or Hannah would have to go exploring and try and find where she lived.

There was the tattle of a chain, two hard “clunks” of bolts being moved open, and then the door creaked open.

It was opened by a woman, notably taller than Hannah, and likely so even without the heeled boots she was wearing. A taut red leather skirt fell to her knees, her breasts straining against a blood-red satin top, her hair a deep, glossy black against her pale white skin. Her eyes were rimmed with dark eyeshadow, jewelry shining on her ears and around her neck, even in the gloomy light of the hallway. She looked down at Hannah without speaking.

‘Uh, good morning.’ This wasn’t what Hannah had expected. ‘I’m Hannah. I’m here for the maid position?’

‘Ah, little Hannah, of course. Please, come in, follow me.’

The woman started to walk away, the place dark enough she almost vanished into the shadows, as Hannah scrambled to catch up. Inside was a grand reception hall, the walls covered with oak panels, so dark they were almost black, the rugs underfoot a deep, crimson red. Hannah’s arms started to ache again almost immediately as she hauled her case with her. As they stepped away from the door, it swung shut with a loud “crash”, the sound cascading through the manor.

‘Are you, um, the lady of the house?’ Hannah tried to peer through some of the doors they pass, but they were moving too fast, leaving only the vague impression of furniture under dustsheets, display cabinets in far too many rooms, all looking dusty and dirty.

‘Of course I am, my dear, although I prefer the term “mistress”. Just myself, and this big old house. I do have a gardener and a cook as well, although it may be some time before you meet them.’

She stepped through an open archway into a strangely modern living room, at least in contrast to what Hannah had seen so far. Black leather sofas with plenty of cushions, a coffee table covered with dust and food stains, a plasma TV just as dust-covered. She sat down, gesturing at Hannah to sit as well.

‘I see you are already taking in the task ahead of you, my dear.’ She crossed her legs, scrutinizing Hannah with curiosity.

‘So, uh, sorry, what’s your name, Miss? The advert didn’t say.’

Hannah looked around the place – for someone so neatly and stylishly dressed, she must live like a slob. The place was worse than a student flat!

‘My name is Miss Coerator. A pleasure to meet you, Hannah.’

As Hannah sat down, she almost fell into the sofa, the cushions too soft to support her, the springs utterly shot. Miss Coerator perched on another part of it, where the structure must still be sound. ‘How much of this place do you use? It’s massive!’

‘Well, not much really. I own most of the surrounding land and rent that out, but I only use a few chambers here. I seem to need a new maid to do each room. So, Hannah, do you have any prior experience in cleaning?’

‘It, uh, sounds like you use up a lot of maids! Yes, some, I’ve worked at a few other places as a cleaner – at a few old people’s homes, or universities in the holidays, that sort of thing.’

As the woman slid closer to her, Hannah shifted, hiding slightly behind her case.

‘Yes, the poor things never seem to last long. But this is no retirement home. And you should be proud to be allowed to clean here; it is a grand old place, albeit in need of some work. But I will show you to your room, and your new uniform. I wouldn’t want you to be spreading dirt all over my lovely home.’ She laid a hand on Hannah’s shoulder and smiled, before rising to her feet. Hannah stood as well, feeling short next to her.

‘Uh, yes, Miss Coerator. Did you say “uniform”?’ This scarcely looked the sort of place to have a uniform!

‘Oh yes, there is a uniform. It is essential to your role, that you remember you are here to work, and not laze around as though you were a guest.’ She started to walk away, Hannah having to trail along behind. This place got *guests*? Who would want to stay here? It was a struggle for Hannah to keep up, having to take care not to move her case over stray rubbish, or possibly out-of-place antiques.

They traveled up another grand wooden staircase, although the wood was grey from the dust atop it, a wine-red carpet bright atop the wooden tiles of the floor. Was she refurbishing the place?

‘Come, Hannah, the day is wasting.’

Hannah was starting to realize why the other cleaners might have left, despite the generous pay. The place was a mess, it needed a whole team of cleaners, not just a single maid! The walls of this part were stone – maybe it was an older part of the building? Miss Coerator came to a doorway and pulled on a chain around her neck, a key emerging from her cleavage. It was a strange-looking thing, covered with spikes and spines, looking as though chains had been melted over it.

‘Yes, Miss Coerator.’ Hannah was trying not to pant, her arms feeling like they were about to fall off, as Miss Coerator unlocked the door and stepped inside, Hannah following behind.

Inside, rather than the dusty and dirty chamber Hannah expected, it was an extravagant room, the most luxurious she had ever seen. Was this Miss Coerator’s room? There was a king-sized bed, fine sheets embossed with silver roses, the walls a soft white. A huge screen took up the wall opposite the bed, an open door showing a walk-in wardrobe filled with neatly-arranged clothing bags, all plain white or black plastic. Through a door was an en-suite bathroom, with a free-standing porcelain bath, metal taps gleaming. There was even a phone – a modern one, not an antique – on the bedside table and light jazz playing from speakers in the corners of the room.

‘Welcome to your new home.’

‘Is this... is this my room? It’s gorgeous!’ If this was the room for a cleaner, how much fancier would Miss Coerator’s own room be?

‘Yes, this is all yours. At least, until your employment terminates.’

Hannah moved to the wardrobe, looking with curiosity at the clothing bags – they were the sort of things used to preserve fine suits and dresses, not what she expected to see in the servant’s quarters.

‘Don’t touch those. Now, although this is, in many respects, an old-fashioned house, I do maintain some touch with modernity. I will supply you with a tablet that can be used to track and monitor your tasks, as well as how much work you are doing. I expect to see great progress. Should you fail to do this, then your pay will be docked, or I may have to let you go. Do you understand? And the phone can only be used for internal calls – I don’t want any wasted time, you understand?’

‘Uh, yes, Miss Coerator. Are there any personal areas you want me to avoid?’

She strode over to the wardrobe. ‘What size are you, my dear? And thank you for asking – there are two areas you would do well to stay away from. One is my personal chambers and the adjacent room – it is normally locked, so you shouldn’t be able to get in anyway. The other is in the basement. It is unlocked, but if you go down there, I will be quite cross. Do please ignore any strange noises from down there – it is quite draughty, so it can often sound like a person moaning. Not ghosts, I assure you.’ She gave a thin smile. ‘Now, your size?’

‘Uh, size 8, Miss Coerator. And I’ll stay out of your bedroom and the basement.’

She flicked through the bagged-up outfits, plastic rustling. ‘Hmmm... You’ll have to squeeze into a size 7, I’m afraid. Now, drop your clothing, my dear, and we can get you into your new uniform.’

‘Um, thanks, Miss Coerator, but I can dress myself.’

‘I think I will dress you myself, Hannah. I am paying you, after all, and it is important that the uniform be worn correctly, in every particular. Now, it’s 9:12, and I’m docking money for every minute you hesitate. Do as I ask, and you might just earn some money for today.’

Hannah winced, knowing it was too good to be true. The woman was definitely odd but hopefully not too much of a pervert. She surrendered, trying to turn away as she undressed.

‘Relax, Hannah. There isn’t anything wrong with this. Didn’t you use to change in front of the other girls at school?’

‘That was a little different!’ But she couldn’t leave now, so Hannah pulled her jumper over her head, thankful her brown hair was in a ponytail rather than loose, then pulled her jeans off. The room wasn’t warm enough to be standing around in when wearing only her underwear, and she looked away as there was the crinkle of plastic.

Miss Coerator moved up behind her, cloth brushing against her back, making Hannah shiver. ‘I’m going to pull it over your head.’ Hannah moved her arms appropriately, letting the outfit be pulled onto her, Miss Coerator twisting it into place. Hannah opened her eyes, looking at her new attire in the full-length she was stood opposite to.

It was a tight, black mini-dress, low-cut in front with a white frill along the bust. It was structured almost like a corset, compressing her hips, waist and stomach, and the skirt was frilled and very high, doing little to hide her butt and crotch. The thing was backless as well, exposing even more of her skin, some kind of cording tight against her back, allowing for further tightening of the corset.

‘Uh, what is this, Miss Coerator? I was expecting something a little more... practical.’ Although she was dressed now, the outfit was sufficiently skimpy that it did little to help with the heat, the fact that it was backless making her feel even more exposed.

‘You just need to adjust, my dear. Now, let me help you with the corset.’

Hannah had never worn anything like this before, and wasn’t used to the pressure it put on her body, or how exposed she was. She plucked at the skirt, trying to push it down, without much success – there simply wasn’t enough fabric to push down and cover herself more! Miss Coerator wrapped something around her neck, buckling a frilled leather choker in place. Her nailed hands lightly brushed sensitive skin as they tightened the cords against Hannah’s back, squeezing her body further.

‘It’s... very frilly, Miss Coerator.’

‘You look very good, Hannah. The frills suit you. Although those shoes...’ She looked down at Hannah’s feet, currently shod in battered trainers. She ran a hand down Hannah’s back, then stooped and untied the shoelaces, as Hannah obediently lifted her feet to allow them to be removed. From the bag were pulled a pair of high-heeled shoes, heels at least four inches, shiny and black, with straps to secure them around her ankles. They were strapped onto Hannah’s feet, elevating her height, but throwing her off-balance – heels this high were something she had never worn before! And even with them on, she was still shorter than Miss Coerator and had to lean on her for support.

‘Now for the cleaning equipment. Some of the chemicals used are quite harsh, and I wouldn’t want your lovely hands damaged.’ She spun Hannah around and gave her a push against her back, sending her staggering against the wall, having to put her arms out to support herself. As she flailed, Miss Coerator grabbed Hannah’s left hand, strapping a black leather mitten in place, a heavy cuff locking around her wrist. It forced Hannah’s fingers into a curved shape, like an action figure meant to hold something.

‘I don’t think I’ll get much cleaning done like this, Miss Coerator.’

‘Oh, it’s very simple. They have a side where a scourer or polisher can be fitted, and the outside is made for wiping and cleaning. Or other equipment can be fitted. Now, do kindly stop complaining, and maybe we can start you with some actual work?’

Hannah shifted awkwardly, Miss Coerator’s body warm against her back. Miss Coerator grabbed her other hand and forced it into another mitten, locking it in place. There was a metal d-ring on each wrist, like something else could be attached, and small clips where a padlock could go, to lock them fully into place. Then Miss Coerator took an electronic tablet, the size of a phone, and tapped it several times.

‘Let us test your basic skills. This device will track your movement and how much work you do. This way.’ She gave Hannah a push, sending her tottering on her heels, just about managing to stay standing. They walked down the hallway, Hannah moving by lurching forward and catching herself, Miss Coerator giving her a push every time she slowed.

‘Is this really necessary, Miss Coerator?’

‘Oh yes, Hannah. Now do stop complaining, or your job will become much, much harder. Open that door.’

It took Hannah several tries before she was able to get it open, her bound hands fumbling at the handle, unable to properly grab it. She pushed against it with her shoulder, almost falling through as the door opened, to reveal a room filled with dust-sheets and glass-fronted cabinets, the contents hidden behind grime. Miss Coerator gave her another shove, forcing her into the room.

‘Now, I expect you to start from the top, and work down.’ She gestured at a shelf, filled with bronze urns. ‘Your gloves have cleaning pads built in, which can be used to buff the bronze in here. You may begin.’

Hannah staggered forward and rested against the surface for a moment, before pulling herself up onto the cabinet. The skirt was so short that Miss Coerator could see everything, but it was nice to take the weight off her ankles and calves. She started rubbing an urn with one hand, the pad doing a good job of lifting away dirt and grime, restoring the metal to some semblance of cleanliness.

She looked over her shoulder at Miss Coerator. ‘Carry on. I have other work to tend to rather than watch you all day.’ She rummaged in a drawer and pulled out a webcam, setting it on the table opposite. ‘But it would be best for you to presume I am watching all the time. The items in here are valuable, and I would take it amiss if any of them were to be stolen or broken. I expect to see good progress, do you understand?’

‘Uh, yes, Miss Coerator.’

‘Good.’ She turned and left, closing the door behind her. There was an unsettling metal “click”, as she locked the door, sealing Hannah in.

This place was remote enough that it didn’t make much difference – there was nowhere to escape to anyway, so Hannah set to work.

It was hard to measure time, the only light coming from a small window. Hannah had managed to clean half a dozen of the urns, but her hands were now covered in grime and dirt. She pawed at the buckles on each wrist, but the leather around her fingers was so stiff, so the things may as well be padlocked on! It was the same for the shoes – the buckles were far too small and fiddly to untie without her fingers free. By now, her arms were burning, a deep pain starting in her muscles. She tottered against the door. There was no handle on the inside, no way at all for her to escape. She glanced at the camera, the light blinking at her. Surely Miss

Coerator had better things to do than watch her? But it would probably be best to look busy, just in case.

Despite the pain in her arms, she polished off another urn, before looking around the room more – everything was covered in dustsheets but looked like furniture; chests, cabinets and crates. The only thing poking out from between the sheets was a metal pole, about waist-high, topped with a strangely bulbous metal lump. It was mounted onto a metal base – although still grimy, it looked newer than most of the other things in the room.

Glad to take the strain off her knees, she started cleaning out, wiping her hands up and down the shaft, trying to ignore the feeling that it was like a giant cock getting a handjob, the enforced curve of her hands just about the right shape to buff and polish the metal, trying to ignore how exposed and bound she felt, hands locked into gloves, a camera watching her every move.

Chapter Two: Some Time Alone

Hannah got a moment of warning as there was the click of metal in the door before Miss Coerator unlocked it and stepped through. She was now wearing elbow length gloves; slick, sleek and black, the hands looking like they had been smeared with some liquid. There was a slight musk in the air that accompanied her, earthy and sweaty, a touch of color in her pale cheeks.

She moved forward, standing close to Hannah, almost touching her, then reaching past her, running a finger along one of the urns. Her finger left a smear on the metal, but at least it was a shiny one, rather than showing dust.

‘A start, I suppose. You have applied yourself diligently, for today at least.’

Hannah let her arms fall, barely able to lift them again. ‘Thank you, Miss Coerator.’

‘Now that you are fully in my employ, then “Mistress” or “Madam” would be correct.’ She took Hannah’s chin in her hand, a faint smear of the liquid rubbing onto Hannah’s face. Had she been working on some machinery or something? It smelled faintly like lubricant. Hannah was too tired to resist, feeling hunger starting to burn in her stomach.

‘Yes, um, Madam.’ “Mistress” seemed far too strange and fetishistic.

‘Now, I suppose I should return you to your room. Follow.’

Hannah had little choice but to obey, trailing after the woman, arms like lead. She managed to keep on her feet and not stagger against the walls, at least, but the pressure in her calves and ankles was building again. How did people manage to wear things like this all the time? She glanced down - Miss Coerator’s heels on her knee-high leather boots were smaller, her hips swaying slightly as she moved, leather skirt swishing with her steps. There was no visible panty line, so either she was going commando, or she was wearing something very skimpy underneath. For a slightly crazy lady living apparently all on her own in a big old house, she certainly dressed well!

They returned to Hannah’s room, as Miss Coerator (or “Madam” – Hannah would have to remember to call her that) pulled out the heavy key from her cleavage and unlocked it again.

‘While I intend to work you hard, I am not completely uncaring. As today is your first day, then you may spend the rest of it resting. I expect you to start bright and early tomorrow morning though.’

The bed looked oh-so-tempting, but Hannah managed to stay standing, at least for now. ‘Thank you, Miss Coerator.’ The woman’s hand brushed against Hannah’s bare back, making her shiver, and then pinched her, just below the frilled choker. ‘I’m sorry, Madam.’

‘Very good. Now, you may use the bathroom to clean up. First, strip.’

Her arms were too heavy to lift as Miss Coerator fiddled with the corset straps, some of the pressure on Hannah’s body releasing itself. The dress was pulled back over her head, leaving her naked again, except for the cuffs, choker and heels. Miss Coerator – Madam – angled her to look at herself in the mirror, hands tight on Hannah’s shoulders, breath and body hot and close.

‘You have definite potential. I am a firm believer that the help should be both functional and attractive, and you more than qualify on both counts.’ She had bent over slightly, her face

next to Hannah's ear, breath soft against skin. Wrapped in the lubed-up gloves, her hands were slick, smearing the stuff onto Hannah's skin. 'I will do what I can to help you achieve your potential. And of course, you will lend your skills to the upkeep of this place.'

'Yes, Madam.'

'Food will be sent up.' She flicked the dress, wiping dust off, before returning it to the bag, the bag going in the wardrobe, which she closed and then locked. 'I would advise you to rest well. I have great plans for you, little Hannah.'

Hannah staggered forward, supporting herself against the mirror, as Miss Coerator left. The door, of course, locked behind her, leaving Hannah sealed in the room.

She was still wearing the mittens, hands bound into claws. They weren't locked on, but the clasps were tight – Hannah had to work them back and forth against a bedpost until they finally released, and she could pull her hand out. She flexed her fingers, glad to be able to move them again. Getting the other one off was far easier, now she could move her hand again! Next were the shoes, the straps and laces quickly succumbing to her plucking fingers.

How long had she been working? There were no clocks, and it was summer, so the days were long; it could be any time between "afternoon" and "evening". She sat on the bed, massaging her ankles. Those shoes were bloody uncomfortable! And she was still wearing the choker. Her hands roamed over the leather, feeling the lace frills, and the metal ring at the front, over her throat. There was a metal clasp, but there didn't seem to be any release – she would have to ask Miss Coerator to take it off later. At least it wasn't that uncomfortable.

With that done, she went to examine the bathroom. It was grand, all marble and shining metal, with a free-standing tub in the middle of the room and a cabinet filled with toiletries. She started running a bath, steaming hot water following into the tub, bubblebath added to make thick, white foam. Hopefully the choker wouldn't be marked or damaged, but at this point she needed to relax!

She slipped into the tub, letting the warm water embrace her, flowing over her limbs and soothing her. It was relaxing, the bubblebath lightly scented – even if it was hard work, if she got to relax like this, then it might be worth it! Hannah fell further into the water, wondering how food would be served – Miss Coerator had managed a cook, hadn't she? Or maybe she cooked it herself? The image of Miss Coerator dressed like a maid drifted into mind, her body wrapped in the corset and frilled dress, showing off her legs and bust. Although she probably wouldn't be as obedient! Those luscious red lips around a nice, chunky ball-gag, maybe, those proud eyes indignant, muted grumbled from her sealed mouth, angry at being silenced?

With her eyes closed, she started to fantasize, letting her fingers drift between her legs, stroking her sore thighs, lightly slipping into herself. Maybe if she were to seduce Miss Coerator, then she might get some more money, or some easier work? That would be nice! She played and teased with herself, getting close to the edge, but not going all the way. She wanted to leave it a little while, let the anticipation build. As the heat built up, she kept stroking, teasing, soft and gentle. Then she stood up, water sloughing down her body, and towed herself off, wiping the suds away, draining the water from the tub.

Miss Coerator hadn't moved her case, still by the bed. There was a large wooden chest next to it, currently open and empty, with a heavy lock, although no key. In her case was tightly packed clothing, mostly slightly dull and plain, although with a few outfits in case she got the chance to go out clubbing. She glanced around, although there was no-one else in the room. Hidden away beneath it were some of her toys – a variety of dildos and vibrators, all the things

she needed to entertain herself on the long, lonely nights. And batteries. A lot of batteries! That was what had killed her arms on the way here. At least now she had something to do.

She picked up one, and flicked it on, the end twisting around. Her arms were still sore, but she stroked it against herself, sliding the vibrating wand in and out of her slick slit. With her other hand, she played with a breast, setting a regular tempo with the dildo. She was almost there when she heard metal rattling. It must be Miss Coerator at the door! It was an effort to stop as she slid the dildo under several pillows, kicking the case shut to hide the rest of her toys.

Part of the wall opened, a metal panel clanking open to show a metal tray inside, bearing a covered-up plate. It was just like room service, although it did raise the question again as to where the food came from. Miss Coerator might be cooking herself? It seemed a lot more likely there was someone else to do it for her.

Hannah lifted up the cover to find a decent spread – fresh-cooked, by the looks of it, vegetables, some sausages, mashed potato. There was even cutlery, with handles large enough that she would be able to grab them if her hands were still bound into the mittens. Was she meant to have kept them on? She would have to put them on, and the heels again, before Miss Coerator returned in the morning. She seemed mean enough she might lock them on, and the buckles definitely had holes in where a padlock could be attached to make them impossible to remove!

Hannah finished herself off first, grabbing the dildo again, bringing herself to a quick orgasm before settling in to eat. It was good food, like pub grub, and looked to be fresh-made, rather than from a freezer or a packet, the sausages mostly meat, no gristle or fat. When she was done, she put the plate back into the dumbwaiter. The panel clicked shut, and there was a clanking sound, as the plate was returned to the kitchen. Maybe she had a butler somewhere? Or several other maids?

The door was still locked, so she turned to her case. Most of her clothing was cheap stuff, functional and not very durable. But better than being naked! Some baggy shorts and a t-shirt were good enough to lounge around and sleep in. Then she had a look through the rest of her toys – it looked like there might be a lot of lonely evenings, so she made sure to bring entertainment! She'd even brought along a few unpowered devices, if she burned through all of her batteries. From the taxi ride, the nearest shop was at least five miles away, further than she wanted to walk.

Hannah looked around – where had her trainers gone? She looked under the bed, tried the door to the walk-in wardrobe (locked), checked in the bathroom, but couldn't see them. Had Miss Coerator taken them? That meant her only shoes were the heels. Hannah strapped them on, getting some more practice walking in them, trying to imitate Miss Coerator's sway, before giving up, legs and ankles protesting.

After a few more bouts with her toys, it had gotten dark outside. There were no clocks, but she felt tired from all her exercise, and so curled up on the huge bed, and swiftly fell asleep.

She woke with what seemed to be the dawn, golden sunlight seeping in through the window. Soreness had crept into her muscles, aftereffect of yesterday's effort. It must be quite some time before Miss Coerator came to fetch her for the day, so there was time for some pleasure. She fetched out one of her more advanced toys – a vibrator small enough to slip inside of her, but remote controlled. It buzzed and twitched at random, enough to tease her, but not (yet) enough to get her off. That could wait for later! Hannah smiled in anticipation – there was a delight, and a pleasure, in delaying release. At least for a while, anyway.

Hannah washed herself down again, sweaty from her sleep and her self-pleasure, noting that the shower controls were built for use with bound hands as well, the entire apartment designed for use with hands contorted into the mittens. Washing with the toy inside of her was nice, warm and soothing, even birdsong drifting in from somewhere outside.

After toweling herself off, she found that breakfast had arrived. More traditional country fare, a bowl of porridge, with honey and fruit, and a spoon with a large, chunky handle. It was a lot easier to eat with her fingers free!

Once that was done, she put the bowl back, the dumbwaiter clanking away. Throughout, she had been teased and buzzed, and could feel herself, loose, warm and wet, ready for something to plunge into her. Did she have time? Going through the day this excited, without a release would be a challenge! And Miss Coerator seemed the touchy type, although hopefully not touchy in a creepy way, not down there.

The TV blinked, a clock showing. It was 8:45 already! Hannah grabbed her heels and strapped them on, then the mittens. Doing the left one was easy, but then the right was harder. She slid her hand in, having to use her mouth to snap it on shut. Just in time, as the door rattled open, Miss Coerator appearing.

She was wearing very similar clothing to yesterday – red leather skirt and boots, a fine satin blouse that showed a deep cut of cleavage, a crimson choker around her neck.

‘Good morning, Hannah.’ Her eyes glanced at Hannah’s hands and feet. ‘My apologies, I forgot to release you yesterday. I have fresh ones for you today. And another tool for you. I trust you weren’t overly inconvenienced?’

‘No, Miss Coerator.’ The woman’s eyes hardened. ‘I mean Mistress, sorry.’

The woman approached, running a hand down Hannah’s face. ‘Do follow the proper etiquette, I wouldn’t want to have to punish you. Now, shall we get you dressed?’

She went to the wardrobe and unlocked it, fetching out another bag. The outfit was much the same as yesterday; another tight dress, backless, and with lacey ruffles peeking out from beneath the skirt.

Hannah endured the woman’s hands as they tugged and tweaked the dress into place. Then the thing inside of her buzzed into life, and she squirmed and twisted. She didn’t have the chance to pull it out before, and with the mittens back on, there’s no way she could get it out now! Miss Coerator was right on top of her and must have felt or heard the movement, a hand tickling down her back, making her shiver even more.

‘Not catching a chill are you, my dear? I have a lot of other tasks I wish you to perform.’

The buzzing died away, but Hannah knew that it would start again soon.

‘I wouldn’t want you sickening. I see that you managed to remove your panties – quite impressive, with your hands bound.’ She gave Hannah a push, making her fall back so she was sitting on the bed. Then she ducked, hands against Hannah’s legs, some slick material snapping and pulling against her skin, moving up her legs. Was it latex? They were pulled up around her waist, tight and smooth – latex panties, a slight pressure on her waist and crotch as they settled into place. Miss Coerator trailed a nail along them, teasing Hannah’s wet pussy through the material, as the vibrator buzzed into life again, just for a moment.

‘I really do hope you will concentrate on your work today, Hannah, you seem a little... distracted.’ She ran her nails down Hannah’s inner thigh, looking up at her with a slight smile. ‘Now, stand. I have another tool for you.’

There was no choice but to obey. Hannah stepped forward, Miss Coerator moving behind her, rustling in the bag again. Then a hand grabbed her hair, yanking on it, hard. As she opened

her mouth to protest, something was pushed in, a rubbery prong sliding between her lips and teeth. A strap was buckled behind her head as she grunted protests, her tongue sliding uselessly around the prong. In front of her, partially obscuring her vision, was a feather duster, attached to her gag. She shook her head, feathers flicking around on the wand of the thing.

‘Very good, maid Hannah. Now you can clean even better, isn’t that right?’

‘Mmmmpghh!’

‘Excellent. Now, time for you to begin.’ Miss Coerator tapped the tablet, sliding it into a sheath on Hannah’s arm. ‘Follow me. It would be most undignified if I had to attach a leash to that pretty choker of yours.’

‘Mppphhh!’ She wouldn’t do that, would she? Miss Coerator walked towards the door, Hannah following, still tottering on the heels. The toy buzzed again, Hannah’s knees weakening, her gait unsteady as she followed Miss Coerator down the hallway. She didn’t turn around as she spoke. ‘Do try and maintain correct posture.’

What happened when the toy was out of range of the controller? Hannah had never gone walkabout with it. There was something about it in the manual, but she couldn’t remember... Hopefully it would turn off. That would make sense, right?

Miss Coerator led the way to a different room from before, unlocking the door to reveal deep shelving, all filled with statues, mostly of people fucking. As they enter, she received another buzz, this one only gentle. But she could already feel the latex panties getting wet! If she was kept like this all day, then she would be dripping in a few hours.

Miss Coerator was saying something, but Hannah didn’t hear it, trying not to show any expression from being pleased and teased. Miss Coerator smiled at Hannah, flicking the feather duster and forcing Hannah’s head to move with it, then left. Of course, there was the loud “clunk” of the lock again, and she was sealed in. Immediately afterwards, a strong, sustained vibration almost brought her to her knees.

Chapter Three: Starting Work

As soon as Miss Coerator was gone, Hannah tried to remove the vibrator, fumbling with her mitten-wrapped hands between her legs. It was no good though – she couldn't get her fingers beneath the latex, couldn't even shift the thing to a less sensitive place. Mercifully, it went quiescent but all she could do was flail at her crotch, unable to even get herself off with her hands.

Then she started to work – the feather duster was effective, despite how degrading it was to have something shoved into her mouth. All the statues in here were erotic, perfectly chiseled bodies pleasuring each other, mingling and embracing. And with far too many crevices! She shook and wobbled her head, managing to get most of the dust off one. It wasn't not actually too bad – the room had probably been sealed for so long, that there's not been much chance for dust to penetrate.

Further back in the room were full-sized statues, the men with toned six-packs and erect cocks, the women all firm-chested, with inviting looks on their faces. The heels made her own footing dangerous – many of the statues wobbled if pushed too hard, meaning she couldn't lean on them for support, having to bend and twist with increasing discomfort. Flicking the mouth-duster over them felt intrusive, almost sexual, especially when she had to clean a cock, quickly wriggling her neck over it as though she was performing a blowjob.

Working backwards through the room, she came to a large glass case, too dirty to see the contents with any detail, beyond that it was another statue. As Hannah approached, the vibrator burst into life; a long, sustained burst, making her clench her thighs in torment – could she use the edge of the case to rub against, to get the vibrator out that way? It cut off, leaving her drenched and unfulfilled, wiping her hands against the outside of the case.

A familiar face looked back at her through the glass, although formed of bronze rather than flesh, as Miss Coerator stared back at her. The statue was naked, large breasts mesmerizing, her sex exposed. The vibrator activated in a sequence of short bursts, as Maria admired the statue, before finding a latch to open one of the panels.

After several deep breaths to steady herself, she stepped inside. The space was tight and confined, Hannah's butt squashing up against the glass panels. She fell against the hard metal, a bronze knee going between her legs, a smear appearing on the metal as it tugged on the latex panties. Why the hell did she have to use long-life batteries? If she had to hold out all day, she would be a mess by the end! In the enclosed space, she could smell herself, musky scent of desire filling the air.

'Now, how did you get in there?'

Hannah squeaked in surprise, as Miss Coerator, the real one, suddenly appeared on the other side of the glass, her face overlying strangely with the reflection of the bronze statue.

'I am quite pleased with you, my dear. Taking your job in stride like this, it really is good to see.'

Hannah spoke as best she could through the gag. 'ank ou, ist....' She trailed off as the vibrator kicked up a notch, making it impossible to finish the sentence.

‘It must be quite chilly in there from the way you’re squirming around.’

The vibrator fell into a steady pulsing pattern. Hannah shook her head – if Miss Coerator got closer, she was sure to smell Hannah’s lust. And it was quite stifling already! Lights inside the case blinked on, raising the heat further and blinding Hannah.

‘That should help, my dear. And it is a lovely statue, isn’t it? I had it especially made as a centerpiece for my reception area, so do be sure to clean every part of it very thoroughly.’

The lights were starting to raise sweat on Hannah’s skin. ‘Is... ery... ice, istiss...’ Hannah was reeling, but thankful that the gag at least blocked her mouth thoroughly, otherwise she’d be dribbling and making a mess everywhere.

‘The crotch especially is a little dusty, be sure to clean it properly, my dear. You may have to bend over to reach it.’

Hannah fell against the statue, using it to support herself, glad that the metal drained some of the heat from her body. Hopefully the glass was dirty enough that Miss Coerator couldn’t see how drenched her thighs were, the latex panties now overflowing. She managed to twist around and started brushing the crotch of the statue, trying to ignore Miss Coerator watching her, a shape on the other side of the glass.

She couldn’t contain herself anymore as she came to a long-delayed climax, trying to keep her head moving so it looked like she was still working, hoping that Miss Coerator didn’t notice. Her head went fuzzy, the world blurring away for long moments. When she regained full awareness, she could feel slightly cooler air against her face - Miss Coerator had opened the case and was looking down at her.

‘I think you deserve a little treat for your work.’ She reached down and there was a metallic click, something getting attached to the front of the choker, a black leash leading into Miss Coerator’s hand. Hannah pulled her head back trying to dislodge it, as Miss Coerator pulled it tighter, forcing Hannah back onto her feet. She could feel sweat sticking to her body, already skimpy clothing now sticking to her body, cleavage grimy with dust, and hoped Miss Coerator hadn’t noticed her orgasm. Maybe if she obeyed, she could get the mittens off and remove the vibrator? Or get back to her room and turn it off?

It started to pulse again, a soft and gentle rhythm just enough to start her going again, distracting her and making her lose track of where they were in the house. Miss Coerator walked fast, making it a struggle to keep up, the heels still punishingly high. They come to a staircase, high and steep, Miss Coerator not slowing as she started to descend. Hannah followed as best she could, desperately trying not to fall over or twist an ankle.

Miss Coerator looked back, low enough down that she must be able to see up Hannah’s skirt. She flushed – please don’t let Miss Coerator notice her arousal! Her thighs must be drenched by now, as the toy kicked up a notch, Hannah biting down on the gag to avoid groaning.

Another dirty, dusty hallway, and she was pulled back into the main room. She got pulled over to the sofa, Miss Coerator pushing down on her shoulders. Hannah gratefully sat down, glad to take the weight off her feet. She tried to keep her legs closed, not wanting to leave a stain on the sofa, as she sank into the overly-soft cushions.

‘Now, my dear, I’ll be back in a moment. Don’t go anywhere!’

As soon as she was gone, Hannah tried batting at her crotch, desperate to get the vibrator out. Her fingers skipped across the latex, peeling it away slightly from her skin, but lacked the dexterity to reach through and pull it out. She whined in frustration, catching a whiff of her own scent, suddenly glad of the latex sealing her crotch away.

Footsteps sounded, and she tried to shift back into the position, hoping Miss Coerator didn't notice anything. She was holding a plastic bag and picked up the leash, giving it a yank, her voice now cold.

'Stand up.'

It was a hard instruction to follow, the couch so squishy Hannah sank into it, having to almost throw herself forward to escape.

'Bend over.'

'Muh? Nuh!' Hannah shook her head, the duster wagging. She didn't want to expose herself, especially with how drenched and horny she was!

Miss Coerator grabbed her by the neck and spun her around, a nail scraping down Hannah's neck, then down her bare back. 'Bend over.' The corset compressed more tightly around Hannah, as Miss Coerator tightened the cords. 'It won't hurt. I could make you do this when unconscious, if you'd like? Simply bend over and it'll be so much easier.'

She pulled on the leash, making the collar tighten around Hannah's neck.

'Ot ar ou ouin?!' The corset was tightened again, boning now forming her body into an hourglass, pushing her breasts further up. Her lips brushed Maria's ear and she whispered.

'Do you prefer it the hard way? Perhaps I should have left you in that display case, or have one made just for you? Consider this a reward for such a fine job.'

Her knee went between Hannah's legs, a firm hand on her back forcibly bending her over. She could see where she had been sitting on the couch, a dark smear on the leather, and hoped Miss Coerator wouldn't notice. Fingers plucked at the latex panties, tugging them down, the material pulling Hannah's knees together.

'Now, what do we have here?' Fingers probed her pussy and easily slid in, making her squeak and groan again as the vibrator was plucked out, still buzzing. Her voice was even colder now. 'Perhaps I wasn't clear enough? While you are working for me, you shouldn't be doing anything else.' A finger slid into her, then out again. 'Seeking your own pleasure is not permitted. So I will be confiscating *all* your toys, until you prove yourself. Quite the collection! Some of the extra functionality looks most inventive. So if you show yourself to be a good little maid, then I *might* permit you a little time with them. Or I might use them on you myself, if you're *really* good.'

'Mmmmm!' The bitch must have found the remote and been playing with her. But one hand stayed pressed down on her neck, the other just lightly touching her pussy, lightly slipping in and out of her, keeping her in place. As she tried to push up against the hand and stand up, it slid deeper into her, making her clench around it. It forced her to stay in position, the vibrator sliding back in as well.

'Now, be a good girl. It would be such a shame if this pretty little slit were to go entirely unused.' She slid another finger in deeper, Hannah feeling the fingers penetrate her, trying not to push herself onto them, tempting though the prospect was. 'I was going to let you use one of your little toys. Perhaps the rather charming black one? The beaded parts looked quite entertaining, I imagine the effect would be rather stimulating? But...'. She withdrew her fingers, wiping them on Hannah's backside. 'Your wanton behavior and seeking pleasure before duty has earned you a punishment.' She slapped her hand against Hannah's buttocks, although only lightly. 'I think ten should suffice. Although if your behavior doesn't improve, then it'll be with a cane next time. Or possibly a paddle.'

'Nuph! Op!'

Hannah's protests were ignored, as Miss Coerator spanked her nine more times. None of the blows were that hard, but Hannah could feel the shocks through her body. She had never been struck like that before, never mind hit with a cane or paddle!

By the time Miss Coerator was done, Hannah was gasping, somehow even hornier than before. She tried to stand, but the grip on her neck was too strong.

'As an incentive to good behavior, I will give you an advance.' There was the rustle of a plastic bag, and then something pushed against her buttock, spreading her open, pushing into and violating her.

'Mpppph! Op it!' The tapered shape of the thing spread her buttock open, and she couldn't stop Miss Coerator pushing it further into her. Nails dug into her neck, keeping her in position, unable to do more than impotently twist around.

'Shhh, don't worry, I'm here. One more push, my dear.'

Hannah could feel herself gaping wide before the largest part was inside her, her body swallowing the rest, lodging the cold, hard lump inside of her.

'Stay still, my dear, I'm not done just yet.'

Something padded pressed against her crotch, before metal brushed her moist thighs. Miss Coerator leant forward and kissed her on the tip of an ear, before sliding something around her waist.

'Muh? Wha tha!?'

She could feel soft padding against her wet crotch, and then there was a "click" from around her waist.

'You can stand up now, my dear. Turn and face me.' The nails vanished from Hannah's neck, and she obeyed. As she moved, she could feel the *thing* shoved into her move as well, pushing against her. It felt strangely familiar – her blood ran cold. Not that one, surely?

As she turned to face Miss Coerator, she saw that the woman was holding a heavy, gothic padlock, engraved with vines and leaves. She reached down to Hannah's crotch, sliding it through a hole in the metal, then snapped it shut and removed the key. This went onto the necklace, before getting tucked into her cleavage.

'Ease, oooo!'

Miss Coerator kissed her on the gag before carefully unbuckling it, tilting Hannah's head back until she had swallowed the spit that had built up. Then she picked up a battery pack, wires trailing from it into Hannah's backside. 'I wouldn't want you to be disappointed, so changed them for some nice fresh ones. This device seems to have all sorts of interesting controls though – even a shock function! All very exciting, I'm sure. It was most rude of you to bring all those toys without permission – you are here to work, not enjoy yourself.'

Hannah wriggled her jaw, trying to speak properly. 'But... I need something to do in the evening!'

'Such pleasures are forbidden, without explicit permission. Do you know what this is?'

Hannah batted her hands at the chastity belt, unable to gain any traction, as Miss Coerator laughed and kissed her on the lips. 'This, my dear, ensures that you can't touch that sweet little pussy or naughty asshole of yours again. At least, without my explicit permission.' She dug her nails into Hannah's shoulder, hard enough to draw out a hiss of pain. 'Now, tell me what your pussy feels like, my dear.'

Hannah squirmed, unable to escape. 'It's... hot, Miss Coerator. Please, don't lock it away!'

'You are here to work, not enjoy yourself. If you prove yourself a good worker, then I may give you a little bonus.' She picked up the controller for the vibrator, flicking it onto a low

setting, making Hannah pant in desperation. ‘I will be keeping the controllers for both of these lovely devices, as well as all your other toys. The heels and mittens suit you, so tonight you will sleep in them, but nothing else. And then tomorrow, you can start on the drawing room. When you have proven that you can be well-behaved, then I may consider your pleasure. But if your behavior should worsen, then I will lock away other parts of you. Hmmm, possibly your breasts, or maybe your mouth, or eyes?’

‘Please, no! Miss Coerator, please!’ Hannah sagged against the woman now, barely able to stand.

‘Repeat after me, my dear: “I will be a good maid, and will go to bed in chastity, and wear my uniform with pride”.’

She picked up the controller for the other device – Hannah had modified it, added several extra buttons and dials, and twisted a dial. It started to thrum inside her ass, beads twisting and twirling inside of her.

‘Argh! I will be...’ She groaned, barely standing. ‘I will be a good... good maid, and will go to bed... in chastity, and, and, and wear my uniform... with pride.’

The device clicked off, as Miss Coerator smiled at her. ‘Very good. Please remember to address me properly, and no foul language either! Such things will result in you being gagged, my dear. Such a pretty little mouth as yours shouldn’t be polluted with profanity.’ She kissed Hannah on the cheek, then tugged on the leash. ‘Time for you to rest, my dear. Come.’

Hannah stumbled after her, lost in a daze of lust and frustration, feeling her ass shift and stretch with every step.

Chapter Four: Appraisal Session

It had been a long, uncomfortable night, with devices shoved in both her holes, occasionally sparking to life, just long enough to get her worked up, but not long enough to get her off. Hannah knew from past experience that the batteries wouldn't give anytime soon, especially if Miss Coerator had switched them for fresh ones. Hannah squirmed in the bed, feeling the sheets beneath her get wet with her sweat and other fluids, hoping that Miss Coerator didn't figure out any of the custom controls for the thing shoved into her butt. It had taken a lot of work to customize, but she'd never expected it to be pushed into her and made impossible to remove!

Throughout the night, she had tried to touch herself, but the leather mittens uselessly brushed against the chastity belt, unable to do more than shift the metal slightly. She could feel her pulsing, drenched cunt, so close, but so far away, locked behind the metal, impossible to touch.

There was the piercing, screeching whine of an alarm, coming from speakers hidden somewhere in the room. Hannah curled up under the sheets, drenched in the scent of her lust, trying to cover her ears with her hands. The relentless assault on her ears continued, as she slowly roused herself, standing up, wobbling for a moment in the heels still strapped onto her feet. The TV was showing a time: 06:02 AM.

The lock on the door clicked, door swinging open. Hannah tried to make herself look vaguely presentable, smoothing down her hair as best she could with her mittened hands as Miss Coerator enters. She had changed since yesterday – today she was wearing sleek leather trousers, brilliant red, and a tight red t-shirt that emphasized her breasts.

'Good morning, my dear. You look lovely, although a little tired. Did you not sleep well? I'm sure I can find somewhere else to put you if this bed isn't to your liking.'

'Good morning, Miss Coerator.'

She reached out and pinched Hannah's cheek, before her hand moved up, playing with Hannah's hair. 'Proper address, if you please. So, how did you sleep?'

There's no escape, at least that won't invite immediate retribution, so Hannah endured the stroking and petting. 'Sorry, Madam. Not well. I'm not used to being quite so... full.'

'Well, they are your toys, my dear. I thought you would appreciate having some of them back.' She adjusted the frilled choker-collar, fingers flicking the central ring where the leash attaches. 'There's no need pouting over the belt, it's simply to keep you from being distracted. If you're a good girl today and complete your work, then I'll give you a treat.' She looked over Hannah's shoulder at the bed, and Hannah blushed as she realized the wet spot was clearly visible, an incriminating darkness on the sheets. Miss Coerator smiled at her. 'Now, my dear, I have some work for you to do. Turn around, and please don't make this difficult.' She pulled some items from her bag.

There was no choice but to obey, so Hannah turned around and faced the door, wincing as Miss Coerator's hands continued to brush and tidy her hair. 'Good girl. See, it's not so hard, is it? Now, your dress first. It's going to be messy work today, so I haven't had it cleaned'

The dress was pulled over her head, latex and corsetry immediately compressing her body, making her feel more constrained already. It was better than being naked, but not by much! Then something snapped onto the back of the collar, before Miss Coerator took Hannah's right wrist and buckled a leather bracelet around it, then did the same with the left wrist. When she tried to move them, she found her motion restricted, leather straps running from the back of her neck to each wrist. Miss Coerator kissed Hannah on the back of the neck with surprising gentleness, before unlocking the mittens, putting them into her bag.

'Collar cuffs, my dear. To keep your hands out of the way and ensure you don't do anything... naughty. But they are less crippling than the mittens.' She moved in front of Hannah, smiling softly at her, the leash in hand. 'Now, whenever you see this leash, I want you to tilt your head back and offer your pretty choker to me, do you understand? It means I'm being kind enough to take you somewhere.'

Hannah looked at the door, realizing she couldn't make a dash for it without getting caught, especially not in the heels. So she tilted her head back and offered herself to Miss Coerator, who happily accepted. She clipped the leash into place, then squeezed one of Hannah's nipples. Hannah managed to avoid making any sound, not wanting to attract further pain.

'Now, the day has started, and I'm not paying you to stand around, no matter how pretty you may be, my dear. Come with me.' A tug on the leash forced movement and they left, Hannah staggering slightly. 'I do hope you will get better with the heels soon. They are only small compared to some I may make you wear, if there should ever be guests.'

Hannah felt as though she was "falling forward" rather than "walking", lurching forward in uneven fits and starts, feeling clunky and ungainly next to Miss Coerator's smooth strides. 'Please, Madam, I think these are high enough already! I don't think I would work well in anything higher.'

'Nonsense, my dear. It will help in reaching shelves and suchlike. Now, this way.'

There was no way for Hannah to resist as she was pulled through the halls, the toys at least passive within her for the moment, but still there, threatening her, her body ripe with the scent of denied desire.

Miss Coerator led Hannah towards a large wooden door, opening it to reveal a large and surprisingly modern room, with two large couches arranged in front of another massive flat-screen TV, above an old-fashioned fireplace. There were bright red rugs woven into geometric patterns on the floor, with large windows giving views over the surrounding countryside. 'This is the drawing room, I use it when I have guests. But this part is clean. Come though here.'

She pulled Hannah towards a set of double doors and plucked a key from her cleavage, unlocking the doors before pushing them open. Hannah's heart sank as she saw through. The room was just as large as the drawing room but done out in aqua-blue rather than blood-red, and dominated by a water-filled fishtank, forming a central pillar. The glass was dusted and grimy, the windows to the outside world equally dirty, the sofas facing the tank also coated in grey dust.

'This is your task for today.'

Even with her hands free, this wouldn't be a quick task! The place was *coated* in dust and dirt, every surface tainted dark and grey under the stuff. And getting that tank clean would take a lot of wiping - Miss Coerator didn't expect her to do that with her mouth, does she?

'Now, this is a big room, and I don't expect it to be quick. But I do expect it to be thorough. Now let me get you set up for your tasks, my dear.' She pulled on the leash, moving over to a mini-bar, bottles of booze still dimly visible through the grimy front of a turned-off fridge. On top was a black briefcase, the polished leather standing out from the otherwise omnipresent dirt.

She slid combination wheels and it clicked open, letting her withdraw a gag – this one was a black leather panel, with a large transparent sphere on the inside and a cock-shaped prong on the other side.

‘This is a rather special gag, something of a custom piece, only just completed.’ Hannah closed her mouth protectively, shaking her head as Miss Coerator explained. ‘This ball goes in your little mouth, and you squeeze it with your teeth.’ She squeezed it and a spurt of liquid shot out, splattering against the bar. ‘Now, the ball is quite large, so you will need to open your jaw *very* wide.’

‘Mmmmmppphhh.’ Hannah shook her head, keeping her mouth tightly closed.

Miss Coerator sighed and reached into the case again, pulling out the controller for the dildo still buried in Hannah’s ass. ‘I would recommend, my dear, that you cooperate.’ She twisted a dial, the dildo buzzing to life. ‘It appears to have a rather extensive range of settings to play with.’

‘Nuuuupppphhh!’ Hannah tensed her backside, trying to force the thing out, something that would be impossible even without the chastity belt, hoping that Miss Coerator hadn’t discovered all the custom settings.

‘The batteries are long-life, so I imagine can last quite some time. And I was studying the controller last night and realized that some of the buttons has been added. I wonder what they do? Perhaps you could tell me?’

A nail tapped a button on the top of the controller, and Hannah could feel the device inside her shift, twisting around more, trying to drill deeper in. She shook her head again, her hair flicking around as Miss Coerator pushed the ball against her lips.

‘I wonder what that did? It certainly seems to have had an effect.’

Hannah twisted and wriggled around, trying to distract herself from the writhing mass inside of her. As the ball brushed her lips, she instinctively opened her mouth and Miss Coerator quickly pushed it in, the thing large enough to push her mouth open, the ball squishy rubber against her tongue. Before she can pull away or try to eject it, Miss Coerator strapped it tightly into place.

‘Now, I was going to let you use your hands for this task, but as you insist on fighting me, my dear, then I suppose you will have to use an alternate tool. Perhaps in future, you will be more cooperative?’ She pulled out a long, rough-looking cloth, like a dishcloth, except with clamps on one side. ‘I’m going to need your breasts now.’

‘Mmmppphhh? Nuh!’ As Hannah’s tongue brushed the ball, some liquid oozed out from the dildo mounted on her face, trickling down before it splashed to the floor.

‘I wasn’t asking.’ She pulled on the leash, pulling Hannah closer, tugging her dress down with the other hand. The clamps bit onto Hannah’s nipples, making her squeak in pain. ‘I must say, a cock in your mouth really does suit you. The other way around is something you’re more used to, I would assume?’ She flicked the controller again, the dildo in Hannah’s ass accelerating. ‘So, I assume you understand your task? When your cloth is too wet, return here and I’ll wring it out for you. I’m quite magnanimous, you see – I’m willing to help you.’

Hannah staggered against the bar, tongue flapping against the ball, a long spurt of cleaning liquid spraying out, noting with panic as Miss Coerator’s hand reached out to the controller, twisting the next custom dial. Inside of her, rings of beads around the shaft start to twist, shifting direction every few seconds.

‘You’re adorable, my dear! Now, show me some of the work ethic you had with the statues yesterday. Start with the tank, if you would.’

Hannah managed to wrench herself to her feet and stagger forward towards the tank, a long, grunting sound accompanied by a spurt of cleaning fluid. She fell against the glass, the fabric clamped onto her breasts squeaking against the glass, leaving a cleaner smear on the dirty surface. Miss Coerator must have taken some small mercy on her, as the device slowed its writhing assault, although the thing in her pussy started to thrum as well. Hannah glanced over – she looked entirely at ease, sat on a high stool by the bar with her legs crossed, flicking through a catalogue of bondage equipment.

She looked up, meeting Hannah's eyes, finger idly straying over another button on the controller, Hannah's eyes going wide in fear. She'd only ever used that once, and that was on her pussy, not buried in her ass! She forced herself to move, cleaning liquid spurting from her mouth against the glass as she rubbed her body against it, hoping to distract Miss Coerator. Every time she rubbed, it hurt, the clamps on her nipples pulling on her flesh painfully, but they were so tight they didn't come off. At least Miss Coerator hadn't pushed the button yet, although her finger was still stroking it, a sly grin on her face.

Then, still keeping eye contact with Hannah, she delicately tapped her finger down, depressing the button. Hannah shook her head in desperate panic, as it started to shock her. She could feel her juices trickling down her legs, another spurt of liquid spraying out from her mouth as she sagged forward, burning heat from her nipples a contrast to the cool glass.

'Look at me, maid.'

Miss Coerator's voice was powerful and commanding, penetrating through Hannah's daze. She stood, swiftly crossing the space between them, grasping Hannah by the throat. 'Look at me as you come.' Her eyes swallowed up Hannah, deep pits embracing her as she plummeted into an intense orgasm. Miss Coerator pulled on the cloth, clamps pulling on Hannah's nipples, and dragging her close. Hannah fell against her, finding it soft and warm, darkness spilling around her, barely hearing Miss Coerator's words as she falls unconscious. 'Sleep well, little maid. It may be some time before you are allowed to rest again.'

Chapter Five: Tied Up with Work

As Hannah awoke, she found she was still in the same room, sat in one of the chairs. There was something in her mouth that pushed her tongue down and filled her cheeks, a band wrapped about her head. She could feel the chastity belt still locked around her waist, although the intruders inside of her felt even larger now. She had been sat opposite a mirrored wall, a circular patch of dust cleared away so she could see her new clothing and gag.

Across her mouth was a flat disc of engraved metal, a slot for a key between where her lips would be. She was wearing a long and tight leather dress, with tight sleeves and white cuffs, along with a small frilly apron, and some lace around her neck, a hole cut at the crotch, showing the metal of the chastity belt beneath. Her collar had been changed for a heavier, tighter one, prongs scraping her neck on the inside, with a d-ring over her throat. She could feel bands around her legs, just above her knees, stopping her moving her legs far apart. When she tried to move her hands, there was resistance – her wrists were chained together, the chain running to the ground and weighed down by a metal ball. At least her hands are unbound, her fingers now free to move again.

‘Ah, you’ve finally woken up my dear.’

Hannah looked around, trying to spot Miss Coerator. Hands slid over her, stroking her hair, moving down to her throat, cupping a breast before moving down to Hannah’s hips.

‘That was rather delightful, I must confess I’ve never had a maid pass out from sheer pleasure before! But you’ve had your fun, now it is time to work.’

Hannah tried to speak but the inside of the gag was a large squishy object, that kept her tongue locked in place and her lips spread open, making anything more than grunts impossible, as Miss Coerator kissed the back of her neck, her grunt becoming a squeal, lust starting to blossom again.

‘Now, with the strap between your legs, you should be able to shuffle around. You just need to have some confidence. Unless you would like me to more forcefully persuade you?’

Hannah shook her head, at least as much as she could with the collar in place, before slowly standing, Miss Coerator keeping her hands in place, lightly stroking her still.

‘Very good, my dear. Now, take a step.’

Hannah could see herself more fully in the mirror now, the leather encasing her body, a cut-out at the crotch showing the metal of the chastity belt, keeping whatever has been pushed into her locked in place, but at least offering some protection from further assault. But as she moved, she became more aware of the size of the intruders. She wriggled her hips to try and shake them out, unable to eject them from her body. Miss Coerator kissed the nape of her neck.

‘Now, you will take the brush on the bar and begin dusting. Consider the change of outfit a warning, of sorts. Failure will not be tolerated, and your treatment will only get harsher should you fail to meet my expectations. I’m sure you don’t want to earn any further punishments, do you, little Hannah?’

Hannah shook her head, unable to move her tongue at all, pushing it against the foam ball forced into her mouth without effect.

‘Excellent, I do like to see a cooperative maid, quite an... invigorating and arresting image, shall we say.’ She slapped a hand against Hannah’s bare backside, Hannah involuntarily tensing, acutely aware of the size of the thing shoved into her. ‘Now, this way.’ She twisted Hannah in place, then gave her a shove towards the bar. Hannah took an experimental step, the strap between her knees hobbling her, and the ball and chain connected to her wrists needing dragging with every step, scraping along the floor. ‘That’s the spirit, my dear, nice and steady.’

Something flicked against her ass cheek, quick and hard. Hannah tried to twist to see what it was, but Miss Coerator moved to stay out of sight, striking her again.

‘The time is wasting away, my dear. I would advise a little more speed unless you wish to be punished.’

There were some dusters and a can of polish on one of the bar stools, Hannah acutely aware of every scraping sound the metal ball made as she walked towards it. Miss Coerator’s scent, full and heavy, was thick in the air, but the woman herself only made her presence known with light taps and flicks of whatever she was currently using against Hannah’s buttocks, not speaking, moving without making a sound.

To pick up the items, Hannah had to bend over slightly, and she tensed, prepared for another flick to her backside. Instead, the intruder in her butt stirred into life, cool liquid gushing into her. She squeaked, reflexively tensing, making the effect even worse. She tried to glance around, at least work out where Miss Coerator is, but her outfit was too restrictive, the woman easily able to avoid her gaze.

‘Keep cleaning, my dear. There’s plenty of work to be done.’ Something leather tapped against the back of her neck, before withdrawing and striking in a stinging blow.

It was a struggle moving, especially with the liquid now sloshing inside of her, making her feel like she really needed to go to the toilet. Miss Coerator’s scent suddenly enveloped her, followed by a nip to her ear.

‘Any spillage from you would need cleaning as well, of course. Perhaps I should make you lick it off the floor?’ Her hands groped at Hannah’s breasts, kneading her nipples, still sore from the clamps.

Hannah tried to grunt in disagreement but the woman’s scent was making her feel woozy, and her fingers were skilled. One hand dropped between Hannah’s leg, jostling the chastity belt, shaking the toys inside of her. She was almost grateful for the size of them, as they helped to keep her plugged and from leaking anywhere!

‘I was surprised to see you had such large toys amongst your collection. For a slender thing, you must be quite flexible.’

Hannah had rarely used the full length, normally only teasing herself with part of it, and had never kept them inside like this! Or has used them to emulate ejaculation, not to fill herself up.

‘I suppose it will make the training easier, normally I have to keep my maids impaled for a few days to allow them to take anything of such a size. But you take to it naturally, and even supplied such a delightful assortment of devices for me to use! When you are permitted to talk, you will have to tell me where you got them from, I may have to make a few purchases myself.’ Her breath continued to tickle and tease Hannah, puffing and stroking against the back of her neck and her ears, as her fingers lightly probed Hannah’s body, finding where had the most response.

‘This uniform has had many maids in it before you, but it suits you exquisitely. Some have even broken in this very room.’ She pinched a nipple, quite hard, making Hannah gasp, getting aroused, as she tried to concentrate on cleaning. ‘They normally start to beg and cry, unable to

deal with the uniform, finding it too tight and constraining. They beg and beg, and so I find it's normally easier to gag them beforehand.' She kissed Hannah on the neck again, teeth lightly biting flesh, a hand stoking across the metal gag, nail tapping against it. 'Will you be a quiet and obedient maid? If I remove the gag, will you start to scream and whine?'

Hannah shook her head; she'd be thankful for the removal of any restraints! She could feel Miss Coerator's breasts pushing against her back, the woman shifting around, before a key appeared in front of her, sliding into the lock of her gag and turning. The lump holding her tongue down moved out and Miss Coerator lets it drop, a chain connecting it to the rest of the gag. There was still a ring that held her mouth open, but at least she could make some sort of sound now, other than a grunt.

'Now, you don't seem to be getting much cleaning done.' She kissed Hannah again, between the shoulder blades, her hair tickling against Hannah's bare skin, shiny with sweat.

'O r eery isacting.' She could feel the liquid sloshing around inside of her, and her increasing arousal from the teasing.

'Am I now, little Hannah? Perhaps removing the gag was a mistake?' Another spurt of liquid flowed into her, filling her up even more, forcing her to clench her thighs tightly together. 'On your knees, maid, nice and slow.' Miss Coerator's hand tangled itself into Hannah's hair and gripped it tightly, pushing her down, as Hannah made a token attempt at cleaning, dabbing at a wooden panel, burdened by the metal ball. Hannah surrendered and slowly dropped down, feeling fingers brush the back of her neck, unbuckling the gag, letting her speak properly.

'Now, my dear, would you care to repeat that? I may have misheard, as you did mumble quite atrociously. What reason did you give for not getting much cleaning done?'

Her fingers stroked and caressed the back of Hannah's neck, her mind going fuzzy. 'You are very distracting, Miss Coerator.'

The fingers stopped stroking, one hand still tightly grasping her hair, the other taking grip on the back of her neck. 'You are treading dangerous ground, maid. Will you be broken like the rest?' The hand grasping her hair tightened, hurting her.

'I hope not, Madam!'

The vibrators inside of her both started up, twisting around inside of her, making her head swim. She could feel Miss Coerator kneel behind her, pressing tightly against her, one hand still around Hannah's throat, the other fondling her breasts and belly.

'That is not a satisfactory answer, my dear.' She kissed Hannah on the cheek, allowing herself to be seen.

'I... I won't, Madam.'

'Is that a promise, my dear?' She twisted Hannah's head around, kissing her fully on the lips, looking into her eyes. The vibrators buzzing around inside Hannah, and Miss Coerator's presence and her constantly probing, hurting fingers, were far too close to getting her off, the liquid inside of her harder and harder to hold in. Her perfume was dizzying, the scent rich and potent. 'I do hope so. You seem to have a strong will; but defiance is defiance. Open your mouth.'

Hannah clamped her lips together tightly, before Miss Coerator dug nails into one of her breasts, and she forced herself to relax, slowly opening her mouth.

'Good girl.' Miss Coerator kissed her on the cheek. A ring-gag slid into her mouth, forcing it open and wide, a metal plug hanging from the bottom of the ring. Miss Coerator took the plug and pushed it into Hannah's mouth, the material cool against her tongue, before she turned it, locking it into place. Hannah's mouth was now sealed behind a metal disc. Then Miss Coerator

took a key from her cleavage, turning it in a slot in the panel with a loud *click*. An intricate pattern of thorns has been etched into the metal, even the leather strap decorated with gilt, although that had mostly worn off. There was a metal plate engraved on the front, neat letters spelling out a name: "Harriet".

Miss Coerator tapped the metal, Hannah feeling it through her jaw. 'She was... less than successful, and so lost the right to wear this. Should you continue to work well, then I shall have some items forged for you with your name on. Or perhaps just rename you Harriet; I wonder which would be easier?'

The devices kicked up a notch, Hannah's tongue sliding around the cock-like plug in her mouth, as Miss Coerator stood, pulling Hannah up as well.

'Defiance, *any* defiance, deserves punishment, don't you think, maid?'

Hannah nodded, hoping to avoid any further punishment.

'Excellent, I'm glad we are in such agreement.' Miss Coerator pulled a remote from her pocket, Hannah quivering in terror as Miss Coerator grabbed her hair and forced their eyes to meet, switching it up a few notches, sending more waves of pleasure through Hannah's pussy. 'Defiance will not be accepted. Ever.'

Hannah nodded her head frantically.

'And so, for the rest of your cleaning, you will be wearing a little extra. Your dedication is impressive, so I think I shall allow you a little mercy.'

Heavy-looking clamps linked by a chain were produced, one swiftly getting attached to Hannah's left nipple. She grunted in pain through the gag, eyes going wide, before the other was also attached, adding to her torment. They were attached on top of her clothing, reducing the pain slightly, but the chain connecting them shifted as she shook, trying to throw them off.

'What did I tell you? Refusing to accept a punishment requires further punishment.' There was pleasure beneath her cold tones, as a ball weight was attached in the middle of the chain. Hannah wanted to bend forward to relieve the pressure, swaying slightly as Miss Coerator spoke. 'A maid should maintain good posture at all times. I would hate to have to apply additional correctives, my dear. So, about your business then. I expect this room to be spotless.'

Hannah took a slow, staggering step, managing to raise a hand and wipe away some of the grime and dirt. It did little to relieve the pressure inside of her, liquid still pressing against her guys, the vibrator in her pussy thrumming away.

'And do try not to leak too much. You're only making additional work for yourself, my dear. Oh, and should you remove the clamps, then I will be forced to take more *permanent* measures. You're shaping up well; far more resilient than those other girls. I may even permit you a bed tonight!'

She walked away, her heels audible against the floor before a door opened and locked shut again, leaving Hannah alone in her lust-addled torment. Every movement was painful – the weighted clamps on her nipples shook and stretched her flesh, the ball-and-chain making it hard to move her hands, vibrator still buzzing away.

Chapter Six: A Job Well Done

The cleaning was agonizing, her insides full to bursting, the toys pushed into Hannah sending the occasional low thrum through her body, Miss Coerator obviously still somewhere within range. There wasn't anywhere she could go, and there was (of course) a camera watching her, mounted on an electronic swivel. As Hannah approached, it twisted around, obviously manually controlled, Miss Coerator probably taking her pleasure somewhere.

The thought of that body stretched out, casually playing with herself, probably with Hannah's toys, added even more warmth to her crotch. She'd like to see that woman stretched out on a rack, her firm breasts lashed and whipped! Maybe then she wouldn't be so calm and controlled all the time! A strong buzz started in Hannah's pussy, making her quiver, feeling fluid drip down her thighs, an intense blush of crimson shame coming over her face.

She had, at least, managed to make some impact, one of the wooden wall panels now restored to something close to "clean", gleaming wood having emerged from beneath the caked-on grime. If she kept locking her maids into gags and chastity belts, no wonder she couldn't keep any staff! At least there didn't seem to be any sign of a butler, or any footmen, to molest her, although someone was cooking the food.

As she scrubbed away, more thoughts of Miss Coerator came to mind – locking her into a cage and teasing her body, making her scream and moan. What would she sound like through a gag? She probably wouldn't be so commanding then! That beautiful voice, broken and pleading, begging mumbled words through a fat ballgag forced between lush lips... Hannah managed to lose herself in the fantasy for a moment, before her anal intruder jerked her out, testing a few times, still going strong.

There were no clocks in here, so it was impossible to tell how long she'd been working, but it felt like forever. Her arms, already sore, were now exhausted from dragging the ball around as well, aching from having had to lift it up to fully clean the panel, bracing it against her legs.

A sudden waft of perfume was all the warning she had, before nails were suddenly scratching down her back, making Hannah mewl into her gag, metal bulb still pinning her tongue into place. How had the woman managed to get so close without making a sound? Did this place have secret doors and passages, or had she been so absorbed in cleaning she hadn't noticed?

Miss Coerator's face must have been right next to Hannah's ear, those red lips whispering breathily to her, one hand on each of Hannah's shoulders. 'Very good, my dear! You see what can be done when you apply yourself to your task, without getting distracted?'

The wood was shiny enough that Hannah could see a vague reflection of Miss Coerator in it, clad in red again.

'Although you do seem to have made a little bit of a mess. Do clean it up, please.' She dropped a cleaning rag onto the floor, Hannah sinking to her knees and wiping at a small pool of moisture, almost bumping into Miss Coerator's red boots. It was almost a relief to be in this position, sparing some of the pressure inside her.

‘Now then, maid, I hope perhaps you have realized the error of your ways? You show such promise, I would hate to have to punish you too much.’

Hannah kept wiping the floor, nodding her head, desperately hoping she would be allowed somewhere to empty the liquid still sloshing around inside of her. At this point, even a quiet corner in the gardens would do, before she burst! Miss Coerator’s foot tapped on the floor, next to another spot of liquid, and Hannah moved to wipe that up, Miss Coerator withdrawing slightly to give her space. As she dabbed at the liquid, she felt a sudden pressure on her head, Miss Coerator’s heel pushing down against her head, forcing it further down. ‘Do try and take more care in future, I wouldn’t want to have to rub your nose in it.’ The pressure of the heel increased, forcing Hannah’s head further downwards, until her forehead hit a (mercifully-already-clean) part of the floor.

And then the pressure relented, letting Hannah finish cleaning, then slowly regain her feet. She had to keep her thighs desperately clamped together to prevent any further spillage, every breath reminding her of how stuffed she was. Miss Coerator smiled at her, holding a hand up with the leash. Hannah didn’t have the strength to resist, tilting her head back and allowing the leash to be clipped into place.

‘Very good, although you could do with being a little less... loose, shall we say, in the future. Perhaps I should make you work with Kegel balls inserted? But you have earned at least a little relief. Come.’

She tugged on the leash, giving Hannah little choice but follow, all her willpower focused on keeping herself from leaking as they moved. All she could do was take tiny steps, desperate for relief, hoping she was being taken to a bathroom. Instead, Miss Coerator took her to some patio doors, pushing them open, warm, sunny, air rushing in, heavy with the scent of wildflowers.

‘You should be glad of some outside air, I would think. It can get awfully stuffy stuck inside all day, can it not?’

Hannah slumped against a wall, almost completely drained, trying to resist the urge to simply release herself. Instead she was pulled into a stone-flagged courtyard, with gardening tools stacked along the ivy-laden walls, several other windows and doors hidden behind choking greenery. That must have been the gardener’s doing, wherever she was.

Miss Coerator produced a key and released the chastity belt before quickly stepping back. ‘You may go. There, over the grille.’

Here? With Miss Coerator watching? Then she flicked her wrist, crop striking Hannah in the belly. Any shame was quickly forgotten, as Hannah squatted over the grille, raising her skirt and removing the toys, letting them drop to the floor. As soon as they were out, she relaxed, letting the stream flow, water tinkling against the metal grille. The relief was so intense her vision wavered for a moment, darkness threatening to overwhelm her.

A rush of cold water shoved her into wakefulness, as Miss Coerator stated to hose her down. She tried to keep her head turned away from the stream of water – with her mouth blocked, she didn’t want to get any up her nose and drown or choke.

‘Stand, then strip.’

Now she was empty, it was easier to move, and she obeyed, pulling the uniform off over her head, letting the chill water play over her body. Despite the coldness of the water, it felt good to be clean, able to wash some of the sweat off, and the scent of her own lust off her body. And having the toys finally removed felt amazing, her body finally free of the oversized intruders!

Hannah tried to ignore Miss Coerator's hungry look, the woman's eyes roaming over her in a predatory fashion. She was ordered to turn around, the cold water blasting against her back, washing her down fully, before the water was shut off.

'Now, my dear, I suppose you need to dry. And then I can find you some work for the afternoon. Consider this a well-earned lunchbreak. I would ask you to say "thank you", but I suppose that's a little beyond you at this point.' She held up the leash again, striding forward and clipping it onto Hannah's collar. Then she pulled Hannah forward, towards a sundial, a metal point poking up from the stone surface. Miss Coerator bent her backwards over it, cuffing her wrists onto heavy rings around the base. The point of the sundial poked painfully into her back, making it impossible to properly rest.

She had to arch her back painfully so as not to be stabbed, the metal point scratching her skin, painful if she ever relaxed. Her head was upside-down, feet and wrists locked into position. Miss Coerator walked past, looking down at her, lightly resting a hand on her belly, tickling her skin.

'I wouldn't want you to get too comfortable, my dear. Spread like that you should dry quickly. And it's nice to have the chance to properly inspect you. Please stay still unless you wish me to use this.' She raised a multi-headed whip, lightly stroking the knotted leather cords over Hannah's belly. Hannah tried to protest, shaking her head, the metal locked over her mouth stilling her objections. She scraped her back against the point again, trying to move away from the pain.

'Shhh, shhh. You have such lovely skin, I would hate to see it unnecessarily marred.' Her fingers tickled and teased Hannah, somehow finding all her most sensitive places, making her shiver and strain more. 'You are showing promise, little maid, but there is still much room for improvement. I do hope you are enjoying the sunlight though – I assure you, it is far more comfortable here than in the dungeon.'

A finger traced down her belly, over the cleft of her navel, before skimming the very edge of her pussy, sending a thrill of anticipation through her.

'No piercings? Almost like having a pristine canvas to work upon. And you have certainly kept yourself in fine trim, my dear. I suppose all that time on your feet must work wonders.' The hands moved down her legs, kneading her muscles, feeling her strength. 'Very good. Now, I will leave you here to dry yourself out. Do rest as much as you can, there is more work for you to do afterwards.'

Her footsteps retreated, leaving Hannah shackled in place. She tried moving, as much as she could, but there was no position that was comfortable – it was impossible to lower her back without getting painfully poked by the sundial pointer, and the cuffs around her ankles were too short to let her move her feet more than a little. Being upside down made her breathing labored and lifting her head to look around strained her neck. As much as she could, she relaxed, trying to regain her strength for whatever Miss Coerator wanted her to clean afterwards. Unfortunately, it was impossible to relax much, and the strain of staying in position without stabbing herself made the muscles of her back burn, her chest straining for breath.

The discomfort and pressure quickly built up, and she lost track of time until Miss Coerator returned. By then, she was gasping for breath, the strain having spread from her back, across her shoulders and down to her hips and into her legs, every breath a fresh flare of pain. She made no attempt at secrecy, striding across the courtyard in her resplendently red leather clothing, looking down at Hannah with a pleased smile.

‘I’m going to release you now. I do hope, for your sake, that there will be no unsightly struggling?’

Hannah shook her head, desperate for release from her back-breaking position. Miss Coerator unlocked her legs first, letting her shuffle into a slightly more comfortable position, before unlocking her hands as well. Hannah couldn’t even muster the energy to lift herself, Miss Coerator having to gently tilt her up until she was standing.

‘You should take better care of yourself, my dear. I would hate for you to come to harm.’ She tapped a nail against the scratch-mark left by the pointer, making Hannah twitch in pain. ‘But there is work for you to be about. Arms up.’

Her arms were like jelly, wobbling and shaking as she tried to obey, managing to at least get in a position where Miss Coerator could dress her again. She was in no position to resist, her arms and legs both shaking, still gulping in breath as the chastity belt was locked on again. She barely noticed as another dress was slipped over her body, this one of latex, although it wasn’t until Miss Coerator started tweaking it and making it tighten around her body that she became aware of it. It wrapped and bound her body, although the skirt was short enough not to restrict her movement. It was very tight around her chest and upper body, pushing her breasts up and her waistline in, and then the mittens were locked on, crippling her hands again.

Something was suddenly pulled over her face and she was blinded for a moment before it was adjusted and there were glass panels in front of her eyes. Something resisted her breathing, forcing her to inhale and exhale with more effort. When she spoke, whatever was in front of her absorbed the sound, or Miss Coerator was just ignoring her.

‘The gas mask may seem a little excessive, but I happened to have it lying around, and it does the job. Now, the next chamber is a little dusty, and I wouldn’t want you to succumb to a coughing fit.’ She fiddled with Hannah’s hair and the gasmask straps, metal clicking as she locked it on before the leash was attached. ‘Come, there is work to be done.’

Chapter Seven: Boxed and Cleaned

Despite it making breathing harder, the gasmask was welcome – the room was choked with dust, every surface covered in at least half an inch of the stuff! Hannah could feel it clinging to the few parts of her skin that were exposed – on her legs, and a strip between her sleeves and the mittens. She couldn't even tell what this chamber was – maybe a guestroom, or a bedroom for a favored servant? There was a bed, securely bolted to the floor, and a small basin, one corner holding a little wardrobe, which she hadn't yet dared open.

There was a window, currently open and giving her somewhere to shovel the dust, although the bars made it messier than it should have been, and, of course, the door to the outside was locked, until Miss Coerator returned. But her privates were currently unmolested, even if they were locked away. With the number of restraint devices around, a chance to turn the tables would surely come sooner or later!

She turned her head as she roused up another cloud of dust, wiping it off the eye-pieces, trying to shoo it towards the window. The latex had taken some getting used to, but the closeness of it was surprisingly comfortable, and the stockings were better than getting dust all over her skin. She was on her knees, trying to restore some shine to the floor, her arms and legs too exhausted to permit her to stand up.

Another cloud of dust billowed up around her, blinding her for a moment as she pushed the cloth along the floor. Her progress was blocked by something she hadn't seen, a hard and solid shape. When the dust had cleared enough that she could see, she found it was a metal loop, securely bolted in position. It was obviously for locking something, or someone, in place – a leash could be tied there, forcing someone to keep their head down, or used to shackle a wrist in place. Hannah imagined Miss Coerator locked away – stripped of her fancy clothes, bound and abused. How long would it take to break her pride, Hannah wondered, if she were to be shackled and tormented?

A spike suddenly pushed against the meat of her calf. When she twisted around, she saw that Miss Coerator was standing over her. 'You do look good down on your knees, my dear.' The spike of her heel pressed harder against Hannah. 'And you seem to have made good progress. An impressive day's work, although there is still a lot to do, of course. And you have made quite the mess of your uniform.' The pressure relented for a moment, before she tapped Hannah's backside with the tip of her boot. 'But you must be tired and hungry, I'm sure. Can you stand?'

Hannah tried, getting her feet under her, her legs wobbling and shaky. Miss Coerator did nothing to help, simply watching in amusement as she swayed, legs in agony, the ballet heels adding another layer of agony. She fell against a wall, slowly sliding downwards, back to the floor.

'I suppose even your stamina has a limit, my dear. But I'm not so proud I won't help a servant in need. Now, strip, and then we can deal with your needs.' It took the last of Hannah's strength to remove her clothing, the latex fighting her, snapping back as she tried to remove it, the mittens making it impossible to grip, until Miss Coerator came to help. She was far more

experienced, easily peeling the material away, leaving Hannah naked except for the mittens, boots and mask, and of course the collar. She tried to stand again, her legs refusing to obey her. Miss Coerator moved over, a long plastic hose in hand. The filter on the front of the gasmask was unscrewed, allowing her a few short breaths of sweet air, dust mingling with the scent of Miss Coerator, before the hose was screwed in place. Now, in order to breathe, she had to pull air along the entire length of the tube. Miss Coerator stood up, a playful expression on her face. ‘Now, my dear, I do hope you will be obedient. It has been a decidedly mixed bag so far.’ She placed her hand over the open end of the tube.

The air in the tube quickly became hot and stale, Hannah starting to feel woozy, until Miss Coerator removed her hand. ‘I want you nice and rested for what is to come – there is a lot more work to be done, and I wouldn’t want you to distract yourself.’ She propped the hose up on the basin then stepped outside, returning and wheeling in a cart supporting a black metal box, a single hole in one side. She unlocked a large padlock on the side, opening it up – the inside was padded but had no other ornamentation, nothing other than cushioned pads to prevent the occupant from bashing against the cold metal.

Hannah squeaked, trying to retreat, fear and exhaustion slowing her movement.

‘Now, my dear, please don’t cause any problems. It would be such a shame if I had to be harsh with you. In you go.’ She capped the tube with her hand again, showing her power. It only took a breath or two for the air to run short, as Hannah forced herself to move, managing to crawl forward, hearing Miss Coerator purr with satisfaction. ‘Good girl.’

Hannah had to curl up to fit inside, almost in the fetal position, although the cushioning was deep enough to make the position comfortable, her body supported by padding rather than hard metal.

‘Now, just in case I need to communicate with you.’ Miss Coerator reached in, a hand caressing one of Hannah’s breasts before clipping something over one of Hannah’s ears. Then she fed the hose through the hole in the lid, before closing it. The padding was thick enough that Hannah could barely feel the “click” of the lock shutting, as she was sealed into the darkness. It was a good thing she wasn’t claustrophobic! A gentle rumble started, as she was wheeled away, the hallway not entirely smooth, occasional bumps shaking her around. There was just about enough space for her to sit up straight, and slightly twist and flex her limbs, but no more.

As she was moved, she heard Miss Coerator’s voice in one ear, coming through the earbud.

‘I am planning on having some guests for an event soon, and I do hope that you will be cooperative and entertain them. No doubt you will appreciate the chance to engage in some less menial labor as well.’

Some complicated maneuvering happened, as the cart negotiated a corner in a multi-point turn. Hannah considered pushing against the lid, but with Miss Coerator pushing the cart, it seemed pointless.

She felt several more turns and curves, and then was bumped up a few steps, jolting around the tiny space, before movement stopped. All she could smell and taste was the plastic and rubber of the hose, as Miss Coerator spoke again.

‘You are one of very few to be in here, you know – I guard my privacy well. You should feel honored, little maid.’

Were they in her bedroom, then? Given that this was where Hannah had been explicitly banned from entering, then Miss Coerator really did keep it private!

‘You truly do have a lovely physique, my dear. But you could be a little more obedient, I feel. All those naughty toys you bought with you, were you intending to do any work? They do

make quite an impressive display! So many to use – I wonder which you prefer? If you're good, I might let you pick, although it's far more fun to choose myself.'

A familiar-sounding motor whirred into life, Hannah shaking in response, feeling herself slicken just from the sound, despite being locked into the chastity belt.

'This one seems to have been used a lot. Is it your favorite? And seems to have been modified as well.' The pitch of the motor changed, vibrating more loudly. 'At the highest level it was certainly vigorous! Is that what you used for your stamina training? But while you are in my employ, such things are forbidden, without my explicit permission. Maybe I should have placed one of your remote-controlled devices in you, but I think you should have a night of full rest. As a reward for your good work'

Hannah tried to imagine what Miss Coerator's bedroom might look like – from how she kept the rest of the house, they were probably a mess. But she dressed so stylishly, so maybe she kept her rooms in good order and didn't care about the rest? Probably a lot of clothing, all latex, leather and silk, the finest materials and brands, as well as the fetishwear. Lots of shoes. And then her mind started filling in other details – chains hanging from the ceiling, whips and crops, other devices to punish her maids. She shifted uncomfortably – at least when she was stuck in the box, she was relatively safe! And, of course, a pile of all of Hannah's vibrators and dildos.

The buzzing suddenly cut off. 'Now, my dear, I'm going to clean myself. You can rest in there, nice and snug, and then I will clean you in the morning. It looks to be raining, so it will be an indoor clean this time. Won't that be nice?'

The air coming through the hose was richly scented now, heavily infused with Miss Coerator's presence. Whatever was broadcasting to the earbud had been left on, the sounds of running water coming through, along with pleased sighs. Hannah tried not to imagine Miss Coerator's body, lush and full, covered in suds and water droplets, playing with herself in the shower. The thoughts only increased Hannah's arousal, but with the mittens on, she couldn't even grope her breasts properly, succeeding only in smearing dust across herself. And the box was so small it was starting to get hot from her body heat, sweat starting to form on her skin, soaking into the cushioning.

The sounds of the shower cut off. What would Miss Coerator wear to bed? Almost certainly not a baggy and comfortable t-shirt, and *probably* not a leather catsuit. Maybe elaborate lingerie, a silk nightie or similar? Even when alone, she probably made sure to dress up.

Footsteps, Miss Coerator making no attempt to hide her movement, and then the creak of a bed. This was followed by increasingly urgent gasps and pants, wordless sighs and groans. Hannah's eyes went wide as she realized what she was hearing – Miss Coerator was masturbating! Thoughts of that body stretched out on a bed, fully naked, hands between legs... Hannah clenched her own thighs, even more frustrated that she couldn't reach herself, or do anything more than uselessly grope her own breasts. To have Miss Coerator at her mercy, spreadeagled on her no-doubt massive bed, tease and punish that gorgeous body! She would have to try and find a chance to turn the situation around.

Miss Coerator's gasps continued – she was obviously teasing herself, building to a slow climax, rather than racing there. Hannah twisted, in frustrated annoyance – she wanted to come as well, and by her own choice!

After several highly-satisfied sighs, there was a long silence, before the creaking of the bed again, and more footsteps. 'Hmmm, that was rather pleasurable. Maybe I should get some

toys like yours? Now, my dear, I imagine you're rather hungry and thirsty. Let me tend to your needs, and then you can rest.'

The scent coming through the tube intensified, as Miss Coerator moved closer, Hannah smelling her arousal, the air suddenly getting short. Was Miss Coerator holding the tube against her body? It was like having her face pushed against the woman's body, and she instinctively pushed her tongue out, although all it encountered was the plastic hose.

'Unfortunately, this is always a trifle inelegant, but do try not to drown. You do deserve a treat though, your work thus far has been excellent.'

Liquid splashed into her mouth, and Hannah made herself swallow as quickly as possible. It was wine, although heavily watered down. Still, the taste was rich in her mouth, even though she couldn't savor the taste without risking drowning. On an empty stomach, even though it was watered down, she felt a slight giddiness pass over her quickly.

'Not the best vintage, but acceptable. And quite a treat for a maid, I feel.' Something rattled down the tube, bouncing between the ridges and gathering speed, then falling into her mouth. It was dry and rough, flaking apart in her mouth as she chewed. 'Perhaps this will teach you to appreciate real food more? The cook is very talented.' More pellets followed, Hannah trying to fit them into her mouth, feeling her cheeks bulge as she swallowed them. The pellets were nasty and gritty, some sort of meaty aftertaste Hannah couldn't place, making her wince in discomfort.

Finally, the torrent stopped, and there was another pouring of wine, helping to wash the stuff down. This time it had a strange, medicinal aftertaste, chunks of something mixed in with the liquid. Hannah felt her thoughts growing dim, a languor spreading through her limbs.

'Good night, little maid. Rest well – there is plenty more work to be done tomorrow!'

The box shook, as Miss Coerator must have rapped a knuckle against it. Hannah tried to wriggle, to move herself enough to shake off the growing tiredness, but whatever had been mixed into the wine was too strong, and she quickly passed out.

Chapter Eight: A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall

Hannah instinctively tried to stretch, her limbs pushing against the constraints of the box. Other than the cushioning, there was no give, the metal hard and cold against her pushing. The air coming through the tube was warm, a strong scent carried in with it – was she really in Miss Coerator's room? The earbud transmitted sound still – she could hear a soft and gentle breathing, the rustle of sheets. What would Miss Coerator's bed be like? Probably huge, and four-postered, silk sheets. Hannah wondered if she slept naked, or in something, probably silken or lace?

The breathing shifted, starting to come faster, in short, soft pants. Hannah's eyes widened as she realized what she was hearing – Miss Coerator was masturbating! She shivered at the thought, of those elegant hands stroking breasts and stomach, thighs splayed with, slipping in and out. The thoughts made Hannah horny, as she shifted as much as she could inside the box, blocked by the cramped conditions, her mittens, and the chastity belt still locked around her own pussy. She tried grinding against the box, but it was impossible to get enough traction to achieve anything, leaving her even more frustrated.

Outside, Miss Coerator orgasmed, her sighs coming to a sudden, blissful peak, then breathing so soft it could scarcely be heard. A few moments later, there was a rapping against the outside of the box, loudly echoing around the tiny and enclosed space, making Hannah jump.

'I do hope you rested well, Hannah. I have plenty more for you to do today. But I hope that scraping sound I heard wasn't you trying to do anything you know isn't allowed?'

Despite knowing Miss Coerator couldn't see, Hannah shook her head. She didn't deserve punishment for *trying* to get off without achieving anything!

'Breakfast first, and then we'll get you washed, my dear. Well, after I have attended to my own needs. After all, you are just the maid, not the mistress.'

Footsteps, and then the sounds of a shower, the scent of shampoo wafting into the box. A very, very long shower! Hannah winced, trying not to imagine Miss Coerator's body again, but she could feel heat coiling between her legs again, wanting to be teased and stroked. Maybe if she were good, she might be allowed to please herself, rather than having it forced upon her? Or if she could somehow capture Miss Coerator, cuff her to a post or something, and then get the keys from her! See how she liked being locked into a chastity belt and violated at another's command!

The shower finally finished, footsteps again, before water came down the tube, then some more food pellets. Hannah swallowed and chewed as quickly as she could, glad of the food, before she felt the box shift, being lifted from above, swinging slightly.

'While it does ruin the aesthetic somewhat, I have to say, this chain and winch really is very helpful. I should introduce you to Cook sometime – she makes excellent use of a similar device.'

That was the source of the food, then. Although it sounded like they might be kept in a box? Hannah had no time to speculate as she felt herself move forward, coming to a stop, and then the

sensation of a steady, controlled descent. She must be in a vertical shaft; either a dumbwaiter or a chimney. Then the falling stopped.

Shortly after, she heard Miss Coerator's voice again – she must have had to take a more conventional and less direct route through the house.

'I do hope there won't be any silliness when I release you? You have been relatively well-behaved thus far; it would be a shame if you were to force me to employ harsher measures. And I'm sure you would like to be clean again. Now, my dear, this... device is new, and a little experimental, but I hope we will both enjoy it.'

The front of the box rattled open, the light harsh and blinding, even with Miss Coerator's legs blocking most of it. 'Out.'

Hannah obeyed and crawled out, her limbs protesting. The gasmask was plucked from her face, mittens removed, even the chastity belt unlocked and discarded to the floor, as her dress was stripped off, leaving her utterly naked save for the boots and collar. The floor beneath her was hard stone, the walls likewise, the place far too close to a literal dungeon for comfort, right down to metal scones on the walls.

'In.'

In front of Miss Coerator was a white metal booth, lit from inside, almost like a changing room or porta-loo, except far sturdier. Hannah managed to slowly stand up, legs shaking, before hesitating. It was larger than the box, but what if she was locked in? Miss Coerator was now dressed in tight leather trousers and a silk blouse, leather gloves on her hands, a crimson choker bright around her neck, tied with a bow. 'It's quite safe my dear, I assure you.'

She stepped across the entranceway, Hannah too slow to push her in and slam the door shut, her body still protesting from the confinement. She heard a gasp of pain from somewhere behind her, but didn't have time to look around as Miss Coerator moved close. 'I do hope you aren't going to disobey. That would be... most unfortunate.'

Hannah stepped forward, carefully trying to look inside the thing without stepping into it. It was white and clean, with what looked like a wide shower head at the top, a drain at the bottom. Anywhere else, she would assume it was just a shower, but here, she was more suspicious.

She was shoved from behind, unable to grab the edges of the door in time, as she staggered forward, inside of it. She managed to turn, just in time to see the door shut, a lock clicking into place. Through the porthole, she could see Miss Coerator pulling out a control device. Water poured over her, blasting from the top, ice cold, making her shiver and hunch over but there was nowhere to hide, nothing she could do to protect herself.

A rubbery nub on the floor started to grow and extend, a cock on a pole smoothly rising up out of the surface.

'A cold shower can be rather bracing, can it not? I'm sure it will wake you up most thoroughly. Would you like the water to be a little warmer?'

Hannah nodded her head – if she weren't gagged, she was sure her teeth would be chattering!

'Well, my dear, then you can use that delightful thing as a controller.' She tapped on the glass, pointing at the dildo, now raised up to just beneath Hannah's crotch-level. 'I think you need a wash in good, warm water, so I will leave this running until you manage that. I wonder how long you will last?'

Hannah shivered again, goosebumps forming on her skin, feeling her body rapidly chill, as Miss Coerator smiled at her, safe on the other side of the door. She braced herself against the walls with her arms, wincing as the water slashed at her unprotected body, slowly lowering

herself onto the prong. There was a surge of heat, like the sun coming out on a cloudy day, blessed warmth covering her body. And then the bitter, vicious chill water returned.

She dropped, at least as much as she could, shifting her body up and down. The warmth returned, for longer this time, but as soon as she stopped moving, the cold came back to bite and nip at her skin.

‘Excellent! Keep moving. You may wish to close your eyes as well, my dear – I’m going to add soap. Please do scrub yourself properly, I simply cannot abide dirty servants, I have a tendency to lock them in the dungeon as a lesson.’

Hannah obeyed, plunging herself into darkness, still grinding up and down, but at least the water was warm now. The texture and scent changed slightly, something else mixed in, and she rubbed herself down, trying to keep her eyes clear of it, the gag at least blocking it from entering her mouth. It was good to wash the grime away, although she far preferred the more normal and private shower in her own room!

The water cut out, leaving her dripping and impaled.

‘Very good, Maid Hannah. Now to dry you.’

She wasn’t going to enter with a towel was she? There was a roaring sound, and then blowers in the walls started up, warm air buffeting and blasting Hannah from all directions. It didn’t take long until all the water was dried from her body, like being in a giant hairdryer although she was still impaled. With her feet locked into the boots, she realized she couldn’t dismount – she was already on the tips of her toes, and she couldn’t jump to get off, and there was nothing to grab to lift herself off. Miss Coerator gave her a friendly grin through the glass, before opening the door, standing back as the moist air rushed out.

‘You would make a lovely display piece, my dear. Although you are perhaps a little windswept at the moment? I suppose today you will be working down here, so your appearance is of less concern than usual.’

If Hannah could talk, she would have complained that this was Miss Coerator’s fault for the unexpected blow-dry, but she had to settle for nothing more than a quick glare, quickly dropping her look when Miss Coerator looked back at her.

‘Now, as you’ve been so good, I have a gift for you. Something you’ve earned with all your.’ Her fingers darted out, swiftly unlocking the collar, her other hand swiftly replacing it with another one, before Hannah could resist or refuse. This one felt heavier and was wider, forcing her to keep her chin up. She ran her fingers along it, feeling the material. Metal? And it had several large rings around its surface, probably to leash her to things, as well as some strange slots and other shapes.

‘There we go, my dear. Very distinguished, I do hope you will prove worthy of it.’ She tapped it with a nail, metal chinking. ‘Now, I’ve prepared some clothing for you. I’m sure you’ll be glad to know you won’t need the mittens today. And you’ve been so good I think you won’t need the chastity belt either. Although of course steps must be taken to ensure you don’t do anything... naughty. Hands up, against your lovely new collar, palms up. Don’t delay, unless you want me to reconsider.’

Hannah obeyed, as cold metal locked around her wrists, binding her wrists into position against the collar. She could wriggle her fingers and tickle her own throat, but nothing else.

‘Very good. Now, to get you appropriately dressed. Please don’t struggle, it is excessively undignified. Actually, come with me. This may be a good time for an object lesson.’

She hooked a finger into one of the side rings on Hannah's collar and walked away. Hannah had no choice but to follow, her hands still tight against her neck. They exited the small dungeon chamber, into the main chamber.

Hannah looked around – the room was filled with torture equipment; crosses with heavy leather straps, wooden chairs covered with wooden spikes, an iron maiden, the walls covered with neatly-arranged equipment, whips and crops and everything else. And, in the center, beneath a spotlight was an exercise bike, currently in use. A woman was there, sat on the seat. Or, more accurately, mounted, the seat a dildo, sliding back and forth. Her head was hidden behind a leather hood, the eyes blinded, breath coming raggedly from behind a large ballgag, spittle dribbling out. Her feet were strapped onto the pedals, making the dildo slide in and out of her as she pedaled.

'This is Wendy. She is currently my gardener, although I am currently considering her continued employment. She has been rather lax in her duties of late, so I thought to teach her a lesson, that she should be more diligent.'

The woman's pedaling slowed, her chest heaving, body slick with sweat. Miss Coerator moved Hannah closer, letting her look more closely – other than the hood, the woman was naked except for several wires attached to her nipples, but her hands were strapped to the bars, her feet into the pedals. There were sparks around her nipples, a pained grunt from behind the gag, as she started cycling faster, clearly in pain.

'Now, I do hope you will remove any thoughts of defiance from your pretty little head. I would so hate to see you treated in such a fashion. A few such punishments seem to render most servants unfit for skilled work, unfortunately, but it is the only way to teach! So, will you be a good little maid?'

Hannah tried to nod, but the collar was so clunky she couldn't manage it. Miss Coerator seemed to pick up on the gesture, leaning in and kissing Hannah on the forehead.

'Very good. It would be most disappointing if I had to punish you so harshly. Now, your clothing for today...'

She picked up a leather harness, all straps and buckles, and settled it over Hannah's body. The straps went around her breasts, sliding naturally over her hips, a pair of straps running inside her thighs. It didn't seem to restrict her movement at all, even though it snugly fitted along her curves. 'Excellent! You have such pale skin, the black leather is quite a lovely contrast. Your maid uniform is similar, it suits you excellently. Should you prove yourself, I will have to do something with your hair – it is nice enough, but a little underwhelming.'

Next, she picked up a strip of leather, held together with tough straps lacing. This went around Hannah's legs – it was like a long skirt, except with most of the front and back missing. It went from her hips down to her ankles, Miss Coerator expertly tightening the laces, forcing her feet together, hobbling her movement.

Miss Coerator gave her another kiss, a swift peck on the cheek. 'Oh my, you are a lovely sight! A shame I can't really get you into a corset in this position – but there will be plenty of time for that later. Your figure is pleasing but could do with a little refinement. It is a little vulgar, but I suppose this will have to do.' Several leather straps were tied over her breasts, binding and compressing them. 'Open wide!'

A rubber ball was pushed into her mouth. It had a bulb attached, which Miss Coerator pumped vigorously, until Hannah's mouth was filled entirely, her tongue flattened against the roof of her mouth.

‘And now, the final touch, the tool you will be using today. This area is rather old, and not fully electrified.’ There was a zap and a pained groan from the gardener, as her efforts slacked off. Miss Coerator picked up a ceramic plate and placed it against the handcuffs. There must have been a slot or something, as it simply clicked into place. Her hands were now palm up, on either side of the plate. Next, a fat candle was placed onto the plate, already lit, blocking most of Hannah’s view. Wax was already welled in the center, some dribbling down the side.

With the candle in place, there was no room for the leash, Miss Coerator pushing Hannah forward. The well of wax shifted, some spilling downwards, starting to flow onto the plate

‘It can get a little cold and dark down here. It is a little old fashioned, but it does mean that the sconces need lighting. And that is your next task. Oh yes, one more thing.’ She picked up a heavy vibrator, a chunky wand, and secured it between Hannah’s legs, the harness keeping it in place. It buzzed into low life, making her gasp from behind her gag.

‘Now, this way.’ Miss Coerator walked over to a dark passageway and beckoned, one hand clearly holding a remote control for the wand.

The almost-skirt hobbled her steps, and she had to keep her back and neck straight to try and stop the wax slopping around – it was already starting to well and puddle on the plate. The heat from the flame made her forehead bead with sweat, the light making it harder to see into the shadows.

Chapter Nine: Lighting the Path

Miss Coerator beckoned, Hannah moving as swiftly as she could, the wand buzzing between her thighs, just enough to warm her up without getting her off. They entered a long stretch of stone hallway, barely lit by the light from the main dungeon. Miss Coerator's heels struck against flagstones, Hannah trying to keep up.

'Now, my dear, with your heels you should be able to reach this.' She tapped a metal sconce, containing a wax taper. Hannah shuffled closer, Miss Coerator watching her expectantly. She had to stretch, even with her heels, managing to get the candleflame close enough. The taper flickered as it was lit, shedding a slight aura of light on the surroundings.

A trickle of wax overspilled the plate, falling down onto Hannah's breasts, the belts tightly bound and making them swell. It burnt, but only for a moment before cooling into a thin skin, binding the flesh beneath, flexing slightly as she breathed. Miss Coerator's breath tickled the back of her neck, as her slender fingers twisted and pulled at Hannah's hair, tying it into a bun. 'There we go.' She kissed Hannah's back. 'I wouldn't want you to burn your hair, my dear. Now, keep moving. This passageway is a loop, so we'll return to the dungeon.'

She slapped Hannah's backside, the motion making the wand judder, and making Hannah twitch. Wax slobbered the other way, falling onto her palms, burning and stinging the flesh, making her shudder again before she got herself under control. Miss Coerator was out of sight, one hand squeezing a buttock, her scent strong, even over the candle, as Hannah started to move again.

The floor was rough and uneven flagstones, but the heat of the candle was getting more painful now. Hannah flexed her palms, the wax breaking apart, some shedding to the floor.

'I do hope you're not making a mess, my dear.' Miss Coerator's voice came from close behind her, nails tracing down her back, not quite scratching.

The gag blocked Hannah's mouth as she tried to apologize, the nails making her want to shiver, the pooling wax showing that to be a bad idea. 'Oorry!'

Miss Coerator's hand cracked against the other buttock. 'The next taper, my dear. Get to it.'

Hannah tried to accelerate, both to get the work done, and to escape the spanking and the nails. Through the stinging flame of the candle, she could make out the sconce, barely visible in the darkness. It was next to a stone archway, what looked to be a cell, iron bars still in place.

As she approached, Miss Coerator strode past her, looking into the cell. As Hannah strained herself, stretching upwards towards the wick, Miss Coerator shook her head ruefully.

'Ah, Harriet. Your unfortunate predecessor. She had promise, but ultimately failed to deliver. Fetching enough, and not wholly useless, but quite unsuited to any responsibility. Should you prove yourself worthy of becoming my head maid, then perhaps you could be responsible for continuing her training.'

Hannah stretched up, holding the candle in place long enough to light the taper, wick catching light. She sighed, the staggered, wax spilling down her breasts and hands, making her hiss at the sudden, stings of heat, as the wax dried and full into a tight embrace of her body.

Miss Coerator reached out and hooked her through her collar, pulling her close, ignoring the spilling of further wax onto flesh, forcing her to look into the cell.

‘For now, she is purely a display piece.’

Inside the cell was a glass case, like the one the statue of Miss Coerator had been in. Except this one was occupied by a person – a young woman was in there, wrists bound to a bar at the top of the case, weight also supported on her ankles, locked to another bar along the bottom, stretched between those two points, without any other contact with the world, thick headphones blocking out sound. A metal gag had been locked around her mouth, “Harriet” engraved into the metal amongst a pattern of thorns. Her eyes were hidden behind a thick leather blindfold, a chunky posture collar around her neck holding her head in position. A vibrating wand was held between her legs by a strap, with a controller on the outside of the case.

‘Would you like that, little maid? To have an underling of your own? I have already managed to eliminate most of her more rebellious tendencies, although you would probably need to keep an eye on her. And, of course, if she were to err, then I would have to punish you for poor management as well. Now, come along, my dear, you still have work to do.’

She flicked the controller for Hannah’s wand, kicking it up a few notches, just for a moment. She squeaked, trying to scuttle forward, ignoring the pain of the wax on her breasts and hands. As she advanced, she noticed the cell had a door, currently swung open, with a heavy-looking lock. Maybe she could push Miss Coerator into one, and lock her in?

Mercifully, the next scone wasn’t far, although it was higher up, with a stone block next to it. Miss Coerator had returned to walking behind her, and the collar meant she couldn’t look around without turning her entire body. She stepped forward, carefully placing one heeled boot onto the block, the thing at least sturdy enough not to shift beneath her. With her legs spread, the wand was pulled even more tightly against her sensitive sex, spasming into life, making her shake. Wax splashed again, now slopping further, falling between her fingers and gumming them together, even more falling onto her breasts, as she shook and wobbled. It was only with an effort that she was able to get her other foot onto the block as well, shifting forward towards the taper, carefully shuffling so as not to fall off the edge.

She jumped with a nervous squeak as something rigid and cruel pressed into the small of her back, Miss Coerator’s voice, smooth and sharp, came from behind her. ‘Very good, my dear. Do keep showing such initiative and I’m sure we will have a long and satisfying relationship.’

As Hannah stretched towards the taper, fingers trickled up and down her bare back, making her want to twitch to throw them off, but knowing that would probably only bring punishment. It was an effort of will not to shake or twitch though; those nails, just short of causing pain, seeming to sense her most sensitive spots, lightly brushing and touching. She took a deep breath, the air heavy with the scent from both the candle and Miss Coerator, managing to stretch herself towards the taper, holding the candle in place to light it. Enough wax had pooled onto her hands and breasts now that more had little effect, other than gumming her fingers together even more, her breasts covered in a thin skin of the stuff, more droplets only added to it.

Dismounting was easier, stepping back down from the block onto the stone floor bringing the wand into tighter contact with her pussy, forcing another effort to focus, and not slump against the wall. She advanced, following the curve along – they must be on the final stretch by now! There were several more cells, all locked, and she couldn’t see if they were currently occupied. She could just about make out dull metal shining in the candlelight, heavy glass panels showing that Miss Coerator had space for plenty more “failed maids”.

The wand twisted against her with renewed vigor, and she slumped against a wall. Miss Coerator's scent suddenly seemed heavy in the air, her voice in Hannah's ear.

'I do hope you aren't slacking off?'

Hannah shook her head the tiny amount she could, feeling juices flow down her thighs. Fingers reached down there, gently stroking, coming up and parting her cleft as Miss Coerator continued to speak. 'Would you like to become a display exhibit, like poor, lazy Harriet?'

Another shake of the head. Miss Coerator's other hand brushed against Hannah's gag, releasing some of the air, as the hand continued to stroke and fondle Hannah's private parts. 'Well, little maid? Would you like to become a display exhibit?'

'Oooo, Issriss.'

The hand continued to play with her, fingers spreading her wide, slipping into her, making her gasp. 'Then, when I order you to do a task, you really should set to it with greater speed, should you not?'

The gag was still shrinking, valve left open so the air could leak out, making it easy to speak, at least between gasps. 'You are... very distracting... Miss Coerator...'

The hand removed itself from her pussy, one hand now on each shoulder, controlling her movement, pushing her towards the next cell. As they approached a light came on, revealing another "display piece" – a X-shaped cross was inside a large glass case, tilted backwards to better display the occupant. Spreadeagled onto the wood, straps holding not only her wrists and ankles, but also her individual fingers and across her waist, was another young woman. A metal gag sealed her mouth, this one bearing the name "Chelsea". Her blindfold was covered with metal studs, spelling out "SLUT". Her skin was covered with not-yet healed lash marks, bright against her tanned flesh, as dildos slid in and out of her holes, a machine clanking away. From the sweat slicking her body, she must have been left in this position for quite some time, her strength to resist long-since gone.

'I am your mistress, not a "distraction".' Miss Coerator's breath was hot and heavy against Hannah's ear, nails digging into her shoulders. "Chelsea was weak-spirited and inattentive, which is why she is not fit for anything other than a cheap display piece." She took the candle from in front of Hannah's face, everything seeming to go dark as the light moved behind her. Then a hand pushed on the back of her neck, bending her over. Wax splattered against bare skin, the wand powering up again. In this position, the collar was tight against her neck, making breathing hard, the wax stinging and burning. 'Now, you are my maid and my servant, and I am your mistress.' Nails somehow found a section of skin not covered in wax, raking down. 'When I command, you obey.' The straps over her breasts were untied, leather falling to the floor, before a hand came around to cup them, teasing a nipple. The gag, now fully deflated, dropped to the ground as well, Hannah's mouth now free. 'I want you to say it. To show that you fully understand your position.' More wax was spilled across her back, as the hand moved from her breast to her pussy again, fingers easily sliding in and out of her slick crevice.

'I am your... obedient little maid, Mistress Coerator...' The finger-banging intensified, mingling with the stinging flecks of pain from the wax, leaving Hannah reeling.

'And you will come only when permitted?'

'And I... will come only... when you permit... me, Mistress Co...' Hannah couldn't manage to finish the sentence, barely able to stand, as the fingers suddenly withdrew themselves, Miss Coerator pulling her upwards. She pushed her fingers into Hannah's mouth.

'Excellent, little maid. Should you fail to live up to your promise, then the reprisals will be harsh.'

Hannah could taste her own juices, flavor strong on Miss Coerator's fingers, but hadn't been pressured quite enough to climax, her thighs uselessly tensing the now-unmoving wand.

'Should you continue to perform well, then you may find yourself with a permanent position here. Should you fail, your position will be just as permanent, I suppose, but rather less comfortable. Now, let's get you dressed, so that you can do the rest of your work. And I suppose Wendy should be let loose, the weeds in the lower gardens are getting quite excessive. Follow. Oh, and pick up the gag and straps, please.'

She strode ahead and lit the few remaining sconces herself as she passed them. Hannah breathed deeply before falling to her knees to pick up the discarded items, struggling to rise again. She could still feel the edge of an orgasm, the heat only slowly fading from her crotch, hands still bound to her neck as she half-walked, half-crawled back towards the main dungeon.

Chapter Ten: Practical Concerns

The plate wobbled, tottering on the edge as the shelf shook, the stack of expensive-looking crockery starting to shift. Hannah threw herself forward, flailing at the topmost plate with a mittened hand, pushing herself forward and wedging herself beneath the shelf. Metal creaked to her side, a sudden terrifying “crack” sound as the supporting bracket gave way. The shelf lurched, plates scraping against the wood, sliding close to the edge.

She braced her back, hunching herself over at an awkward and uncomfortable angle, trying to support the shelf with her body. If any of the plates were broken, then Miss Coerator would probably punish her! It was uncomfortable, the wood heavy and prickly against her bare back.

Time ticked by. There were no clocks, no way for her to tell how long she had maintained this position for, sweat starting to tease and trickle over her body. At least the vibrator currently inside of her seemed to be passive! She carefully moved one hand, hearing the scrape of plate-on-plate until it slid onto the stack. The weight and pressure were poorly distributed, one shoulder having to bear most of the strain, quickly growing tired. She grimaced at the camera, the light showing it was on – for all the time Miss Coerator had been teasing and buzzing her, why couldn't she be watching when she actually needed help!

And of course, the fat red ball in her mouth meant she couldn't call for help or do anything other than make muffled and wet mumbling noises. She shifted slightly, trying to make the position more comfortable, the plates above her starting to move, the grating, sliding sound swiftly accelerating. She moved back to her earlier position, the sounds stopping, everything going silent except for her breathing. The corset was tight around her waist and stomach, the edges poking into her uncomfortably, further straining her breathing.

Where was Miss Coerator? It felt as though she'd been in this position for hours, her arms aching from the strain, the other bracket starting to warp and creak from the extra weight. One of her legs started to shake from the strain, the plates beginning to slide again, before she managed to alter her position to arrest their movement, at least briefly.

The lock clicked, the door opening and Miss Coerator stepping in, Hannah glad to see her for once. She grunted from behind her gag, trying to express urgency and a need to be helped.

Miss Coerator quickly stepped close, reaching out and moving the largest stack of plates to safety, then the next and the next, until the shelf was clear. Only then did Hannah let herself relax, the shelf tilting, sliding to the floor as the other bracket gave way. Miss Coerator approached Hannah and gave her a kiss on the forehead. ‘You are a clever little thing, aren't you, my dear? Excellent work, I would have been most upset with you if the plates had been broken. Good girl!’ She smiled at Hannah, giving her a pat on the head. ‘I suppose it's scarcely worth doing much more work in here.’ The shelf had pulled away from the wall entirely, exposing a chunk of raw plaster and brick. ‘For that, I suppose you deserve a treat. Cook has been busy, so I think some nice food, hot and fresh. One of the advantages of being all the way out here is the easy access to ingredients, I suppose. And I should introduce the two of you, as it seems you may be here for a while. Collar up.’

Hannah tilted her neck back, submitting herself to the leash again. She wanted nothing more than to overpower Miss Coerator and release her bindings, but with her hands bound, she would lose any confrontation, and doubtless face harsh punishment, if not permanent exile to the dungeon. So she let herself be led away, Miss Coerator locking the door behind them.

‘Watch yourself on the stairs, my dear, they are rather steep. Although you are adjusting well to the heels – I shall have to exchange them for higher ones.’

Hannah managed to stop herself from making a grunt of denial through her gag. They were already staggeringly high, any higher and she’d be walking on tiptoe! Her calves felt like they were on fire whenever she stopped moving, thanks to having to keep her legs tense all the time.

The leash was only short, forcing Hannah to follow closely behind Miss Coerator. Today she was wearing a red blouse, sheer enough that Hannah could just about see a black bra-strap through it, and a black leather skirt, tightly outlining her buttocks. Her scent was strong and vivid, starkly distinct from the general odor of dust in the rest of the house. ‘Down here.’

They turned down a tight spiral staircase, that would have been a challenge normally. As it was, Miss Coerator had to support her, letting Hannah lean on one shoulder to make it around the tight curves and narrow steps. ‘If you dribble on me, I will be upset, so do kindly show some self-control.’

Hannah kept trying to swallow, tilting her head to stop dribble welling up around her gag, managing to keep herself from dripping as they wound their way downwards. The area of the house they entered looked... not modern exactly, but at least refurbished sometime in the last fifty years, with institutional-green paint flaking from the walls, exposed pipework running along at head-height.

‘This used to be the servant’s quarters. Now there are so few of you, it is mostly empty, but the kitchens are still here, and would be troublesome to move. I do have plans for the space, but the main house comes first. Once you, my dear, have done your part, of course.’

They came to an open door, with several crates of fresh vegetables stacked up outside, very fresh to judge from the dirt still on them. Sounds of chopping and cutting, along with soft metal clanks, could be heard from inside, as Miss Coerator pulled Hannah forward into the kitchen.

It was an old-fashioned kitchen, with a large metal stove putting out an impressive amount of heat, pots and pans hanging from the walls, along with a fearsome array of knives, peelers and other items of kitchenware. Next to the stove was a woman, currently stirring a pot of broth, the steam richly scented with herbs, potent enough to overpower even Miss Coerator’s scent. In the center of the room was a large wooden table, covered with more bowls, chopped herbs, frying pans, as well as all the required ingredients for a full English breakfast, making Hannah’s mouth water.

Like Hannah, the cook was also restrained, although far more strictly. A heavy metal collar was clamped around her neck, a chain running from there up to the ceiling. It connected to a track, four lines running out from a point in the center of the ceiling, clearly showing the range of the cook’s movement while the collar was in place.

She was also wearing a special outfit, although hers was shiny latex, the top white, with full sleeves coming down her arms, hands also sheathed, although at least she was allowed her fingers free, Hannah noted with a tinge of jealousy. From behind, she showed a clear hourglass figure, a corset compressing her waist. Her skirt was knee-length latex, tight enough that Hannah could just about make out the lines of a chastity belt beneath it. She was also wearing heels, securely locked onto her legs, although not as high as Hannah’s were – Hannah wasn’t

sure if she was proud of being able to manage in them, or annoyed that another servant was allowed to wear more comfortable footwear.

Miss Coerator clicked her fingers, the cook turning around, chain clinking as she did so. Her face was distorted by a gag, a circular metal panel over her face, engraved with thorns and a name: “Janet”. The panel was partially open, a narrow, black slot allowing access to her mouth.

‘Janet has been here long enough to earn, as you can see, her own personal gag.’ Hannah tried, not entirely successfully, to suppress the pang of jealousy she felt. ‘As she needs to taste-test what she prepares, I allow her to have some access to her mouth. And she is always very appreciative of being given a treat.’ Miss Coerator produced a boiled sweet from her purse, placing it on her palm.

The cook moved towards them, chain sliding along the groove in the ceiling with a slight rattle. Hannah could see her tongue probing against the vertical slit, not wide enough to get out, Miss Coerator delicately pushing the sweet in. The cook gave a happy sigh as Miss Coerator patted her on the head. ‘Good girl. This is your new colleague – she seems a little more enduring than the other ones.’

Miss Coerator pulled out one of the chairs from around the table and sat down, the cook moving with her, resting her head on Miss Coerator’s knees and making happy sounds. If she had been a dog, then her tail would have been wagging, nuzzling her owner, as Miss Coerator stroked her curly black hair.

‘Janet here used to be quite rebellious but has settled in quite nicely over I applied the required training.’ She gestured at a thick cushion next to the stove, next to a large cage. ‘I rarely have to use the cage anymore, she is so well behaved.’ At the mention of the word “cage”, Janet tensed, until Miss Coerator soothed her with more head-pats. ‘Of course, she dislikes being removed from her domain, but her skills more than make up for the inability to show her off. Should you remain in my employ, then you will be working with her. You will be responsible for keeping her clean, and ensuring she has everything she needs.’

Hannah cautiously approached, slightly jealous of the easy intimacy with which Miss Coerator was treating her. Janet glared at her, tensing again.

‘Now, now, I don’t want to see any trouble between the staff. Janet, if you could make Hannah a breakfast? She has saved the plates you like so much from destruction – if it wasn’t for her quick thinking, they would all be broken.’

Janet rose to her feet, chain clinking against her collar, still glaring at Hannah, before heading over to the stove and beginning to cook, bacon popping and crackling in a pan, breaking several eggs into another.

Something soft pushed against her face as Miss Coerator dabbed away dribble with a cloth. ‘Do try and show some restraint, my dear. I know that her cooking is excellent, but you must show some greater self-control. I assume you would like to have some time with your toys again?’

Hannah blushed, but nodded.

‘Then remember that you are in service, and kindly comport yourself appropriately.’ She pulled out another chair, next to her own. ‘Now, sit.’

It was weirdly normal, being sat in a kitchen with the sound and scent of food being cooked, although still not enough that she could ignore the clothing tightly locked onto her body, or that the chef was chained to the ceiling and apparently slept like a dog, in front of the stove. Miss Coerator reached out and unbuckled Hannah’s gag, putting it on a bowl so that spittle didn’t slop over the table. Then she pulled out a remote control, clicking it and setting the vibrator inside

Hannah into low action. ‘You haven’t quite earned yourself a climax, my dear, but you deserve a pleasurable meal.’

Hannah fidgeted and twisted her thighs, but knew the pressure wasn’t enough to get her off. ‘Thank you, Madam Coerator.’ Miss Coerator patted her on the cheek. ‘You are doing excellently, Hannah. Keep this up and you may well earn yourself a permanent position! And once I have a head maid I can trust, then I will need to recruit a few maids, to help clean the rest of this place. Would you like that? You would have to train and discipline them yourself of course, but I’m certain you will be able to manage.’

It certainly sounded better than being Miss Coerator’s personal plaything and cleaner! If she had some underlings of her own, then it would make her own work easier, and maybe they could work together to trap Miss Coerator. She nodded her head. ‘Yes, thank you.’

‘Well, you will have to work for it, my dear. And none of this unsightly defiance. I expect *total* obedience.’

‘Yes, Madam.’

‘I’m glad to see we have an understanding. Ah, now I think the food is done. Excellent timing.’

Janet put a plate onto the table, a picture-perfect breakfast; eggs, bacon, sausages, golden-brown toast... Hannah started to dribble, raising her hands to grasp cutlery, before realizing they were still bound into the mittens. Miss Coerator chuckled. ‘Would you like a little help with that?’ She sliced apart a sausage, conveying part of it into Hannah’s mouth. The flavors burst on her tongue, herbs, good quality meat and just the right amount of grease. ‘Quite excellent, isn’t it? One of the benefits of living this remotely is the excellent food. Although I will have to be careful with you, as you still need rather more stringent corset training. Janet here used to be overfond of sampling the food before I had her gag welded on. It was getting a little hard to fit her into her uniform.’

She beckoned the cook closer, taking out a key and turning it in a slot on the side of the metal attached around the woman’s face. The slit in the metal widened as she did so, expanding to the full width of the woman’s mouth, her tongue still playing with the sweet, before Miss Coerator twisted the key and closed it up entirely. ‘I would hope to avoid such measures with you.’ She cut a slice of bacon, skewing some toast before feeding that to Hannah. ‘If you are to become my head maid, then your restraints will need to vary according to the occasion, rather than to be set. So I would very much prefer not to have to permanently attach anything. Well, maybe a few piercings, but nothing larger.’

Hannah’s response was blocked by another piece of food being pushed into her mouth, Miss Coerator keeping it coming fast enough she could barely chew and swallow in time, especially with the vibe buzzing away, her head feeling light and fluffy. By the time the plate was empty, she wanted nothing more than an orgasm and then a nap.

Miss Coerator had other ideas though, giving Janet a final stroke (getting a happy and satisfied sound from behind the metal gag) before standing, flicking the switch and cutting the vibe off. ‘Well, my dear, I hope you enjoyed that. But there is plenty more work to be done.’ She pushed the gag back into Hannah’s mouth. ‘I think the Oyster room next. And I will add that shelf to the list of work to be done when I have some builders in. Come.’

She pulled on the leash, Hannah having little choice but to be dragged along, wondering where she was going to be set to work next.

Chapter Eleven: Getting Down to It

‘Now, my dear, I have important business to be about, so must leave you to your own devices for the day.’ Miss Coerator’s hands ran over Hannah’s body, tweaking and twisting her costume for the day into place – it was another maid outfit, of course, but the latex dress this time was knee-length in the front but utterly absent at the back, her butt entirely uncovered except for her chastity belt. The rest of the dress was tight against her body, the back scooping low, with long sleeves restricting her movements, and the mittens locked onto her hands. Stockings and heels completed the look, Miss Coerator’s nails teasing against Hannah’s inner thighs as she ensured everything was in position. There seemed to be a vast array of the things in the wardrobe, all slightly different, but all tight, restrictive and skimpy! Hannah had lost track of how long she had been here, having to endure that woman’s caresses, although she had managed to evade punishment for a while.

‘If I should return and find that you have been engaged in any untoward behavior, then I shall be very upset.’ She stood, standing close enough to Hannah that her breasts pressed against Hannah’s back, fingers rubbing against Hannah’s neck, checking the collar was properly positioned. ‘Today, I would like you to ensure the guest rooms are ready for use. They have been cleaned before, but the bedding will need laying out, as well as general dusting and polishing. Fresh bedding is in the laundry cupboard. It wouldn’t do if my guests were to find their accommodation messy, would it?’

A pinch to Hannah’s neck indicated that she should probably answer. ‘No, Madam.’ If she was gone for the day, then could she try and escape, or find another key to her belt or collar? A shock ran through her neck, as though summoned by her thoughts of rebellion.

‘I have set your collar to give you a little nip every so often. To remind you of your duties. Oh, and should you stray from the areas you should be in, then the shocks will intensify. I returned from town once to find Chelsea in the entrance hall, writhing on the floor. She had soiled herself as well – all rather unpleasant, and that was the final straw before I assigned her to the dungeon on a permanent basis. I do hope you won’t repeat her mistakes?’

Her breath was soft and warm on Hannah’s head as she brushed and tidied Hannah’s hair, pulling it through into a neat ponytail. ‘No, Madam.’

‘Very good. There is also some laundry of mine – it is in a basket in one of the guestrooms. The washing machines are close to the kitchens. I am also expecting a delivery, some new equipment for the kitchen. Kindly receive it and convey that to Cook. And once that is done, there is a room in the upper west wing I wish you to clean.’

She kissed Hannah on the back of the neck, gently at first then increasing the pressure, kiss turning to a bite, just as a shock snarled from the collar, making Hannah yelp. Miss Coerator chuckled. ‘Oh, you are such a sweet little maid!’ One of her hands slapped against Hannah’s bare buttocks, the sound loud in the silence of the house. ‘Such a shame I have other duties, otherwise it would be a pleasure to educate you some more.’

Hannah shivered – at the moment, there was only a small vibe locked behind her belt, nothing shoved into her ass or mouth, and she would like to keep it that way!

‘Thank you, Madam.’ She found herself spun around, Miss Coerator’s hands on her shoulders, as she was kissed on the mouth, a tongue sliding against hers, hot and wet, before pulling back.

‘Now, about your business, little maid. And remember – although I may not be here, don’t do anything you shouldn’t!’ A final spin and a push sent Hannah into the hallways, Miss Coerator directing her before heading towards the entrance hall herself.

The guest rooms were all close together, coming off a wide hallway. Several plinths bore sculptures, all starkly erotic, but they were held in place with sturdy pegs and clips, making them easy to clean, despite the occasional sparking nips from her collar. The first she entered clearly showed Miss Coerator’s interests, and probably what her guests enjoyed as well – the four-poster bed had chains and cuffs attached, so someone could easily be spreadeagled in place, with wooden stocks bolted to the floor opposite. Hanging on the wall were paddles, crops, whips, handcuffs and other tools and toys. Nothing that looked as though it might vibrate though – she wanted to get off! There must be a sybian somewhere in this place, one of those would surely buzz hard enough to work even through her chastity belt?

The bed was messy, having been vigorously used, whenever guests had last visited. The smell of long-stale sweat was heavy in the air – as Hannah approached, she could see dried sweat- and cum-stains on the sheets. Hannah imagined Miss Coerator spread out on the bed, cuffs around her limbs, spread open and exposed, gagged and blindfolded as men used her, fucking her senseless. Bet she wouldn’t be so bossy and commanding then! She could do with a good seeing-to, along with a whipping, and worse.

A spike of electricity pulled her from her fantasy and she set to work, stripping the sheets and bedding, glad of the mittens as several used condoms fell to the floor. Fortunately, there was a bin in the en-suite, although it was almost overflowing with refuse from the previous visitors – condoms, condom wrappers, an empty bottle of lube, plasters and more. Hannah sighed. Could Miss Coerator not be tidier, or get her guests to clean up after themselves? This should have been done after the orgy or whatever had happened, not left for weeks or months!

The laundry cupboard, at least, was close by, with a wheeled trolley she could put the dirty bedding into, the clean items smelling as though recently laundered. With fresh bedding in place, the room was much improved! She progressed down the hallway, each room similar, but with different items of torment in – one had a medical examination chair with heavy straps, that could be tilted to expose the occupant, the legs and arms spread wide. Another had several large wooden “X”s hanging from the ceiling, each able to hold someone in place. All bore evidence of use – given that Miss Coerator had her own private dungeon, then this must be for guests? She shivered – hopefully Miss Coerator would protect her from them, if she did get visitors.

The final room in the hallway had the by-now usual bed, complete with chains and cuffs, but also had several person-sized caskets hanging from the ceiling, each of black plastic, with clips down the side. Hannah approached one, giving it a gentle push, the chain clinking as it shook, then she flicked open the catches.

Inside, there was a thin layer of padding, enough that the occupant would be entirely encased and enclosed, the insides molding themselves around them. It had clearly been used, the inside reeking of sex and sweat – when she looked at the front panel more closely, she found that an area over the crotch could be removed as a separate panel. So someone could be sealed into it, held utterly immobile, but still fucked and used. Maybe she could get Miss Coerator in,

somehow? Tell the guests their hostess needed her rest, before presenting her as another piece of anonymous fuck-meat for general consumption.

On the reverse of the headpiece there was a narrow rubber tube, connecting to a barely-visible breathing slit. And a small lever could be flicked to open or close the eyes, so the captive could be blinded, or allowed to see who was coming to violate them. If it was Miss Coerator, then she should be allowed to see – so she would know which of her guests had fucked her! Sealed into the tight space, breath whistling through the tiny tube, pussy getting fucked raw... It would serve her right, and maybe she would be less commanding afterwards! Or she could be kept contained, her pride and strength slowly broken away, her leather skirts and silk blouses exchanged for a maid's outfit of her own, trapping her in an ass-bearing hobble skirt and chastity belt! That would be only fair.

The vibe inside of Hannah buzzed into life, pleasure spreading through her. Miss Coerator on a leash, forced to crawl along the floor and submit herself to a lash, that pale skin getting marked up by wax and nails. Heavy clips on her nipples, eyes tearing up as she tried to mumble through a large gag, spit welling up and dribbling out... The vibe cut off, Hannah's thighs clenching and wet, but leaving her unfulfilled. She really needed to get that key!

She clipped the panels back onto the casket, stripping the making the final bed. As she turned and began to wheel the cart out, she saw a plastic tub full of clothing by the door. Leather, lace and silk, mostly reds and blacks – this must be Miss Coerator's clothing! When she picked the tub up, she could smell the woman's scent, that rich musk sending another stir of desire through her. The clothing was very much what Hannah would have expected – expensive-looking blouses, fancy lingerie, rather more bras than panties or thongs, indicating that she normally wore nothing beneath those tight skirts of hers. She loaded the tub on top of her trolley, trying to ignore both the scent and the way it sparked her own desire, before wheeling it away down the hall.

This was an area of the house she had never been in before, and was even more of a mess than the rest, at least from the hallways she saw. At each turning, her collar would buzz if she went into an area she shouldn't, the shocks probably intensifying if she progressed. But the hallway was wide and broad enough to make pushing the cart easy, as it sloped downwards, a large wooden doorway marking a demarcation into a servant's area, the walls suddenly institutional-green. A scent, strong enough to cut through that of Miss Coerator, wafted from a doorway ahead – she had arrived at the kitchens, but from the other direction than before.

There was a metallic clanking, the cook stepping into view, the chain still running from her neck to the tracks on the ceiling, firmly limiting her far she could move – a few steps outside the door and no further. Her gag was still on, the metal slightly open, as she mumbled something at Hannah, reaching for the tub of Miss Coerator's clothing. Hannah shifted it out of reach, the cook's grasping still, angry grunting coming from behind her gag, changing to what sounded like begging.

Hannah rummaged through the clothing, pulling out a thong, a skimpy snatch of red lace, trying to ignore the scents wafting from the box, or how it was turning her on. The cook nodded eyes wide, enthusiastic “yipping” sounds coming from her muzzle.

‘Kneel’. Hannah tried to sound commanding, but the woman obeyed, dropping to her knees, having to move slightly backwards to avoid choking herself. She was still making that soft, begging, keening sound as Hannah approached, holding the thong high. ‘Stay.’ She patted the cook on the head, running a hand along the muzzle-gag – it was securely locked on, of course,

impossible to release without the key. ‘If you obey, then you can have these. Do you understand?’

Enthusiastic nodding.

‘Good girl. Stand and lift your skirt.’

The cook was wearing a latex dress as well, but hers was made to look like a chef’s outfit, with buttons down her chest. They stood, but then made an uncertain whine, as latex-wrapped fingers slowly pulled their skirt up, eyes still on the thong. Hannah pushed her hand beneath their skirt, tapping against metal. It felt strangely reassuring to know that she wasn’t the only one locked into chastity! She moved the thong closer, watching the woman’s eyes go wide as it approached, slipping into a state of bliss. Hannah pushed it against her face so she could smell it, listening to the happy whines the woman made – if she was a dog, her tail would be drumming against the door right now.

‘OK, you can keep it, but don’t let her know!’ Having a shared secret could be useful, and, from how obsessed the woman seemed to be with Miss Coerator, she might be a useful ally in capturing her. ‘Would you like to spend more time with the mistress?’

Happy nods.

‘I’ll see what I can do.’ If she could get the mistress locked up, then the cook might be willing to help with that, if she were allowed access as well. She let go of the thong, the cook snatching it from the air and rubbing it against her face, sniffing it, lost in rapture as Hannah backed off, heading for the next door. It had a bank of washing machines, heavy-duty ones, easily able to consume the bedding. Miss Coerator’s clothing was more complicated, requiring sorting by material and color, as Hannah’s vibe kicked into life. The motor’s twisting around mingled with the woman’s scent to leave Hannah almost paralyzed with lust – she tried grinding against the washing machines, but the belt was too thick, even with the vibe buzzing away inside and the washing machine shaking away.

When that was done, it was time for her next job. As she moved passed the kitchen, the cook appeared again, still flushed and happy-looking, a chunky ploughman’s sandwich being handed over. Hannah thanked her and ate it as she travelled to her next task, collar steering her through permitted areas of the house. As she moved through the entrance hall, trying to be swift as the whining buzz of the collar built up in a warning, there was a knocking at the door, making her jump. It couldn’t be Madam back already, could it? Not unless she had forgotten her keys.

Hannah cautiously approached, steeling herself as the door shook under another impact. It took several tries with her mittened and bound hands before she was able to grasp the handle and make it turn. She wasn’t locked in? That meant she could escape... If it wasn’t for the collar.

Outside, the sky was grey and overcast, threatening rain. A deliveryman looked at her, pausing for a moment, but then smiling, clearly appreciating her uniform. She blushed, her bare ass suddenly feeling very cold and exposed, even though he couldn’t see that.

‘I’ve got a package here, need you to sign for it.’ He tapped a large cardboard box. This must be the pans for the cook! Hannah flexed her fingers inside her mittens, unable to write on the proffered papers. She glanced around – on the shelf by the door was a rubber stamp. The grip was chunky enough that she could pick it up, managing to fumble it into place and stamp it down on the paper. It was hard to read the upside-down red imprint, but it looked like Miss Coerator’s signature, although her first name was too much of a squiggle to make out.

He lifted the package up and handed it over, Hannah cradling the thing in her arms, glad it wasn’t that heavy. She didn’t want to turn around and expose herself though, so stayed in place, trying to shift the package to cover herself, acutely aware of how short the skirt was. The

vibrator chose that moment to activate, the sound of it clearly audible, as she tried to hide her encroaching arousal.

‘Is there anything else?’

He looked around, trying to spot where the buzzing was coming from. ‘No, just that. Nice place, although I guess it must be a pain to keep clean?’

She tried not to groan, wanting nothing more than to get away. ‘It’s very...’ The vibe stepped up in intensity, enough that she could feel her juices started to trickle downwards, panting slightly. ‘Large, yes. I have a lot...’ She bit her lip, reeling on the edge of an orgasm ‘...to do though, so...’ If this kept up much longer, she was going to collapse in an orgasmic puddle in front of him!

‘Oh, sorry, mustn’t keep you! Surprised your boss isn’t in, she normally signs for things. Don’t mind when she does, she’s quite the looker.’

‘Yes, she...’ She took a deep breath, trying to focus. ‘Is.’ He looked at her with concern. ‘I’m fine, re... really.’

Hannah was barely holding on as he finally left, allowing her to shut the door, vibe cutting off, leaving her dangling in frustration, sweat now clinging to her body. As she sagged against the wall, glad of its coolness, the collar shocked her. ‘I couldn’t help it, I couldn’t just tell him to piss off!’ It zapped her again, ignoring her protests as she picked up the package and scuttled back to the kitchen, the collar chiding her constantly until she had delivered the package and then travelled to the next room she was meant to be cleaning.

Chapter Twelve: Cleaning the Displays

‘Time for work, my dear.’ Brutal, eye-stabbing sunlight filled the room as Miss Coerator opened the curtains, Hannah trying to roll over, chains clinking and restricting her movement. She wanted to masturbate if nothing else, give herself a pleasurable start to the day, but the damn belt was still in place, even if her arms had been free. ‘You have been doing well, but there is much to be done still.’

Hannah shook her limbs, not sure if she was showing assent or rebellion, but she couldn’t move at all when she was tied spreadeagle to the bed, and she was gagged so she couldn’t even talk.

‘Now now, there’s no need to be impatient, my dear.’

Hannah’s eyes had adjusted to the light enough that she could see Miss Coerator – she was dressed like she was going to a business meeting, in a tight skirt and blouse, legs sheathed in stockings, a crop in hand. Although if she was, not much work would be done, as everyone would be too busy staring.

‘I have a lovely new outfit for your labors today.’

Hannah grunted, wondering how degrading it would be this time. Miss Coerator stepped forward and struck with the crop, striking it smartly against Hannah’s breasts. She flinched, trying to protect herself at all, chains clinking.

‘None of that, my dear. You are a sweet and obedient little maid, remember?’ She flicked the crop again, harder this time, tears forming in Hannah’s eyes from the assault.

She tried to apologize through the gag, her words mangled and mumbled, Miss Coerator’s expression softening. ‘Now, are you ready for work?’

Hannah nodded, hoping to avoid more pain.

‘Good girl. Let’s get those chains off, shall we?’

One ankle was released, a fishnet stocking getting slid up her leg, band settling comfortably around her thigh. This was repeated on the other leg, before high-heel shoes were strapped around her ankles.

‘Very good! Your obedience is most commendable.’ Miss Coerator leaned forward and pinched a nipple between her fingers, hard enough to make Hannah wince. ‘I’ve got a nice new collar for you today. Not quite a personalized one, but at least it has your name on.’ It was a thick leather band with a battery pack on the back, that would stretch her neck out, a name-tag hanging from the front. It was wrapped around her neck, forcing her to stretch herself even when laid down. Then her wrists were released (the cuffs unlocked, her wrists actually bare for once!) she considered throwing herself at Miss Coerator, but then the crop struck her again, making her flinch back in fear.

‘Stand, and we can get you dressed, my dear.’

Hannah sighed but obeyed, looking at her uniform for today with trepidation. It was the usual, skimpy latex black-and-white maid’s outfit, frilled apron and all, except for the sleeves. They were lengths of beige latex, reinforced with stitching, and without fingers or gloves, simply ending in a small latex sack with hoops on the end.

The outfit was pulled over her body, her arms teased and squeezed into the tight material, her flesh getting compressed. She tried to wriggle her fingers – there was a bit of give in the latex, but not enough for her to be able to grip anything. Her left arm was bent backwards, tethered to the collar somehow, throwing her off balance. Miss Coerator took her other hand and slid a device over the end – it was a wood brush, now attached securely to her hand, so she couldn't get it off.

‘And a nice fresh gag for you.’

The change was smooth, no chance for Hannah to protest, as white panel gag sealed her mouth. She tried to move her left hand, and heard the clink of metal, as chain links skittered together. Even when she pulled harder, there was no give, all she could do was twist it about slightly.

‘Mmm, you look delightful, my dear!’ Miss Coerator drew her close and took her in an embrace, giving her a long kiss against the gag, her scent filling Hannah's senses. When she withdrew, she giggled, then spun Hannah so she could see herself in a mirror. There was now a bright red imprint of lips on the white leather of the gag, right over Hannah's own lips. ‘Maybe, if you continue to impress, I will let you have your mouth back. Now, come, there is work to be done.’ She raised the leash, Hannah obediently tipping her head back so it could be attached, allowing herself to be led through the house.

They headed downstairs, into the dungeon. A tortured, semi-orgasmic groan came from somewhere out of sight, and made Hannah flinch. Miss Coerator drew her close and patted her on the head. ‘You need not worry yourself, my dear. As long as you continue to perform as you have done, then you will only be done here to work, not as a display piece or for punishment. Now, while a certain amount of grime and dirt can add to the atmosphere, it has been some time since a maid has proven themselves capable of being permitted down here to clean.’

They moved past the exercise bike, currently empty, no-one being punished. Although from the whips and clamps scattered about the place, someone had been punished, and recently. Miss Coerator frowned. ‘Hmmm. I suppose I should have you tidy up in here, when you have proven yourself enough. I do tend to get carried away, and cleaning up afterwards is such a bother. But I have another task for you today. This way.’

They moved towards a corner, where an old-fashioned tap stood out from the wall, dark marks beneath showing where it dripped. Next to it was a large metal bucket.

‘The displays need to be cleaned. They do tend to, ah, leak a little, shall we say, and they were well-used by some of my guests. While they may have been failures as maids, they do have a certain utility as displays, so don't be too harsh with the brush. Although some may struggle a certain amount and need some harshness to let them know their place. Now, fill the bucket.’

Hannah had to hit the tap with her hand repeatedly before water started to flow, then hooked her arm through the handle of the bucket, awkwardly moving it underneath the flow until it was full. It was large enough that it strained her arm, making her glad to put it out, trying not to slop and spill the water.

‘Excellent. Now, this way.’ She led the way towards the cells, flicking a switch to turn electric lights on. So the whole time with the candles had been a complete sham! Hannah tried to keep the bucket as level as possible, having to support the thing on her forearm, not wanting to slop it down herself.

They came to the first cell – it was set out the same as before, with the occupant in her case, suspended off the floor, her wrists and ankles pinioned to metal bars. She twisted and wriggled,

obviously able to hear. 'I will open up the cases, if you could kindly close them when you are done. Later, you will have to clean the glass as well, but, for now, just the displays themselves could do with a wash. Now, set to it. I wouldn't dally overlong – I have set your collar to activate if you stay too long in any cell. It would be most unfortunate if I were to return and find you twitching on the floor, would it not?'

Hannah nodded, wondering how long she had, or if Miss Coerator was manually controlling it and would do so when bored. She stepped into the case, half-expecting the door to be locked shut behind her. The figure (it seemed easier to ignore the fact that they had a name) tried to move, impotently shaking their hips, the metal bands around their wrists and ankles tight enough to secure them in position. Their mouth was sealed by a ring-gag, a metal disc locked into place, a blindfold locked over their eyes. Hannah put the bucket down then dipped her hand into it, getting the brush wet.

As soon as she touched them, their movements intensified, impossible-to-decipher grunts coming from behind her sealed gag, her head shaking, hair flicking around. Hannah scrubbed the brush against their shoulders, trying to get the grime and sweat off their body. The bristles were stiff and hard, scratching their body, and probably hurting.

'That's the spirit, my dear. You can be a little rough, they're quite used to it, but try to avoid marking them too much, if you would. I have other tasks to tend to, so shall leave you to your work.'

Miss Coerator left, leaving Hannah alone in the dungeon. She wiped her brush-hand across the woman's breasts, leaving thin red scratches on the tender skin, making them gasp and shudder. Hannah checked their bindings, poking at a cuff with the brush. It was securely locked around their ankle, without any give, and she didn't even have any hands free herself.

She tried to apologize, but her gag forced a large lump between her teeth, making it impossible to do more than vaguely mumble. Harriet shook her body the tiny amount she could, a drained-sounding keening emerging from behind her gag, echoing around the cell. Hannah ignored it as she moved her brush down their body, around their bag, then down their hips. Harriet's crotch was uncovered, and she reacted as Hannah scrubbed at it, the bristles probably quite unpleasant, especially with cold water as well.

She twisted and wriggled, trying to shift away from the brush, having enough range of motion that Hannah had to push harder to keep scrubbing away, more pained gasps coming from behind the gag. Hannah tried to apologize but couldn't move her lips enough to more than mumble something. Water trickled down her lean body, splashing to the ground, some falling onto Hannah, her dress mercifully waterproof.

When she had wiped the woman down, she scooped the bucket up again, feeling the strain on her arm almost immediately. As she left, she wriggled against the door, ignoring Harriet's desperate wriggling, her fingers twitching, sobbing coming from her metal- and leather-wrapped head. As the door clicked shut, her cries were silenced, the glass obviously thick enough to be soundproof.

The next cell had been dark when Hannah had last been here, but was now lit. The display case in here was far smaller, not even large enough for a whole person, and set onto a raised plinth. Legs poked into the air, a bare crotch and ass facing her. A head protruded from between the legs, bound in a leather hood, a pair of blond pigtailed sticking out of either side, an open ring gag showing a wagging tongue.

Hannah moved around it, trying to figure how they were contained - the occupant was bent back on themselves, their knees by their head, their arms strapped alongside their body inside the

glass case, flesh squashed flat against the glass. The feet twitched for a moment, anus tensing, a bumped bead slowly sliding out and dropping to the floor. There was no way that she could get that back in, hopefully she wouldn't get in any trouble for that.

She started with the crotch, as that was easiest to reach, shoving her hand into the case. It was a tight fit, the woman occupying virtually all of the space inside – even without the hood, she probably wouldn't be able to escape without aid, the case restricting her movement, her large breasts flattened by being pushed up against the glass. Hannah scrubbed, ignoring the shocked squeal as she first made contact. Muscles tensed, the feet pointing, but there was no scope for them to move other than to twitch oh-so-slightly. This close, Hannah could smell the woman's sweat – did Miss Coerator take her out to exercise her or something? She heard a slight *zap* noise and twitched herself, expecting her collar to shock her. Instead, the woman shook and grunted, her body spasming. She must be wired up herself in some way!

The tongue shook around and they emitted a pained, warbling sound. Their leather hood was stained with dried cum, flaking off as they shook their head. Hannah set to cleaning them, thrusting her hand into the case, feeling yielding flesh give way to the harsh bristles, the woman's yelping intensifying. It was impossible to be gentle, instead she had to shove the brush around, scouring at flesh, leaving red marks on the woman's skin. The woman's slit, crowned with a light flare of pale blonde hair, was right in front of her face, already wet and open. How long had the woman been here to react to such treatment with arousal?

Water dripped and trickled through the case, a drainage hole in the bottom letting it escape. As she worked her way along the captive's body, Hannah paid pushed her brush against the exposed pussy, scrubbing it across the spread lips. From the sounds they were making, they were enjoying the harsh treatment, their breath shortening, toes curling in every sign of pleasure.

She withdrew the brush after wiping them down, not wanting to get into trouble if the woman wasn't allowed to come. As she withdrew, they gave a disappointed sigh, their backside twitching, clearly desiring more stimulation. Instead, she leaned upwards, scrubbing down their legs, quite hard, leaving more scratch-marks. As she ran it over the soles of their feet, they twitched again, obviously sensitive. It was almost pleasurable having someone at her mercy rather than being tormented by Miss Coerator! She pressed the brush against them especially hard, scrubbing harshly down, smiling, at least as much as her own gag allowed, as they squealed again. Miss Coerator would look magnificent in such a position, trapped and powerless, all of her holes open and accessible.

After punishing their bare feet, she scrubbed her hand over their hood, wetting the leather and clearing away the dried cum. They grunted at her, probably wondering what was happening, sighing when she moved away. She must be desperate for any form of stimulation, trapped in the darkness, unable to move, *wanting* to be abused, that being better than just being left and forgotten. Hannah shivered, hoping she would be spared such a feat.

Pain burst into her neck as it zapped her – she must have spent too long in here! She hurriedly pushed the case shut, compressing the woman's ass so it was flattened by the glass, then taking her bucket, as she was zapped again, even more painfully. The shocks only stopped when she was out in the passageway, as she hurried to clean the next cell.

She moved through them as quickly as she could, wiping down the occupants, ignoring their squeals and probably-complaints, although several of them showed every sign of arousal, presumably so desperate for any stimulation.

Hannah stepped into another cell, looking around – this case in this one didn't have an occupant, although it held a large metal chair, almost a throne, with metal bands placed to snap

around the ankles of whoever sat there, more on the arms, even one that would go across the forehead. There was a hole in the seat, allowing them to be penetrated from below even when sat as well.

A fierce bolt of lightning slammed into her from the collar, and she stumbled and fell, the contents of the bucket spilling over the ground, stagnant water forming into puddles. Hannah tried splashing some of it back into the bucket, to make it look like less of a mess.

‘Are you making a mess, little maid?’

She looked up in sudden fear, as Miss Coerator’s shadow fell over her. She didn’t dare shake her head, not wanting to deny it, but also not wanting to get in trouble for anything. The damn collar, shocking her!

‘Well, don’t stop cleaning, my dear. Do your best.’

She strode past Hannah, fastidiously stepping over the dirty water, seating herself on the throne. Her skirt was short enough that Hannah could see she wasn’t wearing anything beneath, especially as she crossed her legs, sliding them over each other and smiling when she saw Hannah was looking. ‘I do hope I’m not being distracting?’

Hannah blushed and bent to her task, the stone surface hard on her knees, struggling not to fall over with one hand bound behind her back, the other being used to try and shove water into the bucket.

After several minutes of this, Miss Coerator spoke again. ‘Impressive dedication, if nothing else. Turn and approach me.’

Hannah moved to stand, Miss Coerator tutting. ‘On your knees, my dear. I think a performance review is in order.’

Hannah crawled closer, her stockings soggy and clinging uncomfortably to her skin, stone hard beneath her knees. Miss Coerator sat on the throne, looking far too regal, legs crossed. One of them was close to one of the cuffs – Hannah’s heart started to race. If she could lock that around a slender ankle, then she could make Miss Coerator her prisoner!

She advanced until she was directly in front of Miss Coerator, who extended a leg, pushing a high-heeled shoe against the back of her head, forcing it down until she was groveling on the floor. Then fingers brushed the back of her neck, releasing her gag. As Miss Coerator sat back up, the heel pushed down against Hannah’s neck again, preventing her from looking up. She glanced to the side – the cuff was *right there*, if she could just push the ankle into it and lock it shut somehow!

‘You are certainly performing well. Should you maintain this, then I think you may be worth keeping. You may even attain a higher position – would you like an underling to train? You seemed to take a certain pleasure in roughly cleaning Paula. Although she was a lusty little slut, more suited to being fucked than getting anything done.’

Hannah tried to judge distance – could she dart forward and push the leg into the restraint? But the cuff was hinged and fully open, so she would have to push it all the way closed. With her free hand turned into a brush, would she have the manual dexterity for it?

The heel pushed with more force, spiking into her neck. Shit, what had Miss Coerator just said? ‘I’m sorry, Mistress Coerator. I was sloppy in dropping the bucket.’

‘Very good, my dear. I do prefer a servant that can admit their faults.’ The other leg shifted, Hannah trying not to groan as it moved away from the cuff, moving towards Hannah’s face. ‘My shoes appear to have gotten a little dirty. Clean them, would you?’

She couldn’t mean with the brush, surely, that would scratch the fine leather? No, she meant... Hannah tried to pull her head back, but the heel pressed down. ‘I suppose you might

be worthy of being displayed on a throne, but I would rather have you more mobile. Now, set to it, my dear.'

Hannah ducked her head down, kissing the proffered shoe. She could smell Miss Coerator's skin, the slightly spiced scent of whatever perfume she was, rich and powerful, making Hannah's insides coil behind her belt. The shoe seemed entirely clean, looking virtually now except for a single dot of grease from somewhere, which Hannah brushed her lips against. She was getting wet now, the scent overwhelming, Miss Coerator's purr of satisfaction coming from above.

'Very good, little maid. Keep this up, and I may allow that tongue of yours somewhere else. You certainly seem a natural at giving pleasure with your mouth.'

Hannah didn't answer, instead kissing and licking the shoe, hating herself for the reaction it provoked, half-wishing she was lapping and kissing Miss Coerator's bare foot instead. The foot pressing down against her was a warning not to rebel, even though the cuff was so close! A shock rippled through the collar, but only a mild one. Hannah drew back, smarting at the pain, as Miss Coerator shifted, crossing and uncrossing her legs, offering up her other shoe for cleaning. When she glanced up, Hannah could see a controller in Miss Coerator's hand – even if she did somehow capture her, then how far could she get before being shocked into unconsciousness? She started licking the shoe, trying to shine and buff the leather without smearing dribble onto the surface, wanting to make it shine.

'Impressive, I really am most pleased with your skills. You were willing to be harsh as well, and now you are being oh-so charmingly submissive.' A shock ran through her neck from her collar, making Hannah gasp in pain. She managed not to dribble, pulling back slightly, Miss Coerator chuckling. 'Very good! Both a boot-cleaner and a maid-cleaner, you really are talented. Now, finish licking my shoes, then lunch, and then I think one of the playrooms could do with a good scrub down, it's gotten a little fusty since it was last used. I wasn't expecting to find a maid as skilled as you!' She pressed down again with her foot, pushing Hannah's face downwards against her other shoe, Hannah using her tongue to buff the leather.

Chapter Thirteen: Storm and Betrayal

Hannah shivered, rain starting to spatter against the window, heavy storm clouds dark in the sky. The room – of course – had no heating, but she looked about with some measure of pride, the place noticeably cleaner, the wooden wall panels not exactly gleaming, but at least not dirty any more. Inside the mittens, her fingers cramped painfully, locked into position, the sturdy leather cuffed onto her wrists. She had only a small vibe currently sealed into her pussy by the chastity belt, although the collar was still locked around her neck, waiting to zap her if she misbehaved.

She leaned on her mop, glad of a moment's break – Miss Coerator was still out on business, and so wouldn't be suddenly swooping in to harass and molest her. From this room, Hannah could see over the long approach to the house, keeping an eye out for Miss Coerator's return. Almost unconsciously, she thrust her hips against the shaft of her mop, her chastity belt rattling against the metal, unable to gain any relief. Miss Coerator had been adamant that she wasn't to be allowed any climax and complaining only resulted in being gagged. At least it was always a 'normal' gag, not a personalized, custom-made metal thing locked, or welded around her head – she was apparently sufficiently good at her job to be allowed her mouth, as long as she didn't use it to complain.

Miss Coerator had been taking a very active role in Hannah's 'betterment', as she described it. Cleaning her, making sure she ate, even applying makeup. And picking out a costume each day – almost always a maid outfit, invariably tight and skimpy. Her current one was backless, the skirt short, the stockings and latex doing nothing to keep her warm. Still, at least this one didn't have any clamps or spikes involved, and she was starting to get used to the heels, her legs and calves toughening up under constant abuse.

There was movement as someone dashed across the garden, seeking cover from the rain – the gardener, released from her captivity and set to work again. Hannah had still not been able to talk to her, but had seen the leather harness strapped tightly around her body as punishment for whatever she had done, metal locked over her face, so all that could be seen was a pair of eyes and a long ponytail of her hair.

The rain intensified, starting to fall with enough force to bounce off the stone windowsills, drumming against the roof and windows. Hannah returned to her cleaning, trying to make the room as clean as possible before Miss Coerator returned.

The windows were only single-glazed, making it easy to hear the crunching of gravel as Miss Coerator returned, her Bentley making its way up the long driveway. Hannah looked around, making sure the room was as good as she could make it – she was still only allowed a single tool at a time, although at least the mop wasn't a sex toy! She made sure to wring it out, not wanting to get in any trouble for dirtying her equipment.

Not that she could go anywhere – every door was still locked, needing Miss Coerator to open, and even the old-looking ones were tougher than she could break down by herself. She hadn't been dragged down into the dungeon, or forced into the tiny box again, but that was a constant worry.

There was a long pause, only sound that of the rain pattering down, getting even harder and louder. The door clicked open, allowing her to leave, Miss Coerator probably wanting assistance with something.

She walked down the hallway, barely tottering anymore, having gotten mostly used to the heels. When she got to the top of the stairs, she could see Miss Coerator waiting by the entrance, her leather coat dripping onto the polished tile floor.

‘Ah, there you are, my dear. Please try not to be tardy – I’m sure you would rather not have your shock collar activated.’

Hannah kept her eyes down. ‘No, Madam.’ She shuddered at the thought, her neck on fire with electrical burns. ‘May I help you with your coat?’

‘Yes, you may, little maid. Do remember to be quicker in future.’ She turned around and extended her arms.

‘Please, Mistress Coerator, could you remove my mittens? I wouldn’t want to dirty your coat.’ It was, of course, red leather, and probably expensive. Miss Coerator turned back around, reaching into her cleavage to pull out her key. She unlocked the mittens, pulling them off Hannah’s skin. Beneath the leather, Hannah’s hands were red and sore, the leather having chafed her hands, the sweat unable to escape and making them sore. Miss Coerator took them, her own hands cool and smooth.

‘Hmmm, maybe some lotion, these are looking a little worn. And the armbinder for you tomorrow, with the mouth-duster, to give you some time to recover.’

Hannah tried not to wince – the mittens at least meant she could move her arms, but the armbinder threw her off-balance, and crippled her even more. Some lotion would be nice though, to soften and sooth her hands.

‘So, my dear, I hope your day was successful? I will be inspecting your work, and I sincerely hope it will meet my expectations. Was Cook happy with her new pans?’

‘Yes, Madam. I... think she was happy?’ With her face covered by the chunky metal gag, all that could be seen of her face were her eyes, making it hard to read her expression. ‘Was your journey successful?’ Hannah moved close to Miss Coerator, carefully unbuttoning the coat, ignoring the cold droplets of rainwater. Beneath the coat, she was smartly dressed – knee-high leather boots, a skirt, and a blouse and blazer. Hannah wondered where she had gone – did she have normal friends, or was she off abusing someone else’s servants?

‘Yes, my dear. Very much so. Now please put that coat away, and then I’ll put your leash on.’

She already had it out, ready to clip onto Hannah’s collar, as Hannah put the coat away, carefully straightening it out, making sure it could dry properly. Then the leash was attached, Miss Coerator taking the time to stroke her face, showing every sign of concern, although Hannah was acutely aware that the gloved hand could hurt her, slap her at any time.

‘Yes, my business meeting was quite successful. So successful, I think, that a certain amount of celebration is in order. To commemorate a lengthy business relationship.’ She ran her hand down Hannah’s body, lightly stroking a breast. ‘It has been quite some time since I’ve had company over, but the last event was delightful!’

Hannah could see the large main key, nestled in Miss Coerator’s cleavage. If she could just get that, then she might be able to free herself! ‘What sort of party, Madam Coerator? And how many people?’

‘Oh, some friends, business associates, that sort of thing. And of course, some of them will bring their own staff. You will have to ensure all the guest rooms are ready, so you will be quite

busy.’ She pulled on the leash, dragging Hannah close in and kissing her on the lips, other arm going tightly around Hannah’s back and holding her close. ‘But your work has been quite impressive so far, and I’m sure you will continue to do me proud. I think you deserve a reward.’

Her hand trailed down Hannah’s bare back, before coming to rest on the chastity belt, tugging on it. Hannah’s pulse quickened – she hadn’t been allowed her own pleasure since coming here, only ever had it forced upon her, or teased with release.

‘Follow me.’ Miss Coerator withdrew, walking swiftly away, leaving Hannah no choice but to follow afterwards, pulled by the leash until they came to the living room, Hannah being pulled over to the couch.

Then Miss Coerator pulled harshly upwards on the leash, making it tighten around Hannah’s neck. With the heels on, she couldn’t make herself any taller, feeling her airflow constrict, tears coming to her eyes as Miss Coerator’s other hand stroked Hannah’s face. Just as suddenly, she let go, and Hannah dropped to all fours, panting for breath.

There was a soft creak as Miss Coerator sat down. She spread her legs, making it clear she wasn’t wearing anything beneath the skirt. ‘Calm down, my dear. After all, I’m sure you wouldn’t want to end up in the dungeon, like the other maids, would you?’

Hannah shuddered, remembering their naked bodies, stretched out, reduced to nothing more than mute fuckmeat. ‘No, Madam Coerator. Please... not that.’

‘Very good. Now show me what a good girl you are.’ She leaned forward, grabbing Hannah’s hair tightly and starting to pull her forward. ‘Bite me or prove unsatisfactory and I shall have to take a stricter approach to your training.’

Hannah shifted closer, gently kissing Miss Coerator’s inner thighs, the woman’s heat enveloping her head, scent almost overpowering. The air seemed almost scalding, as she felt Miss Coerator’s nails stroke down her bare back. Hannah slowly stretched out her tongue, probing towards the already-wet slit.

She slid into her, the taste salty-sweet, receiving a pleased groan from above, the nails pressing harder against her back, grip on her hair not tightening at all. The belt was still on, but the vibrator stirred into low life, just enough to edge her. Maybe if she did well, then...? Or if she could make Miss Coerator pass out, then she could grab the key! She thrust her head further forward, now lost in the scent and heat, firmly head between Miss Coerator’s thighs, breath being cut short. Hannah pressed her lips tightly against Miss Coerator’s, trying to slide her tongue as deep in as possible, swirling and twisting her tongue. It was hard to breath, sparks starting to dance in front of her eyes, as the thighs tensed and tightened around her, a sudden gush of juices flowing over her.

The hand tightened on her hair, pulling her head back, the cooler air sweet to breath. Miss Coerator’s cheeks were flushed, the orgasm still rippling through her, the first time Hannah had ever seen her less than entirely poised and in control. She shifted over from where she had been sitting, leaving a clear wet spot.

‘Now, clean up the mess you made, little maid.’

Hannah closed her mouth and shook her head, at least as much as she could with Miss Coerator’s grip still on her hair. It had little effect, as Miss Coerator pulled her head forward. She could smell it, the scent turning her on, the toy still vibing inside of her, locked behind the belt.

‘Oh? Disobedient? And I thought you were a good maid.’

Pain snapped from the collar, electricity biting into Hannah’s neck, making her gasp.

‘I could set the collar to a regular pattern. That certainly seems effective against most maids.’ The collar blasted into Hannah again, her head dropping towards the stain, her tongue lolling out. She wasn’t sure how much was obedience, and how much was simply pain, starting to lap at the leather seating, her hair released from Miss Coerator’s grip, as she walked away, the sound of something heavy getting pulled across the floor.

A hand, still gloved, cracked across her butt, pushing her face further into the leather, the material eating her grunt of pain.

‘And you were doing so well, my dear... I do hope, for your sake, that this is but a temporary setback.’ Her hair was grabbed, a fat rubber ball harshly pulled between her lips, straps buckling it in tight. ‘Obedience should be simple enough, should it not?’ Then her hair was pulled upwards, forcing her to crawl on her knees and turn around.

She saw something like an old-fashioned traveler’s chest, except the interior was mostly solid, leather padding shaped so that the crevice was the shape of a person in the fetal position. There were no straps, but they wouldn’t be necessary – someone inside of that would scarcely be able to move. ‘Now, you bought this upon yourself. But I think you need something else to remind you of your place.’

She pressed a knee against Hannah’s back, pushing her down, then took the chastity belt off, plucking the vibe from Hannah’s pussy and letting it drop to the floor, then spreading her buttocks. Something pushed against her down there, as Miss Coerator shoved a dildo into her, cold metal impaling her and spreading her wide. Hannah grunted in shock and pain through her gag, drumming her hands against the floor, fear of Miss Coerator overpowering her, making it impossible to fight back, even as tears sprang into her eyes. ‘This should remind you of your place. If you disobey, then you will be punished. Consider this a warning.’

With that, she shoved the dildo in the rest of the way, stretching out Hannah’s sphincter, shoving it deep enough Hannah couldn’t push it out. ‘Now, in. Unless you wish me to mount you as a display piece in the dungeon?’

Hannah crawled forward, into the case. The shape of the thing forced her to curl up, the leather rigid enough to make her adopt the fetal position. She could smell sweat and lust soaked into the padding and wondered how many other maids Miss Coerator had locked into here, and how long for. The lid came down, sealing her into darkness, as the dildo in her ass started to twist around inside of her, spittle flowing from behind her gag. This was worse even than the box, her movement even more restricted.

‘Remember my orders, little maid, and I hope that you will be more obedient in future.’ Miss Coerator’s voice was muffled but still audible. The case was tilted from its side to being vertical, the sense of motion as she was moved, case bumping over gravel. ‘Hopefully this will chill your disobedience.’ A cool droplet of water trickled from the crack, then another, and another – has she been moved outside? She strained her ears, hearing nothing but the rain, then the click of a door, as Miss Coerator returned to the warmth of the house.

Rain slowly trickled over her body, soaking into her clothing, the dildo still buzzing away. She shook, but couldn’t move enough to do anything, as water dripped onto her, cooling her body along with the tears now running down her face, unable to dislodge the thing rammed into her backside.

Chapter Fourteen: New Responsibilities

Hannah shivered in her box, water dripping down along her body. The shape of the leather made it impossible to move more than a little, unable to even hug herself or wrap her arms around her body to try and keep herself warmer. And the thing in her ass pushed against her inside walls every time she moved, pain flaring in her backside.

Then she heard footsteps, quick and urgent, on the gravel, before the case started to move. It rocked around, bumping over uneven ground, each jostle another agony as Hannah was violated again by the still-buzzing dildo. What was going on? Was she being kidnapped?

‘Muuh? Muh’s mer?’

‘Shhh, be quiet, OK?’

It was a voice Hannah doesn’t recognize, but it sounded female. ‘Err are ou aaking ee?’ The sense of motion suddenly changed, gravel being replaced by bumpy and uneven planks, jolting her around less.

‘We’re already here, just let me get you out.’

She heard the case being unlocked, the top springing open. She gingerly pushed on it, slowly looking around, letting her eyes adjust. It looked like stables – wooden walls, partitions for individual horses, with whips, crops, saddles and other riding gear on the walls, the smell of hay heavy in the air. Although the chains and metal rings were probably a bit less standard!

Her rescuer was another young woman, wearing a green latex mini-dress, dripping with water, and practically painted on, so tight she may as well be naked, with a leather collar around her neck. Her arms were restrained with a lengthy chain between her wrists, and heels had been locked onto her feet. Messy auburn hair cascaded down, twigs and leaves caught between strands.

Hannah slowly pulled herself out of the case, wincing as she stretched down and pulled the still-buzzing dildo from her ass, feeling herself shrink after it was removed. She tossed it onto a shelf, then ungagged herself.

‘Thanks for bringing me in, it’s freezing out there! Are you the gardener?’

She nodded. ‘Yes, my... my name is Wendy, nice to meet you, Hannah.’ She glanced around, looking fearful and unsure.

‘Miss Coerator mistreats you as well, doesn’t she? I saw what she was doing to you, down in the dungeon.’

Wendy shrank down on herself and whimpered. ‘No, no. Mistress trains me to be better. And if I’m good enough, she will let me come.’ She tugged her latex dress up, enough so that Hannah could see the chastity belt wrapped around her crotch.

Hannah stepped close and wiped a few twigs from her hair. ‘She shouldn’t lock us up like this! It’s not fair. And she confiscated all my vibrators and dildos. Bet she wouldn’t like it if it was done to her!’

Wendy’s eyes went wide and she twitched before she glanced around in fear. ‘Shhh! She has cameras everywhere. She could be watching us, right now. If she hears you say that then you’ll become an ornament, or locked into the dungeon permanently.’

‘Won’t you be punished for bringing me in?’

‘I couldn’t leave you out there. And I wanted to show you... a way out.’ Her speech came in twitchy, spasmodic rushes, clearly fearful, her eyes never settling down, always moving and twitching around. Hannah brushed a hand through her hair, trying to calm her down, listening to the patter of rain on the roof.

‘Well, I doubt Miss Coerator will be coming out in this, so we should be safe until the morning. You’ll have to put me back out there before dawn.’ She looked at the dildo with distaste, knowing that it’s going to have to go back inside of her later.

‘No, I can... I can get you out of here! This way!’ She grabbed Hannah’s hand and pulled her forward, through a doorway into another chamber of the stables. The smell here was more of sweat and leather than wood and hay, as a bulb blinked on.

Suspended by leather harnesses were two women – heavy hoods completely concealed their faces, straps tight around their bodies that neatly framed their breasts and hips, tightly buried into their snatches. Their arms were bound behind their backs into leather boxes, with their legs wrapped in long, leather stocks, and heels even higher than Hannah’s. They didn’t react as the light blinked on, clearly blindfolded and deafened by their hoods.

Their harnesses held them off the ground. One of them stirred in their sleep, their shifting making the straps groan slightly. ‘I have to... have to take them walking every morning. But I can dress... dress you up as one of them, and then you can escape!’

There were piles of spare equipment, more bit-gags and harnesses, all shining and bright. Hannah picked one up – the leather seemed strong, without any obvious way to break out once it was on. Did Wendy just want to capture her as a pet for herself?

‘Are these other failed gardeners?’

‘Ummm... Elizabeth was a maid, but the Mistress liked her enough to use her like this. I don’t know about the other one, I... I was told to look after her, I don’t know her name.’

‘Can’t we free them?’

Wendy pointed at the collars around their necks – thick and heavy, connected by wires to a charging point. ‘They’ll get shocked if they move. Mistress likes to track her possessions.’ Hannah moved her hand to her own collar. Was she a “possession” as well? Miss Coerator’s own slender, pale neck would look good in a stiff posture collar! ‘Don’t you want to get out of here?’

Hannah took a deep breath and tried to think. Could she get out of here?

‘Getting to know each other, are we?’

Warmth surged through Hannah’s loins at the sound of that voice, the taste of Miss Coerator’s pussy suddenly sweet on her lips again. Wendy went pale, almost passing out in shock and fear.

‘So, my sweet little maid, and my naughty gardener, are you two becoming friends?’

Hannah slowly turned as Miss Coerator stepped into the room. She was shaking rain off an umbrella, but must have changed clothing from earlier – beneath the slick leather of her stylish coat could be seen a skin-tight red latex bodysuit, stark against the black of the coat. She smiled like a shark, Hannah flinching away, keeping her eyes downcast.

‘I thought you would have learned your lesson by now, so was coming to bring you back for the evening. I was most surprised to find you gone!’ She stepped forward, bearing down on Hannah like a predator, wrapping an arm around her and squeezing her ass. ‘Were you planning on leaving? After all your sterling work, making me so proud of you?’

Her scent was potent and intoxicating, making Hannah's head swim. With her belt off as well, she had to resist from grinding herself against Miss Coerator, not wanting to smear her own juices against the shining latex. Wendy was practically gibbering in fear, barely conscious.

Hannah glanced at the mute and harnessed ex-maids. She didn't want to end up like them! 'Could you... could you let me serve you, Mistress Coerator?'

Miss Coerator took her by the chin, guiding her head up until their eyes meet. The smell of her perfume, and the warmth of her body were overpowering, making Hannah want to melt against her. 'Oh? Are you apologizing, my dear?'

'I'm, I'm sorry, Mistress. I should have licked your juices off the couch.' Hannah winced at the words she was saying, but this seemed the only way to avoid worse punishment. It was a struggle not to cry, blink or look away, Miss Coerator's own dark eyes swallowing up her world as she smiled.

'Very good, Hannah! You see, that's all you had to do, I'm very proud of you.' She kissed Hannah on the lips, her breath pushing into Hannah's mouth. 'Did you uncover a plot from this naughty gardener to escape?'

Hannah glanced over at Wendy, who was shaking her head in terror, tears streaming from her own eyes. She whimpered when Miss Coerator ran a nail down the back of her neck, making her sigh and whimper. 'Yes, Mistress.'

'Well, my dear, I think that means she deserves some punishment, doesn't it?' She didn't look away, forcing Hannah to keep looking into her eyes. 'And, my dear, as you discovered it, then I think that you should be responsible for punishing her.'

The thought sent a quiver through Hannah, making her suddenly aware that she wasn't wearing her belt. If she did well, would she be allowed to come herself? She glanced around – there were some whips and crops, but also a pyramidal wooden block suspended from the ceiling, with leather cuffs on the side, clearly intended to hold someone on top.

'What's that, Mistress Coerator?'

Miss Coerator ran a hand down Hannah's bare back, making her shiver in pleasure. 'That, my dear, is the wooden horse. Someone mounted on it will have their whole weight upon their tender pussy. A most fitting punishment, excellent choice! Although I think it needs a little something. Perhaps your dildo shoved into Wendy's backside as well?' She kissed Hannah again, gently for once, her nails still stroking up and down Hannah's back.

If it's inside of Wendy, at least it can't be in her as well! Hannah nodded.

'Very well, my dear, then go fetch it and I will allow you to do the honors.' She gestured at the discarded dildo.

'Yes, Mistress Coerator.' It almost hurt to have to break away from her, the room suddenly feeling cold without her burning presence in physical contact. But this was better than being punished herself! She picked the dildo up – it was still warm from being inside of her, gleaming darkly under the light, as Miss Coerator moved over to Wendy and grabbed her by the neck, bending her over. Her chastity belt was more complex than Hannah's, with a separate panel over her backside, which Miss Coerator opened.

Hannah spat on the shaft of the dildo before she started easing it into Wendy. Wendy was gulping and crying but didn't resist, the shaft smoothly sliding into her body, before Miss Coerator locked the panel into place, sealing the dildo in.

'Now, kindly mount her on her new steed, my dear.' She stood back, apparently content to watch. Hannah paused, trying to work out how to do this, hoping that Wendy wouldn't fight back. She reached towards Wendy's neck and hooked her fingers through the ring of her collar

and used it to pull the still-crying Wendy towards the block. There was a large wooden step on the ground next to it, clearly intended to be a mounting block.

Wendy started to resist, her body shaking in fear, forcing Hannah to try dragging her. She grabbed a paddle from the wall and smacked it against a breast, the force cowing Wendy into submission, letting Hannah drag her closer. She forced herself to ignore Wendy's pleading, as Miss Coerator encouraged her.

‘A little harder, my dear, force her to submit.’

Hannah obeyed, cracking her across a breast, before leaning in close and whispering. ‘I'm sorry, I'll try and help you later!’

‘Noo... Noo! Please!’

Hannah struck her again, feeling a surge of pleasure well up as Wendy obeyed and placed an uncertain foot onto the mounting block. If she could get Miss Coerator to trust her, then she wouldn't be punished herself! And maybe she could trap Miss Coerator, tie her up in the dungeon! Hannah stepped onto the mounting block herself, reaching upwards for a hooked chain and slipping the hook between Wendy's wrist chain. It suddenly retracted – Hannah glanced over her shoulder to see Miss Coerator looking on with approval, having pulled on a lever to pull the chain upwards.

Wendy was starting to get pulled off the floor now, making it easy to grab a leg and throw it over the wooden horse, then she bodily shifted Wendy onto the thing, which started to shake under her weight. At least the chastity belt should make it less brutally painful! As she leaned in to strap Wendy's leg to the side of the block, she whispered again. ‘I'm sorry, Wendy!’

She couldn't tell if Wendy even heard her, the woman was blubbering in pain and fear, her other leg still kicking until Hannah strapped it back, using a belt to bind it to Wendy's thigh.

‘Now, my dear, if you could make her confess fully to her crimes?’ Miss Coerator picked up a whip and approaches, passing the thing into Hannah's hand, wrapping arms around her, latex-clad breasts pushing against Hannah's bare back. ‘And then I can take you inside and give you a nice warm bath. So use the whip and tell silly little Wendy that scheming against her mistress is not allowed.’

Hannah flicked her wrist, feeling the whip crack against the ground. The other captives stirred, obviously not totally deafened, their harnesses tinkling as they shifted, unsure what was going on. Then she flicked her wrist again, a welt opening up on Wendy's back, making her yelp and gasp.

‘You shouldn't plot against Mistress Coerator.’

‘Excellent, my dear. Again, if you would.’

Hannah cracked the whip against Wendy's flesh again, another welt searing itself against the girl's body, making my sobs intensify, the wooden horse shaking as she moves, unable to get off.

‘Beg Mistress Coerator for forgiveness, Wendy!’

Another strike, as Wendy started to blubber. ‘P... please! Forgive me!’

‘Again.’ Miss Coerator's voice was hard, Hannah obeying, whipping Wendy again, as her apologies become wordless sobs. Hannah found herself starting to shake, from shock and arousal, falling backwards against Miss Coerator, who gently stroked her. ‘Very good, my dear. Now gag her, and then we can get you cleaned up. I think you have done enough to earn yourself a custom collar, I shall order one for you.’ Miss Coerator gave her a gentle push forward, Hannah groggily obeying. Wendy's crying at least made it easy to slide the gag between her lips, buckling it into place. Hannah's further whispered apologies were probably entirely unheard, as she twisted and writhed atop her mount, unable to escape.

She returned to Miss Coerator's side, taking some solace in the presence of the woman, as she was enveloped in a dizzying embrace, finding herself being led back towards the house, cold rainwater falling against her, leaving Wendy locked into her punishment, the wooden horse rattling and clinking as she tried to reduce the torment on her body.

Chapter Fifteen: A Soothing Warmth

Miss Coerator walked Hannah back into the main house, holding her close and protecting her somewhat from the rain. Hannah was content to let herself be walked, trying not to hear Wendy's groans echoing through her mind. She'd never done anything like that before! Why had it felt so good? Or had it just been relief at not having to be mounted on that horse herself? That point, digging into her crotch, unable to escape... She whimpered, Miss Coerator giving her a comforting pat on the back.

She was lost in a daze as they walked through the house, until the door to her own chambers was opened. 'You have done well, little maid. Let us not have a repeat of your earlier defiant disobedience, unless you wish to be displayed in the dungeon? But you showed admirable initiative in dealing with Wendy, I will deal with her more permanently tomorrow. And start looking for another gardener, I suppose. Now, my dear, as a special treat, I have had Cook make some food for you, and I'm sure you would like a nice hot bath.' She gave Hannah a gentle push from behind, towards the attached bathroom. 'Now, strip, and you may run yourself a bath.'

Hannah obeyed without thinking, pulling her outfit off, ignoring Miss Coerator's predatory glance, glad that the room was warm. She turned the hot tap on nice and full, steam billowing out and quickly fogging the mirrors and surfaces. A generous splurge of bubblebath started filling the tub with a thick layer of white suds. She ran her hand through the water, feeling the temperature, trickling in cold water to make it just the right temperature.

Miss Coerator entered the bathroom with a covered tray of food. 'Oh yes, my dear, you can't bathe in those things. Sit on the edge and I'll get them off.' Hannah's feet were still locked into her shoes, as she obeyed, the edge of the tub wide enough that she could perch there. Miss Coerator had removed her coat, revealing herself to be wearing the tight red latex suit, highlighting the curves of her body, her skin concealed except for her face, black hair vivid against the crimson red. A necklace around her neck held her keys – not just the large metal one she used for the doors, but smaller ones for everything else she kept locked away. It was from this that she produced the key to the shoes, easing the brutal heels off Hannah's feet.

Having them removed, and then being able to submerge her sore feet and ankles into the hot, soapy water was delightful, the water lapping up her body as she eased herself in. And it was a balm on her hands, still sore and cracked from too much time sealed into the mittens.

Miss Coerator took a seat on the edge of the bath, taking the cover off the food. More steam wafted out, a delicious scent – fresh-cooked food, a heaping selection of finger food and nibbles, all fresh-cooked. Miss Coerator speared a small sausage on a fork.

'Open wide, my dear!'

Hannah was only too happy to obey, the thing just the right size to fit into her mouth, and exquisitely flavored. 'Cook has been expanding her skills. She really is most dedicated to her craft.' She ate one herself, nodding appreciatively. 'Magnificent! Would you like another?'

Hannah settled into the tub, only too glad to soak in the warm water as she nodded, opening wide to be given a meatball, seeped in a thick, tomato-flavored sauce. Miss Coerator stuck one hand in the water and swirled it around, setting up eddies and flows, before running her hand

against Hannah's belly. In the water, the feeling of latex on her bare skin was strange, slick latex and water mingling together, but she was too drained to question it. Although she wasn't wearing her belt, the water tickling her pussy. Would she be allowed to come, maybe even to please herself?

Miss Coerator flicked her on the forehead with a wet finger, seeming to read her mind. 'When you're nice and clean, my dear, then the belt goes back on. Such things are only allowed if I give you permission, do you understand? But you may have some wine.' She poured some, rich and red, into a glass, leaning in to let Hannah take a sip.

The flavor was rich, almost overpowering, going straight to Hannah's head, making her cheeks flush. 'If you're a good girl, then, perhaps, I might let you have some of your toys back. But only under supervision. Although, given your performance tonight, perhaps you would rather use them on some of the display pieces down in the dungeon? If you were to prove yourself, then you could be my head maid. That would mean keeping your underlings in line, of course. If they were to err, then you would be held responsible. Do you think you could manage such a thing?'

Hannah was already starting to feel drowsy, the wine and the warmth making her want to sleep, as Miss Coerator's voice kept speaking.

'You will, I hope, perform just as well at the party I am having in a few days. It would be such a shame if you were to let me down now – I do hope, my dear, that you will live up to your potential.'

'Yes, Mistress Coerator.'

The hand stroked her breasts, before feeling down the lines of her body, a finger circling her navel several times before drifting further downwards, finding its way between her legs, tickling at her slit. Miss Coerator smiled at her, feeding her with her other hand, watching her reaction.

Hannah let herself be fed and given wine, feeling increasingly light and fluffy, her head empty, barely able to concentrate, although Miss Coerator's hand tickling against her body made her shiver in the water. She wanted nothing more than to masturbate, or for that teasing, tickling finger to slide inside of her and bring her all the way into an orgasm, but feared the consequences, simply nodding and agreeing to whatever Miss Coerator was saying. She sank deeper into the water, started to slumber.

Her head nodded down, chin dipping into the water until Miss Coerator tweaked her nose. 'You seem tired, my dear. Time for bed, I think. Stand.'

Hannah managed to rouse herself enough to obey, feeling water slough off her. Miss Coerator pulled the plug before toweling her down. She wrapped Hannah in the fluffy towel, holding her close, latex against bare skin, her breath tickling against Hannah's neck and ears before nibbling the back of her neck, just above the collar, a gentle lovebite that lingered on the skin even after she pulled away. 'I do so hope today has been instructive. Now, to bed with you, little maid.'

She pulled Hannah by the collar back into the bedroom, Hannah groggily following, feeling the wine and food inside of her, warm and soothing, her head empty and fluffy. She was put onto the soft bed, face up, as Miss Coerator gently snapped cuffs around her wrists, spreading them to the sides as she straddled Hannah. She looked down on Hannah, fingers stroking across bare flesh. Hannah wriggled, enjoying the weight and pressure of Miss Coerator against her body, grinning dreamily.

'Maybe, should you prove yourself, then you may find yourself in this position more often?' She dipped her fingers in the wineglass, moving them to Hannah's lips, making her suck at them,

the wine making Hannah feel even more drowsy. ‘You certainly can be pleasingly compliant, it seems. I think you have had quite enough stimulation for one night though and need your rest and sleep.’

A leather blindfold stole the world from her, although she could still feel Miss Coerator on top of her. She mewed, trying to thrust her hips forward, blearily wanting a more concrete reward for her services, the woman’s weight keeping her pinned in place, latex-wrapped body itself a tease.

She let her head sag back against the pillow as the weight removed itself, bed creaking as Miss Coerator moved, hair tracing its way across Hannah’s breasts, then her stomach, before trickling over her crotch, and then she was gone. Strong hands grasped her ankles and cuffed them into place, spreading her wide on the bed. Then Miss Coerator started to finger her, a latex-wrapped finger gently slipping inside of Hannah.

‘Well, my dear, you certainly are eager! But, while your work was impressive, you don’t deserve that much pleasure. Yet, at least.’

‘Ple... Please?’ The chains were loose enough she could twist and thrust her hips a little bit, making the finger slide around deeper into her.

‘Don’t be needy, dear. It is most unseemly.’ Hannah felt the weight shift on the bed, the finger getting withdrawn, making her whine in disappointment. Warm lips brushed against her slit and a tongue savored her taste.

‘Like a fine wine, some things need to be kept sealed before they can be truly savored.’ The lips gave her pussy a long, languorous kiss, tongue curling around her clit before vanishing. ‘I do hope you will continue to work so well. But for tonight, sleep well, little maid.’

Hannah arched her back, desperate for the finger or the lips to return, to finish getting her off. Instead she heard the tapping of Miss Coerator’s heels as she walked around the bed, hair falling across Hannah’s face.

Something was pressed into her mouth, dry and chalky, hands pinching her nostrils and holding her mouth shut so she couldn’t spit it out. She swallowed without questioning it, lost in a dazed and hazy warmth. Whatever it was had a swift effect, numbing her brain, sending her into a dozy, dream-filled slumber.

Chapter Sixteen: Dreaming of a Better Place

...Hannah stepped into the dungeon, her heels clicking on the stone floor. The space heaters had warmed the air up, making the air thick and muggy, heavy with an erotic musk. She smiled to herself, preparing for another training session, looking forward to it.

Her destination was one of the cells, now well-lit with spotlights, gleaming off the sweaty skin of the occupant. The floor was covered with scraps of silk and lace, with a wooden chest open and showing itself to be half-full of expensive lingerie, fabric scissors thrown on top. Other sex toys – clamps, dildos, paddles and more – were scattered about the room, most used.

Miss Coerator was naked and stretched out on a wooden construction, shaped like a giant upside-down “Y”, her legs spread wide, arms chained above her head, a leather strap over her stomach to further hold her in place. Hannah bit her lip at the sight of her one-time mistress, now restrained and exposed, utterly naked save for her restraints, a blindfold, and a bright red collar wrapped around her pale neck. Her body was covered with a thin sheen of sweat, the warm air having tormented her overnight. Well, Hannah wouldn’t want her dear mistress to suffer in the chill of a dank and cold dungeon, so it had only been merciful to switch the heaters on! And it made her ever-so-thankful to be offered a drink, weakening her resolve, making her more obedient and submissive.

She was currently being gagged by a dildo, the thing on the end of a long wooden shaft dangling from the ceiling, its own weight holding it in place, too heavy for her to spit out. Her throat was seemingly little-used, her indignant and wet gurgles as she was deep-throated a pleasure to hear, those proud, dark eyes glaring up at Hannah, even as tears trickled down her beautiful face.

Where to start? Hannah lit a candle then stepped forward, sniffing the air, the heavy perfume wafting from Miss Coerator’s wet slit arousing her. The woman seemed to be almost permanently aroused, and denying her pleasure, making that proud voice beg and whimper, was a delight, although she hadn’t yet entirely broken.

She moved between the spread legs, resisting the urge to kiss there, stir around the woman’s folds with her tongue, savoring her juices. Maybe later. Instead, she trickled her nails up the woman’s inner thigh, teasing and soft, listening for the change of breathing as Miss Coerator awoke.

‘What shall we do with you today, Miss Coerator? You’ll be glad to know that I’ve finished cleaning another room. Although your personal chambers are still out of action, so you’ll have to stay down here a little longer.’

The dildo-pole wobbled and shook, an angry growl sounding from deep within Miss Coerator’s chest. Hannah took the shaft and pushed down, the growl becoming weak spluttering. ‘Now now, there’s no need to be rude.’ She bent over, kissing Miss Coerator’s breasts, then running her tongue along her smooth, soft belly, savoring the salt-sweet taste of the woman, before giving her a gentle nip, just a slight nibble of her skin. ‘Oh yes, we were working on your attitude, weren’t we? You were very unfriendly when I suggested that your cute buttocks should be a bit looser, weren’t you?’

She held the pole down, choking off any reply that might have sputtered around the dildo, now firmly held in Miss Coerator's throat. 'That pussy of yours is so wet and hot!' She ran a finger along the outer edge, noticing the change to Miss Coerator's breathing, especially when she started probing it with a finger, twisting and teasing. One day she would let Miss Coerator come. Maybe.

'We're still aiming for an anal orgasm, aren't we?' She withdrew her finger, then flicked, hard, finger slapping against Miss Coerator's bud, making her whole body tense, still making spluttering and hacking sounds as she tried to breath around the cock pushed down her throat. 'Just think how happy you'll be once you can come when being taken like a dog! Then we won't need to use your pussy at all and can lock it up and throw away the key. I've got a belt, just for you. And then you won't need all those sexy panties and the like you've got, because you won't be able to wear them.'

Hannah watched as Miss Coerator strained and pulled against her bonds, wrists tensing against the chains holding them in place.

'Be nice, or I'll have to destroy another pair. Maybe these black Bordelle ones?' She pulled out a ferociously expensive thong from the box, wiping it against Miss Coerator's skin, cleaning away some of the sweat, taking the scissors with her other hand and snipping the blades together, loudly enough to be heard. Miss Coerator's gagged grunting abated, as Hannah continued to wipe her body down with the skimpy scrap of silk, making sure to rub them against her captive's pussy – with Miss Coerator's scent impregnated into the fabric, they would be a good gift for the cook.

'Good. It was such a shame having to destroy so much of your lingerie, but if you will disobey, then you need to be punished. Don't you agree?'

The strangled sound that came from Miss Coerator's throat almost certainly wasn't agreement, but now didn't seem the time to press the point. Instead, after making sure the thong was almost sodden with Miss Coerator's juices, it was time to begin. She moved next to Miss Coerator's head, using her fingers to rearrange a few strands of black hair that had gotten stuck to her brow.

'If you were more obedient, I would let you have a proper shower. But you keep trying to escape, so I have to hose you down instead. Now, I'm going to give you some water to drink, so be careful.'

She took a beaker and poured a little water on the shaft, so it flowed into Miss Coerator's mouth. After a pause, she repeated this, allowing Miss Coerator to drink without choking or drowning herself. When that need was taken off, she removed the blindfold.

The makeup around her face, once pristine and immaculate, was now a blurry mess, dark shadows blobbed around her eyes. Despite that, she glared at Hannah, pulling on her chains and trying to break free, as Hannah patted her on the head, trying to sooth her.

'Now now, be a good mistress, and this would be so much easier. So let's work together and get that tight little butthole of yours prepared for use, shall we? Your guests are looking forward to it, and it would be rude to deny them.' She gave Miss Coerator a kiss on the forehead, just a peck, before reaching down and releasing a lever on the bottom of the support. This allowed the Y to be tilted, making it easier to reach Miss Coerator's asshole, as well as to make it easier for Hannah to see what was going on.

'Shall we begin, Miss Coerator?' She pulled up on the shaft slightly – not enough to ungag her victim, but to make her breathing slightly easier. 'You can say hello to your new friend first.' She held up the strap-on she was going to use – it was short and fat, a large black rubbery

shaft, covered with uneven lumps and bumps. 'It did say it was only for use on those with anal experience, but you're a tough woman, so I imagine you'll be fine.'

Those dark eyes, until recently so powerful and commanding, went wide, neck straining as she tried to pull herself free from her bindings, straining futilely against the metal and wood.

'Don't you worry, Miss Coerator. I'll be sure to use plenty of lube, I'm sure it'll just slide right in.' She picked up a bottle of the stuff, squirting the clear liquid onto the shaft, oiling it up before attaching the strap-on belt, getting herself ready. Then she moved between Miss Coerator's legs and took a firm grasp of the belt across her waist before pushing the tip of the strap-on against the tight knot of Miss Coerator's anus.

Miss Coerator's body went tense, trying to close up enough to resist the intruder. Hannah remorselessly pushed forward, feeling the tip slide in, and then stopped.

'That's the first part. I do hope it isn't too uncomfortable? I could coat it with something spicy, that might distract you. What do you think?'

She pushed her hips forward again, the shaft widening Miss Coerator's tight hole, tears forming in her eyes. Hannah smiled down at her, reveling in her power, sliding the cock into her one-time mistress.

'So tight! If you're going to be used, then you need to relax a little. That's only the tip right now, there's still more to come.'

Miss Coerator was starting to pant, obviously deriving some pleasure from her treatment, despite her complaints. Hannah kept pressing forward, ruthlessly driving the stubby dildo into Miss Coerator until it was entirely buried inside her, her hole forced wide open. Hannah leaned forward and kissed a nipple, licking it before drawing it into her mouth and clamping it between her teeth, hard.

'I don't want you passing out on me, or it'll be the ice room again!' Bent over her captive's body, she could feel heat from Miss Coerator's pussy, almost like a radiator by itself, so hot and wet, begging for a good fucking. But she wasn't allowed one yet, that would have to wait. Instead, she slowly withdrew the strap-on, watching the distended asshole start to shrink.

Before it could do so, she pushed forward again. This time, the resistance was less, Miss Coerator starting to adjust to her new position, although she still gasped as the cock penetrated her, its passage easing with each thrust, her glare softening as her eyes started to roll in her head, Hannah murmuring encouragement.

When it was fully buried inside Miss Coerator's body, Hannah reached for the candle, the melted wax shining. Was that a gleam of fear in Miss Coerator's eyes? Hannah tilted it, black wax spattering over her naked breasts and belly, droplets running into her navel and quickly drying. 'Don't worry, I'll clean you up eventually. But I think these lovely nipples of yours need some attention first.' She picked up some nipple clamps, clicking them a few times for effect.

The spiked teeth bit into Miss Coerator's skin, Hannah taking several tries to get them just right, twisting them around, watching the skin distend and twist, enjoying Miss Coerator's attempts to not show any pain despite her pants and gasps. Throughout this, she continued to trickle wax downwards, leaving dried spatters of the stuff all over Miss Coerator's exposed flesh.

'Now, what else?' With the strap-on firmly buried in Miss Coerator's tight butt, she was limited in her movement, but all sorts of toys were in reach. 'Maybe your lovely pussy does need some attention?' She picked up another metal clip, this one with a wire running from it. 'You're so wet and desperate, but you're not coming, even with an ass-fucking. Maybe this will help?'

Miss Coerator's eyes widened, the overt sign of fear sending a thrill of lust through Hannah. Was she finally starting to break?

Hannah eased back, Miss Coerator's anus slower to shrink now, more accustomed to the intruder. It was easy to spread her pussy-lips wide, exposing her soft and tender parts, her clitoris exposed and aroused. When Hannah attached the clamp, Miss Coerator's entire body tensed, her hips trying to shake to get the thing off, metal biting into her softest flesh. Putting the candle aside, Hannah smiled and lifted the battery, watching Miss Coerator's eyes following her hands, her finger just above the switch.

'I'm going to thrust forward and turn it on. Please try and come, mistress.' The sound that came from Miss Coerator's mouth was very unfriendly sounding, as Hannah started easing the cock into her again.

She thrust forward as she flicked the switch, power jolting into Miss Coerator's soaking-wet crotch. A gargled scream sounded, the dildo-pole juddering as her neck and throat tensed. Hannah kept grinding away as she flicked the switch on and off, watching Miss Coerator's reaction. She had lost control utterly, her body convulsing and spasming, liquid spurting out from her tortured pussy, before she sagged down into position, eyes fluttering.

Hannah thrust into her asshole a few more times, before unstrapping herself, leaving the cock buried inside Miss Coerator.

'Oh, you poor thing! Was that a little too much?'

She was barely conscious, breath wheezing around the cock-gag, not responding even when Hannah gently kissed her forehead. 'Let's get this nasty thing out of you, shall we?' She lifted it out, ignoring the dribble that fell from it to the floor. It was swiftly replaced with a black rubber ball-gag, Miss Coerator's lovely red lips framing the dark sphere in a perfect "O". Hannah gave her another kiss, before easing the blindfold back on, sealing those dark eyes, now lost in a haze, away.

'I have work to do, Miss Coerator, but I'll be back later.'

She looked over her work – Miss Coerator's body was now covered with dried wax, her pussy drenched, strap-on still embedded in her ass, clamps on nipples and pussy. She flicked the switch again, driving the restrained body into another spasm before settling back onto the wooden boards, unable to escape.

Hannah felt between her own legs, where she was wet and ready herself. She started to stroke herself, rapidly hitting her peak, sagging against the wall in the blissful daze of release, before extinguishing the lights, leaving Miss Coerator in darkness but for the slowly-burning candle.

Chapter Seventeen: Vital Preparations

Hannah tried to move her hands, wanting to get herself off, feeling the deep heat and wetness in her slit, visions of Miss Coerator's body, naked and restrained, still bright in her mind. She tried to move a hand downwards, dreamily certain that she was free, that Miss Coerator was locked away and hers to use and abuse, before her nails clinked against metal. The chastity belt? But she had forced Miss Coerator to...

Her dream evaporated as she awoke in a tiny, cramped box, just enough padding to cushion her from injuring herself. She felt her face, checking if she was wearing a blindfold or if it was just that dark, finding nothing covering her face. There wasn't enough room to stretch out or stand, the space barely larger than her curled-up form. She was naked except for the chastity belt, without even her cuffs, collars or heels. Where was she now? And where was Miss Coerator? The memory of the dream, of having her mistress at *her* mercy for once, flushed through her. There must be a chance to tie her down and break her, make the mistress into a fucktoy, rather than having to suffer at her whim, surely?

Something tapped the box from outside, making Hannah twitch nervously, still able to feel her lust, locked away beneath the belt. At least let her get off by herself, just once, please!

'There is business to be about, little maid. But you do deserve a treat, and something to fortify you for the day to come.'

Before she could stop herself, Hannah found herself answering. 'Yes, Madam Coerator.' Could the woman even hear her? It was so dark Hannah couldn't look for a microphone or camera and couldn't tell if her voice was coming from a speaker or through the box, some small hole conveying breath as well as sound.

Another finger tapped against the outside of the box. 'Don't worry, my dear, I simply wish to keep you close while I ready myself, you haven't earned yourself a punishment. This time, at least. You should feel privileged, this is the second time you have been in here, few earn even a single visit. Maybe I will let you tend to me more personally again if you continue to progress so well. And there is no repeating of that little show of defiance! You would look exquisite displayed in one of the dungeon cells, but it would be nice to have a maid complete the appraisal period without becoming a display piece.'

A motor started up, a gentle electric whine Hannah recognized, especially when coupled with a happy little sigh. The woman was pleasuring herself! Fabric rustled and shuffled, and the image of Miss Coerator, spread out on a luxurious bed, one hand playing with her breasts, the other sliding a dildo into herself sprang into mind. It would be better if that woman were restrained, tied spreadeagle and gagged, soft skin red up with lash-marks and welts, wax dried over those breasts, cocks impaling her holes!

But the sounds only ignited Hannah's lust again, her hands moving to her crotch, trying to find a way around the metal, but it was too tight; she couldn't do more than rub her thighs, nails scrabbling against the unyielding plates, the padlock refusing to give.

Miss Coerator was teasing herself outside, if the noises she was making were any indication, before letting out a final sigh of satisfaction. Then silence, before a hand rapped against the outside of the box, harder now.

‘So, Hannah, you have been doing *very* well! Quite superior to some of your predecessors. I am very satisfied with your progress. As it happens, I am having a party. Just a few friends and business associates, but I need someone to hand out food and drink and tend to the guests. I’m sure you will enjoy it, don’t you agree?’

There wasn’t really any way for Hannah to refuse, at least without risking being sent to the dungeon. As long as she wasn’t going to be “entertainment” for the guests! Trying not to let resignation show in her voice, she answered. ‘Yes, Madam. What do you need me to do?’

‘Firstly, my dear, there’s some work to be done in advance. And I’ve got a lovely new uniform for you to wear, made just for you! Your personalized collar and gag haven’t yet arrived, but you should be proud to have a costume just for you.’

There was a mingled sense of shame and pleasure at that – Hannah wondered how degrading this outfit would be, how it would cripple or bind her body. But at the same time, the thought that she was cared about enough to have something made specifically for her was pleasing. Maybe that meant she was less likely to be used as a display piece, shackled and suspended? There was a gentle sensation of movement, not far, a bump as she was moved over a doorway, and then the click of a lock getting released. She must have been in Miss Coerator’s personal chambers at first, and then moved somewhere nearby.

‘Now come out, my dear, you must be getting cramped in there.’ The lid was opened, Hannah’s eyes taking a few moments to adjust, until she could see Miss Coerator looking down at her. Her makeup was as exquisite as ever, and she was wearing a black pencil skirt and a surprisingly casual wine-red t-shirt, material tight around her breasts, enough that Hannah can see the outline of her bra beneath.

She extended a hand which Hannah took, standing and stretching, glad to be able to stand up as she glanced around, half-expecting to be in the dungeon or another torture chamber. Instead, it was... strangely nice, although not particularly normal still. Thick carpet on the floor, the walls a soothing pale red, shelves with sex-toys and restraints, but looking more suitable for a couple having fun, rather than brutal restraints for punishment and “training”. Metal rings hung from the wall at various heights, and there was a large fireplace with a couch in front of it, where people could kiss and embrace by the warmth it shed. Although even that couch was equipped with a number of tether points, rope running through metal rings.

The air was heavy with Miss Coerator’s scent, even beyond that coming from her body – she must spend a lot of time in here, enjoying and pleasuring herself.

‘This is my playroom. The dungeon is for training and work, for when a servant is disobedient or needs persuasion. But this is for pleasure.’ She gave Hannah a kiss on the lips, swift and precise. ‘Now, my dear, let’s get you dressed and ready.’

Hannah shifted her feet, feeling strangely unbalanced by the thick carpet, almost as though she were sinking. ‘How... mean... are the guests likely to be?’

Miss Coerator stepped away, going to a metal bar from which hung a variety of outfits – mostly maid uniforms, but also other things, mostly with a lot of lace, silk and latex. She frowned at the question.

‘They may be a little grabby, my dear, but nothing scary, or that you should find concerning.’

‘And will there be anything, um, inside of me?’ Hannah caught a glimpse of Miss Coerator’s frown intensifying, and tried to justify herself. ‘I wouldn’t want to mess up in front of your guests if I was... distracted.’

‘Oh, so you find things other than myself distracting? But you need not concern yourself; with your resilience, then I’m sure you will endure.’ She pulled an outfit from the rack – it was, of course, a maid outfit, although even shorter than usual, the “dress” not even long enough to cover Hannah’s crotch. ‘Now, this should be a perfect fit, unless the tailor erred.’ She held it up in front of Hannah’s body, standing close by, Hannah able to feel the warmth from her body.

‘It looks... well made, Madam. Um, is the party inside or outside?’ It would be chilly if she had to wear that little outside!

‘Inside, although also a little in the rose garden. Do take care not to get pricked or caught on the thorns. Now, I think some black leather cuffs would go well with the dress and your fair skin.’

‘I might give better service without restraints, Madam...’ The dress was skimpy enough to start with, so even with the protection of the chastity belt, having to have her arms bound as well seemed dangerous.

She reached out and ran a hand through Hannah’s hair, smiling broadly. ‘Not connected, silly, but to accompany the dress. Some ankle cuffs to match, a nice collar, and of course you’ll be gagged. But that’s for your own protection, I wouldn’t want a guest to slip something into you and take you home for themselves. I’ve had a maid disappear from my service, only to re-emerge in the employ of a guest! Most rude, I’m certain I gave her no reason for dissatisfaction, so I suspect she may have been kidnapped. Now, would you like to try on your dress?’

There wasn’t really any choice for it but to agree, making Miss Coerator smile happily and give Hannah another kiss on the forehead. ‘Good girl.’ She handed the skimpy outfit over, Hannah pulling it on. And then she tried to pull it further, wanting to at least cover her crotch – the skirt was so short it may as well not exist, barely covering half her backside!

Miss Coerator brushed her hands away then reached down and removed the belt. Hannah’s head swam as warm air caressed her dripping pussy, before a finger carefully brushed against her exposed clit. ‘Mmmppphhh...’ She tried to hide her arousal and her reaction, as another finger brushed against her now-exposed skin.

Warmth, and the scent of Miss Coerator, both washed over her as she stepped in close and grabbed an unresisting wrist, a fur-lined cuff snapping into place, a metal d-ring shining brightly against black leather.

‘I knew you would get excited about the idea, once you had a chance to think about it.’ Hannah’s other wrist also got cuffed. ‘Now, tilt your head back.’

Hannah obeyed before thinking about it, as Miss Coerator picked up a collar, this one shiny black leather, wrapped about with silk and trimmed with lace, a shiny ring on the front, thick enough it could contain other devices, or just be stricter than usual.

‘Good girl!’ It snapped into place, the insides feeling softer than then the usual one, the padding not worn away, Hannah running a hand along the fine material. ‘Beautiful, my dear.’ She kissed Hannah, full on the lips, long enough for Hannah to taste her, as a hand brushed between her thighs, oh-so-gently sliding into Hannah. She tried to resist the urge to slide her hips forward, wanting more inside of her, to feel more pressure and stimulation. ‘As a reward for your behavior, I’ll let you choose what you are filled with for the party – a dildo or a vibrator? I wouldn’t want my guests to take advantage of you, after all.’

Her fingers continued to tease and play with Hannah, her mind getting fuzzy. ‘How... large a dildo, madam?’

‘I think about 6 inches, my dear. You should be able to take that much, and it will keep any guest from filling you themselves!’ A finger traced itself along the edge of Hannah’s slit, her knees threatened to buckle. That sounded like more than she thinks she can take!

‘The vibrator, please... Madam.’

This earned her another kiss, long and hard, enough to take her breath away. As the other woman withdrew, Hannah inhaled, losing herself in the scent, head spinning again as two fingers slipped into her, just slightly.

‘You are very excited! Good girl. Now, close your eyes and spread your legs, and I can get you fully equipped.’ With a playful expression, she pressed a hand against Hannah’s eyes, blocking her sight, while the other spread her lower lips wide before withdrawing, making Hannah sigh again. ‘You really are a delight, little maid! Now, no peeking.’

With the woman’s hand blocking her vision, she couldn’t look anyway, feeling something sliding into her, spreading her open. ‘Now remember, no climaxes without permission.’ Whatever had been slid into Hannah felt large, with irregular beads and bumps settling into place inside of her, the thing buzzing for a moment.

‘I thought you said... a dildo... or a vibrator... Madam, this feels like... both.’

Miss Coerator giggled and kept a hand pressed against Hannah’s face as she twisted the intruder around, moving her face so her breath tickled against Hannah’s ear as she whispered. ‘Did I? My mistake. Now, keep your eyes closed and open your mouth.’

Hannah hesitated for a moment before obeying – things could scarcely get worse, can they? The hand moved away from her face, Miss Coerator’s weight suddenly leaning on her for a moment, the rustle of fabric. Then fingers pushed into her mouth, soft material getting shoved in, already warm and damp, a familiar, musky taste overwhelming her tongue. ‘Keep those in, or I’ll be very offended!’

She stepped away, Hannah keeping her eyes shut for a moment before opening them. She could see in a mirror that a strand of lace dangled from her mouth, as Miss Coerator pulled down a heavy leather muzzle gag from a shelf. ‘I wouldn’t want you to forget my taste now, would I?’

Heat surged through Hannah – was that... Miss Coerator’s underwear? Which she must have been wearing while...

‘My, that’s a delightfully cute blush, my dear!’ Miss Coerator used a finger to push the last strand into Hannah’s mouth, then pulled the panel of the muzzle over her mouth, her fingers swiftly buckling straps into place, a padlock clicking shut and sealing it on. ‘You look simply adorable!’ She planted a kiss on the panel on the front of the gag, as Hannah’s tongue swilled the thong around in her mouth, the taste of Miss Coerator heavy on her tongue. ‘Yes, I think this will be a most acceptable outfit for the party.’ Her hands moved down Hannah’s body, her nails digging into her buttocks, then pinching her on the thigh, as she looked at Hannah with pleasure in her eyes.

‘Most satisfactory. Now, your shoes, and then there’s a little bit of work to do in preparation. And I hope you appreciate the gift – despite your skill, you seem to need a little more work in getting used to my tastes.’ She held up a controller and tapped a button, the vibrator-dildo stirring to life for just a moment before she turned it off. ‘And some latex panties as well. I seem to remember you quite enjoyed that before, didn’t you? When you were being naughty and using such things without my permission.’

She stepped forward, forcing Hannah to move backward until her butt pushed up against a ledge, perching there as Miss Coerator buckled her feet into high-heeled shoes, then pulled shiny black latex panties up her legs, sealing the dildo into Hannah's body. She held up a leash, and Hannah obediently tilted her head back, allowing it to be clipped into place. Her mouth was filled with spit, lace and the taste and flavor of Miss Coerator, and the thing inside of her, even when not turned on, was distracting.

'I wonder when you last got to climax? If I were to turn this up, what would happen?' She raised a hand, thumb pressed against a button, Hannah's eyes widening, and she shook her head. 'Oh? You don't want to come?'

'Mppppphhh!' She wanted to come, but not like this!

'If you perform as well as you should, my dear, then I will allow you to come, I think. Just once, as a special treat.' She brushed hair out of Hannah's eyes and looked at her with a broad smile. 'Good girl. Now, you need to begin preparing the room. This way.'

She turned on a heel and started to walk away, Hannah's own hands fluttering at the edge of her tiny skirt, letting herself be pulled along, feeling her slickness inside of the panties. Her mouth, her taste, was overflowing with the flavor of the woman that had her on a leash, Hannah's eyes dropping to her black pencil skirt, the material tight enough that it was obvious she hasn't replaced her underwear. Another surge of unfulfilled desire rippled through her, the intruder jostling around. But with her hands free, if she was left to work, then she might be able to please herself? Before whatever perverts Miss Coerator was friends with came to visit. She shivered – she would have to stay close to Miss Coerator, or risk being kidnapped or abused by someone even *worse!*

Chapter Eighteen: Servicing the Guests

Hannah pushed the large crate into place, ignoring the soft wheezing coming from inside, before tapping her foot against the top of the wheels, locking them into place. There were three of the things, each set solidly now against the walls, heavy wooden things sturdy enough to stay in place and a pain to get moving. The dildo pushed into her sent a congratulatory pulse through her body, making her shiver in denied delight, before turning and smiling at the camera, wishing she would at least be allowed to get off. Wherever Miss Coerator was, she was keeping an eye on proceedings, using the dildo to “reward” her, teasing her continually. She could feel the latex panties were drenched and overflowing with her juices, her thighs slick, air heavy with her own scent.

It had taken several hours to get the room ready, pulling off heavy dust sheets from the antique furniture and polishing it up, dragging in some locked chests that probably contained “equipment” for the guests to use. Then another large double-door had clicked open, revealing itself to be a service elevator, Miss Coerator wheeling the crates in, one at a time. After unbuckling Hannah’s muzzle, extracting her panties and giving her a drink, further instructions had been delivered, along with a kiss, her lips sweet.

Since then, Hannah had been moving the crates into position, her work delayed by the sporadic teasing from her crotch. The third one was between two large windows, overlooking a neatly-trimmed patch of garden, several high wooden posts set amongst clusters of thorns. Hannah could see manacles attached, clearly designed to keep people bound, probably for whipping or other punishments. Someone inside the box grunted again, and she rapped it on, their cries going silent.

The dildo started to twitch and shake, vibrations jumping up and down in intensity without warning, making her twitch and shudder. She groaned and shuddered, having to lean against the crate for support, feeling the sweat against her body, making the skimpy outfit cling even more. She saw Miss Coerator, wearing a translucent latex dress, molded tight to her body. It showcased her body perfectly, sending another stirring of desire through Hannah, showcasing the crimson lingerie she was wearing beneath, a side-tie thong doing little to hide her slit. With her legs sheathed in rose-patterned lace stockings and red opera gloves covering most of her arms, it was a tantalizing mixture of “displayed” and “hidden” flesh, a vision of crimson lust.

It took her a moment to realize that it was real and not a dream, as Miss Coerator preened slightly, pulling the material even tighter. Hannah bit her lip in frustration as Miss Coerator raised the controller, running a nail along the buttons, Hannah shivering in frustrated delight, wanting release, but not wanting to be forced into it.

‘Do you like my dress, my dear?’

Even without the muzzle in, Hannah could barely focus enough to speak. ‘You look... amazing, Mistress.’

She stalked towards Hannah, six-inch heels clicking against the tiled floor, controller still in hand. ‘I know it can be hard to concentrate, but do try and focus on me, rather than the pleasure.’ She slipped a finger through the ring of Hannah’s collar and pulled her close, making

Hannah fall against her. Her soft, lush body was so close, but separated by just that thin layer of latex, her warmth conveyed through it. Hannah wanted to be fucked by her, or to take that perfect body and spread it between the posts in the garden, peel the latex off with a whip, to hear her cries of agony and ecstasy.

Miss Coerator chuckled. ‘Remember to breath, my dear. Time is slipping away, and I would prefer not to make you into another display.’

Hannah managed to force herself into a semblance of awareness, standing up straighter, trying not to push herself against Miss Coerator’s body, drowning in the woman’s scent. One of Miss Coerator’s hands moved down, towards the string tying a thong around her crotch, tugging on it through the latex. Unable to speak, barely able to breath, Hannah watched as the knot slowly came undone, before she reached down between her legs, pulling the material off her body, revealing her pussy entirely, Hannah’s tongue reflexively sliding forward out of her mouth, her breath coming out in a slow, hissing wheeze.

‘Let’s get you plugged up, my dear. I wouldn’t want any of my guests taking advantage! Open wide.’

She held the thong up – she must have been masturbating again. Hannah’s mouth was already open, allowing Miss Coerator to stuff the fabric in. She leaned in with a kiss, using her tongue to push the thong further in. Then the muzzle was strapped on, leather sealing her mouth again, straps getting buckled tight as Hannah was overwhelmed by the flavor, barely aware of what was happening.

‘I do hope you won’t be stolen! Now, guests will be arriving soon, so let us get you to the kitchen. Hands behind your back.’

Hannah obeyed, metal cuffs clipping her wrists together against the small of her back, tied to her uniform.

‘Excellent. Collar please.’

Hannah tilted her neck back, expecting a leash to be attached. Instead, Miss Coerator used her finger, pulling Hannah along behind her. They pass through the entrance lobby, where Wendy was hanging from the ceiling by her wrists, body at full extension. Beneath her feet was a plastic dome, slick and slippery with water, her ankles bound to each other, sliding against it, unable to find stability or a release from the pressure on her wrists. Her naked body was wrapped with nettles, thorns and ivy, her skin red and enflamed. The dome spurted water, ensuring it was always slippery. As Hannah watched, her precarious footing slipped and her weight shifted to her wrists, a cry of pain coming from her gagged mouth. Tears trickled from behind her leather blindfold, as the ivy over her breasts and crotch prickled her flesh. She twisted through the air, her feet flailing for support.

‘She makes a rather better exhibit than a gardener, I think. Don’t you agree, my dear?’ She gave Hannah’s collar another tug, pulling her towards the kitchen, the smell of food getting stronger, making Hannah salivate from behind her muzzle.

In the kitchen, the table was filled with food, bite-sized pastry parcels and cakes already made. The cook looked up from the stove, her gag part-open, tongue visible behind, narrowing her eyes when she saw Hannah.

‘Tonight, my dear, you will be my serving girl. Your dildo and gag should keep you from being violated by the guests, I hope.’ She picked up a wooden tray, short chains running from the corners, ending in spiked clamps. ‘This is your tool for tonight.’ She clicked the clamps a few times then moved close to Hannah. There was no choice but to acquiesce, as Miss Coerator attached a clamp to Hannah’s breast, the spikes biting into her flesh through the thin top of her

maid uniform. It pulled on her skin, tight enough she couldn't shake it off. This was repeated on the other side, spikes of pain becoming a biting throb as the skin was brutally compressed.

'Mmmmppphhh!' Hannah tried to complain through the gag, as Miss Coerator stroked her cheek. Another strap went around her waist, stabilizing the tray a little.

'This is going to be a balancing act, my dear. You will have to move carefully so as to not spill whatever you are carrying. I'm sure you will be fine though. Cook will ensure you are suitably loaded. Now, I need to put some more underwear on as you are currently savoring my previous set, and then go and greet the guests.' She kissed Hannah on the cheek again before leaving, Hannah trying to balance the tray without tormenting her flesh further, every movement pulling her skin painfully.

Metal clanked as the cook approached, the chain attached to her collar grinding along the tracks on the ceiling. Miss Coerator had opened her gag wider than usual, enough that her tongue could be seen wagging around. She picked up a glass, pushing it down forcefully onto the tray, stretching Hannah's breasts.

She snarl-mumbled something, giving Hannah a nasty look as she put another glass down, some of the liquid spilling onto the tray. The muzzle gag stopped Hannah from talking, even though she wanted to try and get the cook to join her, help her overthrow Miss Coerator and take her as a shared prize. Was the cook jealous? She probably didn't get punished and tormented anything like as much as Hannah had to deal with! Hannah grunted back, trying to appear friendly, and then the vibrator activated, making her shift and twitch in uncomfortable pleasure. The cook growled, almost slapping another glass into place, clearly wanting to make her fail, to see what would happen if a glass was broken and some punishment had to be delivered.

As she turned away to make another drink, Hannah retreated, taking slow, measured steps, trying to ignore the thing twisting and twitching inside of her, even though her head was reeling, her mouth hot with the taste of Miss Coerator's juices. The clamps were now a continual throb, flaring slightly with every step, the weight shifting as she tried to balance on the heels.

Amongst the crowd of guests, Miss Coerator stood out, her outfit an eye-catching and dazzling burst of color – the men were mostly in dark suits, the women showing a little more color (and skin), their dresses sleekly cut, from silk or leather, everyone here looking assured and self-controlled.

Miss Coerator laughed at some unheard witticism, then looked over at Hannah, gesturing with a hand. 'There she is! My lovely little maid!'

The crowd clapped and smiled at her, some displaying far too much interest, eyes predatory, as Hannah focused on keeping the drinks from spilling. There was a rustle of comments through the crowd, Hannah catching bits and pieces: '... thought she'd be taller', 'I bet that mouth can take...', 'Those breasts are...'. Hannah moved forward towards Miss Coerator, hoping that nothing would be done to her, at least within sight of her owner.

As she approached, Miss Coerator drew her in, running a hand down her back, then taking a drink. 'Now that I have had some time to train this one, without her being snatched, I think she is turning out rather well. I'm sure if you were to return Sally to me, then I could finish her training, whip her into shape.' She kissed Hannah on the cheek, hair brushing against her, sending another ripple of denied desire through her body, her crotch now a puddle of lust. 'You've raised some eyes, little one. Do be careful, I wouldn't want the work I've put into you to go to waste. Now, serve over there, if you would.' She spun Hannah around, pointing her towards one of the now-opened crates.

Hannah obediently tottered in the indicated direction, hearing a muffled groan coming from the box. As she stepped around, she saw inside of it – one of the previous maids was suspended there, hanging upside down and strapped onto wooden bars, her legs spread wide to make her into the shape of a capital “T”, metal cuffs binding her arms immovably onto the wood. Her upwards-facing ass and pussy were entirely exposed, and currently both stuffed with dildos, buzzing away. Even the gag in her mouth couldn’t entirely still her cries, as a guest whipped a cane across her exposed breasts. He turned to look at Hannah, his grin getting even wider.

‘Hey cutie. Thanks for the drink.’ The cane lashed at the captive again, leaving a bright red welt along a breast, before he pushed a dildo in further, drawing out another squeal. As soon as he took the drink, she backed off, not wanting to get drawn into his torture. He moved closer and leered at Hannah, the cane coming up to strike at her, before a woman intervened, backhanding him across the face. ‘I told you not to pester the maids! You can play with the bound ones, but not the walking ones.’

As she lectured him, Hannah slipped away, heading back to the kitchen as the last of the drinks were taken. As soon as she entered the kitchen, the cook glared at her, managing to form words through her gag. ‘Yuuu tou sooww, huhhy uphh!’ The cook moved to the stack of tiny, bite-sized cakes, which she immediately started piling up onto the tray, at least now more concerned with speed than causing pain. At least they were more stable than the drinks! ‘Yuuhr shuffish! Yuu mking ee ook budd, eitch!’

Hannah wanted to argue, to try and make an ally of her, but she can’t talk through the gag. As the tray got heavier, Hannah moved away, not wanting to have her flesh punished more. The clamps were biting deeply, her flesh starting to discolor, ugly bruises forming. How much would it hurt when they were removed? The vibrator started again, several short bursts before stilling itself.

Back in the hall, the squeals and gasps of the captives were louder now, as the crowd got more inventive with their torments. And there were other servants now, other maids – some in outfits like her own, skimpy and scant, others more covered, skirts falling to their ankles and hobbling their steps, or with the backside cut out, buttplugs catching the light, buttocks marked with hand-prints or welt-marks. A few even had trays like hers, clamped onto their bodies, supported with straps around the waist and neck, or attached to a bit held between the teeth.

Miss Coerator was flirting with a guest, brushing her hand against the face of a young woman in a tight silk dress, slashes down the hips showing tanned skin, as Hannah tried to suppress a sting of jealousy as she approached. ‘Ah, there you are, my dear. Excellent timing. This is Valarie.’ She patted Hannah on the cheek, letting Hannah rub her face against the hand, nuzzling it, before she took a cake.

‘Ah, so you’ve managed to tame this one then, Emily? She’s attractive enough, but looks a little wild still.’

Hannah growled at her, Miss Coerator stroking her face again with a smile. ‘Just because she isn’t hooded and chained, she’s quite tame. At least to me!’ She pulled Hannah close, giving her a hug, Hannah savoring the warmth as Miss Coerator ran a finger along the top of her breasts. ‘Just like a cat.’ She stroked Hannah’s head, Hannah trying to purr, as best she could through her muzzle.

‘Hmmm, I don’t like to get that close to the help. Always make it harder when they go feral, or need punishing.’ She grabbed a cake and wandered off, as Miss Coerator stroked Hannah again, accidentally knocking on the tray and pulling at Hannah’s skin with the clamps.

‘I know it’s sore, but you’re making an excellent first impression! I’ve had several offers for you already – don’t worry, I don’t intend to get rid of you unless you should disappoint me. And I’ll put some cream onto your breasts later and give you a nice bath. Now, go offer your cakes around, and then head to the drawing room with the water tank, you are needed there.’ She gave Hannah a kiss, before waving her away, turning to speak to another guest.

Hannah tried to ignore how cold it felt not being close to Miss Coerator, the feeling of that hand patting her head lingering, but obeyed, moving around, hands plucking away the cakes, her breasts now numb from the crushing of the clamps. A hand cracked against her backside and made her jump, a cake falling to the ground. She spun indignantly, coming face-to-face with a woman, short and slender, her vivid red hair tied into a thick coiling snake that fell to her tightly-belted waist, and wearing a sleek leather dress, the cleavage cut all the way to her navel, a ruby gleaming there, and the same on her back, cut deep enough to show her butt-cleavage.

‘Hmmm, not much pain tolerance. I wonder where Emily found you? Were you whoring yourself out somewhere? Maybe I could get you for cheap when she tires of you. I’m sure it won’t be long, she gets bored so fast. Although I prefer raw meat, the screaming is delightful.’ Her hand grabbed Hannah’s ass again, pointed nails mauling the flesh painfully, plucking at the latex. ‘Hmm, I’m surprised she hasn’t had you fully plugged in every hole, she must be going soft.’ The vibrator stuttered and whirled, sliding in and out of Hannah, making her pant and gasp. ‘Maybe I should get another guest to tend to you? I’m sure Emily won’t mind if you get a little more training.’

Hannah squirmed and grunted, trying to stay standing and ignoring both the vibrator and the biting pain of the clamps, a drawn-out hiss of pain escaping her muzzle as the woman mauled her ass, then squeezed a tit, twisting the clamp around, smiling at Hannah, unable to twist away. The vibrator kicked up a notch, sending a wave of pleasure through her, taking the edge off the pain.

She couldn’t control herself, the orgasm riding up, rippling through her, wiping out any conscious control. Her knees gave way, and she slumped to the side, thankfully against a wall, trying to gulp in deep breaths through the gag, the room swirling around her. The scent of her release was thick and silky in the air, the muzzle now stiflingly hot and far too close, not letting her breathe enough, the wall blissfully cold against her feverish body. The woman shook her head. ‘Weak little trollop, aren’t you? What Emily sees in you I don’t know! You should be strapped into a box, your holes open to anyone that wants them, at least then you would have some worth.’ She ground a heel into the meat of Hannah’s thigh, the pain doing something to help Hannah recover from the mind-scourging blast of pleasure.

Hannah looked around - had Miss Coerator noticed? She wasn’t in sight, hopefully that was a good thing. A hand pulled at her collar, pulling her upwards, Hannah trying not to slip in the puddle she had left, as the woman squeezed her breasts again, nails biting in sensitive flesh. She was obviously enjoying it, an excited flush settling over her pale skin. Hannah managed to push her away with the tray, more cakes falling to the ground, hoping that someone would save her. Instead, a few other guests approached, looking on with interest themselves. Nail raked down her back, as she staggered to her feet, snagging and tearing the material over her backside, her clothing starting to fall loose as she managed to stumble away, the crowd parting around her.

She could feel the back of her clothing was now torn and hanging, her bottom covered only by the latex panties. She tried to get to relative safety as quickly as possible, not wanting to draw any more attention.

Chapter Nineteen: Private Party

Some of the guests were starting to leave, drifting out, the crowd thinning, some of the servants being led away as well. Hannah retreated herself, heading towards the requested room. Despite their wandering eyes and hands, the guests at least seemed tidy, not leaving much mess other than empty glasses and used condoms. The other ex-maids were still in their restraints, looking rather used and abused, but unable to free themselves.

One of the side doors opened, arms enveloping her and dragging her in. She flailed for a moment before registering Miss Coerator's scent, letting herself relax and be hauled into the room. It was one of the guest rooms, fully equipped with a variety of restraints, although none had yet been used. A fresh outfit was laid out on the bed.

'You appear relatively unscathed, my dear. Although not entirely. I thought such a thing might happen, so I made sure to prepare a change. It's important that you look your best tonight. You wouldn't want to let me down, would you?'

Her hand gripped Hannah around the throat, as she removed the clamps. Pain surged through Hannah's breasts and she groaned in pain, as Miss Coerator quickly dabbed some soothing cream onto her nipples, although it did little to ease the pain. Then her clothing was stripped off and replaced with a fresh outfit, much the same as before, a skimpy maid's outfit that barely covered anything.

'Now, for the final part of the night, there will be something of a competition. For the losers, well, they will be demoted into being a display.' She kissed Hannah on the forehead. 'But you won't lose, will you? Do me proud, little maid.'

Hannah was still gagged, unable to ask any questions. A competition? What did she mean? She didn't want to become a display though! But she'd been working all day, so having to do it now seemed unfair.

'I'll be spurring on you, should you look to be slacking.' Miss Coerator held up a controller and pushed the button, a tingle running through Hannah's neck. Hannah grunted in pain – she would probably work far better if not getting electrocuted! 'Now, my dear, time to meet the competition.'

Hannah was pulled through into the aquarium-room. The central tank was now full, a female figure suspended there with a diver's mask on, turned into a display piece by latex, shimmering blue and white, their legs bound together to make them into a mermaid. Other guests were waiting expectantly, four other maids stood close together. One was barely dressed, wearing just a bikini and thigh-high socks, her main concession to being a maid the lacy frills, and a little mob cap, perched on her head.

Next to her was a tall woman, her body entirely sheathed in a leather catsuit, the white frills doing little to make her seem less intimidating. Even some of the guests looked worried by her, looking away whenever she glared at them. The third was wrapped and bound in latex, every inch of flesh other than her face concealed, and that heavily and exquisitely made up, giving her a slightly otherworldly and doll-like appearance. Compared to those three, the last looked

relatively normal, dressed in a slutty and skimpy outfit like Hannah's, except her eyes were dead and cold, staring into the distance at something no-one else could see.

Miss Coerator whispered into her ear. 'Good luck, do me proud.' Then she pushed Hannah forward, forcing her to join the other maids. Everyone else was looking at Miss Coerator expectantly, as she smiled and raised her voice. 'Welcome, guests! Now, as is usual, it is time for the trials! If the maids could be prepared.' Their masters and mistresses stepped forward, although the man that approached the leather-clad one appeared to be asking, while the others simply pushed them forward.

Hannah glanced around, noticing that an assortment of whips, canes and other implements of pain had been bought up from the dungeon, or supplied by the guests. What was this going to involve? A spike of pain stabbed her neck as the collar was activated. She turned to see Miss Coerator gesturing at her, and she stepped forward slowly, unwillingly volunteered.

'Our first task is a particular favorite of some of you, to test our maid's physical prowess and dedication to cleaning.'

Burlier members of the audience grabbed each of the maids, dragging them into a line and forcing them to their knees. The leather-maid shook them off before she stepped forward and sank to her knees, her hands demurely held behind her back. Metal gutters had been laid down, sharply-angled and each ending in a bowl. At the top of each gutter, a guest holds a glass jar full of milky-looking fluid, ready to pour, as Miss Coerator continues her announcement and Hannah's gag was roughly removed.

'The record is from Mrs. Borough's Kathy last year, at 52 seconds.'

The hands are strong on Hannah's shoulders, giving no hope of escape. The guests started to tilt the jars, the liquid thicker than milk, Hannah's stomach roiling as she realized what it must be. The liquid fell, starting to pour down the gutters into the bowls, the other maids immediately dipping their heads to lap and slurp at the liquid, except for the one in normal clothing, who barely moved.

The crowd thrummed with anticipation as the maids started guzzling down the cum. Hannah followed suit, lowering her head towards the bowl and slurping up the thick paste, trying not to think about what it was. Leather was almost glorying in it, letting it trickle down her body, the stuff illuminating her curves, while Latex was clearly turned on, her hand moving to between her legs as her tongue flicked and lapped at it.

Hannah slurped and licked, desperately trying to empty the bowl. This was far worse than having to eat Miss Coerator out! At least she tasted better than this, the flavor cloying and thick.

'And Mr Beck's Lizzy finishes first!' Leather rose up, looking around with pride, her master stepping out of the crowd and stroking her head in congratulations.

Hannah redoubled her efforts, trying to scrape the bowl clean with her tongue as quickly as possible. There were cheers as another of her competitors finished, as she tried to push her face down into the stuff while ignoring the scent, licking and slobbering away. More cheers, and she realized that there were only two of them left. She moved as quickly as she could, finally finishing, as hands grabbed her and pulled her back.

'And Mr Thomson's Elena is the loser!'

Two of the guests picked her up by the shoulders. She was jerked from her blank-eyed stare, suddenly starting to scream and panic. 'Noooo! Please! I'll be goommmppphhh!' Her words were cut off as a large gag was forced between her lips, before she was dragged away and bound into a wooden frame, tears streaming down her face as her limbs were forcibly extended

and held in place with chains. The whole thing was pulled taut, so that she was powerless to move, suspended in midair, although it didn't stop her trying.

Miss Coerator walked up to Hannah and patted her on the head. 'Good girl. I would kiss you, but, well... I find the taste rather repulsive. Good to know that you are so versatile though, my dear, being able to service anyone is a useful talent. Now, wrists behind your back.'

Hannah didn't even have the time to obey before her wrists were grabbed and pulled behind herself, cuffs snapping into place, a short chain connecting them. A large ballgag was pulled between her own lips, stifling any sound she could have made, as the loosing maid continued to squeal and grunt, before there was the sharp crack of a whip, leather cracking against her back.

'Next up is a test of balance and dexterity, as well as cleaning! If we could move to the Rose Garden, then we can continue the trials!'

The guests form into a mob, pushing the maids in front of them, although a few stayed behind to torment the unfortunate loser, picking through the toys to find the most painful.

Hannah allowed herself to be pushed, trying to stay ahead of the mob, not wanting to get manhandled further, as they moved towards the rose garden. What the hell would she have to do there? She didn't want to lose and get abandoned to this savage mob, to be fucked and abused!

Out in the garden, statues had been erected on plinths, each depicting naked figures, two of each gender. Planks led up to them, looking rickety and unbalanced, as Miss Coerator explained.

'Each maid must display their balancing skills and dexterity! They must walk up the planks to the statues, turn around and clean the statue, without falling off. The last one to complete their task will be punished!'

Hannah relaxed – this was just like a normal day, except for the plank, and even that couldn't be *that* bad or uneven. The other maids were grabbed and prepared, their hands cuffed behind them, Bikini squealing happily as she was spanked a few times. A cleaning rag was pushed into her hands. The plank up to the statue didn't look particularly stable, only partially balanced on the plinth, but it was fairly wide.

As before, they were dragged towards starting positions and held in place, before Miss Coerator shouted 'go!'. Hannah moved forward swiftly, her heels shorter than some of the ballet heels she had been forced into before, the plank bending slightly under her weight, but holding firm. At the top, she swiftly turned around and pushed the rag against the statue, buffing up the smooth metal, starting from the top and moving downwards. At least this time there wasn't anything buzzing away inside of her!

She gave it several more wipes, wanting to be sure that she had cleaned it thoroughly before moving back down. Bikini was struggling, her balance shaky, clearly not used to actual work. Latex and leather were both more skilled, although Leather's height meant she was struggling to position herself, while the sheer tightness of Latex's outfit was costing her in maneuverability, her extra-high heels hampering her as she turned around.

The dildo held inside of her started to buzz, Miss Coerator apparently feeling the need to exert control still. But it was only set on a low intensity, easy enough to ignore.

Hannah gave the statue a final wipe before turning back around herself, feeling the plank shift. It was now only half-balanced on the plinth, every step shifting it closer to the edge, closer to toppling off and sending her crashing down. She moved faster, trying to get down to solid ground before it fell off entirely. She could feel it shaking, more and more with every step, the thing almost tilting to one side. She jumped off, risking her heels on the lawn rather than the plank, the dildo almost pleasurable inside of her.

There was a crash and a pained mewling from one side, as Bikini fell off, landing on the grass. Miss Coerator smiled at her, as the crowd clapped. ‘And my Hannah is victorious!’ Miss Coerator approached, giving her a swift peck on the forehead, still avoiding her lips. ‘And the loser must be punished!’ The cheers turned vicious as Bikini was grabbed, a heavy chain getting clipped to her collar. The other end was attached to a post surrounded by rosebushes, where a guest stood, turning a crank. This reeled her in, forcing her to move into the bushes, the thorns cutting and pricking her almost-entirely exposed skin. She squealed in pain, unable to protect herself, her clothing entirely inadequate. Her bikini snagged on a thorn, the material dragging and stretching, threatening to strip her even more naked. A whip sang out, cracking against her back, an angry sear of red appearing on her pale flesh, her squeals getting even louder as she was struck and hurt.

Miss Coerator stepped from the crowd. She looked at Hannah, her expression proud and happy. ‘Very good, Hannah! I see my faith in you was well-placed.’ Her finger stroked the controller for the shock collar, Hannah’s eyes tracking it, hoping she wouldn’t be shocked. Then she raised her voice, as Leather and Latex were leashed by their owners. ‘And now, the final challenge, to test the resilience of our pretty maids, and will be their most arduous challenge! The equipment has been prepared, if everyone would like to follow me.’

The mob headed back inside, a few of them staying behind to torment Bikini as she tried to avoid getting cut and pricked, squealing and whining in pain and protest.

The dildo continued to please and tease her, especially with Miss Coerator so close. Hannah wanted to be alone with her, to have herself teased and stroked, but there was still this trial to endure! They moved through a hallway. Another display piece was set out, a young woman in skin-tight and transparent latex, locked over the top of a metal case, her mouth held open with a large metal ring. Two guests were behind her, probing her holes with dildos, pushing them in and out of her, listening to her gasps and grunts with apparent delight. Her eyes met Hannah’s, staring imploringly at her as she tried to mumble something through her gag. With Miss Coerator so close, Hannah didn’t dare stop, instead moving past them, ignoring their pained gasps and the wet squelches as their body was violated. At least with her, Hannah had some level of protection, not having to worry about the depredations of the guests.

‘Be strong, little one. This will be a test of your resilience, a truly important attribute for a maid to possess. If you lack that, then you are all-but-useless.’ Miss Coerator ran her hand down Hannah’s back, scratching her nails down the flesh, the sensation strangely comforting.

‘What’s going to happen?’

‘Stay calm and endure.’ The group walked into one of the drawing rooms, this one emptied of virtually all furniture. At one end were three sets of stocks, heavy metal bases keeping them in place, the wood polished to a gleam. Each had a brass plaque, with names and years engraved there – are those past winners? Or the *owners* of past winners? Hannah slowed her movement, not wanting to be locked away – she looked around, trying to guess what might happen. Is it just going to be a fuckathon, to see how many people can use her? Once she was locked in, then she wouldn’t be able to get out unless she was released.

‘Now, my dear, kindly place yourself in position. Otherwise I shall be forced to lock you away. And if, *when*, you win, then I will give you a reward.’

Hannah slowly approached and felt the wood – it was tough and sturdy, definitely built to restrain people, with anklecuffs attached to the pillar to bind their feet as well. Before her nervousness could overcome her, she placed herself in position, putting her neck and wrists into the curves and dips present there. Miss Coerator slid the top down, metal locks clicking shut.

With a little strain in her neck, she looked up to see Miss Coerator, admiring her body, translucent latex showing off her curves, her crotch naked and visible beneath the shimmering layer. She knelt to cuff Hannah's ankles into place.

'This isn't going to be pleasant, my dear. Be strong, to avoid bringing me any shame.'

She stepped around behind Hannah, moving out of sight. Fingers brushed her thighs, fiddled with her chastity belt, the metal getting pulled away from between her legs. The dildo inside of her started to slide out, no longer being forced into her. Hannah braced herself for it to be shoved back in, but instead, Miss Coerator did nothing, allowing it to fall out, hitting the carpet with an almost inaudible thud.

The electric lights dim, the room darkening until it is lit only by candlelight. The guests are holding fat candles, each glowing with a soft light. Hannah started to sweat nervously, as Miss Coerator moved back into sight, leaning over to bring her face close to Hannah's.

Latex struggled against her bonds, her skirts being lifted to expose her pale backside, before scissors were used to simply slice it away, as she was stripped naked. Leather's garments were more resistant, the guests having to settle for slicing slits to access her crotch and asshole. One of the guests approached holding a heavy box, mist steaming faintly. It couldn't be hot, which meant... Hannah tried moving, the heavy wood making it impossible, shaking her head in anticipation of pain. Miss Coerator tapped her on the head, then nodded at someone behind her. Scissors snipped, and her own clothing was cut away, leaving her naked and even more vulnerable.

'Now, my dear. This is for my dignity, and your freedom. Well, what freedom I permit you to have.' From how Miss Coerator smiled, that was probably meant to be a joke. 'Now, open your mouth.'

Hannah winced but obeyed, opening her mouth wide. Miss Coerator reached into the box and pulled out a dildo, dripping wet, the thing short and fat, wisps of cold steam boiling off, covered with a lumpy-looking paste. Without another word she shoved it into Hannah's mouth. It was bitterly, burning cold, the chill making her teeth ache, an ice-cream headache starting as it bumped against the back of her throat. Before she could even attempt to spit it out, a gag was added, the inside damp and sticky already, a thick leather panel with a squishy blob penetrating into her mouth.

There was a moment of nothing, when all she could feel was the cold of the dildo, and then something else. She screamed, or tried to, the gag thick enough to swallow the noise. Heat, penetrating and piercing, started to fill her mouth, the sticky paste burning with stinging spice and pain. The dildo made it virtually impossible to swallow, but there was nowhere for her spit to escape to, the heat building up in her mouth and down her throat. It *hurt*, even worse than being caned or spanked or whipped, a sensation that refused to diminish. Tears welled up in her eyes, her chest heaving as she sucked air in through her nostrils, Miss Coerator fading into a red blur.

The sounds from Latex were even louder, her whole body shaking, tears streaming down her face, her mouth also locked away behind a gag, desperately screaming for release.

Miss Coerator patted her on the head then disappeared from view as Hannah was lost in the burning, cold sensation, the dildo starting to warm up, but her mouth felt like it was on fire, spit building up and stabbing her throat as well as her gums.

Then hands spread her buttocks, a cold point pushing against her butt. Her squeal of protest only made her mouth burn more, the metal sliding into her. The cold was even worse,

penetrating into her internal cavities, chilling her from the inside out, before a prickling sensation started, something smeared onto the buttplug soaking into her skin.

Miss Coerator's voice came from behind her as guests approached, the candles in their hand looking like nothing more than motes of light through tear-filled eyes. 'You are *mine*, I do what I want to you, when I want. Do you understand?'

The guests tipped their candles, wax spilling downwards onto Hannah's back. Spikes of flaring heat and pain speared into her, the wax quickly drying, adding another layer of constraining force onto her. It trickled down her flanks, making her buck and twitch, feeling the cold and savage heat shoved in both ends, all combining together into overwhelming pain.

Then fingers stroked her pussy, teasing it gently, spreading it open. She shook her head, knowing what was coming and wanting to avoid it. Another dildo was pushed into her, also bitterly cold. She yelped again in pain, the lube feeling strangely thick. And then her pussy, already wet with her own juices, starting to *burn*. She shook her legs, desperate to eject the intruder, feeling the vicious pain seeping into every fold and crevice of her most sensitive place. She started to sob, blinding herself with tears, as she felt her chastity belt get locked on again, eliminating any hope of ejecting the thing from her pussy.

Something red stepped into view, someone pinching her nose and cutting off her only supply of air. She flailed her hands, knocking her limbs against the stocks, feet yanking and tugging on the chains, lost to pain.

'You serve me, every day, as I wish, do you understand?'

Hannah twisted and wriggled, unable to break out of her grip, her lungs burning, the only things she could feel being pain and heat and cold, as more wax was poured over her. Her nose was released, and she sucked in a deep breath, the scent of Miss Coerator heavy in the air, sending a thrill of lust through her. She moved her head, not sure herself if she was nodding or simply collapsing.

'You'll be my footstool when I'm tired, my fuck-toy when I want satisfaction. Do you understand?'

Her scent swirled into Hannah's brain, addling her, the closest thing she had to comfort.

'Little Hannah, my lovely little maid. Tell me that I am your mistress, your owner, that you'll offer your neck for my leash, spread your legs at my command.'

Her eyes were large and dark, devouring Hannah's senses, consuming her world, all that she was aware of. Hannah tried to speak, as best she could through the gag, feeling her spit hurt her, her gums simultaneously frozen and on fire. 'Esss... Isiss... Ooo... Err... Orr...'

More wax cascaded over her, and she twitched again, unable to control her own body now. The earlier loads of wax crackled and flaked as she moved, her skin softened and abused. Miss Coerator leaned forward and kissed Hannah on the front of her gag, her hair brushing against Hannah's face. Hannah tried to push herself forward, wanting to inhale more of Miss Coerator's scent, to be closer to her, to be used and abused by her.

'You are my sweet little fuck-toy maid, to use and abuse as I desire.'

Hannah tensed her backside, trying to push the ice-cold intruder out, unable to make it move at all, desperate for the thing in her pussy to be removed, sealed in by the chastity belt. The heat was penetrating further and further now, a pain that promised to linger without mercy, even after the intruders were removed. Hannah's eyes were filled with tears, rendering the world a blur of sparks, as fingers brushed her forehead, wiping away sweat, moving strands of hair from out of her eyes.

There was a groan from her side, Leather falling into a swoon, her body going limp. The guests pinched and slapped her skin, ripping away more of her outfit, pouring more wax over her in an attempt to wake her up. Her gag was removed, a male guest lining up to use her slack mouth, as her tongue instinctively flicked to life.

Miss Coerator grabbed Hannah's hair, pulling her head up painfully. 'You are *mine*, from now until I tire of you.' She let go, and Hannah almost choked herself on the stocks as her head was released, as Miss Coerator raised her voice. 'And my Hannah wins! And while you pleasure yourselves upon the losers, I will tend to the victor.'

There was sudden fresh air around her neck as the stocks were opened, and she would have fallen if Miss Coerator hadn't supported her. Someone released her ankle cuffs, and then Miss Coerator lifted her up, carrying Hannah in her arms. Hannah could feel wax flaking off her body as she moved, burning heat still locked into every orifice, nuzzling herself close to Miss Coerator, taking comfort in her presence, her pussy slicking further, even though that just bought her more pain. She lost track of place, of time, of everything but the latex-wrapped arms that supported her.

Chapter Twenty: After the Party

Hannah was lost in a daze of pain and suffering, her crotch and ass and mouth on fire still, holding close to Miss Coerator, taking what comfort she could in her mistress' closeness and warmth. Her eyes were gummed shut with tears, her vision taken from her. A door opened, the sound of Miss Coerator's steps changing from clicks to silence, the room they were entering carpeted.

There was something soft beneath her, a bed. As Miss Coerator put her down, she refused to let go, clinging tightly, feeling the woman's latex-wrapped body push her away. She whimpered, not wanting to be left alone.

'Now now, my dear, don't be clingy. I still have guests to talk to, but I will return and play with you later. I am *very* impressed with your achievements, you truly have been a worthwhile investment of time.'

She slipped out of Hannah's grasp and grabbed a wrist, shackling it to something, a chain snapping as Hannah tried to move. As Hannah blinked away her tears, she tried to look around – was she in Miss Coerator's personal chamber? She twisted her head, as a hand gently pressed against her eyes, as Miss Coerator chuckled. 'Maybe later, little maid.'

A weight straddled her, hand staying in place before getting switched for a padded blindfold. Then her other limbs were restrained, padded cuffs locking into place, spreadeagling her in position, the bed soft and warm. Miss Coerator's presence excited her, the burning, stabbing heat settling deeply into her pussy. Would a fucking make the pain go away?

Hannah whined, wanting the pain to stop, to be allowed at least to rest, and maybe even to be tenderly stroked and fingered by Miss Coerator.

'You have proven yourself, my dear. Now, let me help you.'

The chastity belt was unlocked, the movement sounding a surge of lust and pain through Hannah. A drawer opened, and then fingers started to stroke her pussy. A cool, soothing sensation spread through her, the penetrating pain replaced with soft numbness. She sighed in relief then grunted as the buttplug was pulled out, spreading her wide for a moment before it was fully out, her buttohole closing up, although still prickling with a vicious heat from the oil. She sank down against the sheets, feeling empty and numb, content to let Miss Coerator's fingers tease and sooth her, a relaxing coolness left in their wake.

'Rest now, little maid. There's going to be plenty of work in the morning, and maybe some delicious leftovers to play with.'

Hannah let herself fall into slumber, drifting into sleep as Miss Coerator eased more of the cooling gel into her crotch, more soothing than erotic, but welcome nonetheless.

Her waking was equally gentle, soft and warm lips kissing her nipples, tracing down to her navel, her back already arcing in anticipation of further, before there was a rustle of sheets, Miss Coerator's warmth suddenly absent. Hannah whined and sank down against the sheets, aware of how sweat-stained they were, the lack of her belt driving her lust.

‘Eager to please, aren’t you? But there is work to be done, and maybe then we could have a shower.’

The thought of being pressed up against Miss Coerator, bodies slick and wet, sent another surge of lust through her body, until Miss Coerator squeezed a nipple. ‘None of that, at least not right now.’ Her shackles were released and she was moved to the edge of the bed, a dress pulled over her head, and then shoes laced onto her feet. Then a hand pulled on her collar, pulling her to her feet. She staggered, legs still weak, bumping against Miss Coerator – dressed in silk, sleek and smooth, from the feel of it.

‘Your belt first. I wouldn’t want you to do anything untoward!’

Hannah whined as the metal sealed her crotch away, wanting nothing more than an orgasm.

‘Don’t complain, my dear. Now, with me. This is a task that would be far easier with more hands. Now that you have proven yourself, I may begin to look for an assistant for you.’

Walking along behind Miss Coerator, guided solely by the fingers hooked through her collar, and in what felt like full-on ballet heels, was hard, but she managed to keep up, even when they reached stairs, Hannah tottering along.

Her blindfold was plucked away, bright morning sunlight stabbing her eyes, along with the scent of stale wine and sweat and cum. They were in the room with the stocks, Latex still locked in, her body showing evidence of how she had been used, cum and lube dribbling from her holes. Leather had been removed from her stocks, her arms and legs tied to a spreader bar, pushed wide and used even harder than Latex, to judge by the marks and stains on her skin, her bodysuit almost entirely ripped away.

There was another person there, suspended by their wrists from the ceiling, high-heeled shoes supported on a box. A tight black dress sheathed their body, cut deep at the front and back, a ruby shining in their navel. A hood had been thrown over their head, a belt locking it in place. Clamps had been attached to her nipples, a piece of paper folded over them. Miss Coerator took the paper and unfolded it.

‘Hmmm. It seems someone made a few poor choices. But there is a return address, so we can have a little fun with her, and then post her back home. She’s only a small thing, I’m sure I can find a crate she can fit into.’

Miss Coerator kicked the box away, forcing all of the woman’s weight onto her wrists. She grunted, obviously awake now, legs kicking, a chain clinking between them. Angry grunting sounds came from behind the hood. As Hannah approached, she could see the outline of a large gag through it, lines of moisture beneath her nostrils. Miss Coerator slapped a hand against her backside before ripping her dress off in a single movement, leaving her entirely naked. The grunting squeals intensified, the woman wriggling around, unable to even touch the ground.

‘Now, my dear, I suppose you deserve a little treat. And if you are to be my head maid, then you need some training in how to discipline your subordinates.’ She spun the woman around so that she was facing away from them, her backside fully on display.

‘Kindly fetch a whip and stand there.’

The woman must have heard, her wriggling and kicking intensifying, but without anything to gain traction on, she was powerless. Hannah obeyed, finding a long, leather whip, casually tossed away during the previous nights activities. When she was in position, Miss Coerator moved behind her, pressing close against her, taking her wrist, wrapping an arm around her waist.

‘The force needs to come from the wrist, not the arm. Like so.’

Miss Coerator moved Hannah's arm, raising it up high, then quickly snapped her wrist forward. The whip cut forward, tip slicing through the air, hitting the ground. The woman tensed before resuming her desperate struggles to escape, without getting anywhere.

Hannah could feel Miss Coerator's breasts pressing against her, the woman's breath soft on her ears. The captive's head was shaking, as she tried to mumble and beg through her gag. Miss Coerator moved Hannah's arm again. 'Now, you try.'

Hannah flicked her wrist forward, the whipcord limply falling through the air, falling against the woman's back, but with barely any force.

'Again. Flick forward and back, in a single motion.'

Hannah obeyed, making a swift motion. This time there was a crack as the whip impacted, a sear erupting on the woman's skin. Her legs kicked and flailed, unable to touch anything.

'Better. Five more like that. Count them, nice and loud, so the subject knows she is being punished.'

'One.' This was off-target, impacting her hip, making her squeal in pain.

'Two.' This was better, striking across her back although without much force.

'Three'. Hannah leaned back against Miss Coerator, taking strength from her closeness and guidance, angling the whip differently and striking across a buttock.

'Four.' She could feel herself getting excited, Miss Coerator pulling her even closer, a hand cupping a breast. She tried to put more force behind it, whipping her again, managing to hit against her back.

'Five.' Against the small of the woman's back this time, making her feet kick and flail.

Miss Coerator purred in satisfaction. 'Very good, little Hannah. We can only keep this one for a day or two, but that's long enough to have some fun with her.' Her hand moved down to Hannah's crotch, giving the belt a tug, sending a thrill through Hannah. 'I have a toy just for this.' She stepped away, returning a moment later with a strap-on, attaching it over the top of Hannah's chastity belt. 'Now, take her however you wish. She is in no position to resist, after all. Show me how you would handle a troublesome maid.'

The other maids were starting to wake up, shifting against their restraints, Leather trying to wriggle around, the spreader bar constraining her movement. Hannah ignored them and coiled up the whip before she approached her victim, savoring their pain and powerlessness. She touched them on the hip and they shivered, twisting and wriggling around even more, desperate to escape. Then she took position behind them and grasped them firmly, then started to push her way into them. They tensed as soon as the cock touched their buttock but had no traction to escape, squealing and shaking as they were violated.

Hannah showed no mercy, feeling their back passage warp around the intruder, pained gasps escaping from beneath the hood. By the time it was fully inserted she was pressed right against the woman, so close she could feel every breath and heaving groan they made. Then she started to pull back, their body resisting the further violation as their anus was stretched wide again.

Hearing the woman's cries was pleasurable, her impotent attempts to escape exciting Hannah. If she could, somehow, get Miss Coerator into this position, make her into a cocksleeve, then... A hand touched her neck as Miss Coerator drew close, speaking softly into her ear.

'I have a gift for you, my dear. Consider this acknowledgement of your skill and endurance.' Her collar was suddenly released, her neck bare before Miss Coerator's hand twisted around to grip the front of her throat. 'Keep going, I was enjoying the sounds this one was making.' Hannah obeyed, grinding away into the woman's asshole, as her protests changed

to sound more tearful, hoping that Miss Coerator wouldn't start to squeeze and choke her. 'Now, I do hope you will try and live up to the faith I am placing in you.' Her hand tightened, not enough to choke her, but her nails started to prick at Hannah's throat.

Then the hand let go and suddenly grabbed at her hair, jerking her head back. Cold, stiff leather wrapped around her throat, higher and tighter than her previous collar, metal pinpricks hard against the back of her neck. It was so high it forced her to stretch her neck, changing her bearing. Miss Coerator kissed her between her shoulder blades, using her hands to caress Hannah's breasts. Then she pulled Hannah backwards, the woman panting out a low scream as the dildo was jerked from her body, asshole gaping as she was spread wide.

Miss Coerator spun her around to face a mirror. 'Exquisite, isn't it? I had it made just for you. Of course, it has a few extra... features, but I'm sure you will find out about those in time.'

It was a tight, black posture collar, forcing Hannah's head to be held high and proud, with a bright metal ring over her throat, ready to be leashed and tethered. The material was decorated with silver lines, a pattern of thorns bright against the dark leather. Miss Coerator ran her hands through Hannah's hair, ensuring none of the strands were caught in the collar and twisted it slightly – it was so tight that Hannah could feel it rub her skin, something inside scraping the skin. 'It has been fully charged, but I'm sure you will be a good little maid, won't you? And I will have to get some new outfits for you. Some of the guests were very admiring of you – now your legs have been well-toned by your heels, I think some nice stockings and skirts. Maybe a cheongsam, for more formal occasions and to show off your thighs, or some hobble-skirts. Watching you take such tiny, crippled steps is *delightful*.'

Her hands continued to roam over Hannah's body, her body pressed tightly against Hannah's back. 'Keen and eager, aren't you? Close your eyes, my dear.' Hannah could feel arousal building behind her belt, pushing herself against Miss Coerator as she closed her eyes. A hand crept up her back, stroking her chin, then her lips. She opened her mouth expectantly, feeling something get pushed in. Then a strap buckled around her head and she opened her eyes. A duster now protruded from her mouth, a leather panel sealing her mouth shut.

She groaned, shaking her head, at least the small amount her new collar allowed. Then Miss Coerator took one of her hands and bundled it into a cleaning glove, before repeating this with the other. 'There is work to be done, my dear. If you could start by wiping the floor near the losers, there has been a certain amount of... overflow and spillage, shall we say.'

Hannah whined and pushed herself against Miss Coerator, wanting to stay close.

'Don't be needy, my dear. I know yesterday was trying, but you have proven yourself worthy of your position, but I expect you to work just as hard to keep it.' She held up a controller, and Hannah winced, slowly stepping away, not wanting to get shocked. Miss Coerator nodded and smiled. 'Very good. I will start moving the new pieces down to the dungeon. I expect this place to be sparkling when I return.' She moved close, presence overwhelming Hannah again, a swift kiss to the forehead making her want to melt, before she moved away towards the stocks. The struggles of the maids increased as they sought to escape whatever torments Miss Coerator had planned for them, without achieving anything. Hannah trailed after her mistress. Then she dropped to her knees and started to scrub the floor, trying to avoid glancing over at Miss Coerator, her taut, lean legs an enticing sight.

Chapter Twenty-One: A Winter's Night

Outside, snow was falling, the manor grounds vanishing into a layer of white, the winter night and the thickly-falling snow devouring what little light was shed from the windows, the rest of the world vanishing into nothingness. Most of the house was cold, the place not built to retain warmth at all, the only rooms that were comfortable being the kitchen, the dungeon, Miss Coerator's chambers, and her study.

Hannah carefully climbed off the stepladder, trying to tug her skirt down as she did so. It wasn't as bad in the summer, but it was simply too cold at this time of year! The stockings and suspenders did nothing to help either, although the heels were easy to manage now. But at least the room was nice and clean now, all her work done before Christmas day. She left the room, shivering in the cold of the corridor, her breath steaming faintly. She moved quickly, wanting to spend as little time as possible in the freezing hallways, her heels tapping a steady beat on the stone floors, hugging herself to try and retain heat.

She headed for Miss Coerator's room – it was almost Christmas, after all, so she deserved a gift for all the work she had done. Her and the cook both! Although at least the cook got to spend her time in the kitchen, with the stove, where it was nice and warm, rather than having to clean bitterly cold rooms.

At least it wasn't far to go, and she pushed the door open, relaxing slightly as the relatively warm air rushed over her body. There was a fire roaring in the hearth filling the room with warmth, and the scent of woodsmoke. A Christmas tree (a real one!) had been erected in one corner, high enough to reach the top of the room, layered with glass baubles and tinsels, although the "angel" was a figurine of a woman, wrapped about with rope and a miniature ballgag in her mouth, the tree penetrating beneath her dress and impaling her in position atop the tree. The room was lit by dim light, dozens of candles glowing as well as the fire to cast most of the room in a soft glow.

Beneath the tree were a number of fancily-wrapped boxes, gifts from friends and admirers of Miss Coerator. As she closed the door, there was an angry grunting from a large wooden chest next to the tree, stood upright and shaking slightly. It was too large to be properly wrapped, but it was tied with a bow, bright red material bright against the dark wood. Hannah rapped her knuckle on it, smiling as the contents shook again. Well, it was almost Christmas, and she had been a good maid all year, hadn't she?

She pulled on the ribbon slowly, feeling the ribbon pull against itself, savoring the soft slither of the material, until it caught on the knot, undoing itself and dropping to the ground. Then she slowly opened it, letting the firelight penetrate the darkness.

Miss Coerator was inside, her head concealed behind a hood of red leather, a long whip of silky-black hair trailing from the top. Her mouth was sealed with a ring-gag, currently plugged with a dildo, while her body... Hannah took a step back to admire the artistry, her pale skin wrapped about with more of the crimson ribbon, forming a harness around her breasts, a bow over her crotch. Her arms were bound behind her in a red leather armbinder, thrusting her breasts forward and with a ribbon running from the end of that to the ring of her heavy leather

collar, ballet heels locked onto her feet, her legs quivering from the continual and enforced strain. She was kept in place by chains on her collar, bolted onto the inside of the chest.

Miss Coerator twisted around, wet gurgles coming from behind her gag. ‘Good evening, Madam. I know it’s a little early, but I thought you would like a treat as well.’ The hands, trapped in the armbinder, knocked against the back of the crate as she wriggled around. ‘You’re such a cute mistress when you try and get free!’ She moved forward and kissed one of Miss Coerator’s nipples, gently at first, rolling her tongue around the nub. Then she bit it, just a little, compressing it between her teeth, listening to Miss Coerator’s breath change as she reacted to the pain before withdrawing. ‘I was going to keep you for Christmas day, but I finished cleaning your office already, so I think I deserve a treat, don’t you?’

Hannah traced her hand down her captive’s body, feeling her soft flesh, tickling her navel. ‘Such a good mistress, so kind to your servants, letting them pleasure themselves on your body. What shall I do with you tonight? You liked the cattleprod, didn’t you? That made you scream in a most *delightful* way. Or the anal plug soaked in spiced oil? That made you squirm about a lot, you seemed really happy.’

Miss Coerator twisted in her bindings, her arms knocking against the case again, mouth unable to form words other than what sounded to be furious grunts from beneath the gag.

‘Oh, don’t be angry, Mistress. I know it’s naughty, but I felt some of the other gifts, and I think there’s a few new things that you’ll appreciate.’ She slipped her hand beneath the crotch-ribbon, teasing her fingers along Miss Coerator’s slit, feeling the inviting warmth and wetness. ‘Oh, have you been getting excited? You poor thing. And there haven’t been any guests to fill you up recently! I’ll have to see what I can do, and I’m sure Cook will be more than happy to take her turn. I think she’s been missing your taste, but you’ve been tied up here instead. Now, let’s get you out of there, shall we?’

The angry grunting intensified, her arms knocking against the back of the crate, the neck-chains clinking. Hannah slapped her across the face, the hood doing little to absorb the impact. ‘Let’s not have any trouble now, shall we? You’re going to be a good little mistress, unless you want to be locked into the dungeon with the other maids again. They seem to enjoy seeing you, but can be a little rough, can’t they? You were a bit sore after the last visit, weren’t you?’ She teased the tip of a finger into Miss Coerator, the lush body yielding despite the woman’s gagged protests, probing further, twisting around and listening to Miss Coerator’s breath hitch, although she kept struggling in her bonds.

Hannah withdrew her hand then yanked on the ribbon connecting the armbinder to the collar, the material wedging itself into Miss Coerator’s pussy, making her gasp again. With her other hand, she unlocked the neck chains while pulling forward, releasing Miss Coerator from the box, while forcing her to move forward. In the ballet heels, her already-long legs were forced tight and taut, her thighs wet with her juices, ribbon stained dark where it had pulled itself against her crotch.

She pulled Miss Coerator forward, keeping her off-balance, then gave a harsh yank and stepped aside. With the ballet heels on, Miss Coerator had no way of stopping herself, staggering forward and then hitting the edge of the bed, Hannah giving her another shove to push her onto the bed, admiring the taut lines of her legs and buttocks as she kicked and flailed, trying to regain some control.

Then, with practiced hands, she started arranging Miss Coerator on the bed, taking an ankle and chaining it to one corner, repeating the process on the other side to lock the woman into

place, face-up. With her arms still trapped behind herself, Miss Coerator could only shift around impotently, that lovely tail of hair flicking around the crisp, white pillows.

‘Oh, Mistress! I spent so long making your bed, and now you’ve ruined it. I think you need a little punishment for that.’ She picked up a crop, cutting the air with it, smiling when Miss Coerator’s wriggling intensified. ‘If you’ve got that much energy, then you can use it to please me.’

She crawled onto the bed, leaning over Miss Coerator and then twisting the thing wedged into her throat. She pulled out a long dildo, the thing liberally coated with slobber, droplets falling onto Miss Coerator’s bound breasts. Her tongue flicked around behind the ring-gag, more attempts at words, probably furious curses. Hannah grabbed a breast, pinching a nipple as hard as she could, a pain groan coming from Miss Coerator. ‘If you’re going to use your tongue, then use it on me.’

Hannah moved to clamp her knees on either side of Miss Coerator’s head, facing down her body and lowering her crotch onto Miss Coerator’s face, enjoying the sensation of the woman’s face between her thighs. She pushed herself downwards, continuing to squeeze the nipple, crushing sensitive flesh between her fingers. ‘Maybe you should get a few piercings, mistress? Now use that tongue of yours.’

It was hard to tell, but it sounded like a grunted refusal coming from beneath.

‘Oh, Mistress, you’re not going to be defiant, are you?’ Hannah flicked her wrist, striking Miss Coerator just above her crotch, a wet spot already forming on the bedding beneath her. Another strike, right to the pussy this time, bought forth a pained squeal, but the slippery length of tongue still failed to emerge, even after more nipple-pinching. Hannah reached to the side of the bed and picked up a candle. It had been burning for hours, the shaft filled with a deep well of molten wax. ‘Last chance!’ Another angry grunt of refusal.

Hannah tipped the candle, droplets of wax falling onto Miss Coerator’s smooth belly, flecking the skin with drying flakes and pellets. Beneath her, Miss Coerator bucked and writhed, a gasping shriek torn from her mouth, tongue flicking out against Hannah’s thigh. ‘Oh, very good, Mistress. Keep it up.’ With the candle in one hand and the crop in the other, she poured wax onto a nipple, making a blobby spiral of fast-cooling wax before flicking it with the crop, the crust breaking to reveal freshly-reddened and sensitized skin beneath.

Miss Coerator was twisting around as much as she could now, Hannah tightening her thighs to keep the woman under control. ‘If you make me happy, then things like this won’t happen!’ She tilted the candle again, targeting the dip of Miss Coerator’s navel this time, watching as Miss Coerator’s body shook and juddered under the flow of hot liquid, the stuff binding her skin as it dried. ‘Mmmm, not as nice as latex, is it? Although you did look good in that latex hobble skirt, the one with the backside cut out. Or at least the guests thought so, they enjoyed making use of your buttocks. You can take a nice large plug back there now, can’t you?’

Hannah bent over, holding the candle directly over a nipple, giving the wax less time to dry as it fell, feeling Miss Coerator’s tongue trace along her thigh, before sliding onto her own slit. ‘Mmmm, very good mistress. Keep doing that!’ She started to grind herself backwards and forwards, Miss Coerator’s tongue slipping into her. ‘You must enjoy my taste by now.’ She started rocking back and forth, still dribbling wax over Miss Coerator, the tongue probing into her, twirling and twisting around, punctuated by gasps of pain and attempts to breath, Hannah only raising her body enough to permit quick, gasping breaths. ‘Good, Mistress, excellent work!’ Hannah punctuated her words with strikes of the crop, spurring Miss Coerator to further effort. She was generally obedient, but needed constant reminding of her position!

Hannah came, feeling the pleasure well up inside of her, grinding herself down as hard as she could onto her victim's face, trying to ensure all the woman could smell and taste was her. After a moment to collect herself, she dismounted, watching as Miss Coerator panted and gasped, only now able to breath freely.

Miss Coerator's own sex was sopping wet already, it being easy to slide a finger into her, her cunt wet and ready, almost swallowing up Hannah's finger, pulling it into herself. Then she added a second finger, pumping them in and out rapidly. 'Maybe we should try fisting for you next? Some of the gentleman callers would be happy to help, I'm sure.' Whether Miss Coerator heard her or was lost in the throes of an imminent orgasm Hannah wasn't sure, as she bought her mistress close to the edge, then pulled her fingers out.

By now, Miss Coerator's clitoris was an engorged bud, exposed and vulnerable. Hannah moved in and gave it a kiss, long and wet, savoring the taste of her bound and helpless mistress. Then she tipped the candle, a stream of wax coating the sensitive skin.

Miss Coerator screamed, at least as much as she could with the gag, her whole body convulsing, slamming up into the air then crashing down against the mattress. Whimpering, pained breaths slid through the metal ring holding her mouth open, as she shook around, trying to escape the clinging wax as it molded itself around her flesh. Hannah pushed down against her belly, scraping off more droplets of dried wax and keeping her in place, digging her nails in hard enough to leave red marks. Then, with her other hand, she started to stroke and tease Miss Coerator, smiling as she heard the pained gasps, tricking more wax over the defenseless body. Her head was shaking around now, hair flicking furiously, a tormented mewling sound coming from her mouth – would she be begging if she could, or spitting furious defiance?

She squeezed Miss Coerator's clit, wishing she had a clamp to attach, continuing to dribble wax over her, as she forced an agonized orgasm onto her captive, smile widening as the screams got louder.

Then something icy-cold pushed against her belly, the dream vanishing as she was awoken. She groaned as she was pulled into wakefulness, grunting through her own gag. She was tied along the bottom of Miss Coerator's bed, bound at the wrists and ankles and her body pulled taut, across the bottom of the bed, partially under the duvet. She had been warm and cozy, but was now cold, her body exposed to the cooler air as Miss Coerator settled herself into bed, using Hannah as a bed warmer, pushing her cold feet against Hannah.

'Mmmm, you really are nice and warm! Far superior to any hot water bottle, my dear.'

Hannah tried to shift around, wanting to pull the blankets back around herself as Miss Coerator cocooned herself up in the bedding, leaving Hannah exposed and rapidly cooling. With a hood on her head, she couldn't see what was happening, or do anything more than lightly shake her body. A toe poked her belly, before the foot pressed against her, stealing her body heat.

'That meeting went rather longer than anticipated, getting back after midnight was not my intention. Sorry, my dear, but my thanks for keeping the bed so delightfully warm.' She shifted around, the mattress creaking, the scent of her body started to arouse Hannah. 'And merry Christmas! If you've been a good little maid, you may even get a gift when you wake.' A foot tapped against the chastity belt, metal clinking. 'Until then, little maid, sleep well.'

Hannah tried to shake and protest, but the gag was too big, the ropes too tight, so all she could do was try and sleep again, despite the chill night air now nipping at her body, as Miss Coerator withdrew herself entirely into a warm cocoon of blankets, leaving Hannah to the discomfort of the Christmas night.

THE END

About the Author and Artist

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

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

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