

THE Department OF CARNAL RELATIONS

**BOOK TWO
RUTH'S TALE: PART ONE
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CHAPTER ONE

Ruth Silverman was having difficulty seeing the road in front of her. It had been raining for about 2 hours and had stopped about 15 minutes ago. The night sky was still immersed in clouds and there was no moon to help guide the way. There were very few street lights in this part of town and there were puddles and ruts everywhere.

Ruth did not have much experience driving even though she was 32 years old. When she turned 16, back in Jersey, her father had bought her an old 2018 Mercury and she had driven it for a little over two years. But those old fashioned cars were not like the cars today with all their gadgets and luxuries. The brand new 2049 Lexis Realto had a heads up display, a function which showed your route and destination right on the dashboard. The electric battery engine was as quiet as a mouse. And there was the self-driving function, which was just starting when she was a kid. You could watch movies, although they called them feelies now. Everything you saw on the screen was reproduced exactly for the viewer, sound, of course, smell, heat, cold, running, walking, sleeping, and even, for the daring, fucking. She usually turned those functions off when she could remember how to do it.

She had retired as a sexual service worker, (SSW), a little over a year ago. Released IR's were given a \$500 weekly stipend for six months to get them back on their feet. After release, a retiring IR was required to find and submit herself to a Responsible Male, (RM), within 45 days. If she failed to comply she could be put up for public auction through the Unsupervised Females Pool, (UFP). Any interested RM could bid on her.

She had spent thirteen long years as a whore. Retiring IR's are subject to six month to one year long call ups if it is determined that there is a shortage of SSW's in the SRZ in which she was serving when she retired. Or she could find her retirement date pushed back six months through a temporary waiver applied for and obtained by her SSF, (sexual service facility), from the local district SRZ representative. This provision is routinely abused for SSW's who have been popular in their SSF, or to obviate the necessity for the operator to lay out the capital required to replace her.

That bastard that ran the place where she was last held prisoner had her lease extended for 6 months twice. She couldn't figure out why he had finally let her go. Her mother had sent an inquiry to the DCR when her twelve years were up to try

and get in contact with her and make sure that she was all right, but she never got any response. Her first contact with her mother about a year ago for thirteen long years, was the viddy call they let her make from the CSW Recovery Center, (CSWRC). When her mother had seen her on the screen, she had burst out sobbing. She did too, and all they did for the first five minutes was cry and cry and cry.

Her father wouldn't come to the phone. It hurt her deeply. Her mother explained it to her about 7 months ago when she had been finally been able to arrange for a visit. Ruth was in Ohio, part of the North Central Sexual Resource Zone, where she had been when she was allowed to retire. Her final SSF, (Sexual Service Facility) had been just outside of Cincinnati. Her retirement pass strictly limited her travel for the next five years to within 100 miles of her SSF and banned her from crossing the river into Kentucky, which was in the South Central Sexual Resource Zone. She had been issued a locator which she had to keep on her all the time. Once a day she had to place her thumb on the validator and send a GPS signal to the Resource Management Division of the Female Adjustment Bureau.

That's what she was, a resource. Her discharge pass indicated that she was on five year reserve status, until April 23, 2053, five years after her so called retirement, although it should have been more than a year earlier. She could be called back at any time for a six month to one year stint. She had half expected, no, more than half expected, 95% expected, for Rocco Marchetti, the owner and manager of her SSF, to call her back immediately so that he could have her without question for another year. Rocco was a bastard. He had abused her unmercifully the three years she had served him. He seemed to always make sure that she got the roughest clientele. When there was an overload, it seemed like she was the one who had to always do extra duty, sometimes servicing up to 15 men in one day. Try keeping a smile on your face through all that.

So her mother had explained to her that her father had cursed her the moment the DCR police took her away. "No daughter of mine is going to become a whore!" he cried out as if it was her fault. It was April 21, 2035. She had turned 18 on March 22, and had missed the March lottery by ten days. Although the drawing was on the 21st, the cutoff date was the 12th to avoid the technical possibility of drafting a girl who wasn't quite 18 yet if she had been born later in the day.

This was the April lottery. Rather than do one a year, the county had determined that it was best to do one every month to ease processing. Why make facilities for processing 25 or 30 girls when you could do it two or three at a time? Public relations wise it was a good idea too since parents didn't have to sit on eggshells for months and months waiting for the shoe to drop. Within 40 or so days of your daughter's 18th birthday you would know whether she was going to become a whore or not. Ruth had been scared because a rumor had gone around that the county leader had voluntarily increased the county quota to impress the

state Commissioner of Compulsory Sexual Service, (CCSS), which is a polite word for slavery.¹

The drawing was at noon. No announcement was made of who had been drafted until the girls had actually been picked up. It was a little after 2. They were sitting in the kitchen. Her mother had just heated up a cup of tea. Her father was in the den watching TV with the local news channel on to see if the selected girls' names would be announced. If they were, that meant that Ruth would be in the clear.

Last month, before the March drawing, her father had appeared at the monthly County Board meeting and spoke during the public session. April Channing and Doris Gillespie had been chosen in February. Doris was a good friend of hers, who she saw in a holding cell in a transfer center outside of Chicago about 6 years ago. They were both gagged and so couldn't speak. Doris just looked at her sadly. Ruth had only been there for about 10 minutes when Doris was taken away.

The March draftees had not yet been selected. Her mother had begged him not to go. But he was upset that the county government refused to disclose the method it used to determine which girls were to be drafted. In their news bulletins, they always referred to it as a lottery, but he had done the statistics over the last four years and their district, and one or two others, all poorer districts, had suffered the most. The richest part of the county, Cherry Hill, had only had one girl selected in the whole four years, and that was the daughter of a black family which had just moved in, the only black family in the whole town.

Her father was also concerned about anti-Semitism. A full 20% of the girls selected had been Jewish when Jews made up only 7% of the county population.

¹For many years it was thought that the funds raised by sales of SSW's, and taxes assed on their transfers or resale, together with 'user' fees paid monthly for each SSW to the DCR were insufficient to sustain funding levels necessary for classification, training, regulation and enforcement. It has recently been shown by a review of DCR archives that this was never the case. Even from the beginning, revenues far exceeded costs, which is not surprising when you consider that the 'product' was obtained pretty much free of charge, the costs of raising, feeding and maintaining the recruit having been born mostly by her parents or other relatives. These preliminary findings raised the prospect of unprecedented levels of graft and have been cited by some as the true rationale for the continuation of compulsory sexual service, (CSS), as well as for the increasingly high level of MR classifications. Professors Roger Cannel and Esther DeMarco's study of these early records was terminated abruptly by the National Governing Board and their findings mostly suppressed. It is rumored that the 32 year old Professor DeMarco was declared "subversive" and classified MR in a sealed "*in absentia*" hearing before the DRC judicial tribunal but that has not been confirmed. There has been no confirmed contact with her in over three years. Some speculation exists that she is being hidden by one of the numerous Female Resistance Cells, (FRC's), which have sprung up over the years, but this has not been substantiated and is highly unlikely because of the limited lifespan of these groups before discovery and the high degree of penetration of the so called "Women's Liberty Movement" by agents of the DCR. Professor Cannel died in a freak accident at his Aspen vacation home shortly after the limited publication of their findings.*

*Editor's note: This footnote will not appear in the published version of this article.

Another 30% had been black, and there were only 12% black residents. 20% were Hispanic, when Hispanics only represented 5% of the county population. The remaining 30% were white, but many of them were daughters of families that had been against the 2025 revolution.²

Her father went up to the meeting with charts and graphs showing the disparities. The county commissioners, all appointed by the ruling party in Trenton, who in turn were all appointed by the mysterious National Governing Board in Washington, nodded their heads. There were quite a few frowns. They made no comment to his presentation and didn't answer any of his questions, but moved on to the next speaker. There was nothing about it in the paper the next day and in the viddy recording of the meeting which was broadcast on C-Span, her father's presentation had been left out.

So it was with some trepidation that she and her mother sat at the kitchen table. Suddenly, her mother jumped up. "Is that a car?" she asked frantically. They lived at the end of a cul-de-sac and so there was never much traffic. She and Ruth stood there speechless, listening. Her father came in and asked what was happening. They both shushed him. Then there was the sound of two car doors slamming.

"Oh my god!" her mother exclaimed. Ruth's blood ran cold. Her mother rushed into the living room and looked out the window. "Oh my god! Oh my god! Run, Ruth, run! Go out the back door and run!"

Ruth needed no other warning. She rushed to the back door and pushed it open. There, standing in their back yard were two county officers. They had apparently snuck in while the other officers had come to the front. They were big and burley and Ruth knew that she would have no chance against them.

Her father grabbed her from behind "Stop, Ruthie! Stop! Don't you know what happens to girls who resist? Who run away? They'll mark you as mandatory! That's a life sentence!"

Ruth slammed the door shut and started sobbing wildly. She ran upstairs and into her bedroom, slamming the door shut. She locked the handle and then crawled up on her bed, shaking. She heard the doorbell ring. "Don't answer it! Don't answer it!" she prayed.

And then there were deep voices downstairs. Her mother was wailing. Then she heard heavy footsteps on the stairs. They came to her door. There was a loud

²The loose regulation of the method any one county would use to conduct its draft was known to lead to vast corruption since wealthier families were able to bribe their daughters' way out of selection. Some counties blatantly sold exemptions which would take particular females out of the running, or skewed draft quotas so that the less wealthy areas had higher quotas than the silk stocking districts. DCR attempted, futilely, to weed out such venality. In 2031, in Gordon, Missouri, for example, DCR vacated the entire SSW draft process for the last three years and ordered the induction of every 18 to 20 year old girl in the county.

knock. She didn't answer. Someone jiggled the door handle. There was another knock. "DCR Police!" the voice stated roughly. "Open this door!"

She was shivering and pulled up into a little ball on her bed. She looked at the closet. Could she hide in there? She looked at the window. Could she jump out of it to the ground below and run? Her field hockey stick was in the corner. Could she grab it and defend herself? Wasn't there anything she could do?

There was another heavy knock. "In the name of the Federal Department of Carnal Relations, open this door immediately," the voice screamed angrily. "If you don't open the door and we have to break it down, you will be charged with resisting induction. I'm going to count to three! One! Two! . . ." and then there were low voices outside her door. Then silence. Then another voice spoke.

"Ruthie, this is Ben Harper. You remember me, don't you?"

Yes, she remembered him. He had asked her to his senior prom. Her father wouldn't let her go because she was only a sophomore. She had seen him around town a lot since then, but not for a while. Belinda Millbank had told her that he had signed up with the DCR police. Ruth hadn't believed it. He was such a nice guy. But here he was at her bedroom door.

"Ruthie, you're going to be coming with us one way or another. Don't make a stupid mistake. You'll only make things worse. There's not a power on heaven or earth that is going to stop us from coming into that room! Please! Please! Don't make this harder than it has to be!"

There was another pause. She could hear her mother wailing downstairs. She heard the man with the gruff voice say, "Get back down the fucking stairs or I will fuck you up!" Her father must have started to come up. Come up to save his only daughter, his only child. But there was no saving her. She could only make things worse. Worse for her and worse for her family.

"Ruthie?" Ben's voice called out again.

"Yes!" she screamed as loudly as she could. "I'm coming out! I'm coming out!"

She had stopped sobbing. A dreadful peace had come over her. She was lost. The only way she could save herself would be to take her own life there and then, but she had no means of doing that. She bet that plenty of girls did. If there was ever a fate worse than death, this had to be it.

She got up from the bed. She was wearing the regulation miniskirt required of all 18 year olds. She had on a pink and blue pullover shirt. On her feet was a pair of brown flat sandals. No socks. She would remember what she was wearing almost every day for the next thirteen years. She walked over to the door. There was another heavy knock. "Open this fucking door!" the gruff voice screamed.

Calmly, she put her hand on the handle and turned the lock. She stepped back about 10 feet. "It's open," she declared flatly.

The door swung open so hard that it banged against the wall. There was Ben Harper. He was tall and lanky but was very fit. His face was still boyish. He was wearing the dark blue uniform of the DCR Police. Next to him was a heavysset older man. He had a red face and looked meaner than hell. He went to move on her. Ben grabbed his arm.

“Wait a sec, sarge,” he told him. “Ruthie’s not going to give us any more trouble, are you Ruthie?”

He looked at her. The mean man was staring a hole in her.

“No,” she replied meekly. She had started crying again.

“Okay,” the sergeant said, “Take off your clothes.” She saw that he had a duffle bag on the floor next to him.

“Please, please don’t take me out naked in front of my parents! Please! I beg you! Take me outside. I’ll strip for you there.”

“Come on, sarge,” Ben asked, “It’s only right.”

The sergeant seemed to calm down. “Okay,” he said. “But if there’s any funny business, I’ll charge you with resisting, and your mother and father too!”

“I won’t resist,” Ruth said meekly.

Ben reached out for her hand. “Come with me, Ruthie,” he said softly. “Let me help you.”

She took his hand. He gently and slowly pulled her out of the room. They went to the stairs. She could see her mother and father standing at the foot. “Back off!” he heard the sergeant bark. And then into his radio, “We’ve got her. We’re coming out the front door now.”

Her mother and father slowly stepped away. Ben led her down. Her mother and father looked like somebody had painted them white. They were both crying and had agonized looks on their faces.

“I’m so sorry, Ruthie!” he father bawled out. “I’m so sorry!”

“It’s okay, Daddy. It’s okay,” she replied.

When they got to the bottom of the stairs her mother moved forwards. “Can’t I give her a hug good-bye?” she asked plaintively.

“No!” the sergeant barked. “She’s in custody and as of 12:17 this afternoon she’s state property!”

Her mother broke down and started wailing again. Ben quickly led her to the front door and opened it as if he was afraid that something bad might happen. She followed him out onto the front stoop. He led her down to the walkway and stopped her there. The county police had come from around the back. Their car was a few houses down.

People had come out to see what was happening. Mrs. Corrado from next door was out there looking like she had seen a ghost. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were out across the street. And the new neighbors who had bought the Anderson’s house,

they were out too. Down the block 3 or 4 young kids on bicycles had stopped to see what was happening. One of them was a girl. The county cops shooed them away. They rode about a hundred feet towards the main road and stopped again and turned.

The sergeant was in front of her now. "Okay, strip!" he barked at her. She had stopped crying but she started again. She hesitated for a moment and then grew courage. She reached down for the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head. She tossed it aside. She was wearing a pink bra her mother had given to her for her birthday. It had frills all over it and held her breasts up high. She stood about 5'6" tall. Her shoulders weren't broad, but you would never describe her as thin. She did have slender hips and long, graceful legs. Her hair was blond, a throwback to some pillaging Norseman or something from back in Russia where her family was from. It went down to just below her shoulders and was very fine.

Her face was pretty, although she didn't think so. Her nose was a little long, but her flush lips made up for it. The shape of her face was a wide oval. Her crystal blue eyes, another gift from some Viking in her family's past, were perfectly set apart. She wore no makeup but had trimmed her eyebrows just yesterday. She was wearing dark pink polish on her finger and toe nails.

She was proud of her breasts, heavy, but not sagging. They turned up perfectly at the ends. She had never shown them to anybody except her mother once, not even in gym. And here were two grown men, practically strangers, literally strangers as to the sergeant and the county cops. And the neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Corrado, the new couple, the kids down the street. Mr. Cummings was coming down the street in his car. The county cops stopped him. He got out and stared. Over at the Jansen's, Mrs. Jansen was taking her young kids out to the car, maybe to go to the store or something, but she rushed them back into the house.

All this she took in in a few seconds. It was burned indelibly into her mind. She unclasped her bra in back and let it fall down her arms. She tossed it aside to where her shirt was. Her breasts jiggled slightly. She tried not to look at the men. She unzipped her skirt on her side and drew it down her knees. She stepped out of it and flipped it away. She had on a pair of pink lace panties that matched her bra. Why she had decided to wear them today of all days, she didn't know. She just thanked god she was not wearing ratty old underwear. That would have made everything seem worse, shabbier, more dreadful.

"Come on! Come on!" the sergeant rasped. "We haven't got all day!"

She nodded in affirmation. She hooked her thumbs into the gusset of her panties and pulled them down. She was glad that her back was to the house so that she wouldn't have to see her parents peering out. She hoped that they were smart enough not to look.

“Okay, the shoes too,” the sergeant said impatiently. “And the ring and the necklace.”

She was wearing a gold ring with a moonstone that had been her grandmother’s. Her mother had given it to her on her recent birthday. Kicking off her sandals was easy. The necklace was no problem. It had a golden quarter moon on it. Marsha Scriviani had given it to her many years ago. Marsha had moved away since then and she hardly ever wore it. But she had worn it today.

She proffered the necklace to the men. The sergeant grabbed it and put it in his shirt pocket. “Now the ring,” he said rudely. “You can’t take anything with you.”

The ring had been a tight fit when she put it on. She took hold of it now and tried to pull it off. She got it to her knuckle and it wouldn’t move any further. She had stopped crying but now started again. She pulled and pulled. She felt like she was on the verge of breaking down completely. She looked at the man.

“Come on! Quit fucking around!” the sergeant yelled at her.

Ben lifted his hand to ward him off. “I’ll take care of this,” he told him. He stepped closer to her and took her hand. He looked her in the eyes. His eyes were watering. He isolated her ring finger on her right hand. He brought it up to his mouth and covered it with his lips. He licked the area all around the ring. It was almost like he was giving her some kind of benediction. He drew his lips back, covering her finger with his saliva. He reached up with his other hand and took hold of the ring. He twisted and turned it a few times and gave it a pull. It slid right off. Ruth was relieved.

Ben stepped back and went to hand it to his sergeant.

“Please!” Ruth interjected. “Can you give it to my mother, it’s a keepsake. It’s been in our family for years.”

“As far as I’m concerned,” the sergeant said, “it’s your property and all your property is forfeit to the state. Now shut the fuck up. You don’t have the right to talk anymore. You don’t have any rights anymore. If you say another word, I’ll put it down on the arrest report and you’ll be punished for it later. Now, put your hands on your head and spread your legs!”

Ruth suppressed a huge sob. She obeyed him. Spreading her legs reminded her of her exposed womanhood down below. It was lightly shrouded by thin blond hair. Not even her mother had ever seen that since she was a baby. Her stomach turned and she shivered in fear.

The sergeant took out a paper. He unfolded it and read it to her.

“By the powers vested in it by the Board of Governors of the Blessed State of New Jersey, the County Committee of Burlington County on this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, 2035, do

hereby decree and declare, that Ruth Mildred Silverman, aged 18, a resident of Marlton Township, and residing under its jurisdiction, be and is hereby inducted into the Blessed New United States Sexual Service Corp. in partial satisfaction of the county's obligations pursuant to General Order 2145-2028 of the Blessed New Jersey Board of Governors, and as duly vested in them by the Blessed New United States Department of Carnal Relations under the Carnal Relations Act of 2026, Section 75 U. S. C. 2027(a) and under the godly and holy constitution of these Blessed New United States pursuant to Article V, Section 8 thereof. Signed this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, 2035. Chester B. Dalrymple, Chairman, County Committee of the County of Burlington, Blessed State of New Jersey."

The sergeant looked up at her as if she were about to utter a protest or challenge the authority of the piece of paper in his hand. Her lips were trembling. She might have as well have heard her death warrant. Twelve years. She was going to be a whore for twelve years! She wouldn't see her family or friends or anybody kind for years and years and years. She was the property of the Department of Carnal Relations. She had lost the right to speak, the right to anything!

She started to shake. All of a sudden it had gotten very cold. The sun had been out, but some clouds had passed over it making everything seem darker. She looked up. "Maybe it's going to rain," she remembered thinking. And then she thought, "God makes it rain on the just and the unjust alike."

The sergeant opened up his duffle bag. He handed a belt-like thing to Ben. "Here, put this on her," he snapped.

Ben took it in his hands and went behind her. He draped it around her middle and she felt him buckling it tightly behind her back so that it would not pass over her hips. There were two handcuffs on the belt in the front locked into a ring. He took down one of her hands and brought it down to one. He looked at her. "Sorry, Ruthie," he said softly.

"Don't speak to her!" the sergeant barked out. "She's a prisoner! She's not your girlfriend anymore. She's nothing but a whore now. Remember that!"

Ben grimaced and he moved his eyes off of hers. He took her wrist and locked it in the cuff. Then he did the other. He wouldn't look her in the face.

The sergeant handed Ben a thick leather band. Ben went behind her and circled it around her neck and then buckled it off. The sergeant had pulled a bunch of straps out of the bag. "Here, put this on her!" he growled.

Ben took the jumble of straps from him. He shook it out. Ruth saw that there was a thick leather prong on it. She knew what that was. She gripped her teeth together in anticipation. Ben brought the prong up to her mouth.

“Open up, Ruthie,” he said sorrowfully. Ruth started to sob and shook her head no.

“Give her a slap!” the sergeant ordered. “Give her a good slap now or I’ll do it!”

Ben cringed. He stepped back a bit and his right hand flew out. The flat of his hand struck her hard across the left cheek. She howled at the blow and tottered on her feet. She started sobbing with intensity.

“Open up, Ruthie, or I’ll slap you again!” Ben said angrily. “Don’t make me do it!”

“Don’t call her Ruthie!” the sergeant snapped. “She’s no more Ruthie than you or me. Her name is cunt now. Stupid, fucking, whorish cunt! Don’t let me hear you call her that name again!”

“Yes, sarge,” Ben said as forcefully as he could.

He turned back to her. “Open your mouth, cunt!” he growled.

She regained her posture and sadly opened her mouth. Ben quickly shoved the prong in hard as if he was afraid she might change her mind. The end struck the back of her mouth and she gagged and cried out. He swiftly went behind her and buckled it in place, pulling on the straps hard, driving it deeper in. She shrieked and her knees went weak. She felt him draping her head with the straps. One went from the top of the gag on both sides of her nose and then together again between her eyes and over her head. A strap went under her chin and he pulled it tight, forcing her mouth down hard on the gag. He brought the straps behind her head, two leading from the sides of the gag and over her ears, pressing them down. He connected them all and pulled them tight, shaking her head, as if impressing his superior officer. He might be an old friend, but he was a rookie in the DCR Police and needed to show his mettle.

The sergeant handed him two steel cuffs connected by about 18” of chain. He didn’t have to say anything. Ben took them and placed one on her right ankle. Then he barked, “Move your leg, cunt!” he ordered.

She quickly brought her left leg close to her right. He connected the other cuff to it. He stood. She didn’t recognize him. He looked mean and cruel, as mean and cruel as anybody on the planet.

“Here, take this,” the sergeant said, handing him the duffle bag. Ben took it from him and the sergeant took hold of her arm. His grip was vice-like.

“Come on, cunt,” he snarled. He started to pull her down the walkway to the patrol car. She shuffled along as best she could, afraid of falling. She looked around. People were staring. But not staring horrified and affronted, more staring like they had never seen anything like this before and wanted to memorize every detail to tell their family and friends. It wasn’t every day that you saw a naked and chained 18 year old girl hauled off to a police car. You might never ever see it

again. It wouldn't be on the news. She looked at Mr. Kennedy. He had his phone out and was taking a vidy. She cringed in dismay.

The sergeant got her to the patrol car and opened the back door on the driver's side, which was the closest to the curb. He motioned for her to get in. She edged her way to the rear seat, turned herself and kind of fell in. The sergeant guided her head so she wouldn't hit the top of the doorway. She nestled herself into a seat. The sergeant drew a seatbelt from above her left shoulder, drew it crossway across her chest, between her breasts and buckled it by her right hip. There was another buckle on the other side and he drew that down, between her breasts, and connected it on her left. He made sure both were nice and tight. He bent down and connected the middle of the chain between her feet to something. He was transporting government property now and it wouldn't due for it to get damaged. Before he took his head out of the car, he grabbed her left teat and twisted it sharply, making her moan. "Nice tits, cunt," he told her snidely.

Ben had gotten in the front passenger seat. The sergeant got into the driver's seat. He started the engine. There was a solid glass divider between the front seat and the back. There were no handles on the inside of the doors. Ruth took a long, last look at her house. She could see her mother in the window. Her clothes were strewn all over the front walk where she had dropped them. The cruiser pulled away from the curb, made a long swing through the cul-de-sac and headed down towards the main road. Mr. Cummings watched them drive by as if he were stupefied. The county guys were getting in their car. The DCR cruiser slowed, but did not stop at the end of the block where the stop sign was, and made a left, its wheels kicking up some gravel. The sergeant put on the overheads. Blue, white and red lights flashing, they drove away.

The kids hopped on their bikes and rode away as fast as they could.

CHAPTER TWO

Ruth usually tried not to think about the day of her induction. It was all too painful. It was inevitable, though, as it was the defining moment of her life. The ride to the police station was numbing. She tried not to look out the window, but couldn't stop herself. There was the place that this happened, she would think. Or I did this and thus there. Or I remember being here with so and so. Or just, I'll never see that place again.

She expected that she would be brought to the rear of the station and be brought in through the door the police officers used. But the DCR patrol car stopped right in the front, its lights still flashing. They brought her out of the back of the car and she had to shuffle in the front entrance. It was bright daylight and there was traffic all around. It was almost as if they wanted people to see her, to see the power and ruthlessness of the DCR Police. There was a youngish lady, maybe 30 or so, with three young kids, maybe 3 to 6 years old in the lobby. She drew in a deep breath when she saw Ruth and rushed her kids into the bathroom.

She was brought in front of the reception window and the sergeant flashed his badge and said something that Ruth didn't hear. The woman at the window just stared at her. Ben and the sergeant dragged her over to the door that led inside the station. It buzzed and they brought her into the inner sanctum.

There were several desks with police officers at some of them. Some had female secretaries or administrative assistants. A couple of cops were just standing around. They all watched somewhat agog as she was escorted to the booking desk. She sat there next to the desk of an Hispanic officer, late middle aged with graying black hair. The sergeant just showed him the arrest warrant. The booking officer ran it through his scanner.

He didn't ask her name or anything. Everything you would ever want to know about her was already on their computer. He did a retina scan and a thumb print on an electronic pad. Her face and some data came up on his screen. He hit some buttons on his keyboard and a piece of paper came out of the printer. It had her high school yearbook picture on it, some written narrative, a copy of her thumb print and a DCR code that had been assigned to her at birth. There was a big notation on it near the bottom in big, black, bold letters that said "**CSW**", indicating her as a compelled sexual worker, and gave the date and a date twelve years from now. He inserted the document into a plastic holder and clipped the holder to the ring on the front of her collar.

They took her back to the cells. They were just narrow holding cells with steel bars on three sides and a gray painted cement wall at the back. The local cops, some of whom she knew, would come by and look at her sitting forlornly on the bench along the wall. Some looked at her sorrowfully; some laughed and joked about it. Lt. Ray Moss, Heather Moss's father, she was in her graduating class, taunted her, asking her for a blow job or to show him her pussy. She just sat there with her legs joined together as close as she could and cringed and cried. The cell was small and there was nowhere to hide. There was a steel toilet there which she had to use twice, but she waited until no one was watching, at least not right in front of her, because she had seen the viddy camera up at the top of the cell doorway. She imagined all the cops gathered around the monitor at the front desk watching her every move.

Shelly Levine was brought in next about 45 minutes after she got there. She had big heavy breasts that swayed and jolted as she shuffled along. Her grandfather had been part of the resistance and had been summarily executed by one of the Divine Courts of Justice that had been set up in each Rebellious Area, (RA), after God's Forces, (GF's), as the special militias were called, swept through. Her grandmother had been drafted into Mandatory Procreation, and two aunts had been declared Section 7 Females and inducted into the Sexual Service Corps. None of them were ever heard from again.

Her mother had been too young to be drafted and was taken in by family friends. Somehow, she eluded the CSW selection the year she turned 18, and married her father, who had served in an auxiliary GF unit. Shelly felt safe growing up, but her father died when she was fourteen. Since then her mother had been called down 3 times by the DCR Police for investigation as an Ideological Suspect Female, but had been released each time after several weeks. She never talked about what happened there. Shelly's uncle, her father's brother, served as her RM and pretty much left her alone, but every three weeks or so, the county sheriff's car would come by and pick her up. She would be returned sometimes days later all upset and morose. She would not talk about what had happened then either. She was only 40, having given birth to Shelly when she was 19, and still quite attractive.

The last time, about 3 months ago, her mother had been returned all battered and bruised. She wouldn't say anything about it. She was picked up again by DCR Police the day after Shelly's 18th birthday and had not been heard of since. Shelly became eligible for the CSW draft that took place about 2 weeks later. And now she had been chosen.

It goes without saying that she was balling and sobbing. They put her in the cell next to Ruth. She couldn't help think about her father's statistics about them

drafting too many Jewish girls.³ They had gone to religious school together. Ruth's family wasn't orthodox, but they did go to temple every Saturday. She hated going because the Rabbi always went on about women's duty to be obedient and God's will. Their Rabbi, an old guy about 80 years old or so, was a member of the county College of Ecumenical Bishops, Rabbis and Imams, (CEBRI), and he was always going off to Trenton for conferences and meetings.

Twice a year, all the women in their congregation had to come into the temple and receive his special blessing to be docile and obedient and to say prayers for the girls from their congregation who had been "called on for service" as he put it. She and Hannah Bederson used to make faces at each other and make gagging motions whenever he did that.

She was ashamed to look at Shelly's nakedness. There was something in her that wanted to comfort her, but she was too ashamed at her own nakedness to draw attention to herself.

About an hour after Shelly came in, they brought in Quatesia Washington, which confirmed everything that her father had been saying. Quatesia was thin with strait shoulder length hair. She had pert little breasts with dark, pointy nipples. She had won the science prize senior year. She was really smart and friendly. Ruth had seen her telling Alan Taylor off after she had seen him picking on Alayah Shah, one of the Muslim girls. You should have seen Alan taking it, all ashamed and meek. Quatesia had received the most votes for Senior Class President as a result of a write in campaign, but the principal had ruled that she was disqualified because she was female. Twenty girls in senior class had done a walk out at the next school assembly, but nothing had come of it except that Quatesia and the four other girl ringleaders had received three months of detention.⁴ Ruth had been too scared to join them but later was sorry she hadn't.

Quatesia struggled and fought, and managed to head butt Jack Collins, one of the older officers. It looked like she broke his nose because blood spurted out everywhere. She was placed in a cell on the other side of Shelly. The DCR sergeant who had been with Ben Harper when they came to get Ruth went into Quatesia's cell about 10 minutes later and gave her several zaps from his baton. She wouldn't want to repeat the words that he used. Quatesia screamed and yelled

³ A DCR internal study in 2036 showed that religious and racial minorities were grossly overrepresented in IR drafts. This was one reason why communities were encouraged to adopt Suitability Inspections as the optimal method for selection. This did reduce the overrepresentation of religious and other minorities, although African American girls continued to be drafted in excess of their percentage in each year's draft cohort. After 2042, strict quotas were imposed limiting the number of African American girls who could be drafted. The DCR order did little to obviate the high number of black girls and women who were deemed Ideologically Suspect Females, (ISF's), however. It has been argued that this is a result of the relatively high level of militancy in the Black community and resistance to the New Society Program. An effort has been made to recruit more black DCR agents and DCR police officers in an effort to alleviate this problem.

⁴ All of these girls were later drafted as CSW's.

and rolled around the floor of her cell until the sergeant was done with her. Afterwards, she just sat on the bench in her cell and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

They waited about 4 hours. Rabbi Myerson came by and said a prayer for her and Shelly, nodding and murmuring and holding up his right hand. She felt like spitting in his face.

Calley Jansen and Lola Casperski came by about 4 hours after Quatesia came in with a little cart. They were the two female officers in the local police department. They looked shaken when they saw them all bound and gagged and naked. Calley explained carefully that they were going to give them something to eat, but that they had to cooperate. She told them to bow their heads if they agreed. She was so hungry that she would have done anything.

Calley and Lola, dressed in their work uniforms, the police chief insisted that they wear these really short skirts, came into each of their cells and removed their head harnesses. They did them one at a time. They released one of their hands from the cuffs at their belts and gave them tuna salad sandwiches to eat and a bottle of Yoo-hoo to drink. When they were done, they recuffed their hands and reapplied the harnesses and went on to the next girl. Ruth had expected Quatesia to give them trouble, but she didn't.

About an hour after that these three guys showed up. They were wearing dark green t-shirts that had the initials RRSSWCC⁵ on them in white over their right chests. They were big and mean looking. They told them all to piss since it would be their last chance in a while. All of them looked up at them sadly, but obeyed nonetheless. They were brought out of their cells, Ruth first. A chain went between the back of Ruth's collar to Shelly's and from Shelly's to Quatesia's. The men led them shuffling out. They had to go right past the main desk. The police officers ignored them as if they were embarrassed by the whole thing.

Outside was a black van. It had gotten dark and all the outdoor lights were on making everything bright like they were on display or something. There were some demonstrators out on the sidewalk by the entrance to the police department parking lot chanting something and waving signs. Ruth didn't get a chance to see who they were. Near to them was a patrol car with its overheads flashing meant to maintain order and act as a warning.

The van was big, like one of those Amazon delivery vans. The men swung the back doors open. She was unhooked from Shelly and two of the men helped her step in. There were five cages on either side. The inside of the van was lit by a little light in the roof. Ruth was shocked to see three girls already loaded up. They looked very unhappy. She was led to the first cage on the right, towards the front.

⁵Randforth Regional Sexual Service Worker Classification Center

The cage was opened and the men forced her in. It was padded on the bottom. It was really small and she had to scrunch herself all up. Shelly went into the cage next to her and Quatesia in the one after that. When they were all loaded up, the men shut the back door and the light went out.

They drove for about 45 minutes and the van came to a stop. About 15 minutes later, the rear door opened and the light went back on. Two more girls were loaded in. They were sobbing and wailing. They were stuffed into cages. The doors shut and the light went off. About 20 seconds later they were on the road again. After about a half hour, the van stopped and the last two cages were filled.

It was very depressing to be caged and being driven to who knew where in the middle of the night. The fact that they were in complete darkness made everything worse. Like they were in some kind of a time warp and were going to come out the other side somewhere awful. Some of the girls cried and whined, but mostly everybody was silent. Ruth just crouched there listlessly. A virulent sadness filled her.

She had started dating Anthony Spaturro a few months ago. He father didn't like it because he wasn't Jewish. But she liked him a lot and he was nice to her. He worked in his father's bakery. He always brought some pastries when he came to pick her up on a date. They mostly went to viddy's and then went to a coffee shop and talked and talked for hours. They had kissed a few times, but he hadn't tried anything out of line. He didn't ask her to blow him or anything, unlike Doug Levine, supposedly a nice Jewish boy, had done. She had refused and he had slapped her. She never told her parents about it.

Now she wouldn't see Anthony ever again. One of the terrible things about being taken away, kidnapped when you got right down to it, it was just like legal kidnapping after all, was that you didn't get the chance to say goodbye to anyone. She had wanted to have her mother hug her so bad that when she thought of it, it made her sob. All her friends she would never see again. All the things she wanted to do. All her things and keepsakes in her room.⁶ Oddly, she thought of the two new blouses she had bought last weekend that she never got to wear. She had been working as a counter girl at Mazzini's Pizzeria and would never get to collect her last paycheck. She had applications in at three local colleges. Next week was the county fair and she always worked the Belgian waffle booth for the Jaycees.

She could hear the rumbling of the van's tires. They were playing an audio up front with country western music and she could hear the men talking but not what they said. Shelly kept crying and crying. Whenever they hit a bump in the road or a pothole, the whole van jumped, making her shake. A couple of the girls must have pissed, because she could smell urine.

⁶ They would all be collected and confiscated by a DCR team.

About an hour and a half after their last pickup, the van stopped for a few moments and then started again really slow. There was a loud rumbling and then a kind of banging sound. The audio went off and the men in the front got out. She could hear the van's doors slamming. They seemed to make a big echo.

Nothing happened for about ten minutes. All the girls remained quiet as they tried to discern what was happening. She heard the rear doors of the van being unlocked and then they were pulled open. Bright light shined in. The men started unloading them. They would pull a girl out, make her stand and attach a chain to the back of her collar. The next girl would be pulled out and connected, attached to the chain, and then the next and the next. Since Ruth was nearest to the front of the van on her side, she was the second to last pulled out.

The bright light dazzled her. Just as she came out, a line of cuffed, naked girls passed by, moving from her right to her left. She saw that they were from the van next to them. There were white girls, black girls, Hispanic girls and one Asian girl. They were being marched quick step. One of the men who were with them had a leather whip with several thongs on it and he struck the girls a few times, shouting, "Come on, come on you fucking cunts! Faster! Faster! Let's step on it." The girls that were hit squealed.

Ruth was scared. Terrified actually. They were in a big garage. What she had heard rumbling was a long, tall metal garage door. There were intensely bright florescent lights above her. There were three vans, one to the right of them from where the other girls had come from, and another one on their left sitting ominously there with its doors closed. There was no writing on the sides of the vans, just the letters RRSSWCC in big block letters on the front doors.

Shelly was not next in front of her. The girl from the cage across from her was. Quatesia was four girls up. When the last girl had been hooked up behind her, the men who had brought them started yelling and screaming, "Move! Come on! Move! Hurry the fuck up! Move!" The girl at the front of the line started moving, giving out a great shriek, and the girls behind her followed suit. Ruth had to wait until the girl in front of her started moving. The man nearest them struck her with his whip, shouting, "Let's go, you stupid fuck! Move!" It stung like hell and made her cry out. She looked at the man for sympathy but only saw anger on his face. There was nothing she could do until the girl in front of her started. When she finally did, she took out after her right away.

All the yelling and shrieking echoed throughout the garage, making everything seem harsher and more strange, like they had, in fact, arrived in some other universe. They shuffled quickly past the van which was on their left. When they had crossed past its closed doors, they turned left. The wall on their right was painted bright yellow and went up maybe 25' or 30'. There were no windows. They marched along until they reached some steps. To the right of the steps, about

20' away, was a big steel door. It was open and the last of the girls who had been on the coffle preceding them was going through it. The lead girl in their coffle reached the door. A man in a green t-shirt stopped her and made her wait. Ruth was at the bottom of the short staircase waiting to go up.

After about a minute, the man at the door signaled their lead girl to move on. She passed through the doorway and the line of girls followed her. They entered a corridor about 50' long. It had a low ceiling. The corridor was narrow and the walls were made of concrete blocks the same color as the walls in the garage. There was another big steel door at the other end. It was closed. Once their whole coffle was in the corridor, the steel door behind them was closed with a loud, 'clang!'

They waited there for about ten minutes. Ruth's whole body turned cold. She was shaking. The girl behind her was whimpering. Somebody up front was sobbing. It was like they were about to enter a place of doom. One of the guys from their truck was looking through a small glass window in the door ahead of him. At the end of the ten minutes, he stepped away from the glass and the steel door clanged open. They were herded through.

On the other side of the door was a large room, maybe 50' by 100'. There were bars all along it in front of them. There was a gap in the bars. Two green shirted men were standing on either side of it. They were led up to it. One of the men did a retina scan of each of them as they were shuffled by. When the girl behind Ruth was led through, the men closed the barred door to the gap between the sets of bars. She heard the heavy lock 'clunk' closed.

She could see the coffle that went before them kneeling in a line. They all had black hoods over their head. One of the girls was standing in front of a desk. A man stood next to her. He took the paper out of the plastic card dangling from the girl's collar and handed it to a grey haired woman sitting there. She looked at the paper, looked up at the girl and then ran the DCR code under a reader. She entered some numbers into the computer pad on her desk in front of her and then gave the man a nod.

The girl was then pushed up against this three foot wide, shiny white metallic box. It was adjusted by the man to the right height. There was a sharp noise. The girl screamed. The man pulled her away. There was a DCR code printed on her chest over by her right shoulder. It had a white background with black lines. He then had the girl place her left foot in a device that looked like a shoe. That device made a loud noise and the girl shrieked again. The man restored the paper into the plastic card on her collar, restored her black hood and handed her off to a tall, broad shouldered woman dressed in a white t-shirt and white pants and shoes. She took hold of the girl's arm and walked her away to another steel door. It clanged open and she pulled her through.

Ruth's coffle was made to kneel next to the previous line, to its left. One of the men pulled a hood over her head. Everything went black. She waited a long time. She trembled and cried. They were being treated like the worst criminals. There was very little conversation between the people processing them. Every once in a while she heard the machines make those sharp noises again and another girl squeal. Shortly after that, the steel door on the other side of the desk opened and clanged shut.

Everyone in front of her had gone. She was trembling with fear. Someone lifted her up by her arms and she was escorted forward. She was stood in front of the desk and her hood whipped off. The man removed the paper from the plastic card on her chest. The woman looked at it, looked up at her and then scanned it. She entered some information into her computer pad and handed the paper back to the man.

Ruth started to cry and whine as she was led up to the first machine. When she was pressed against it, she prepared herself for the worst. She was pressed up hard. The man had one strong hand on the back of her neck and the other in the middle of her back. The machine made the noise and she felt a fire light up on her chest near her left shoulder. She screamed through her gag and then was pulled away. The man looked at her code to make sure that it had printed clearly. He brought her over to the shoe device. When she refused to put her foot in it, he gave her a fierce slap. She shrieked and then obeyed. There was burning pain all along the outside of her left foot. When her foot was brought out she saw that a line of 2" high black numbers had been imprinted there.

Then the man pulled the hood over her head again. She felt a strong hand on her arm, a man's hand she thought, and she was dragged away. She was shuffled quickly over to the steel door, it clanged open, she was pulled through, and it clanged shut.

They walked and walked and walked. The man was walking fast and she had to struggle to keep up. She almost fell twice, but the man held her up and hustled her along. The floor was cool, smooth, cement. There were no sounds except for her breathing. They made several turns. They went through a couple of doors. And then they stopped. He turned her to her right. A door clanged and rumbled open in front of her. He led her through it. Her hood came off.

It was a small room with faded yellow tile on the walls about five feet up and then cement blocks painted yellow. The ceiling was low, about 8'. There was a steel toilet right ahead of her. On her left was a steel bench that stuck out directly from the wall. It had a soft grey surface. The walls were only 8' or so apart. The cell was about 10' deep. The man released her arm. There was an electronic reader built into the wall. He stood her in front of it. There was a flash as it read the symbol on her chest. Next to the reader was a small display, about 10" by 12". Her

high school picture came up. He looked at it and then compared it to the picture on the paper in the plastic case on her collar. Satisfied, he put the paper back.

“Okay, dolly, take a piss. You’re going to be in here for a while,” the man said gruffly. Ruth whined. He grabbed a nipple and twisted it, making her squeal.” I said, ‘piss, you dumb cunt!’” he growled. Ruth went forward unhappily, turned and sat on the seat. She looked up at the man. He was wearing the same white t-shirt, pants and shoes as the woman she had seen. He was of medium build but looked strong. He was about 40, maybe 42, had receding brown hair that was curly and cut short. He was clean shaven and had a broad face with a pugnacious nose. He had thick eyebrows and eyes that were scowling at her.

She closed her eyes and did her best to pee. Finally it came out. When it had stopped trickling, the man motioned for her to get up. He leaned her over the bunk and told her to spread her legs. She obeyed him unhappily. She felt him wipe her and he threw the tissue into the toilet. He left her bent over there as he went to flush it. The toilet made an angry noise.

He came back. “Okay get up,” he told her curtly. The bunk was about 4’ off the floor. She had some difficulty climbing up on it with no hands. The man just stood there and let her struggle. She got up finally and lay down on her back, her head away from the door. He removed the chain between her ankles and hung it on a hook. “Put your legs together,” he told her. When she complied, he pressed a button on the side of the bench. It whirred briefly. 3” wide rubberized straps sprung up on either side of her. She tried to jump up off of the bench, but they moved too fast. They ran over her ankles, her upper thighs, around her waist and around her neck. Something pillow like arose behind her head. The sensors had computed her precise dimensions. The prongs drew tight, confining her. She struggled and squirmed but the straps held her relentlessly down. She strained and whined. She knew the man was going to leave her like this, but she looked at him and pleaded with her eyes for him not to. He ignored her.

When the machine was done he patted her on her belly a couple of times. “Snug as a bug in a rug,” he said merrily. Ruth began to sob and whine as she saw him step to the door. She had to strain to look as he opened the steel door and stepped through it. It rumbled closed with a final sounding ‘clang!’ She heard a lock grind closed. She was alone.

There was a yellowish, low level light in her little cell that made everything seem foggy. All she could really do was look straight up. The ceiling was of the same cement block as the upper walls, but was painted white, although the light made it look yellowish. There was absolutely no noise. She screamed and struggled and pulled at all her bonds, but she got nowhere. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. But nothing changed.

She eventually fell asleep. It was fitful sleep. Every once in a while she would

wake up, startled to be all confined and unable to move. She would start sobbing again and struggle to free herself. She always gave up on it quickly. It made sense that if they used these cells all the time that whatever confinements they used would be immutable. She lay there a long time decrying all the evil which had been done to her and all the evil to come. She cursed the world that had made her a prisoner and subject to all these callous people, pined and yearned to have it all be classified a mistake so that she would be released. She wondered in terror where she was and what was going to happen to her.

The light above her seemed evil and demonic, as if she was in some waiting room for hell. On the wall opposite her, down by her feet, about 3' up, there was a tiny camera which was focused on her. The steel door, in front of her and a little off to the left stood there so evilly and coldly that it made her belly sour. Her picture, all smiling and innocent, was still up on the display on the wall near the reader. That poor girl has no idea what's in store for her, she thought miserably. It was so incongruous to see it. It was almost like the girl in the picture was blaming her for the evil future which awaited her.

Somebody had to have made this place, she thought. Men somewhere made up the engineering and construction drawings for it. Men on excavating machines had scooped out its foundation. Block upon block had been assembled. The steel doors and bars had been made at some factory and brought here and mounted by people. The walls had been painted. Someone built and programmed the grey bunk she was lying on. Didn't all those people know what a horrible place they were creating? Didn't any one of them sit back and say, "This is wrong! There should never be a place like this!"

What did their mothers and wives and sisters and daughters think? She had seen that woman dressed all in white take that first girl away. What was a woman doing working in a place like this? Why didn't Officer Calley and Officer Lola let them go and help them escape? How could Rabbi Myerson stand there and bless them without screaming and yelling and insisting that they be freed?

She was going to be a whore. Hundreds of men, maybe thousands were going to fuck her, make her suck their dicks and do even worse. Before today, nobody but her girl classmates in gym class had seen her naked since she was a child, except her doctors. After her mandatory doctor's examination a few days after her eighteenth birthday, Dr. Jacobi had ashamedly told her about the mandatory orgasm he was supposed to give her. She had out and out refused to let him. He seemed relieved. "Let's pretend we did and not tell anyone," he said to her conspiratorially.

But now dozens of people had seen her naked. And if they wanted to administer a mandatory orgasm, there would be no way she would be able to refuse it. She would never be able to refuse to do anything they told her to do.

She tried to go back to sleep. Sleep would have been a blessing. But she knew that something terrible was going to happen to her soon and it made her tremble and her whole body sick. She would eventually drift off, only to spring to wakefulness a short time later and have to go through all that agonized thinking all over again.

It was hours and hours and hours later that all of a sudden there was a rumble in the bunk and the belts that had been holding her tight withdrew. A woman's voice came into the room. "Get up, go into the corridor and wait. Put your feet in the marks. Stare ahead and don't move."

She saw the steel door slide open, rumbling as it went. She got up from the bench and tentatively stepped outside. She looked up and down the hall. Girls were creeping out of their cells on either side of her, all bound and gagged like she was. Six or seven of the men and women dressed in white were standing around. She noticed that they all had batons on their belts. She looked down and saw the two feet painted onto the floor. She stepped up and put her feet on them. She looked straight ahead. There were a long line of cells with steel doors across from her going either way. The walls were of the same yellow painted blocks she had seen before. The door rumbled closed behind her.

One of the men came walking down the line of naked young women. He acted as if he were in charge. He was of medium build, with short black hair. His face was friendly, but efficient looking. His chest filled out his white t-shirt well.

She took a quick look at the other people dressed in white. Their ages seemed to range from maybe their mid-twenties to fortyish or so. There were four men and three women. They all looked fit and business-like. They were all examining them as if just waiting for someone to do something wrong.

"Get your feet in the marks!" the leader told one girl. "Stand up straight," he told another. "Look ahead!" he shouted angrily to a third. When he was satisfied, he told them, "Turn left!"

They all turned left. Ruth was staring at the back and the behind of the girl in front of her. She had thick, black hair that went down below her shoulders. She wore the same type leather belt around her waist with the handcuffs on it and the same harness around her head. The man went to the front of the line, turned to face the first girl in line and said, "Follow me."

He stepped off. The line started to move. "Look straight ahead!" she heard one woman shout. The girl in front of Ruth started walking. She followed her trepidatiously. The other white clad men and women were walking along beside them, eying them warily. There were maybe six or seven girls in front of her. She didn't know how many were behind. She tried to see if any of the girls ahead of her were Shelly or Quatesia, but she couldn't tell.

They marched down the corridor. Ruth was too scared to take her eyes off the

girl in front of her. They made a right at the end of the corridor. There was another long line of cells on either side. They came to door at the end of the corridor. They waited for a few seconds and the door rumbled open to the side. They were marched through it. It was another corridor. There were steel doors down its length on either side, but they were further apart than the others and intermittent, she assumed that they weren't cells.

A line of girls came down the corridor going the other way. Unlike the line of girls she was with, these girls were not wearing leather harnesses over their heads. They seemed to have something in their mouths. They looked very unhappy. Instead of the leather collars and bracelets she and the other girls in her line had, they were wearing something shiny. Their hands were confined to a shiny strap that came down between their bare breasts to their bellies, their right hands above their lefts. All of their sexes had been clean shaven.

She didn't get much chance to look at them as they passed by them fairly quickly. They came to a door and stopped. It rumbled open. The man at the front told them to wait. He went in. The door closed. He stepped out a few moments later and ushered them in.

The room was about 30' by 40'. There were three white clad people at the far end. Three were some bins next to them. A man stood next to a machine that stood a little more than 6' tall and about three feet wide. A chair like in a hair salon sat off to the right. A young woman stood next to it.

They were lined up against the wall. The three people, two men and a woman, went to work on the girl in the front of the line. They had her head harness off in a few seconds, removed her belt, her collar and her bracelets, tossing them into a bin. The first man took a silvery metal strip from a bin and wrapped it around the girl's neck. He applied something to it, there was a buzz and a little bit of metal fell away. A strip of metal with clips on it ran down her front. A silvery band went about her waist. She was handed off to the woman. She did the same with both of her wrists while the first guy worked on the next girl on line. When the second one had done the first girl's wrists she clipped them to the strip that came down between her breasts. The third person, the second man, did her ankles. The bracelets and collars had rings on them.

Ruth couldn't see what happened after that, but while she was looking straight ahead of her, as she had been ordered to do, she heard a rumble and a gasp off to her right. She was tempted to look, but one of the women who had been leading them along the corridor was just next to her.

It became her turn to get a collar. It was heavenly to have the gag out of her mouth. Except when she had been allowed to eat that sandwich, it had been in her mouth for maybe 20 hours, maybe more. It was hard to tell since she had no idea what time it was. When her collar came off, the man removed the plastic card that

had her paper in it and tossed it into another bin. Now that she had her DCR code on her chest, and it had been confirmed, it wasn't needed.

The collar went on really tight. Her head jerked when the man snapped off the unnecessary end. Somehow, one end had merged into the other. The girl did her ankle and wrist bracelets. She thought of resisting when she went to clip her wrists to the strap down her middle, but she didn't. Her hands were confined just above her waist and just under her breasts. Because of the band around her upper waist she couldn't pull her wrists more than an inch or so from her body.

The people who were accoutering them in their regalia did not say much other than, "Stand here." "Lift your leg." "Give me your arm." "Hold up your chin."

When her ankles were done she was led up to the ominous machine. The man there took a hold of the hair on the back of her head and brought her face towards it. There was a little hole. "Put your mouth on that," he told her gruffly. He pushed her head forward and she opened her mouth so that it surrounded the hole. He pressed a button. A prong came out of the machine and entered her mouth. She squealed and tried to struggle, but the man held her down. Then, faster than she could react to it, the prong emitted a rubbery substance that filled her whole mouth. She coughed and choked and struggled and whined. Almost as fast, the prong withdrew. The man pulled her off.

Her mouth was totally filled. It spread her lips widely. She groaned and tried to utter some words of protest, but virtually no sound came out. The man brought her around facing him. There was a tab on the end of the big bulb in her mouth. He pulled on it and everything in her mouth deflated. He pulled it out. Ruth was crying. What were they doing to her? Why were they doing this? The man looked at her. "Open your mouth," he ordered her sternly. She had closed her lips in protest to her treatment.

She shook her head. He took his baton off of his belt. "This has 1,000 volts of power in it. Do you want to try it?" he said impatiently.

She shook her head no again. She was trembling.

"Then open your mouth," he told her again.

She spread her lips.

"Wider!" the man boomed. She spread them wider and closed her eyes. The man put the deflated bulb back in her mouth. He pressed the tab on its end. Her mouth filled up again in a virtual instant. She whined and moaned unhappily. He patted her on the cheek. "Just needed to make sure that it worked," he told her merrily.

He passed her on.

The girl in front of her was just getting out of the beautician's chair. Her loins were devoid of hair. Ruth cringed again. She didn't want that to be done to her. The girl dressed in white smiled at her and took her by the elbow. "Have a seat,"

she told her in a friendly manner.

Ruth started to sob quietly, but she allowed herself to be placed in the chair. When she sat down the chair automatically took hold of the ring in the back of her collar. She felt some motion by her legs and her legs were fixed off too. The girl leaned the chair back. There was an empty space on the chair's seat between her now spread legs. The girl had a battery powered razor in her hand. It turned on, making a soft hum.

"Now sit still," the girl told her.

She closed her eyes as the razor moved all over her loins. She felt its buzz on her labia as the girl shaved there. It went all over her lower tummy. It was torture to have somebody handling her this way. She cringed and endured it sadly.

Suddenly there was a commotion around the machine where she had been gagged. "You fucking cunt!" the man who was operating it called out.

"Please don't! Please don't!" she heard the girl who was behind her scream.

There was a loud 'zap!' The girl screamed. She fell to the floor.

"That's for being disobedient!" the man shouted. "This is for being a stupid cunt!" He zapped her again and she screamed again.

"And this is for talking!" he roared. The zapper went off again and then again and then again. The girl was howling. Ruth's blood ran cold. The woman who had been shaving her had stopped and was watching. Everyone was watching. There was a moment of stillness as the girl moaned and sobbed.

"All right!" the man shouted. "Get the fuck up! Now!"

Sobbing, the girl scrambled to her feet.

"Come over here!" the man said. He took hold of her hair and pressed her face against the machine. "Open your fucking mouth!" the man yelled at her. There was silence, than a sound like a balloon filling up. The girl shrieked and started sobbing again. The man pulled her back. "Christ almighty!" he said, exasperated. "All that over nothing!"

And then to the girl. "I'm going to take this out. If you make a single sound I'm going to send you off to the punishment room. And you're not going to like that a bit! Understand?"

The girl nodded her head vociferously.

He deflated the gag and pulled it out. "Open your mouth," he ordered her a bit more calmly. There was a hissing as the ball expanded again and a squeal.

"Okay," the man said. He turned to a waiting girl. She was shaking and shivering. "Next!" he announced happily.

The girl finished shaving her loins. When done, she released her from the chair. She was shooed over to the waiting line of prisoners. They were all looking straight ahead, encouraged, no doubt, by the little incident that everybody had just witnessed. Ruth just stood there frightened and sad.

When the last girl was done, the leader marched them out of the room. There was a line of head harnessed girls waiting outside. The man led them to the left, in the opposite direction from which they had come. They went about 200' and stopped at another door. The leader went through it. He came out a bit later. "About 15 minutes," he told the other staff members. He turned to the line of girls. "Kneel!" he snapped out curtly.

All the girls went down to their knees.

"Kneel back," he told them, "on your haunches."

The girls all leaned back on the backs of their legs.

"When anyone tells you kneel, rest, this is what you do," he told them.

"Now kneel up!" he ordered. The girls all rose. "Spread your knees, arch your backs and stick out your tits!" he commanded. All the girls complied. He walked down the line. "Stick your tits out more," he told one girl. "Spread your knees wider," he told another.

He stopped at a girl about three back from Ruth. "What are you stupid or something?" he barked out. "Do you want a zap?" There was a plaintive murmur in response. "Stick out your tits! Spread your knees! Look straight ahead! Raise your chin!" The girl behind her was sobbing. Ruth made sure that her breasts were as far out as she could thrust them and spread her knees wider. She looked straight ahead like a pointer dog.

"That's better!" The man said. "And stop crying!" he snapped.

He went down the line of girls. "There are only two rules and you better get them through your fucking heads now!" he bellowed. "First, no talking! None! Never! If you're asked a question, that's different. But unless you're asked a question, you just keep your fucking mouths shut! The second rule is to do whatever you're told! Immediately! Exactly as you're told! Now if you obey these simple rules, no one is going to hurt you. You're here to be processed. You'll all probably be out of here in a few days. Just do what you're told and keep your motherfucking mouths shut!"

He walked up and down the line as if to make sure all the girls had understood him. They were all looking straight ahead, their heads up and their breasts out as if they were going to stick them in a polisher.

"Okay then," he said. "This is called attention position. When anyone says kneel, attention, you do this. Immediately. Right away. Now kneel, rest."

All the girls leaned back. He was walking up and down again. "Your back should be erect and your knees spread. Your head should be looking straight ahead and at attention," he announced. He stopped at Ruth and prodded her sharply in her side with his baton. It hurt, but she didn't break position. "Do I have to tell you to stick out your tits again!" he demanded of her. She shook her head frantically. "Then stick them out! Further! Further!" He stood over her for a moment. She was

shaking. Her back was arched. He reached down and took hold of a nipple. He didn't twist it as she feared, but just playfully tweaked it. "That's better," he said calmly.

They waited that way for about fifteen minutes. He stuck his head in the door again and then said, "Everybody up!"

They all rose to their feet. The door opened and a line of girls came out. Their leader made them turn to their left. Some of the girls were crying, but mostly they were just sad. Ruth noticed that their hair was wet, like they had just taken a shower.

After the line of girls had passed, their leader led the first girl in their group through the door and the rest of them followed. They were in another big room. It was steamy and hot. Four white appareled workers were at the front of the room to the right of the entrance. The leader led the lead girl across the back of the room to the other side. Once they reached the wall, they turned right and walked up to where all the steam was coming from.

Without any ceremony, two men near the front of the line took hold of the lead girl. They disconnected her wrists from the strip of steel coming down from her collar and connected them to a bar dangling from the ceiling about three feet over her head. She had long, chestnut colored hair that went down to just above her waist. One of the men took a device he had in his hand, ran it across her hair about 3" down from the base of her neck. The rest of the hair fell away. The girl whined loudly. The men ignored her. One of the men pasted black pads over her eyes, blinding her. A button was pushed and she was drawn along a track. The track led in between two long, 6' high panels. There was a grumbling and a shriek from the girl. The panels ran about 30'. She was dragged its whole length.

Ruth didn't see what happened after that because the girl in front of her suddenly screamed. She fell to the floor. "Keep your eyes straight ahead fuckbucket!" a woman screamed. "Now, get up! Get up!"

The girl scrambled to her feet sobbing and retook her position in line. Her head was looking straight ahead. Ruth snapped her attention forward. She looked at a spot in the back of the head of the girl in front of her and focused on it. "Don't look away! Don't look away! Don't look away!" she told herself fretfully.

The next girl went and then the next. Something was happening at the end of the panels up ahead, but she didn't dare look. As the girls ahead of her were set into the production line and took a step forward. Most girls had their hair at least trimmed. Hers was down to the middle of her back. She didn't want it cut. She didn't want anything about her changed. But she knew that she had absolutely no say in it.

It was her turn and her hands were disconnected from her waist and lifted aloft. She was just a little shorter than average height and so they lowered it a bit.

She felt the razor cut across the hair behind her head. One of the men brushed the separated hairs out of the way. The other man put the pads over her eyes. The bars started going forward. She made a turn to her right. She went about ten feet and she heard a sputtering sound. A second later, her whole body was sprayed with something foamy. It smelled like soap. It seemed to be coming from every direction. It covered her from the top of her head to her feet. It was just short of being too hot. She screamed at the sudden sensation. She pulled and tugged at her bound wrists above her, but they would not give. She was being inched forward. Suddenly she was out of the soap and warm water inundated her. She could feel it rinsing all the soap away. After she went another few feet she was in a heated area. There was a cracking sound and she felt heat all over her body. It only lasted an instant. A few feet after that she went into a pleasant smelling mist. It seemed to dry as soon as it hit her.

At the end of the panels she was brought to a stop. Someone ran a brush through her hair, straightening it out. The pads were removed from her eyes and her wrists released. They were reconnected to the metal strap running down from her collar. She was directed to join the line of girls standing along the wall to her left.

She shook and shook. It was impossible to believe what was actually happening to her. She was being driven along like cattle even down to the kind of sheep dip she had just been through. Didn't anybody here have an understanding that they were humans just like them? Or had they crossed over some line and become beast-like? She couldn't stop shivering. The girls in front of her were all mewling and whining. She felt like she was going to burst apart. She pulled and twisted at her bound hands. She pushed down on the ball-like thing in her mouth. It wasn't so much inflated as it had somehow absorbed the air that had been pumped into by the tiny valve. It was spongy, like an amoeba had grown in her mouth. It was evil and poisonous.

There were about five girls behind her and they waited for them to finish. They all issued muffled squeaks when they were first inundated with the soapy water, but then went silent. All of the girls ahead of her were standing at strict attention, looking straight ahead. She panicked at the fact that she had been slouching and followed their example. She had never been so conscious of her breasts. If she didn't have them, maybe they would think that she was a boy and let her go. And if not, maybe they would decide that she was of no use to them. Who wants a whore without tits?

The white appareled staff members kept walking up and down the line to make sure that everyone was being obedient. One of the men came up to her. He was 30ish. She didn't get a good look at him, but she sensed he was good looking and fit. He stood looking at her, no more than a foot away. Her whole body

vibrated with fear. He took her right breast in his hand and started massaging it. She stiffened and cast a fearful sideways glance at him. He pinched her nipple harshly. "Eyes straight ahead!" he snapped at her. She looked at that spot in the back of the head of the girl in front of her. The man squeezed her breast again, massaging it almost as if he were milking it. His hand was hot and strong. Her knees went weak and her stomach rolled over. She had stopped crying after her pussy had been shaved but she started now again. The man laughed. "Poor little girlie," he said snidely.

"John, cut that out!" the lead man snarled. John gave her breast one more squeeze and then released it.

The man stepped away. She was sobbing now. Sobbing for everything lost, everything that she was becoming. The leader came up to her. She felt like she was going to faint.

"Cut the shit!" he said to her sternly. She nodded and tried to hold herself back. There was a monstrous sorrow in her which wanted desperately to escape. "Later! Later! Later" she told it. "Later I'll let you out and we can cry and cry and cry."

This seemed to settle her. The last girl joined their line. She could hear her weeping behind her. "Shut the fuck up!" she heard the leader say to her gruffly.

The leader came to the front of the line. "Okay, let's go," he called out. He led the lead girl to the door. She followed him out and they followed her. They took another left. The group that had been behind them were kneeling on the right, all lined up. One of the staff in their group was yelling at one of the girls, calling her a fucking nincompoop. The more he yelled at her, the madder he got. Finally, he took his baton from his waist and gave her a jolt in her breast. The girl released a muffled scream and fell to the floor. "Get up! Get up you fucking cow!" he yelled. He zapped her again. She screamed again and scrambled to her knees.

"Now, tits out! Knees spread! I want you kneeling straight like you had a ramrod up your ass!" he yelled. Ruth could hear him as they walked down the hall away from them. The girl's screams had curdled her blood. "What kind of hell am I in?" she asked herself miserably.

The leader stopped them after they had gone about 200'. There were four doors, one right after the other, maybe 30' apart. They had stopped at the first one. There was a peep hole there and he looked in. He then moved to the second door. He didn't like what he saw there either. He went to the third door and brought his head back, pleased. He made a 'come hither' motion with his finger to the lead girl. She moved forward, bringing the line with her. He opened the door and led her in.

The room was narrow and long. It was painted a rust colored red. There was an opening on the left with a steel counter. There was a pile of bowls on it. Along

the length of the room were twelve rubber mats. He led the lead girl down the line of mats until he reached the last one. He made them stop.

“Turn left!” he yelled. All the girls turned to their left. They all had a mat in front of them. “Kneel, rest!” he ordered. The twelve naked young girls fell to their knees and leaned back, making sure to thrust their breasts out and keep their backs straight. The other staff had come in and they were standing at the front of the small room watching. The leader nodded to one of them. The man went to the steel counter, took hold of a bowl and pulled down a hose. The leader flipped a switch to the side and there was a rumbling.

Ruth watched as the hose filled up and expanded. The man with the hose pressed a lever on it and a thick, brown gunk came out. He filled up the bowl, released the switch and handed off the bowl to one of the women. She took it down to the first girl in the line and put it down on the mat in front of her. By this time a second bowl had been filled and another of the staff placed it in front of the girl behind her. They kept doing it until each girl had a bowl in front of her.

The leader went down the line of girls and deflated the gags in their mouths and put them down on the mats next to the bowls. A door opened and a man came out wearing a cook’s apron, a dirty white t-shirt and a net hat. He had a dishtowel in his hands and he was using it to dry them. He had a four or five day old beard and scraggly black hair. Ruth saw him out of the side of her eye. It was like he had come out to watch the fun. She snapped her attention back ahead of her.

She was kneeling there nervously. She could smell the food. It smelled smoky and grim. She was hoping what she thought was going to happen was not going to happen. She had just gotten over a crying fit and she felt another one coming on.

“Eat!” she heard the leader announce.

All the girls looked at him. “Did he really mean it? Why was he humiliating them? It can’t be!” they all thought.

He came up to a girl three girls up the line from Ruth.

“What did I just tell you?” he asked her roughly.

“Eat,” the girl whined.

“Eat what?” the man asked her.

“Eat, sir?” she asked tentatively.

The man smiled. “Good,” he commented. And then, “Are you eating?”

“N-no, sir,” the girl whined.

Ruth expected him to ask the girl why not. Instead he pulled out his baton and pressed it against her breast. He pressed the button and it went, ‘zap!’ The girl screamed and fell down. She started sobbing.

“Get up,” he told her calmly.

When she had arisen, crying and sobbing, he asked her almost kindly, “Would you like me to give you a second chance?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she whined. The man straightened up. “Eat!” he bellowed. A dozen heads dropped to their task.

Ruth’s sobs were interfering with her ability to get the food down. She was hungry and when she first saw the food was glad. Now all her hunger was gone and was replaced with shame and unhappiness. The mush was thick like it had shredded beef in it. The shreds were immersed in an almost brackish sauce. There were a few peas and carrots. She fought off her sobs and concentrated on eating. The white dressed staff members strolled up and down in front and in back of them. The only sound in the room was of masticating, whining and moaning girls.

“I’m eating like a dog,” Ruth kept saying to herself. “I’m eating like a dog.” Or like a pig at a feeding trough. In any case, just like an animal. An animal which has been trained to obey its master, no matter how shameful and humiliating the order. The bowl was wide enough so that she could get her face entirely inside it. The sauce was smearing all over it. It had a weird spiciness to it. It was like eating something at some ethnic restaurant that you had ordered by mistake and were stuck with. You would never order it again in a hundred years, and yet it wasn’t so awful that you were going to wretch. She looked up as she chewed the glop. Not that it needed much chewing. If it had been any more liquefied she might have been able to just drink it.

The man who had groped her was standing opposite her, leaning against the wall. He gave her a malicious sneer. It was bad enough to have come to the attention of someone as crude and evil as him, but to be the occasion of a reprimand to him from his boss, that just added to the malice she felt coming from the man. She bent back to her food with a dread running through her head.

“Okay,” the leader called out, “you’ve got thirty seconds to finish up. Anyone who doesn’t have a completely clean bowl will get a zap.”

Ruth looked down at her bowl. There was still two inches or so of food in it. She began licking it up frantically. She tried not to count to thirty in her head. “Please don’t zap me! Please don’t zap me! Please don’t zap me!” she called out in her mind. There were just a few smears left in her bowl when she heard the man call out, “All right, heads up!”

She pulled her head up and started to cry again. She looked down and saw the smears of brown sauce that would condemn her. The man started going down the line. “Good. Good. Good,” he said. And then he stopped two girls down from her. “Not so good,” he said flatly. A second later, there was a ‘zap!’ and a scream. The girl fell down. He waited a second. “Get up and finish,” he told her starkly. The girl, sobbing, bent her head to the bowl.

He came to the girl immediately to Ruth’s right. “Good,” he commented. Then he came to Ruth. “Not so good,” he said calmly. She was about to beg him not to zap her when his hand flew out. He jammed the baton into her breast. She

barely heard the sound, but she felt like someone had kicked her in the chest. Fire buzzed from her breast outwards. She screamed and fell.

The man waited a second and then told her to get up. She scrambled to her knees. "Okay," he said politely. "Finish up now."

She bent her head to the bowl, sobbing

He went down the line. Three more girls got zapped, three more girls screamed. When he was done, he went back to the front of the line again. He repeated his inspection. "Good. Good. Good. Good." When he got to Ruth her heart was in her throat. She was looking up at him piteously. "Good," he told her calmly. "But eyes straight, dearie. Don't look at me."

She snapped her eyes forward. They were just at the level of his crotch. There was a big bulge there. She shook, expecting another punishing bolt of electricity. He just moved on. "Good. Good. Good," he said until he reached the end.

"Okay, very good, my little whores," he said joyously. "Now kneel, attention."

All the girls immediately snapped up. One of the staff came down the line and picked up the bowls. He brought them over to the steel counter. The leader flicked another switch. The other man, once the hose had filled, poured something creamy into the bowls. It was white and fluid. It wasn't quite milk, but it wasn't ice cream either. The bowls were placed in front of them again. "Kneel, rest," the leader called out. The line of unhappy girls knelt back on their legs.

"Okay, eat," the man called out.

Ruth immediately placed her head in the bowl. She didn't even wait until the taste had registered with her to start swallowing. The liquid couldn't be munched, like the stew, but had to be sucked up. She drew it in as fast as she could. It was milky tasting, kind of sweet, but had a strange aftertaste. She didn't care what it tasted like, she was determined not to get zapped again. When the man announced that there were only 30 seconds left, she only had a few licks left. She finished them off and knelt back gratefully.

The man came down the line again. There were mostly goods, but there were two not so goods. "It's like you sluts can't ever learn," he said somewhat sadly. Then he zapped a girl. She screamed. Then a bit down the line, another zap and another scream.

"Okay, kneel, attention," the man called out. The girls knelt up. The other staff cleaned up their faces. Ruth was happy to be clean, but felt dismal about what she had just experienced. A woman came up to Ruth and proffered her her gag. She opened her mouth sadly. The deflated ball went in. She pressed the button on the little lip outside of her mouth and, with a hiss, it expanded violently.

When all the girls were gagged again and all the bowls collected and placed on the steel counter, the leader told them all to stand. Then he told them to turn left.

The cook, or dishwasher, or whatever he was, went back through the door he had come in. The leader went to the front of the room and led them out.

They turned to the left again. At the end of the corridor, there was a steel door to the right. The leader pressed the button with his thumb and the door rolled open. He marched them through it. They were back in a corridor with cells. As she walked along, watching the back of the head of the girl in front of her, a different girl this time because they had reversed the line, she miserated about what she had been through.

To say it was humiliating was insufficient to describe it. She felt like she was some degraded and dehumanized version of her prior self. She had been treated like cattle, had jumped up and down at the man's commands. She had followed along docilely wherever she was led. Had eaten like a dog. Not once, but twice. Now they were going back to the point of origin. Or someplace like it. She was too dismayed even to cry. "Is this what it is going to be like?" she asked herself. "How can I get them to kill me? Can I just say, no, I won't obey you, I won't become a whore? I don't care what you do to me! Kill me! Torture me! Starve me to death! Burn me on a fire! Drop me in a tub of acid! I don't care!"

But she remembered the zap. She remembered the pain and the terror that she was going to be zapped again. She realized that she didn't have the courage to resist. That she was going to have to obey no matter how scurrilous and demeaning the command. That had been the point of this whole exercise. "You're just an animal to be led around and used," they were saying. "You're just part of a herd, interchangeable with any other unit in it."

They walked about 200' feet and the corridor turned to the right. They went about halfway down and he stopped them.

"Turn left and put your feet on the marks," he ordered them.

They scrambled to do what they were told. The girls had to shift a bit down because they weren't perfectly aligned. When each girl was standing in front of a door, trembling and unhappy, there was a rumble and twelve steel doors lumbered open.

"Go into your cell. Present your label to the reader. When your picture comes on the display, lay down on your bunk and place your feet together. Now," he added.

Ruth turned and stepped into the cell. Her stomach turned at the idea of being so helplessly immobile again for hours and hours and hours. She was certain that this was not the cell she had been in before, even though it was exactly like it. She presented her right shoulder to the reader. It flashed but didn't beep or make a noise. The only thing that happened is that her high school picture came up. Tears came to her eyes. "I'm sorry!" she thought. "I'm so, so sorry!" she said to her picture.

She quickly turned and climbed up on the bunk. She lay down on her back. As soon as she did, the bed went into action. It encircled her ankles, thighs, waist and neck. The straps pulled just tight enough so there was virtually no movement. The door rolled closed. The bright light of the corridor was extinguished. All that was left was twilight.

About an hour later, she was surprised when her door rumbled open. A black woman came in. Her face was handsome. She was perhaps in her mid-thirties. She had a neutral expression. She was just a little taller than medium build.

She didn't say anything to her. She reached into a compartment under the bunk and pulled out a clear plastic facemask with a hose leading from it. The facemask had some elastic straps on it. The woman lifted Ruth's head with one hand and slipped the elastic behind her. The mask came down and went over her face. The long tube was connected to a plug in the wall.

Ruth was beside herself with fear. Was this some new form of torture? What was the lady going to do? She reached into the compartment again and she came up with a round pad. She pulled off the backer and placed it on her chest, over her heart, just below her DCR mark. She pulled out a panel from under the bunk. It was lit like it had some kind of display on it. The woman looked at it for a second or two. She pushed an icon on the panel and Ruth felt air coming into the mask. She breathed it in through her nose. It made her nervous, but she figured that they were not about to poison her.

The woman glanced at her and then glanced down at the pad. She waited for about ten seconds as if she were waiting for some readings to come up. Then, satisfied, she pressed another icon and made some entries. She looked up at Ruth as if she expected something to happen. Ruth looked back at her piteously. She noticed a momentary wooziness and that's the last thing she remembered.

The woman waited about a minute, checking the electronic pad from time to time, keeping one eye on Ruth. When she saw Ruth's breasts rising and falling rhythmically, her eyes closed but fluttering, she snapped the display back into its slot. She turned and she left. The door rolled closed.

CHAPTER THREE

She awoke just about as suddenly as she had fallen asleep. She was groggy at first and couldn't tell where she was. She struggled to move her hands and her body, but everything was firmly held. She felt panicked and started to groan and whine. Then it all came back to her. She ceased struggling and a wave of unhappiness passed through her.

She remembered looking at the black lady. And then there had been nothing. She had no idea how long she had been out. It must have been hours and hours, or why go to all the trouble to make her unconscious? She wondered again how a woman could lend herself to what was happening all around her. She had looked as normal as could be, like somebody you might see in the drug store or in the supermarket. Maybe a mother of some small children in the neighborhood, like Mrs. Jansen, for instance. She thought of Quatesia. She could have been her mother or her aunt, or a family friend. And yet she could participate in all this barbarism. She could look at her coldly as if she was just another unit to be processed. It was all just so horrible.

There was still air coming in through her facemask, but it was neutral. She took several deep breaths of it through her nose. Her head had started clearing. "So, okay," she said to herself, "so I'm not woozy anymore, I'm not asleep anymore, so what's going to happen? Why did they wake me up? Why did they put me to sleep? When is this terrible nightmare going to end?"

But nothing happened. She just lay there. Her wrists were resting on her belly. She felt like one of those tombs of old time knights and dukes and earls and stuff. They would be buried in a tomb and they would put a sculpture of them atop it, lying there as if they were asleep, their hands joined in prayer. Except they would not be naked. They would be bedecked in all their regalia, maybe even a sword coming down from their hands and between their legs. Well she was just about as immobile as they were. All she could do was lie there.

All kinds of things kept going through her head. She couldn't stop them. She tried to just lay there and think of nothing, like they had taught her in the meditation class she took. But stuff kept inserting itself into her head. Fear, sorrow, loneliness, despair. And sometimes all of them together.

About 40 minutes after she awoke the door rolled open. It was a man. He was young, perhaps in his middle twenties, and dressed in white. Like the black lady,

he didn't say anything to her. He took off her mask and put it away. He checked her vital signs on the little pad under the bunk. He took off the round monitor that was on her chest. He leaned forward and raised her eyelids and looked into her eyes. He seemed satisfied at what he saw. He made some entries and slid the pad back into place. Then he just turned and left.

Something was going to happen, she just knew it. But what? About twenty minutes later the female voice came out of the speaker somewhere in the room. She hadn't been able to spot it.

"Get up off the bunk and use the toilet. Then stand at the end of the bunk and face the door." The voice said coldly.

The straps around her released. It took her a moment or two to get her body moving. She slid off the bunk and put her feet on the floor. She went over to the toilet and peed. When she was done, she stood up. There was a little pedal next to the toilet. She stepped on it and it flushed. The voice hadn't told her to do that, but old habits die hard. She came up to the door and stood at attention in front of it, her arms bound to her waist.

After about ten minutes of just standing here, the door rumbled open. Bright light came into her cell. "Go outside your cell and stand on the marks on the floor. Stand at attention," the voice commanded. She stepped out of her cell cautiously. She looked up and down the hall. There was no one there. No other girls had come out of their cells. It was just her and a long yellow corridor in each direction with big steel doors every fifteen feet or so. She put her feet on the outlines outside her cell, straightened her back and looked straight ahead. The door to her cell rumbled closed behind her.

She panicked for a second. She had the urge to run back in. It just seemed safer than being out here all alone. But she stood there obediently instead.

And then nothing happened. No one came. In the corridor there was absolute silence, like she was the only person in the universe.

She waited and waited and waited. She glanced down the long line of steel doors from time to time in each direction. Still nobody. She tried to count the number of cells doors. There were about 20 going off to her right and about ten or twelve, let's say ten, off to her left. Double that for both sides and you got 60 cells. And this was just one corridor! Was a young, frightened woman behind each one? Were some of them lying comatose like she had been? Or were they awake and experiencing the same terror and sadness and loneliness that she had felt?

What had happened to Shelly and Quatesia? They weren't in her group and she hadn't seen them in any of the other groups. She realized that they were in their own cells somewhere. Of course they would separate them to increase their sense of isolation. She hadn't known Quatesia that well, but she had known Shelly. Everybody knew about her grandfather and what a terrible time her mother was

having. Once, when her mother had been arrested by the DCR Police, Shelly had come to stay with them a few days. Her father had insisted that they help even though her mother was nervous that they would be put on some kind of watch list too.

It would be so wonderful to see a friendly face. It would be so good to see a smile that was genuine and authentic, not some face put on to make it easier to process her, or a sneer like that man had given her, the one who had abused her breast. She wondered unhappily when she would ever see a friendly smile again.

She stared and stared and stared at the wall in front of her. It was about 15' away from her. The cells were not exactly across the hall from each other, but were more staggered. There were ten cement blocks going up to the ceiling and ten cement blocks going from cell door to cell door. One of the blocks to her right had a little chunk out of it, like something had bumped into it or something. There were no light fixtures on the ceiling. It was all aglow, casting an even, bright light on everything.

She stared getting nervous like here had been some kind of mistake or that she was supposed to be doing something other than what she was doing. She yearned to go back into her cell. Then she heard the clang of a door down to her left. It was a long way off. The corridor to her left came to a 'T'. There was a steel door just at the end of the corridor, on the other side. She couldn't help but wonder who was in it.

You couldn't hear anybody walking in the corridors because the girls were all barefoot and the staff all wore soft soled white shoes. The silence added to the spookiness of the place. She kept staring straight ahead, but she kept glancing off to her left so that she could see when someone was coming. After a short while, she caught a glimpse of something white coming around the corner. She snapped back to attention before, she hoped, whoever it was had seen her break the rules.

She sensed the person coming closer and closer. Then they were right on top of her. The person came in front of her and stood there. It was the one who had molested her. He looked at her wryly. "So we meet again," he said to her.

He stepped forward and took both of her breasts in his hands. He squeezed them and squeezed them. Ruth felt like running away, but where would she go? The man would corner her and zap her and zap her and zap her.

His hands were hot and strong. Ruth just stood at attention and waited for him to stop. Despite her revulsion at the man's touch, it was kind of exciting to have somebody massaging her breasts. Not let's go celebrate exciting, but more like being on the threshold of danger exciting. And she could feel a little tingling down below. She had only touched herself down there a few times. Not touch, touch. She had put her hand on it every time she took a pee, or cleaned it in the shower. But touched it in that way that made her all excited and made her blood hot. She had

only brought the touch to conclusion once. It had felt so good, but it had scared her so much that she never did it again.

Everybody said it was wrong. She wasn't supposed to do it without the permission of her responsible male, but there was no way in hell she was ever going to ask her father for permission to masturbate. She didn't think she could ever ask any man that, even a husband or a lover. So she had left it alone even though she had experienced yearnings that were so intense her body would get hot and she would start to sweat. Sometimes, when she saw a really good looking boy she would get an urge down there. She would look away and try not to think about it.

But now, there was something happening down there that she didn't want. She didn't want to feel any of those things for this brutish man. It wasn't fair that she should.

His right hand left her breast and he slid it down her arm to her hip. He then slipped it across her lower belly. She flinched when she felt it. He was standing right in front of her, but she was trying to stare right past him as if he wasn't there and he wasn't doing these things to her. His right hand found her now naked mons. She cringed when she felt the heat of it, the touch of it, the maleness of it. His fingers slipped along the inside of her outer lips. Her mouth downturned into a frown. "Please leave me alone! Please! Please!" she thought desperately.

The fingers kept sliding up and down, up and down. A tingling arose down there, stronger than what she felt just from her breasts. His left hand had ceased its ministrations, but it was holding onto her breast as if it were a convenient handle. She felt his fingers slide easily along her crease and knew that she was wet. Her knees felt weak and her heart was pumping wildly. The leader yesterday, or whenever it was, had yelled at him for touching her breast. What would he say to him now? But the leader wasn't around. There were cameras, but would anyone watching care? This kind of thing probably happened all the time. There were dozens and dozens of good looking, young, naked girls here. What man wouldn't want to sample one from time to time?

He began spreading her moisture over her little button. He seemed to know just how to handle a cunt. He made little mesmerizing circles on it. Her breathing was getting shallow. She closed her eyes. It made it worse. All she could experience was the little circling touch on her nubbin and the trills that it was sending all over her body. But it was too shameful to have them open and see that man grinning and staring back at her.

When he began flicking her bud, she gasped. Her knees bent. She wanted to grab his hand and stop it, but with her hands bound she had no way to do it. Finally, she moaned.

He pulled his hand away and laughed. "You're going to make a really good

whore,” he told her. The words cut her like a knife.

Then, “Okay, come with me,” he told her matter-of-factly.

He walked off quickly. It took her a second to come out of her daze, but then she took off in pursuit. She scrambled to keep up with him. He walked confidently. There didn’t seem to be any doubt in his mind that she would dutifully follow him. She followed him as close as she could, desperate not to be found at fault in any way. He didn’t look back until they reached the ‘T’ at the end of the corridor. “This way,” he said to her gleefully as he made a left turn.

They went past steel door after steel door after steel door. At one point a woman dressed in white came by. She was being followed closely by a sad, petit, brown haired girl. “Hey, Elaine,” her mentor greeted the woman happily.

“Hello, John,” the woman replied to him more glumly.

They made a right at another intersection. This one was four way. About 200’ down was a steel door at the end of the corridor. John brought her up to it, pressed his thumb in the reader and it clanged open. He took hold of her elbow and pulled her through it. It rolled and rumbled shut behind them.

It was like the corridor that had been in when they had been bathed and fed. There were doors maybe every 50’ or so on each side. He brought her down to the fourth door on the left. He put his thumb on the reader again and the door clanged open.

Ruth couldn’t help thinking that if she ever tried to escape she would have to cut off his thumb in order to get by the doors.

They walked into a big room. There were several rooms off of it. White clad women were strolling back and forth. To her left was a bench. Three gagged and bound young women were sitting on it. The backs of their collars were connected to the wall behind them with a chain. John pulled Ruth to the side and placed her DCR mark in front of a reader. It flashed and her picture came up on a display next to it. He pulled her away gruffly and deposited her on the bench next to the other girls. He connected the back of her collar to the wall.

There were two unhappy girls sitting on a bench on the other side of the room. The man went over to one, released her collar and dragged her over to the reader. It flashed. She was a tall, thin blond girl. Ruth thought that she was a little boney, but then caught herself. The girl was a prisoner here just like she was. It was unfair to be critical of how she looked. She wouldn’t want the other girls judging her like that.

After the flash, John read something off of the display, punched something in and then pulled the girl toward the door. He pressed his thumb on the reader, it clanged open and he hauled her through. It closed and clanged again.

Ruth sat there wondering what was going to happen to her. The girls next to her seemed as nervous as she was. The one next to her had dark brown, chocolate

skin. Her thighs were a little thick, but she had nice, heavy breasts topped with wide, slick areolas and thick nipples. Her face seemed pretty.

The girl on the other side Ruth couldn't see as well. She was a little heavy and had pasty white skin. Whoever drafted her didn't do much advance scouting, she thought. A woman came up dressed in white with a computer pad in her hand. She was youngish as all the workers here seemed to be. She was pretty, and as all the other girls were. Her dark brown hair curled up at her shoulders. Her breasts were very nice sized. Unlike the women who had escorted her yesterday and the ones she had seen today, she wore a short white skirt and a pair of off white high heels. She had nice golden earrings. She went up to the pasty fat girl. "Nancy?" she asked pleasantly. Nancy nodded her head.

"Ok, come with me," the young woman said. She reached behind Nancy's neck and released her chain. She took hold of the ring in her collar and helped her to get up. Then, still holding onto her collar, she led her into the next room.

Ruth looked at the girl across the way. She had reddish hair, auburn, you might say. She had modest, round breasts. She was holding very nice legs together. Her braceleted wrists covered her belly. Ruth noticed that her hair looked like it had been recently done and that she was wearing makeup. It made her wonder what was going on here. Another good looking young girl came out and took the brown skinned girl away with her. A man came in and placed a thin Asian girl down next to her and took away the girl with auburn hair. A little while later, two other girls were sitting in her place.

A girl with long blond hair came out and called her name. Her belly kind of turned over as she made her stand. She pulled her by her collar into the next room. There were four beautician's chairs with three naked young girls sitting in them in front of mirrors. The good looking ones were cutting their hair. The blond haired girl escorted Ruth to the empty chair on the far right and sat her down in it. Something grabbed the back of her collar, locking her head in place. A belt went automatically around her waist. A pink cape was draped over her and fastened at the neck.

The blond haired girl came around in front of her. "What are we going to do with this mess, Ruth?" she asked her. "You look like you got your hair cut at a butcher's shop. I really wish they wouldn't do that."

What the girl said saddened her. But it was good to know that she still had the same name. They hadn't taken that away from her.

"Okay, a number four," the girl finally said.

She stepped up to the counter under the mirror and picked up a squeegee bottle filled with water. She sprayed it all around her hair and then combed it out. She picked up a pair of scissors and a white comb and went to work.

Ruth watched while she clipped her. She couldn't tell exactly what the girl

was doing, except that she really knew her work. Her scissors were as fast as lightning. After about ten minutes, she was done. She stepped back and let Ruth see. It was a cute, short cut. There was a little flip at the ends. She had always thought about getting her hair cut short, but had never done it. Now she could see what it would have looked like. Unfortunately, her view of herself was marred by the reddish bulb projecting from her mouth.

The blond girl did a little snipping on her eyebrows. Then she whisked away all the loose hairs that had fallen on her and removed the cape, shaking it out. "Oakey dokey," she said. "Next!" She laughed and gave Ruth's hair a little tousle.

She pressed a button on the floor and the chair released her. She took hold of the ring in her collar and assisted her to her feet. She brought her out of the room and down to another door. There were five makeup tables with well-appointed young women at them doing the makeup for five forlorn looking girls. There was a bench to the left side of the room. The heavysset girl and the black girl were sitting on it, their collars chained to the wall along with a very pretty black haired girl with deep olive skin. Her breasts were thick and heavy, but firm, unlike the fat girl's. Her areolas were dark reddish.

The blond girl sat Ruth down on the booth and locked her to the wall. She left the room and she heard her say, "Martha?"

The girl with the Mediterranean skin was taken next by a pretty brown haired girl. The hairdressers had great hair. Well, the makeup girls had perfect makeup. She had escorted a black haired Hispanic girl from the room. When she came back she looked down on the olive skinned girl and asked, "Carmella?" Carmella nodded sadly. She escorted her to a makeup table. Two other girls had joined them on the bench before Ruth was called up. The one who took hold of her collar ring was a thin black haired girl with little bumps for tits. She was wearing a white cotton jacket over her skirt and t-shirt. She pulled Ruth over to her chair and sat her down. She deflated her gag and put it down. There was a little camera off to the side.

"Okay, Ruthie," she told her, "look in the camera. Smile."

Ruth looked at the camera. She couldn't bring herself to smile. The girl was looking at a monitor on her desk. She clicked a button and Ruth's sad face came up on the screen. The girl took a deep breath as if she were exasperated.

She looked at Ruth. "For Christ's sake," she said. "Can't you cooperate just a little bit? Do you want me to call somebody over and give you a zap? Will you smile for me after that?"

Tears came to Ruth's eyes. No, she didn't want to get zapped. But could she manage a smile? She didn't know. She looked at the makeup girl. "Please don't hurt me," she whispered.

The expression on the makeup girl's face changed to concern. She saw the

tears falling down Ruth's face. "Oh, you poor thing," the girl said. She took a tissue from a box on her table and came over to her. She leaned over and wiped her eyes.

"Now Ruth," she said to her, "crying isn't going to change anything. We're trying to get you to look good so you'll go somewhere nice, not some rat hole. Try and give me a big smile. You only have to hold it for a second. I promise."

Ruth nodded her head. The girl went back to her chair. She looked at Ruth. "Now look into the camera and smile," she said merrily. She looked into it and gave it her best effort.

"That's perfect," the girl said. "Now let me do my magic."

She did some fiddling with her keyboard. "A little darker," she said to the computer. "Darker still," she said. "No, two points lighter." Then she smiled. "Let's look at plum," she said. "No, too purple. A little more red. A little more red. A little more red. Okay that's perfect. Now a nice maroon for the eyes. No," she said, "let's try a dark green." She looked at the monitor for a few moments. "Go back to the maroon. Go back to the green. Make the green a little more bluish. Great. That's it," she said. She pressed a button and about 30 seconds later three little jars of makeup rolled out.

First she wiped her face clean with a moisturizer. She applied the foundation. A couple of times she took out a tissue and rubbed a little off. She applied a very thin line of mascara under her eyes and applied it daintily to her eyelashes. She worked fast. Girls were getting up and others returning. She painted her lips very carefully and did her eyelids in blueish green. When she was done, she leaned back and inspected her. She looked her over carefully, thoughtfully. "Maybe just the slightest bit of rouge," she said to herself. She flicked some buttons on her computer. Then she clicked one a couple of times. She paused and clicked it again. And then again. "Oh, that looks perfect," she exclaimed, looking at the monitor. "I've got the right thing right here," she said.

She rummaged around in a case on her desk for a few moments, pulled out a little jar, looked at it, shook her head and put it back. She looked at two more, rejecting them. Finally she found the one she was looking for. She opened it up and brushed some of the powder very lightly on Ruth's cheeks. Ruth could barely feel it. The girl looked at her. "You're so pretty, I might want to fuck you myself," she said gaily.

"Look in the camera," she told her. And when she did, she said, "Smile!" Ruth did the best she could. "Beautiful!" the girl exclaimed, looking at the monitor. She turned the monitor towards Ruth. "How do you like it?" the girl asked her. Ruth hardly recognized herself. It was like a model's face. She couldn't help but smile. But then she remembered the girl's words about wanting to fuck her and she got sad again.

“Don’t cry or I’ll have to redo your mascara!” the girl said sharply.

Ruth looked at her and nodded.

“Okay, we’re almost done. Just lean back in your chair.”

Ruth leaned back. The girl picked up the lip gloss she had used along with the small brush. She came over to Ruth and squatted in front of her. “Okay, stick out your tits,” she told her.

Ruth looked at her alarmed.

“Come on, Ruthie,” the girl said sharply. “You’ve been a good girl up to now. Don’t fuck it up!”

Ruth remembered the girl’s dire warning from before. She arched her back and pressed out her breasts. The girl took hold of her right breast in her left hand and squeezed it so the nipple was prominent. She dipped the brush in the lip gloss and painted over her areola and nipple with her right. She repeated the procedure on her left. She released her left breast, drew her head back and looked at them. “Perfect,” she said to herself. She looked up at Ruth. “You’ve got great tits, honey. You’re going to do fine. Now pull up your legs and spread ‘em.”

Ruth suppressed a sob. There was no doubt about what the girl was going to do. But what was the alternative? And maybe what she said about looking pretty was right. Maybe she would end up at someplace nicer. She lifted her legs up and spread them and pulled her knees up high. Her hairless pussy was, of course, exposed. She gritted her teeth, ashamed that the girl should see it. She had the lip gloss in her left hand and had just dipped the brush in when a young woman’s voice called out, “Ruth?”

“Over here.” the makeup girl answered. A very pretty, curvaceous girl with long, brown chestnut hair came over. She looked down at Ruth’s conch as if she were inspecting it. Ruth whined.

“Shut the fuck up!” the good looking girl snapped.

Ruth looked up at her unhappily.

“Almost done,” the makeup girl said.

“Okay, hurry up, we’re waiting for her.”

“Okay, okay,” the blond girl said. She leaned over. Ruth felt the brush drift along her outer labia. After the girl had done both sides, she said, “Now isn’t that a beautiful cunt?”

“A cunt’s a cunt,” the other girl riposted. “You done?”

Ruth was still holding her knees up. “A cunt’s a cunt,” she repeated in her mind mournfully. “And a whore’s a whore.”

The blond girl got to her feet. “Okay, Ruthie, you can put them down now,” she said. Ruth happily lowered them.

“Don’t forget her gag,” the brown haired girl said.

The blond girl picked it up from the table. “Open up, Ruthie,” she said. Ruth

thought she detected a bit of sadness in her voice. She spread her lips. The deflated gag went in. Then it expanded in an instant. She couldn't help but squeal.

"I thought I told you to shut the fuck up!" the brunette snapped. "Another peep out of you and I'll program a punishment for you! Got that?" Ruth nodded soulfully.

The brunette reached down and took hold of the ring in her collar. She practically yanked her out of the chair. She pulled her down the hall. Ruth stumbled after her. She pulled her into a room. Two women were sitting in chairs and drinking coffee at a long commercial style table. The table was covered by small white boxes, some photography equipment, a whole bunch of papers and a computer monitor. One of the women was older, maybe 50 or 55. The other was younger, maybe 20 or 21.

"Here she is," the brunette exclaimed.

"Okay," the older woman looked up lazily and said. "You can leave her here."

The brunette released Ruth's collar and stomped away. The older woman looked at Ruth. "Kneel, rest," she told her.

Ruth dropped to her knees, leaned back, spread her knees and thrust out her breasts. The woman watched her disinterestedly. Then she turned her attention to the young girl again.

The two just kept drinking their coffee as she knelt there. The ceramic mugs had RRSSWCC printed on them in black. The older woman had brown hair that went to her shoulders. She was wearing a long, white coat, kind of like a doctor. The young girl had a long, blond ponytail. Her white skirt was very short. Her white t-shirt was pushed out by very fine breasts. She had very nice legs and a happy, friendly face. She was talking to the older woman excitedly.

It seemed she was getting married in three weeks. She was talking about all the arrangements that were being made. The older woman kept nodding, asking an occasional question and drinking her coffee. The brunette had seemed to be in a hurry, but these two women weren't. Ruth looked around the room. There was a blue screen at one end with lights mounted around it. A camera was mounted on a stand. There was a pedestal maybe three feet across with three panels around it. A large monitor sat on a table. Papers were spread all over it haphazardly.

It seemed that the girl was worried that her fiancé would be spending more time at whorehouses than fucking her.

"Have you taken any sexual technique courses?" the older woman asked.

The girl shook her head.

"Why not?"

"It's, it's too embarrassing," the girl replied.

"Are you a virgin?"

The girl blushed. "No," she answered quietly. "My dad let my fiancé fuck me,

so he could see what he was getting.”

“Nothing wrong with that,” the older woman commented.

“How did you do?”

“Okay, I guess,” the girl replied a little uncertainly.

“No complaints?”

“No, but....”

“But what?”

“When he fucked my behind I became so nauseous I threw up.”

“And he still wants to marry you? Well, it must be love,” the older woman replied. “I’ve got a friend who runs a sexual technique clinic over in Haddonfield. He’s pretty good. Ask your RM if you can spend the weekend there. They’ll have you ass fucking like a pro before you’re finished.”

The girl smiled. “You think I should do that?”

“Definitely,” the older woman confirmed. She leaned back and drained her coffee. “Okay, let’s get started,” she added.

The young girl finished off her coffee as well. Both of them got up and looked at Ruth as if for the first time.

“What’s this one’s name?” the older woman asked.

The young girl looked at a computer pad. “Ruth,” she said.

“Okay, Ruth, get on your feet,” the woman ordered.

Ruth struggled to rise. She almost burst into tears when she heard the two women talk about their normal lives. The young girl was going to married, something she probably would never be able to do. Who would want to marry an ex-whore? The girl was worried about her fiancé going to whorehouses. What about a world in which there were no whorehouses? Where women didn’t have to worry about competing in ass fucking with some whore? Where women weren’t forced to be whores? Didn’t any of these women care? Didn’t any of them have any sympathy for her? Didn’t they know what she was going through?

The older women came up to her. She lifted both of her breasts with her right hand one at a time, giving them little bounces. “Not bad,” she commented. She pulled and tweaked her nipples. “Stand up nice,” she said. “We’ll have to get a nice shot of that. Turn around,” she told Ruth. Ruth slowly turned. The woman ran her hand down her naked back and down over her rear. “Good. Good,” she said off handedly. And then, “Bend over and spread your legs.”

Ruth suppressed a sob. She bent at the waist, as far over as she could go without falling. She spread her legs. She knew what the women were seeing. The woman’s hand went between her legs. She squeezed her pussy lips together. “Nice and plump,” she remarked. She spread her rear cheeks with her two hands. “Nice little star,” she said. I think it could use a little tan, even a light brown. It’s kind of pale. Maybe a reddish brown.”

“You want me to do it now?” the girl asked.

“Yeah. Let’s let the color settle in before we take our shots. Don’t use the glossy, use the matte.”

Ruth heard the girl step away and go to a cabinet. She rustled around for a moment and came back. She came over to Ruth. “Can you spread them for me?” she asked the woman.

“Sure,” she answered. Ruth, to her great mortification, felt her rear cheeks spread again. She felt the girl’s petit finger apply something delicately to her rear aperture.

“Here, you hold it while I look at it,” the woman said. They exchanged places. Ruth felt the young girl’s hands on her rear cheeks. She was fighting back tears.

“Maybe a little too dark,” the woman said. “Let’s try something a little lighter.”

The girl released her cheeks and then came back. The older woman spread her cheeks again. Something slimy went over her anus and then the girl started wiping it off. She went away again and came back. The older woman was still holding her rear cheeks open. The girl applied the new coloring. They changed position again. “Very nice, very nice,” the older woman said. “Don’t you wish your asshole looked like that?”

“I-I guess so,” she replied.

“My friend can color it permanently for you if you’d like. Give some color to your nipples and your pussy like his girl’s got. Only it will be permanent. You won’t have to bother with cleaning it or putting it back on again, or smearing when you boyfriend licks you.”

The girl laughed nervously.

“He has licked you, hasn’t he?” she asked.

“N-not yet,” the girl replied.

“Well I’d get him to do it before you tie the knot. You want to make sure you’re satisfied too. After all, you blow him, don’t you? ”

“A-a couple of times.”

“A couple of times? Jeez! You’re not ready to get married. You want to keep him out of whorehouses and you don’t even know how to suck a cock. You better call my friend. This is an emergency!”

“O-okay,” the girl answered.

“Or I could teach you. I’m sure my husband would like to have a face as pretty as yours on his prick.”

“Would you do that?”

“Sure,” the woman answered.

“I’d be grateful. I wouldn’t want to have to do that in front of a total stranger.”

“I’ll talk to him about it tonight. I’ll have him call your old man. Okay?”

“Thank you, Mrs. Williams,” the girl said.

“Don’t mention it, Penny,” the woman replied.

She looked at Ruth. “I’m guessing you’ll be getting some blowjob lessons very soon,” she said chuckling, slapping her on the ass.

Ruth frowned, as much as she could frown with her lips spread wide apart.

“Let’s get some shots of her just as she is,” she told the girl. “Get her over to the blue screen.”

The girl took hold of Ruth’s arm and pulled her up. She led her over to where the blue screen was. She settled her in the middle of it.

The woman came over and looked through the camera. “Turn her slightly to my right,” she told the girl.

Ruth felt the girl adjust her. “That’s good,” the woman said. She rose from the camera. “Listen honey,” she said to Ruth. “I expect full and complete cooperation. I’ve got my own zapper so I won’t have to call anybody over. And if you piss me off, well, there’s worse things that can be done to you. Understand?”

Ruth’s stomach went queasy. She nodded.

The woman looked into the camera. Most cameras focused automatically. But professionals like Mrs. Williams liked to manage the focus and other elements herself. She adjusted the lens just a mite. The girl had stepped away.

“Okay, don’t move,” the woman told Ruth. She snapped several shots. “Lift her chin a little bit,” she told the girl. She went over, placed her hand under Ruth’s chin and lifted it. “Okay, good,” the woman said. She took a few more shots. Ruth’s dismay of having her current state recorded for posterity had no bounds.

“All right, turn around and kneel down. Put your forehead on the floor and spread your legs.”

Ruth sadly turned her back to the woman. She knelt and lowered her head. She spread her knees as wide as she could.

“Excellent! Excellent!” the woman said. She took her camera off of the stand and crept over. She got down to the floor level and took a shot of her pussy straight on. She knelt up.

“Let’s get it all nice and juicy,” she told the girl. Ruth suppressed a moan. The next thing she knew, the young girl was right next to her. Her light hand slipped below her torso and between her spread legs from the front. She put her hand over her mons and started a wonderful caress. She kept rubbing and rubbing and rubbing. “Relax, Ruth,” she told her in her sweet voice. “Just relax and let the feelings flow. Doesn’t it feel good? Doesn’t it feel nice?” she asked. She started running her fingers up and down her divide. This was the second time in less than an hour that a strange person had touched her there. She wanted to squirm and rotate her hips to try and get the hand off her crux, but she was wary of the older woman.

“I’d bet you’ve handled more pussies than any whore,” the older woman

laughed.

"You're probably right," the girl replied. "And if you teach me how to suck a cock I'll give you a hand job you won't forget."

The woman laughed again. "You're on."

Ruth was feeling the emanations from her puss reverberating all through her. The girl had her fingers on her little button. It felt like they were being brushed by a butterfly's wings. She tried to hold back her groan, but it escaped.

"That's the good girl, Ruth," the girl said. "Just a little more." And to the woman she said, "You want me to make her come? Then it'll be all juicy."

"Yes. And let me get some shots of your hand on it. I'll roll the video."

The girl's other hand was running up and down her buttocks. Ruth groaned again. She started rotating her hips.

"Keep still," she heard the woman say. "Keep still. Nice and easy."

She stopped her motion. She pressed her head against the floor. It was worse not being able to move. She couldn't believe that she was being treated this way. A need was building inside her that she had never felt before. Touching herself had never felt like this. And when she was touching herself, she had control of the hand. It was her hand and she could stop and give herself rest. Or she could stop completely. But this hand just kept going on and on, and no power on earth was going to stop it.

The need was getting stronger and stronger. She started moaning in spite of herself. Her body started to shudder.

"That's the good girl, Ruth," Penny told her. "Let it go, let it flow. It's going to feel so good. You're going to want someone to do this to you all the time. Every day. Every hour. You're going to become a regular fuck bunny. You're going to want someone to jam their prick in there all the time. You're going to love being a whore. It's all you've ever wanted but you didn't know it. You didn't know it until you felt my hand on your cunt and learned what pleasure you could have there. Get ready! Get ready! Here it comes! Here it comes!"

She started flicking her fingers at Ruth's love bud. The girl was right about not knowing what pleasure was. She didn't believe the other stuff, but just the suggestion of being a sex crazed whore sent her libido off the scale. She felt the strongest, most intolerable immediacy she ever felt and then her pussy started to convulse. She groaned loudly. Her body shook. She wanted to get up and run. To get away from that demonic hand. "Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!" she exclaimed. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

Her pussy's convulsions slowed. Her heart was racing. She was snorting through her nose. Penny's hand had gone back to stroking her mons and she felt several powerful aftershocks.

"That was great, Penny," the woman said. "Now smear her juices all over it."

Ruth felt her slickness spread all over her labia. It was still purring. "That's it! That's it. Now use your fingers to spread her lips a little bit so it opens up."

She put her fingers just inside her outer labia and spread them, exposing the inner tissues and her little, so far virginal hole. "Good! Good! I got it! It's a sloppy mess!"

She got up from her knees. Ruth felt like breaking out bawling. No more than forty eight hours ago she was a complete human being. Someone had written her name on a piece of paper and here she was exhibiting her sloppy mess of a cunt to the world.

"Okay, let her up," Mrs. Williams said. "I need to get some good shots of her tits."

Penny helped her to her feet and turned her around. Ruth felt dizzy. What was happening to her?

"Get her nipples nice and stiff. Give them a little suckle and leave them all wet."

Penny didn't respond verbally. She just leaned over, with one hand on Ruth's back and took her teats in her mouth. She gave them long, hard suckles that made her pussy twinge. She lathered them with her saliva and pulled back.

"Perfect," Mrs. Williams said. She ran off a few shots.

"Okay, let's do the face. Get the gag out."

Penny reached for her mouth and deflated the gag. She pulled it from her mouth. She surprised her by planting a kiss on her lips. She slipped her tongue in and lathered it around. She pulled away and tapped her on the face. "You're going to make a great whore, Ruth, I can just tell," she said sweetly, as if it was Ruth's dearest ambition.

She stepped away. Mrs. Williams came forward with the camera. She pointed it at her face. "Very, very pretty face, Ruth, now let's see a nice smile on it. Like it's your birthday or something."

Ruth did her best. Mrs. Williams raised her head. "Let me tell you this, cunt," she raged. "When I tell you to smile, you smile! Or I'll get the zapper out and teach you how to smile. Now what'll it be?"

Ruth began to shake. Mrs. Williams exclaimed, "Jesus Christ!"

"Let me see what I can do," Penny intervened. She came up to Ruth and stood between her and Mrs. Williams.

"Poor little girlie," she told her as she caressed her face. She had her body pressed up against her. Their breasts mashed. She took hold of her left breast and massaged it gently. She bent her head down by her ear. "Oh, what a pretty little girl you are Ruth," she said softly. "We want everybody to see your pretty face. Just relax. Think of something nice. A beautiful stream. A wonderful sunset. A heavenly mountain lake surrounded by snowcapped mountains. Think of laying in

the grass, a nice warm breeze blowing over you. The sun is strong and beaming down on you.”

Ruth didn't want it to, but Penny's sweet voice was calming her. She felt her fear slide away. Her eyes were closed and she was kind of drifting. Penny raised her head and started kissing her face. Soft, little pleasant kisses. She had one hand on her breast, massaging it delicately and the other stroking her head. She married their lips again. This time she gave a long, deep, prolonged kiss. Ruth sighed. It felt so wonderful. The whole world went away. She could feel her loins stirring again. Penny smelt like golden flowers. Her body was soft yet insistent against hers. The feeling of her breasts pressed up against hers was luxurious.

She broke their kiss. “Did that feel good, Ruth? She asked her softly. “Did you like that?” Ruth's eyes glistened. She nodded.

“That's the good girl,” Penny said. “Now, can you give me a little smile? A teensy weensy one? Just a little one?”

Ruth wanted to please the girl so badly. Her mouth creased upwards just a little bit. Penny laughed. “That's the good girl,” she said. “Now bigger. Make it bigger. Give me a nice big smile and I'll give you another kiss.”

Ruth felt her face alight. She smiled in spite of herself. In spite of everything that had happened. She had wondered if anyone would ever smile at her again. There was Penny's smiling face right in front of her. She beamed.

“That's the good girl, Ruth. That's the good girl. Now keep smiling. Look at me. Don't look anywhere else.” Penny started to back away. She maneuvered herself just behind Mrs. Williams. “Look at me! Look at me! Keep smiling! Keep smiling!”

Ruth heard the motor of the camera click a dozen times. Mrs. Williams raised her head. “Excellent! Superb! That was outstanding!” she exclaimed. She looked in the viewfinder. “Oh, that's excellent! Excellent! Here let me show you.” She beamed the camera at the monitor. It lit up. Ruth's face popped up on it. Penny and Mrs. Williams crowded around it. They admired shot after shot. “Oh, that's the best one!” Penny exclaimed. “See the little tears in her eyes! Oh it's so gorgeous!”

“That's the lead!” Mrs. Williams said excitedly. “That'll bring them in by the dozens!”

Ruth was still standing there. She didn't feel like smiling anymore. Penny had tricked her. She had deceived her. She didn't care for her. She didn't even like her. She was just the fluffer girl to get the whores looking pretty and smiling.

Penny turned to her. “Come here, Ruth! Come and see the picture!” She scooted over to her and took her by the arm. She guided her over to the monitor. Mrs. Williams stepped out of the way. She couldn't believe what she saw. Her face looked like it was entirely at peace. Her smile was warm and inviting. The makeup perfectly complimented her expression as if the makeup girl had anticipated just

this picture. And the eyes. They were soft and glimmering. There was a delicate sadness there, a soulful one. You got the impression that the wearer of that face possessed deep, complex emotions. It made you want to unlock them.

She burst into tears. She started to sob and sob. Penny stepped up to her and encircled her with her arms. “Oh, Ruth! Ruth! Ruth! Poor little Ruthie. Go ahead and cry. Cry all you want.”

She waited for her sobs to subside. Then she brought her head back and lifted Ruth’s chin. “I promised you a kiss if you smiled. Let me give it to you now.” She pressed her lips down and her tongue entered Ruth’s mouth. Ruth swooned and would have fallen if Penny hadn’t held her up. Her loins started to burn. A wondrous thrill filled her. If only it could go on and on and on. But it couldn’t. Penny broke the kiss. She kissed her on the forehead. “Before you go, I’m going to try and get them to bring you back up here and I’ll make you come again,” she whispered in her ear.

A thrill went through her. It sounded like the most wonderful thing in the world.

“Okay, okay, enough with the love fest. We’ve got to do her hologram and finish up.”

As if on cue, the brunette stuck her head in again. “Are you almost finished? I’m all backed up here!”

“In a minute,” Mrs. Williams replied. “You can’t rush genius.”

“There’s nothing genius about taking pictures of pussies,” the brunette replied snottily.

“That’s what you think,” Mrs. Williams replied.⁷

Ruth wondered what would have happened if she had discovered them kissing.

The brunette pulled her head out again and closed the door.

“Okay let’s get this done. Release her hands and take off the strip that goes down her chest,” Mrs. Williams instructed Penny.

⁷ Mrs. Williams submitted the picture to DCR for the annual Burton Prize Contest for excellence in photography in support of DCR’s mission and the New Society Program. It won first place. Mrs. Williams franchised the photo and it became very popular with SSF owners to hang in their guest lounges. At the 2038 annual convention of independently owned SSF’s, (IOSSF’s), the photograph was the cover of the convention program and a huge 40’ by 70’ copy of it was hung in the convention hall. Her display hologram was the centerpiece of the convention floor. You could have your picture taken with it for \$25.00. The picture was printed on coffee mugs, t-shirts and other chatchkas. In 2042, Ruth’s mother was in a local drug store when she saw a youth pass by her wearing one of the t-shirts. She fainted dead away and had to be hospitalized. Penny Rodriguez, her married name, was permitted to share in the profits from the picture although the full story behind it was never revealed. In 2043, Penny was arrested on charges of unauthorized sexual activity and lesbianism in a complaint filed by her husband, Fernando Rodriguez. She was declared GU and sentenced to mandatory recruitment. Mr. Rodriguez still receives Penny’s portion of the picture’s royalties. Ironically, Penny and Ruth spent seven months serving in the same SSF outside of Los Angeles in 2046.

Penny gently released Ruth's wrists from the metal band descending from her collar. Using a coded, magnetic key, she was able to break the bond between the band and her collar. The band around her waist was also removed. Penny brought her over to the stand with the panels around it and helped her to mount it.

"Stand up straight, put your hands behind your head and stick out your breasts," Mrs. Williams told her. "And remember, smile!"

Ruth took the posture mandated. Mrs. Williams went to a control panel, flicked it on and the lights on the inside portion of the panels began to blink. Mrs. Williams waited for them to stop blinking, which would signal when the machine was ready. When they went on steadily, she turned on the panels and they began a slow rotation around Ruth. She was a little terrified about what was happening. Mrs. Williams noticed it on the monitor. "Come on, Ruth, give me a big smile. Straighten your back and thrust your chest out. Keep your legs a good 3' apart so we get a good shot of your pussy."

Penny saw Ruth's disturbed face. "Don't worry, Ruth, it's not going to hurt you," she called out. At this Ruth relaxed.

"Okay, that's it, that's it! Push your tits out a little further and spread your legs a little bit more. Thrust your hips up some so we can see your pussy better."

Ruth did her best to comply.

"Good! Good!" Mrs. Williams exclaimed. "Hold that pose! Don't move!" she pressed record and the device started to hum. She could watch the hologram being built on her monitor. It took about five minutes.

"You're doing good, Ruth. Keep holding it, a couple minutes more," Mrs. Williams called out.

When the hologram was finished, Mrs. Williams turned off the machine. It slowly whirled to a halt. Penny took Ruth by the elbow and escorted her off the platform. She used the coded magnet to restore the metal band to Ruth's collar and reinstalled her wrists to it. She took her gag, told Ruth to open her mouth. When it opened inside her, it zoomed into full size, making Ruth yelp. Penny tousled her hair. "Good girl, Ruth," she told her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Wanna see it?" Mrs. Williams asked.

"Yeah, let's see it," Penny said excitedly.

There was a generator on the ceiling above a small round platform which contained the receptors. Mrs. Williams turned it on. It took a second, but Ruth's living breathing body was reproduced exactly. It spun around slowly so that you could see every part of her. It was virtually identical to the real thing. It had proper flesh tones, hair, color, proportions. It was so good that it almost had corporal embodiment. Her pussy seemed real enough to touch. If Ruth stood next to it, you would almost be unable to tell which was the real one. Even the movement of her chest as she breathed, the slight changes in facial expression or balance as the

panels whirled around her were reproduced. It kind of shifted from foot to foot as if she were really standing there. If you couldn't own a Ruth, this was the next best thing.

"Beautiful!" Penny exclaimed.

"You have to adjust the colors and tones just right. I think I got them," Mrs. Williams said.

"Exactly right," Penny responded.

Ruth was not quite so exhilarated at it. It showed everything on her. Her breasts were uplifted by her hands behind her head. Her pussy was almost unnaturally prominent. Her face did look pretty, but what would that get her? Just some more men wanting to fuck her.

The brunette stuck her head in again. "Well? Finished?" she asked impatiently.

"Just finished," Mrs. Williams replied.

"Okay, I'll tell Lois to bring in the next one. And I'll have this one taken down to physical processing," the brunette announced. She didn't wait for Mrs. Williams or Penny to respond. She just yanked on the ring in Ruth's collar and pulled her out. Ruth released a little sob and stumbled after her. Penny and Mrs. Williams both poured themselves another cup of coffee.

CHAPTER FOUR

She was plopped down on the bench opposite where she had come in. There were three other girls sitting there now. She saw the brunette punch something into her computer pad.

One of the white clad staff came in with a rather plain girl. She had smallish, almost imperceptible breasts and no hips. Her hair was fiery red and her skin was as white as cream. You might wonder what SSF would invest in her. Some might augment her breasts, but you could not do anything about her hips absent major reconstructive surgery. Technically homosexuality was illegal, although tolerated on the male side. You couldn't go to a brothel and ask for a boy. But you could ask for a girl who looks like a boy, who might even be wearing a prosthetic penis that actually worked. Whose tits had gone away due to testosterone shots, and whose voice had gotten deeper. If the inspectors showed up, all you had to do was show them that she had a cunt and they would be satisfied.

The staff guy deposited the boyish girl on the incoming bench. He was about 5'8", with a slim build. His face was friendly. He smiled at her. "Uppy, up!" he told her. She rose and he took her arm. He led her over to the reader. It flashed and her file came up. He read it and made an entry. He turned to her. "Okay. Off to physical processing Ruth," he said friendlily. "Just follow me close."

He went to the steel door, put his thumb on the reader. It clanged and rolled open. He took her by the arm and led her through. The door rumbled closed behind him.

"Physical processing is on the other side," he told her. "It's a long walk."

He took off down the hall. He came to the steel door Ruth had come in by, opened it and led her through. They were back in the cell area. He took off at a quick pace. Ruth started right after him. She tried not to let him get more than a few steps ahead.

They made several turns. Ruth had started off counting the number of cells they passed, but she gave up at a hundred and forty. They made several turns. Some were at 4 way intersections, some were at 'T's. After they had made several turns, a line of girls came by being led by the guy who had been the leader of Ruth's group yesterday. There were six other staff members. The mean guy was with them.

The girls were all sniffing and sobbing. They still wore the leather head

harnesses and collar and bracelets Ruth had worn on her first day. The guy who was leading her stopped to let the girls and their minders pass. All the girls looked at her with great interest, their eyes agog. Ruth felt like she wanted to disappear. There was no such luck. If she had the power to disappear, she would have done it already.

The girls finally passed and they were on their way again. She kept wondering why a nice guy like the guy who was leading her would take a job like this. Did they get the fuck the girls before they left? Was there a private whorehouse here that they got special use of? It had to be something like that. You couldn't expect all those young, virile guys to go home and jack off. Did the girls get a chance to get off too?

That made her think of Penny and Mrs. Williams. The idea of all those obscene pictures of her out there was depressing. How many people were going to enjoy seeing her messy cunt. The pictures of her wet and glistening nipples. In how many living rooms would her hologram appear, a conversation piece for the next party. It was just so awful for somebody who had been so private.

And then Penny? What was her story? You couldn't fool her. Penny liked girls. She probably got to handle twenty or thirty different pussies a day. Mrs. Williams had practically said so. More pussies than a whore. It was probably why she was so worried about getting married and hadn't learned how to give a proper blowjob yet. Ruth was waiting until after the selection and then she planned to get hot and heavy with Anthony. She had gotten some fellatio vids and watched them in her room. The guys seemed to really like it. Even the girls looked like they were having fun.

She was ashamed at herself for falling into Penny's spell. The result had been that picture that she couldn't get out of her mind. It was starkly beautiful. It was her, but it wasn't her. It showed someone complicated and mysterious. She didn't feel complicated and mysterious. She was simple and clear. She wanted to go home! That was what she wanted!

And now they were taking her down to physical processing. What did that mean? What would happen to her there?

They walked and walked. Finally they came to a steel door that led to a corridor without cells. It was yellow concrete blocks like all the others. The guy took her down to the third door on the left. He opened it and led her through. He beeped her in and sat her down on a waiting bench next to two other girls. She believed she had seen one of them getting a haircut.

Unlike the other place, there were no streams of white skirted girls walking about. There was just the bench and a long hallway with doors on either side. There were three girls on the bench opposite her. The guy took the one on the far left and brought her over to the reader. "Okay, Brenda," he told her, "Cell 265. We

should be there in a jiffy.”

The girl whined and her knees bent. He dragged her to the door, opened it and dragged her out. She heard him saying something nasty to her outside as the door rumbled closed.

She sat there for a while. A girl came out of one of the rooms escorted by a young girl in a white t-shirt and white slacks. She dropped the girl off at the opposite bench and then took one from her bench. They went into the same room. When she opened the door, Ruth thought she heard the sound of some young women crying. The sound went away as soon as the door closed.

A tall black haired lady came out of one of the rooms wearing a white lab coat. There was the sound of crying girls again. She was holding a computer pad. She came up to Ruth. “You’re Ruth?” she asked accusingly. Ruth sadly nodded her head. The woman released her collar from the wall. “Come with me,” she said curtly. She took long, determined steps. Ruth hustled behind her. The rooms to either side had glass doors, but they were all frosted over so you couldn’t see in. They went to a door at the end of the hall on the right. The woman pushed the door open and invited Ruth in with a nod of her head.

There was an examining table there. There were stirrups on the end.

“Get up on the table,” the woman ordered her brusquely. She had a firm, purposeful face. Her hair was short, curling up just past her ears. Her lips were thin. Her eyes were steely grey. She had a little makeup on, but not much. She didn’t look like someone you should fuck with. She had a zapper on her belt under her coat. She was wearing a red and white print dress that came down just below her knees underneath the coat as well. She had on black high heels.

There was a step and Ruth used it to climb up on the table. She looked at the stirrups unhappily.

“Come on! Come on! Put your feet up in them!” the woman ordered her sternly. She did what she was told. Her feet were up and out. Her pussy was available for depredations. She wondered fearfully what the woman was going to do to her.

“You were just up with Mrs. Williams,” she stated more than asked. She made a disgusted sound. “Well let’s see,” she said. She put the computer pad down on a counter. She opened a door and snapped on rubber surgical gloves. She came over and got between Ruth’s legs. She pulled up a chair and sat down. Ruth closed her eyes as she felt the woman spread her outer labia with her thumbs.

“Ha!” she called out as if she had made a major discovery. “Your pussy is all filled with mucus. Mrs. Williams had Penny get you off, didn’t she?” she asked accusingly.

Ruth didn’t know if she should answer. She was gagged so anything she said would be muffled and garbled. The woman moved her head to the side and peered

at her. "Didn't she?" she demanded. Ruth sadly nodded her head.

"If I've told her once, I've told her a thousand times that getting a girl off just before her physical processing ruins the whole thing! You might as well not do it! Well, I'm going to get on her case. She should have told Bernadette and she would have sent you to a cell for six or seven hours. And now you're here instead!"

Her voice kept rising. She got up and tossed the gloves in the garbage. "And another thing," she said to Ruth accusingly. "I've looked at the records of your maturity exam. You went to see a Dr. Jacobi, didn't you?"

Ruth nodded again. She was utterly defenseless against this woman with her legs up and spread and her wrists confined. She frightened her immeasurably.

"And he didn't do your mandatory orgasm, didn't he?"

Now Ruth was really scared. Falsifying public records was a major sin. The results of a girl's mandatory maturity exam was always sent to DCR. That made it a public record. She nodded again and started crying.

"You know how I know?" the woman said, practically screaming. She pulled up her computer pad and made some swipes. She pointed the pad at Ruth as if she could discern it. "Because there's no peaks and valleys calculations! Nothing! He could have at least made the effort to fake it! But no, these old codgers think that they're too smart to get caught. I guess he didn't figure on you getting drafted!"

She hovered over Ruth for a moment. She tried to calm herself. She looked at Ruth. "You know that conspiracy to falsify government records is an MR offense, don't you?"

Ruth started sobbing. Things were going from bad to worse. This whole thing was a nightmare. The woman looked like she was going to explode again but thought better of it. "Well, if you didn't have such a clean record I might have done it, reported you that is. You seem like a nice girl and I wouldn't want to do that to you. If I report Dr. Jacobi I have to report you too. But don't think I won't have a word with him! He has no right to risk a nice young girl getting MR'd because he's too embarrassed to touch her pussy! If he feels that way he should get a nurse to do it. It would be okay as long as he's in the room."

She looked down at Ruth. She was sobbing non-stop. "Okay, okay, calm down, calm down," she said to her. "I'm not going to report you. But let it be a lesson to you. The rules are there for a reason. And it's not for you to decide which ones you'll obey and which ones you prefer not to. Because of Dr. Jacobi, I don't have a base line. I may have to do two tests. They have to be at least five days apart so that means that you'll have to stay here longer than usual. The sales office won't like it, but what can I do?"

Ruth had stopped sobbing but the news that's she might have to stay here an extra five days was not happy news. She thought of herself alone and bound in her cell for five days. It was about the worst thing she could think of other than being

MR'd.

"Well, first things first," the woman said. "I can't do your test this afternoon so you'll have to stay overnight. If I throw you back into general population, god knows when they would get you back here and that wouldn't be fair to you. So get up and come with me."

Ruth crawled off the table unhappily. She didn't know what staying overnight would involve. Could it be worse than being in a cell?

The woman swung the door open and invited Ruth to follow her. A door opened down the hall. A young girl dressed all in white was leading a heavy blond girl out of the room. The girl looked tired and confused. As soon as the door opened there was the sound of young girls crying again. It made her blood run cold. What were they doing to them? The door closed and the crying went away.

The woman stepped across the hall. She opened the door using her thumb print. The light flicked on. It was about 20' by 30'. The floor was blue tiles. There was a steel toilet in the middle of the far wall. On either side of the room, along the walls, were steel cages. They didn't look much bigger, if any, than the one she had been in in the truck that took her here. Her heart sunk. She didn't want to be in a cage.

"Go take a pee," the woman instructed her. "If you piss in my cage, you'll be sorry."

Ruth sadly trudged across the room. She turned and sat down on the pot. The woman stood there waiting, tapping the toe of her right high heeled shoe on the floor. When Ruth was done, the woman told her to wait there. She went to a cabinet and took out a large syringe, almost like a turkey baster. She went to the sink and filled it with warm water from a sink near the toilet. She took a small plastic bottle from the cabinet, removed the rubber end of the syringe and put a few drops of greenish liquid in. She replaced the rubber end and gave the syringe a great shake. She came over to Ruth. "Spread your legs wider," she told her. Ruth spread her legs as wide as she could. "Now angle your pussy up a little bit," she said.

Ruth complied. The woman took the baster and, spreading her outer lips with her left hand, stuck the end in her little hole as far as it would go. She squeezed the rubber end and her little barred entrance was inundated. She then squeezed more liquid all over the inner surface of her quim. It all ran down to the toilet.

Satisfied, the woman squeezed the remainder of the liquid into the sink. She separated the rubber end, rinsed everything out and left them to dry. She came back and wiped Ruth's pussy dry with a tissue.

"There," she said, self-satisfiedly, "all clean." She washed her hands in the sink. She turned to Ruth.

"Get up," she instructed her sharply. She opened a cage in the middle of the

row on the right side. Ruth sadly crawled in. She had to scrunch herself up. "Everything happens to me!" she thought miserably.

The woman closed the cage and locked it. "Someone will come by and feed you later and let you pee again. And move your bowels. I keep on telling them that a full bowel can skew the test, but they don't listen. Everyone of you should have an enema before you're brought over here. If you don't move your bowels tonight, you'll get one in the morning. I'm not going to all this trouble to get a bad test."

She looked at Ruth for her reaction. Ruth just looked up at her sadly. The woman crouched down at her cage. Her voice softened, became almost kind. "Don't worry, honey, things will get better. You'll see. Everybody has to go through the same things. I'll make sure we get you out of there first thing in the morning. You'll be in the first batch of tests. I promise."

She stood up. "You know, this whole compulsory sexual service thing, I'm really against it. It seems extraordinarily cruel. I mean, forcing young girls like you to be whores, slaves, really. It's really too much. But if they're going to do it, it needs to be done right. And that means keeping up standards. If we don't give good data on our girls it's bad for them, bad for the facility here, bad for the trainers and owners, even bad for the customers. It's bad! Bad! Bad! So as long as I'm here, I'm going to do things right! And don't think I won't call Dr. Jacobi first thing tomorrow."

She turned, thumbed the door open and left. The light went out.

Ruth decided that being in a cage was far worse than being bound to a bunk. There wasn't enough room for her to stretch her legs out. When she leaned against the steel bars it pinched into her skin. And the cage wasn't tall enough for her to kneel on her back legs and raise her head. And she was in complete darkness.

Did these people sit around thinking up ways to make life for miserable for the girls who had the misfortune to be sent here? Maybe they did. Why couldn't the lady just have left the light on? It probably used a miniscule amount of power, especially as compared to the huge complex they were in.

She didn't believe a word of what the lady said about being against the Sexual Service Corp. If she was working here, she was part of the whole system that supported it. That bullshit about standards was just that, bullshit. There had to be a part of her that enjoyed humiliating and dominating young girls. It was just her way to assuage any guilt she felt about it. How would she feel if her daughter was chosen? Would she insist on strict enforcements of 'standards' then?

She was sorry that she got Dr. Jacobi in trouble. "Maybe I should have lied," she thought. On the other hand, the punishment for lying was probably very severe. That guy had given that girl five jolts for being uncooperative at the gag machine. The brunette who had been so anxious to get her moving to her next step made a reference to a putting her down for a punishment. She quailed at the thought of

what that meant.

It was about three very unhappy hours later that the door opened and the light came on. One of the staff girls led four bound girls into the room. "We'll get to you tomorrow," she was telling them. She made each one piss in the pot and then she installed the girl in a cage. There was much whining and unhappiness. One of them was the brown skinned girl she had sat next to on the bench before she got her haircut. She just kept crying and crying.

When all the girls were scrunched up in the little cages, the girl left and the light went out. Ruth decided quickly that it had been better to be alone. There was always one or more of the girls sobbing or crying. She didn't cry or sob out loud, at least she didn't think so, but she did do a lot of crying. Hearing so much misery was contagious.

It was the first indication she had of the time of day it was since she had arrived. If they couldn't get to the girls until the morning, that meant that they were knocking off for the night. Of course what she didn't know was the time they knocked off. She doubted it was 5 o'clock because they had so many girls to process. So maybe six? Seven? Eight? But even just having an approximation of the time was something. Then again, was she in her second night here or her third? How long had she been out when they put her to sleep? How long had she laid here quiet and still, waiting for something to happen? She couldn't be sure. Had she been a whore for 1 solid day or 2?

Having her hands bound in front of her as if she were complaining of a bellyache was distressing. She could see her hands, wriggle them, but she couldn't use them. It was like some magic force was keeping them there. But then, what would she have done with them? She was locked in a cage for heaven's sake. There was nothing she could touch.

Except herself. It seemed that everybody could touch her but herself. That man had touched her breasts and her pussy. Penny had made her come. They had cut her hair without her permission. Made up her face to look like a model without her permission. They didn't need her permission to do anything to her. It was like they were sending her a message: you're body doesn't belong to you anymore. The sergeant who arrested her had said that she was property of the state. So, if she belonged to the state, she didn't belong to herself anymore and had no right to touch herself. The logic was ineluctable.

The door opened again about an hour and a half later. This time, two of the staff girls came in. They were young, like the others, and pretty. One was a blond with long hair in a ponytail and the other a brunette with hair down to her shoulders. They brought a cart with them. They had the electronic batons on their waists.

They opened all the cages. There were three girls on the other side of the room

from Ruth and one on her side. All the girls looked at the staff girls warily. None left the cages without permission. When all the cages were empty, the one with the blond ponytail told them all to get out and assume kneel, rest positions. Ruth was more than happy to get out of her cage. She came out and knelt properly, pointing her eyes and breasts at the other side of the room.

The cart contained five covered metal bowls. The staff girls put mats down in front of the prisoners and deflated their gags. Then they put a bowl in front of each girl, uncovering them. Ruth glanced down quickly and saw that it was the same glop she had eaten before. She grimaced, but her belly was anxious to get something in it. The brunette girl gave them the command to eat. Ruth bent over her bound wrists, spreading her knees for balance and dove in. She didn't think that she would ever eat slowly again.

All the other girls had the same idea. They were all munching and moaning. If you looked up, you would see maybe one or two popping their heads up while they chewed and then pop right back down.

The two staff girls had taken some folding chairs from a closet and opened them. They were sitting close together at the end of the room opposite the door chatting and laughing. It seemed that they were good friends. They discussed some of the other girls who worked there and what one said to another about some third girl. It seemed that the brunette girl had gotten fucked by one of the supervisors a few days ago up in his office. He had fucked her for an hour on his couch, coming twice. She had to blow him in between. The brunette was just grateful that he hadn't ass fucked her. And you should have heard his fat girl this afternoon going, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" at the top of her lungs. And more and more of the same.

Ruth wasn't the first one done, but she was not the last. All the girls knelt back in rest position when finished and assumed the eye forward pose. It took the chattering girls a minute or so to notice. They took out some quart bottles of the white liquid they had drunk before and filled all the bowls with it. There was another command to eat. When they were finished, they wiped their faces, restored their gags and gave their prisoners the chance to use the bathroom. Ruth took the opportunity to shit, since she didn't want the humiliation of an enema. When the brunette saw it, she said, "You filthy thing!" She was rough when she wiped her. Ruth took some satisfaction about discomfiting the girl.

They were all recaged and the mats and bowls put away, when the blond girl leaned into the brunette and whispered something in her ear. The brunette girl smiled conspiratorially. Her glance went up to the vid camera above the door. She looked back at the blond girl and nodded.

They went over to a closet and took out a long, wide mat. They set it down in the middle of the cages. The blond went over and turned out the light. Ruth couldn't see her, but she heard her come back. Both girls were sitting down on the

mat. There were some whispers, some giggling and then some light moans.

They made love for about 40 minutes. They were totally oblivious to what their prisoners saw or thought. They moaned and groaned and called out wildly when they came. There would be silence for a while except for some very low whispering and then they would start again.

Finally, their forces were exhausted. They lay there for a while whispering and kissing. Ruth heard them putting on their clothes. It was not easy in the dark and they had to feel around for them, something which occasioned more giggling. (Is this mine, or is it yours?) When they were dressed there was silence and they shared one last kiss. Then they got up. One of them, it turned out to be the blond girl, felt herself over to get the light. When it came on there were two disheveled girls. The brunette's hair was every which way. The blond had undone her hair and she put it back in a ponytail. They rolled up the mat and put it away. Then, holding hands, they left, turning out the light.⁸

Ruth spent the night, or those portions of it she was awake, ruminating about the evil ways of the world. These were two bright, young, pretty girls. And yet it didn't even break their stride to see five young women, like them in every way, except, perhaps, for their callousness, bound and gagged and stuffed into cages. And more, that they would be in those cages throughout the night. They didn't have a kind word for any of them. They weren't mean, just cold. "Come on, hurry up!" "Get in! Get in!" was just about all they said.

And the fact that they could commit a very serious sex crime right in front of them exhibited their total disdain for them as people. It didn't matter that their prisoners watched and heard what they did. They were no better than dogs or cats, and you didn't have to be careful about what you did in front of them. And it was the normality of the girls that was the most hurtful. Keeping other young women prisoner was just a job. They could as well have been working in a pet shop, where all the animals were prisoners and for sale. It didn't matter what happened to them after they left. That wasn't their problem. Their job was just to feed them and tend to them while in your charge.

Ruth slept fitfully. The worst part was waking up and not knowing how much

⁸ Bonnie and Janice's trysts in the overnight room were discovered by Dr. Carter one morning, sometime later than the events described herein, when they had forgotten to close the cabinet door where the mat was stored. Dr. Carter had a night vision camera installed. The vids of them fucking went around to all the supervisors. After about 2 weeks' worth of vids had been made, Marylyn Portelli, head of female personnel, put a stop to it. The girls were MR'd right away, but held onto so they could serve in the facility brothel for a month or so. Everybody wanted to fuck them. They were made to perform together for an hour on a mat in the center of the RRSSWCC holiday party as the evening's entertainment. After that they were sentenced to a year each at an IFC based on the breach of trust of their positions and as an example to the other girls. Bonnie, the blond, was sent to the Wrangell Island IFC in Alaska and Janice to the Montana IFC about 150 miles northeast of Whitewater. Janice was later sold to a Chinese Tong outside of Changsha in Hunan Province. Bonnie served in a variety of SSW's and is currently serving in a discount sexual service facility outside of Waco, Texas.

longer it would be that you had to stay in the dark. Finally, though, the door did open. The light did come on.

It was a heavysset young woman who came in by herself to feed them breakfast and let them pee. They were fed a kind of mush, which Ruth downed hungrily. The staff girl just nonchalantly watched them eat, sitting on one of the folding chairs until one of the girls, a slender girl with dirty blond hair, at one point had a coughing fit from eating too fast and regurgitated some food on the floor. The staff girl went wild. She jumped up angrily, yelling, "You filthy cunt!" She took out her baton and zapped her again and again. The girl tried to escape by writhing and crawling around the room, screaming and yelling and begging for mercy.

Finally, the staff girl relented. She dragged her by her collar back to the scene of the crime and made her lick everything up off the floor. When she was done, the staff girl jammed her gag back in her mouth and expanded it, ordering her back into her cage. She gave her several savage kicks for being too slow. The girl curled up in her cage and cried and cried and sobbed and sobbed while everybody else fearfully finished their breakfast.

There was darkness again for about an hour. The girl who had been assaulted did not stop sobbing and crying the entire time. She finally stopped when the blonde and brunette from the previous night came in and freed her and the three other girls who had been brought in. Ruth was heartbroken when they left and the light went off again. Before she left, the blond girl tapped on Ruth's cage and told her, "Dr. Carter will come in and deal with you later."

Sometime later, maybe an hour or an hour and a half later, Ruth's sense of time by now was significantly degraded, the door opened again. It was Dr. Carter. She came in and bent over to talk to Ruth. "I'm so sorry, Ruth," she said. "I was held up at a meeting. I wanted to conduct your test personally. I gave it a lot of thought last night and I think we can get around the problem of only one test by having your test go on a little longer. It'll be a little hard on you, but it's the best way to get you on your way."

She assisted Ruth out of the cage. She made sure she urinated, commenting on how happy she was that she moved her bowels. She wiped her pussy and then, taking her by her collar, led her from the room.

She took her down to the 1st door on the left. She pulled open the frosted glass door and led her into the room. Ruth was immediately confronted by the sounds of young women in passion. "Uhhhhh! Uhhhhhhh! Uhhhhhhhhh!" one girl was moaning. Another was going, "Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!" two others were just emitting low grade moans.

There were five booths up against the wall to her right. They were about 6' long. In four of the five booths, young women were crouched over frames, their

legs and arms bound down. Their legs were spread and Ruth could see a cream colored plastic cup over their sexes. The cups were oblong to encompass the entire mons and the clitoris. The girls' torsos were fastened down to frames, giving them little room to move. Nonetheless, the girls who were giving off the most noise were straining at their bonds mightily.

A wave of icy fear flowed through Ruth's veins. They were going to put her in the empty booth. They were going to install that plastic device on her. They were going to torture her.

She didn't have much opportunity to protest or rebel. Two of the white clothed young women took her by the arms and dragged her to a long, padded table. There were stirrups on it like in the room where Dr. Carter had examined her. With the help of two other girls, she was lifted up onto the table and placed on her back. Before she could struggle, her feet were lifted and captured in the stirrups. A strap went around her waist and neck, pinning her in place.

She whined and tried to struggle, but the women were too strong and too practiced at their task. Dr. Carter came between her thighs and gave her mons a couple of taps. "Don't worry, we're not going to hurt you. You're just going to go through some responsiveness testing. All the girls go through it. The test is usually an hour, but I've decided to expand yours to an hour and a half. I'll check the results afterwards and if I think that they are sufficient for our needs it will obviate the second test. How does that sound to you, Ruth?" she asked pleasantly. Ruth was too terrified to answer. And, of course, she was gagged as well.

One of the girls came between her legs. She gave her love lips a couple of squeezes and then measured the distance from just above her love button down to her perineum. She measured across from side to side. "A number three, Carly," she called out.

A few moments later, another girl, with short brown hair and a gay face, came over holding one of those devices. She placed it over Ruth's mons and snuggled it in. A small knob pressed in between her labia. A pad covered her little button.

Meanwhile, one of the girls' groans had subsided while the other's had grown more wild. One of the girls who had been moaning was now groaning and sobbing.

"This fits fine, Dr. Carter," Carly said, lifting it off Ruth's mons. "Do you want to check it out yourself?"

The tall, black haired woman came over. Carly made room for her between Ruth's distended thighs. Dr. Carter removed the device, looked at its bottom and then placed it down again. She nestled it into place. She pulled it off again and looked at the pad. "I wonder if we should give her something softer," she murmured as if to herself. She brought her hand down to Ruth's sex. Before Ruth could react, she flicked her love button hard three times with her forefinger. Ruth jumped and arched her back and moaned.

“Yes, a number two pad I think. She’s going to be on for a while and we don’t want to rub the damn thing off!”

She handed the device back to Carly. Carly disappeared and came back with the device in her hand. She gave it back to Dr. Carter. She rubbed her finger over the pad. “Yes, that’s much better.” She leaned over to Ruth, “Better for you my dear,” she said.

She handed the device back to Carly. Carly went away again and came back a few moments later. The edges of the device were covered with goop. She pushed it down over her mons again, careful to get the pad directly over her clitoris and then pressed it down. She nestled it in firmly and then released it.

“Give it ten minutes to set,” Dr. Carter instructed her. “The device will be programed to receive input from a number of sensors we will be placing on your body,” she explained to Ruth “It’s designed to raise and lower your sexual heat, as we call it, based on the responses from the rest of your body. I would expect that over the course of the test you may experience five or six orgasms, based on how you respond. But the device is really intended to keep you on edge as long as possible.”

Ruth struggled in her confinements. She wanted to thrust out her hips to get the thing off of her pussy. She didn’t have near enough leverage for that. They left her lying on the table for a while. The girl, Carly, came over with two small objects. They were ½” wide circles with holes in the middle. She placed one on the side and, taking hold of her right breast with one hand, squeezing it so that her nipple became prominent, she surrounded it with the device. It immediately closed around her nipple. Ruth released a little, “Yip!” It was just hard enough so that it wouldn’t come off, but was exerting a sufficient pressure that there was no mistaking that it was there. She put the other one on. Ruth ‘yipped’ again. Carly looked down at her and smiled.

She could hear one of the other girls being tested releasing groans of relief as the device brought her down. Another girl was practically yelping.

Dr. Carter came back after a while. She leaned over Ruth. “Ready?” she asked pleasantly.

Ruth whined. “...eeeeohhnooouuihouuu eeeeeee!” she tried to say, tears rolling down her face.

Dr. Carter merely patted her on her cheek and reminded her, “No talking, Ruth. No talking.” To the staff girls she said, “Ok, let’s get this show rolling.”

Four of the girls surrounded Ruth while Dr. Carter undid her straps. They picked her up and brought her to the empty booth. They held her still for a moment while one of the girls scanned her DCR code in. Then they pressed her belly down on the frame easily despite her twisting and writhing. Her knees went down and straps were pulled around her leg just below the knee joint and over her ankles.

Her elbows were forced down on the rubber mat beneath her. A strap went around her arms just past the elbows. Her wrists were attached to rings.

She was sobbing and struggling. A stanchion was under her head. Two of the girls lifted an extension from it. They brought the extension around Ruth's neck and captured her head. It tightened and her head was forced into an upward looking posture. Directly ahead of her was a vid camera.

Dr. Carter stood next to her. "Try and keep your eyes focused on the lens, Ruth, it's an important part of the test. We like to see what you look like when you come."

Ruth growled and made a titanic effort to free herself, which failed. The bench underneath her was adjusted and her breasts fell through. Her torso was strapped down. Wireless electrodes were placed on the insides of her wrists, over her heart, on her neck. A sensor was inserted into her rear aperture. It had a round plug on its end with a little ridge on it near the end so that she couldn't expel it. It popped open her ring to its limit and then the circle closed around it.

The girls stepped away. "All ready, Dr. Carter," the one called Carly said.

"Okay, set the timer for 90 minutes. I think we want the intensity a little higher than normal. Let's see what our little Ruthie can do. Maybe 7.5."

"Yes, Dr. Carter," Carly replied. She crouched down and made some entries on a display on the side of the bench. She looked up at Dr. Carter. "Ready," she said, "7.5".

"On my mark," Dr. Carter said looking at her watch. "Five, four, three, two, one, go!"

Ruth braced herself for an assault. But none came. She continued to struggle and whine. Dr. Carter gave her a little pat on the head and walked off. Girls were sighing and moaning all around her. After about 30 seconds, she started to notice a certain warmth around her sex. At the same time, she felt a little tingling as if an electrical charge was flowing through it. She shifted her hips as best she could. She could feel a faint resonance in her organ. It presaged something very terrible and she tried to suppress it.

Then the knob on the device descended. It slipped into her divide and started a gentle roll up and down. It sent a dull thrill through her. It did it again and again. She shifted her hips again to no avail. After about 30 seconds, it seemed like something surrounded her mons and gave it a gentle squeeze. She nearly jumped when she felt it. Whatever was squeezing her began to pulse. She whined as she felt something developing deep within her that she didn't want.

All of these stimulations continued. The knob seemed to be pressing harder and harder between her divide. It began a strong, steady vibration. A terrible imminence started to go through her. She tried to shake her hips again, but they were going nowhere. She felt something touch her little bud. It surrounded it and

commenced a very delicate friction. A jolt of sensation went through her. Her body started to shake. She looked ahead at the viddy recording her reactions. It was so horrible to think of someone watching her involuntary grimaces.

Everything in her pussy seemed to become more intense, as if the device had read her physical reactions and knew it was time to produce a result. The rings on her nipples started to vibrate. Her nipples tingled intensely as a thrilling current ran through them.

Her body started to shake. She fought at her bonds with new intensity, new desperation. It felt like a big bubble was forming in her puss and was growing, growing, growing and would soon burst. She issued a moan half of protest, half of passion. She started going, “Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!” as she tried to fight off the inevitable. The feeling in her loins grew to an intolerable intensity. She tried to hold back, hold back, hold back, to deny them what they wanted. “I’m not a whore! I’m not a whore! I’m not a whore!” she kept repeating in her head. And then something monstrously wonderful pushed those thoughts from her head. She gasped. She tottered on the edge of oblivion for what seemed the longest time. She shrieked.

Her pussy began a body wrenching series of contractions. She groaned like she had heard the other ones do, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” Part of her brain recalled the girls last night and the humor they had found in a girl’s grunts and groans the day before. A wave of shame went through her even as the sensations from her quim passed all through her body like electricity.

The pulses wound down. The knob pressing on her insides slowed and the pressure seemed to reduce. The electrical pulses through her pussy and her nipples ebbed. Her body shuddered with several aftershocks as the caress of her nubbin continued, albeit with less intensity. She released an anguished sigh. She noticed Dr. Carter standing next to her out of the corner of her eye. She was reading the machine’s display. She looked down at Ruth. “Very good, Ruth. Keep up the good work,” she said. She smiled and walked away.

All the assailing functions of the device seemed to come to rest. She tried to regain her breath. She looked at the vid camera and wondered what horrible expressions it had recorded when she was in the throes of her orgasm. It seemed intense. It was certainly more than she had ever experienced, but then, except in her dreams, she had only come twice in her life before this.

She was grateful for the pause. Perhaps she had endured the worst of the test, she hoped. It had been terrible, but she had survived it. She felt like she could survive anything the machine could do to her now.

That was when the electric-like tingling started again. Instinctively, she shook her hips in an attempt to throw it off. The massaging sensation began again. Her nipples began to tingle, although with much less intensity than before. The knob

stayed still, although she realized that it was paused in place, ready to strike like a viper.

It took about a minute, but the sensations the device were sending her soon had her whining and moaning. It was like something tantalizing was being dangled in front of her. She wanted it to go away, but something inside her was reaching for it desperately. She shook her body and whined. Anonymous moans and groans were being emitted all around her. The device went on and on. Her body started to vibrate with need. If having been on the edge of orgasm had felt intolerable, this was a hundred times worse.

Her animalistic mind yearned for the device to build her to completion, even as her rational mind begged and pleaded for the feelings to go away. She was moaning and groaning desperately when the knob descended into her divide. She released a great sigh of relief. The tingling started on her nubbin. The pulses grew more intense. Her need grew and grew. It was dreadful to be forced into sexual excitement, but she had reached the point where only being satisfied would put out the fire that was growing in her.

She closed her eyes to concentrate on the pulses, the strokes of the knob, the gentle massage, the tingling and squeezing of her nipples. "Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!" her mind exclaimed as she rotated her hips, tried to thrust back at the device that was dominating all her consciousness. She felt it building, building, building. Her orgasm was so close that she could almost touch it.

And then, everything just stopped. No, not stopped. Everything just seemed to reduce in level as if it was winding down. She shook and groaned. There was a viral need inside her. Everything went away except a very faint, electric tingling passing through her sex. She breathed in deeply. Her need started to fade. Her mind raced to try and determine how much time had passed. It couldn't be 90 minutes yet, could it?

And then the device began to increase its ministrations again. She groaned with unhappiness as the fire started to resume in her. She shook and shook and shook her body, trying to free herself. Hundreds of girls had undergone tests on this machine and its confines were implacable. Carly had heard Ruth's wild exclamations of frustration and unhappiness and saw her body's convulsions as she strained and strained to release herself. She came over and made a desultory inspection of her bindings just to make sure that she was still affixed securely. Everything was fine.

There had never been an escape from a machine to her knowledge. A few months ago, one of the test subjects had managed to free a leg and had started to wave it around. She had apparently not been belted in properly. They merely reattached the leg and the test continued. Later that day, though, after hours, Dr. Carter made all the responsible girls ride a machine for two hours and made all of

her other girl staff watch.

The device again brought her to the brink of orgasm and then retreated. It did it again and then a fourth time. On the fifth round, Ruth was so desperately frantic to come that she thought she might explode. Finally, the machine gave her relief. She hooted and howled as her pussy's walls pounded and convulsed. It was almost like someone was punching her there. It went on so long that she thought that she might shake apart. But then, mercifully, it began to wind down. The machine let her ease down, stroking and massaging her puss, ebbing its efforts.

Everything had stopped except for a light tingling in her puss. Her heart was beating wildly and she was straining to bring in air through her nose. She looked at the vid camera ahead of her and whined. Everything had been caught on camera. It was so unfair! "I'm not a whore! I'm not a whore! I'm not a whore!" she thought miserably.

The machine gave her about five minutes rest, still maintaining a modicum of stimulation. And then it started again. This time, it kept her on a low burn for about twenty minutes. The stimulations were like a deep tone that was permeating her body, making it resonate lazily. It was almost pleasurable, but the fact that it was going on and on and on, was agonizing. She started releasing long, low moans. She would press down on the gag in her mouth, tense all her muscles, pull at her bonds, and then give in again as the stimulation, the massages, the pressing of the knob maintained her on a low boil.

Eventually, the stimulation increased its tempo again. But it kept it just low enough so that when her orgasm came, it was like a series of rolling waves gently lifting and lowering a boat. And then it came on hard again as if it was running out of time and wanted to make sure that it got in one more orgasm. She roared and groaned as her pussy exploded. Then it was another long, long time of torture.

Ruth eventually was unable to maintain any rational thought. In the brief moments of almost total respite the machine would give her, she would be seized with a soul subsuming despair. And then, when she felt the device coming back to life, a terrible illness would permeate her body and she would groan and weep.

She almost didn't realize it when the device finally ceased all activity. A light started blinking on the machine from behind her, signaling that everything was done, the test was complete. Carly went and got Dr. Carter who was supervising a test in another room. She came back and examined the display of the test results on the screen next to Ruth. She swiped through several displays. Ruth was barely sensible of her presence. She couldn't even muster any joy that her ordeal was over. She just lay there, exhausted and defeated.

"Very good, Ruth! Very good! You have some excellent peaks and you were able to sustain a high level of arousal for a very long time. That's very, very good."

She turned to Carly. "Have your girls unstrap her and put her on a recliner for

about an hour. She needs a rest before she takes the long trek back to her cell.”

Carly nodded her receipt of the instruction. It only took two of them to release Ruth and bring her back to a backless sofa. Someone released her gag and lifted her head and she was given a vitamin enhanced liquid to drink. Ruth just lay there stupefied for the longest time. Her wrists were rebound to her belly. Her ankles were bound to rings in the corner of the sofa and a chain went from the back of her collar to a ring behind her. The wails and grunts of the other test subjects continued to surround her. She wondered offhandedly how she had sounded and whether the staff girls would make jokes about her later.

She did not see Dr. Carter again before she was taken off the recliner and placed on the outgoing waiting bench in the front of the suite of rooms. She leaned back and closed her eyes. All she really wanted to do was sleep. She looked at the girls nervously waiting their turn on the bench opposite her. She tried to remember a before to her ordeal, but it all seemed to have faded away.

There was a girl ahead of her on the bench. When the second staff member came by, dropping off a pretty Hispanic girl opposite her, he came over to her. Ruth barely looked at him. He pulled her not too gently to her feet and brought her over to the reader. After it flashed and he entered the information that she was leaving, he yanked her hard by her collar and dragged her out the door.

She found it impossible to keep up with him as they marched through the halls and corridors. At one point she had to stop and lean against the wall. The man didn't notice that she had stopped following him until he was way down the corridor. He came back and angrily threatened to zap her. Her piteous expression must have convinced him not to do it. He grabbed her arm and practically dragged her along.

They finally reached a cell where he told her to step in the marks in front of the door. He thumbed the reader and it rolled open. “Go pee and get on the table,” he instructed her. She sat down on the pot and almost fell over. She peed and went to climb up on the bunk, but she had difficulty in doing it. The man finally had to give her a heft by her hips.

She lay down on her back. A terrible weariness went through her. She forgot to put her legs together and the man had to do it for her. When the bands surrounded her, she welcomed them, as if she had been encompassed by a great, warm, sympathetic hand.

Her mind only protested briefly when the man installed the mask on her. When she felt the clear air coming in, she just closed her eyes. She made no note of it when the mixture changed and the sleeping gas crept in.

* * * * *

There were no more tests. No more pictures. No more anything extraordinary. She followed a line of girls every once in a while to go get fed or bathed or both. She was never placed back in the same cell, at least she didn't think so. There was no way for her to tell how much time had passed. She just lay there quietly encapsulated on the bunk when they wanted her to do that. She went into some mysterious unconscious, dead zone when they wanted to send her there. She thought she saw Shelly once in a line of girls marching the other way, but she couldn't be sure because it was so fast. The girl had Shelly's big, flouncy breasts, but her face had been down and she hadn't looked up by the time they passed. She examined the face of every black girl that she saw to try and get to see Quatesia, but she never did. And she never did get to see Penny again.

On the morning of the fourth day after she had been captured, Gus Haley, the RRSSWCC manager, Beverly Chambers, Assistant Manager in charge of quality control and Desi Fernando, the Classification Director got together to compare notes on the batch of girls who had come in on the same day as Ruth. They had gone through the vitals on all 33 girls and they only had disagreements on 5 or so borderline ones. Desi insisted that they not over classify girls, passing one off as an 'A', when she was really just a 'B+'. Gus, of course, was responsible for revenue, 20% of which went directly to DCR and 15% to the county where the girl had lived, and was anxious that 'A-' girls not receive 'B' classifications. Beverly's job was to break any ties, although she knew what side her bread was buttered on.

The file on the girl would come up on their computer pads, her pictures, her statistics, how she performed on the responsivity test. Some of her history and background was included, as, for example, a girl who had had a lot of disciplinary problems in high school might end up a 'B' when she otherwise might have received an A'. Likewise, girls who might be classified as a 'B' might be moved up to 'A' if she had a background in dance or gymnastics. DCR had a file on each girl. Inquiries would be made of her high school teachers for any information which might affect her classification. Girls who were known to be polite and pleasant might receive a higher grade, while ones who had been argumentative and showed herself not to be docile and obedient might be moved downwards as a troublemaker.

On the other hand, some places were always on the lookout for girls who were real firecrackers because of their inner spirit. It was all a matter of judgment.

They were pretty much through the list of disagreements when Daria, Gus's administrative assistant, buzzed him. Gary Gilhooley had shown up for his 11 a. m. appointment. Gus told her to ask Gary to wait for a few moments. The hologram of the girl they were considering was circling slowly on the display in the center of the round conference table. She was just slightly overweight, but had a very pleasant face. Her breasts were moderate, but a little loose and heavy due to her

weight problem. Her skin was chestnut colored. Her name was Maria Delgado, and everybody presumed that she had some Hispanic blood in her. She had black hair.

"You're killing me, Desi," Gus said, exasperated. "She'll thin out easily. Take 10 pounds off of her and she's a beauty."

"I just don't read her as an 'A'," Desi replied. "She just doesn't have that edge."

"What do you think, Beverly?" Gus asked.

"Well, I had her down as a 'B', but I'm not so sure. Her medical records show that up until last year she was very fit. She was on the tennis team in her sophomore and junior years. And junior year was varsity. There's a very strong recommendation from her department teacher. Sometimes girls in senior year start worrying about the upcoming selection and it affects them."

"Well, you guys can overrule me," Desi replied, "but I think it's much better for our reputation if we err on the side of caution."

"Why don't we send her over to conditioning for a couple of weeks and see if we can work those pounds off of her," Beverly suggested.

Gus and Desi leaned back in their chairs and considered this. "Ten days," Gus finally decided. "And if she doesn't show any marked improvement after five then I agree she's a 'B'."

"Charlene usually does a pretty good job over there," Beverly commented. Every seemed to agree. Desi entered the order in Maria's file.

"That's it? Anything else?" Gus asked. Both Beverley and Desi shook their heads no. Gus hit the intercom. "Send Gary in," he said into the speaker.

"Yes, boss," Daria responded.

Gary was a buyer with the entertainment division of Delco Industries which ran a string of 75 SSF's throughout the Midwest. They had their own training facility outside of Columbus, Ohio. Gary was responsible for ensuring a steady supply of trainees to ensure their facilities had fresh girls. Delco's policy was strict, four years and out. That meant he had to obtain over 1,000 draftees a year to keep up standards and even more to compensate for girls who were washouts and sent off to other companies' facilities. And Delco's policy was firm. They did not accept any MR's, only untrammelled girls who were not ideologically suspect.

Gary was 35, a little short, with receding hair. He used to sport a pencil thin moustache, but had cut it off a year ago. He was of medium build, which was deceiving because he played ice hockey as a hobby and was known as a bruiser. He liked buying girls from RRSSWCC because they did such a great job of instilling discipline in them right off the bat. Also, Gus always had a few plumbs for him.

He was carrying a shopping bag. He put it down on the table and pulled out three quart bottles of 24 year old scotch. Appreciative smiles went around.

“Have a seat, Gary,” Gus said. Gary was usually good for up to 300 girls a year. RRSWCC processed an average of 5,000 units a year, but every bit helped. Gary was the head of the North Central SRZ buying association and steered them a lot of customers. A lot of the training houses bought in bulk, buying 25 or 30 ‘B’ or ‘C’ girls at a time without being too discerning. They ran them through a week or so of intense training and then job lotted them out to buying combines. Gary bought only ‘A’ girls and he always paid top dollar, no questions asked.

Gary handed out the bottles and took a chair. “I’ve picked out about 10 units from last week’s draft,” he told Gus. I marked them out online.”

RRSSWCC brought in an average of 20 inducted girls a day, five days a week. They also housed numerous ‘2nd hand girls’ who had served at a SSF for some time and were being rotated out. Since they opened this new facility 3 years ago, it had become a substantial part of their business. You could ship your girl to RRSSWCC and she would be marketed and resold, with a substantial commission to the facility. Otherwise you had to hold on to a girl who you wanted to get rid of until you found a buyer. And you had to do your own marketing.

RRSWCC did a full medical and behavioral workup on any girl they received for the secondary market and renewed her devotion to obedience. Quite a few were sent over to Charlene Taylor in the south wing for reconditioning, where they would tone the girls up physically, do nips and tucks, if necessary and resolve any medical problem the girl might have. Satisfaction was guaranteed for the first 30 days and refunds were quickly and without question given.

Gus was in the midst of negotiating an exclusive deal with Delco to market all the girls who aged out of their system. He knew Gary would have a voice in whether he got the contract. RRSSWCC had cells for 400 girls but rarely housed more than 300 at one time. The Delco contract would help alleviate the over capacity problem.

“Great,” Gus responded. “If they clear bidding in the next 48 hours I’ll have them on their way immediately.”

“Thanks,” Gary responded. Delco always bid high so that they can get the girls they wanted. “Anything special for me?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’ve got a couple,” Desi responded. He made some hits on his computer pad. There was a pad in front of Gary’s seat and he picked it up. The hologram of a thin, elegant black girl came up on the center display on the table. Gary looked at her stats while she circled. The hologram display was about 18” high and so you got a really good view of the girl.

“Ballet,” Gary observed. “Very nice. Good obedience and discipline marks. Suspended for 30 days her junior year for kicking and punching a boy. I like that. Shows spunk.”

He looked up at the hologram. The poor girl spun around with an unhappy but

beautiful face. "Very attractive," he said. "\$15,000?"

Gus nodded. "Done," he replied.

They showed him three more girls. He rejected two white girls, not because of anything in particular, but because he just didn't get the kind of feeling he needed to justify paying top rates. The fourth girl was a very nice, petit Asian girl. She had budding, apple sized breast. She had delicate, porcelain-like features. She had self-published a book of poems and haikus. He offered \$18,000, but Gus wouldn't let her go for anything under \$20,000. In the end, she was worth it.

"I've got one more," Desi said. He dialed up Ruth's file. Gary examined it. "Good background," he said. "I like it that she volunteers for community service. Homeless kitchens, stuff from her Temple. The Jaycee thing I like." Gary looked up. "I'm a Jaycee myself," he said. He looked up at her hologram. "She's very nice. Definitely an 'A'. I can put her on my general list, but I don't see that she's that special."

"Look at her responsivity marks," Desi told him.

Gary called them up on the pad. "Very nice," he said. "They make her maybe A+, but not A++," he said.

"Okay," Desi said, "look at her still shots. Still number 14. Here, I'll put it up on the wall monitor." He put up the picture that Mrs. Williams and Penny had been excited about.

Gary stared at it for a long time. "Wow," he finally said.

"Wow is right," Desi replied.

"\$25,000," Gary stated curtly.

"Done," Gus said.

"When's she available?" Gary asked.

"She's on day four. So she's into a nice obedience routine. I haven't seen any indications of a disciplinary problem so I can't see holding her over," Desi replied. "So tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow will be fine. I can get a plane into South Jersey Regional by 3 p.m. I'll have our truck here at noon for the three specials. I'll pick up the rest of the girls day after tomorrow if they clear. I don't want these girls put in that batch."

"Understood," Desi replied.

Gary hesitated for a moment. "Anything else?" Gus asked him.

"Yeah, there's one more thing," he replied.

There was a pause. "Desi, could you excuse us for a minute," Gus asked.

"Sure," Desi said. He got up to leave. Beverly rose from her seat.

"Not you, Bev," Gus told her. "Stick around." She sat back down.

Gary waited until Desi had left the room. He looked at Gus. "How about a blowjob?" he asked.

"No problem," Gus answered him. He looked across the table. "Bev?" he

asked.

“Sure thing boss,” Beverly answered quietly.

Gus was not Beverly’s RM, but he was on good terms with him. She was a busty 42 year old with hips a little too wide. But she had nice legs and a very handsome face. Her brown hair was short and permed. She had 3 kids at home, ranging from 12 to 6 years old. Her uncle was her RM since her husband had divorced her. He didn’t make many demands on her, just a blowjob every couple of weeks and a weekend at a motel once in a while when her kids were with her ex. But he and Gus were friends and had an understanding. Gus sent him one of Dr. Carter’s girls on occasion.

Beverly could always quit, but Gus paid her well and she needed the money. He called her into his office on Friday every week at 4 p. m. for a quick fuck on his couch, but otherwise left her alone. Aside from the occasional customer who came by, that is.

Beverly rose from her chair and went to kneel down between Gary’s knees. He had swung his chair off to the right.

“Hey, Bev,” Gary asked, “can you show me your tits?”

Beverly blanched, but she should have expected it. She had blown Gary before. “Sure, Gary,” she replied.

She unbuttoned the top of her blue floral dress. She pulled it down her shoulders and off her arms. She reached behind herself and removed her bra, dropping it on the table. Her very nice sized mammaries fell out. They were pale white with dark red, almost maroon areolas. She had had an operation last year to firm them up a little bit because a girl need every advantage she could get.

“Very nice, Bev,” Gary said appreciatively. “Does your RM rent you out for weekends?”

“N-no,” Beverly replied unhappily.

“Maybe I’ll have Gus talk to him. Would that be all right?”

“S-sure, Gary,” Beverly replied. She didn’t think her uncle would agree to it. But, you never knew. He was always complaining about being short of cash. It would be a bad precedent. But, knowing Gus, if it could help him on the Delco deal, he would insist on it.

“Okay, let’s get to it. I got to be over at Collingswood by 3.”

Beverly didn’t respond, but rather just sank to her knees. Gary had pulled out his cock. Before she went to work, he leaned over and gave her breasts a massage. He tweaked her nipples and then said, “Okay.”

She took his cock between her fingers and put it in her mouth. It was still a little soft and she needed to do some work to get it hard.

After she had been at it for about 3 minutes, he was groaning with his right hand buried in her hair, Gus’s administrative assistant, Daria, came in. She was all

of nineteen and Gus was fucking her every day. She saw Beverly hard at work. Beverley looked up at her with Gary's cock in her mouth and whined.

"Don't mind me," Daria said nervously. "I'll come back later."

She quietly closed the door and Beverly went back to her task. A few moments later, Gary's cock began to throb and jerk.

* * * * *

The next afternoon at about 11:25, Rachel was standing outside her cell all alone. The corridor was empty in both directions. She was worried, because the last time she had been outside her cell all alone she had had to go through all those pictures and things and the so called test, which she thought was really done just because they liked to torture women.

She had been awake for a few hours and expected to be taken off for something to eat. She was very hungry. The anonymous woman's voice that issued all the commands to her in her cell had told her to pee first, before she came out. She hadn't figured out if the female voice was a computer or an actual person. She couldn't think of a more boring job. "Get up!" "Stand outside!" "Take a piss!" The voice probably had to give those instructions a couple hundred times a day. Anyone would get tired of it, but she never discerned any tiredness in the voice. So it probably was a computer.

She stood outside her cell anxiously for about 20 minutes. The only action was when this big black guy led this tiny little red headed girl down along the corridor and around the next turn. She was sobbing and crying and doing her best to keep up with him with his long, steady strides. Ruth figured that the girl was coming back from her responsivity test and she knew how she felt.

About five minutes later, three staff members came around the far corner to her right. She tried to keep her eyes straight ahead. She had gotten two more zaps since her testing for being slow or being clumsy. She had spilled some of her milky glop on the mat while she was drinking it down. She didn't want any more. Seeing three of them made her even more nervous than she had been.

As they came closer and closer, she became more and more worried. In the back of her mind she had the thought that maybe she had been sold and was going to be shipped out. The thought made her blood run cold. At least here she knew the devil she faced. Out there in the world there were all kinds of dangers. And she would actually start her life as a whore, which she wanted to put off indefinitely.

But maybe they were just passing through. Maybe they were done for the day and taking a shortcut to the parking lot. Maybe they were coming for some other girl around the corner. Maybe, oh, maybe, there was some other reason to come and get her. Maybe Penny wanted to make her come again. But why did they need

three of them to take her to her?

They stopped in front of her. She began to shake. There were two guys and one girl. The guys looked somewhat older, but the girl was young, maybe 23 or 24. The girl had an ankle chain draped over her shoulder. One of the guys had a little electronic device. He waved it at her DCR code. It beeped affirmatively. She was the right girl.

The girl bent down and put the chain between her ankles. Then she stood up. "Moving day," she said sweetly. She was pretty with a very fresh looking face. She had very light brown hair that was maybe just a tad shorter than regulation cut. She was thin, but carried herself as if she were an athlete. The guys were both tall with brown hair. They almost looked like a copy of each other.

Ruth felt like breaking out into sobs. She didn't have time. The girl told her to turn to the left and then said, "Follow me."

The girl was walking a little fast for her because of the chain and she stumbled. The guys were on either side of her and one of them caught her. They had to stop so she could regain her feet. "Slow down, Cathy, for Christ's sake," he said.

"We'll be late," she retorted.

"They'll wait," the guy replied. "Besides, we won't get there any sooner if she keeps falling and we have to stop every 50 feet or so."

"Okay, okay," Cathy responded.

Cathy was an eager beaver. She loved working at Randforth. Seeing all those gagged, naked and bound up girls was just too thrilling to describe. She copped a feel whenever she could. She and her cousin Lil had had a torrid affair when they were sixteen. They had broken it off when they nearly got caught. Her Dad had transferred her to his boss's son about six months ago. She had been really pissed off about it. She had quickly changed her mind when she learned that he fucked like a demon. He was good looking too and athletic. And, best of all, he had agreed last week to let her fuck girls as long as she did it in front of him. She had asked Laura Perkins, one of the hot, young secretaries over in accounting, if she was interested. She was thinking it over now and said she would check with her RM.

They walked along the corridor more slowly. As far as Ruth was concerned, it could take forever. She was getting unhappier and unhappier with every step. She didn't know why they needed three people to guard her. Maybe some girls gave them trouble when they realized they were being shipped out. She wasn't going to give them any trouble. She was way too sad for that. Part of her just wanted to get it over with.

They went through a door that led to a long hallway. It was not unlike the hallway where she had entered the building. The corridor was narrower than the regular corridors and there was another steel door about 100' down. They paused

at the far door. One of the guys looked through the 2' by 2' window, saw something and nodded back to his companions. He thumbed the door and it opened.

There was a large guy standing there in one of the dark green t-shirts that the guys who had brought her wore. He had wild, three or four inch long reddish brown hair and a matching beard. He looked very strong and fearsome. He had one of the gadgets that one of the guys escorting her had. He used it to scan her DCR code. He looked at the device while it beeped. "Ruth?" he asked her. She nodded her head sadly. Before she knew it, he had draped a black hood over her head and taken hold of her arm. He practically dragged her about 40' or 50'. There was all kinds of noise echoing all over the place. Men's voices yelling and calling out to each other. Big bangs that she couldn't figure out what they were. There was a girl's muffled scream. It was like she had been brought out into bedlam. It was a dramatic and harsh contrast to the silence of where she had just been.

After about 50' or so, he turned her towards him and told her to sit down. He helped her by taking hold of the ring in her collar to guide her. He fastened a chain to the back of her head. He gave her right breast a squeeze. "Nice tits," he said. And then he was gone.

Ruth sat there nervously. Somebody was sitting next to her. She seemed small. She was whining and shaking. Her fear spread to Ruth. She caught her knees jumping up and down from nervousness. She had to pee again. And she was hungry. The temperature inside the facility was strictly controlled at 74 degrees, to keep the girls warm. The air wherever she was now was chilly and it made her shiver.

It didn't take long for her to figure out that she was on a loading platform. Repeatedly she heard the unmistakable sound of loading bay doors going up and down. Trucks were all electric now, but they still made a kind of wheezing sound. And they made a loud 'bump' when they backed up to the dock too fast. Rules were that while on the main highways the computer did the driving. But on secondary roads a person had to be behind the controls.

There was no doubt now that she was being shipped somewhere. But where? And what would she find when she got there? How cruel would they be? How many men would she have to service a day? Would her treatment be as mean and cruel and as impersonal as it had since she got here? Was the girl sitting next to her going to the same place?

She realized that there was someone else on the other side of the girl next to her when she heard her sobbing. She didn't blame her. She was doing her best not to. She was trying to maintain some sense of resistance to what they were doing to her. To preserve deep down inside her her sense of herself. The sense of herself that she had up until a few days ago.

A line of sniffing, sobbing girls came by them. She could hear them shuffling their feet and the sound of their ankle chains dragging along the cement. They came by slow with several of the men guiding them, saying, "Careful, careful, careful," or "Easy does it." "Watch your step, or, "I've got you, don't worry." She concluded that the girls were hooded like she was.

Two men came in front of her. "Are these the three for Delco?" the voice asked.

"Yeah," the other voice answered. "He's late."

"Well, get them off my dock. Put them over in holding."

"Okay," the second man said. He had the three of them rise. He made them turn to the right and he chained them together. He was about to march them off when another man said, "Delco's here."

"Christ," the man who had chained them said. He took off the chains. "Sit down," he told them. He walked away. A second later Ruth heard the soft bump of a truck striking the loading platform in front of them. A chill went through her. About ten seconds later one of the guys on the platform said, "Hiya, Danny."

Danny returned, "Hi. Sorry I'm late. Accident on 202. Two car head-on."

"I thought that with the computer driving the cars, there wasn't supposed to be any more accidents," the first voice said.

"Yeah, and if you believe that I had a bridge I can sell you," Danny replied.

"This them?" Danny asked.

"Yeah," the first voice answered.

"Mind if I clock them in?"

"No, go right ahead."

There was silence and then she heard something go, "Beep, beep, beep." Silence again and another three beeps. The man came up to her. Then, "Beep, beep, beep."

"Okay. That's good enough for me. Let me get my crates out and we can start loading them up."

Ruth didn't like the sound of that. Crates? Were they going to be shipped in crates? Her sense of misery renewed. She felt herself about to break her vow not to cry. She heard the door of a truck roll up. Then the sound of something being rolled out onto the dock.

"Okay, this one first," Danny said. "Stand her up."

Ruth sensed the girl on the end opposite her being lifted to her feet.

"Okay," Danny said, "Let's get all this shit off of her."

The girl began mewling. Ruth heard the sound of metal being dumped into a box. The girl squealed a bit for a moment. "Open your mouth," Danny ordered. There was silence and then a gagging sound. "Do you have to pee?" Danny asked.

The girl made an affirmative sound. "Christ!" Danny swore.

“There’s a drain over here,” the first voice said. The girl was dragged away.

Meanwhile the noise of the loading dock continued. Men’s shouts, sobbing women. Things banging. It was putting Ruth’s nerves right on edge.

They brought the woman back about a minute later. “Okay, let’s lift her into the crate,” Danny said. The woman mewed and Danny swore again. “Put her down!” he yelled. And then, “Hold her.”

A second or two later, there was a buzz and a scream.

“Get the message fuckface?” Danny demanded. There was sobbing in response. But the girl must have gotten the message because the next thing she heard was, “Kneel down.” And then a little bit later, “Bend over.” A few seconds later there was a squeal. Then the sound of a lid being fastened.

“Here’s the shipping tag,” the first voice said. There was silence and then the crate was rolled away.

Another crate was rolled out. The whole procedure was repeated for the second girl. She affirmed for them that she had to pee too and she was hauled away for about 40 seconds to a minute. Then she came back. She did not struggle as they were loading her into the crate, but she did begin sobbing wildly. The sound was deadened when the lid went on.

Ruth started whining and keening as she heard the second crate rolled away and the third one brought out.

She was pulled to her feet. The hood was removed. Danny was a huge guy with wild, long black hair. He had a foot long beard. There were tattoos all up and down his arms. He had a fierce gaze like he was just aching for you to give him an excuse to fuck you up. The loading dock was large. She didn’t really get a chance to look around, but she saw at least three trucks. Way down the dock she saw the girls who had come by earlier being loaded into cages. Once in, the cage would be wheeled into the waiting truck.

Danny gave her a heavy slap that made her squeal. “Pay attention here, stupid,” he growled at her.

The other guy was the redheaded guy who had met her at the door. He had looked big then, but he didn’t look big as compared to Danny. Ruth started crying and her whole body shook.

“Let’s get this shit off of her,” Danny said. The two men started peeling away all her accouterments. Her wrists were released from her belt and the collar, the band of steel down her middle and the band around her waist removed. Her wrist and ankle bracelets were unlocked and taken off her. They were all thrown into a nearby box and clanged when they landed.

When everything was off, Ruth felt so much more naked than she had for days. It was like being laid bare to her enemy. For there was no doubt that Danny was her enemy.

“Okay, turn around, shit for brains,” Danny told her. She went to move, but he impatiently took hold of her shoulders and twisted them until she was facing away from him.

“Cross your wrists behind your back,” Danny told her. She obeyed and a second later she felt something that felt like leather being tied around them. Over and across, and over and across three times. Tight. Very tight. Then it was tied off. It felt like it was a triple knot.

Danny twisted her around again. “Like it?” he asked her snidely. “It’s the old fashioned way. But, in my opinion, there’s no better way for letting a slut know that she’s a slave now than the feel of leather around her wrists.” He laughed.

Somehow it was true. It felt eminently worse than having her hands confined in bracelets. And now they were behind her back! She pulled at them futilely. It felt like someone had laid a heavy weight on her heart. Had she been sold to this guy? It was horrid to think about. Maybe though, he was just the driver and he was taking her to someplace other than his own. But what if he worked there? Would she have to fuck him?

There was something primitive about being tied that struck fear deep into her. She was a thing you could do anything to. Her father had learned from somewhere that a compulsory sex worker had been murdered at a brothel in town. The man who did it was fined and his sexual service rights suspended for a year. And he had to pay restitution to the brothel. But that was all. She didn’t know that it was true. The problem with a dictatorship was that all kinds of unverifiable rumors went around. But, for some reason it sounded true.

She violated her oath and broke out into sobs.

Danny reached to her mouth and deflated her gag. Her sobs got louder. He ignored them. The gag was tossed into the box. He reached down into a little gym bag that was near his feet and he pulled out a big black ball. It was attached to straps. “Turn around,” Danny said to her gruffly. She was too unhappy for her brain to translate his words into action. He gave her another mighty slap that almost made her fall to the floor.

“Jeeeeeze!” the other guy said. “Take it easy, Danny. She’s not going anywhere.”

“Shut the fuck up and mind your own business, Dave,” Danny replied.

Ruth was now sobbing wholeheartedly. She looked at the fire in Danny’s eyes and quickly turned her back to him. “Open your mouth,” he snarled. She obeyed and then felt the big black ball press into her opening. It pushed apart her teeth and spread her jaw. It filled her entire mouth and a big arc of it stuck out from her lips. She felt the straps being pulled tightly around the back of her head. He seemed to pull the straps extra hard, jerking her head, and making the ball sink even further into her mouth. She felt like she was going to faint.

Danny turned her around again. "Do you have to pee?" he demanded harshly. Ruth nodded her head vigorously. He took hold of her arm and dragged her over to a drain in the floor. He made her straddle it and pushed her down. She squatted over the hole. At first nothing would come out and she panicked, fearing to get struck by the behemoth man again. "Come on, cunt, I haven't got all day," she heard him say. She closed her eyes and forced herself. A thick stream of urine flowed out. Some of it splashed on her ankles.

When she was done, she looked up at him. She knew that being naked and squatting with that huge ball in her mouth her appearance must be grotesque. She didn't dare move without his permission. "Okay, get up you dumb cunt!" Danny exclaimed as if he hadn't just struck her twice for disobedience. She could feel her cheek glowing where he struck her.

She rose and he grabbed her arm again, dragging her back to the back of his truck. It was the first time she got a look at the crate. It was about 4' long, 3' high and 3' wide. There were a pattern of square openings near the top almost like a checkerboard. She started to shake again as she contemplated life in it. Danny reached into his bag and he produced a curved pad. He pulled the back off of it and told her to spread her legs. He applied the pad to her sex, covering it up and pressing it against her body. It stuck in place.

"Okay, let's get her in," he said to Dave. They lifted her up off of her feet and placed her inside the crate. "Kneel down," Danny ordered her.

She sank to her knees. Danny leaned in and straps went around her ankles. He pulled them very tight. Inside the crate was a band of leather with a strap in the middle of it. He brought the band around her neck. It clung to itself like Velcro. He pulled it very tight. He took hold of the hair on the back of her head and pushed her head down violently. She shrieked. It was the same shriek she heard the other girls give out. He pulled the strap through something on the bottom of the crate and Ruth felt her had pulled downwards. Her breasts were crushed against her knees. Her back was arched uncomfortably. All she could see was the darkness at the bottom of the crate. He fastened off the strap and stood up. The top of the crate went on and she heard clips being closed all around it. She screamed and shook violently. The men didn't even notice.

"Here's the shipping tag," Dave told him. The crate shifted slightly as he applied it. It was a seal so you could tell whether anyone had opened the crate on route. It also had her DCR code printed on it.

She was filled with a viral, unbearable despair when she felt the crate being rolled into the truck. It came to a stop and straps were drawn across it, holding it in place.

The men paused for a second. Then Danny spoke. "Listen, Dave, do me a favor. Keep your eye on the truck. I've got to piss like a racehorse and I want to

get a cup of coffee and a sandwich. I'll be about a half an hour or so." Ruth could hear him clearly through the open squares on the upper part of the crate.

"I thought you were running late?" Dave replied.

"Late for here, but not late, late. It's less than an hour to the airport and the plane doesn't take off until 3."

"The plane!" Ruth exclaimed in her mind. "No, not a plane! Where are they taking me? Where am I going? I don't want to get on a plane! I want to go home! I don't want to be in a truck! I don't want to be in a crate! I don't want my hands tied behind my back like some slave in a Roman marketplace! Please! Please! Please! Won't anybody help me?"

"Okay," Dave replied. "But no longer than a half hour. We've got 75 girls to move today and you're taking up a loading dock."

"Thanks," Danny answered. She heard the men walk off. There was just a twilight of light coming into the crate from the squares. The door to the truck rolled down and there was total darkness.

She and the other girls knelt in their boxes, in the dark, sobbing and crying. After a while, they stopped, but she could still hear one of them whimpering. Ruth pulled and pulled at her wrists to try and free them. It felt like some evil spell had been placed on her and they were fixed in position. Funny how, with all their technology, the most effective way to demean a woman was to tie her hands behind her back with a strip of leather, a practice that probably went back to the dawn of time.

The thing in her mouth was horrible. It felt so big and remorseless. It was a thousand times worse than the gag she had been wearing. That had been civilized compared to this. Her mouth was spread so wide it was as if she were going to eat the world. It felt like Danny had thrust his mighty fist into it and left it there.

And to be scrunched all down. What was the purpose of that? It was like some kind of nightmare. With all the space in the entire world, she was only entitled to a space 4' by 3' by 3'? She couldn't accept the reality that she was really where she was, locked cruelly in a little box, loaded on a truck and about to be taken into the great unknown. She felt like if she had to be locked up like this another second she would explode, that it was literally intolerable. But a second would go by. And then another. And then another. And then another.

Wasn't it unfair that if you couldn't tolerate your existence you couldn't just turn yourself off? Three blinks and the magic word. Gone! Poof! Blackness, death, unbeing. For that's all there could really be. If all that claptrap about God and a hereafter, although Jews were not really clear on that, were true, how could she be locked in a tiny little box about to go off to her doom? How could God permit it? And if he did permit it, didn't it give her the right to spit in his face when she saw him for letting her suffer so?

She had seen the other girls getting loaded into cages. That would have been much easier to take even though her own experience at being caged was demeaning and horrible. There had to be a more humane way to transport them. But that was the point, wasn't it. They weren't part of humanity any more.

They were going to fly her somewhere and do terrible things to her. A few nights ago she had slept in her own bed, free and untrammelled. She had gotten up the next morning and had breakfast with her mom. Cereal and coffee. It seemed such a simple thing, but was she ever going to be able to sit down and have a peaceful cup of coffee again? That bastard Danny, Danny who had slapped her twice viciously and zapped the other girl, he was entitled to have a cup of coffee. He could sit down and consume a cup of coffee and a sandwich at his leisure. Why was he better than her? But she knew why. It had been drummed into her head a thousand times. Rabbi Meyer said it, her teachers at school said it, the viddys and the feeley broadcasts said it. It was because he had a prick and she had a cunt. There was no more reason than that.

After a long while, the rear door rolled open again and heavy steps came toward them. "Just checking," she heard Danny say to no one. He walked away and the door rattled down again. She heard it lock. About fifteen seconds later, she felt a vibration in the truck. The truck paused, as if waiting for the loading bay garage door to be opened. Then, it was in motion.

CHAPTER SIX

The rain had started again. Ruth peered carefully down the road. She was worried that she would be late. The last time she had been late, he had punished her. She had to go home with her body covered with lash marks from his belt. She was ashamed for Mr. Anderson to see them.

Mr. Anderson was her RM. William Anderson. He had selected her from the Unsupervised Female Pool about a year ago. That had been a little more than 45 days from her release from Rocco's Pussy Pavilion, the brothel which had been her last stop. Rocco's was located on the east side of town in Milford, Ohio, about 30 miles east of Cincinnati. It was a stone's throw from Route 275, on Route 28. You could see the huge neon sign from the Interstate and they got a lot of the trucker trade.

Rocco had set up a motel appurtenant to the whorehouse and you could rent a whore for the whole night at a discount price. Even with the self-driving tractors, you still had to have an awake and alert human so the ICC kept strict rules on that. The trucks automatically searched for a truck stop as soon as its human needed rest. And there were still a lot of smaller trucks on the road not self-driven, and travelers from here to there. Not everyone could afford a hover car and even with highway speeds of 125 miles per hour, it still took some time to drive places. Besides, some guys just liked the idea of spending the entire night with a whore.

Ruth knew when she was on her second six month extension and could calculate when that time was about to expire. When you're an imprisoned whore, every day seems like all the others except that, more or less, Sundays were a day of rest according to DCR regulations. Of course, guys like Rocco didn't pay much attention to regulations. He would just turn off the lights on his big billboard with the three big breasted, naked women beckoning with little cartoon kittens over their pussies. If you were a regular, and willing to pay a little extra to get a little poontang on a Sunday, you could park out back and come in the back way.

And Rocco had a thing that if you rented a room with a girl, for a special premium, "Saturday" didn't end until you checked out, even if it wasn't until Sunday evening.

But generally speaking, she could tell when a week had gone by when they had mandatory 'services' Sunday mornings. All the forty or so girls would be

herded into the cafeteria and one of the local preachers that Rocco had rounded up would conduct a 20 minute non-denominational service. There were a few Muslim girls there and the preacher would try to satisfy them by having all the girls bow to the east three times while on their knees. Regulations provided that you were allowed to spend 2 hours after services every Sunday in your room studying the bible that they supplied you with, or, in the case of the Muslim girls, the Koran. Some girls remained very religious, even after what had been done to them in its name. Ruth guessed you had to hold on to something.

After lunch, the girls were allowed to mingle in the rec room, playing board games, watching cartoons, or reading 'approved' literature. The literature was mostly trash put out by the National Governing Board in which submissive women surrendered themselves to manly men, at least by the end of the book. And all 'evil' girls who thought and acted contrary to the New Social Order received their comeuppance, dutifully recognizing the justice of their punishment. All the whores were happy and all the men masterful.

Unless, that is, one of the security guards wanted you for an 'hour', or what was supposed to be an hour. They could do anything they wanted to you and many a girl paid on a Sunday for a surly glance given during the week. They were all devoted coxmen and loaded themselves up with erectile stimulants beforehand. They were available like candy in the customers' salon.

So 180 days had 26 Sundays. Ruth wasn't exactly sure whether the 180th day was a Tuesday or a Wednesday or a Thursday, but she knew she was close. Rocco had her on 'special' for her last two weeks and she lost count of how many guys fucked her, but it was a lot. Rocco had let it be known that her days were coming to an end and all of her regulars, the good, the bad and the ugly wanted a last shot at her.

It turned out that her last day was a Thursday. Rocco spent two hours abusing her that morning and gave her a 'good-bye' whipping. She had fifteen customers. The last one was sent up to her at 11:55 that evening and she had had to finish him up before Rocco would let her go.

She wasn't allowed even to shower or to say good-bye to any of the other girls. She was just frog marched down to the rear customer's entrance, given a threadbare blue shift dress and a pair of worn down, bright green high heels and shoved out the door.

Her first instinct was to run away as fast as she could lest Rocco change his mind. Technically, he could have kept her for one more extension. She had dashed past a couple of customers on her way down the steps, one of whom she knew. He called out her 'name', or the one Rocco had given her, and made a salacious suggestion, but she just kept on going. She had no idea of where she was going to go, or what she was going to do. She wasn't even sure of where she was. The

scuttlebutt among the girls were that they were someplace in Ohio, outside of Cincinnati. Some guy somewhere, over the many years that the brothel had existed, had let it slip, and it had been passed down as a kind of 'lore' among the girls ever since.

But north, south, west or east, Ruth had no idea. She wasn't even sure she could place Cincinnati exactly on a map. She pulled up, however, when she saw a DCR Police cruiser sitting here waiting for her. The style had changed a bit over 13 years, but the DCR logo hadn't. Nor the DCR Police uniform. There was a tall, beefy DCR cop standing outside the car. She brought herself to a stop. A chill went through her. Had she committed some offense? Was Rocco playing some kind of trick on her, let her go but reported her as an escape?

"Over here," the cop growled out to her.

She walked over slowly her head bowed, afraid to look up at him. When she was about 10' from him she came to a halt.

"You Ruth Silverman?" he asked.

She nodded, somewhat taken aback. She hadn't heard her real name spoken in over a dozen years.

"That's either a yes or a no!" the cop snapped at her.

"Yes," she squeaked out timidly.

"That's yes, sir!" the cop snarled.

"Y-yes, sir," she repeated after him. She was so frightened she thought she might pee right there where she stood.

"Give me your thumb!" he shot at her.

The parking lot was all lit up. She heard some customers getting out of a car, the doors slamming, the guys laughing. They had probably been drinking. Even though there was no way on God's given earth that any of the whores would ever say no to them or ridicule them or be anything but obsequious and subservient, most guys needed a little liquid courage to come and use a girl against her will. Many didn't, and you had to be careful with them, because most of them were real bastards.

Ruth approached the cop with trepidation. He held out his scanner to her and she placed her thumb on it. It beeped and he looked at it. He grimaced as if he was disappointed with the result. "Show me your foot," he barked.

There was only one foot that he could mean. That was the one they had tattooed her number on. She crouched down and removed the high heel off of her left foot. She turned her leg and showed him her foot. He used his scanner to read the numbers. He didn't look pleased at that result either.

"Okay, show me your discharge card," he snapped.

Ruth panicked. She didn't know what a discharge card was. Something told her to look in the pockets of the dress and lo and behold there was a card there. She

pulled it out and started looking at it, but the cop snatched it out of her hand. They were under one of the flood lights in the parking lots and he could read it without any additional illumination. He examined it as if he were trying to discern whether he possessed a winning lottery ticket, checking it several times to make sure he was reading the numbers right. Finally, he handed the card back to her. "Don't lose this!" he barked. And then, "Get in the car!"

Her heart sank. The last time she had been put into a DCR Police cruiser things had not worked out so well. He opened the back door on the driver's side and urged her in with his head. She crawled in fretfully. As soon as she sat down he slammed the door shut. There was a Plexiglas barrier between the back and front seats and no handles on the doors. Her stomach started to do little whirligigs. She felt like she was about to burst out into tears.

The cop got into the driver's seat and shut the door. He put his foot on the accelerator and the car hummed away, throwing off a little gravel as they went.

Ruth didn't have the courage to try and see where they were going. "Buckle your seat belt," the cop ordered her gruffly. She pulled it down from her left shoulder and buckled it. The buckle gave a loud 'snap' as she made the connection. The sound had such a dour resonance to her that she tried to unbuckle it again right away, but it was locked. She felt to her other shoulder and discovered the mate to the one across her chest which went the other way. She felt with her feet and located the confining chain there. The fact that the cop had not affixed maximum security on her gave her a glimmer of hope, but not so much when she recognized that even without the added security she was as much as prisoner as the last time. Maybe he figured that after 13 years of being a slave she was docile and obedient enough not to need it.

They hummed along for a while. There wasn't too much traffic on the road. Things just whizzed by them at a terrific speed. They made some turns and twists. The speaker on the radio talked a little bit and the cop answered, but she didn't pay any attention to what they said. She tried to remember what it had been like to be free and just turned 18 years old, but she couldn't find those memory banks. And here she was, free, but not free.

Information was like gold in the brothel and new girls would be quizzed by the others so that information could be gleaned. Since girls were shifted around so much from place to place, there had developed a kind of shadow culture among them. The new girl always wanted to know where she was and how bad the guards were and who she should look out for. How was the food? How were the customers? The old girls wanted to know what was going on out in the world, what had they heard, where had they come from.

There were all kinds of rumors about what happened when you were released. Some girls had been recalled after being released, but those girls were usually so

morose and unhappy that they didn't want to talk about it. And there didn't seem to be any one pattern. It was rumored that you were taken directly to a DCR Police station and made into a MR and sold overseas. Some said that they would keep you prisoner in the DCR Police Station for months and months. Some said that you were sent to a mandatory procreation facility. Some girls said that they just took you somewhere and shot you and dumped you in a hole, because who wanted former whores wandering all over in society?

So, was she being taken to her execution? To the DCR station to be converted to permanent slavery? The cop's attitude hadn't portended anything good. Finally, she couldn't fight off the tears any longer and she cried and cried and cried.

The car was driven down some side streets, making a few turns and then came to a halt. The cop put the car into park. Her seatbelt snapped free and the door flew open.

"Get the fuck out!" the cop snarled.

She moved tentatively. When she was out, the door automatically closed. The cop spun off.

She stood there for a few moments. It was a rather shabby part of town.. There were intermittent street lights, some of which had blown out lamps. Dilapidated houses and storefronts ran each way down the street. The wind had picked up and it had started to get really cold. She had stopped crying but was about to begin again. She looked behind her. There was a five step brick stoop that led up to a large steel door. To the side of the door was a small sign. Just below the sign there was a speaker. She stepped closer so that she could read the sign. In 10" high capital letters it said CSW RECOVERY CENTER.

She had a sparkle of hope. She climbed the five steps. Next to the speaker there was a button. She pressed the button. Nothing happened. She waited for about a minute and pressed the button again. Still nothing happened. She began to wonder if she was going to have to wait there all night until the morning when somebody would answer the bell. She waited another minute and was about to press it again when a scratchy voice emerged.

"Who is it?" the voice said challengingly.

"M-my name is Ruth Silverman and I've just been released from Rocco's Pussy Palace. The DCR police brought me here," she said hopefully.

"Come in," the scratchy voice replied. There was a loud 'clunk!' as the lock on the steel door released. Ruth hesitated to touch it. One of the primary rules in every bordello she had been in in the last 13 years was that SSW's were not allowed to touch any doors. This would be the first door she had opened in more than a dozen years. She was afraid to touch the handle. She started to shake.

"Are you coming in or not!" the male voice demanded.

"Y-yes, I'm coming," Ruth blurted out. With a huge effort she reached out her

hand and seized the steel handle. She pulled it open with some difficulty and she stepped in. Her heart was beating wildly. She was sweating.

The door opened onto a small landing. To the left was a set of stairs going down which was barred by a locked sliding iron grate. To her right were 6 or 7 steps up. The floor of the landing was a very faded green vinyl tile. The steps were wooden, newly painted in a bright gray and with brown rubber treads on it. There was a single overhead crystal bulb which shone down a hazy light. She climbed up the gray stairs carefully. As she rose to the top she saw a man sitting at a steel gray desk. He was older and had bushy grey hair. He was wearing a light blue shirt with a silver badge on it. He had a bushy, salt and pepper beard.

“Come on! Come on!” the man called out, not entirely unfriendly. She breeched the top of the steps and walked towards him. He didn’t look like a cop, but he was wearing a badge. Behind him was a doorway with steel bars like a jail cell. It had an old fashioned lock on it. Just seeing it made her shiver. Was she going to be locked up all over again? Had she forfeited her last chance at liberty by not running away when the cop had dropped her off?

She approached the man cautiously. She was having trouble balancing herself on her high heels and wobbled a bit while she walked.

“Not used to them shoes, are yah?” the man said.

“No, sir,” Ruth replied.

“You don’t have to say, ‘Yes, sir,’ and ‘No, sir,’ to me,” the man said, smiling. He patted the badge on his chest. “Security,” he said by way of explanation. “Just to keep the riff raff off. What’s your name?”

“Ruth Silverman,” Ruth answered him tentatively.

“Let me see your discharge card,” he instructed her. He looked at it. He handed it back. “Don’t lose that,” he told her.

He made some swipes on the CPad on his desk. “Yeah, Ruth Silverman. Discharge April 23, 2048. We expected you this afternoon. What happened, the boss kept you up until the last minute, eh?”

“Yes, sir,” Ruth answered. The man may have told her not to use ‘sir’, but she wasn’t taking any chances.

“These guys are scum bags,” he said hostilely. “A girl serves her country for twelve years or more, and they do that to them.”

Ruth didn’t take the bait. No one was ever going to hear a word of criticism from her about anybody.

“Hold on, I’ll try and get Mrs. Rawlings,” he said. “Meantime, let me have your thumb print.”

He slid the CPad over to her. There was a spot on the screen for her thumb to go. She placed her thumb on it and her high school picture came up. She almost burst into tears.

The man looked at and looked at her. "Yeah, I see it. It's you all right." He looked down on the screen and swiped it a few times. "Jersey, eh? I been to Jersey a few times. Got a great little whorehouse in Trenton called Eddie's. Got my ashes hauled there a few times."

Ruth shifted nervously. He looked back up at her. "Go sit over there on that bench," he told her, nodding to a spot across the room. Ruth turned. On the other side of the room was a badly used, dark stained maple bench. It had a backrest on it comprised of wooden slats in a long row. They reminded her of the bars on the steel door. Behind it was a wall painted in faded green. There were no windows in the room. She was used to that. The bench was about 10' long and looked like it could accommodate a few people. Ominously, there were chains resting on it with manacles on the ends. She hesitated and looked back at the man.

"Go on! Go on!" he said, a little exasperated. "Don't make me have to tell you again!" The friendliness was out of his voice.

She stepped over to the bench and sat down.

"Take one of them cuffs and put it around your wrist," the man instructed her. Ruth felt like crying again. She sat down and sadly picked up a manacle by her left wrist and attached it. Its ratcheting sound had a tone of finality to it.

The man picked up a handset to a vidy and punched some buttons. He listened for a few seconds and then said, "This is Stanley, Mrs. Rawlings. I got a discharged CSW here name of Ruth Silverberg. Supposed to be here this afternoon, but her manager kept her late. I'll keep her here."

He put the handset down and looked at Ruth. "She don't answer. I left her a voicey. She'll be out in a while."

Ruth was crying. "That's Silverman, not Silverberg," she thought sadly. She rubbed the wrist with the manacle on it. The old man saw her.

"Oh, don't get all upset, Ruthie," he told her. "That's more for your protection than anything else."

He propped up the CPad in front of him and he started watching a FV show. There were angry men's shouts, women screaming, sounds of zipfire. Ruth tuned it out. She gauged her status. The one thing she could say that was good was that she still had her clothes on. Nobody had told her to strip. And the cop hadn't ordered her to her knees and made her blow him. She didn't know if he had the right to do something like that, but if he had, she would've. She had sucked 10,000 cocks in the last dozen years or so. What difference would one more have made?

The FV show went on and on. Stanley didn't say anything but did glance over once in a while. At one point he got up. There was a vending machine behind him. He went to it and showed it his debbie. A paper cup dropped down and immediately started filling with something hot. It looked like coffee. He picked it up and brought it back to his desk. He looked at her.

“Coffee?” he asked.

Coffee sounded wonderful. She bet that she hadn't drunk more than ten cups of coffee over the last many years. “Yes, sir, please,” she responded.

“How do you like it?” the old man asked.

“Cream and sugar, please, sir,” she replied.

He went over to the machine and repeated his prior actions. When the cup was filled he brought it over to her. She took it from his hand. He stood there looking at her for a few moments. “Yeah, you’re a beaut,” he said wistfully. “I’d a done ya in a minute. Don’t get much urge for that kind of stuff now. I know there’s stuff you can take, but it don’t seem as important as it once did.

“I crossed the country in 2025. Me and my buddy must have stopped at every whorehouse between Baltimore and Oakland. Showed up a month late. Caught hell for it too, but we didn’t care. It was worth it. It was right after the Peace Declaration, and DCR, it was brand new then, was opening these cathouses all over free of charge. Girls were kinda raw at first, you had to do some convincin’ to get em to take your dick in their mouths, but they got better at breaking them in pretty quick.”

Stanley stood there eyeing her over. She was afraid that he was going to ask for something in exchange for the coffee. If she had known that she never would have accepted it.

But he didn’t. He just stretched and headed back to his desk and his FV show.

The coffee tasted heavenly. She couldn’t tell if it was good coffee or bad coffee, but it was real coffee. It was warm and a bit bitter. She made herself drink it really slow. Each sip was like a little victory. Even if they sent her back tonight, she would be able to tell the girls that she had had a cup of real coffee.

It was about a half hour later when the buzzer went off on Stanley’s desk. She had gotten about half of her coffee down and was carefully preserving the rest.

“What dya want!” Stanley roared into the speaker.

“DCR Police,” a voice came back.

Ruth stiffened.

“Okay, hold your horses,” Stanley returned. There was a buzz at the door at the bottom of the stairs. A second later she heard the sound of heavy boots on the treads. A capped head appeared on the stairs and kept rising as the DCR officer climbed them. There were two of them. They looked around the room and spotted her. It seemed to be just what they were looking for.

They came over to her. “What’s your name, cunt?” one of them asked. He had black hair and was about 6’2”. His build wasn’t heavy, but he was solid. He towered over her with his knee high jack boots, his Sam Brown belt, his baton and his zipper on his belt. The other guy was sandy haired. He had a thick moustache. He was a little shorter than the cop who had spoken but he seemed bigger, with an

expansive chest. He held himself like he was about to assault somebody.

“R-Ruth Silverman, sir,” Ruth replied. She was scared shitless. Her hand holding the coffee cup was shaking. The dark cop looked at it. “Who said you could have coffee?” he demanded.

“N-nobody, sir,” she answered. She started to tremble. Had she committed a sin by accepting a cup of coffee? Wasn’t she free? Didn’t she have the right to even have a cup of coffee?

“I gave it to her,” Stanley interjected.

“Give it to me,” the dark cop said.

Ruth handed it up. He looked at it, put it to his lips and drank it down. He tossed the empty cup on the floor. Ruth almost broke out into sobs.

“Let me see your discharge card,” he spat out.

Ruth fumbled in her dress pocket and pulled it out. The cop looked at it like it was a confession of sin.

“Whattayadoin here?” he demanded.

“W-waiting, sir” she eked out.

“Waiting? Waiting for what?”

“I-I don’t know, sir,” she replied.

“Well you’re a pretty dumb cunt if you’re sitting around in the middle of the night and you don’t know what you’re waiting for. Aren’t you?”

“Y-yes, sir,” Ruth answered.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I’m a pretty dumb cunt, sir,” she whined.

The other cop was saying nothing. He was just staring at her as if daring for her to make a move.

“You know, we don’t like whores walking all over our streets,” the dark cop told her. “Why aren’t you in a whorehouse?”

“I was let go today, sir,” Ruth proffered meekly.

“Let go? You mean they let you go? They let you go so you could go foul up our streets? So our children can see you? Where our women can see you and get all kinds of ideas? Why did they let you go?”

Ruth didn’t know how to answer that. Or, rather, she knew how to answer it, but was too afraid to say anything. There were a few moments of silence. She was waiting for something terrible to happen.

Finally the blond haired cop said, “It’s the law, Al. They gotta let her go.”

“Gotta let her go?” Al said, incredulous. Ruth knew that as a DCR cop he knew all about the law. This just seemed to be a cruel routine the cops engaged in when they met up with a former CSW. The fact that it was a routine didn’t comfort her. Who knew how the routine was going to end.

“Well that’s a stupid law,” Al continued. “Once a whore, always a whore.”

What do they expect, that she'll set up house somewhere and be little miss muffet? She'll be spreading her legs for any guy with a half dollar. And who knows, maybe she'll just do it for free."

"Yeah," the other cop agreed. "Maybe she'll do us for free."

"Yeah, maybe she'll do us for free," the dark cop repeated. He looked at her. "Do you give a good fuck?" he asked her. Ruth was shaking now. She tried to force an answer out, but what answer should it be? Her indecision was cutting her like a knife.

"Never mind," the dark cop said, "whores are lying sacks of shit. That's why they have to keep them all locked up. Are you a lying sack of shit, cunt?" he demanded.

"N-no, sir," she whined miserably.

"Are you calling me a liar?" he asked her roughly.

"N-no, sir!" she cried out.

"Sounds like you are. Calling a DCR cop a liar, that's an offense, isn't it Pete?"

"Yes, Al, it is. A very serious offense."

"Maybe we should take her in."

"Yeah, maybe," Pete agreed.

Ruth started sobbing.

The cops watched her for a moment or two. Then the dark one said. "Show me your tits. I want to see if it's worthwhile fucking you."

Ruth looked up at him. She had shown her breasts to thousands of guys. It shouldn't make any difference if she showed them to two more. But the act of undressing herself made it seem so much worse. It brought her right back to the day of her induction when she had stripped in front of Ben and that sergeant.

She hesitated to obey.

"Show me your tits or I'll smash your face, cunt," the dark one said angrily.

Ruth quickly lowered the straps of her dress down her arms. The manacle on her left hand clicked against the bench. She could hear herself sobbing but was having no present experience of it, like it was being done by someone else. When her breasts were bare, she looked down in shame.

"Look up at me, cunt!" Al demanded.

She looked up sadly. She could feel her breasts swaying. The men's eyes were peering at them.

"Let's take her for a ride and fuck her, Pete. Whadya say?"

"Sounds like a good idea to me," Pete responded.

"Hey, old timer, give me the key to the handcuff," Al ordered.

"Can't," Stanley answered him. "Ain't got it."

"Whattaya mean you ain't got it?"

“Only Mrs. Rawlings has the keys to the cuffs.”

“Well, get Mrs. Rawlings out here!”

“I’ve got a call in to her now,” Stanley replied. He was calm as if he went through this every night.

The cops stood there and looked at Ruth, trying to figure out what to do. Then Al said, “Well, let’s have her blow us.”

“Good idea,” Pete answered.

“Get on your knees, cunt!” Al snapped at her.

She fell immediately to her knees. The manacle was holding her left hand behind her. Al was lowering his zipper.

Then there was a loud clanging behind them. Then a loud woman’s voice.

“What the fuck are you two assholes doing?” the voice demanded.

It was a tall, older, broad shouldered black woman. She was wearing a pale blue bathrobe over a pink nightgown. Her grayish hair was all mussed.

The cops turned and looked at her, stupefied.

“I asked you,” the woman repeated loudly and hostilely, “what the fuck do you think that you’re doing?”

Al spoke up hesitatingly. “This is a DCR matter...” he started to say.

“DCR matter my black ass!” the woman screeched. “You ain’t got no right to hassle this woman! She just got done serving the General Public Order and the New Society Program for twelve fucking years! What sacrifices you made lately? You should be kissing her ass! Now get the fuck out of my place before I call your commander!”

The cops didn’t know what to say. It was probably a long time since any woman had spoken to them that way, if ever. They couldn’t decide whether to arrest her or to do what she said. Finally, Al turned back to Ruth. “You better watch yourself,” he warned her, throwing her discharge card at her. “I see you walking our streets, I’m going to run you in! Got it!”

“You ain’t goin to run nobody in!” the woman hollered. “Now you get the fuck outta my place and go get some doughnuts somewhere, or go steal some little girl’s lollypop! That’s about all you’re good for!”

The cops looked at the hysterical woman, made a calculation, and started to edge their way towards the stairs. When they descended them, their boot steps were loud as if they were trying to reassert their authority. Stanley buzzed them out and they left.

Ruth started sobbing uncontrollably. It was like she hadn’t sobbed for thirteen years and had been holding it all in. The woman came over and knelt down next to her, throwing her arms around her. “You go ahead and cry, Ruthie,” she said comfortingly. “You cry and cry and cry all you want. Get it all out of ya.”

Ruth did just what the woman suggested. She cried and cried and cried. She

nestled herself into the woman's hug as her arms suffused her with warmth.

Finally, she calmed down. The woman released her wrist from the cuff. "Come on, honey, let's go inside. My name's Ethel, Ethel Rawlings. I run this place. You're going to be okay. Ya here me?"

Ruth nodded uncertainly.

"Here, cover yourself up," Mrs. Rawlings told her. She helped her draw her dress straps back up. Then she helped her to her feet. Her discharge card was on the floor. "Here," Mrs. Rawlings said as she picked it up and handed it to her, "don't lose this. You're gonna need it everywhere you go."

Ruth took it and put it back in her dress pocket.

She led her over to the steel barred door. The noise she had heard when the cops had been hassling her had been Mrs. Rawlings turning the lock. She led Ruth through it and then reached in her pocket for a big key. She closed the steel door and turned the lock with the key. It was oversized and looked like it had been made for a giant, well, maybe a small giant. The lock clanged again when it closed. Ruth wasn't sure about how she felt about being locked in, no matter how nice Mrs. Rawlings seemed to be.

Mrs. Rawlings noticed it. "Oh, don't worry about that," she said as she put her arm around Ruth's shoulders. "That ain't to keep you in. It's to keep those motherfucking assholes out!" She put some emphasis on the last few words. "It don't stop 'em from coming in, but it slows them down a bit sos we can get everybody ship shape first."

Ruth agreed internally that that was a great idea. It would be better if it kept them out permanently, but that was probably too much to hope for. They went down a short corridor and opened another door. While the outside waiting room had been industrial in character, the corridor seemed a bit more homely. There was a nice oriental style runner down the middle. It was well lit by several sconces. The walls were painted a friendly blue. There were some viddy pics on the walls showing pastoral scenes. There were a number of wooden doors down the corridor. They didn't seem to have any locks, at least not the kind she was used to.

They went down a way and they entered a bathroom. There were five toilet stalls on one side and several sinks on the other. The sinks and toilets were white, but the toilet stalls were a nice pastel orange red. The tiles on the floor were of a slightly darker shade. Tiles matching the floor went about half way up and above that the walls were painted the same color as the stalls. There were long overhead lights which shined a pleasant, soft but bright light.

"Do you need to use the toilet, honey?" Mrs. Rawlings asked. Ruth nodded yes. Even if she hadn't, she would have jumped at the chance to take a pee in private. Or a dump for that matter. Or just sit there imaging that she did. There had been no privacy in the brothels she had been at, or virtually none. Except one.

It wasn't the best brothel she had been in, but it was close to the best. Maybe second best. But then she hadn't really seen too much of the place except the room where they kept her. The trip there had been tortuous. She had crouched in the little case she had been shipped in for a long, long time.

When the truck had pulled out, she had been virally frightened. She could hear the mewling of the other two girls from within their cases next to her. It was very strange that they were all in the exact same predicament, but hadn't even seen each other. She could remember one of the girls screeching when that guy Danny had zapped her. She remembered his frightful visage and terrifying strength. What chance did she ever have against stuff like that? Were the next dozen years going to be filled with coarseness and brutality? Why were they so mean?

It had been horrible to learn that she was going to be put on a plane. Well, not a plane, really, but they still called them that. It would be a hovercraft propelled mostly by tiny suitcase sized batteries. A hovercraft could fly you across the country in 2 hours. She had never even seen one, but some of the new girls talked about them. They were just coming out when she had been inducted. In fact, the girls said, people complained that it took you more time to get to the airport with all the traffic and congestion than it did to fly.

Many people didn't have much faith in the trustworthiness of the hovercraft, and, if the distance wasn't too long, preferred to drive instead. At 125 miles an hour on the Interstate you could get from Iowa to Chicago in less than four hours. So what was the sense in flying?

But, supposedly, hovercraft was safer than driving where there were still mishaps because of people insisting on driving their cars instead of using the self-driving features, and the many cars that weren't automatic, like theirs. And the self-driving cars and trucks still had accidents due to mechanical failures or glitches in programs, or maybe weather conditions, or other stupid drivers.

Well, she might be travelling in a hovercraft, but she certainly wouldn't see one all scrunched up and in a box. She would have gladly forgone the novelty of her first hovercraft flight in order to be able to sit in a normal seat and watch everything go by. And it wouldn't have mattered whether it took four hours or a hundred for them to get where they were going. She was in no rush to become a whore.

The truck they were in was one of the newer models, entirely run on electric power and there was not the usual roar of mighty engines. But the mechanical elements of the vehicle still made some noise and the truck had a steady, heavy vibration. The rocking of the truck on the road was strangely almost soothing. But the lack of knowledge of where she had been and where she was going was not. When she had been taken from the police station, they had driven about 2 hours, but they had made detours to pick up other girls. They could have been taken

anywhere from Medford Lakes, in the east, to Lindenwold, in the south, to maybe Laurel, north of her hometown in Marlton. Or maybe west to someplace in Pennsylvania. And there were plenty of these small airports around. They could be going to South Jersey Regional, which was the biggest airport around, to Berlin or Evasham. Or, if she was in Pennsylvania, to someplace she didn't even know.

It was clear that from now on she would be provided with little or no information about what was going on around her. She had entered a world within a world. And there would be a barrier between them that she would not be able to cross. Other people would be able to navigate the barrier, regular people, mostly men who wanted to fuck her, but she would not be able to, like some cursed woman bound forever to stay where she was.

After a while, maybe an hour, the truck made some maneuvers like it was driving along ramps. It stopped several times like it was at traffic lights, and then moved on. Then it slowed, seemed to reverse and then the sensation that it had bumped against something. It came to a halt.

There was a long delay. Then the door to the truck rolled open. She shivered with fright. Her back and thighs ached awfully, and her neck too. She had pulled and pulled and pulled at her confinements a hundred times, but nothing had loosened. She heard heavy boots walking along the bed of the truck, approaching her. The crate next to her was unstrapped and rolled away. She was next and then the third girl. They were in another noisy place and she could hear men's voices talking and the sound of machinery.

"Scan them in," she heard Danny demand in his unmistakable, rough voice.

"Cool your jets, Danny," another voice answered.

"I got another run I gotta make. Don't make me late!" Danny demanded.

"Like I said, cool your jets, Danny boy. We've got a loading dock full of freight. I'll get Phil to come over and check you in in a few minutes. Your flight is running late anyway. Maybe three hours. Engine trouble."

"That don't mean fuck all to me," Danny replied angrily. "My responsibility ends right here. I ain't waiting no three hours for no fucking plane!"

"Okay, okay," the other voice answered. "Phil'll be over here in a few minutes."

Danny didn't reply. She imagined him standing there all fuming and pissed off. She felt glad that he was pissed off. He was a real asshole. But she didn't like the sound of it that she would be waiting around for three hours or more for a plane. Waiting that long would be excruciating. At least when her crate was moving she was getting closer to being let out. She was hungry and thirsty. And she had to pee. She realized that the pad Danny had put on was to absorb any water she had to release, but the idea of having what was virtually a wet diaper on her and the stink of urine in her little box repelled her. She knew that eventually she

would have to release it, but she was putting it off as long as she could.

A little while later, she heard another man's voice. "Heya, Danny, being a pain in the ass, as usual?"

"Go fuck yourself, Phil, and get me outta here!" Danny snapped back.

There was silence for a moment. There were three sets of three beeps. She felt like someone was hovering outside her crate. Then the other voice said, "Satisfied?"

"Yeah, I'm satisfied," Dany replied. "See you in about four hours."

"I'll be looking forward to it," the other voice said.

There was the rumble of the door to Danny's truck and then it pulled away.

Nothing happened for a long time. There was noise all around, but nothing was happening. Maybe if they had to wait three hours, they would let her out of the crate in the meantime, she hoped.

After about a half an hour she heard another voice demand, "What the fuck are these things doing here?"

She didn't hear the reply. Then the new voice said, "Well, get them the fuck off of my dock! Put them in holding for now."

A short while later she heard something mechanical come up next to her. Her crate was lifted and put down on something. Then the other crates were put down next to her. Then they were lifted up and carried some distance, made some turns, and were put down again.

The noise seemed further away. They just sat there for the longest time. She tried not to think about how horrible it was to be crated up and helpless like this, to be treated as mere cargo. Tried not to think about the terrible things that were going to happen to her, had already happened. Tried not to think about how lonely and scared she was. But there was nothing else to do. The achiness about everything had turned into a dull, steady pain.

The time went on and on and on. Sometimes something got put down by that machine that had carried them; sometimes it came and picked things up. A couple of times she heard men's voices nearby, very close and talking as if they were looking for something. They would announce the fact that they had found it and the machine would come by again. At one point, the machine came by and moved them a long distance and put them down again.

Ruth felt like she was in some terrible, terrible nightmare, which she was. How she could go from a relatively happy young woman to a slave confined in a little box seemed so impossible that it hardly seemed real. But what was impossible was, no matter how hard she tried, to think away where she was and what had been done to her. It would always come back to being all scrunched up, her hands bound cruelly behind her back, looking down into complete darkness, and waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting.

It seemed so much longer than three hours that they had been waiting. She started to become hysterical, screaming and moaning and yanking hard at everything. "Please! Please! Please! Please help me! Please! Please! Please!" she would try and yell. Wasn't there anyone out there with a speck of humanity? Or was it so usual that girls were transported here in boxes that nobody thought anything about it anymore? She had had no idea that she was living amidst such a cruel, cruel world. She had been a fool not to see it.

She remembered the whorehouse that had been a few miles from their house. She had passed it hundreds of times. She knew all about compelled sexual workers and the draft and everything like that, but she had never thought what it was like for the women inside it. They were whores, after all, the worst class of women there was. And if the government had made them whores, if God had allowed them to be forced to become whores, then he must have had a reason. They must have deserved it, mustn't they?

Did she deserve it? She couldn't think of a single thing that would have made God angry at her. Sure a little kissing and stuff with Anthony. She had cheated on an exam once. But she had felt so guilty that she never did it again. She hadn't come to the aid or assistance of Rhonda Frawley, who had been the most picked on girl in her class. She was ashamed of that, but she hadn't done anything to make it worse for her. And all the other girls who had, God hadn't made them whores! God hadn't placed them in little boxes for hours and hours and hours, left somewhere where people had apparently forgotten about her.

She could hear the other girls whining and crying. She imagined that she was making the same kinds of noises, but she couldn't really tell. Everything seemed so disjointed, so macabre. What if they forgot about them for days and days and days? She would die of starvation! Or of thirst! Or maybe just loneliness and unhappiness!

Some men came by. They were sorting through some things. A man's voice from close by announced, "Here they are!"

"Jesus Christ, who put them there?" a voice demanded. It sounded like the same voice that didn't want them on his dock.

"Go get them loaded! Don't you fucking blockheads know that there are fucking women in there? Real, live women? Jesus! If they're dead I'm going to have someone's ass!"

A machine like thing approached them. They were moved again. They were put down. "Here they are" the man announced.

"It's about fucking time!" a scratchy voice asserted. "We've been here for two fucking hours! Is this how you treat live freight?"

"Don't give me that shit!" the supervisor's voice protested. "If you guys weren't four hours late this wouldn't have happened!"

“That wasn’t our fault. But if you guys hadn’t lost them, we would be there by now! I’m not taking responsibility for three dead whores!”

“They’re not dead!”

“How do you fucking know?” the scratchy voice demanded.

“We’ve held live freight longer than that!”

“I don’t give a fuck what you’ve done. I’m not taking those whores on my plane unless someone proves to me that they’re alive! I don’t want anyone to be able to say that I killed them!”

“What do you want me to do, open the crates? They’re sealed for Christ’s sake!”

“That’s your fucking problem, not mine! If you don’t open the crates and prove to me that that’s live freight, you can shove them up your ass!”

“Jesus fucking Christ!” the supervisor’s voice said, exasperated. “Okay!” he said to someone. “Open them the fuck up!”

Someone unlocked the clasps on the top of her box. Her heart leapt! Someone was going to take her out! The lid came off.

“See!” the supervisor’s voice demanded. “She’s as alive as you or me!”

“I don’t see nothing!” the scratchy voice protested. “Get her up so I can see if she’s breathing!”

“Christ!” the supervisor’s voice spat out. Hands went down in front of her and the strap holding her head down was loosened. The tension on her neck released. She tried to straighten out and kneel up, but her back was too sore. Hands went on her shoulders. “Careful, you idiot!” the supervisor’s voice shot out. “She’s been in there for maybe seven hours. Get her up slow.”

The hands, man’s hands, strong hands, eased her up. Her back muscles screamed. She howled. “Easy there, easy there, honey. I’ve got you. It’s okay,” the man who was raising her said.

Her head was brought up above the side of the crate. There were men in work clothes standing around. Her eyes flitted back and forth among them to see if anyone would show her mercy. There were just cold, hard stares. All she could think of was how she must look with the big black ball sticking out of her mouth.

“Satisfied?” the supervisor voice asked. He was standing in front of her. He was wearing a white shirt and a black and blue tie with black pants. He looked to be maybe 35 or 40. The man who had lifted her out was standing next to him. He looked a little discomfited.

“Okay for that one,” the scratchy voice behind her said. “Put her back in and let’s check the others.”

Panic shot through her. They were going to put her back! “Please don’t! Please don’t! Please don’t!” she tried to yell, but all that came out were murmurs.

“You can’t put her back without giving her something to drink,” the man in

front of her protested. There was silence all around her as if the men were considering it.

Then the supervisor said, "All right! Fuck it! Get her some water!"

The man in front of her hurried off. Ruth looked around her for sympathy, but found little. Mostly there was impatience and maybe a little guilt.

The man who had dashed off came back with three bottles of what looked like fruit juice. Ruth looked at them hungrily. He put two of them down and twisted the top off the third.

"Someone take that thing out of her mouth," he said.

The supervisor bent over and looked at her. "I don't want any shit!" he informed her. "No talking, no trouble! Got it? Or I'll tell them to just put you back."

Ruth nodded her head desperately. Someone from behind her unbuckled the gag and drew the big black ball from her mouth. She was crying like a baby. Her bound wrists writhed in their leather confinement behind her. The man with the drink crouched down. "Here honey, drink this," he told her. He put the bottle to her lips. It looked to be about 10 ounces. The juice was orangey. Some spilled between her lips and joy infused her. The man poured it slowly and she drank and drank and drank. When it was all gone, the man shook out the last few drops and stood up.

"Okay, let's get her back in," the supervisor instructed his men. Ruth wanted to protest, to say to them, "Please! Please! Please, don't put me back!" but as soon as she opened her mouth, the big black ball was installed again, stuffed in hard. It was buckled tight behind her head, pulling the ball in deep. She looked around in misery. Not one of these men, who had wives and daughters and girlfriends and mothers and sisters, uttered a single syllable of protest. When the gag was reinstalled, someone took hold of the back of her head and shoved her down forcibly. The belt around her neck was pulled down and she was affixed much like she was before.

"No! Don't! Don't! Don't! Don't!" she tried to yell. Only a murmuring noise came from her mouth. Besides, her head was already down and she was murmuring into the bottom of the box where all she could see was darkness.

"Look, the tie on her hands is loose," the scratchy voice said. "We've got to retie it."

She had managed to loosen them a bit by wriggling, wriggling, wriggling. But just enough to make them more comfortable, not to free them. "Please don't do that," she whined inside. Very strong hands grabbed her lower arms and held them in place against her curved back. Someone untied her wrists. It was a relief to feel them free. But a second later, the leather thong went around them again. Over the top, side to side, over the top, side to side and over the top again. On each traverse they were pulled tight. Then they were knotted off, just as tight as before.

Ruth cried and wailed. It was so awful to feel her wrists tied like that. There was a finality and cruelty to it. The hands that were holding her arms left. “Okay,” the scratchy voice said.

The lid went back on and everything went darker again. She heard them buckling it closed and despaired.

They opened and closed the other crates. The first girl whined and cried, but didn’t say anything when they took out her gag to drink. She cried and wailed as she was lowered back into her original position like Ruth had done. The other girl, after she had had her drink, started blubbering, “Please don’t put me back! Please! Pleeceeeeeease!” she shrieked. Then her voice went muffled and Ruth heard her murmured pleas become even fainter as her lid was replaced.

There was silence all around them for a couple of moments, except for the whimpering coming from the crates. “Here, I brought some new shipping labels,” a voice said. There was a pause while they were applied.

“Okay, let’s get these fucking things out of here!” demanded the supervisor’s voice. They were lifted up by the machine again and driven some distance. They were slid down a ramp and someone caught them at the bottom. They were hefted onto a cart or something and wheeled some distance. Then they were manhandled a bit and placed down. Someone strapped them in. About a half hour later, the hovercraft vibrated and there was the sound of its air engines breathing deeply. The hovercraft moved along the ground for a bit and then the scratchy voice said, “This is flight 3349 to control. Am I cleared for takeoff?”

“Clear, 3349,” a voice returned over the speaker. “Lift pad 3.”

“Roger control,” the scratchy voice confirmed. They rolled a bit more. Then the rushing air like noise got louder and louder. All of a sudden, they were in the air.

CHAPTER SEVEN

She mourned and mourned and mourned what was being done to her, but she took some solace that she was on the move again. Wherever they were taking her was far, far away. The pilot was playing some music in the cockpit and she could hear him singing or humming along from time to time. The speaker to the radio cackled once or twice, but she didn't hear anything significant.

About an hour later she heard the pilot speak into his microphone. "Anderson, Anderson, this is flight 3349, do you read me?"

"Loud and clear, 3349," a women's voice answered. "I've got you."

"I got an ETA of fifteen minutes."

"Roger. Clear to land. Pad four."

"Roger," the pilot answered.

The hovercraft slowed and stopped and then dropped, fast, at first, and then slower and slower and slower. Finally there was a solid bump. A few moments later, the rushing air noises stopped.

She heard the door to the plane open and close as the pilot got out. Nothing happened for about 20 minutes. She was yearning desperately to get wherever she was going. Every minute extra, when she wasn't in motion and making progress to her freedom was agony. She heard the door to the plane open again and the crate next to her was unstrapped and lifted out. Someone said, "Careful! Don't drop the fucking thing!"

Someone came back and her crate was unstrapped. She was manhandled and put down. And then the third crate next to hers. They were wheeled a short distance. Someone came close to the crates and she heard a reader beep several times. "Okay," a gruff woman's voice said. "Let's get 'em loaded."

They were manhandled again, or maybe woman handled, and put into something, another truck, Ruth assumed. There was no drama this time, no waiting. The vehicle took off. It didn't have the deep rumble of the truck they had been in and Ruth assumed that it was a van. They drove for about 40 minutes. There were several stops and gos and some turns. Then the van came to a halt. Again she heard the driver's door open and close. There was a short delay and then the side door was opened to the back. She was rolled a short distance and then lifted up.

There were beeps as the shipping labels were checked in. A man's voice said,

“Okay Sal, see you tomorrow.” Sal, or Sally, Ruth presumed, just grunted and disappeared forever.

The lid to her crate was opened. Hands released the strap holding her head down. Another pair of hands lifted her up carefully. She looked around frantically for a sign of where she was but all she could see were bricks and cement and a pair of double doors. There was a man in front of her. He was wearing a light blue t-shirt that said, Greenville House of Female Grace on it in white, italic letters across his chest. Underneath, there was a silhouette of a reclining woman, her breasts pushing out delectably. She didn’t have too much time to look at it because the man lifted her right eyelid and aimed something at her eye. It beeped three times. The man seemed satisfied. To her dismay, her head was pulled down again and the lid reinstalled. She heard him checking the other two crates. He got affirmatory beeps at each one.

“Okay, this one to room 314, the other two to 315 and 316,” the man said. “Just leave them there for now.”

There was no response, but something was attached to the front of her crate and she began to be pulled along. They paused for a moment and went over a bump, through the double doors, she presumed, and then a hall with a flat hard floor. They stopped. A door slid open in front of her and she was pulled into something. It waited for a few moments as the other crates were dragged in and then it went up. She heard some dings and then the elevator stopped. The other crates went out and then she followed. She could tell that she was being dragged across something soft now, like a carpet. She stopped, a door opened; she was pulled a bit further and stopped. The lead was released from the front of her cage and whoever had been pulling her left. She heard the door close behind her and the ‘clunk!’ of a lock.

She squirmed and whined. Wasn’t she ever going to be let out? What were they waiting for? Were they just going to torture her and torture her and torture her? She tried to focus her body so that it could expand and blow apart the confines around her.

She heard the door behind her clunk open. Someone came in. The lid was pried off of her crate. Light flooded in. She started whining and moaning.

“Okay, okay,” a man’s soft voice said. “I’ll get you out of there in a second.”

She felt hands descend into the front of the box. The strap pulling her head down was loosened. She tried to raise her head, but it hurt too much. She felt a crying fit coming on, resisted it, and then gave in.

The man went behind her and put his hands softly on her shoulders. He slowly eased her back, stopping each time she released a wail of distress. Finally, he had her fully erect. He was behind her and she still hadn’t seen him yet. She felt him releasing her ankles. So maybe she was really getting out! She hoped and hoped

and hoped. The man's hands went on her elbows and he helped her stand. She was trembling and sobbing.

"Okay, let me lift you out," the man's voice said. She felt hands on her hips and she was hoisted up and over and put down softly on her feet. Her knees collapsed and she almost fell, but the man held her up. "Can you stand?" he asked her. Her sobs were subsiding and she nodded yes. He released her and came around to her front.

He was tall and strong but not over muscled. He had short, sandy hair. His face was long and a little bit boney. His eyes had a softness to them, seeming almost kind, or at least that they could be kind and knew how. His lips were thin and his nose was a trifle long. He was clean shaven. He was wearing a white, soft cotton, pullover shirt. It had a vee neck bordered with a hem of golden threads. The pants he was wearing were soft, almost like pajama bottoms, a dark blue with a tie in the front. He had on white slippers.

She thought that he looked 38 or 40, but young people were always guessing too high on the ages of older people. He looked at her in a reassuring, comforting manner. He caressed her cheek. "Poor thing," he said. "All that time all crunched up. It shouldn't have taken that long to get you here." His apology was just short of one, but it was sympathetic and that was better than nothing. She felt like she was about to cry again.

"First thing we've got to do is get you all cleaned up," he told her. "Can you walk?"

She nodded her head. He took her by the elbow and led her to a door. It opened into a spacious bathroom. There was a shower, a toilet and a sink. The shower was against the far wall and was open, with no shower stall or curtain, but a drain in the middle of the floor. The floor consisted of blue and white tile made up in diamond patterns. The diamond pattern climbed the walls half way, except by the shower where they went up all the way. The rest of the walls up to the ceiling were a lighter shade of blue.

The toilet and wide, scooped sink and marble countertop were turquoise. There was an elegant light fixture in the middle of the ceiling and a beautiful gilt edged mirror over the 8' long vanity. The faucet had handles were golden. To the left of the sink there were two padded chairs, in front of the vanity. The vanity had a small makeup mirror on it and a small cabinet off to the left, where the vanity met the wall, for makeup and accessories. The vanity also had three drawers up the left hand side next to the cut out for the chair.

"Let's have a nice pee before we do anything," the man said. He led her to the toilet, peeled off the pad that Danny had covered her mons with and helped her sit down. He dumped the soaked pad into a small, covered garbage pail with a swinging door. Ruth sat there looking at the man. Was he her owner? Her master?

What? When she had seen the building from outside, from what little she saw, it was a big place. How many whores where there here? What had happened to the two other girls she had been with? Would she ever learn who they had been? Was this man going to harm her? Subject her to further indignities? Was he going to fuck her and make him suck him?

He washed his hands and came back to her. She was frightened. The man seemed so big and she was so small.

He patted her on the cheek again softly. "Come on, give me a little pee. I haven't got all day." His voice had a softness to it, but with an edge. There had been much of the edge in his last instruction to her. Not that he had raised his voice or anything. It was just that the tone had changed. It said, "Don't fuck with me!"

She closed her eyes and concentrated. A few moments later, a nice stream started to flow. She looked up at the man. He was looking at her approvingly. She knew why. She had just obeyed her first command as his slave. There would be many, many more commands. She was sure of that.

He told her to stand up and bend over and spread her legs. She did as she was told and he used a tissue to wipe her couth. He tossed in the commode and flushed it. He went back to the sink and washed his hands again.

He approached her. She had remained bent over, afraid to make a move without his permission. He just patted her cheek again and said, "Good girl."

He told her to stand up straight. He got right in front of her. "I'm going to untie you and I'm going to give you a nice wash. I don't want any trouble. You should obey my every command as if it were a divine law. I don't want to hear you talking. If I want to know something from you I'll ask you a specific question. If it calls for a yes or no answer, you'll just shake or nod your head. Understand?"

She shook her head fervently. He tapped her face again. "Good girl," he repeated.

He took her by the elbow and led her over to the shower spigot. It was on a long hose that went into the wall. The shower fixtures were golden as well. Ruth couldn't believe that they were really gold, but maybe some alloy. They didn't look brass. Set about 12" from the spigot, two chains hung down from the ceiling. They had leather bracelets on the ends.

"Turn around," the man ordered her.

She turned so that her back was to him. She felt him loosen and then remove the thong around her wrists. She held her wrists together because the man hadn't told her to do anything else.

"Okay, turn around again," he told her. She obeyed. "Come closer and put your right hand up over your head."

She did what she was told. The chain was on a spring. He pulled it down and it stayed in place about a foot over her head. He attached her right wrist in the

bracelet. He told her to lift her left hand and he confined that wrist as well. Then he gave each wrist a little yank and her hands were lifted high over her head. She had to stand on the balls of her feet. The spring on the chains had some play to it, but you had to pull on them hard to get them to lower. If she stood on the balls of her feet, there was almost a perfect tension.

The chains were on slides so that she could go under the shower or step a bit away from it. He turned the water on. He let it run until he thought it was the proper temperature. "Okay, get under the water," he told her.

She stepped forward, sliding the chain over. The water was wonderfully warm. The flow was strong, but not so strong that it stung. She closed her eyes and let the water run all over her. It was funny, but it was not until that moment that she became totally conscious of the fact that she was naked before this man. Any issue about clothing seemed picayune when compared to her other issues. But now with the water flowing over her and her recovering some of her humanity, she also recovered some of her shame at being nude in front of a strange man. And not just a strange man, a man who could do anything he wanted to her.

Her back was to him and so it didn't seem too bad right at that second. But she knew that in a moment he would turn her around and wash her. Then everything would be exposed to him.

He, in fact, told her to turn around. The chains above her swiveled so they would not twist. She was ashamed for him to see her nakedness, even though plenty of people had seen it already. But those had been the impersonal agents of an unknown power. And here, while the powers behind the man were also unknown, his attention was very, very personal.

"Very nice," he said to her. "You're very pretty. You're going to make a very good whore."

She felt repelled by his statement and a smidgeon of rebellion lit in her. Her fear quickly doused it.

He motioned her to step out of the shower. She took a step towards him and out from under the water. He removed his shirt, revealing a strong, hairless chest, and hung it on a hook nearby. He then went to a shelf built into the shower wall and picked up a large, soft sponge. He rinsed it under the shower and then poured some body wash into it. He squeezed it until it was covered with soap. He stepped up to her and, starting with her breasts, began to cover her body with a sheen of soap. He pushed and mashed her breasts both this way and that. He descended down her belly and told her to spread her legs. She was just able to do it by pulling hard on the chain and stepping her feet apart. He washed over her mons, and then down her legs. He made her lift her feet, which was difficult to do, and he washed them, running his fingers all between her toes.

He got up and made her turn around again. He washed from the back of her

neck down to her waist, spreading soap all over her back. He washed between the cheeks of her posterior and then down the backs of her legs.

When he was done, he rinsed out the sponge and put it back up on the shelf. He came over to her and started sliding his hands all over her slippery body. He did her upper chest and her neck. He seized her breasts, and coned his hands, sliding them down several times as if he was milking them. He slid his hands along her belly and downwards. He first went down her outer thighs, down her lower legs to her feet and then worked his way back up again on the inside. He placed his hand over her sex, squeezing it and rubbing it. He slid a finger up and down just between her outer lips and circled her little button.

He went to her back and repeated the performance, covering every square inch from her neck to her waist, down over her buttocks and down her legs again. When he rose, he slid his hand between her rear cheeks and drew it up until he reached her little star. He pressed against it, inserting the tip of his finger and stretching it just a mite. Then he withdrew. He washed his hand under the running water. He came back and stood in front of her.

“Do you understand?” he asked her. She nodded.

“I can touch any part of you I want to. At any time. You don’t have the right to withhold any part of you. I and the people I represent own you. Every part of you. You don’t own anything. And don’t worry who the people I represent are. Just understand that they are very powerful and very ruthless people. They have paid for a whore and they expect to get one. You are not a whore yet. It is my job to teach you how to be one. I won’t inflict any unnecessary pain on you, but I expect total and absolute obedience. Do you understand?”

His voice was calm but forceful. It was almost like there was a voice inside her repeating every word he said. The words circled around her brain several times and seemed to subsume it, overwhelm it. They squeezed it as if he had his hands about her throat. Deep, deep sadness permeated her. The embodiment of evil was right in front of her. The devil didn’t need to be harsh or overbearing. He could afford to be suave and almost gentle. He had all the power and she had none. A chill went through her. She nodded her head to signify her understanding of those words.

“All that has come before today, this moment, will begin to fade away. This is day one of your life. All the other days are just ghosts, ephemera, shadows. They don’t exist anymore. The quicker you come to understand and accept that, the better off you will be. For nothing, nothing is to stand in the way of your being an absolutely obedient, compliant and energetic whore. Nothing.”

He didn’t ask her if she understood. She couldn’t possibly understand at that very moment what she was to become. But she saw that it would be something dark, something that would obliterate her past. The girl who had cowered on her

bed, listening to the ominous, dreadful knocks on her door was gone. Disappeared, subsumed, liquidated. Now there was only this shell which stood before this immensely powerful and evil man. He would fill that shell with an evil substance that would poison her very nature. Twelve years. Twelve long years. And this was day one, like the man said.

He smiled and patted her cheek. "Good girl," he said. "Now get back under the water and rinse off."

She stepped under the flow from the spigot. A few moments ago, it had felt like it was a rejuvenating force, washing away all the awfulness she had borne. Now it felt like an evil elixir that was coating her body. No, not her body. His body, or their body. But not her body.

He had her step out again. He removed her gag and put it on the shelf. He washed her hair. He made her get under the water and rinse it. Out again and he applied some conditioner and, after waiting a moment or two had her step back in again. He had her step out. He took a big, soft, fluffy towel from the closet and he dried her body with it. It brought it everywhere his hands had been before. He patted down her hair and then brushed it out with a new brush he took out of a cellophane package.

He took a new toothbrush out of a drawer in the vanity, put some toothpaste on it and holding her mouth open with his left hand, brushed all of her teeth. She felt shamed and humiliated for him to be cleaning her as if she couldn't be trusted to do it well enough herself. He brushed her teeth strongly, but not harshly. He made her spit all the toothpaste out and then brought her a small cup of water. He fed her some. She swirled it around in her mouth and spit again. Then he made her repeat the process. He rinsed out the toothbrush and placed it in a holder. He left the hairbrush and the toothpaste on the vanity. He came back to her and released her hands from above her head. He brought her over to the vanity and washed them. She got to take a look at herself in the mirror.

With all that was going on she had almost forgotten that they had cut her hair. She glanced at her face. "This is the face of a whore," she thought sadly. She remembered how they had made her up. They would make her wear makeup here too. She would wear whatever they told her to wear. She still had the bar code they had placed on her in the other place on her chest. She hadn't gotten a good look at it before. It marked her as a commodity. Seeing it made her heart sink.

He saw her looking at it. "We'll get that off later," he told her.

He made her stand there for a moment with her hands behind her back. She crossed them obediently.

"No," he said. "Put your palms together," he told her. "When I tell you to put your hands behind your back, you will always put your palms together."

She obeyed him. He took out of the vanity drawer a wider and longer thong

than had connected her wrists before. He brought the thong around her wrists, tying it off once. Then he brought them around several more times, tied it again tight, and then brought the thong between her palms around and around, cross-wise to the other tie, three times. He then tied it off three times just below the heels of her hands, very tight.

The position of her hands drew her shoulders back and thrust out her breasts. Her hands felt locked in place implacably. Danny's words came back to her about leather and hands and shame. She felt shame now. She felt shame that she did not resist the man one iota, slavishly obeyed everything he said. Now her hands were gripped again behind her. Only this time it felt like someone had placed their hands over her wrists and were holding them in place. She felt like crying, but put it off.

She saw herself frowning. He took her by the arm and led her back into the other room.

She had not gotten a good look at it before. It was large, about 30' by 40', wider than it was deep, and was covered by a soft, baby blue carpet. There was a large window that emitted a hazy moonlight through diaphanous, blue tinted curtains on the right side of the room looking at it from the door. Against the back wall was a large bed. Very large, king sized. There were no blankets or top sheet, just a bottom sheet of white silk. There were several fluffy pillows at the head. The headboard was simple, dark maple. There were several rings on it and, ominously, a chain leading from the central ring and sitting in a pile on a pillow.

There were end tables on either side of the bed with tall table lamps on them. An armoire stood against the wall opposite the bed, next to the door. Along the wall on the left, looking at the bed, was a long credenza with a mirror along its length. Just in front of the window, far enough away so that you could stand between the window and it, there was a set of chains not unlike those in the bathroom by the shower. The rug had been cut out under them and there was a large circle of polished wood with rings in the center and to each side. Something that looked at first like a coat stand was sitting a bit off from the circle. But then she realized that there were whips of varying shapes and sizes hanging from it. A deep void opened in her belly. She tried to ignore it.

Two blue easy chairs were sitting close to the door on either side of it, facing the bed. Between them was a little table.

He led her over to the bed. He told her to kneel down facing the door. She knelt like they had taught her, her knees spread, her chest thrust out, her back high and straight. The man tousled her hair and said, "Good girl. When I tell you to kneel, I want you to kneel like that. When I tell you 'rest' you can sit back on your legs. Now rest."

She sat on the backs of her legs, but kept her upright posture. She saw that the man had brought a tray in with him. It had a covered dish on it. He brought it over

to her and sat down cross-legged in front of her. He uncovered the dish and picked it up, along with a silver spoon.

“This is just some oatmeal to tide you over. I don’t want you to get an upset stomach after all the stress you’ve been through. Your meals will get better, I assure you. Now open up your mouth.”

She opened her mouth. He took a half spoonful of oatmeal and brought it to her lips. She leaned forward and took it in. It was still warm and had been laced with brown sugar. It was delicious after what they had been feeding her. And she didn’t know how long it had been since she had eaten. She closed her eyes and let the flavor waft through her consciousness. He was waiting when she opened them. He fed her patiently. She took some time savoring each bite. She realized that he was reinforcing his position of power over her, but what could she do? She was like an armless, deformed person. He had absolute power over her. He had all, she had none.

His face was friendly, smiling while he fed her. He had not re-donned his shirt and his manly chest flexed as he moved. His movements were graceful and fluid. He exuded confidence and self-assurance. It was almost comforting.

When she was finished, he scraped the bowl to get the last spoonful. She cleaned the spoon obediently. He put the bowl and the spoon aside. There was a small carafe on the tray. He picked it up and removed the top. He brought it to her lips. “This is a vitamin filled and nutritious formula. It will taste a little like a vanilla milkshake. It has the birth control formula in it that we use. It won’t be effective for 48 hours, so we will begin with a few other things before I take your virginity.”

She didn’t like the sound of that. But it was what she was here for. She was just glad of the news that she wouldn’t have to fuck him right away. But what other things was he talking about?

He put the carafe to her lips and she drank it down. The only thing worse than being a sex slave was being a knocked up sex slave. She didn’t want that. Abortion was against the General Public Order. She still had a belief in the GPO, even if she had some questions about a lot of it now, especially about the part about her being forced to become a whore. How could God want that?

It did taste like a vanilla milk shake. She took in every drop. When she was done, he put the carafe down on the tray. “The formula contains something that will help you sleep. Just relax and let it take effect.” She nodded her affirmation to him.

“When I come back,” he continued, “I’m going to whip you. Not because you’ve done anything wrong. You’ve been very good so far and I’m very pleased. The purpose of whipping you is to firmly establish in your mind your new status and to firmly set in there my authority over you. It will be very painful and will

make you very unhappy. If it wasn't and it didn't there would be no point to doing it. After that, I will not inflict pain on you unless you deserve it. What your guests will do, well, that will be up to them. My whipping you will prepare you for that eventuality as well."

A terrible coldness swept through her. She wanted to beg and plead, "Please don't whip me! I'll do anything you want! I'll be obedient! I'll be a good whore! But, please, please, please don't whip me!" But she didn't say anything. She did start to sob, though. A soft, almost imperceptible sob.

"I'll be right back," the man said. He got up and walked into the bathroom. She heard the sink running and a moment later he came out with her gag. He had washed it. He crouched down in front of her. "Open your mouth," he told her sternly. Her lips were trembling. She wanted to refuse, but she was too frightened. She opened her mouth a bit.

"Now, don't fuck with me!" the man said with ice in his tone. "I don't want to punish you, but I will!"

She nodded and her face cringed. She opened her lips widely. The man pressed the ball between her teeth, separating them widely. He kept on pressing on the ball so that it would go further and further in, spreading her jaw wider and wider. "Okay, now lower your head," he told her brusquely.

She bowed her head. He took the ends of the belt and strapped them together, pulling them tight and making her squeak. "Raise your head!" he snapped.

She raised her head and looked at him piteously. He gave the ball a couple of pushes. "I think we can get that in a little bit farther," he said speculatively. "Put your head down again," he commanded. She obeyed again. He loosened the hitch and pulled hard on the female end of the strap. The ball edged even further into her mouth. She squealed. He fastened it off. "Raise your head," he said curtly.

She raised her head and looked at him. He tapped the ball a few times with his finger. "That looks about right," he said to himself. And to her he said, "That's for being a pain in the ass. When I tell you to open your mouth, you open your mouth! Understand?"

She nodded violently.

He released a sigh. "Listen," he said softly, "this is only going to work if we cooperate with each other. If not, it will be a very painful experience for both of us. Will you do your best to cooperate from now on?"

She nodded again vociferously.

"Good girl," he said smiling.

"Now I want you to get up on the bed on your belly," he told her. "All the way up, in the middle."

She turned and scrambled up on the bed. Her jaw was aching and her shoulders were straining. She crawled up the bed on her knees and lay down. The

chain was piled up on the pillow, so she stopped just short of that.

He got up on the bed after her. He crawled past her and pulled the chain off of the pillow. "Put your head here," he told her. She lifted herself and edged up a little bit further and put her head on the pillow on its left side, facing him. There was a collar on the end of the chain. He snuck a loose end under her neck and pulled it through. He joined the collar behind her head, pulling it just tight enough for some discomfort. The chain was connected to the back of the collar and it ran loosely to her left and up towards the headboard.

He climbed off the bed and went around it. He took something out of a drawer of the night table to her left. He came to the foot of the bed. "Put your ankles together," he snapped.

She pressed them so they touched. She felt something that felt like a thin rope go around her ankles and get tied off. It went around several more times and was tied off again. Then, like he had done with her wrists, he pulled the rope several times across itself, going perpendicular. This squeezed the horizontal tie, forcing her ankles to press on each other harder. Then he tied it off once, twice, three times.

There was enough length of the rope on one end so that he could bring it down to a ring at the foot of the bed and tie it off tautly. She could not raise her ankles or crawl any further up on the bed.

He went back to the night stand and came back with another rope. He tied this one around her thighs, just above her knees. Like the ankle tie, he went several times across, tying it off tight, then a number of times vertically between her thighs. He tied it off then firmly.

She could hardly move a muscle. She whined and moaned. He was going to leave her like this! He laid down on the bed facing her, to her right. "Have a nice sleep," he told her, stroking her head. "I'll be back in the morning and we'll do your whipping. Get it out of the way first thing. Then we'll see where we go from there." He was talking to her softly as if they were planning to spend the day together. He ran his hand down her bound arms and over her rump. "And don't worry. You're going to make a great whore. I can tell. I'm proud of you already at how good you've been. Except for that one thing."

He leaned down and kissed her on the forehead and rose off the bed. She heard him go into the bathroom and take a long, noisy piss. The toilet flushed. The bathroom light went out. He gathered the tray her food had come on, after putting on his shirt, she presumed. He walked to the door.

"Please don't leave me like this!" Ruth's mind screamed. She released a piteous whine. She heard the door clank open. The soft overhead light went out. The door closed with another clank as the bolt shot home.

Ruth burst into sobs. Every moment, every second seemed to bring her a new

indignity, a new hardship. She was as implacably bound as she had been in her crate, as she had been before, in that place. They had already convinced her of her powerlessness against them. Why did she have to be so cruelly treated? And a whipping! She was going to be whipped! And the man had said that it would be cruel and excruciating! Why did he have to tell her? Why not just do it and spare her this anguish?

She couldn't move! Literally couldn't move! How was she supposed to get any peaceable sleep like this? Was this what the rest of her life as a whore was going to be like? She pulled at all the ropes. She knew that it would be no use, but she had to try. She had to express her unhappiness somehow. When she had been on her bunk in that place, the confines that the machine had placed on her had been, in some strange way almost comforting. It was like she was encapsulated in a cocoon that held her in place and also protected her. She had been like a chrysalis awaiting her conversion. But this, this was just outright cruelty!

And the thing in her mouth, why did he have to pull it so especially deep? Her jaw felt like to was about to be torn in half. Her mouth was in a perpetual hysterical scream. She yearned to say a word. Any word. Like 'Help!', or 'Please!' or Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me!

She practiced now how she would say it. She screamed the words, but the came out as muffled forms of, "...eeeeeee ...ohhhhhhhhniiiiiii ...eeeeeee! ...eeeeeee ...ohhhhhhhhn ...iiiiiiieeeeeee! ...eeeeeee ...ohhhhhhhhn ...iiiiiiieeeeeee!"

She stopped because the disjointed, mangled sounds she made, like the urgings of someone without a tongue, without a language, without intelligence, made her soul darken and ache.

She writhed and struggled. The man had a perversity to him. He was soft spoken, almost considerate, but then he had done this! And she had disobeyed him. Had she earned a punishment? He had made special note of it. She hadn't meant to be disobedient. Didn't he understand how hard this was? Didn't he understand that she had never been a slave before, that it took some getting used to? But then, of course, that was what this was exactly about. To prove to her that she was a slave with no rights. She had no right to move about, to have volitional activity unless her owners, he had called them powerful and ruthless, permitted it.

And, to learn that when you were told to open your mouth, you were supposed to open it as wide as you could and without delay, regardless of what they were going to put in it.

She felt a torpor building up inside her. Part of her didn't want to sleep, although she knew she needed it. She wanted to deny them some control over her. But like at that place she had been before, when she slept was not up to her. Even that was being controlled. She struggled to fight off the cloudiness in her head. She

tried to concentrate on her discomfort. The aching in her shoulders from the cruel ties on her wrists, the slightly choking sensation around her neck. The bedevilment which cemented her ankles and her thighs together. She tried to concentrate on and hone her terror about her prospective torture. She tried to concentrate on her sorrow about everything that had been taken away from her, the injustice of it all.

But her mind just kept getting darker and darker. She tried to keep her eyes open, something made more difficult by the almost complete darkness in the room. She tried to concentrate on the whips she had seen, the chains, the little spot on which she would be abused. The terror of being boxed up and helpless for so long.

She felt herself losing the struggle. "Oh, help me! Help me! Help me! Somebody help me, please!" she thought. And then her consciousness faded away.

* * * * *

The room was completely dark when she awoke. The moonlight had fled. She struggled for a few moments, trying to figure out why she couldn't move. But then it came back to her in a flash. Immediately, she yearned to go back to sleep. Apparently the drug they had given her wasn't strong enough to keep her asleep all night. Was it because they wanted her to spend hours and hours ruining her future? Probably. Thousands of girls had probably fallen into their hands since the Peace Declaration had instituted female slavery. They had learned what worked and what didn't work in subduing them. Just as they knew that she would struggle and fret about being so immobile, so confined. Just as they knew that the man's subtle domination of her would seduce her into obedience.

She lay there for a long time. She hated the darkness, cursed it. At that other place they had left the light on all the time. She had cursed the light then too, the light that kept her constantly reminded of where she was. Constantly looking at the walls that confined her, the door that imprisoned her.

So she was fucked either way. Light on, light off. She closed her eyes. She was able to twist her head from side to side, as if that made any difference. But it made at least some. She could control something. But then, it just emphasized how much of herself she could not control. She tried turning to her side, but that just seemed to make everything worse. She tried to lower herself towards the foot of the bed, so that she would at least have some play on her legs, but the chain to her collar pulled taut almost right away. And it choked her hard so that she had to inch her way back up again until the rope holding her ankles to the foot of the bed grew tight again.

She tried to steel herself for her upcoming ordeal. She wouldn't cry out! She wouldn't sob and wail! She would accept the worst that the man could inflict like a stoic statue! And then she thought of the pain, the terror, the helplessness, the

brutality, and all that resolve just flew out the window. She knew she would scream and sob and beg for him to stop. But he wouldn't stop until he was sure that she had had enough.

It was going to be very painful, he had said. Her experience with pain was very limited. They had zapped her at that other place and that had hurt like hell. But each time it had been done once and then it was over. She tried to imagine that inflicted a dozen times in a row. Or more. It was too horrible to think about. She just knew that she couldn't bear it!

CHAPTER EIGHT

She did doze a little bit. She kept on waking up, going through another round of terror and despair, and then drifting off again. Eventually, when she opened her eyes, she saw some faint light coming in through the big window. It made her shiver. What time was it? 6 o'clock? 7? What time would the man come? He said he would do it 'first thing'. What was 'first thing'? 8 a.m.? 9? 10? How long would she have to wait?

She realized that now that it was morning, he could be coming at any moment. In any of the now ongoing seconds she could hear the clunk of the door lock and he would be coming through it.

In her imagination, she heard the door lock clunk open many times. But when it actually occurred, she still practically jumped out of her skin. She couldn't raise her head to see who had come in the door, but who else could it be? She began whining and sobbing and pulling at her bonds. There was some noise behind her and then, to her amazement, she heard the sound of a vacuum cleaner. It began buzzing around the room. Someone was moving about behind her. She heard the person go into the bathroom and she heard water running and the toilet flush.

The person came out after a while and came up next to Ruth, to her left. She turned her head to that side and saw that it was an older woman with gray hair and wearing a light blue smock which was gathered at her waist with a matching blue belt. She took no notice of Ruth. She went up the bedside table and dusted it off using a handheld duster with a circulating brush that gathered the dust up where it was then sucked into the machine. She did the bedside table on the left and then did the one on the right. Ruth squirmed and whined, ashamed that the woman should see her this way. And more than a little perturbed that she would not do anything to help her.

She had a boney, rugged face, like someone who had witnessed decades of misery and hardship.⁹ She shuttled around the room in a business-like manner

⁹Since the implementation of the New Society Program, many female wards (FW's) found themselves cast aside by their RM's in favor of younger women. Many third world countries earned hard currency by exporting specially bred and trained young females to the more developed world. They would be imported into the country, given a modicum of language training, and sold off through the Unsupervised Female Pools, (UFP's). The RM's older, more mature FW would be given the job of breaking her in to household and conjugal duties and then, when the new, younger and more sexually appealing FW was fully trained, find herself cast off and thrown into a UFP herself. Employers would pick up older, unwanted females at bargain rates and put them to work in menial jobs such as

while the little vacuum machine hustled here and there. After about fifteen minutes, she finished up, loaded the little vacuum cleaner onto her cart and left.

It was only about five minutes later that the door clanged again. This time she closed her eyes and tensed herself, hoping beyond hope that it was anyone other than the man come back to whip her.

Whoever it was, he or she stood over her for the longest time, just looking at her. Her stomach churned and she began to sweat. She tried to remain silent, but a low level, shrill whine escaped from behind her gag. When she felt the person begin to untie her ankles from the bed, she knew for sure that it was the man and she began to sob. He released her ankles from each other, then her thighs. He released the chain from her collar.

“Okay, little one,” she heard him say. “Time to get up.”

Despite her fear of the whipping, she began to edge herself off of the bed. She knew that she could only make things worse, not better. She crawled to the edge, swung her legs off, and brought herself to a standing position, like she had been taught. She couldn’t bring herself to face him, but kept her back to him. Her whole body was chilled with fear and her stomach was roiling.

“Turn around,” the man said softly.

She slowly turned and then had him in her view. She couldn’t bear looking at him, but kept her eyes downcast.

“Because you are new, I’m not going to discipline you for it,” she heard him say, “but never turn your back on any male while you are here. And always look them in the face. You have no right to hide your face as it doesn’t belong to you.”

She lifted her vision at once. He was wearing soft pants, like yesterday, and another, but different, white shirt. This one had blue trim where the other one had had gold. His otherwise pleasant face was staring at her hard.

“When you first greet a male, you are to bow to him. I want you to do that now,” he told her with a little more edge in his voice.

She trembled and leaned her torso forward and down.

“Lower,” he told her.

She brought her body down some more.

“Lower,” he said, harder this time.

She lowered herself until she was practically bent in half. She felt like she might totter over.

“That’s better. Now hold it for ten seconds or until you are commanded

housekeeping at SSF’s, or factory or clerical work. Older, well educated, skilled females would normally be kept on by an RM, given the fact that they were bringing a significant income into the household, or sold through an UFP at premium rates. Despite the fact that many RM’s took advantage of the opportunity to obtain a young, sexually attractive FW, many older FW’s were kept on for emotional or practical reasons.

otherwise.”

She kept herself in a bent position. She waited and waited. She started to count to ten, but stumbled between numbers twice. She was hoping that he would tell her when the time was up, but he was leaving it up to her. Finally, she rose and looked him in the face again. Her whole body felt queasy. She had to pee and was hoping that he would allow her to use the bathroom before he whipped her so she wouldn't disgrace herself.

“Good girl,” he told her. “But you are slouching a bit. Hold yourself at attention. Push out your breasts. And your feet are too close. Always spread them to the outside of your shoulders. This way your pussy will be clearly visible. Push your hips out a little bit so your mons is pointed slightly upwards.”

She obeyed him instantly.

“Now if your hands are not bound, you are to place them crossed behind your back. Do you understand?”

She nodded yes.

“Good,” he said. He stood there looking at her for a few moments. She was becoming more and more distressed. It was like he was playing with her. Then he said, “Go into the bathroom and take a pee. And when you are ordered to move anywhere, you shouldn't just saunter over. I don't want you to run, but your walk should be quick and determined as if you were in a hurry to obey. Go now.”

She quickly moved off into the bathroom. She turned and sat on the pot. He followed her in and watched her. She kept her gaze on him even though she was mortified to have to pee this way. It took a second or two before her water released. It came out in a solid stream. When she was done, she looked up at him for instructions.

“Get up, turn around and bend over,” he told her.

She obeyed him. Suddenly, she felt a sharp slap on her rear. It made her screech.

“Spread your legs!” he ordered her curtly. She shuffled her legs wider apart. She heard him tear off some toilet paper and then he wiped her coosh from the top down. He threw the paper in the bowl and went and washed his hands.

“Get up and turn around!” he told her sharply, clearly annoyed.

She turned to face him.

“Get this into your head!” he instructed her sternly. “All stupid ideas you have about privacy should be forgotten right now. Always remember, no one is going to be interested in you. They're going to be interested in your mouth and your cunt, your tits and your ass! Always show them off at every opportunity. It's going to be your job to make sure that customers want to use you! And to use you again and again and again! You will be rated on how you have pleased your customers and you will be under constant observation. Not everyone is going to be as lenient as

me!”

She trembled before him. He was about 7” taller than her and almost twice as wide. His good looks disguised the will of steel underneath. She remembered what he had said yesterday. He was going to teach her how to be a whore. And displaying yourself at all times to encourage lust was part of that. She stood erect and in the posture that he had mandated. She could just see a glance of the window in the bedroom and the 3’ wide circle of wood cut out into the rug. In a minute, less than a minute, she would be bound there awaiting the kiss of a whip! She redirected her gaze at the man’s face.

“Okay, get out there and stand in the whipping circle facing the door!” he snapped at her.

She suppressed a great sob and scurried out of the bathroom. She took up position as he had ordered. Her knees felt weak and there was a great turmoil in her belly as if a great storm had erupted inside it. The man just sauntered over. He walked round her slowly. He came in front of her and took hold of her breasts as if weighing them, squeezed them and pulled at her nipples. He ran his hand down her belly and over her mons, stroking it around the sides, dragging his fingers along its cleft. His touch bespoke ownership, mastery and a casual cruelty. His eyes followed his hands. Then he slipped a finger over her little bud and gave it several rubs. A tingling erupted there which she wanted to deny.

Finally, he went behind her. When she felt him untying her wrists, she burst into sobs. It was like they had been dammed up and now cascaded through the breech. When her hands were untied, he came back around her front. She looked up at him, ashamed of her cowardice. It seemed like everything that had occurred in her life had led up to this moment. All the twists and turns of fate. All the acts she had taken. All the events in a world she hardly understood and had no power over. The Global Unity Convention, the War of Purity, the Peace Declaration, the pronouncements of the General Public Order and the promulgation of the New Society Program. And the mysterious government which controlled everything and from whose dictates there was no appeal.

What the man was going to do to her was entirely lawful, entirely within his rights. And it was entirely within her duty to surrender to it. To give him and the other men the bow he had taught her to make. To display her intimacies in order to entice her own use. To remain bound and gagged and in terror when they wanted her to.

She couldn’t stop sobbing. The man just patted her on the cheek.

“Okay,” he told her, “raise your left hand above your head.

She reluctantly brought it forward, if not immediately, before he could term her disobedient. She brought her hand over her head. He took hold of it and lifted it higher, until her arm was stretched out and fastened the leather bracelet dangling

from one of the chains to it. He ordered her to produce her right hand and he fastened that off as well. Her legs were already spread, but he ordered her to spread them wider and he attached the steel bracelets connected to the rings on either side of her. Then he stepped back.

She was fully extended in an 'X'. The balls of her feet were just connected to the wooden circle underneath her. Her arms were stretched out, but not so much that they felt like they were being pulled out of their sockets. The man walked over to the window and drew back the diaphanous blue curtain. Sunlight flooded in. He took a quick glance to her left. The window was long and tall. There were bars on the outside. They were about 6" apart. They were thin enough so that they did not totally obscure the view of numerous trees, buds emerging on their branches.

Her mother kept a nice garden. The crocuses had already started to bloom and the tulips were coming up. She would never see them burst into flower. She would never see the roses or the gardenias, or the other flowers her mother grew. She would never see the yellow emanations on the forsythia bushes. A wave of viral sorrow passed through her. Would she ever be able to wander through a garden again? Pick a flower? Lie down on the grass and watch the birds fly overhead and warm herself in the sun? Probably not for many, many years.

She refocused her gaze at the doorway. The mighty, impregnable gate through which her tormentor emerged and left. What was on the other side? Were the other girls that had come with her being whipped this morning too? Was this man charged with training them as well to be whores, or were there other men, each of them assigned an individual tutor?

The man reached behind her head and unbuckled the gag that had bedeviled her mouth since last night. He placed it on the window sill. He went behind her for a moment and came back in front. He was holding a leather handled flail with six 2' long tassels with knots at the ends. She whined and felt like she was going to pee again. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" she thought madly.

"I want you to feel free to scream and yell all you want," he told her calmly. "But I don't want to hear any words. No, 'Please stop!' or 'Please don't do this!' Or even, 'Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!'" Especially that, since it is in entirely within the divine order that you be exactly where you are and to receive what you are about to receive."

Her sobbing had subsided, but began all over again. This is what God wanted? How could that be? What divine purpose did it serve? Was she being punished in partial expiation of the sins of others? Was she a participant in some holy ritual that would absolve men of their sins? She thought not. Their invocation of divine will was just an excuse, a justification for all the terrible things that they did to women. Cathy Miller's father had sold her mother in exchange for a boat. Cathy

had cried and cried and cried, but there had been nothing she could do. She watched her mother being carted off in a cage in the back of the same pickup truck that had delivered it. The man made her strip down and had bound her and gagged her before he shoved her in. Did God want that? Why? What had Mrs. Miller done? What had any of them done except been born female?

Two weeks later, there was another young female in the house. She had brown skin and black hair and could barely speak English. She didn't look more than 19 or 20. Her father had her parade around in scanty clothing. She slept in his room in a cage. He had parties in which he lent her out to his friends. Cathy just locked herself in her room and cried and cried and cried. Cathy was a year older than her. A few weeks after she had turned 18, after she had survived the CSW lottery, she had just disappeared.

Was that what God wanted? No! It was impossible! She had been oblivious to it! The whole damn system was corrupt and rotten to its core! And this man had no right to whip her! He had no right to keep her tied up and make her bow and do all the other things he made her do! He was not superior to her, just bigger and stronger! Rabid anger erupted within her. If she had a knife, she would kill him! She would stab and stab and stab at him until he was all bloody and begging for mercy, which she would not give! She would go out and stab them all, the DCR police, especially Ben who had been her friend. She would stab all those white clothed man and women where she had been. She would stab all the committeemen who sat on the county council who had selected her and many, many, many other young women for slavery. She would stab the world! There would be no survivors! And she would save the Blessed Leader for the last, slicing off his body parts one by one until he begged for death!

All this passed in a moment. The man was still in front of her. Her arms and feet were still confined. He still had the vicious whip in his hand. He was still looking at her with evil intent. And all the anger dissipated like villagers running from an angry god. Her momentary courage melted and evaporated. "Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me?" she thought piteously. She thought of issuing a prayer for mercy, but decided against it. If God had ordained this for her, then he could go fuck himself!

The man didn't say anything more before he began. It was almost like a trigger had been pulled. She barely noticed, and actually only noted it after the fact, his arm rearing back before bringing the whip to bear. It landed across her breasts and she shrieked. It felt like a hundred knives had been thrust into her. It burned and burned and burned. Panic raced through her. "I'll never be able to stand it! I'll never be able to survive it! Isn't there something I can do, something I can say to make him stop? Anything? Anything in the whole world?"

These thoughts passed through her mind in the exact amount of time it took

for the man to rear his right hand back again and strike her across the belly. Her body stiffened and she hooted and howled. He did her thighs in the front, in the back, her back, the back of her shins, her backside three times. The blows came one after the other in rapid succession as if he were trying to stoke a fire within her. She howled and screamed and sobbed and moaned. She pulled desperately on the bonds that kept her imprisoned. She had to fight back the forbidden words that formed on her lips. "Please stop! Please stop! Please don't do this to me, please!" The words stayed in her head. Don't ask her how.

After he had her whole body aflame, he paused. She was sobbing and wailing. He stood in front of her as if absorbing her misery. He waited until she had calmed a bit, her wails reduced to moans, her sobs reduced to whines. And then he started again. Again the first blow came across her breasts. She howled and girded herself for his continued assault. But he waited. He waited until the pain had all sunk in. And then one across her belly. She wailed piteously.

He waited again. He worked his way all around her, not once, not twice, but three times, pausing between each blow. This time he did the insides of her thighs, one and then the other, one and then the other, one and then the other. She hooted and howled and writhed and struggled. How could there be so much cruelty in one man, never mind the whole world? Why did she have to suffer this rather than the millions of other girls who had not been selected? Marybeth Worthington's father owned three car dealerships around the county. She bet that Marybeth didn't have to worry about being made into a whore!

While she sobbed and sagged in her bonds, the man took a break. He remounted the flail onto the whip rack behind her. He had brought in a tray with him on a little cart. There was a ceramic cup on it with a lid. The man picked up the cup and remove the lid. He took a deep sip and said, "Ahhhhhhh."

Coffee! He was drinking coffee! He was taking a break in beating her and he was drinking coffee! The fact that he could act so nonchalant about something that was devastatingly terrible to her was a stark reminder of what kind of a world she was now in. He turned and watched her as she watched him back. He strolled over to her and walked around her back, rubbing his free hand on her as if testing whether his blows had been efficacious. He stopped in front of her and played with her breasts, stroked her belly, flitted his hand over her mons. He hadn't struck that yet, but there was still time.

"Please, no more! Please, no more! Please! Please! Please! I'll be good! I'll be the best whore! I'll do whatever you say! But please, please, please don't whip me anymore! Pleeeeeeeease!" her mind called out. It was taking the most strenuous effort she had ever made not to enunciate these words. She just looked up at him, her lips trembling, her body shaking. He walked back over to the cart, placed the lid back onto the cup and put the cup back down on the tray. He strolled back

calmly and went to the windowsill where he had placed her gag. He came up to her and proffered it to her mouth.

“I think we’ve had enough of the screaming and yelling,” he said. “Open up.”

She sobbed. Her body turned to ice. Her stomach rolled over. He wasn’t done! He wasn’t done!” She spread her lips as ordered and he shoved the big ball in. He went behind her and pulled it deep before he hitched up the belt. He went away and a moment later he was back in front of her. This time he had a long, metallic switch. She cringed at the thought of it striking her flesh. He looked at her. “Ready?” he asked.

She issued a forlorn wail.

This time he worked from the bottom up, lashing at her thighs inside and out and then up across her belly and her rear. Each lash felt like something vicious had scraped her with its mighty claw. Her whole body was on fire. He laid several slashes across her back and then came in front of her and addressed her breasts. She wanted to beg him not to do it, and sounds that have been interpreted as words emerged from her mouth, but they were apparently not close enough approximations to be worthy of note by him. He slashed her breasts once, twice, three times.

She screamed and moaned and yanked at her bonds. She felt like her entire body was covered with wounds and sweat. Was he ever going to stop? Was he ever going to stop? How much more would she have to endure? She couldn’t stand it another single moment.

And then he paused in front of her. She sensed what was coming and she danced and writhed and pulled at her bound wrists and feet desperate to avoid it. He just stared at her calmly. Then, in a flash, the whip came up underneath her and slashed across her puss. She stiffened and screamed. He did it again and the again. By the time he was done, she was howling and howling. He went back to the cart and, placing the whip under his arm, unlidded his coffee again and took a deep sip. He walked around her again as if assessing the damage. She was sure that she was covered in red stripes. He went back to the cart, tossed back the rest of his coffee and placed the cup down on it. He came back over to her. She was trembling and moaning, but her hysterical sobbing and wailing had ceased. She stood in front of her.

“You’ve been a very good girl,” he told her. “You took everything very well. I hope that you’ve absorbed the little lesson I’ve just given you. And if whipping won’t foster enthusiastic obedience in you, we have more severe ways that will. Do you understand?”

She nodded her head sadly.

“We’re finished with your lesson, but we do have one more item of business. Yesterday, you hesitated when I gave you an order. You have to be punished for

that. Three more slashes I think will be sufficient this time. Make sure that that there is not another.”

Ruth wailed and keened at the thought of three more blows. And all because she had been slow to open her mouth! She hadn't really disobeyed him as much as she was slow in doing so. “I'm never going to be disobedient again! I'm never going to be disobedient again! I'm never going to be disobedient again!” her mind called out as the man took his position.

He lashed her again across the breasts and then waited for her scream to subside. Then he did the inside of her right thigh, waited, and then did the inside of her left. She wailed and wailed and sobbed and sobbed.

When he was done, he stepped away without comment and replaced the whip on the stand. She heard him go over to the bed and open a drawer to one of the night stands. He came back in front of her. “I'm going to leave you here for a while so you can absorb your lesson. I'm going to blindfold you so that there are no distractions for your thoughts.”

He went behind her and circled something over her head. A black band came across her eyes. It was molded to fall into her eye sockets so that no light would enter. It had an elastic band on it and he brought that down behind her head. Darkness descended all around her.

He played with her breasts again, ran his hand down her belly and over her puss. Then he stepped away. She heard the door clang open and closed. She burst into sobs.

She stood there, she figured, for about three hours. Her whole body protested her abuse. Her arms and legs became tired and achy from their extension. The utter darkness and utter silence was harrowing. She did think, think, think about what had happened to her. She realized that there was all her life before she had been beaten and now would come her life after she was beaten. The females that were on either side of that divide were entirely different from each other, hardly the same person at all. Her eyes had been opened to a terrible vision of the reality of the world. That other girl had lived in a naïve cocoon. Soon the man would come back. What would he do to her? What would he make her do? It was all so horrible, but she would do whatever he asked with wild abandon. She never wanted to get whipped like that again.

To be truthful there was a sort of sense of pride that she had survived it. Especially that she hadn't uttered any words, at least while her mouth was ungagged. But the loneliness and the silence, the immobility, the crushing darkness all combined to extinguish it. She was a slave and not entitled to any pride.

Finally, the door clanged open and the man returned. He came over to her and patted her on the cheek. “What a good girl,” he told her. He released her hands and tied them back up behind her back. She could barely maintain her balance. He took

her by the elbow and into the bathroom. After letting her pee again, he brought her over to the shower. She heard it turned on and the hose removed from the shower spigot. "This is going to sting," he told her.

He was right. Her wounds stung like the blazes as the water cascaded over them, but then the pain subsided. He carefully washed her with a soapy sponge and then used the hose to wash her off. He dried her and then brought her back into the bedroom. Everything was still dark. She was terrified that he was going to do something else to harm her, but he didn't. He sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled her up on his left thigh. His left arm was around her back, compressing her bound arms. He loosened the buckle on her gag and pulled it from her mouth.

"So are we going to be a good girl?" he asked her lightly as if she had recently received a spanking.

She tearfully nodded her blinded head.

"That's good. That's excellent," he told her.

He ran his right hand all over her breasts and down her thighs and over her mons. "I'm going to start teaching you to be a whore now," he told her. "I want you to will all of the tenseness and nervousness out of your body. As long as you are obedient now I'm not going to hurt you. Unlike some others, whipping a girl doesn't bring me any pleasure. Seeing a girl become whore-like and obedient does. So you want to bring me pleasure, yes?"

She dolefully nodded her head.

"In fact, that is your sole reason to exist now. Do you understand that?"

She nodded her head again.

"Unless you bring men pleasure, you have no reason to exist. Isn't that true?"

She nodded again. His right hand had taken hold of her left breast and was massaging it. "Now, relax," he told her.

He lowered his head and his lips encircled her right teat. She suckled on it softly, running his tongue all over and around it. His right hand continued to massage and knead her left breast gently. He switched his lips to her left teat and his right hand wandered down over her thighs, up and down, up and down. He lifted his head and said, "Spread your legs wider."

She obeyed him as best she could and then his hand cupped and squeezed her love lips and then gave them several strokes. She knew what he was doing. He had ordered her to relax and she was doing the best that she could. Penny was the only person in the world who had done this to her. Her hand had been soft and light. This hand was more powerful, more insistent.

His hand came up and flitted over her breasts again and then she felt his face come close to hers. "Open your mouth," he told her softly. "Your mouth should always be open ready to receive a tongue or a cock or whatever we want to put into it. Understand?"

She nodded and spread her lips. He pressed forward and brought their lips together. His tongue entered her mouth, sending a warm flow to her already simmering loins. The tongue was large and forceful and swirled around and around. He broke their kiss and she left her mouth open. "Have you ever kissed anyone like that?" he asked her.

She nodded her head.

"More than once?"

She nodded her head again.

"More than one boy?"

She shook her head.

"What was his name?" he asked her.

Something in her revolted. This was private. What Anthony and she had done was private. Just between them. And now this man wanted to take that privacy away. She hesitated, but she knew she had to answer. "Anthony, sir," she blurted out as if to make up time for her delay.

"Always answer questions in full sentences. You should say, 'His name was Anthony, sir.' Say it now."

"His name was Anthony, sir," she repeated.

His right hand had continued to roam her flesh. He was squeezing and kneading her breasts, a bit more determinedly than before. It was sending messages to her quim that she did not want.

"Did you like it when you did it with Anthony?" he asked her.

"Yes, I liked it, sir," she answered him meekly.

"Did your father know that you were kissing him this way?" His hand delved between her thighs and began to stroke between her tingling love lips.

"No, my father didn't know I was kissing him this way, sir," she answered.

"You know that that is an unauthorized sexual act, don't you?"

Fear engulfed her again. She nodded tearfully. Was she going to be punished for it?

"Don't worry, that's water under the bridge," he told her. "Did you blow him?" he asked.

She shook her head no."

"Good girl," he told her. "Now I'm going to kiss you some more." He leaned his face forward and pressed their lips together. His fingers had delved into her wetness and she could feel them sliding up and down her crevasse. She moaned involuntarily when his tongue entered her. She felt a surge of lust engulf her.

Which was precisely what he apparently wanted. And if he wanted it, shouldn't she want it too? Shouldn't she let the feeling of lust permeate her? She knew that she should. Her shame at being handled this way against her will was holding her back. But her mind was becoming more and more clouded. The man's

fingers had found her little button, the one that Penny had excited. He began a very light, very slow encirclement of it. A waft of pleasure went through her. Her hips squirmed on his lap.

A little while ago, this man was whipping her. Now he was kissing her and handling her as gently as any lover. But she wasn't a lover. Her hands were fastened behind her and she was blindfolded. She didn't have the right to get up and walk away as a lover might do. She didn't have the right to close her thighs and prevent the hand from creating a dizzying message of pleasure to encircle her cunt and pass up her backbone to her brain. She didn't have the right to stop the tongue that was hungrily consuming her and generating a fire way down below.

She moaned again, deeper this time and longer. His hand left her conch and rose up again to her breasts. He squeezed them harder this time, hard, and he pinched at her nipples, pulling them, twisting them. His hand went back down her belly. The fingers plied their way along her innerness, up and down, up and down. They teased her still virginal opening, the opening he would penetrate probably tomorrow.

His kiss became more insistent. He pressed down on her lips harder. His hand, his masculine hand, stronger, more self-willed than Penny's, began to worry her clit. She moaned and shuddered. She knew that she should not be accepting enjoyment from this, but her mind and her body joyously received it. She smelled his maleness. She felt the strength of his arm around her. She felt her weakness, her smallness even as she pulled at her bound wrists. She peered deeply into the darkness which surrounded her. This could be any man's hand. These could be any man's lips, she thought sadly.

She wanted the hand to stop. To give her surcease. She wanted the invasive, hot, energetic and lust inducing tongue to leave her. But she was powerless to make them go away. She didn't even have the right to struggle to attempt to deny them access to her inner being. She just had to let them go on and on and on. She felt something building inside her. It was centered in her loins but was spreading its power all through her. It was growing like the surging of a freshet down a mountain stream.

"Oh, please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" she moaned in her mind. But the hand and the tongue continued their assault. She felt that thing inside her building, building, building. Her hips squirmed, her breathing was deep. She felt her heart pounding. It was like there was something inside her about to burst. Her body felt an almost excruciating exquisiteness.

And then her purse began to throb and convulse. Hard, spine shaking contractions were emerging within her. She moaned and writhed and kissed the man back as hard as she could. She wanted the hand to continue forever. She wanted the feeling to last forever. Her body and mind rejoiced.

And then her pussy's throbs began to wind down. The hand slowed. The tongue slackened its efforts.

He pulled his head away even as his hand continued to slowly stroke and caress her quim. "Good girl," he told her. "Very good girl! When any master or customer wants to bring you pleasure, you have no right to refuse it. It's amusing to see a whore like you in the throes of passion. And it gives the person who is using you a sense of power and control over you. You have no right to refuse it or fight it. Have I made myself clear?"

She nodded her head yes. The fire in her pussy had been banked, but it was still simmering. There was a wonderful, soothing feeling going all through her.

"Okay," he said, withdrawing his hand. "Get down and get on your knees."

She rose from his lap with some uncertainty and sank to her knees. She held herself erect and postured correctly.

She heard the man going over to the cart. He withdrew something and sat down cross legged in front of her. "Rest," he told her and she sat back on her legs.

"I'm going to feed you. It's chicken in a light cream sauce with potatoes and broccoli. Did you have regular meats at home?"

She shook her head no.

"Just protein substitutes?"

She nodded yes.

"Well, here you're going to get to eat real meat. As long as you perform well as a whore, we're going to take care of you. We want you healthy and strong and full of energy." She heard him take the top off of a dish. A second later he told her, "Open up."

She opened her mouth and she felt a spoon enter it. She automatically closed her mouth around it. It tasted heavenly! She chewed and chewed very slowly. Meat! Real meat! Only the wealthiest could afford real meat. Everybody else ate a soy substitute flavored the way meat supposedly tasted. But who knew if that was really the case. Certainly the flavor she was receiving from the chunk of substance in her mouth tasted like nothing she had ever had before. Its texture was different and it was filled with flavor.

She swallowed it down and opened her mouth for more. The man accommodated her. The sauce was delicious. Even the vegetables tasted better than usual. She realized that the man was making her more and more dependent on him, but how was she to avoid it? Now she was depending on him to serve as her eyes since he had taken her sight away from her. When he spoke it was as if there was a disembodied voice in front of her. When he touched her it was like some invisible force had laid its hand on her. And when he fed her, it was like a spoon had magically appeared and thrust itself into her awaiting mouth.

She heard him put the spoon down. "Here's some real milk," he told her. He

lifted something to her lips, the top of a bottle and something cool and wonderful touched her lips. She swallowed it down greedily. It took them about 15 or 20 minutes to complete the meal. When he was done, he wiped her face with a wet napkin and put everything away. There was a wonderful feeling in her belly. But when she heard the man shucking off his clothes, she became nervous.

He sat down on the bed behind her and to her left. "Come here and get between my legs," he told her. A chill went through her. She knew what he was going to want. She now had to pay the piper for her wonderful meal. Everything that they gave her would come at a price: her obedience and energetic cooperation. She turned and knee walked over to her left. He raised his left leg to let her pass. He adjusted her with his hands on her shoulders until he had her where he wanted her.

"Okay," he said. "You're going to suck my cock now. I'm going to teach you how. Do everything I say and we'll have no problems. Understood?"

She nodded her head sadly. He placed his right hand behind her head and nudged it forward. She felt something poke against her lips. Her immediate reaction was to close them, but she fought it off.

"Okay, spread your lips and move your head forward," he told her. She opened her mouth and leaned towards him. She felt something enter her mouth. It was hot and salty and soft. She cringed. She let it just lay there.

"Now, close your mouth around it," he told her. "It's soft now, but you're going to make it hard. Give it a gentle suckle as tender as if you were trying to wake up a baby."

Coldness went through her. His appendage was in her mouth! She didn't want it there. She hadn't agreed to put it there. But there it was. She closed her mouth around it and cringed. She started sucking on it very lightly, more like massaging it with her mouth. The man's hand was on her head, guiding her. She felt it start to grow. She suckled and suckled. It got bigger and bigger. It started to poke against the back of her mouth. It was rigid now and hard. She shivered and her stomach grew queasy.

"Move back just a little bit now," he told her. "Now that it's hard you're going to suck it. Now to suck on it doesn't necessarily mean that you just suck and suck and suck. You have to have an energetic tongue and be creative. And there's no blowing involved, even though you probably heard of it referred to as a blowjob."

He took a firm grip in her hair. "Close your mouth around it tight. Keep your lips pressed against it. I'm going to move your head back and forth so you can get the hang of it. Okay, now, down, down, down. For now you can stop when it reaches the back of our mouth. I'll teach you throat fucking later. Now ease yourself back, slowly, slowly, slowly. That's it. That's it, yes, that feels very good." He halted her head at the perigee with just the head inside her lips. She

could feel its rim and its puffiness. She felt nauseous. This was nothing like she thought it would be. The cock felt so huge in her mouth. It was like it dominated her whole existence. She had been able to think of nothing else but its presence.

“You want to keep the cock encased in a warm, wet tunnel,” he told her. “This time I want you to wriggle your tongue a little bit. Like you were trying to paint it as it goes by. And give it a gentle suckle, like you are trying to draw some sustenance from it. Here we go down again.”

She felt his hands pressure on her head and she obediently followed its direction. She felt her lips brush back as she descended. She gave her tongue some movement. It was about the worst thing she had ever experienced, other than her whipping. The cock was hot and demanding, and powerful, like an expression of masculine will. He got her to the bottom and then slowly, slowly brought her back up. He didn’t stop this time, but only paused briefly and then lowered her head again, slowly, slowly, slowly.

“That’s it, that’s it,” he told her. “That feels good. Very good. Now I’m going to release your head and you are going to do the work yourself. Try and breathe through your nose so you don’t have to take a deep breath every time you come up.”

He let go of her hair. The head of his cock was sitting on her lips. The darkness all around her made it seem like the cock was the only other thing in the world. It made the texture and flavor of the man’s meat so much more intense. She suppressed a whine and moved her head forward. She went down, down, down, until his cock was almost fully encompassed, touching at the back of her mouth, and then drew her head up, up, up, wriggling her tongue.

He didn’t say anything so she started on her downward journey again. It was so demeaning to have his meat in her mouth and giving it loving attention. But to be on her knees in front of him and her hands bound behind her back made her feel like some ancient supplicant scraping and bowing before her lord. And there was a worship aspect to it. She was worshipping his cock as if it were her god. Maybe that’s where God really resided, in men’s pricks. That would explain everything. Or at least he let his will flow through them. She could feel the will of an evil god now flowing down the man’s stem into her mouth. It circled around her backbone and vibrated all through her. Was there a female god who would save women, restore sanity to the world? If there was, she was off in another universe right now and not paying attention to things on Earth.

He let her go one a few more times. On about the fifth or sixth time, his hand took a hold of her hair again. His cock was still lodged in her mouth.

“This time, when you come to the top, I want you to close your lips around the head and give it a soulful kiss. Pass your tongue all over it and around it. And when you go down and up again, I want you to release a nice, gentle, low hum. It

makes it seem like you're enjoying it and reverberates along the cock."

She did it a few more times. Now she issued a low moan as she went up and down. She encircled the bulbous head with her lips and worshiped it for a few moments and then lathered her tongue all around it. The man sighed.

"Good, very good," he told her. "Now keep at it. And I want you to vary your speeds. Go slow and then faster and faster and go slow again. Vary between long strokes and shallow ones. Think of it as your cock and imagine what you might want done to it."

She went on and on and on. Every moment that the fleshy, hot appendage was in her mouth, her whole being revolted against it. She knew that this was the first of hundreds, probably thousands of blowjobs she would perform. And if she didn't develop adequate skills, no, more than adequate, she would suffer. She couldn't imagine what would happen to her if a customer complained of a lousy blowjob! So she performed her task with dedication, if with revulsion. Maybe she would get used to it. It would become second nature, like for that cleaning lady, just a chore to be performed. But she knew deep down inside that treating it as a chore would lead to abuse. So she better approach each cock as if it was the first one today and she was eager to get started.

The man was moaning steadily now. She sensed in the situation a little surge of power for herself. She could make him do that. She could make his body limp and helpless against her onslaught. If she could keep her mouth working and detach it, she sensed that she could tiptoe out the door and escape and the man wouldn't notice it until he came. And then the realization of the fact that the man was going to shoot his goop into her mouth revolted her. Another wave of nausea went through her. "Oh, god, no, no, no!" she thought, but she knew it was inevitable.

"Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh!" the man kept repeating. He slipped out of his stupor and took hold of her hair again. He didn't hold her head still, but rather kept it in motion. "Okay," he hissed. "Now every man is going to be different and you'll have to learn when he's ready to come. When you sense that he wants it, start to move your head up and down rapidly. If your hands are free, never, never start jerking on the shaft. A blowjob should be all mouth. If we catch you doing that you'll be punished. And if you can't get a man off with just your mouth, then you're not a very good whore and you'll suffer. Now, I'm ready to come. Move your head up and down faster and faster until I shoot my load. When you feel your mouth fill up with my cum, you're to swallow it. Now go!"

She started going faster and faster. The man's moans got deeper and deeper. She could feel his whole body tense. He started to growl. He seized her by the hair and started moving her head up and down rapidly on his own. She struggled to keep her lips pinned to his shaft. She started whining and sobbing. And then the cock

exploded. It started to jerk and throb. Warmth spread all over her mouth. It was salty and gooey. She panicked and couldn't bring herself to swallow. She felt it bubbling out between her lips and the man's plunging cock like some kind of froth. It circled up through her nose and she started to cough and choke. The man was groaning loudly, roaring out his pleasure like a mighty beast.

And then he slowed. She was able to catch her breath and free her nasal passages. She felt some of his slimy discharge flow down her throat, but she knew that it wasn't enough. Coldness swept through her as she anticipated his disappointment.

She wasn't wrong. He pulled her head off of his cock. There was a moment's pause and then she received a mighty slap on her cheek. She screeched and almost fell over. "I told you to swallow it all!" he growled at her. "I'm going to punish you for that! You'll learn to take every drop down your throat! Now kneel there while I get cleaned up."

He got up and stepped past her. She could feel his goo drying on her chin. She heard the faucet go on in the bathroom and then go off again. He came out and wiped her face clean roughly with a damp cloth. He went back into the bathroom to return the cloth and then he came back out again. He stood over her. "You better learn to be obedient or you're going to suffer!" he warned her.

She heard him getting dressed. He put all the things from her meal back on the cart. She was trembling, fearing that he was going to beat her again. He came by her. "Your mouth's not open," he spat at her. "Do I have to tell you everything twice?"

She shook her head tearfully no. Was there going to be another punishment for that? She held her lips apart. They were trembling.

"Open up," he ordered her curtly. She felt the black ball being pushed against her lips and she opened as wide as she could to accept it. He belted it tightly behind her head. He went away for a moment. There was a closet on the side of the room next to the bathroom. She heard him open the door and shut it. He wheeled something to the center of the room.

"Turn around," he spat out. She turned and assumed a kneeling at attention position. He removed her blindfold for the first time in many hours. The light blinded her. She saw behind him a small steel cage. She shuddered and whined. "Please don't put me in that!" she begged in her mind.

He stood in front of her. "I'm going to teach you to be an obedient whore if I have to beat you every day for a month!" he told her sternly. He stepped back and opened the door to the cage. "Get in!" he snapped.

She knee walked sadly forward. Because the cage was a little off of the floor because of the wheels she had to more or less crawl into it. He didn't do anything to help her. When she was fully in, he closed the door behind her and locked it.

The bottom was padded and there was just enough room for her to kneel with her head bent down. She had to pull her knees well under her, until her breasts rested on them like they had in the crate. She was able to just look up towards the front. Her nose was an inch or two away from the steel bars.

The cage was made of shiny steel. The bars were about 4" apart. They formed squares all around her.

"I'll be back later!" he told her sternly. "And here's today's lesson. Your mouth is for fucking! It is its preeminent function! It was designed to have a cock in it! When there's no cock in it, it's dysfunctional and useless! So when a man puts his cock in your mouth, you should jump with glee. Use all your efforts to thank him for it. For fulfilling your mouth's destiny. Everything else is subordinate to this purpose. Eating, breathing, even kissing. Although a tongue in your mouth is the next best thing to a cock! And when a man deigns to come in your mouth, when he's done, you are to bow as low as you can and tell him, 'Thank you for using my mouth, sir!' Understand!"

She looked up at him dolefully. She nodded her head. "Thank you for using my mouth, sir," she thought sadly.

And then more calmly he said, "I want you to concentrate more on being obedient. I really don't want to punish you, but I can't ignore it when you don't obey. I'll bring you a little treat later and, if you're good, I'll let you have it."

With that, he rolled the cart to the door, opened it and passed through.

CHAPTER NINE

What's worse than being alone in the darkness in an utterly silent room? Being alone in the light in a silent room and being in a cage. She tried not to sob, but it was hard. It was really unfair she thought that she was going to be punished for not doing her first blowjob correctly. She had seen the viddy's in sex ed class where the men had ejaculated it seemed like quarts of cum. But she had thought that it was just fake. The man had not ejaculated a quart of cum, but it seemed like it was an awful lot.

And here she was again in a cage. Were cages now going to be a permanent part of her future? This cage was smaller than the one she had been in that other place. But there they had just put her into storage for the night. Here she was being broken into being an obedient whore. She had no choice but to wait and wait and wait until the man came back. She thought of the woods she had seen outside the window when she was mounted on the whipping stand. If only she could break through the window and dash out there. She could hide and run and run and run. Where she would go, she didn't know, but there must be some place to hide. They weren't omniscient, were they? There had to be people out there who were sympathetic to the plight of girls like her and would help them. Didn't there? Or was the whole world against her?

But she was in a cage. Her wrists were bound cruelly behind her. And there were bars on the window. And someone was always watching her, that's what the man had said. And the window would have an alarm and they would be ready for any attempted escape. And where could a naked girl go? If there weren't people out there who would help and protect her, she knew that there were people out there who would be glad to capture her and get a reward. Maybe a free blowjob too.

She re-experienced in her mind the man's cock thrusting in and out of her mouth. The thought of it repelled her. And to feel it jump and throb and spilling out its seed was mortifying and debasing. But she promised herself firmly that the next time and there would certainly be a next time, she would be ready and swallow it all, even if she had to drown. And the mouth open. How could she have forgotten that? Always keep your mouth open. Always look the men in the face. Be energetic and obedient. Accept pleasure when it is given. Come for the men's enjoyment. Listen to orders. Be thankful that someone has filled your mouth with

cum. Be a good whore.

She didn't have much choice, did she? She couldn't imagine what they would do to her if she refused. The man had referred to punishments worse than whipping. She never wanted to experience them!

She knelt there sadly for many hours. The light from the window started to fade. It cast everything in the room into shadows. The door in front of her became an ominous gate from whence demons emerged. She was locked in some evil magician's implacable spell. Only the handsome prince could free her. And when he did she would give him a blowjob to write home about. And he would bless her and make her come again since coming was fun even when they made you do it and even though afterwards you were filled with shame.

She started when the door opened. It had started to get really dark in the room. The man turned on the soft lights. He stood over her silently for a few moments before getting her out of the cage. When he opened the door in the back, she edged herself out at his command. Once she was fully out, she knelt up at attention. The man pushed the cage off to the side of the room. He told her to go into the bathroom and pee. This time when she got up off the toilet, she bent over and spread her legs, displaying her coosh. He wiped it without comment, flushed the tissue in the toilet and washed his hands.

He had her kneel in front of the bed. He sat down cross legged in front of her, took out her gag and fed her a bottle of the same vanilla concoction he had fed her the day before. The stuff with the birth control medicine in it. Tomorrow, he would fuck her. It made her shiver to think of it.

He took off his clothes and sat on the bed again. She eagerly crossed over between his legs on his order, anxious to demonstrate that she could obediently swallow all the cum he could send her. She paused. Last time she had been blindfolded and had done everything in darkness. This time she could see up close his limp but long and thick cock, his black hairy bush, his hard, flat belly. How many cocks would she have to look at up close like this? She didn't even want to think about it.

She took his cock in her mouth and suckled it until it got hard and then gave adoring attention to it. She soon had him moaning and sighing. It made her feel proud to hear it. "Maybe he's forgotten about the punishment," she thought hopefully. "Maybe if I do a good job, he'll forgive me."

She was just getting ready to give him a wonderful crescendo when he pulled her head from his cock.

"Get up on the bed," he told her gruffly. "Kneel down at the top and put your forehead on your pillow."

She was surprised that he didn't want her to bring him to completion. She crawled up and obediently assumed the position he had described. She was sure to

spread her legs and thrust up her rear so that he could see her quim. Her hands were still bound palm to palm behind her. He got something from the side table and then crawled up onto the bed behind her. She felt his hand on her pussy. He caressed it and caressed it and caressed it until it was all mushy and she was moaning. And then he stopped. He leaned back and retrieved her gag from the end of the bed. He made her raise her head and stuffed the business end in her mouth, tightening it behind her head. The next thing she knew, he was applying something to her little star. She whined as soon as she realized what he was doing.

He nestled up behind her. She whined fretfully. How was something so big going to get into something so small, she worried. How much will it hurt? How ashamed will I feel? Is he really going to do this? She knew that anal sex was a mandatory sexual act, but she had determined that whoever she married would have to promise not to do it first. If he wanted to ass fuck so bad, he could go to a SSF. She considered it filthy and degrading and purely for the satisfaction of the male. Well, now she would find out if that was true.

She felt him place the tip of his cock at her entrance. He exerted a subtle pressure and it moved forward just a smidgeon, expanding her little ring slightly. “No! Don’t do it! Don’t do it! Don’t do it! Don’t do it!” she begged inside.

And then he slid slowly, slowly in. She felt her little ring expand. It burned and she screeched. She struggled, but the man’s hand pinned her down. He just kept advancing, advancing, advancing. And then she felt his belly up against her buttocks.

He was in her! A man was in her! His cock was in her! He started to draw himself back and forth. “Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!” she thought frantically. His cock was so large and her hole so small. It felt like he had thrust his arm in there. And the feeling of being invaded, well, it was worse than anything she could have imagined! “Please take it out! Please take it out! Please take it out! Please take it out!” she whined inside. She knew now why he had filled her mouth with the gag first. Her mental supplications would have been oral ones and she would have to be punished. But even a whipping was better than this! Her insides roiled and a terrible chill went through her. She felt nauseous and dizzy. And the cock just went on and on, unimpeded by her revulsion and dismay.

He took his time. He gave her long, slow strokes and hard, fast ones. His hands were gripped tightly on her hips. She whined and sobbed. Nobody had ever told her it was going to be like this! She imagined her hands wrapped around the man’s cock, bringing it to a halt, twisting it until it wrenched off, making the man scream in anguish. She imagined a hundred tiny men inside her with sharp, powerful axes, hewing away at the man’s pole until it sheathed off. She tried to squeeze her little hole as hard as she could to forestall the steady, repeated thrusts but that did nothing.

She thought of her mother. Did her father do this to her? She couldn't imagine it. But at least they were married. There had been at least some implied consent when she had consented that he should be her RM. But this! This was totally against her will! She wanted it out! Out! Out! But she was powerless to prevent it. Men would do this to her again and again. Next the man would be telling her that her anus would be sad until it had a cock traversing it. That shitting was only an incidental thing.

His thrusts began to get harder and harder. He was going to fill her with his gunk! He was going to dump it in her bowel! She would be poisoned forever! "No, don't so it! Don't do it! Don't do it, please, please, please! Her mind screamed.

And then he began to grunt and groan with earnestness. He was doing it! He was doing it! He was doing it!" She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

Even when he was done, he didn't exit her right away. He remained in possession of her aperture, running his cock back and forth over her little ring. There was some tingling there. She tried to ignore it.

Finally, he pulled out. She felt like her anus would never be the same again. It gaped open. She imagined his little creatures swimming around inside of her. She had stopped sobbing, but a woeful dismay was filling her. She wanted her mother. She wanted to be tucked into her bed and be left to sleep, sleep, sleep a hundred years. Maybe by that time all this madness would be over. There would be no more compelled sexual workers, or responsible males or General Public Order, or any of those things. But she would never live to see it. There didn't seem to be a single crack in the edifice of male dominion. There was nothing that would save her from being a whore.

The man got up off of the bed. He went into the bathroom. She heard him cleaning himself off. She remained where she was, stock still. When he came back from the bathroom, he walked over to the window. Then he came back. He stood next to the bed.

"Three strokes for not swallowing my come and one stroke for not having your mouth open," he announced. She trembled and quailed. "Please don't do it! Please don't so it! Please don't do it!" her mind screamed. A second later there was a whizzing through the air and fire broke out on her exposed rear. She screamed and shuddered. She began to sob. A second or two later, the second blow struck her. It was like a line of fire had been lit across her buttocks. She screamed again. And again at the third. She steeled herself for the fourth. It didn't come for the longest time. And then, there was the whizzing sound and the switch lashed across her buttocks one final time.

She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Her body was plundered and then rent asunder. What more horrible things did he have in store for her? Was her life going to be like this from now on?

The man put the switch away and returned. He stood over her while her sobs subsided. Then he told her sharply, "Go kneel at the foot of the bed!"

She immediately scrambled and sank down on her knees on the floor facing the door. The man had brought another tray with him. He sat down in front of her and pulled out her gag. "I'm proud of you, you were a very good girl," he told her gently. "You're going to make a fine whore. You'll get used to ass fucking, don't worry. You have a very nice ass and customers will want to use it a lot."

At the news that she was a very good girl, something broke in her. She started sobbing again. He crept up closer to her and stroked her head. "Poor little girlie," he said sympathetically. "It's hard, I know. But in a few days the worst part will be over. The process of becoming something new is always difficult. Soon you'll have a regular routine, with regular customers and you'll know the exact right thing to do all the time. Right now I want you to give me a very low bow and thank me for ass fucking you."

She trembled and stopped sobbing. She bent herself at the waist until her head practically touched the floor and mumbled, "Thank you for ass fucking me, sir." She rose and looked at him hopefully in the face.

"Oh, that's not very good," he told her. "Do it again and convince me that you mean it."

Iciness formed within her. Had she earned another punishment? She bowed low again and spoke loudly and as earnestly as she could. "Thank you for ass fucking me, sir!"

He laughed. "You're welcome," he replied.

"You see, you are just a lowly female and a whore to boot. When a man enters you he is bestowing on you a kind of grace, a benediction. You are fulfilling your purpose, giving pleasure to men. You should be joyful and grateful. That is why you always thank the man afterwards. If it wasn't for women's role of providing an avenue for men's lusts, why would we keep you around? We would make you have a baby or two and then your usefulness would be complete. But God gave women an avenue of survival. She can serve men's pleasures. So when a man finds you attractive enough to enter you, your heart should be filled with joy. Joy at your fulfillment of both your function and of God's design."

Ruth blanched at this theological lesson. She thought that God made women to be fecund like the earth and in the ebb and flow of her menstrual cycle to be at one with the ebb and flow of the universe. Men should worship women, she thought, not abuse them. It is men who should serve women's pleasures, joyful for the life that they have given them. But the General Public Order and the New Society Program didn't see it that way. And they had the upper hand.

"And you should be doubly grateful, a hundred times more grateful than the vast majority of women because of all the opportunities you will have to fulfill

your purpose with countless numbers of men.”

This sunk in. A hundred more times grateful for being made into a whore that men would use as a depository for their awful ejaculations? Hundreds of them? Thousands of them? She was trying to hold back her tears. “Is this is what they really think? Is this how they justify everything?” she thought unhappily. Would they make her believe it too?

The man smiled and took the lid off of a dish from the tray. “Butterscotch pudding!” he announced merrily. “Since you’ve been so good.”

There was that word again. Good. She wanted desperately to be good. And if believing what the man said about benedictions and blessings and women’s purposes helped make her good, then maybe she should. For from here on in, she could only ascribe to utilitarian values. Slavery was anathema to idealism. Only those things that helped her survive were important. Everything else was dross.

He spooned out a nice dollop of pudding and presented it to her mouth. She opened it and received it. Its taste was wondrous. She actually smiled. He looked at her. “That’s the good girl,” he said, smiling back.

He fed her the whole thing. He put everything away. He restored her gag and told her to assume the same position she had been in before. She trembled at the thought of being ass fucked again, but she obeyed with alacrity. He came up next to her as before. He started playing with her pussy from behind as before. But this time he didn’t stop. He soon had her squirming and moaning as he taunted her pussy with his hand. He let her go on for a long time, starting and stopping, making her moan and whine. While his right hand tormented her puss, his left hand was lodged on her neck, forcing her down hard, controlling her, enforcing his dominance.

Finally, he let her lusts build higher and higher and higher and then explode. She gurgled and moaned behind her gag as her whole body shook. Her pussy thumped wildly as it sent her torrents of pleasure.

He let her wind down. Then he had her lie down on her belly. He tied off her ankles and thighs as he did before and fastened her ankles to the foot of the bed. He affixed the collar from the chain leading to the headboard around her neck. He gave her a friendly pat on the rear end when he was done. He gathered his tray and left, turning off the light and plunging the room into darkness.

“Thank you for making me come, sir,” was all she could think. Her pussy still vibrated. Her body was suffused with warmth. If coming was to be her only real recompense for being made into a whore, then maybe she should try and come as often as possible, she thought. It really was amazingly wonderful. She thought of all those years she could have been playing with her pussy. How many orgasms did she waste? Hundreds. At least one a night ever since she started to get that vague itch down there.

But to be made to come by someone who loved you and cared for you, like Anthony, was one thing. To be made to come for the salacious enjoyment of callous men was another. She would have to give this great thought.

She fell asleep. She awoke sometime later to the sound of the door opening and the light coming on. She sensed that it was hours later and that she had slept and slept and slept. He untied her and fed her and had her go to the bathroom. Then he sat on the edge of the bed and had her blow him on her knees again. She addressed his pole as if it was a heavenly totem. He grunted and groaned. She slurped and suckled and stroked him with her lips. "Thank you for letting me blow you, sir," she thought again and again as the thick meat traversed her lips, as it filled her cavity so remorselessly. She pushed away her revulsions and concentrated on the fact that she needed to be a good whore. Needed to satisfy, for now, this man's pleasure.

She was ready when he came. He flooded her compartment even as he drove her head brutally up and down on his loins. She swallowed every drop while he grunted and moaned his satisfaction. Almost every drop, that is. When he finally pushed her head from his cock, there was a small drop of cum on her upper lip. He captured it with his finger and presented it to her. She subsumed his finger and licked it off.

He waited for a second. She bowed to him. "Thank you for using my mouth, sir," she said enthusiastically.

He laughed. "You're welcome," he replied.

He restored her gag and had her crawl back up onto the bed. He tied her down and left, dousing the light.

CHAPTER TEN

“Thank you for using my mouth, sir,” Ruth said dolefully as she stepped under the shower at the CSW Recovery Center. She let the hot water run all over her. The splash of the water echoed off of the tiled walls of the otherwise empty room. Mrs. Rawlings had taken away the faded blue, shift dress they had given her at the SSF and the worn green high heels. She had left a warm looking cotton nightgown of pink and white on a hook and a big fluffy towel. A pair of sandals sat under them, awaiting her. And there, lying on the bench along the wall, was the real treasure. Underwear. Not some flimsy bikini thing. Not a thong with a cut in the front panel so that it could be placed around her pussy to show it off. But regular, white cotton panties. The kind that your grandmother might have worn.

She soaped herself up leisurely. Mrs. Rawlings had told her to take as long as she wanted. No security guards were going to come in and tell her to hurry up or to demand a blowjob. No customer was waiting for her. There wasn't a horde of frightened, naked women huddled around anxious to get under the water so they could be on their beds waiting to get chained in before the bell rang. Mrs. Rawlings had even left her a rubber bulb with a long, thin neck on it that she could use to get soapy water up her quim and her anal passage to rinse out the last vestiges of sperm.

She washed her hair. She applied rinse. When she had let the warm water run over her to her heart's content, she finally turned it off and stepped out of the little, private alcove.

She dried herself with the fluffy towel. She used the brand new brush Mrs. Rawlings had given her to brush out her hair. Rocco liked to keep the girls' hair short to make it easier to manage. She took out the new toothbrush she had been given and brushed her teeth thoroughly.

She paused before the underwear. It wasn't new, in fact it was a little gray as if it had been washed a hundred times, but it was clean and it was hers. She sat on the bench and pulled it up her legs. Then she stood and pulled it up the rest of the way. She looked down at herself. She fought back tears. She tried to forget about the last time she had worn underwear. It was too painful.

She took the pink and white checkered nightgown and pulled it on. It too was not brand new, but that didn't matter. It covered her. And nobody was going to tell her to take it off so they could fuck her. At least not tonight. Who knew what the

future would bring, but not tonight.

She slid on the slippers. She didn't know what to do with the towel. There was no large barrel where a dozen or more girls were tossing their used towels at the same time. She left it hanging on the hook where the nightgown had been.

She came to the bathroom door. It was a push door, so there would be no difficulty in opening it, but she hesitated nonetheless. Can she really go through a door by herself? Is it true that she wouldn't be punished for it? She pushed at the door tentatively and then, drawing up some courage, pushed it open and passed through.

She was in the hallway. Mrs. Rawlings wasn't there. There was a bench and she decided to sit on it and wait. It wasn't long before Mrs. Rawlings came back.

"Have a nice shower, honey?" she asked her gaily.

Ruth just nodded. Speech was a dangerous commodity. Silence was golden. She would need to get used to speaking freely.

"I made you something to eat," Mrs. Rawlings told her. "Come with me."

Rocco hadn't let her have dinner. Her schedule had been too filled with fucking for that. She followed Mrs. Rawlings down the hall. They entered a small cafeteria. There were several large round tables with chairs around them. There were pictures of beautiful scenery around the walls and a couple of women, regular women, not dolled up whores, smiling and laughing. There was a covered plate on one of the tables along with a glass of what looked like milk. Mrs. Rawlings led her over to it.

"Have a seat, honey," Mrs. Rawlings said. "It's the best I could do for now. You'll get a nice, hot breakfast in the morning."

Ruth sat down in the chair and uncovered the plate. There was a sandwich there. It looked like processed fish salad with mayonnaise and a tomato. She ate it eagerly. Mrs. Rawlings sat opposite her and didn't say anything. She just smiled whenever Ruth looked up at her.

When she had finished the sandwich and drunk the milk-like concoction, Mrs. Rawlings got up and took the plate and the glass away. She came back in less than a minute. "Come on, Ruth. Let's find you a bed," she said.

She led her back into the hall. There was a CPad built into the wall and she scrolled it for a second or two. "Okay," she said, "you can bunk with Sheila. That's room 12. Come along."

Ruth followed her obediently. They came to a door with a 12 marked on it. To Ruth's amazement Mrs. Rawlings was able to open it without unlocking it. All of the places she had been had had locked bedroom doors. The door swung inwards. The room was lit by a dim lamp on a small table against the far wall between two narrow beds. On the right, a woman was asleep. She was curled up and you could see the form of her body under the night clothes. The bed on the left hand side was

empty. It was made up with a nice, dark green colored bedspread and a fluffy pillow at its end. Ruth hesitated before going to it. There were no chains on it. She was going to be able to sleep in a bed with no chains on it. How would they stop her from getting up and wandering around?

Mrs. Rawlings spoke in a low voice. "You can sleep as long as you want, but if you want a hot breakfast, you have to be up by 8. In the afternoon we have to go to the Female Adjustment Bureau to register you and get your new Female Classification Card. I'll have some nice new clothes for you to wear."

The woman in the other bed stirred. She propped herself up and looked at them. She was a mid-thirtyish, good looking black woman. She had short, frizzy hair.

"Sorry to wake you, Sheila," Mrs. Rawlings said softly. "This is Ruth. She just got here."

Sheila mumbled something and rolled over. "You go and have a nice sleep, Ruth," Mrs. Rawlings said in a whisper. "Sheila likes having the light on, so please don't shut it off. I'll see you tomorrow." She leaned over and gave Ruth a kiss on her cheek and hugged her. Ruth felt like breaking down into tears.

Mrs. Rawlings left and passed through the door. She didn't lock it.

Ruth went over to the bed on the left. She pulled down the covers. There was a nice set of clean white sheets under them. She slid herself in and drew the covers up. She curled into a ball on her right side, towards the wall.

It took her a few moments to realize that she was crying. There were no chains on her. No one was going to wake her in the middle of the night and want to fuck her. In the morning there wouldn't be a surly guard unlocking her from her bed and copping a feel of her breasts or her cunt. Tomorrow she would be able to wear clothes and they were going to travel somewhere, go outside of where they were and, hopefully, return. She could get up for breakfast tomorrow or not, as she chose. All of these things were wonderful. So then why was she crying?

Before long, her cries had turned into sobs. She didn't want to disturb the woman in the other bed, but she couldn't help herself. Then the sheet behind her was pulled back. Somebody got in bed with her. She could feel a warm body press up against hers. An arm went around her and drew her in. A kiss was laid on her neck. Not a kiss of lust, but a kiss of comfort.

"There, there, honey," the voice said. A woman's voice. "You just go ahead and cry. Everything's going to be all right now. You're free. Everything's going to be okay."

It was the woman from the other bed. She snuggled up close to her. It felt so good that it made Ruth cry and sob all the more. She cried and cried and cried. She could feel the woman's breasts pressed up against her back, her belly up against her rear. The warmth of her body was wonderful. Not the warmth of a body

compelled to service her and who she was to service in return for the delight of callous, lustful men. No, a body voluntarily giving her its warmth and caring.

She turned to face the woman. "I'm sorry. "I'm sorry," she blurted out.

"Don't be sorry, honey," the other woman returned. "I know how you feel. It's okay to cry."

Ruth could see her face. She had limped eyes and a beautiful mouth. She was stroking Ruth's face softly. Their faces were inches apart on the little bed. The woman kissed her forehead and her cheeks. She kissed her chin. She ran her hands down her torso. It came around her back and started rubbing it up and down. It was the first loving embrace she had received in a long, long time, maybe even forever. It felt so wonderful to have a body next to hers not bent on her exploitation. She ran her hand over the woman's hip. She could feel her heat through her nightdress. She started kissing her back. Their lips met as if by accident. They pressed together. She could taste the other woman's hot breath. Something came over her. She spread her lips apart. The woman's tongue slipped past them. A feeling of wondrous joy filled her.

They kissed and kissed and kissed. Ruth's thoughts went momentarily to the unlocked door, but let it slide as the tongue energized her lusts. The woman's hand drew up the bottom of her nightgown and she felt her hand on her bare hip. It circled over her rear and up her back. The contact was so wonderfully good.

After a short while of hands struggling under each other's clothes, they broke and the nightgowns came off. They were tossed aside wildly. Their naked bodies pressed together, breasts against breasts, bellies against bellies. They hugged and kissed and their hands traversed each other's flesh like they were discovering a new world. The woman broke their kiss, leaned back and started massaging and kissing her breasts. Ruth drew her arm around the woman's head and pulled her in, reveling in the artwork of her tongue, mouth and hand.

After a while, she pushed the woman back and returned the favor. Sheila's breasts were small and pointy. She gobbled up her teats and a mouthful of spongy flesh and suckled hard on it until Sheila moaned. As she did the other, she felt Sheila's hand capture her quim, stroking it, stroking it, stroking it and then delving in between her outer lips to the flesh inside. She abandoned her breasts and snuck her hand down to Sheila's loins. She drew it down her belly. She was surprised to find a scratchy stubble. It made her laugh. Sheila looked at her. "You have hair down there," Ruth told her, grinning.

"Yes, I do," Sheila grinned back. They kissed again, deep and long. Their hands worked each other's pussies, gently and gently, and then hard and frantic. They were moaning and groaning into each other's mouths. Their hips were gyrating wildly. Sheila began playing with her little nubbin. A jolt of pleasure rushed through her. "Oh, yes, yes!!" she exclaimed and she broke their kiss. "Make

me come! Make me come! Please! Please!” Sheila just pressed their lips back together and invaded her mouth again. Ruth felt a wonderful crescendo building. She stroked and played with Sheila’s puss energetically. She rubbed and rubbed and stroked her button until Sheila groaned into her mouth. I

It was difficult to say which one of them started coming first. Their bodies shuddered and they groaned and moaned into each other’s mouths, their breasts pressed together, their hand working feverishly. Their pussies delivered to each of them hard, ecstatically wondrous pulses of pleasure.

They wound down. Their breasts, covered with their perspiration, slipped and slid against one another’s. Their hands’ frantic ministrations slowed to delightful caresses. They kissed each other softly, gently. Their hands left their posts and slid up each other’s hips and encircled each other’s backs, drawing them into a powerful embrace.

Ruth began to cry. Sheila leaned back and caressed her cheek.

“That was the first time...” Ruth began to say. “That was the first time....” She repeated tearfully.

“Shhhhhhhhhh,” Sheila went. “Don’t talk. Just hug me. I understand everything.”

It was the first time she had experienced an orgasm voluntarily, with a partner she had chosen. Not one who had picked her out from a viddy on a CPAd, or posing salaciously in a hologram. Or who was her master, her owner. Or one of his agents. It had taken half a lifetime to achieve it. She was free! She was free! And she had given herself freely! It was wonderful!”

They fell asleep in each other’s arms. After a long while, Ruth sprang into wakefulness. Sheila was laying snug against her with her arm over her. She had her back to her. She didn’t move, reveling in the other woman’s embrace. Her thoughts went naturally back to everything that had happened to her. She had been thinking in the shower of those first few days of whoredom and how she had been broken in. That man, that man. He had seduced her. At the point of a whip, it was true, but he had broken her of her reticence, her bashfulness, if not of her shame.

* * * * *

The next morning, after the night of her first successful blowjob, she had awoken early again. Faint light was streaming in from the curtained window. She struggled and writhed in her bonds at first, but quickly gave that up. The memory of the man’s member in her mouth was still with her, and the feeling of it pulsing and jerking inside her. And her rear, so bare and unprotected behind her, still remembered its penetration.

“Today, he’s going to fuck me,” she thought piteously. There was nothing she could do to stop it. It had been so horrible to be penetrated back there against her will. How more horrible was it going to be to be penetrated in the other place, between her thighs, for him to take from her what she had been taught to preserve at all costs? She pressed her already bound together thighs against each other as if to protect it. Were the other girls who came with her going to be deflowered today? How many girls all over the world were going to lose their virginities today against their wills? It must be thousands and thousands all over the globe. And yesterday and tomorrow.

She had been awake for a little over an hour when the door behind her clacked. It was too early for the man, so she assumed that it was the cleaning lady again. Her conjecture was confirmed when she heard the little self-actuated vacuum begin to whirr and travel around the room. The woman went into the bathroom, presumably to make sure it was sparkly clean and to remove and replace her dirty towel.

Ruth heard the toilet flush and the woman come out. It was hard for her to understand how a woman could be so nonchalant about a young woman being bound and gagged against her will right in front of her and not do anything about it. Then the woman did something which varied from her routine of the day before. She crawled up onto the bed and removed the leather collar from around her neck. She scooted down and released the rope around her thighs. Then she moved to the foot of the bed and released her ankles.

“All right, get up,” the woman snarled.

Ruth quickly obeyed and crawled off of the bed and stood next to it at attention.

“Kneel over there,” the woman told her roughly, pointing.

Ruth backed up and fell to her knees, keeping the rigid posture she had been taught. The woman looked at her for a moment or two, assessing her. Then she came closer and took hold of the nipple to her left breast and gave it a shake, making her breast wobble. “Nice tits,” she said.

She went back to the bed. She drew off the pillowcases and tossed the pillows aside on the floor. She drew down the sheet and took it off the bed. She went back to her cart and obtained a new, clean silk sheet and put it on, drawing it under all four corners. Then she took new pillowcases and put them on the three pillows and put them on the bed. The two outer pillows she left propped against the headboard, but the middle one she laid flat. She pulled on the chain from the headboard and laid it next to it.

“Okay,” she said to Ruth brusquely. “Get back up.”

Ruth blanched, but she obeyed. She crawled up on the bed until her head was on the pillow. The woman crawled on after her and attached the collar around her

neck. She scooted down and retied her thighs together. Then she did her ankles, affixing them to the foot of the bed.

Ruth sobbed quietly, sad that the lady was oblivious to her plight and suffering. She went over and started cleaning the window as if nothing had happened. When she was done, she packed up the roaming vacuum cleaner and left.

About 20 minutes later, the man came in. He had brought another cart with him. She expected him to untie her, but instead, he sat in one of the blue easy chairs. She couldn't look back, but she expected that he was drinking his coffee. A long time went by. She couldn't stand the thought of him just sitting there and watching her. She knew what he was here for and she fretted and anguished over it.

Finally, he got up. She heard him place the coffee cup down on the cart. He came over to her without saying anything and released all her bonds except for her hands. He told her to get off the bed and go pee. She hustled into the bathroom and obediently performed on the pot as he watched. She bent over afterwards and showed him her pussy while he wiped it. He washed his hands and came back and gave it a feel.

"A little rough," he said as if to himself. He ordered her to go back into the bedroom and sit on the end. He came out after her a moment later with something in his hands. He told her to lean back and place her heels on the bed on either side of her. She had to lie on her bound hands and it was uncomfortable. He crouched down in front of her and she felt him run his hand over her exposed sex.

"Spread your thighs wider and lift your hips," he told her. She complied.

She kept her eyes pinned up at the ceiling. A man, a strange man, was looking at her bare pussy! He was as close to it as you could get without touching it! A wave of shame and unhappiness flooded her. She had hidden her treasure for years and years and years. They had shaved it at the place she had been at, but that had been a woman. And the man who was looking at her so closely, so intimately, was going to fuck her there. He was going to penetrate it with his cock! She shuddered and closed her eyes.

She heard something begin to buzz and then she felt him running something all over her loins. He ran it everywhere that hair grew. He pushed and pulled at her outer lips to make sure he shaved all the way up her mons. He did the little crease at the base of her thighs. When he was done, he ran his hand all over her again. He did a couple of touch up spots.

Satisfied, he put the razor down. There was a pause and then she felt him spreading a cream all over her sex and all around it. He rubbed it in lovingly. Then he rose. "We'll do that every day from now on. You need to have a nice, smooth, soft pussy. Now get up and stand here for a moment."

She got up, relieved to ease the pressure on her arms. She stood at the end of

the bed at attention. He went to the armoire on the other side of the room, opened it and drew out a three inch wide belt. He brought it over and tossed it on the bed. He told her to turn around and he untied her wrists. She sighed when she felt the pressure on her shoulders released. Her hands had been bound behind her like this for two days. She kept them where they were though since he hadn't given her any orders. He picked up the belt from the bed and wrapped it around her waist. He pulled it tight and secured it behind her. He took her hands and confined them in bracelets on either side by her hips. When they were both secured, he ordered her to get up on the bed on her back and to raise her knees and spread her legs.

He watched her obey. When she was settled, her head on the pillow in the middle, he told her to spread her knees a little further apart. Then he said, "Whenever anyone tells you to get up on the bed, and doesn't say anything different, this is what you will do. If your hands aren't bound, then you should raise them and place them under your head. Understand?"

She nodded back at him sadly.

He went into the bathroom and returned with a small towel. He crept onto the bed and told her to lift her hips. She snuck the towel under her and told them to put her hips down. He got up off the bed and stripped.

Ruth quailed. The moment had come. He was going to turn her into a whore. Her stomach felt queasy. Her heart rate had gone up. She fidgeted nervously. He crept up on the bed next to her, on her left. Lying on his side, his head propped up by his left hand, he ran his right hand down over her breasts, her belly and her mons. He did this several times. She wanted to close her eyes, but she knew that that was forbidden. He told her to lift her head and he unbuckled her gag and withdrew it from her mouth. She left her lips ajar.

He kissed her on the lips and stroked her breasts. He rubbed her belly. He slid his hand over and around her mons. He brought it back up again. He seized and started massaging her left breast. She felt a tingling in her pussy that she didn't want. He leaned over her. "What's a whore's duty when a man wants to bring her pleasure?" he asked her softly.

She didn't know how exactly to express it. She knew generally what he wanted her to say. "To relax and receive it, sir?" she proffered tentatively.

"Full sentence," he reminded her.

"A whore's duty when a man wants to give her pleasure is to relax and receive it, sir," she replied lowly. There was a quiver in her voice.

"Yes, exactly," the man said. "Good girl. So now you are going to relax and receive the pleasure I am going to bring to you, understood?"

She nodded her head.

"Good girl," he repeated.

He leaned over and took her mouth. He swirled his tongue around inside it.

The heat in her mouth passed through her and settled in her pussy. His right hand continued to massage and knead her breasts, her right, her left and then her right again. It wandered down her body, across her belly, making it flinch, and then settled on her mons. He rubbed it and caressed it, conveying to it its heat. He ran his hand up and down the inside of her outstretched thighs. Meanwhile his tongue kept swirling and chasing her own. She let him capture it and swirled her tongue against his in response.

Her loins were getting achy with need. He caressed her breasts again and then lowered his head and subsumed her teats into his mouth. He suckled on them a long time, running his tongue around them, nipping them with his teeth. She could feel his hardness against her side. He held her breasts firmly in place as he sucked hard at them, making her moan. His fingers were running up and down the slick crease between her labia and she felt them circle around her nubbin, teasing it. He resumed their kiss and his hand became more active, tweaking her button until she moaned and groaned in his mouth.

Suddenly, he was on the move. He pressed down her right knee and crossed over it. He was in between her legs. She tensed, preparing herself for his penetration. He leaned over her, his hands planted on either side, kissed her fervently and then kissed each of her breasts. Then he slid down her belly, kissing as he went, kissing, kissing, kissing, until his head was just above her crevasse. She squirmed and whined. She had seen the viddys in sex ed class of the men doing this to women. The women always moaned and groaned and then yelled out while they came. All the other girls were aghast. She thought it was all an act. She couldn't imagine it being that overwhelming. She knew that she was about to find out how overwhelming it was.

He kissed all up and down the insides of her thighs, holding her knees spread with his hands. Her own hands yearned to defend herself and she pulled at them desultorily, knowing that she would be unable to get them free.

He kissed the spot on her belly just above her hairless crevasse and then lowered his head. He drifted his tongue up along her cleft, probing it deeply within her folds. A powerful sensation arose from within her and she moaned.

He worked her puss steadily and expertly. She moaned and groaned and twisted her hips. He flicked his tongue at her nubbin again and again *rapidement*, A freshet of pleasure rushed through her. That thing, that thing was growing inside her again. That wonderful thing that made her pussy come alive in joy and celebration. The mouth was incessant, kissing licking, flicking, suckling. She arched her back. She ran her heels up and down the bed. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth. She was discovering that the women in the viddys had not been faking it. This was probably the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her. She was infused with shame that she should be enjoying it so, at how much

she wanted it to go on and on and on.

Suddenly, as if something had cracked open inside her, her pussy erupted in convulsions. She screeched and groaned. Her hips pushed up against the man's efforts, but he held her firmly down. The tongue went on and on and she shuddered and shook as her orgasm overwhelmed her.

The man eased her down, but he didn't stop licking her. The sensation was excruciating as all she wanted to do was to relax and revel in the pleasure he had brought her. Then he started suckling at her nubbin again and rabid pleasure shot through her. "No! Don't do it again! Don't do it again! I couldn't stand it! Please stop! Please!" her mind protested. He built her up again, higher, higher and higher. She felt like her pussy was about to explode.

And then, before she knew it, he was above her. She felt his cock slide up and down her crevasse. She opened her eyes and saw him leering over her. "He's going to do it! He's going to do it! He going to do it!" her mind exclaimed excitedly. "No! Don't! Don't! Don't! I don't want to be a whore! I don't want to be a whore! Please don't, please!"

He lodged his cock in her entrance, just the head poking in. She gasped and tried to steel herself. "Wait! Wait! Wait just a second! Please! Please!" he mind begged. But without further delay, he shoved his hips forward and she felt something break. A stab of pain erupted within her. And then she realized that he was fully lodged. His cock was inside her to its hilt. She squirmed and pulled at her arms. She pushed into the bed with her feet, trying to raise her hips to expel him. But he just lay there, fully seated, riding her out.

And then he began his motions. Slowly, slowly, slowly at first. He gave her long almost leisurely strokes. The feeling from yesterday came back to her. The feeling of being filled against her will. The feeling of being invaded and being powerless to prevent it. She started crying and sobbing, but then he took her lips and his tongue entered her again. She felt like a monster was trying to slide its slimy appendage down her throat. She fought it and bucked and writhed, but the tongue and the cock just kept torturing her.

The cock started going faster. Her pussy was burning with the lust it generated. She tried to push back the feelings, but they were too strong. And the cock just kept agitating, agitating, agitating. She prayed to the god that had abandoned her to help her stop it. She vowed to do all kinds of good works, to bless him every day, to pray and bow to him at every moment of her life. But the god she prayed to was owned by the men, owned by the man who was fucking her. Owned by the man who was bringing her the waves of ecstasy that she spurned with all her might.

Finally, she had to give in. She allowed the pleasures to waft all through her body. She allowed her brain to be suffused with enjoyment. She raised her knees

and pressed them against his thighs. “Oh, god! Oh, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” her brain screamed, even as the shame of being powerless to expel her invader permeated her soul.

He was grunting and groaning. His thrusts were coming harder and harder. She groaned back into his mouth. She felt so weak, so small, so tiny, and the man was big and strong and all powerful. All there was in the world was her churning pussy and his active, relentless tongue. Her puss exploded and she screamed. The man was pounding away at her with such force that the bed was vibrating. He groaned louder than before and broke their kiss. His whole body tensed as he groaned and groaned and groaned and she realized that he was jetting his spunk into her. Her mind revolted at this calamity even as wave after wave of throbbing pleasure shot through her.

Their fucking wound down. Her legs fell lifeless to either side of her. He was giving her long, leisurely strokes again and her pussy shuddered with aftershocks. He stopped. He looked down at her. “Good girl,” he told her. “Good girl. Now you’re a whore for sure.”

She cringed at this appellation. He brought his head down, slid his tongue into her mouth again, swirling it all around as if marking his territory and then exited. He rose off of her and got off the bed.

He left her there while he went into the bathroom. She heard him washing off her blood. He came back with a damp towel and wiped the insides of her thighs and her pussy. He left her lying there for a few minutes while he poured himself another cup of coffee from a carafe. Just another day at work. Just another job well done. He sat in the chair for a while, letting her stew in her dismay and shame. After about ten minutes, he told her to come and kneel at the end of the bed. He told her to rest.

“What do you say when a man fucks your pussy?” he asked her sternly.

She gave him a deep bow. “Thank you for fucking my pussy, sir,” she told him miserably.

“And what do you say to a man who has turned you into a whore?”

She had risen. Sickness and revulsion spread all through her. She bowed again, her hands locked at her sides. “Thank you for making me a whore, sir,” she said tearfully.

When she rose, he patted her on the cheek and smiled. “You’re lucky, you know,” he told her. “Millions of women out there are wishing that they could fuck and suck all day. Unlike them, you don’t have to worry about where you’re going to live, where you’ll sleep. You don’t have to worry about what and when you’re going to eat, what you’re going to wear. You don’t have to worry about money or what will happen to you when you get sick. None of that. All you have to do is fuck and suck and get all that enjoyment out of it, coming multiple times a day.

And you have the joy of serving men, which is God's design."

This didn't sound all that good to her. There were plenty of things that he was leaving out, like love, and blue skies and green meadows. About running into the surf and frolicking. About being successful and productive, and most of all, being free. But if she were to survive, didn't she have to believe what he was telling her? If she believed it, would it be easier to bear? Her eyes flooded with tears. Did this man possibly believe in the truth of what he was telling her? Could anyone?

He fed her, playing with her breasts and teasing her. He let her go to the bathroom again. Then he sat on the edge of the bed. "Get me hard with your mouth. I'm going to fuck you again."

She knelt at his feet, her hands pinned to her sides, servicing him with her mouth until he was good and hard and moaning softly. Then he made her kneel on the bed head down. He rubbed her pussy from behind until she was loose and wet and then entered her. The feeling of woeful powerlessness flooded her again as the unwanted appendage traversed her interior. He waited until she came twice before pouring more of his spunk into her.

He left her head down on the bed while he rolled her cage back out to the center of the room. He made her come over and kneel down. "Don't you have something to say to me?" he asked her.

She bowed. "Thank you, sir for fucking my mouth and my pussy," she said as enthusiastically as she could muster.

"And for making you a whore," he reminded her.

"And thank you for making me a whore, sir," she repeated sadly as she bowed again.

He reinstalled her gag, forced her into the cage and left.

"Thank you for making me a whore," she repeated in her mind as she recalled that event. Sheila had stirred and pressed herself up harder against her. She brought her hand back and caressed her naked thigh. After that day she spent a few days fucking that man several times every day. He used all of her openings. Then he brought a friend, a co-worker, and he watched while she serviced him. He lay in bed and freed her hands and told her to pleasure him all over her body with her mouth and hands. He made her jerk him off several times so that she could get used to the feel of cocks and balls, making her place her mouth over the head of his cock so that she could receive his cum. The other man started coming back regularly alone. Then there was another and another.

Finally, she got to serve her first customer. She waited for him locked in her cage, looking at the door. The man came in; he was big, older, probably in his fifties and somewhat fat. He brought her out and fucked her on the bed. After the first round, he made her suck him until he was hard again and then he used her rear.

After he left, one of the blue coated ladies came in, cleaned her up, let her pee, brushed her hair, washed out her mouth, and put her back in the cage with her hands bound at her sides. Then the second customer came in. It was the third customer who beat her. He belabored her mercilessly with the flail while she screamed and moaned. He made her blow him, flooding her oral compartment with his cum. He got hard again right away and fucked her from the rear, leaving her on the bed, her hands still bound to her hips. One of the blue ladies came in, washed her, put salve on her wounds and then put her back into the cage.

The blue ladies would feed her, wash her, groom her and put her to bed at night, all bound up like the man had done to her, but they never said anything to her other than to order her around. He came by from time to time just to check on her. He would administer any punishments she had earned and then fuck her for a couple of hours, starting and stopping, mouthing her to repeated orgasms.

She learned to make love to a woman for the men's amusement. She would be blindfolded and taken to another room where the men would be waiting, drinking booze and eating snacks. Another girl would be there or led in shortly later. They kissed and caressed each other, making each other come several times, mouthing each other belly to belly. The first time she had mouthed another girl, a dainty Asian girl, the aroma of her juices was overwhelming. It was like nothing in the world and she came to enjoy it. Afterwards the men would fuck them or have them blow them and leave. A blue coated lady would be waiting for the men to go and would enter immediately thereafter. She would bind them both up again and install their gags. Then she took them one by one, hooded, back to their rooms.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The trees outside her window grew leaves and then lost them. Snow and ice coated everything out there for a while and then the buds came on again. When the leaves turned all orange and yellow, she was transferred to another part of the facility. There were other girls there and she was taught how to make up her face and wear scanty, alluring clothing. She enjoyed being, at least in some small part, part of the world again instead of locked up in her room all the time. She wasn't allowed to talk to any of the other women, but they expressed their companionship and mutual compassion for each other through smiles and caresses whenever they could.

After about six months, she was transferred to a more luxurious setting. It was on the upper floor of a large skyscraper in some city. You could look out one of the windows at night and see brilliant lights for miles around. Somebody had said that they were in Indianapolis, but she wasn't sure of that. She was taught to wear slinky gowns and have pleasant conversations. Rich, powerful men would come by and fuck them by appointment. There were only seven girls and the manager was an elegant woman in her mid-forties who was kind to them but kept a firm hand on a whip. That was the best place she was ever at. She got to talk to the other girls when they weren't working, as long as they didn't discuss anything serious or reveal their names or where they were from. The man at the first place had told her that her new name was Rosalyn and he had given her a silver collar with her name etched on it in red. The men weren't too demanding and only a few liked to whip her. The worst part was that she had drawn the attention of one of the guards. After all the customers were gone, he would take her to his room almost every night and fuck her brutally.

She spent about a year there and then went somewhere else. Two years there and then somewhere else. She had served in eight SSF's during her thirteen years as a whore. She had been all over the country. The last three had been with Rocco.

And now, just like that, she was free. It was like it had all been a dream, or that someone had cast a spell on her and she had finally broken free of it after all these years. What would she do now? Where would she go? How long could she stay here?

She had fallen asleep again and the hard knock on the door startled her. "Breakfast!" someone shouted. Sheila awoke immediately. They exchanged a kiss

and they put their nightgowns on again. Sheila's was dark brown. She had an excellent figure. She explained that Mrs. Rawlings knew that some of the girls paired up at night and so never came into the rooms without giving a warning if there were two girls in there. This way she would have plausible deniability about any unauthorized sexual activity. Sometimes the DCR Police would come for an inspection in the middle of the night and she would go down the hall pounding on doors, yelling, "DCR! DCR!" The girls would scramble back to their own beds or pull the beds apart again if they had put them together.

Breakfast was a gay affair with all the girls, there were about 20 of them, chatting and laughing. She was introduced to them, one by one, but she knew that she would never remember all of their names. Breakfast was served on a cafeteria line and she was able to select an orange, scrambled eggs with ersatz bacon, coffee and a donut.

She ate silently while the other girls at her table talked. Some of them talked about the terrible places they had been in, certain 'clients' who they would remember all their lives, girls they had loved and had never seen again. They talked about their prior lives and what they wanted to do now that they were free. One of them, Ida, a black girl from St. Louis, explained to her about them being subject to being drafted back into the Sexual Service Corps for five years and the necessity of obtaining a responsible male within 45 days. She had met a nice truck driver named Stu who had asked her to be his ward and she was thinking about it. You had to be really careful because there were a lot of guys out there that, knowing you had been a whore, wanted to pair up with you just to exploit you. Mrs. Rawlings always tried to check them out.

Mrs. Rawling's daughter, Emily, had been drafted in 2033. Mrs. Rawlings had been distraught, as you could guess. She couldn't find out where Emily had been sent, regardless of what she tried. Then in 2038, when the first drafted girls started to be released, she heard terrible stories of what happened to them, how they were exploited, arrested on false, trumped up charges and MR'd, the high level of suicides. She decided to do something about it, thinking of her own poor daughter who was scheduled for release in 2045. She started this place in 2040 and had been running it for the last eight years. It was partially funded by DCR, but mostly on private donations. Multiple women had come up with the same idea across the country. There were five other CSW Recovery Centers in the Cincinnati area alone. Now DCR regularly assigned the discharged girls to a particular center although it was rarely done until the last moment and the center had to arrange transportation for the SSF itself.

Mrs. Rawlings had an arrangement with Officer Earl Klugh to pick up her girls. For each girl he picked up, Mrs. Rawlings bought him an Additional Sexual Service at one of the better cathouses in town. He had been waiting for Ruth since

5 p.m., which is the time by which girls are supposed to be released. That was why he had been so pissed.

She had not heard from Emily in 2045 when she had been scheduled for release, or in 2046 or 2047. None of her inquiries to DCR had been answered. Odds are that something terrible happened to her. It was not unknown for an agent of an unauthorized sexual service facility to pick up a girl, posing as somebody from a recovery center, where she would be held prisoner and ultimately MR'd for being an unauthorized sexual service worker, (USSW). Deaths in Service were grossly underreported and sometimes were used as a pretense for selling a SSW overseas. Girls were killed by customers or through overzealous discipline. Some died of natural causes. There were a few suicides every year. Most girls did not have ready means for inflicting death on themselves, and these were always covered up. Some girls got MR'd for repeated disciplinary problems and these were never reported and the girls never released.

After breakfast, Ruth went back to her room for a while. It was a bit overwhelming to be out there with all those girls who spoke about anything they wanted. Most of the girls went into the rec room where they could watch unrestricted FV, read uncensored magazines or books, play ping pong or other games, or just sit and talk some more. Ruth lay on her bed. Sheila had announced that she had a job to go to. There was a small closet in their room and Ruth watched as Sheila, after she returned from her shower, got dressed in a nice skirt and blouse, after first putting on some underwear and a bra. She put on a pair of nice, shiny, light tan high heels, gave Ruth a light kiss, telling her that she would see her tonight, "for sure," and giving her a hug.

Mrs. Rawlings came by about a half hour later and brought Ruth down to a room where there were racks of dresses and skirts, blouses, underwear and other clothes. They were mostly donations from women around the area and the Salvation Army. Ruth found a few things that fit her. It was thrilling to try them on and she got a little giddy, coming out of the dressing room wearing this outfit or that and preening for Mrs. Rawlings' benefit. Mrs. Rawlings got into the spirit of the thing, telling Ruth how beautiful she looked and how this blouse looked better with this skirt or that.

Finally, she picked out 4 outfits, 2 dresses, a modest green and blue dress with a skirt that went below her knees, and a more slinky blue one, and two plaid skirts with complementary blouses. There were two pairs of high heels that fit her, a dark blue pair with two inch heels and a maroon pair with heels a little taller.

She didn't need to, since she had taken one last night, but she took another shower anyway since it was so wonderful to be in the little shower stall all by herself, with a curtain covering it and everything. Mrs. Rawlings had let her pick out some makeup, just some eyeliner and pale pink lipstick. After being made up

so whore-like every day for so long, it was a pleasure just to look like some plain girl.

After getting dressed in one of the plaid skirts and a nice blue and white top, She went into the rec room just to sit and watch the other women act like normal people. She had had a couple girls she had been close to at Rocco's and she fretted a bit about how they were doing. She tried to shut out all other thoughts about her past, although stuff kept coming up in her mind. She found herself fighting off some sexual desire as the formula that Rocco made the girls consume every day had not fully worn off yet.

Her mind went back to some of the major league rutters she had been handling recently, a nice, lanky Hispanic guy who called himself Jorge and a black man who had never told her his name, but who she thought of as Big Jim. Yesterday a new guy who she had never serviced before had given her five strokes with a cane and she still had the black and blue marks from it on her thighs and breasts. And she still bore the striations from Rocco's last whipping with the vicious flail her kept in his office.

Nobody was going to beat her today, though, and that thought brought tears to her eyes. A kind of plain, big boned, white girl named Jackie caught her sitting there with tears running down her face and sat next to her and comforted her. She told her that she had spent most of her days in 'C' brothels and the last two years in a Discount Sexual Service Facility. Ruth gave a thought to how lucky she had been to serve mostly in 'A' facilities until the very end at Rocco's which was classified as a 'B'.

Lunch was served. There was a selection of choices. She picked out a faux roast beef sandwich and some faux milk, and an apple. Jackie and a small Hispanic girl named Fernanda sat with her.

One of the great things about the recovery center was the clocks. There were no clocks in the areas of the brothel where the girls were allowed to go and she always had to guess the times. Their activities were regulated by bells or the flashing lights on the insides of their steel bracelets or in the rooms where they performed their services.

At a quarter after one, Mrs. Rawlings hunted her down and told her it was time to report to the Female Adjustment Center. There was another girl going too, named Claire, who had also been released yesterday. Mrs. Rawlings had a car, but she insisted that they take a bus since that was how the girls would be mostly getting around and she wanted them to get familiar with it. She issued both of them debbie's with fifty dollars on them and told them that they could spend it any way they wanted. When they got on the bus, they flashed the debbies at the reader when they got on and took seats in the back.

If being at the recovery center was a contrast to her recent life, sitting on a bus

was 100 times more so. People chatted and argued and laughed. There were women of all ages talking freely. And there were children! Ruth hadn't seen a child since she had been inducted and had almost forgotten that they existed. When Ruth saw the young girls, especially the ones in their early teens, she cringed at the thought about what they would be facing when they turned 18.

They passed stores of all kinds. There were pedestrians on the sidewalks and at the corners, crossing the street. Occasionally they would see a policeman, a regular policeman, not a DCR cop. One thing that was disturbing was when one of the men on the bus, an older man, probably in his late fifties, turned and gave his companion, a woman of about 30, a vicious slap that made her screech and cry. Everybody on the bus pretended that they hadn't seen it. The woman was still crying when they got off a few blocks later.

They were heading into the heart of downtown Cincinnati. The scenery turned into tall skyscrapers, mostly office buildings. The pedestrians turned mostly into well dressed women in short skirts and high heels and men in business attire. She couldn't help wonder how many of the men were regular visitors at brothels and to adjudge whether they looked like they would be cruel or 'normal', whatever that was. They had passed several brothels with gaudy signs, and billboards advertising them or others. Each time she saw one, Ruth experienced a painful pang.

They finally got off at a busy corner. They walked about half a block until they came to a building about 6 stories high. It had a brownish cement façade and a tall, glass entranceway. Above the entranceway was painted in black block letters, "Department of Carnal Relations." Just past the glass doors was a cavernous atrium. A long, solid, wooden desk sat in the center of it with two DCR policemen manning it. Mrs. Rawlings had them approach it. She stated their purpose there and the policemen examined them warily. Mrs. Rawlings showed them her Female Classification Card and Ruth and Claire showed them their discharge cards. The cops examined them carefully and scanned them in. Ruth was afraid that maybe Rocco hadn't registered her card and that she would be arrested but apparently everything was in order.

The cops examined her and Claire carefully and she felt like they were mentally undressing them. Mrs. Rawlings stared them down and they let them pass. At the same time, two DCR cops came in leading two very unhappy young women in handcuffs and wearing gags. The cops just flashed their badges and they were waved through. They had to stand next to them while they waited for the elevator. And they all got into the same car together. The girls were sniffing and crying and the cops held firmly onto their arms. Ruth tried not to look at the girls. They were both in their twenties, so they couldn't have been draftees. They were attractive and wore very short skirts and revealing blouses and tall high heels. One of the girls had her blouse unbuttoned and you could see that her bra had been

pulled down under her breasts and they were partially hanging out.

The cops and their charges got off at the third floor. There was a shaded glass door opposite the elevator marked STES in big black letters, which Ruth understood to represent the Sexual Thought Enforcement Squad. She wondered fretfully about how many females emerged from there free women and what the fate of the two unhappy girls might be.

Their destination was the fifth floor. They got off the elevator and there was another reception desk staffed by a young woman. Ruth brought them up to the desk and told the girl why they were there. The girl took Ruth and Claire's discharge cards and scanned them in. They were told to sit down and wait. There were several benches lined up in a row and there were several other women there, early thirtyish, along with older women who were serving as escorts. The younger women looked as nervous as Ruth felt. Mrs. Rawlings knew two of the escorts and they had a lively conversation. While they were sitting there the other girls were called up one by one and ushered into the inner sanctum. Their escorts had to stay behind.

There was an older woman there by herself. At one point, the receptionist called her up to the desk. Apparently the former CSW she had accompanied had been detained for some reason or other. The woman became very upset, but the girl told her that there was nothing she could do about it. If her 'friend' as she put it, was released, the woman would be notified.

Hearing this made Ruth's already nervous stomach turn over. Mrs. Rawlings, seeing that she and Claire were upset at what the receptionist had said, tried to reassure them that nothing bad would happen to them and that there had probably been some kind of mix up.

Claire was called in first. The receptionist buzzed her in through a wooden door with a frosted window on it and Claire disappeared. Several women came out looking relieved and happy and their escorts took them away.

Finally, the receptionist called Ruth up. Ruth went through the frosted glass door when she was buzzed in. A small man, about 40 or so, with receding hair and a mousy face was waiting for her. He was wearing a white short sleeved shirt and a paisley tie with black pants and shoes.

"Ruth Silverman?" he asked.

Ruth nodded yes, too afraid to speak.

She was led to a machine where she had her picture taken front and side views. She had to place her thumb on a reader. The man had her take off her left shoe and the tattoo on her left foot was scanned in.

They walked down a long hall with offices on both sides. Some of the doors were open and men or women sat at desks looking at their CPads or talking on the viddy. Some of the doors were closed.

This man's office was at the end of the corridor on the right. He stood by the door and ushered Ruth in. He had a small desk that was littered with papers and other desk paraphernalia. There was a steel framed chair with a padded back and seat in front of his desk. Ruth waited for permission to sit down on it. The man followed her into the room, closed the door, sat behind the desk and told her to sit in a brusque voice.

He scanned in her discharge card again and Ruth sat there silently as he scrolled through a number of screens on his CPad. The office had a window which looked out at the side of another building next door. There were no curtains. He had a leafy plant growing on the windowsill. Behind him was a credenza which had several thick books on it and a few family type pictures. One was of a beautiful, smiling, young girl, who she assumed was his daughter. Ruth couldn't help wondering how the man would feel if she were drafted into the Sexual Service Corps.

On the wall behind her was a large framed picture of a scene from a football game with large men clashing and a black man wearing an orange jersey and helmet bursting through the line holding dearly onto a football. On the bottom of the picture in white letters was the inscription, "Superbowl LXXXII". There were several movey pictures of attractive women in various states of dishabille with the names of their brothels printed under them. The girls were undulating, displaying their naked breasts and smiling lasciviously.

The man typed something onto his CPad and then looked up. "Ruth Silverman?" he asked her.

She nodded yes.

"You have to speak up. This session is being recorded."

"Yes, sir," Ruth responded in as firm a voice as she could manage.

"My name is Leo Jessups. I am a FAB investigator, level two. We are here today on April 24, 2048 at 2:42 p.m.. This is your discharge interview. I am going to outline to you certain rights and obligations. You are to listen to them carefully. I will have some questions for you which you will answer truthfully and completely. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Ruth replied timidly.

"You were discharged yesterday from Rocco's Pussy Pavilion in Milford, Ohio yesterday, April 23, 2048?"

"Yes, sir," she answered. "But I'm not sure what town it's in."

"Your discharge card says Medford, Ohio. Do you have any reason to dispute that?"

"No, sir."

"Your induction date was April 21, 2037?"

"Yes, sir."

“You were given two sixth month extensions?”

“Yes, sir,” Ruth replied.

“You realize that you were held over 2 days after your last extension expired. Don’t you?”

“I didn’t realize that, sir,” she answered nervously.

“Do you know that that technically qualifies you as a unauthorized sexual service worker?”

“N-no,” Ruth answered nervously.

“Do you know the penalty for being an unauthorized sexual service worker?”

“N-no sir,” she replied. Her stomach had turned queasy.

“The penalty is mandatory recruitment,” he told her sternly.

Ruth didn’t answer, but she started to cry. She wanted to beg the man not to bring charges against her. She knew that Rocco would fuck her somehow. Now she knew how. And the fact that she had been fucking men, about 30 all told, when she didn’t have to was distressing.

The man paused and looked her over. “I’m not going to charge you,” he told her finally. “A lot of the brothel owners try this trick so that they can get their girls back. There was a DCR memo issued last year which made it clear that unless some specific monetary compensation was paid to the CSW, that an overlap of less than ten days should not result in a charge. So you are off the hook. Unless Rocco’s extended to you any financial benefit. Did they?”

“N-no sir,” Ruth answered.

“They didn’t issue you a debbie with some funds on it?”

“N-no, sir.

“What did they give you?”

“Just a dress and a pair of shoes, sir,”

“A new dress or an old one?”

“It was an old dress, sir. And old shoes. Mrs. Rawlings threw them away.”

“Mrs. Rawlings?”

“Yes, sir. She runs the CSW Recovery Center where I’m staying.”

The man did some more scrolling on his CPad. “It says here that you reported to the recovery center at 1:25 a.m. on the 24th. Today. Is that true?”

“I’m not sure what time it was, sir. It was after midnight. Mr. Rocco held me until the last minute, sir.”

“That’s another violation. You’re supposed to report on the same day you are released.”

“I-I did, sir!” Ruth protested.

“No,” the man insisted. “You were released on the 23rd. You reported on the 24th.”

“I couldn’t help it, sir!” Ruth blurted out frantically.

“I guess not,” the man said. “We’ll let it go.”

The man paused again. Ruth sat there nervously. She hadn’t even been a free woman for 24 hours and she already had 2 violations on her record. And she didn’t know if those cops last night had reported her for accusing them of lying, even though she hadn’t meant to do that. It seemed like everything was stacked against her.

“Okay,” the man said. “I have to outline some of the rules you will have to follow. As a discharged Sexual Service Corps. recruit, you are subject to a 5 year call back period should the administrators of the South Central Sexual Resource Zone determine that there is a shortage of sexual service workers in the zone. You can be recalled for up to one year. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, sir,” Ruth answered sadly.

“You are to remain within 100 miles of your last sexual service facility. You may not leave the South Central Sexual Resource Zone. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You will be given a GPS device which you are to thumb every day between the hours of 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You are not to engage in any sexual activity until you have been accepted by a responsible male, except as may be permitted by the director of your recovery center. This includes self-administered sexual activity. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, sir,” she replied. That was her possibly fourth violation, for fucking Sheila last night.

“You are required to be accepted as a female ward by an RM within 45 days of your release. That is, within 45 days of April 21, 2048, which should have been your release date. If not, you are to report to the Unsupervised Female Pool. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, sir.”

“While you are making yourself available for selection by an RM, he may insist that you engage in sexual activity as a precondition for accepting you. If so, you are to register his request with the director of your recovery center who will, in her discretion, issue a valid 24 hour license to engage in any of the mandatory sexual acts with him. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, sir.”

“If this occurs, you are to accept no remuneration for this sexual activity. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you have any questions so far?”

“N-no. sir.”

“You are entitled to a \$500 a week stipend for 26 weeks in order to help you

get settled. Before the end of that period you are required to have gainful employment or a waiver from your RM. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Once you have been accepted by an RM, either voluntarily or through the UFP, your stipend will be paid directly to him. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"A word to the wise," he told her, deviating from his script, "some potential RM's might invite you to accept them so that they can get access to your stipend. So be very careful about any RM who invites you to be his female ward. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Finally, any violation of law or the rules and regulations of the FAB would subject you to being classified as MR or sent to a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center. A full version of the FAB rules and regulations governing former compelled sexual service workers is on the FAB website. I suggest that you familiarize yourself with them thoroughly. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"This interview is being terminated at 2:55 p.m. on April 24, 2048," he announced to the CPad. He pressed a button and put the CPad aside.

"Listen," he told her. "You seem like a nice girl. Be careful out there. I don't want to see you brought up on any charges. Find a good RM and be docile and obedient towards him. Okay?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. A wave of relief passed through her. She was so upset about everything that had been said, and threatened, that she had to pee. She squeezed her thighs under her skirt.

"Come with me," the man told her.

He got up from his desk and led her back to the reception area. He went up to a wire basket next to the receptionist, fished around in it and came up with her little thumb GPS device with a card attached to it with a rubber band. He handed them to her. "Keep your Female Classification Card and your Discharge Card with you at all times. I suggest you keep your thumb pad with you as well in case you get caught in traffic or decide to go somewhere at the last minute while you're already out."

"Yes, sir," Ruth replied.

"If it's lost or stolen, you have to report it immediately. Otherwise your failure to check in will be recorded as a violation.

"Yes, sir."

"Let's check it out before you go. Activate the thumb pad and place your right thumb on it."

Ruth looked at the device. There was a little sliding button on it. She moved

the button until red was showing behind it. A little green light came on. She pressed her thumb into the device. The green light blinked three times and then stayed on.

“That’ll do it,” the man said. “Let’s check that it registered.”

He picked up a nearby CPad and made some entries. He scrolled past some screens. “What’s the number on your discharge card?” he asked her.

“SCSRZ33567XY446,” she replied, reading off the card.

He entered it in. He paused for a second. “Okay,” he told her. “It checks out fine. I’ll clear you for reporting today, but don’t forget to report tomorrow. Understood?”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir,” she said.

“Okay, good luck,” he told her, proffering his hand.

She took it and shook it.

“By the way,” he told her. “I’ve never been to Rocco’s. I heard that it’s good. Are all the girls there as pretty as you?”

“Y-yes sir,” she replied nervously.

“I’ll have to try it out. And I have a brother-in-law who’s looking for an FW. You’re good looking and have great tits. He might be interested in you. His name is Jerome Paderewski. He’ll probably want to try you out first. He loves blowjobs. Do you give a good blowjob?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she responded unhappily.

“I bet you do. You’ve got the lips for it. I’ll send him over tomorrow. Be nice to him. I’ve given you several breaks, so remember that.”

“Y-yes, sir,” she replied.

“I’ll keep your file open until I hear from him. Show me your legs. Lift your skirt.”

Ruth cringed inside. She edged up her skirt to just above her knees.

“No, all the way,” the man insisted.

She brought her skirt up to her waist. She was wearing a pair of white cotton grandma’s panties that Mrs. Rawlings had given her.

“Nice,” the man said as he perused her thighs. “I’ll definitely send him over.”

Ruth waited for permission to put down her skirt. Several people walked by. She started to shake.

“Okay,” the man said. “You can go. Good luck.”

Ruth sadly released her skirt and stepped to the door to the waiting room. The receptionist, who had seen everything, gave her a dirty look and hit the buzzer. She stepped through the door.

Mrs. Rawlings and Claire were waiting.

“You got your classification card?” Mrs. Rawlings asked sharply.

She nodded yes.

“Let me see it.”

Ruth handed it over. Mrs. Rawlings scanned it. “Okay,” she said finally, handing it back. “And your thumb?”

“Yes, mam,” Ruth answered.

“Did the guy register it?”

“Yes, mam,” Ruth answered.

“Some of these sons a bitches are too lazy to do that. He gave you your discharge card back?”

“Yes,” Ruth replied morosely.

“What’s the matter?”

Ruth started to cry. “He said I was in violation because Rocco’s held me over two days and because I didn’t get to the center before midnight. He’s sending his brother-in-law over tomorrow for a blowjob and he’s holding my file open. He made me show him my legs.”

“That cocksucker!” Mrs. Rawlings spat out. “Well, I guess you’ll have to do it, but I’ll let him know that it’s one BJ and that’s it! I’ll report the motherfucker!”

“Yes, mam,” Ruth replied sadly.

“But the good thing is that you’re registered,” Mrs. Rawlings said, smiling. “Let’s go get a cup of coffee and the biggest donuts we can find! It’s on me!” She gave Ruth a hug. Ruth hugged her back. She and Claire hugged too.

“Give me your thumb’s and your cards,” she told them. “I’ll put them in my purse so you don’t lose them. We’ll get you something to carry them in when we get back to the center.”

They had an excellent snack at a bakery a few blocks from the DCR building. Ruth felt a lot better with a cup of coffee and a big, sugary crumb bun in her belly. Claire had a humongous jelly donut and Mrs. Rawlings had a cinnamon bun.

They got back to the center about 5. There were three very uncertain looking women sitting on the bench out in the anteroom with a hand cuffed to it. Mrs. Rawlings released them all and escorted them inside. Ruth went back to her room and waited there for Sheila to come home from work. She had gotten a job as a waitress in this restaurant run by a women’s collective. The job was just temporary, but it brought Sheila in contact with the public every day and she would get a job reference out of it. The collective gave jobs to a number of former CSW’s. They had to be careful, though, since STES and the DCR Police kept a careful watch on them. They made sure that they had a portrait of the Blessed Leader on the wall along with posters of some of his sayings.

Sheila came back a little after 7. The cook, an old lady named Franny, had saved hot plates for Ruth and Sheila and they ate together. Sheila told her all about her day and Ruth told her about the FAB interview and the blowjob she would have to give tomorrow.

They watched FV together in the rec room until a little after 10 and then retired to their room. They immediately pushed the beds together, stripped down, and went at it. They fell asleep in each other's arms a little after midnight.

The next morning Mrs. Rawlings had a nice brown leather handbag for her with a shoulder strap. She suggested to Ruth that she and Claire do some exploring of the city together. They took her up on the suggestion. Mrs. Rawlings told them how to catch the bus to the zoo and botanical garden on the west side of town. They had to take two busses. The first bus driver, a fiftyish, large woman with long, grey hair, was nice enough to tell them where to change. The park was beautiful and restful. Only the early flowers were in bloom but they were pretty enough.

They had lunch in an outdoor café. Mrs. Rawlings had given them old woolen sweaters that someone had donated and they were kept warm enough even though there was a bit of a chill in the air. They bought Mrs. Rawlings a big bouquet of flowers which she gushed over when she received them. She put them in a large vase and placed them in the rec room. They were back by 5 and Mrs. Rawlings reminded them to use their thumbys.

The FAB guy's so called 'brother-in-law' came by about 8 and Ruth blew him in a private room Mrs. Rawlings kept for the girls to use to have sex with potential RM's. The guy made Ruth bare her breasts and he mauled and slurped at them for a while before telling Ruth to get down on her knees. He wanted to leave Ruth a tip when she was done, but Mrs. Rawlings had warned her against it and she refused. She also refused the guy's request for another 'date', relying on Mrs. Rawlings' representations that she had already spoken to the FAB guy and straightened him out.

Afterwards, Ruth cried and cried on her bed. It took a long time for Sheila to compose her. They made love strenuously that night, mouthing each other to completion and lolling in each other's arms, kissing and snuggling.

The next day, Mrs. Rawlings had let her try to contact her family over the vidy. She called three times before her mother finally answered. She screamed when Ruth identified herself and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed for the longest time. They both did. She had a million questions, but Ruth had few answers since she didn't want to talk about her life as a whore to her mother. Her mother promised that as soon as she could she would come to Ohio to visit with her. Her father refused to come to the phone.

On Saturday nights Mrs. Rawlings had "mixers" where eligible and prescreened potential RM's were invited in to meet the girls. All the tables in the cafeteria were folded up and put away. There was recorded music for dancing, a spread of treats and a non-alcoholic punch. Some of the guys had been there before and had their favorite girls to talk to and dance with. Others were new and just kind

of stood around, embarrassed. Mrs. Rawlings was firm and never issued a pass for one of the girls to have sex with any of the men until they had been on outside dates at least twice. And then only once. "I ain't runnin' no whorehouse!" she would announce.

More girls came, some girls left. Most of the girls got jobs of one kind or another. Many of them found RM's either through their work or from someone they met at a mixer. A number of them did not and had to register with the Unsupervised Female Pool. Mrs. Rawlings would give the girl a ride to the DCR building after she had been notified that she had been 'selected', where the guy would pick her up. Everybody knew that the UFP system was just another form of imposed slavery, but it was better than the alternatives.

Ruth spent most of her time travelling around the city. She was in no rush to get a job or to tie herself down to an RM right away. Some of the guys at the mixers were nice and not unattractive, but a lot of them were oddballs and losers of one kind or another. After all, who wanted a former whore as a girlfriend?

She met a couple of guys on her travels, but she resisted their advances. She just couldn't bring herself to accept their motives. She would tell them right away that she was a former CSW and that put most guys off immediately. Some who were not, tried to entice her into going home with them, but she always refused.

On the 25th day after Ruth arrived back at the center, Sheila tearfully announced to her that she had accepted Phil as her RM. She only had ten more days before she would have to report to the UFP and she didn't want to take a chance on losing him, who she had met at one of Mrs. Rawlings' mixers. They had gone on four dates and Mrs. Rawlings had let them fuck once in the special room. After each date that Sheila had with Phil, Ruth would hug her and cry and tell her how much she loved her. Sheila would cry as well, but tell her that although she loved her too, there was no future in their relationship.

After the evening when they fucked, Ruth refused to embrace her or to sleep with her for three nights, until she tearfully gave in.

The day that Sheila left, Ruth was hysterical with tears. Phil had picked her up on a Saturday morning about 11. She and Sheila hugged and cried all morning. She went with Sheila to the iron gate where Mrs. Rawlings let her out and Phil, a middle aged white man with a paunch and combed over gray hair, was waiting. Phil had registered Sheila as his FW the day before down at City Hall. Ruth watched them leave through the front door and then ran down to her room, threw herself down on the bed and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. None of the girls could console her. Mrs. Rawlings eventually gave her a tranq pill, which put her out for the night. By the morning she had recovered.

Later, after dinner, Mrs. Rawlings introduced her to a thin, petite brown haired girl named Cecelia who had just been released that day. Cecelia would be her new

roommate. That night, Cecelia sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. As Sheila had done to her, Ruth slipped into her bed to console her. One thing led to another and they kissed and caressed and made love to each other until the morning came.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Finally, Ruth's time ran out. She had been on two dates, but neither guy had asked to see her again. She had taken over Sheila's job at the women's collective restaurant, but she didn't meet anyone there that she felt comfortable with. So, on her 44th day, she took the bus down to the DCR building and reported to the Unsupervised Female Pool. They signed her up. They took some new pictures of her, some with her nude, and made up a file. They imported some of the pictures from back at the classification center and some later ones that had been taken during her career as a whore. Some of them were quite salacious. They did new holograms of her, dressed and nude. She had to stay overnight for a week while she took a docility and obedience course. The director called her into his office one afternoon where he fucked her on his couch.

She was lucky though. She had somewhere to go. Many of the women who were registered with the UFP had been dumped off there by their RM's and had to stay in the UFP dorm, which was virtually a prison.

Her photos and other information went up on the UFP website after she completed the D&O course. It would stay there until someone bid on her, or for 90 days. If anyone bid on her, anyone else who was interested could submit a bid within ten days. The highest bidder took her. If she were not bid on in 90 days, she would be sent to mandatory procreation, if she was young enough, or to a DCR labor camp if she was not, or MR'd and marked for export.

It might seem cruel and hardly enough time to be fair, but in a society where females were hoarded by their RM's for various reasons, it was hard to meet eligible women. Also, it was known that a woman obtained through the UFP would be fully docile and obedient and understand clearly who was in charge. The initial bid rate was low, \$1,000, and it was a rare girl that wasn't worth at least that much. Corporations and other employers often culled the lists for cheap labor.

After 2 days on the list, she received a notice from FAB that she had been bid on. It gave her a terrible feeling to know that she would soon be some man's property. She had heard terrible things about what some men did to women they had bought through the UFP.

Ten days later, Mrs. Rawlings drove her down to the DCR building. No one had told her how many men had bid on her, or who had won her. Mrs. Rawlings gave her a little suitcase for her clothes and other personal property; she had

bought some cute little do-dads and souvenirs on her travels. Mrs. Rawlings was a little tearful when she dropped her off. She apologized for getting misty eyed and told her that she thought that Ruth was very special and she would miss her. There had been a tearful goodbye with Cecelia, but Cecelia was not as broken up as she had been when she lost Sheila.

They stopped outside the DCR building. Ruth kissed Mrs. Rawlings goodbye and promised that she would come by and see her if she could. She got out of the car and entered the DCR building. She informed the DCR cops at the main desk why she was there. They told her to wait and that someone would come down and get her.

Two bulky men with UFP t-shirts came down after about five minutes. One of them took her bag while the other one handcuffed her behind her back and placed manacles on her ankles. They shuffled her over to the elevator and brought her to the sixth floor. They pulled her past reception, down the hall and placed her in a holding cell. There were three other women, one who looked to be in her mid-forties and the other two younger, about Ruth's age, in adjoining cells. There was a big sign opposite the cells which said, "No Talking!"

She waited there for about 2 hours. It was nerve-wracking to not know your future, and know only that the independence and freedom you had enjoyed for a short while was gone. Two different UFP men came and got her. They brought her back to reception. Her identity was reconfirmed with a thumb and a retina scan. She was shuffled out into the waiting area. Once through the door, there was a man waiting there for her.

He was in his later 40's and, surprisingly to Ruth, was rather good looking. He had a full head of black hair trimmed neatly. His face looked rather stern, but not hostile or mean. He stood about 5'11" and had a mild paunch. He was dressed in a gray business suit with a white shirt and a rust colored tie with blue and gold stripes. He was wearing black dress shoes. His build was slightly thicker than medium. He looked a little anxious. But not as anxious as Ruth felt.

She had worn a new dress she had bought with the DCR money she had been receiving. As of today, that money would be received by him. The dress was cream colored with blue flowers. It had a modest bust line, displaying just the nascence of her plentiful breasts and came down to just above her knees. On her feet she had on a pair of brand new brown high heels with a set of sparkles inlaid around the toes.

Underneath, she wore a set of matching light blue lacy bra and panties and light beige self-supporting stockings with lacy tops. Her short, chestnut colored hair had been trimmed by one of the girls at the center and Cecelia had given her a small, sparkly turquoise blue and gold barrette for her hair. She had applied dark red lipstick and had mascaraed her lashes and under her eyes. She had applied a pastel green shade to her eyelids. Her eyebrows had been plucked and trimmed.

She was wearing a gold chain with a locket on it which contained Sheila's picture. It had been a gift from Mrs. Rawlings.

The FAB guys released her handcuffed wrists and removed the manacles from her ankles. One of them handed the man her FAB thumb, her new Female Classification card which denoted him as her RM and her discharge card from Rocco's. Her small suitcase was placed at her feet.

The man looked at her for a few moments as if assessing her and comparing her to the photos and the holos he had seen. Ruth knew that he would almost certainly want to fuck her today and the thought made her nauseous. She was going to be this man's slave and he would determine everything about her life from here on in. He would keep her as long as he wanted her and as long as she pleased him. He could make her fuck all of his friends and determine whether she worked, in which case he would keep all her money, or stay home all day locked in the house. She would have to cook and clean for him and perform any and all of the mandatory sexual acts prescribed by law.

"My name's Bill Anderson," he finally told her, holding out his hand. She reciprocated and they shook.

"Ruth," she managed to eke out. "I'm pleased to meet you, sir."

"I'll take your bag," he told her. She picked it up and handed it to him. He took her by the arm and guided her to the elevator. They descended to the ground floor and he escorted her out into the street. It was mid-June and the day was sunny, bright and warm. The sidewalk was crowded and busy with people. They walked about a block to a parking garage. He took her up on the elevator to the 3rd floor deck and they walked briskly to his car.

It was shiny and new. He opened the passenger door for her and she got in. He tossed her suitcase into the back seat. He went around to the driver's side. Like many people, he preferred driving, at least locally, to using the self-driving function. He backed the car out of the parking space and they descended to the street level. He waved his debbie at the reader, the gate opened and he brought the car into traffic.

They didn't speak while he drove. After a few blocks, Ruth lost track of where they were. They got onto the freeway for about ten minutes and then pulled off. They drove along a two laned road for about another ten minutes and then pulled into a side street. Along the way, there were some stores and charging stations, a school, some small office buildings and several small parks.

They drove the side street for several miles. There were only houses now, nice looking, luxurious ones on big lots. They turned down another side street, drove for about 2 minutes and then he pulled into a semi-circular driveway in front of a big house. It was white with dark blue trimmings. There were two tall columns in a faux Greek style around the main entranceway. The house was two stories and

long. The lawn was green and well-manicured and the front of the house was bordered by well-trimmed shrubbery.

He parked before the entrance. He got out and came around to her door and opened it. She was too afraid to open it herself. She got out and followed him to the door. He had taken her bag from the back seat. The door self-opened as he approached it.

Inside there was a small atrium with a nice, small mahogany table with a large, beautiful vase on it. There was a crystal chandelier. A set of steps were off to the left side which went down and another set of steps carpeted in a plush, white rug on the right heading up. He led her up the stairs. At the top there was a well-appointed dining room to the right and a large living room to the left. The white carpet continued into the living room. There was a large, dark blue, luxurious couch against the wall with a long and tall painting of a tumultuous ocean scene above it. A long coffee table sat in front of it. It was dark stained and had a glass top. On it were several oversized books. The top one had a painting on its cover she recognized from her long ago art class as a Degas.

Matching easy chairs were set on either side of the couch, facing it, with elegant side tables next to them with matching, expensive looking, tall, table lamps. There was another, larger chandelier. There was a large picture window which overlooked the front lawn with pale blue curtains on either side of it.

He turned to her. "Well, this is home," he said. Ruth just nodded to him. She was trembling and she could feel herself sweating. It made sense that he would be rich. She knew that despite her years as a whore, she was still a desirable woman and she would have commanded top dollar. Just the fact that her first bid had come in a mere 2 days after she was posted on the UFP website told her that. She wondered what he had paid for her. She knew that he would expect value for his investment.

He put down her suitcase. A woman had come into the room. She was a bit older than middle aged, had gray and black hair that was pulled into a long ponytail. She wore a light green dress that came down to below her knees and black 2" high heels. She was dark complected and just a little heavy. She looked at Mr. Anderson deferentially.

He introduced them. "Consuela, this is Ruth, my new FW. Ruth, this is Consuela. She takes care of most of the cooking and cleaning chores."

Ruth turned to the woman and made a short bow. "She will be in charge of you when I'm not here. She will inflict punishments when I'm not in the mood to mete them out myself. You're to do whatever she says. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," Ruth answered nervously.

"Come on, let me show you the rest of the house."

He showed her a well-appointed den with well-stocked book cases and a large

FV screen, a large kitchen with a small eating area. A sliding glass door led to an enclosed deck. He brought her upstairs and showed her the master bedroom with a large bed with dark stained wooden posts. He showed her the guest rooms and a small bedroom which he told her was hers. "You'll be sleeping here when I don't want you or when I'm away," he told her.

He brought her down to the lower level. There as a large rec room with a pool table and what looked like a poker table with five chairs around it. They by-passed the utility room. He opened the door to another room off of the rec room. In the middle of the room was a chain hanging from the ceiling. There was a stand with various whips mounted on it. A small cage was in the corner. The floor was carpeted except for a circle under the chains which was dark brown tile. "This is the punishment room," he told her sternly. "I trust that we won't have too many occasions to use it."

"N-no, sir," Ruth replied.

The lower level had a door to the outside. Outside there was a long pool with several lounging chairs around it and a large glass table with an umbrella over it. To the left of the pool was a large flower garden. A man was working it. He didn't introduce her to him.

When the tour was over, he led her back to the living room. Ruth had paid as much attention as she could to the rooms during the tour, but what had impressed her the most were the cages in the master bedroom, in her room, in the kitchen and den and in the rec room and one near the top of the stairs coming in. She was on the verge of bursting into tears. If she had had any doubts that she would be a slave, the cages erased all of them. That and the punishment room.

Consuela was still standing there. Anderson removed his suit jacket and handed it to her. He sat in one of the easy chairs and told Ruth to stand at a spot about 10-12' away from him. Ruth automatically put her arms behind her back. Consuela had brought in a tray with a carafe on it and a ceramic coffee mug and set it on the side table. Anderson poured himself a cup, added a little cream and a spoonful of sugar. He leaned back in the chair.

"Okay, let's see what we've got," he told Ruth. "Take off your dress."

Ruth blanched and looked to see if Consuela was still in the room. She had left. She quickly put her hand behind her back and lowered the zipper to her waist. She shrugged the dress off of her shoulders and stepped out of it. She placed it on the unoccupied easy chair and came back and stood before the man.

He looked at her for a moment or two. "Turn around," he told her. She turned her back towards him. "Okay, back," he told her. "Very nice," he told her. "Take off your bra and your panties. They're very nice by the way."

"Th-thank you, sir," Ruth replied. She shucked off her bra and panties and placed them on the chair with her dress. She had stood nude before thousands of

men in the past, but that had been in the various brothels she had been in and all the other girls were doing the same thing. Here she was in a luxurious home with all kinds of normal, or almost normal decorations and appurtenances. She could see that her hopes of a normal life were dashed. She stood in front of the man in attention position as she had been taught so many times at the point of a whip.

“Very nice, very nice,” Anderson said. He took another sip of his coffee. “You look like you’ve put on a couple of pounds over the last few weeks. You’ll be given a pass to a local gym. You’re to go there every day. A trainer there will guide you through your workouts. I don’t like my women skinny, but I like them trim. Your arms and thighs are just a little flabby. Twelve years in whorehouses will do that.”

He took another sip of coffee. “I like to have my pussies with a little hair on them. When you shave from now on I want you to leave a nice outline to your outer lips. Not long, but trimmed. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, sir,” Ruth replied.

“I think you’ll look good with a nice tattoo on your lower belly. I’ll pick something out for you and get it done this week.”

Ruth didn’t like this idea at all. But she had no say in it. He could cover her whole body in tattoos if he wanted to.

“What’s that jewelry around your neck?”

“It’s a locket, sir,” she replied.

“Let me see it.”

She reached behind her neck and undid the chain. She stepped over to him and handed it to him. She immediately stepped back into her former position.

He opened the locket. “Who’s this?” he asked her.

“A friend of mine, sir.”

“Where did you meet her?”

“At the recovery center, sir.”

“Is she a whore like you?”

“Yes, sir,” she replied meekly.

“Did you fuck her?”

Ruth began to tremble. She didn’t want to lie, but admitting it would get her into big trouble.

“Don’t worry. I know what goes on at those places. I just want to know the truth.”

“Yes, sir,” Ruth told him nervously.

“Well, you can forget her. You’re not to have any friends unless I approve them. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she replied sadly. He put the locket down on the side table.

“And that thing in your hair, take it off.”

She reached up and removed the barrette. She handed that to him too. He put it aside.

“Come here,” he told her.

She approached him tentatively.

“Lean over,” he said.

She leaned over so that her breasts flared out. He reached up and took them in his hands. He squeezed and massaged them. A wave of nausea went through her.

“Very nice,” he commented again. “You’ll be given a formula to drink every day. I think we can make these a little bit bigger.”

She didn’t reply.

“Turn around and bend over and spread your legs,” he told her.

She turned and leaned over, spreading her legs. He ran his hands down over her buttocks. “Excellent,” he remarked. “A little tattoo about here,” he said, rubbing a spot on her lower back. “So I can see it when I fuck you that way.”

He slipped a hand between her thighs. He seized her mons and began to stroke it. He slid his fingers into her divide and slid them up and down several times until she lubricated. He slid his fingers into her chamber and glided them back and forth. In all the years she had been a whore, she had never gotten fully acclimated to being entered against her will. The same sense of shame and powerlessness filled her now. In a way, she was sorry that she hadn’t volunteered for another year at Rocco’s. At least there there had been no pretense that she was a regular person with regular rights. Here she was no longer technically a slave, but would be one in every important aspect. She would have to service this man at his pleasure and who knew who else.

He kept stroking and stroking and stroking. He spread some of her moisture over her nubbin and began to circle it gently. She kept looking to see if Consuela had come back into the room. She almost certainly knew what was going on. The man seemed perfectly comfortable with an FW he had purchased from the USP, and she had concluded that other naked women, former CSW’s, had stood where she was standing now. How many? How long had he kept them? How long would she be his prisoner?

A surge started developing in her puss. She was leaned over as far as she could go, with her arms crossed behind her back. She felt the tingling spreading all through her lower belly and up and down her legs. She didn’t want to shame herself in front of the man, but she couldn’t hold it back any longer. She moaned, long and low and her whole body shuddered.

“Excellent! Excellent!” the man commented as he continued to manipulate her button. “Very, very good!”

She moaned again. He withdrew his hand.

“Okay, I want you to turn around, get on your knees and blow me,” he told

her. "I want to see how good your mouth is."

She turned around and sadly dropped to her knees. He had lowered his fly and slipped out his cock. It was already hardening. Keeping her hands behind her back, she leaned forward and took it into her mouth. It grew almost immediately to its full hardness and length. Ruth applied loving attention to it. She suckled on its helmet, ran her lips slowly, down, down, down his pole, gave his short, energetic strokes and long, languid ones. He was quickly moaning and groaning. He placed his hands on her head, more as a gesture of ownership than as an attempt to regulate her efforts.

She was crying the whole time. She rebelled at having yet one more offensive instrument in her mouth. Its salty taste, its rigid softness, its thickness and length, were all so very familiar to her. She was conscious of how she must look, naked, all bent over with her head in the man's lap, her hands crossed behind her back, her feet still covered by the fancy high heeled shoes she had bought, her legs still encased in the hosiery. She had hoped to look pleasing to whoever had claimed her and be treated like a human being, but here she was, again being treated like a mere receptacle for a man's lust. She dreaded the idea of the mistress of the house seeing her this way even though she knew that she had seen other women this way before in this very house and would undoubtedly see her this way many, many times in the future.

He was groaning and moaning loudly. His hands had lodged themselves in her hair and taken firm holds. She prepared herself for the onslaught of his spume. She sped up her efforts. His cock began to throb and pulse. Her mouth was flooded with his essence. He practically roared into the room.

After his cock ceased its eruptions, she eased him down. He continued to sigh and moan lowly. Finally, he pressed on her forehead and pushed her head away from him. His cock dropped from between her lips.

He patted her on the cheek. "As advertised," he said to her smiling. "I spoke to Mr. Marchetti at Rocco's before I bid on you. He recommended your mouth very highly. He wanted to make a deal to get you back, but I turned him down. His loss my gain."

Ruth knelt there sadly. She knew that she would never be more than a whore to this man. She had hoped for more, but it was not to be.

"Okay, go stand where you were," he told her. She got up and backed up to her previous spot.

"I want to let you know how it will be with me. I will treat you fairly. I don't get into any of these whipping games, so you don't have to worry about that. I ask that you keep yourself clean and neat and to obey Consuela at all times. I'm going to send you to domestic relations classes so that you gain a modicum of cooking and cleaning skills. After a while, we can discuss you having a job, but it can only

be part time and should not interfere with any of my demands for you.”

He picked up her suitcase and placed it in front of him. He opened it up and started going through it. “All of this stuff you can get rid of. Consuela will take charge of that. The knickknacks and keepsakes you can put in your room as long as they’re out of the way. We’ll be going out to dinner tonight to celebrate our new relationship. You can wear the dress you came in with. It’s nice and shows good taste, but it’s too modest and the skirt’s too long. Tomorrow I’ll send you to the place that I use and they’ll outfit you with all new clothes. You can keep the bra and panties. I liked those. They show that you have a good attitude for what your duties will be here and a certain respect, which I like.”

He picked up the locket from the side table. “You can keep this, but I never want to see you wearing it, do you understand?”

“Y-yes, sir,” Ruth replied. She felt a small stab of joy at getting to keep the picture.

“What’s the girl’s name?”

“Sheila, sir,” Ruth answered.

“Were you in love with her?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“Would you like me to follow up with her and maybe arrange for you to spend some time together?”

“Yes, very much, sir!” she replied hopefully.

“I’ll contact her RM and see if I can arrange something. We’ll wait and see how well you adjust here first.”

“Yes, sir,” Ruth answered. “I’ll serve you as best as I can, sir.”

“I would hope so,” he responded.

“Consuela!” he called out.

Ruth heard a voice behind her say, “Yes, Mr. Anderson.”

“Get Ruth all cleaned up and put the dress and underclothes on the chair in her bedroom so that she can wear it later. I’m going out for a few hours and will be back around 7 or 7:30. Make sure Ruth is ready. Make sure you put on her collar.”

“Yes, Mr. Anderson,” Consuela replied.

He stood up. “As long as you are obedient and docile and perform your duties with alacrity, I think that we will get along fine, Ruth. I want you to think of yourself as my companion. You’ll be treated well and have a certain amount of freedom. There’s a full library of reading material in the library in addition to what I’ll assign you on the CPAd I’m going to give you. I know that you don’t have more than a high school education, but your marks were very good which means that you are smart and a quick learner. I expect that you will be able to hold up your end of a conversation. If I wanted a whore, I would just go to a whorehouse. Make yourself real to me and you’ll stay with me a long time.”

He motioned for Consuela to get his jacket.

“I don’t often have friends here, but you’ll be expected to entertain them, naturally. It’s not my habit to loan my FW’s out, but there will be exceptions. Consuela will be under instructions to make you come three times a day to keep you primed and ready for me and more if I’m away. Any questions?”

“N-no, sir,” Rachel replied.

“Okay, then,” he responded. “Come over here and give me a kiss.”

She stepped over to him and lifted her chin. He was about 4” taller than her. He put his arm around her back and planted a kiss on her lips. “I’ll see you soon,” he told her. He turned, went down the stairs and through the front door.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Consuela didn't say anything to her at first. She walked briskly around the room and gathered her things. When she had an armful of her clothes, she came back to where Ruth stood and spat out at her. "Get on your knees and at attention!" She had a heavy accent.

Ruth immediately sank to her knees and knelt up straight. Consuela walked up the stairs towards the bedrooms. Ruth was shivering. Consuela was in charge of her. What did that mean?

"Did you have lunch?" she demanded when she came back.

"N-no" Ruth replied.

"That's no, señora."

"No, señora," she repeated.

"Okay, then come into the kitchen."

Ruth got up and, keeping her hands crossed behind her, followed the woman. She was a little bit shorter than Ruth and, close up, Ruth could see that she was not so much fat as strong. There was a determined authority about her.

The kitchen had white walls and a blue and white vinyl tiled floor. There was a large island in the middle. The stove and other kitchen machinery was on the counter opposite it on either side of a large sink. On the other side of the island was a large, shiny steel refrigerator. There were various cabinets about. The countertops, including the top of the island were dark green.

Just beyond the island was the kitchen table. It was glass with four white colored steel, padded chairs around it. Nearby, on the floor was a thick black mat about 4' by 3'. Consuela pointed at it. "When we come into the kitchen you are to kneel there," she said brusquely, as if she were tired of giving this instruction.

Ruth found her way over to it and took her place, facing into the room. Consuela went over to the cabinets and pulled out a large can. She tore off the top and poured its contents into a blender. She took two silver canisters from the countertop and spooned some of the contents of each one in. She let the blender whirr a little bit and then she poured its contents into a wide ceramic bowl. It had a beautiful, bright design on it of blue and dark yellow and red. It looked very expensive. She brought the bowl in front of Ruth and set it on the floor.

"Drink it all up," she told her.

Ruth cringed, but dipped her head to the bowl right away. The mixture was

greenish and had the texture of creamed spinach, only more fluid. It had a minty taste. She realized that this was the 'formula' that Mr. Anderson had referred to. She wondered what was in it and how it would affect her. While she was lapping it up ashamedly, Consuela opened the refrigerator door and brought out a plastic container. She spooned some of its contents into another bowl smaller than, but matching the first.

Ruth lapped up the last of the formula and knelt back up. Consuela took up the bowl, put it down on the island and put the other bowl in front of her. It looked like chicken salad. It had raisins in it along with slivers of almonds. It looked good. "Eat," was all that Consuela said.

She went over and sat at the table, scrolling through a CPad while Ruth consumed her lunch. Eating this way was degrading and humiliating, but she had eaten this way many times before going all the way back to the classification center at the very beginning of her slavery. It was late for lunch, maybe about 3 o'clock, and she hoped that she would be able to work up a good enough appetite for dinner. They were going out to a restaurant! Her mother and father had taken her out to restaurants maybe two or three times a year when she had lived with them, usually for somebody's birthday or some other special event. She had eaten at a few diners and luncheonettes during her walks over the last few weeks, but she never had the nerve to go into an actual restaurant.

When she was finished, she knelt up again. The food had been delicious. Consuela took some time to notice she was done. When she did, she put down the CPad and came over and poured a whitish liquid into the bowl. She stood over her while she drank it. It was kind of chalky and tasted a bit fruity.

She wiped her face and told her to come with her. Ruth followed her upstairs to the bedrooms. They stopped at the bathroom. Consuela told her to take a shower and pointed out to her what she should use to wash her hair. She felt her pussy. "No shave today," she announced. "Make sure you wash off your makeup. When you are done, dry yourself off and kneel out in the hall," she told her.

The bathroom was of sea green ceramic tiles with blue swirls in it. The shower was glass enclosed. There was also a tub, a long vanity and a toilet, all in light green. There was a shelf of fluffy white towels. An oblong, light green rug was on the floor. The water was heavenly. She was getting used to showering by herself and was happy that Consuela had not found it necessary to wash her. She didn't know how long she had to perform her task, but she took her time anyway.

She couldn't get the picture of her kneeling in the living room servicing her new RM out of her mind. She wondered how many times she would have his cock in her mouth. She also wondered what it was going to be like to fuck him. He was physically not repulsive, so that was good. But was he going to be a five or six poke guy, or was he going to give her a real ride? If she had to fuck him, she

wanted to get off too. That's the least he could do for her. But she knew that she wouldn't be able to demand it. She would have to depend on Consuela's three orgasms a day to take the edge off.

When she was washed, she stepped out of the shower and dried herself off. She used the toilet. There was a brand new hairbrush and toothbrush on the vanity near the sink. She brushed her hair out and brushed her teeth. There was a bottle of mouthwash and she used that too. She put the wet towel onto a towel rack and stepped out into the hall. It was covered by the same white rug that was in the living room. The walls were a very light beige. She knelt outside the bathroom door and waited.

Consuela came after about ten minutes. She told Ruth to follow her and she took her to the room that Mr. Anderson had pointed out as hers. It was about 20' by 20'. There was a narrow, single bed, a maple dresser, a long closet, a makeup table and a green easy chair in the corner. A lamp sat on a bedside table. The rug was dark red and the walls were a very dark pink. Consuela rolled out a mat onto the floor and told her to lie on it on her belly. She proceeded to apply a nice smelling lotion all over her body. Her hands were firm but gentle. She applied the lotion to every nook and cranny. Ruth started to get aroused when she did her pussy and her breasts, but Consuela just ignored it. She had a special lotion for her face.

She had her kneel up and applied a dark pink polish to her fingernails. Then she did her toes. She had her lie down again and spread her legs and she applied a very light blush to her love lips and areolas.

There was a makeup table with two chairs next to it. Consuela found a foundation cream that she liked and she applied it to her face. She put on her bright red lipstick. She put an orangey red color on her eyelids and took care in outlining her eyes and bringing the eyeliner to a little point just beyond their outer edges to make her eyes look slinky and slightly Asiatic. She put a very light amount of blush on her cheeks. She let Ruth look at herself in the mirror. She liked what she saw. She didn't look whore-like, but she still looked alluring. She could see how Consuela could be her ally in her efforts to please her new owner.

There were several small bottle of perfume on the table. Consuela sniffed at a couple of them and selected one that she liked. She sprayed it lightly around her neck, between her breasts, on her hands and on her inner thighs. She made her stand up and turn around. She was satisfied.

She told her to kneel in the center of the room. She left, but came back a minute later. She was carrying a wooden case. She put it down on the floor and opened it. She took out a golden metal collar. It consisted of a large, two inch round ring, kind of like a Celtic torc, which was open on one side. She came behind Ruth and circled her neck with it. She pressed the ends together behind her

neck and Ruth felt it tightening. It made a little hum. When it stopped, the ring was tight around her neck. Consuela tested it and it could neither go up nor down. It had a golden ring in the middle in the front and in the back.

There were four bracelets in the box as well. Consuela followed the same procedure. Each time the bracelets, bright gold bands about 3" wide, hummed and came to a perfect closure. She did her wrists and ankles. She tested each of them and they were nice and snug. When she looked down at them, Ruth saw that the bracelets had rings on the insides. Across the bands on the outside, just below the back of her hands, upside down from her view, were the letters **WA** inlaid in dark blue.

There was an old easy chair in the corner of her room. Consuela sat in it and called Ruth over. She ordered her to spread herself over the arm of the chair so that her belly was against it and her thighs were across her lap. She slid them open. She ordered her to put her hands behind her back. She locked the bracelets together.

Ruth felt the woman slide her hand across her buttocks very lightly. She rounded them several times and then slid them up and down the backs of her thighs. Ruth knew what was coming and she dreaded it. It would firmly establish the woman's dominion over her. And reinforce her status as more or less a sex slave.

The hand drifted over her mons. It went up and down. Her touch was very gentle and experienced. It felt like butterflies were flicking their wings along it. She dribbled her hand along her crevasse. She pressed her fingers in and slid them up and down until her divide was slick. She teased her little entrance and slipped her fingers down it. Ruth felt her lusts rising. The fingers circled her bud, rubbed it gently and retreated, sliding up and down her crevasse. They repeated the procedure again and again. Each time her bud was rubbed, her lusts rose higher and higher. She was panting heavily. She felt so ashamed of her usage that she tried to rise up. Consuela merely placed her right hand on her neck and forced her down.

She started to groan and moan. The hand went faster and faster. Finally a finger commenced a rapid fluttering on her nubbin. She squirmed and moaned as her lusts developed a fine, unbearable edge. Then she came, moaning and groaning and calling out as her pussy throbbed and throbbed and throbbed. Her whole body shook. She was shamed and chagrined and rued the fact that this would be done to her again and again and again. Mr. Anderson might be her master, but Consuela would be her mistress.

Consuela let her simmer down. Her body shuddered with several aftershocks. Then Consuela ordered her to get up. She rose, unsteady on her feet. Consuela checked her makeup to make sure that it had not been disturbed. She led her out into the living room by the stairs and made her kneel. She went away for a moment

and came back with a leather belt with a black cock-like prong on it. “Señor Anderson’s cock,” Consuela told her as she displayed it to her. Ruth sadly opened her mouth as it was slid in. Consuela was careful not to disturb her painted lips. The prong was thick and extended almost to the back of her mouth. Consuela tightened it in the back and it pulled the prong in deeper.

There was an elegant grandfather’s clock in the corner of the living room. It said that the time was 5:25. Ruth panicked, thinking of her obligation to check in with FAB. Consuela must have thought of the same thing since she brought the thumby over from the side table where Mr. Anderson had left it and press it into her thumb behind her back. It beeped three times.

She opened the cage mounted just opposite the stairs. Ruth obediently climbed in. It was narrow, so that she couldn’t move from side to side, but it was tall enough for her to kneel on its padded interior while sitting back on her legs. Consuela closed the cage door and locked it.

She waited and waited in the cage. The gag was uncomfortable, but bearable. It was something she was used to. But the idea that she had a model of Mr. Anderson’s cock in her mouth disconcerted her. There seemed to be something diabolic about it. Like he was there when he wasn’t there. Like had had mastery of her mouth even when he wasn’t present. She wondered unhappily how often she would have to wear it and how many mouths it had been in.

Consuela had taken a seat in the living room from which she could observe her. She had made herself a cup of tea. She was watching something on her CPad in Spanish. Every once in a while, she would look at Ruth. Her dress and underwear were folded neatly on the couch with her shoes on the floor in front of it. Consuela had put her suitcase away. Ruth hoped that she knew that she had been given permission to keep her little personal items and the locket and had not thrown them away.

After about an hour and a half, she heard a car door slam. Consuela looked out the picture window. She got up, brought her teacup and CPad into the kitchen and returned in time to be standing at the head of the stairs when Mr. Anderson came in.

He trudged up the stairs. “Hello, Consuela,” he said to her. She just gave him a little nod. He came over to Ruth. She was too ashamed to look at him. “Look up, Ruth,” he told her. “Don’t ever look away from me.”

She raised her eyes. Mr. Anderson studied her for a moment. “She looks wonderful, Consuela,” he said. Not to Ruth who he well knew had nothing to do with it but be the canvas upon the picture of subservience had been painted.

“I’m going to shit, shave and shower,” he told Consuela. I should be ready to go in about an hour. The reservation’s for 8:30.”

He walked off and walked up the stairs. Consuela disappeared. It was just her

in the little foyer area. She looked at the bars around her. How familiar a sight was this going to be?

It seemed an interminable wait until Mr. Anderson came back down. He was wearing a blue dress shirt with a red and yellow tie, charcoal colored pants and a gray and brown herringbone sports jacket. He had on a different pair of black shoes. As he reached the bottom step to the stairs that led upstairs, Consuela magically appeared.

“Okay, get her out,” Anderson told her.

Consuela unlocked the cage and urged Ruth out. She removed the gag and placed it on top of the cage. She released her wrists from behind her back. She led her over to her clothing and told her to get dressed.

It was almost as disconcerting to get dressed in front of the man and woman as it had been to get undressed. When it came to the stockings, Consuela waved a device on her ankle bracelets and they loosened and came off. Ruth drew the stockings up her thighs and then Consuela put the ankle bracelets back on. She snuck her feet into the brown, sparkly high heels.

Anderson was waiting. “You look nice, Ruth,” he told her.

“Thank you, sir,” she replied. She was determined to always maintain a high degree of politeness with him.

He took her elbow and escorted her down the stairs and out to the car. He opened the passenger door for her and she got in. He went to the driver’s side and sat in the driver’s seat. He started the engine, it whirred almost silently and they were off. They didn’t say much on the way to the restaurant. They passed the gym where Ruth would be working out and he pointed it out to her. He asked her how she enjoyed her shower and whether Consuela had given her an orgasm and did she enjoy it. He told her that the restaurant they were going to was very exclusive and one of his favorites.

After about 45 minutes they pulled into the parking lot of a place called Antonio’s. It was a single story building with a red brick façade. They pulled up in front of the heavy, double doors. Mr. Anderson got out first and a college aged kid got in to park the car. Ruth was waiting for either permission to open the door herself or for Mr. Anderson to open it. The boy gave her a piercing look as he took in her shiny, bright golden collar and her bracelets with Mr. Anderson’s initials on them. Ruth hadn’t given it much thought, but she now realized that her accouterments would mark her status to anyone who saw them. They had read *The Scarlet Letter* in high school and the bracelets and collar seemed like the same kind of thing.

Mr. Anderson opened the door and she stepped out. The driveway was fine gravel and her left high heel wobbled a bit making her lose her balance. Anderson steadied her and led her to the doors.

They entered a small anteroom. There was a young girl standing behind a wide podium and she greeted Mr. Anderson by name. She confirmed his 8:30 reservation and asked him to wait a second. She too gave Ruth's collar an odd look, which mortified her.

Within 30 seconds a black haired man wearing a dark suit and tie approached them holding two menus. He also greeted Anderson by name and asked them to follow him. The lights in the restaurant were low and took some getting used to since it had still been light outside. They weaved their way through some tables, all of them occupied by happy diners, and reached a small square table about half way in. It had a vermillion colored table cloth over it. The man, who Ruth figured was Antonio, pulled out a chair for her and invited her to sit. Anderson pulled out his own chair and sat down to Ruth's right.

The table was well set with china and glasses. A busboy came over and filled their water glasses. There was a little straw boat with crackers in it and Anderson scarfed one up immediately inviting Ruth to do the same. She declined politely, not wishing to spoil her dinner.

A waitress came over. She was dressed in a flowing dress with a low décolletage. She had blond hair and shimmering, pale breasts. She smiled and asked them if they wanted a drink. Anderson asked for a very dry martini straight up with a twist of lemon. He ordered Ruth a Compari and soda.

When the waitress left, Anderson picked up his menu. Ruth did the same, although she had no idea what she was going to order. All the entries were in Italian and she had no idea what most of them were. The waitress brought the drinks. Anderson lifted his as if to make a toast. Ruth tentatively raised hers and he tapped them together. "To a fruitful and beneficial relationship," he toasted, smiling. Ruth forced a smile and gave him a nod back. She took a sip of her drink. It tasted wonderful.

She had drunk beer a few times back in high school. Once she had had too much and it made her woozy, which she didn't like. She was afraid of getting woozy now. She knew that she had to have all her wits about her if she was not going to incur Mr. Anderson's displeasure.

"Do you like veal, Ruth?" he asked her when he had had a hefty sip of his martini and put it back down again.

"I-I don't know, sir," she replied tentatively.

Anderson leaned over conspiratorially. "When we're out in public I want you to call me Bill. None of this 'sir' stuff. Can you do that?"

"Y-yes s...", she caught herself. "Yes, Bill," she managed to get out.

He smiled. "That's better," he told her. "When we're home it's different. But when we're out together I want you to relax and enjoy yourself. You may not believe this, but I want you to be as happy as possible. I run a tight ship at home

and expect you to be obedient, even when we're out together, but I want our time together to be enjoyable for you."

"Y-yes, Bill," she replied.

The waitress came back. Anderson ordered them both an appetizer of shrimp scampi. He ordered a veal chop with brown mushroom sauce and ordered her veal marsala. The waitress took his order and fled.

He started to engage her in small talk. He asked her what it was like growing up in New Jersey. He asked about her parents and what they did for a living. He asked whether she had been in contact with them since her release. This last question made her a bit teary eyed and he expressed some sympathy for her, especially about her father not coming to the phone.

"It wasn't your fault that you were drafted, after all," he confirmed. "That wasn't right. Do you want me to have a talk with him?"

She shook her head no.

"Personally, I think that you should be proud of yourself, Ruth," he continued. "You went through some very hard times, I'm sure. And you did it in service to the General Public Order. People today rarely make sacrifices for the public good. Everybody's chasing a dollar and looking out for himself."

Ruth had no idea what people were like today. She doubted that they were much different than people who had been around when she had been drafted. She would be able to tell him about some of the bastards who she had had to serve, but she really didn't want to get into that kind of stuff and hoped that he didn't ask.

The appetizers came. Ruth had heard of shrimp, but never had tasted one. She tentatively lifted one to her mouth, watching what Anderson did. She was surprised at how delicious it was. There were five nice sized shrimp and she ate them all. A busboy had brought a basket of bread to the table. Anderson tore off a piece for her, buttered it and told her to soak up some of the sauce. She did as instructed and was amply rewarded.

She hardly knew that food like this existed. She bet that their dinner was going to cost them more than her father's weekly salary. Or more money than she could make in a month, based on what she had earned at the women's collective restaurant. Was he trying to seduce her with the thought of the luxurious life she would be leading with him, even though she would be spending some significant time with him kneeling in cages, and that she would apparently have to eat from the floor? Where was he going to send her shopping tomorrow? She was sure that it would be some place with expensive, stylish clothes. Would she get to use the pool outside his house? How would he treat her when he had guests over? Apparently she would have to fuck them, but would he demean her and make her walk around naked? How mean was Consuela going to be? If she gave in to the luxuries that he was showering her with, did that mean that she was still a whore,

trading her body for the expensive things he was going to give her?

She had zoned out a bit and realized that she had missed one of his questions. “I-I’m sorry, sir,” she said to him nervously. “I was thinking of something and didn’t hear your question.”

A touch of displeasure crossed his face. “Pay attention, Ruth,” he told her. “That’s not too much to ask, is it?”

“N-no, sir, I mean, Bill,” she answered fearfully.

He smiled. “I realize that all of this is a lot to take in after the life that you’ve led, so I’ll try and make some allowances. Now what I was asking was did you like to go to the Jersey shore? You know, the ocean?”

“Oh, yes, Bill,” she replied somewhat excitedly. “In the summer we went every chance that we got. We went to a place called Wildwood. It was about an hour from our house if there was no traffic. I loved the ocean.”

She was surprised at how animated she got. She took another sip of her Compari. Was it the alcohol? She had been drinking it steadily and it was about halfway gone. Did alcohol act that fast?

“After you’ve been out a while, I’ll see if I can get you permission to come with me on vacation. I go to a place in the Florida panhandle called Panama City. It’s very nice. You would enjoy it.”

“Thank you, Bill. I would enjoy that,” she responded.

The busboy cleared away the shrimp and the waitress brought the main course. The aroma of the food was a little overwhelming. Anderson ordered them both a glass of Chianti.

She reveled in the taste of the veal with wine sauce. She had scarcely known that such wonderful flavors existed. Almost all of the food that her family and their social class was basic soy formulas spiced up to approximate real tastes. Once, on her father’s fiftieth birthday, her mother had splurged and bought real ground beef. She made hamburgers and all three of them were in seventh heaven while they ate it.

All through dinner, Anderson continued to talk. He talked about his work, where he had grown up. His family. “You’ll meet them,” he told her. Ruth paid as close attention as she could. But the wondrous nature of the food made it difficult. He gulped down the glass of Chianti and ordered them both another one, insisting that she down her first glass too.

She tried to ignore the knowing glances some of the other diners gave her or the slight smirk that the waitress had given her. She knew that she was marked as a slave, but she tried not to let it bother her. She was used to people perceiving her as less than fully human. And besides, what choice did she really have? She could become unruly and disobedient, but where would that get her? Beating after beating? Six months in a disciplinary sexual service center or worse?

And she was sure that there were far more worse men out there than Mr. Anderson. And if there were better men out there, men who would treat her with respect and try to win her affection with kindness and consideration, she had never met any of them. Some of the men who had used her over the years had been nice to her, but they still used her as a whore. If they were willing to do that, how nice could they be?

When the food was gone, the busboy took their plates away. The waitress came over and Anderson ordered them both spumoni and two snifters of Remy Martin. The ice cream was heavenly, but the brandy was a little rough, burning as it went down. Anderson insisted that she finish it off.

When the check came, she was a bit giddy. Anderson handed the waitress a card and she took it away. The man who Ruth had assumed was Anthony came over.

“This is Ruth, my new FW,” Anderson told him. Anthony told her that it was nice to meet her and proffered her his hand. She took it and shook it.

“Get up and turn around so that Anthony can get a good look at you,” Anderson told her.

She rose from her seat, stood a little distance from the restaurateur, and spun around slowly. She felt like everybody in the restaurant was watching her.

“Not bad, eh?” Anderson prompted.

“Very nice! *Multo bella*,” Anthony replied.

“I haven’t fucked her yet, but she came very highly rated,” Anderson offered. “I’ll let you know and maybe I can trade you one of your waitresses one night.”

“Very possible, very possible,” Anthony agreed.

“How about the waitress we had tonight?” Anderson asked. “What’s her name?”

“We call her Gabrielle. I don’t remember what her original name was. She’s very passionate. Mr. Scalfini has reserved her for tonight.”

“Lucky Mr. Scalfini,” Anderson commented.

The waitress, Gabrielle, came back over with Anderson’s card. He put his thumb on a little reader. The light on it blinked three times and went off. That seemed to be sufficient. Ruth looked at the waitress in a whole new light. She wasn’t much different than her. In fact, Ruth was probably far better off since although Anderson seemed ready to lend her out, mostly she would have just one man to satisfy, while Gabrielle probably had a different one every night.

Also, it was a little disconcerting that Mr. Anderson was so willing to trade her off for the night. He had just got done telling her that he wouldn’t make her fuck his friends very often. Was he lying then or joking now?

Anthony begged off and Anderson indicated that it was time to go. They both got up from the chairs and walked out.

The valet retrieved the car. He opened the door for Ruth to get in. Anderson got into the driver's side and gave the boy a money chip. He told the computer, "Home," and the vehicle took off.

Ruth leaned back in her seat. Her head was swirling and her body oozed with satisfaction. Anderson produced a cigar and politely asked her if she minded, and she told him no. There was no way she would have said yes.

They car retraced their path. Anderson coolly and calmly smoked his cigar. The atmosphere system in the car quickly whisked the smoke away. At one point he leaned over to her and took hold of her thigh through her dress, squeezing it, but it was the only indicator of what was to come when they got home.

They got to the house and before they got out, Anderson told the computer, "Garage." When they were out of the car it slowly moved off.

The door automatically opened when they approached it. Consuela was waiting on the top of the stairs. Anderson told Ruth to get undressed and turn her clothes over to Consuela. He sauntered off to the den. Ruth dutifully stripped. Consuela removed her ankle bracelets in order to take the stockings off, but reapplied them immediately thereafter.

"Do you have to pee?" she asked Ruth. Ruth nodded yes and she was brought to the bathroom. When she was done, Consuela led her into Mr. Anderson's bedroom. Consuela drew down the covers and told Ruth to get up on the bed and kneel, facing the door. Consuela told her that she could lean back on her legs. She drew a chain from the footboard on the right side of the bed and attached it to Ruth's left ankle bracelet. "You stay," was all she told her.

The older woman left. She left the two table lamps on on either side of the bed. They cast a soft light into the room. Ruth looked down at the connection between her ankle bracelet and the chain and saw that there was no way she could remove it. She pulled on the chain until it was taut. It had about 6' of play.

She waited until Anderson arrived. He was gone about a half hour. When he came in, he gave her an appreciative glance and proceeded to disrobe. He revealed a somewhat muscular physique with maybe just a little stomach flab. He went into the bathroom, pissed and came out. "Lie down on your back," he told her as he crawled onto the bed.

She obeyed, spreading and raising her knees as she had been taught. She placed her hands behind her head. He slid up next to her. Although she had done this thousands of times, she was still nervous. If she didn't please him, there was the punishment room downstairs. He came up to her right and pushed her right knee down and threw his leg over it. He came up close to her. His heat radiated onto her body. His cock was already stiff.

He took hold of a breast and gently squeezed it. He leaned over and ran his mouth over her teat, giving it a soft suckle. He moved his lips to her other breast,

her right breast, while his hand kneaded and massaged the other. She suckled there a long time. Ruth felt something stirring down below and she was grateful for it. He raised his head up and placed his lips on hers. She spread her lips and accepted his tongue. He swirled its heat all through her mouth while playing with her breasts. Then his hand crept lower and lower and lower, brushing over her belly and seizing her mons. He worked her puss, delicately, gently and knowingly. He soon had her sighing and moaning. He slipped his fingers inside her and slid them back and forth along her passage. Her hips shifted and her heels dug into the mattress as the pleasure wafted through her. He started licking and kissing her breasts again. His mouth sent a titillating message to her loins.

He crossed over her right leg. She raised it again to better receive him. She felt his cock slide up and down her crevasse a few times and then beg entrance to her chasm. He lodged in the head and then slid it slowly, slowly, slowly down, making her moan again.

He fucked her slow and steady. He was in no rush. He varied his strokes, short and quick, slow and long. He circled his arms under her knees and kept her legs up and on either side of him. He took her mouth again and kissed her long and hard.

Her passions were rising. She was giving silent prayers of thanks that the man knew how to fuck. At this angle, he was penetrating deeply inside her. His tempo increased as her lust grew and grew. He started to groan and huff. She wrapped her arms around his back, rubbing her hands up and down, up and down. Her need was cresting, cresting, cresting.

But there remained the shame at being used once more against her will. The dismay at once again having a man's instrument inside her, stroking, stroking, stroking and her not having any right or power to refuse it. She tried to take her mind off of it, but the rasp of the cock on her innards was unignorable. A monster was down there. It had invaded her and was preparing the way for release of its venom. She tried to concentrate on the pleasure it was bringing her. She focused on the trilling sensation which expanded from her puss through her whole body. But the continued thrusting, thrusting, thrusting of the man's member which she had no control over or right to refuse kept gnawing at her.

Then the crescendo that was building inside her brushed all that away. "Oh, yes, oh, yes, oh, yes, oh, yes!" she thought madly. The man's tongue was swirling and swirling in her mouth. Her tongue was swirling madly back. She could feel it like a bubble, building, building, building inside her until it was about to burst. She gripped him hard, pulling him down onto her. She groaned. He groaned in return and his thrusts became urgent, hard, long, fast. "Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" her mind exclaimed. '

And then her pussy exploded with contractions. Her body shook. The man broke their kiss and started grunting, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" He stiffened

and began to jet his spume inside of her. Ruth yelled as a series of ecstasy laden waves rolled all through her.

He collapsed upon her. He released her legs. She drew them down and laid them flat on either side of him. He was giving her desultory strokes that were releasing echoes of her orgasm all through her. Finally, he slipped from her and rolled off.

He lay by her side. "That was great, Ruth," he told her. "You're a terrific whore."

She cringed at his appellation. "Whore! Yes, I'm a whore! I always was and always will be a whore!" she said to herself. After all, who but a whore would let herself be chained to a bed? Who but a whore would let a strange man fuck her like he owned her? "Thank you, sir," she replied sadly.

"Get me hard again," he ordered her.

She immediately rose and leaned over him. Her left hand encircled his balls while she started kissing and licking his chest. She massaged his balls gently as she lowered herself along his torso. She passed her lips and tongue down his belly. She jumped over his wad of curly black hair and took his limp cock in her mouth.

She worked him and worked him and worked him. She released his member from her mouth and kissed him all over his belly and chest while her hand stroked and caressed it. She came back down and rubbed his thighs while suckling on his meat. She pushed his thighs apart and took his balls in her mouth while she stroked his cock with her hand. His cock achieved tumescence and then began to harden. She rode up and down it with her lips, swirling her tongue around it. Yet again, her mind could not abandon thoughts of her mouth's forced occupancy. He could use her mouth anytime he wanted.

Rocco had recommended her mouth 'very highly'. He should know, she sucked him off enough times. It was clear that this man considered her as little more than a commodity. A commodity for him to consume as much as his cigar or his brandy. Of course he would want a mouth that could hum and purr like his fancy car. Or please him like his fancy house. She rode up and down his cock as he moaned and sighed, her inner self reviling her for her shameful acquiescence in her abuse.

He pulled her head off and told her to get on her knees with her head down. She scrambled to comply, making sure that her back was properly arched to give him access to her womb. He came up behind her and slipped his cock up and down her crevasse and entered her. He rogered her long and hard. His hands were on her hips, holding still his target as he pummeled it with his rigid staff. He soon had her moaning and groaning again. This remorseless, conscienceless appendage was sending her wave after wave of pleasure. She wanted to reach down and grab it and stop it, but she couldn't have even if she had wanted to. He was so strong and he

was lodged so deeply within her.

She came again, groaning and moaning. He pulled out of her. He lowered her rear with his hands and she felt his prick probing at her narrower entrance. He pushed against it, slowly, slowly, slowly entering her and then he started rogering her fiercely once more. Her rear tissues trilled with excitement. The feelings ran directly to her quim. She hated being used this way, more than the others. But she couldn't deny the thrilling sensations she received from it. Sometimes she was able to come this way and this seemed like it was going to be one of those nights. Just as he started groaning and grunting his completion, her pussy began convulsing and tremoring again.

He draped himself over her when he was done. He was breathing hard. She remained in position. Her heart was beating wildly. He was going to tattoo her there so that he could see it while he was fucking her this way. What horrific design was he going to impose? What was he going to put on her belly? His monogram, perhaps, so that his ownership of her flesh could be proclaimed?

He rose off of her and went into the bathroom to clean himself off. She waited in position for instructions. He came back and ordered her to her back. She laid down. He had a little chain in his hand. He connected it to the bracelet on her right wrist, led the chain through the ring in her collar and captured her left one. He rummaged around in the drawer of the night table on his side and then brought something to her mouth. "Open up," he told her curtly. He shoved something rubbery into her mouth. There was a leather shield that covered her lips. He pressed something on the outside of the shield and the rubber appendage inside her mouth started to expand. It expanded until there was pressure all around inside and then it stopped. He reached under the pillow on her side and pulled out a silvery chain. He attached it to the rear of her collar.

He patted her on her right cheek softly several times as she looked up at him, towering above her. "We're going to have a lot of fun together Ruth," he told her smiling. "If you're good, I'll keep your for a long, long time."

"Lights out," he announced to the room. The lights dimmed and then expired. "Good night, Ruth," he told her and rolled over on his side away from her.

It took her a long time to go to sleep. She was used to sleeping in chains, but she had thought that that part of her life was over. If she was good, he would keep her for a long, long time. Did she want that? If she fucked up, could she make him send her back to the Unsupervised Female Pool and maybe she would get picked up by someone who would treat her like a real person? But with all that stuff they put on the Internet about her, the holo of her self-pleasuring they had made at Rocco's, the other viddy's, it was doubtful. She and Mrs. Rawlings had gone through her listing the night she got back from her week at UFP. She had cried and cried when she had seen it. Mrs. Rawlings had tried to comfort her, but it had been

no good. What man looking for a life companion would ever choose her?

She rolled to her left side and eventually passed into sleep. Several hours later, she awoke with his hands on her again. She was on her back and he was running his right hand over her breasts and down her belly. The lights were on very dimly and she could just make out his face. He snuggled next to her and placed his left arm beneath her neck and across her shoulders. She spread her knees while he played with her pussy. He kept going until she was moaning and shuddering. The hand, the hand, the hand, it just kept going on and on. She was powerless to stop it. It was driving her mad with desire. She wanted to beg him to take it away, but only mumbled messages emerged from between her lips. Then he brought her over the top while staring down at her face, relishing the performance of his new toy, her groans and moans muffled by her gag.

After she had come, he made her get on her knees again, head down and he fucked her from behind hard and long. She felt like she was in prayer position with her hands at her neck, her head bowed in a supplicative pose. The cock went on and on,. Her shame at his enforced use of her was making her nauseous. She came again, nonetheless, just as he did. He clenched at her hard as he pumped his ejaculate into her. When he was done, he told her to lie down. Then, without another word to her, said, "lights out," and they were once more in darkness. Within a few moments he was snoring softly by her side.

As she lay there, her pussy still burned, but she had no way to comfort it. All of her holes were denied her, even her mouth, which was stuffed and filled. He had said nothing to her when he had finished with her, other than to give her permission to lie down again. No 'Thanks!' or 'That was great!' or not even 'Good night!' She realized that she as a person only insofar as he wanted her to be one, and at those times only. Otherwise she was just a being he could jerk off in. How much better would it have been for him to have one of those female automina dolls that the College of Ecumenical Bishops, Rabbis and Imams had outlawed.

But, then again, there was something extra exhilarating in being able to dominate and control a real, live person. You could see the subservience and shame in their eyes. You could make them fearful at will, and even punish them, and be assured that a real, live person was experiencing the pain you were dealing out. He said he was not into those 'games' as he called it. But he had given her a pretty stern reprimand for not listening to him at dinner. There had been a real edge to it.

Would he constantly find frequent fault with her to justify punishing her, getting his enjoyment out of it while being able to convince himself that he wasn't a sadist? If not, why have a punishment room at all? A few strokes of the whip on her behind while kneeling in the living room would be a sufficient corrective. There needn't be a special place to go.

She laid awake a long time. She used to lie awake at night in the brothels sometimes, wondering what cruel fate had decreed that life for her, ask why she had been chosen out of thousands of other girls, how people could go about living their lives normally when they knew that millions of young women around the country were being held against their wills as sexual slaves. And how did fate land her here tonight, in this bed, with this man? She wondered how long ago he had gotten rid of his prior girl. Did he hold on to her until the last minute, dropping her off at the UFP center while picking up the new one? He didn't seem to be the kind of guy who would want to go very long without a piece of ass.

She finally fell asleep when the sun started to rise. It seemed moments later when she felt someone lifting her head and removing the chain there. She opened her eyes and saw that it was Mr. Anderson. His hair was wet like he had just been in the shower. He drew back the covers and released her ankle chain. "Okay, get up and pee," he told her.

She rose from the bed and scurried into the bathroom. He stood over her while she emptied her water and had her bend over so that he could wipe her. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed, at its foot, and ordered her to her knees. He deflated and removed her gag. He moaned and groaned as she serviced him. After he flooded his mouth with his essence, he restored her gag and put her into the cage near the bathroom door. She realized that this was his regular morning routine.

She watched him get dressed. He went on with his business like she wasn't even there. After he had put on his black shoes and was tying his tie in a mirror over his dresser, he said to her, without looking at her, "When I get home tonight I'm going to whip you so you can see what happens when you're disobedient or displease me." His voice was business-like and nonchalant. It was the same voice he had used when he had told her that they were going out to dinner. Just another thing within his discretion.

The news made her shiver and quail. The last time she had received a sustained, this is to teach you a lesson beating had been when she had arrived at Rocco's three years ago. After that she had been punished from time to time by Rocco or one of the guards who would order her to put her forehead on the floor while they administered whatever number of strokes they thought she had earned. And there were the customers, but most of them had been more excited about the idea of whipping a woman than the actual deed of it and usually gave up after a few blows and then screwed her furiously.

Was this the same man who had asked her so inquisitively about her past, had urged her to have drinks, to enjoy a fantastic meal? Were there two versions of this man? He put on his suit jacket and left without saying another word.

Consuela came in about a half hour later. She urged her out of the cage, released her gag and her hands and led her into the kitchen where she fed her

scrambled eggs and bacon, real bacon, and juice. The juice bottle had a straw in it so she could drink while she ate. Consuela had locked her hands behind her back.

When she was done breakfast, she took Ruth into the bathroom where she filled the tub with hot water. She poured some bathing salts and oils into the water, released her hands from behind her back and told her to get in. The water was just a little too hot and she had to lower herself into it carefully. There was a four foot long chain coming down from the middle of the wall behind her and Consuela hooked it to the back of her collar.

She let her luxuriate there for about twenty minutes. The tub had a built in heater which kept the water nice and warm. Ruth found herself floating off more than a few times. When Consuela came in she unhooked her collar and ordered her out of the tub. She dried her and brought her into the bedroom where she lotioned up her body again. This time she drew a seven foot long board from the closet. It was padded on top and had some straps and belts on it. She had her lie belly down on it and went to work. Ruth could barely respond when she told her to roll over to her back, she felt so torpid.

When she had finished massaging her and applying the lotion, She knelt between her outstretched knees and started stroking and caressing her conch. Ruth just closed her eyes and let the soothing feelings run through her. She flitted her fingers here and there, stroked, rubbed, pierced. Ruth hardly knew it when the hand withdrew. A second or two later, the gray haired woman had lowered her face to her apex, her hands holding her thighs widely apart and started licking and suckling her there. A river of lust passed through her. But it wasn't a passionate lust, it was more languid and indolent. Her body responded by seeming to melt into a kind of oblivion. The woman was in no rush and gave her delightful torment. She started giving her little bud little licks, which grew harder and harder and went faster and faster. Suddenly her puss began sending her languorous pulses of pleasure. She moaned and squirmed and arched her back.

Consuela let her wind down. She reached behind her head and connected the ring on her collar to a slot in the board. She took her hands and locked them together bound to her neck as Mr. Anderson had done last night. A strap went around her waist, pulled tight, but not so tight for discomfort and below her knees. Her ankles were joined together and fastened to a ring at the foot of the board. Consuela had pulled the shades down when they had gotten started, but now she took from a drawer a blindfold which she slipped over Ruth's eyes. She went away for less than a minute and came back and told Ruth to open her mouth. Everything was dark and she felt like she was in some kind of mysterious zone, floating in space. When she opened her mouth, Consuela slipped in the thick gag she had worn the day before in the cage and fastened it behind her head. Then she stepped away, closed the door and left.

She lay there for the better part of two hours. She could hear nothing from any other point in the house. She just lay there, drifting in and out of consciousness. Once awake, she would test all her bonds just enough to confirm for her that she was helpless and then lie back. The only tether to reality she seemed to have was the projection in her mouth. She couldn't ignore it no matter how hard she tried. It was a malignant presence.

When Consuela finally came to get her, she let her pee again in the bathroom and then led her back into the kitchen. She gave her a bowl of cut up peaches to eat on the floor and then brought her into the living room. One of her skirts was there, a red and black plaid, and a green and white blouse she had bought. There was no underwear. Ruth dutifully dressed and Consuela led her outside. A different car was waiting outside the door. She opened the passenger door for Ruth and got into the driver's side. She spoke the name of a store to the computer and they were off.

The store was downtown. It was a large department store. The car stopped in the no parking area in front and they got out. The car moved away to park itself.

They went to a special area of the ladies department. Consuela had to give Mr. Anderson's name to gain entry. They entered a large room with several tall, three panel mirrors all around it. There was a small circle of tile in the middle but everywhere else the floor was covered by a light brown carpet. There were prints of several glamorous women along the walls dressed in what seemed high fashion.

They were met by two lanky, young men dressed in colorful silk shirts and well creased black pants. One seemed a few years older than the other. He held out his hand to Ruth.

"So this is the wonderful Ruth," he exclaimed. "Very pretty. But what are those rags you're wearing. Get them off! Get them off!"

Ruth looked around nervously. A smartly dressed young woman came striding in, went to a closet, pulled out a dress and left. She didn't want to be naked in front of these men, never mind whoever happened to stroll into the room.

"Come on! Come on!" the man said impatiently. "Don't worry. We're just like doctors. I bet I've seen a thousand sets of tits and pussies in my day. They're all the same to me."

Ruth unbuttoned her blouse. The man yanked it out of her hands as soon as it was off and handed it to the younger man. She unzipped the side of her skirt and stepped out of it. The man pulled that from her hands as well and gave it to the other man. The other man disappeared with them.

The man looked down at her feet. "We'll leave the shoes on for now. Just to make sure that everything fits right. They're actually not too bad and show a little taste. I'm sure we have something similar."

The other man came back and the first man did some measurements while he recorded them on a CPad. When he was done, he gave the man some instructions

and he strode away. Everybody waited until he came back. Ruth just stood there nude but for her high heels.

The younger man came back with several boxes. The older man pulled out a pair of pale blue silk panties. He told Ruth to put them on. They just covered her mons and slipped delicately around her hips. The gusset was topped with exquisite lace. The man stepped back. "Yes, these'll do fine," he said. He came up close to her and crouched between her legs. His hands went to the panties and she felt them pulled apart over her crotch.

"You see, if you want access to the pussy, all you have to do is pull the panels aside." He was looking down at her exposed pussy lips. He gave them a rub or two. "Very pretty," he observed. Then he said, "Okay, let's see if we can match the bra. They opened another box and the assistant searched through it. He pulled one out he thought might fit. Ruth tried it on. It lifted her breasts and pulled them together. It's cups covered her breasts just up to the nipples which were shaded by a network of blue lace.

The older man didn't like the fit and the younger man pulled out another one. Ruth tried it on. It held her breasts up even higher and pulled her breasts together until they were almost touching.

"That's much better," the older man said. "And see, the cups can come down if you want access." He pulled the cups down and her breasts sprung out. He squeezed and caressed them. "You have a very nice set, Ruthie," the man complemented her. "Mr. Anderson is a lucky guy. Come over to the mirror and see how you look." He took her by the hand and led her to one of the three sided mirrors. She saw herself with her mons peering out through the gap in the front panel of her panties and her breasts framed by, but not covered by the matching blueness of the bra. "See how convenient," the man told her. Then he buttoned the cups up again and spread the panels back out over her coosh. "And see, all put away!" he said with a little flourish.

They brought her to the center of the room where she tried on more bra and panty sets. They set aside the blue one, a red one, two white ones and a black set. They would order three of each set.

They tried on several skirts. They were all short, to the midway of her thighs. There was a plaid one almost identical to the one she had come in with, but the man didn't like it on her. "Not the right shade for you dearie," he said. The man picked out four sets of skirts, a couple of them rather plain but in interesting shades of orange and green and others with swirling designs on them. They gave her a number of blouses to try on. They all buttoned down the front. Several were too tight up top and several were too loose. The man selected four which pulled just right against her breasts, making them prominent. They were in colors and designs to be able to be worn with the skirts.

The dresses took a little bit longer. They took a little break first, sitting around a small table in the room, Ruth sitting in a set of her new underwear while a young boy came in with a tray of coffee and croissants. They all drank them while the two men chatted about this or that. People came in and out of the room, getting things out of or putting things in closets. Consuela didn't say a word and neither did she. She liked the croissant, though, it was filled with almond paste. And the coffee. "I can get used to this," she told herself wistfully.

They must have tried on twenty different dresses. The man selected five. They all either buttoned down the front or had straps that went over the shoulders that could be disconnected from the bodice and the bodice lowered. They were short like the skirts. The man had her try them on with and without the bra. He wanted to make sure that her breasts stood out either way. One, in which she looked very sexy, was a little black strapless number that clung to her slinkily and covered only the bottom third of her breasts. It was to be worn without underwear the man told her.

She tried on several slinky wool dresses that clung to her body. There was a dark red one and a dark green one that the man liked. He emphasized that no underwear should be worn under them as the lines would spoil the look. Her breasts pushed out on the soft fabric and bobbed when she walked. The dress clung tightly to her hips. The man showed Ruth how there was a barely discernable slit in the front and back. There were small tabs on the insides so that the right and left panels could be pulled back and held apart, showing off either her loins or her rear cheeks.

Then they did shoes. They tried them on with her wearing the dresses they had picked out. The man picked six pairs ranging from straw sandals with open toes to a pair of red stiletto heels.

It was all so overwhelming. Did Mr. Anderson really expect her to wear all these things? Where would she wear them? Was Mr. Anderson involved in a social whirlwind? Last were a few plain short dresses for everyday wear in pastel colors, blue, green, yellow, pink, with short skirts and panels that covered her breasts and tied behind the neck, and some low heeled slippers.

In the middle of everything, Mr. Anderson had called the main dresser. They had chatted amiably for a while and the dresser had had Ruth pose for several viddy shots in her new finery. Mr. Anderson particularly liked one of the woolen dresses, the dark maroon one and the dresser sent him pictures of both the front and back pulled up.

It had taken them all afternoon. Most of the things that they had purchased would be shipped. They brought the everyday dresses, one of the blouse and skirt sets, two pairs of shoes and the slinky maroon woolen dress home with them. The dresser had one of the young male helpers carry the packages to the curb outside

the store. Consuela had called the car and it pulled up in the loading zone perfectly.

They stopped at a restaurant on the way back where Ruth ate a bowl of macaroni and cheese with bits of ham in it and Consuela had a bowl of chili. Consuela barely said a word to her.

When they got home, Consuela presented Ruth with her FAB thumb and she checked in. It was about 5:30. She immediately hustled her off to her bedroom where she made her get on her hands and knees and brought her off from behind with her skirt pulled up over her hips. Afterwards, she made her strip and brought her out to the living room where she installed her in the cage by the stairs, hands locked behind her back and Mr. Anderson's cock jammed in her mouth.

She waited there until Mr. Anderson got home while Consuela made dinner.

When he walked in the door, he greeted Ruth by leaning over the cage and tapping it, saying how wonderful she looked. Consuela took his suit jacket and he went into the living room and took a seat. Consuela brought him an amber colored liquor over ice in an old fashion glass and then released Ruth from her cage. She knee walked her over to where Mr. Anderson sat and told her to kneel there in front of him. She removed the gag. Anderson sipped at his drink for a while, gliding through some things on his CPad and then looked at Ruth. He fished his cock out of his pants and told her to blow him.

Dinner was beef stew with heavy, brown gravy, crisp green beans and broiled potatoes. Ruth ate from her little pad on her knees while Anderson ate at the table. After dinner, he took her down to the den with him. Consuela came by and made her get up on all fours on an ottoman and made her come in front of him. He complimented Consuela on a job well done. After a while, during which he watched several viddy FV shows and the news, he took her down to the punishment room where he belabored her unmercifully with a switch and a flail. He gave her several solid blows with a heavy hickory cane on her thighs and buttocks. He gagged her after telling her that he didn't like to hear all that wailing and sobbing and to try and keep it down. She howled and sobbed and screeched nonetheless. He left her there alone dangling from the chains for an hour or so afterwards, although not in the dark, which she was grateful for.

Consuela came down and got her. She gave her a quick wash in the shower to get all the sweat and tears off and applied healing lotion to the long red slices Anderson had created all over her and then bound her wrists to her collar and chained her in Anderson's bed to await his disposition. He showed up about 40 minutes later. He fucked her first, much like he had done the night before, except this time her wrists were bound to her neck. He made her use just her mouth to get him hard again and then made her finish him off that way. Later, during the night, Ruth guessed that it was sometime after 4 a.m., he woke her again, brought her off with his hand and used her rear.

And so the days progressed. The next day she was given a snack and then sent off by herself in the second car to the gym where a tall, handsome young man gave her an hour's workout. It was very demanding and tired her out completely. She got into the car afterwards and woke up sitting in the driveway. Consuela gave her another orgasm, which pooped her out, and she let her nap on the skinny, little bed in her room bound and gagged in the same way she was in Mr. Anderson's bed. Consuela woke her about 3, fed her some lunch on her knees and then brought her into the den with a CPad and a small pot of very strong tea. Mr. Anderson had left instructions on some current events articles she was to read along with several articles about the arts. It all seemed so strange to her. She sat in a comfy armchair with a long chain leading from her right ankle to a ring in the floor. It was long enough so that she could wander about and examine the books in the bookcases and peer out the window at the garden and the pool, but not long enough to leave the room.

At a little after 7, Consuela let her pee and then put her bound and gagged in the cage at the top of the stairs to wait for Mr. Anderson to come home. Once he was sitting in his chair, drinking a scotch on ice, Consuela let her out, removed her gag and had her knee walk over to where Mr. Anderson was sitting to await his pleasure.

He was reading from his CPad but looked up at her after a while and asked her if she had read the materials he had designated for her. She affirmed that she had. He proceeded to cross examine her on what she read and, truthfully, she gave a very imprecise and spotty rendition of the information she had been exposed to. This annoyed Mr. Anderson. He told Consuela to bring him the quirt. He made Ruth turn around and put her forehead to the floor. He gave her five forceful strokes across her rear cheeks, making her sob and wail. When done, he made her turn around again and promise to do better tomorrow. Then he had her service him with her mouth.

After dinner, he went out. She and Consuela spent some time in the den watching viddys, Consuela in a chair, Ruth bound and gagged on her knees in a rest position. At about 10, Consuela gave her her third orgasm of the day and then brought her to Mr. Anderson's room where she left her bound and gagged on the bed with the lights turned down low.

She was asleep when Anderson came home. She woke up as he was undressing. There was a digital clock on the wall and it said 1 a.m. Anderson was a little drunk and he fucked her pussy brutally, pounding away as if he were drilling a deep hole into her. He finished off by taking hold of her hair and pushing her face down hard on his cock until it popped into her throat. He pistoned her head up and down until he roared out an orgasm, jetting his cum directly into her esophagus. He chained her and regagged her and virtually passed out, leaving her

crying.

He awoke about 5:30. Without removing her gag or unlocking her wrists, he fucked her long and gentle on her back, making her come twice. It was as if a different person had awoken next to her. When he came, he sped up and growled out his pleasure, rolled off of her and went back to sleep.

All her clothes arrived the next day. When Mr. Anderson came home, he made her model it all for him. It took a considerable time to put on and take off everything. Consuela put dinner on hold until they were finished. Before he allowed them to go into the kitchen and eat, he had her kneel on the floor head down, flipping up the nice skirt she was still wearing, and fucked her from the rear while Consuela watched.

He didn't quiz her on what he had assigned her to read that day, but did so again on the next evening. Ruth had studied everything really hard and he did not find it an occasion to reprimand her for stupidity. She had a lot of questions about what she read or had watched and she asked them tentatively, reluctant to show her ignorance. He answered them patiently.

Consuela made her come for the third time that day in the den while Mr. Anderson watched the FV. He must have thought it very funny, since he laughed and laughed. He didn't seem to notice when Ruth moaned and groaned out her orgasm and paid the whole thing no mind. They retired about 11. He fucked her long and energetically, making her writhe and moan and call out her pleasure and then had her get him hard again so he could come in her mouth. He woke her again in the middle of the night and used her rear passage, rolled over and went back to sleep.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

That next afternoon, after her workout at the gym was finished, the car took her to a rather seedy part of town. It stopped in front of a shady looking tattoo parlor. Mr. Anderson had given Ruth a restricted celly and it must have notified him when she got there. At first, the car door wouldn't open. After he called her and told her to go directly inside, the lock popped and she got out.

She stepped into the place trepidatiously. There was a small waiting room with dirty, yellow vinyl tiles and several steel framed, padded chairs. A young woman sat behind a window. She was watching a vidy on her CPad. Two bulky guys were already waiting. They were already heavily tattooed and Ruth wondered where they were going to put new ones. The girl asked her if she was Ruth, and Ruth said yes. She told her to come on in, that Scotty was waiting for her.

She entered through a half door. There were three chairs. Heavily bearded men sat in two of them. A man with a long dirty blond ponytail was tattooing a design onto one of the brawny men's right arm, while another man with a shaved head and a big golden earring was working on the chest of the other. The ponytailed guy looked up and said, "Scotty's in the back. Go right in."

There were drawings of all kinds of wild designs on the walls together with moveys of men and women showing off their art. The room was dimly lit with spot lights on where the men were working. There was a solid wall directly opposite the counter with a steel door off to the right. Ruth walked up to it and, still uncomfortable about opening doors, tentatively turned the handle and pushed the door open.

She was dreadfully unhappy about Mr. Anderson's determination that she be tattooed. She imagined all kinds of grotesque things. There was still no easy way to erase tattoos without leaving scarring behind. The bigger the tattoo, the bigger the scarring. What she saw was not of a nature to relieve her apprehension. She had the urge, while she still had the chance, to turn around and run out the door and run and run and run. But where would she go? What would she do? What would happen to her when, and it was when not if, they caught her? Finally, because she was more afraid of running than of whatever was going to happen to her here, she stepped through the door.

A heavysset, broad shouldered man sat on a stool overlooking a young blond haired girl strapped down on a padded table. Her rear end was raised high and her

thighs were spread. She was crying softly. A lean, hard looking guy, about 28 or 29, was standing over her watching. The heavyset guy, Scotty, she presumed, was leaning forward with a tattoo pen in his hand. It was buzzing intently. He was filling in the outline of a broad lipped, pursed and open, feminine mouth around the girl's rear entrance. A curly tongue, partially filled in with red, was emerging from her little portal and extended to her perineum. The plump, bee stung lips were already filled in with bright red ink. The mouth was couched in a kind of a smile, indicating that it was happily anxious to accept whatever you were going to put into it. The girl's hands were bound behind her back with a leather thong.

It took a moment for Scotty to look up. He had wavy, brown hair that descended to his shoulders but was held in place with a beaded band around his head. He was wearing blue surgical gloves. He was dressed in a cut off denim work shirt and jeans. His arms were heavily tattooed. He had a full beard that hung about 6" below his chin.

The other guy, wearing a sleeveless, white, muscle t-shirt and black jeans, had a black goatee. He was slouching, rather than standing. He looked at Ruth when she came in, measuring her sexual usefulness. After about a minute, Scotty turned off the pen and leaned back. "Looks good, eh Manny?"

"Looks real good," Manny replied. "Makes you want to stick your dick in it."

Scotty laughed. "I guess that's the whole point."

"Yeah," Manny answered him.

Scotty turned to Ruth. He had steely, grey eyes. "You Ruth?" he asked.

She nodded yes.

"Go sit over there for a minute. Take off your clothes."

He indicated a ratty, brown sofa to the side of the room. The room was small, about 20' by 30'. There was a large overhead lamp over where he was working. The rest of the light was from wall sconces.

Ruth grew teary eyed at the prospect of getting nude. She had hoped that her days of getting nude before strange men was over. She went over to the sofa and hesitated. She was wearing one of the short, pastel dresses and the low heeled sandals that Consuela had laid out for her. She wore no bra as the panels over her breasts did not permit it. She stood there for a moment or two. The men were talking. Scotty looked over at her. "Hey! Shit for brains! I told you to get undressed! Do it now or I'll call Mr. Anderson and get his permission to give you a good ass whupping!"

Ruth suppressed a sob. She put down the little brown leather purse Mr. Anderson bought for her to carry her thumbies and her cards in. It also contained a hairbrush, her celly and three condoms as per regulations. She untied the straps from behind her neck and brought the panels over her breasts down. The dress had a zipper in the back and she lowered it. The dress fell away and she stepped out of

it. She was wearing a pair of the panties Mr. Anderson had bought her. She lowered them down her legs and pulled them over her sandals. She set everything aside on the couch. "Sit down!" Scotty barked at her. She took her pace on the sofa.

"Hey man, I gotta do this broad now," Scotty said to the other man.

"Shit, you're almost done!" Manny protested.

"Well, Mr. Anderson kinda made this appointment in advance so there's nothing I can do."

"Can you keep her overnight and finish her first thing in the morning?"

"Yeah, no problem," Scotty replied, "as long as you don't mind me and the boys fucking her."

"No, I don't mind. Amber here will get a kick out of it, won't you Amber?"

The girl issued a muffled whine and tried to raise her head.

"Okay, come by around noon and I'll have it all finished off."

"All right, see you tomorrow," Manny stated. He gave Amber a solid whack on her rear. "See you tomorrow, Amber," he said, grinning. She whined again. He gave Ruth a salacious grin as he stepped past and left.

Scotty looked over at Ruth, but didn't say anything. He started to unstrap Amber from the table. When he was done, he eased her off. When she turned around, Ruth saw that her entire front was covered with tattoos. There was a large death's head on her belly surrounded by spider webs with little spiders crawling around in it. Her breasts were covered with bright blue stars of varying sizes with large, red and yellow six pointed stars surrounding her nipples. On her chest was a large, bright red heart dripping with blood and covered with sharp thorns and a large dagger through it. There was a cursive banner over the heart that said, "Manny's Whore" in bright blue scriptive letters. Just above her mons was a broad winged, colorful bird. Its feet ran down either side of her divide, terminating in vicious looking claws.

The girl was crying, either because she was upset that she was going to be kept overnight and fucked by all the tattoo artists, or the fact of her anal tattoo, or both. She looked like she was about 19 or 20. She had wide, blue eyes. There were three strips of duct tape over her mouth.

"You wait here," Scotty told her as he took Amber by the arm. He escorted her out the door Ruth had come in and closed it behind him. She heard it lock. He came back about twenty minutes later. Ruth figured that he had copped a BJ from the girl or had given her a quickie. She was sitting primly on the couch, her thighs together, her arms folded over her breasts, naked but for her 2" high sandals and her golden colored collar and bracelets. If the man hadn't locked the door, she might have grabbed her dress and run out. She was so dismayed about what was about to happen that she might prefer running a risk with the DCR Police for being

grossly unruly to being permanently marked by god knew what designs.

When the man came back in, he ignored her, instead taking the time to clean his tattoo pen and remove the ink cartridge he was using. When he was done, he set them off to dry. Then he turned to her. "Stand up!" he told her curtly.

She rose tentatively. "Turn around," he told her.

She made a small circle to her right and then came back to her point of origin. "I have to say this, ole Bill knows how to pick 'em. You're a beaut. What I'd give to cover you all up."

He stood there staring at her for a little while. "Maybe when he's finished with you," he continued. "You'd be a beautiful work of art when I was done."

Ruth didn't say anything, but she frowned with dismay. "When he's finished with me," she repeated in her mind.

"Do you have to pee?" he asked her. She nodded yes.

"Okay, come here," he told her. He swung open a door and there was a white toilet in the small, dingy room along with a tiny sink. Ruth hustled herself to the toilet and sat down. He stayed there, watching her, as if to see whether she had been lying. She peed and then wiped herself. She got up and flushed the toilet. It made a loud noise which upset her. She washed her hands at the sink. He stepped back from the doorway and invited her out by waving his hand. She crept by him, afraid of making contact.

"Okay, get up on the table," he told her sharply.

A void opened in her belly and she started to tremble. She edged herself forward and approached it. Scotty was standing right there. She hesitated.

"Come on! Come on! Cut the shit!" he told her harshly.

She nodded sadly and climbed up onto the padded table. She laid down on her back. Scotty went into action immediately as if there was a chance that she might change her mind. He circled a belt around her waist, drawing it tight. He took her arms and pulled them up over her head and tied them to a ring. He fastened a belt around her neck, holding her head down. He pushed her ankles back and fastened them to wings that came out of the table and locked in place. He belted her thighs to it too, firmly immobilizing her legs. He took a wedged pad and placed it under her hips, raising her rear. Finally, he took a roll of wide, silvery tape, tore off a 8" long strip and approached her mouth.

"Close your mouth," he told her gruffly. She compressed her lips and started crying. He placed the tape over her mouth and pressed it down hard. He tore off two more pieces, placing them above and below the first. He patted her on the tummy. "Good to go," he commented to himself.

The ponytailed guy poked his head into the room. "Hey, Scotty, want some coffee?"

"Sure," he answered. "Not a bad idea."

He followed the ponytailed guy out of the room. He locked the door behind him.

Panic was running through her. She pulled and yanked at her bonds, but she was held down tight. She wanted to beg and plead with the man not to do this to her, but her ability to formulate any intelligible communication with him had been terminated. She guessed that plenty of women who were brought here forcibly by their RM's begged and pleaded with him not to do it. So it was better to shut them up from the get-go. She tried to arch her back and writhe and twist, but she was held too fast.

A minute or so after he went out, he came back in again. He had a cardboard cup of steaming coffee in his left hand and a burning cigarette in the other. He paused and leaned against the counter which ran along the wall down by her feet. He took a long sip of his coffee and a drag on his cigarette, releasing a grey-blue cloud of smoke. The ponytailed guy and the bald headed guy came in too.

"She's a beaut," the bald guy said as he sipped his coffee.

"And she's got a great belly. Here, take a look." Scotty and the bald guy approached her. Scotty ran his hand over her lower tummy. "Nice and firm. No flab."

The bald guy ran his hand over it too. "Nice," he said. "It's like a stretched out canvas."

"Yeah, nice," Scotty repeated.

They drank their coffee while Scotty smoked his cigarette. The girl came in.

"What's this, a convention?" she asked teasingly. She had blond hair and was wearing an orange tank top, which emphasized very respectable breasts. She was petit, about 5'2". She had tattoos all up and down her arms and over her chest.

The guys didn't respond. "You know you've got two guys waiting," she reminded them.

"We'll be out in a second," ponytail said. The girl stepped close to the table, between Ruth's outstretched knees. She rubbed her hand across her belly. "Nice," she said, repeating what the other guys had said. Ruth was distraught at being seen like this. The girl ran her hand over her pussy, teasing it.

"Hey, Scotty," she said, turning to look at him. "Give me fifteen minutes with her, willya?"

Scotty laughed. "Maybe when I'm done," he returned.

The girl patted her pussy and left. Ponytail and the bald guy followed suit a few moments later. Scotty drained his coffee and tossed the cup in a can. He had already crushed his cigarette out in an ashtray.

"Might as well get started," he said to her smiling. He assembled all the tools he would need. There were several needle points soaking in a small plastic tray filled with alcohol. He washed his hands in the sink thoroughly up to the elbows.

He snapped on a new pair of blue surgical gloves. He tore open a package and he wiped a disinfectant all over her lower belly and over her mons. He propped his CPad up and swiped it until he saw what he wanted. He loaded the tattoo pen with a cartridge of ink and a needle. He set it down on a standing tray that he pulled over which was covered by a fresh, sterilized pad. He pulled something off of the counter. He showed it to her.

“See this?” he asked her. “It goes up your pussy. If you give me any trouble, I’ll put it in and zap you with it. And let me tell you, it hurts like hell. And I’ll keep on zapping you until you cooperate. So I want you to stay absolutely still. If you make me fuck this up, I’ll tattoo a dick on your forehead. Got that?”

Ruth nodded her head dolefully.

A second or two later, the needle started buzzing.

He spent a long time outlining his design. The jittering of the pen was painful, but not so painful that she couldn’t endure it. What she couldn’t endure was the idea that he was painting something permanently on her body. Something that she had not consented to and didn’t even know what it was. She whined and cried and stared up at the ceiling. They didn’t usually tattoo girls in the brothels. It was actually against DCR regulations for the IR girls. It was one of the few regulations actually enforced and the facility could be heavily fined if the DCR inspector saw it. That and the loss of the girl. So it wasn’t done very much. The rule didn’t apply to the MR girls, but they were rarely tattooed either. You never knew when you might want to sell a girl and a tattoo might affect her marketability or her price.

The needle went on and on. It seemed to be covering her entire lower belly from above and around her pussy to the edge of her outspread thighs. Scotty kept looking over at the picture on his CPad and comparing it to what he was doing. After about an hour and a half, Scotty finally lifted his head. He put the pen aside and removed the needle and the cartridge. He took a deep breath and examined his handiwork. The look on his face seemed approving. He looked up at her.

“How ya doin?” he asked her. She whined and shook her head. “Well, we’re done with stage one. I’m going to take a break and then we’ll start on stage two.”

He took off his gloves and left the room, locking the door behind him. Ruth just lay there in despair. She wondered fretfully what time it was and whether it was time to check in with FAB. Would they accept the excuse that she was all bound up on a table being forced to receive a tattoo at the time? She didn’t have much faith in a guess that they would. Everything else was stacked against her, why not that too?

She lay there for about 25 minutes. Scotty came in after a while. He was eating a slice of pizza. She could hear the girl arguing with a customer outside the room. All of a sudden, she was hungry. She knew that they wouldn’t feed her. They were cold and callous and cruel.

A celly rang. It was on the counter. The man answered it.

"Heya, Mr. Anderson," he said. "Yeah, she's fine.... Yeah, she really nice, you lucky bastard.... Sure, when I'm done. That'd be great.... Yeah, everything's going okay. It looks good so far. I'm about to start on the color.... Well, actually, I'd prefer to do the back in the morning when I'm fresh. There's a lot of intricate work there.... Yeah, I'll keep her here. She'll be fine.... Sure, hold on."

He moved his celly over her belly. Ruth looked down at it. Her belly was slightly raised. But all she could make out was a bunch of black lines running every which way. Scotty took a picture of her stomach. He sent it over the celly. He got back on the line.

"Get it?... Thanks. I think so too. I think that it's going to look outstanding... Huh?... Oh, yeah, I'll check. Hold on."

He put down the phone again. He went over to the couch and picked up her handbag. He rummaged around in it and pulled out her FAB thumbby. He brought it over to her and put her right thumb on it. It beeped three times. He put the thumbby back in her purse and got back on the phone.

"All done," he said. He laughed. "Okay. No problem. I'll have Wilamina do it. She's been itching to get at it.... Yeah, okay. No problem. Later."

He rang off. The blond girl came in. "Here's your soda," she told him, handing him a cup. "How's it going?"

"Thanks. It's going good. Wanna see?"

"Sure," she answered.

She came over between Ruth's legs again. She looked down appreciatively. "Looks great," she said.

"I just spoke to Mr. Anderson. I told him that we're keeping her overnight. He wants you to mouth her off later."

The girl's face lit up. "For real?" she asked.

"For real," Scotty answered. "After I do the coloring and you do your round of blowjobs."

"Sounds sweet," the girl said. She patted Ruth on her pussy. "See you later, doll," she said and left.

Scotty finished his slice of pizza and drank his fill of the soda. He lit a cigarette and smoked it at his leisure. Ruth was not very happy about having to stay overnight and wondered fretfully what her accommodations were going to be like. And that girl was going to lick her pussy. She had had only one orgasm today and she was a little surprised that Mr. Anderson hadn't asked that it be done twice. It was just one more humiliation to be added to a long line of humiliations.

Scotty washed his hands again and put on new surgical gloves. Ruth whined as she understood that her torture was about to resume. He took some time to mix some inks to the shades that he wanted. Then he went to work.

The coloring was more intense than the drawing. He covered every square millimeter. He stared with intensity at her belly as he worked. He went all the way down to just above her clitoris and lower around it. It stung like hell. She strained and fought to hold herself still as he inked in there, mortified at what he might be doing.

It took a long, long time. He changed inks frequently. Wilamina came in and checked on him at one point and asked if he needed anything. He asked for his soda and she brought it to his lips and let him drink.

Finally, he sat back and released a long sigh. He looked at his work admiringly. He took about fifteen minutes to do some touch up, a little more green there a little more red there. Wilamina came back in. "Are you done?" she asked. He told her yes. She rushed over to look at it. "It's marvelous!" she said.

"Only one more thing to do," he told her. He loaded up black ink again and tattooed in his initials in very small, florid letters just near the bottom of her left outer lip. Ruth squealed. Then he was done. He snapped off the gloves and put them down.

Both he and Wilamina looked at it for a while. All Ruth could see were swirls of color.

"I've done Remo and Phil," she told him. "That just leaves you."

"Okay, let me clean up first," he told her. "Go make sure the door is locked."

Wilamina rushed off to check on the door while Scotty cleaned and put everything away. He smiled at Ruth. "It's very pretty," he said. She wanted to see it herself. He read her mind. "Tomorrow when some of the irritation has gone down, I'll put you in front of a mirror and show it to you. It's really outstanding."

Wilamina came back in. "Ready?" she asked Scotty.

"Let me go sit in a chair," he told her. They both left and the door was locked again. About fifteen minutes later they were back.

"Let me know when you're done," he told her. "That Amber cunt is in the cage in the back so I guess we'll leave her right here for the night."

"Okay, boss," Wilamina replied.

Scotty left and it was just Ruth and Wilamina. Ruth squirmed and pulled at her bonds. The girl ran her hands up and down her thighs several times. "What a pretty, little lady with a pretty little cunt," she said mischievously. "This is the best part of my job."

She lowered her mouth to Ruth's puss and she began an almost imperceptible tickling of her crevasse with her tongue. Ruth whined and pulled at her bonds once again. But she was tied down tight. The girl worked and worked and worked her slice, up and down, up and down, until Ruth felt her loins commence to burn. She just kept playing with her inner flesh, tickling at her little hole, running her hands gently up and down her thighs. Ruth tried to hold it in, but she released a low

moan. The girl took this as her signal to begin to lap at her nubbin, gently at first, and then harder and harder and harder. She stiffened her tongue and poked it all around it, flicking it this way and that. She brought her tongue down again, broadening it, and laving her divide again and again.

Ruth was squirming and moaning. Scotty came in to watch, smoking a cigarette, and she released a mournful whine when she saw him. The tongue kept going and going and going. She felt her climax building. It was rumbling around inside her like a bull waiting to be released at an old time rodeo. She knew that as soon as the chute opened, the beast would run wild, roaring and snorting and bucking and stomping. Wilamina started to suckle her bud. Softly, softly, softly, and then harder and harder. Ruth moaned and writhed. It was as if she could see the clock counting down. "Ten, nine, eight...." The bull began to knock at its stall, thrusting and waving its mighty head. "Six, five, four..." She was atop the bull! It was snoring and stomping between her legs. The clock was ticking down. "Three, two, one..."

And then fury erupted in her crevasse. Her body shook and shuddered as it rode the bull. Again and again, the bull twisted and turned, bucked and kicked, snorted and roared. She was holding on for dear life! Her pussy was sending her powerful, hard throbs of pleasure.

And then, the bull slowed. It eased its convulsions. It calmed its bucking and stomping. A wave of exultation flowed through her. Then she remembered the man standing there watching. She gritted her teeth and shook her head in shame.

"Impressive," Scotty said. "Very impressive." Wilamina kept licking or for a few moments and then raised her head.

He had brought a pan with him. He nestled it up against her vagina and told her to pee. She hesitated, ired that he was treating her so crudely.

"Listen, if you piss all over my studio here I will fuck you up very, very badly. So you better piss now. It'll be your only chance for about 10 hours."

She gave in. She released a steady stream. When the last had dribbled out, he pulled the pan away and told Wilamina to dump it in the toilet. He used a tissue to dry her puss and tossed it in a nearby trash basket. He had brought in a bottle of juice.

"I'm not going to give you anything to eat," he told her. "I don't want you throwing up and killing yourself. But I'm going to remove the tape and give you something to drink. Don't give me a hard time. Do you understand?"

She nodded unhappily. She was starving. He peeled back the tape over her mouth slowly. When it was all off, he released her neck and helped her raise her head. He put the bottle of juice to her lips and let her drink it all down. Then he lowered her head and refastened the strap around her neck. He tore off a strip of silvery tape from the roll.

She looked at him miserably. "Please don't leave me here like this," she whined lowly and piteously. He ignored her and ordered her to put her lips together. When she did, he covered them with one, two, three strips of tape.

He went around making sure that all the straps were pulled tight, except the neck which he left a little loose. He double checked the leather thong which held her hands up over her head. She whined and struggled, but he paid it no mind. Before he left, he sprayed some ant-biotic lightly all over her belly where he had worked on her.

"I'm going to leave the sconces on low," he told her as he stood at the door. "Try and get some rest." With that, he was out and the door closed and locked.

Ruth asked the heavens to explain to her why she had to undergo yet another round of misery. She whined and cried. There was absolutely no sound in the building except for her sounds of dismay. There wasn't even any street noise.

She lay back and closed her eyes. "If the building burns down during the night, I'll roast to death right here," she thought miserably. She thought of the little blond girl, her companion in misery, locked up somewhere in the place in a little cage. Her sympathies went out to her, for she knew how horrible it was to be in one. But at least she was not grotesquely bound, her knees spread out, her pussy laid open. At least she would have some modicum of movement.

She had none. She could turn her head from side to side and wriggle her fingers and toes, but that was all. She thought of Mr. Anderson sleeping in that wide, empty bed. Even though he treated her there slavishly, she pined to be gagged and bound in it now. It was somewhat strange how quickly she had come to think of Mr. Anderson's house as her home. She hadn't had an actual home for many, many years and it felt so good to have one again at last. She even missed Consuela's brusque treatment of her.

She lay awake for a long time. There was no clock and she had no measure of its passage. Eventually she did fall asleep, but woke up several times during the night in a panic because she couldn't move. It would take a while, but she would go back to sleep again.

She was awake and agonizing about how much longer she would have to be virtually paralyzed like this when she heard noise from the other side of the door to the little studio. For a while nothing happened. She heard the girl's voice faintly. After a little while, Scotty came in holding a cup of coffee. He came over, patted her on the pussy and took a sip. "Good morning," he told her. "Have a good night's sleep?" He chuckled to himself.

Wilamina stuck her head in. "Chuck's on the vidy. Do you want to speak to him.

"Yeah," Scotty replied.

He left, closing the door and locking it. There was a long delay. He came back

in. He was carrying a small cardboard box and he put it down on the counter. He looked over his handiwork from the day before. "Outstanding," he uttered to himself. Then he looked at her. "I'm going to give you something to eat. I don't want any shit from you. Understand?"

She nodded back to him. He released her ankles and thighs from the wings at the sides of the padded table, and lowered them. Before he undid her hands or the other straps, He pulled up a long chain from the floor and attached it to the golden band around her right ankle. Then he unstrapped her waist, her neck and unfastened her hands.

"Okay, sit up," he told her. She maneuvered herself so that she was sitting on the table, her legs dangling off the side. The chain on her ankle rattled and clinked as she moved. He removed the tape over her mouth and then brought her the box and opened it for her. In it was what appeared to be a nice pile of scrambled eggs and two beefy pork sausages, or, rather, imitation eggs and sausage. There was a white plastic fork in the box and a small container of orange juice. Scotty left her there while she ate. She looked down at the chain on her ankle. Any idea that she could run out to the street was cancelled out by it. But why would she run now? The worst had already been done to her.

She knew that she should look down at her belly and her loins to see what the man had done to her, but she was too afraid to and purposely avoided it. It was too depressing.

She was just finishing up when he came back in. He took the empty box away from her and dropped in the garbage can. She opened the orange juice and downed it quickly, handing him the empty package. She had been starving. One thing about the brothels, they kept you well fed and you didn't miss too many meals. What they served was mostly shit, but there was always enough of it.

He took the role of tape, cut off some swaths and covered her mouth again.

"Do you have to piss?" he asked her.

She nodded her head. He let her scurry into the bathroom while he watched. When she was done she scurried out.

He motioned her to come to the end of the table. She had to step up near him. He was large, so much larger than her and she felt cowed. "Put your tits on the table," he snarled at her.

She bent her waist and leaned over until her breasts were squished beneath her. A belt went around her waist, holding her in place. Scotty crouched down, disconnected the long chain and connected her ankles to the table's legs. He took her hands and clasped them together and then attached a thin rope to them which he pulled tight at the head of the table, stretching her arms out.

He spent some time fiddling about, getting ready to go to work. Wilamina stuck her head in and told him that guy wanted to talk to him about some art for his

girlfriend. Scotty stepped out for about 20 minutes. In the meantime, Ruth quailed and miserated about being so rudely and uncomfortably bound and what was going to be done to her. She imagined words written across her back, "Property of Bill Anderson," or "Bill's cunt," or "Fuck me here," with an arrow pointing downwards. Or maybe just his initials in big, blue block letters like on her bracelets.

Scotty came back in. He gave her a fierce swat on her rear. She squealed. "Time to get this show on the road!" he exclaimed, as if the delay had been her fault.

He seemed to be ready to start. "Don't forget, girly," he told her, "don't move a muscle unless you want me to give you one of those asshole tattoos like Amber got."

No, she didn't want that. But who knew, maybe Mr. Anderson just hadn't thought about that possibility. Maybe he would eventually cover her all over like that guy Manny was doing to Amber. There had been nothing so far on the girl's back or her arms and legs. She had the feeling that before Manny was done with her she'd look like that tattooed lady at the circus.

She cringed when she heard the tattoo pen start to buzz. She started crying when she felt it begin its dance of a thousand cuts on her back.

It took about an hour and a half for Scotty to finish the outlines of the design. It all seemed to be in a big circle. "Maybe it's some grotesque face," she thought sadly.

He took a break, going out to the main room. She had no choice but to lie there all bound up and wait for him. He came back about 20 minutes later. He went right back to work without saying anything. She could feel him coloring in his design.

She heard the door open at one point. She assumed it was that girl. Scotty stopped for a second and called out angrily, "Not now!" The door closed.

About an hour later, he was done. It had been painful, but not as painful as when he had done her loins. She heard him cleaning up and putting away his tools. He sprayed something lightly across her back. There was silence for a few moments as if he was contemplating his work. "Very nice," he finally said.

He left the room. About ten minutes later, she heard the door open and more than one person come in. She heard the girl's voice. "That's awesome!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, nice work," a man's voice answered. She tried to see who it was, but she couldn't lift her head and turn it. They stood there admiring Scotty's handiwork for about a minute or so. She felt the girl's hand wander over her exposed buttocks and then slide between her legs and give her conch a few light strokes. She squirmed and whined. They left.

She stayed there bound to the table for about 40 more minutes. Nobody seemed to think that it was cruel to leave her this way. Nobody seemed to care what she thought about anything.

The door opened up and some people came in. She heard Scotty say, "Here she is."

The other person approached her. She felt a man's hand run across her buttocks. "Hello, Ruth," a voice said. It was Mr. Anderson.

She didn't reply. He stood over her for a moment. Then he said, "That's excellent Scotty. Some of the best work I've seen. The colors are wonderful and the lines are all finely set out. It's great. Thanks."

"Anything for you, Mr. Anderson," Scotty replied.

Anderson's hand had slid down her buttocks and between her legs. He seemed to be absent minded stroking her quim. She squirmed her hips, shamed that he would so nonchalantly molest her with the other man standing there. He put his left hand down on her back, up towards the middle, above the tattoo, and pressed her down firmly. His other hand kept working actively. She felt him sliding his fingers up and down her moist crevasse. He plunged his fingers into her. "She looks so sexy, it makes me want to fuck her right here and now," Mr. Anderson told Scotty.

"Knock yourself out," Scotty told him. "I've gotta make some calls and then I've gotta bring this other girl out to finish working on her ass. Fifteen minutes enough time?"

"More than enough," Anderson answered.

Scotty left. Mr. Anderson's fingers continued to abrade the interior of her tunnel. He switched them for his thumb and then his fingers started to worry her little button. Ruth whined and struggled at her bonds.

"Easy, Ruth, easy," Mr. Anderson told her. "Be a good girl now."

His fingers left and she heard his zipper descend. He moved up behind her and his cock slipped up and down her slice, finding her hole. She whined and moaned, unhappy at this added indignity. But all her whining and all her moaning did nothing. Anderson just slid his cock into her hot pouch.

He rode her very slowly. "Oooooooooou, that feels good, Ruth," he told her as he sawed away. "And your tattoo looks marvelous. I'm going to be fucking you this way a lot."

She cringed even as the man's meat was driving her to distraction. He started speeding up and moaning and her own lusts grew higher. The door opened and some people came in. Her imprisoned head was turned to the left and she had a clear view of the couch. It was Scotty and the blond girl. Her hands were bound behind her and she still had tape over her mouth. Scotty pushed her down on the sofa. "Sit there and don't move," he growled at her. He paused for a moment to take in the tableau of Anderson fucking her and then left again.

Her passions were growing higher and higher. Anderson was humming and moaning. Again, an unwanted cock was thrusting back and forth within her and she was powerless to stop it. The girl was watching them. Her eyes were filled with tears. Ruth closed her eyes so she wouldn't have to watch her.

Her latent forces began getting stronger and stronger. She didn't want to come this way. She didn't want to reward Anderson's abuse of her and she didn't want to come like the whore she was in front of the girl. But the forces just kept building and building. Anderson had his strong hands on her hips and was motoring back and forth. "Come on Ruth," he told her somewhat breathlessly, "I'm not going to come until you do. So, give it to me! Give it to me!"

As if he had cast a spell on her, her pussy exploded. She groaned and moaned through her taped lips. Her pussy shuddered and pulsed. Anderson let out a great groan and started pumping harder and harder. She groaned and wished and wished and wished for the cock inside her to still, but it kept moving and moving and moving.

They were in a post orgasmic swoon when Scotty came back into the room. Anderson pumped her a few more times and then stopped. "That was great, Ruth," he told her. He gave her a slap on the ass and withdrew.

"All done?" Scotty asked him. Anderson replied that he was as he did up his fly. Scotty released her ankles from the legs of the table, the straps around her waist and neck and then freed her hands. He used the ring in the back of her collar and pulled her up. Ruth blanched. Anderson took her by the arm and pulled her away from the table. She still had her high heeled sandals on and she stumbled a bit. The blond girl was looking at her belly tattoo. She cringed.

"Give me a hand with Amber here," Scotty asked. They both took an arm of the young girl and lifted her up onto the table. They forced her to her knees and bound her ankles wide apart. Scotty put down a large rounded pad and they draped her over it so that her ear end was pointed upwards. They then put a strap around her neck and pulled it down so that her breasts were mashed into the pad. The girl was whining and crying. Anderson looked at her decorated anus and laughed.

"That's an inviting asshole," he said merrily.

"Yeah, she belongs to Manny Aspath. You know him. I think you sold him a girl a couple of years ago. A cute little brunette. He runs a biker bar over on Fulbright Ave. down by the river. I do all his girls."

"Yes, I remember Manny. I sold him a young thing called Bernadette. I only had her a few months and she didn't really work out. I bought her from a DCR guy who clipped her from her boyfriend who was in a little bit of trouble. You know, sign here and your troubles go away. Think she's still there?"

"Nah, some biker guys bought her. I think they took her out west somewheres."

Ruth was just standing there. Bernadette had not worked out and had been sold to a biker bar. It was a little window into her future. Where would she go if she didn't 'work out'?

"Get your things," Anderson told her curtly. She went over to the sofa and started to put on her panties.

"I said get your things, not get dressed!" he snapped at her.

She nodded sadly at him. She scooped up her pastel blue dress and her purse.

"See you around Scotty, and thanks for doing this on such short notice."

"Anytime, Mr. Anderson," Scotty replied. "Just make sure she doesn't lean on the tattoo on her back yet until it's had time to really dry and set in. You don't want to blur it. And no getting them wet for at least 48 hours. The wounds will scab up a little, but it'll all be clear in a couple of days."

"Thanks. By the way, did a Gary Robinson call you?"

"Yeah, yesterday."

"I told him that you were the best in town."

"Thanks for the referral, Mr. Anderson. He's bringing his girl in tomorrow."

"Anytime, Scotty. I recommend you to all my friends. When they get a look at Ruth here, I'm sure you'll get some more. By the way, has she seen them yet?"

"No. I don't think so."

"I'll use the mirror outside. See you later."

Anderson took her by the elbow and escorted her out the door. Ponytail and baldy were working on a pair of Hispanic girls as their boyfriends looked on. The girls were both crying. Anderson pulled her over to a full length mirror in the middle of the back wall.

"Take a look, Ruth," he told her.

She looked down at her belly. Several inches below her bellybutton there was a bountiful and colorful floral arrangement that ran in a downwards arc from her right hip to her left. The bottom was about 3" from the top of her crevasse. In the middle was a large red rose, its petals in full bloom. To the right and left were smaller ones of blue and yellow. Interspersed among the roses were small green leaves on narrow, curling vines. All the details were sharp and crisp and the colors varied in shade from bright to dark as a real arrangement of flowers might do.

Beneath the floral tattoo Scotty had tattooed the wings of a large butterfly on either side of her divide. The wings were spread out and mirrored each other exactly. Their outer portions were light blue and the coloring went to an irregular band of light green, then pale yellow and the interiors, right up next to her pussy lips, were a pastel lavender. The wings were arranged in petals almost like a flower. Atop her crevasse, just above her bud and to either side of it, were two little antennae, one curving to the right and the other to its left towards her thighs. It almost looked like her pussy was, in fact, a butterfly ready to take wing.

“Like it Ruth?” Mr. Anderson asked her. Her mouth was still taped closed and so she couldn’t answer him. All that was going through her mind was what happened to Bernadette when she hadn’t ‘worked out.’ She looked at Anderson and nodded dejectedly.

“That’s the good girl, Ruth,” Anderson told her happily. “Let me take a viddy on my celly of the one in the back.” He took his celly from his pants pocket and stepped behind her. He stepped back in front of her a second later. He showed her the screen.

In the middle of her lower back, about 8” in diameter, was a large, multicolored mandala. It consisted of overlapping leafy designs like a large flower. The outer leaves were maroon, fading into red and then a red tinged orange. The next circle of leaf like designs, smaller and towards the interior, started out dark orange and then faded into a pale yellow. The next row inwards, started out dark green and then faded into a lighter and lighter shade.

The final circle of leafy designs, overlapping the others, started out royal blue and then faded and faded into a light bluish green. In the very center of the mandala was a thin circle of black and inside it bright blue and yellow and red designs like teardrops in concentric circles on a background of lavender getting smaller and smaller and smaller until they all seemed to disappear into a little black dot.

The design was somewhat marred by the redness of her irritated skin, but it could be clearly seen. It was marvelously beautiful. If it wasn’t tattooed on your back. She could see why Mr. Anderson would want to fuck her from behind a lot. It was something wondrous to look at. You could almost lose yourself in it like one of those spinning wheels they used in cartoons to hypnotize people.

“Here, give me your things,” Anderson said to her. She handed him her skirt, her panties and her little purse. He put them aside. He drew from his pocket a thin, 8” long chain. He put his hand out and looked at her expectantly. She begrudgingly gave him her right hand. He clipped one end of the chain to her bracelet, brought it to her neck and ran the chain through the ring. He grabbed her left wrist and brought it up and connected it. He turned to pick her things back up. She looked at herself in the mirror. Naked, mouth taped closed, wrists confined and a colorful and elegantly designed marring of her belly and loins. What had she done to deserve this, she thought miserably.

Anderson took her by the elbow and led her to the half door which led to the waiting room. Wilamina was sitting on a stool by her window. She was wearing a very tight t-shirt today, dark blue with red lettering that said, “Scotty’s Tattoo Emporium”.

“See you, Mr. Anderson,” she said to him gaily. “Sure you don’t want a blowjob? Complements of the house.”

“No, Wilamina, not today, thanks,” Anderson returned.

He led her into the waiting room. Three young guys were sitting there. They were chucking and jiving with each other excitedly as if nervous about their upcoming ordeal of manhood. They all quieted immediately when Ruth walked into the room. They all stared at her.

Anderson ignored them and pulled her outside onto the street. All kinds of people were walking up and down. Ruth was mortified to be seen like this. People gave her strange stares as they passed. Anderson called his car via his celly. It took the car a little while to get there because of the traffic. A bus passed and as each window went by there was a face in it looking down at her in seeming amazement.

Finally, the car stopped opposite them. All the traffic behind it stopped. Anderson opened the passenger door for her. Before she got in, he said, “Passenger seat back and lowered.” The passenger seat moved towards the back of the car and its backrest went down.

“Okay, get in, Ruth,” he told her. “I want you to kneel on the floor facing the back and put your tits on the seat.”

Ruth felt sadness as she climbed in. It was a little difficult to maneuver into the right position. She knelt in front of the seat and laid her torso down on it. Anderson got into the driver’s side and said, “Home.” The car started in motion. The traffic behind them resumed.

“I had your car come home yesterday after you arrived,” he told her. She was wondering what had happened to it. Apparently she would be his prisoner even when she rode in it because he could control it remotely and send her anywhere he wanted. They drove for a while. Anderson kept running his hand over her naked buttocks and up and down her back above the tattoo. She just closed her eyes and lolled in her misery. How would she know if she was ‘working out?’ she worried. Someday he would tire of her. What would he do with her?

She had hardly realized that a world like this existed. Her mother and father and most of the parents of her friends had been regular people. She couldn’t imagine her father making her mother get her pussy tattooed and chaining her up, making her kneel on the floor while they drove. Or selling her to some biker bar. She had hardly realized the consequences of a power structure where men could transfer women between themselves at their whim. Cathy Miller’s mom had been exchanged for a boat, but peoples’ shock and disapproval made it seem like such an anomaly. And then Cathy was gone too. But she had had dozens and dozens of girls in her class in high school. None of them ever told any stories like that. You didn’t see anything about it in the news viddys.

Then she remembered one thing. Rhonda Baluchi one day came into school, crying and sobbing. She wouldn’t talk about it except to say that she had a new mom, a stepmom. She didn’t say what had happened to her real mother. The whole

thing had blown over quickly as divorce was not that unusual. But Ruth now wondered whether Mr. Baluchi had sold Rhonda's mother because she wasn't 'working out.'

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

When they got to the house, Ruth stayed put until Mr. Anderson opened the door and ordered her out. She climbed out clumsily and he took her elbow again and led her into the house. Consuela was waiting at the top of the stairs. Ruth wanted to hide her belly and loins away, but there was no way to do that, especially with her wrists attached to her neck.

“Take a look, Consuela,” Anderson instructed her. “What do you think?”

Consuela peered at her belly. She reached out and touched the floral arrangement lightly as if testing whether it was real. She crouched down and took a look at the butterfly. Ruth wanted to run away and hide somewhere in the house, but there was nowhere to go. She ran her finger up and down her divide several times. Ruth closed her eyes, ashamed.

“Very good, Señor Anderson,” Consuela said. “Very pretty.”

It was rare that Consuela said anything, never mind talked to the master of the house. She had shown more emotion than she ever had since Ruth had come to know her, as if she were actually impressed.

“Turn around, Ruth and show her your back,” Anderson ordered her. She made a 180 degree turn. She could feel Consuela’s eyes peering into her. She realized that although she would hardly ever get more than a glimpse at it, Mr. Anderson and Consuela would see it multiple times every day. It was like they would be sharing a secret about her that she had only the barest conception of. She tried to cement in her memory the brief look she had gotten of it.

“I’m going back to work, Consuela,” Anderson told her. “I want you to feed Ruth lunch and then, after her orgasm, have her lie in place on her belly so that the tattoo on her back doesn’t get messed up.”

“Yes, Mr. Anderson,” Consuela replied.

Anderson ran his hand over her mons gently. “You look terrific, Ruth,” he told her. “I’m glad that you’re such a good sport about it.”

He turned, went down the stairs and left. Consuela stood in front of her for a few moments, peering at her belly and conch as if she were mesmerized by them. She then brought her into the kitchen where she removed the tape over her lips and fed her first her potion and then a small mound of tuna salad and some sliced pears. She gave her about a pint of the somewhat chalky white liquid and then she told her to follow her up the stairs to the second floor. She stopped at the bathroom and

let her pee and then they went down the hall to her little bedroom. Consuela made her get on her knees. She had the black penis gag in her hand, the model of Mr. Anderson's cock, and made her accept it, strapping it firmly at the back of her head. Then she ordered her to put her head down and spread her knees. She stroked her pussy softly and gently, cooing at her the entire time and issuing little endearments in Spanish, until Ruth loudly and frantically called out her climax.

She left her there while she brought out the padded board. She released her hands from her collar and made her lie belly down on it. She fastened her hands to a ring at the top and then, turning her head to the left, strapped in her neck and applied a strap above her knees. The strap around her waist was omitted since it would partially cover her mandala in the back. She connected the rings on her ankles and then bound them to a ring at the bottom. She went away and came back. Ruth felt her pry apart her rear cheeks and then slip something long and cool into her rear. It was followed by what seemed to be a plug. All that was left was the blindfold. Consuela went and got it and placed it over her eyes.

"You get good sleep," she told her. "You very pretty girl. You be happy here, I think."

She crouched down and gave her ass a few gentle caresses. "Good girl," she said softly. She kissed her on her head and then left.

Ruth fought off torpor as long as she could. She hadn't gotten much sleep last night and now she had been given a suppository to put her out. Her mind flitted around about what had happened to her: the girl who had mouthed her pussy, Mr. Anderson fucking her on the table, the rear aperture of that poor, young blond girl, Amber, and what a target her rear would be from now on. And of Bernadette. A girl she had never met.

All she knew was that she was "cute" and "little", but hadn't worked out and now was somewhere out west, property of some biker gang. She was determined that she would, 'work out'. "I'll be the best whore he's ever had," she thought unhappily. While at the recovery center she had thought that she would be so much more. But those hopes had been blotted out by the tattoo pen that Scotty had wielded. It couldn't have been made more clear that she was property, a slave upon whom anything can be imposed.

The fact that Consuela had indicated that she liked her and thought that she was a 'good girl' was good. If somehow she made Consuela her enemy, she knew that the woman would make her life hell and poison the well with Mr. Anderson. She would obey Consuela to the letter.

She felt tired all over her body. She was in complete darkness and could barely move a muscle. She gave in and nodded off.

When she awoke, she knew that it was many hours later. There was still absolute darkness all about her and absolute silence. She squirmed for a few

moments in her bonds, as if of necessity to ensure that they were implacable and then eased off. For a moment, another wave of unhappiness flowed through her. But then, she thought, what did it really matter if she couldn't move? Where would she go and what would she do if she could? Wasn't it better just to accept that she was a totally controlled being, subject to others' whims? So far, Mr. Anderson had not really hurt her, except for her introductory whipping and one other time with the quirt, and that had been nothing compared to the many whips she had experienced. Consuela hadn't been brutal to her and, if she had seemed cold, it also seemed that she was now melting a bit. What was so important about independence and freedom anyway? She had spent weeks at the recovery center agonizing about what was to become of her, about what she would do. Wasn't it better to leave those decisions to others?

Mr. Anderson had had her body marred, but it seemed to bring him and Consuela such delight that maybe it was worth it. Anything that increased her value to Anderson was good, as was anything that rendered Consuela kinder and gentler.

The food was good. Mr. Anderson had bought her many nice things to wear. And if he had bought her so many nice things, that meant that he would be taking her places, like the restaurant the other night. He had mentioned maybe going to the park on Saturday, tomorrow. The reading and vidy viewing he had prescribed for her was interesting and mind expanding. And there was some fun in kneeling at his feet and discussing them like teacher and student, even knowing full well that she would soon have his cock in her mouth and be servicing him.

And she had thought that being forced to orgasm so many times a day would be shameful and humiliating. And it was, at first. But now she was getting used to it. No, more than getting used to it, more enjoying it. His announcement that Consuela should make her come before she put her to rest had been, in a way, comforting. She was back in the bosom of her home, her little cocoon in isolation from the world. How fitting that Mr. Anderson had had a butterfly tattooed on her vagina. She felt like from all she had undergone in the few days that she had been Mr. Anderson's 'guest' she was morphing into something entirely new. Maybe something beautiful, like her butterfly.

So she lay there calmly, at peace, awaiting the moment that she would be wanted or needed.

About a half hour later, the door to her room opened. Like before, Consuela released her from her bonds without removing her blindfold. She made her kneel, resting on her legs. She brought her arms behind her back. She brought her left hand up to the elbow of her right arm. She tied a leather thong to the ring on her bracelet and wound it around her arm just below the crux of her elbow and tied it off. Then she brought her right hand up and tied it to her left arm in the same place.

Her arms were crossed straight across her back. Her hands could not be joined together as usual without them scraping at the area of her mandala and so this was the new solution.

Consuela made her stand, giving her an assist, and attached something to her collar. She felt a little tug. Consuela said, softly, "*Ven con migo mi amor.*" She led her from the bedroom and down the hall. Ruth tread cautiously, unable to see where they were going and yet she found she had an absolute trust in the fact that the older woman would let no harm come to her. They stopped at the bathroom and Consuela urged her down on the toilet so she could pee. When she was done, she had her lean over and cleaned her coosh delicately with a tissue.

When they came to the stairs, she led her down slowly, holding on firmly to her elbow. She led her to the kitchen where she had her kneel on her rubber mat. She told her, "*Arrodillar se en reposo,*" while pushing back on her shoulders gently, bringing her to a rest position. She drew off her leash. The refrigerator opened, there was some chopping, and then she brought a little plate and put it down in front of her. She removed the gag in her mouth and then the blindfold and gave her cheek a caress and a peck on her forehead. "*Come, mi hermosa,*" she told her.

She stood in front of her, smiling. She was wearing one of her plain dresses, this one a dark blue. Ruth managed a smile back. She looked down. There was an elegant, gold rimmed plate covered with slices of apple and bits of a yellowish cheese. She spread her knees for balance and leaned over, scooping up a crisp apple slice. She chewed it and the wonderful flavor suffused her. She ate each piece of food slowly, relishing the mixed flavors. The cheese was a bit tart, something she was unfamiliar with. She was starting to realize what a pedestrian lifestyle she had led with her parents. They had never had anything this delicious and exotic tasting.

When she was done eating, Consuela gave her a bowl full of the white chalky liquid, which Ruth dutifully lapped up. It had a slight almond taste. Consuela wiped her face and had her stand. She reattached the leash. She gave her a tug and walked her down to the den. She could hear the sound of a program on the FV. It got louder as they approached. When they entered the room, Mr. Anderson was sitting in his big leather easy chair facing the FV. There was an ottoman in front of him and his feet were up on it.

"Ah, Ruth," he exclaimed when he saw her. "Did you have a good rest?"

"Yes, sir," she replied a bit timidly.

"Good, good. Come kneel in front of me so I can see your belly."

Consuela removed her leash, placing it on a nearby small table and removed the ottoman from in front of him. Ruth eased herself down into a kneeling up position, facing her owner. She spread her knees and pushed her belly out.

“Beautiful, beautiful,” Anderson remarked. “It seems more pretty every time I look at it. Lean back a bit more so I can get a better look at your cunt.”

Ruth leaned back further, thrusting her loins upwards. “Wonderful,” Anderson commented. “Come close so I can touch you.”

She knee walked over to him so that she was within arm’s reach and leaned back again. Anderson reached out his hand and began to caress her conch. He rubbed and rubbed lightly and then slid his fingers along her gash. He kept stroking, stroking, stroking until her puss was wet and dilated and she moaned.

“Good girl, Ruth,” he told her softly. “You’re such a good whore. Now come and put my prick in your mouth.”

She leaned back forward. He was fishing his cock out from his pants. He was wearing a well-tailored red and gold sports shirt and a pair of tan pants. She waited until his cock was out and ready for her and then leaned over and took it between her lips.

Immediately, that familiar feeling of being used against her will arose in her. She slurped and sucked and brought her firm lips up and down his crank, her belly churning. But as she went on, the feelings that she had had when she had awoken from her slumber returned. She had posited to herself acceptance of her fate, an almost voluntary assumption of her assigned role in the household. And plunging her mouth up and down this man’s crank was part of that role. She pushed aside her revulsion and let a wave of calm and peace flow through her.

Somehow this was different than the thousand and one cocks she had sucked during her sojourn as a whore in the brothels. To Mr. Anderson she was someone special, a special whore, if you will, but special nonetheless. How many more horrible fates had he saved her from? Shouldn’t she be grateful for the opportunity to please him? She hoped that he would spare her Bernadette’s fate for a long, long time. And wouldn’t her time as his special whore be measured on how well she performed for him, how much pleasure she brought him? Whether by the functions of her mouth, or the aesthetic beauty of her body?

The more she let the acceptance of her fate waft through her, the less and less offensive the rigid yet soft protuberance in her mouth became. If he didn’t have a cock for her to please, where would she be? And if she didn’t please that very same cock, what use would he have for her? She was giving his prick devoted adoration. She licked at the shaft; she suckled at its end. She drove it down into her throat and brought her lips up again. He was moaning and his hand was resting lightly on her head. Each moan sent a pleasing message to her. Each groan was a form of reward. She began to yearn for his climax, yearn for his celebration of his pleasure. When his meat began to throb and jerk within her mouth, she allowed herself to feel blessed, rewarded, fulfilled. She drank down his viscous ejaculate as if it was nectar.

His groans and moans subsided. His cock's contortions subsided. She continued to suckle on it gently, urging its post orgasmic tremors on and on until they faded into nothingness.

She felt Consuela hovering nearby, measuring her utility. "See, I am a good girl. I am deserving of your affection, your kindness. I will serve the master of the house with devotion and with gratitude that he has deigned to take me into his home and made me his."

Mr. Anderson gently pushed her head away. "Very good, very nice," he rewarded her. She leaned back and looked up at him. She wanted him to see her smile, her acceptance. He leaned forward and tousled her hair. Someone had turned down the FV during her performance of her duty. It murmured behind her. Mr. Anderson beamed at her. He spoke to Consuela. "Give her a good orgasm, Consuela," he told her. "She's earned it."

Ruth turned and looked at the older woman. She gave a little tap of her foot to a spot about 10' away. She knee walked her way to it and placed her forehead down on it, spreading her knees. Consuela came and knelt next to her. She ran her hand all over her proffered behind and then dropped it lower and lower until she had covered her mons. She placed her left hand on her neck, holding her down as her right hand commenced her gentle and knowledgeable caresses.

Mr. Anderson had turned the FV back up. It was some viddy with excited voices and lots of brash noises. Ruth focused out of it and concentrated on the wondrous sensations Consuela was giving her. Consuela urged her hips higher so that her pussy would be better exposed. She teased her little opening, caressed her folds, manipulated her little bud. The last time she had done this in Mr. Anderson's presence, Ruth had felt shamed. But now she urged his eyes upon her. "See what a good whore I am," she thought.

Consuela drove her deeper and deeper into lust. She began to moan and sigh. She felt like there was a blessed, divine hand on her puss. Its manipulations were tortuous and tantalizing. Part of her wanted it to stop, to ease her growing, gnawing lust. Part of her wanted to still the ministrations of a hand that was in possession of her flesh without her will, without her consent. And even though the hand was bringing her wave after wave of delicious sensation, it was a hand that she had no power to stop. Her master had deigned it and she had no right to refuse it.

The lustful sensations grew and grew and grew. They came to an unbearable acme. She groaned and yearned to close her thighs and deny the hand access, but she knew that only more terrible things would result. The hand on her neck transmitted Consuela's power to her and, through her, her master's. Every stroke she gave her, every plunge of her thick fingers into her passage, every caress and torment she imposed on her trilling bud came from him, came from his will. As the tension on the bubble of burning want that had grown in her belly strained and

strained to burst, she began to demonstrate her acceptance of his will for her.

Her puss began to throb and convulse. She shouted out her pleasure, groaned and moaned as her body shuddered and writhed. The hand just kept pressing her pussy's convulsions on and on and on. She began to fear that they would never stop. But eventually, Consuela granted her surcease. Her caresses came slower and gentler. She released a long, anguished sounding sigh as the echoes of her climax reverberated all through her.

Consuela removed her hand. Ruth's heart was still beating wildly. A wave of shame flooded her at the memory of her lascivious performance, but she brushed it aside. "I'm a whore and this is what whore's do," she thought. Her climax was a reward for her dutiful service of her owner's prick. Her shame morphed into gratitude.

Consuela gave her rear cheeks a caress and came back to her feet. Mr. Anderson told her, "Thank you. Consuela. Can you bring me a glass of the Black Label scotch on ice please?"

Consuela said nothing, but scooted off to serve her employer. Ruth remained where she had been left. After a while, Consuela came back and left again. Ruth stayed stock still, presenting her rear and her sex to her master. After a while, Mr. Anderson said to her, "Ruth, lift your ass a bit more so I can have a good view of your pussy."

She arched her back and presented her decorated folds to him. She remained that way as the FV droned on and on. Mr. Anderson lit a cigar and its aroma wafted over her. His celly bleeped a little tune and he answered it. He had a long animated conversation with someone. She heard her name mentioned several times and Anderson tell the other party how pleased he was with her. Hearing him say that brought her pleasure. She imagined his eyes wandering over her colorful butterfly and the gap between its wings and welcomed them.

Consuela came back in. She must have brought him something because she heard him thanking her. A little bit later, he ordered her to come over to him. She turned and knee walked to him so that she was within his reach. There was a little tray on the small table next to his chair. He picked something up from it and proffered it to her. She opened her mouth and accepted it. It was a warm, dough wrapped canape with a meaty filling. It was delicious. Anderson watched her consume it, smiled, and gave her another. "You like it, Ruth?" he asked her solicitously. She nodded happily as she chewed. He ran his hand over her head and then reached for her breasts. He massaged and kneaded them with both hands while staring into her face, a pleased expression on his own. She pressed her breasts forward in acceptance of his attentions.

After a little bit, he caressed her head again and told her to return to her former position. She turned and knee walked to where she had been when he called

to her, lowered her forehead to the floor again, spread her knees and arched her back.

After about an hour, Mr. Anderson buzzed Consuela from his celly and she came in.

“Please out Ruth to bed. I’ll be in in a little while. Have her kneeling with her head down and grease her rear,” he told her.

Consuela urged her up off the floor, reattached her leash and led her upstairs. They stopped at the bathroom where she brushed her teeth and perfumed her. She let her pee again. She brought her to Anderson’s wide bed and had her kneel down with her knees spread and her head down. Ruth felt her spread some lubricant over her rear star.

Anderson came by a little later and used her there. She had been waiting to serve him patiently. As he slowly entered her, expanding her little ring, she put aside her dismay at yet another unconsented to penetration and tried to find joy in being possessed by him. He rogered her there a long time, his hands on her hips, repeating to her again and again what a good whore she was and how pretty she looked.

When he had emptied himself, he went into the bathroom and washed. He returned, filled her mouth with the nighttime gag he used and had her lay on her belly. He fastened off her ankle to the foot of the bed and ran a chain from the headboard to the back of her collar, pulling it tight. He patted her on the rear several times, told the lights to shut and went to sleep.

She was fully rested and was not ready to sleep again. She lay there with her head on her pillow her face turned away from him. Her little ring still trilled. She could hear him snoring lightly. All of the day’s activities came home to her. Could she survive months and months and months of this? Years? Were the alternatives really worse? What else would Mr. Anderson do to her?

She closed her eyes. She opened her mind and let acceptance flood it. There was no reason to believe that her life would ever be better than it was now, that she would have a better owner. She would sicken quickly if she let shame and humiliation be the watchwords of every day, every hour.

She finally did nod off, only to be wakened to Anderson’s hand caressing her rear cheeks. He made her get up on her knees again in the darkness and he played with her puss until it was moist and ready to receive him and then he fucked her there slowly and languidly, leading her to two rolling climaxes before he spilled himself inside. After, he left her as she was and rolled over to resume his sleep. She was too afraid to move without permission and so she stayed that way for the rest of the night.

After his shower and morning oral servicing, they had breakfast and he ordered Consuela to get her dressed up in something nice after she made her come.

Ruth was all relaxed and dazed afterwards as Consuela laid out a nice, flowery blue blouse and a teal colored skirt. She let her put on a silky white bra and panty set. When she was dressed, she brought her into the bathroom and supplied her face with makeup, contenting herself with placing a little mascara under her eyes and applying bright red lipstick. She perfumed her neck, between her breasts and her thighs. She joined her hands together behind her back, the mandala tattoo having set, and led her downstairs with the leash. Mr. Anderson wasn't ready yet so she installed her in the cage at the top of the stairs after sliding the cock gag into her mouth.

Anderson came downstairs, saw her there and told her how pretty she looked. Consuela brought her out of the cage, released her wrists and she followed Anderson down the stairs out to the car. They visited a beautiful park where they took a ride on a little putt putt motorboat around a large, calm lake and had lunch at an outside restaurant. It was a sunny, wonderful day and Ruth congratulated herself on her new strategy for living. In all her prior years as a whore, nobody had ever taken her to a park and fed her lunch on a gorgeous patio with all kinds of happy, busily chatting, normal people. Some of them stared at her after noticing her golden hued bonds, but Ruth just ignored them.

After lunch Mr. Anderson told her that he was taking her to a museum. When they got back to the car, he put it on automatic and had him blow him as they drove there, which she did willingly and expertly. She wasn't quite finished when they arrived and they sat in the car in the museum parking lot until he finally came. She could hear people passing by the car, talking, as she worked him, but she put them out of her mind.

The museum had a wondrous collection of paintings old and new. Some of them paintings were ones which Anderson had had her read about and he quizzed her on them. She told him what she remembered. Anderson kept talking about his work, his prior life. He said that he had been married twice, but divorced both of his wives after a short period of time because they had begun to expect too much of him. One he transferred to a good friend of his who kept her for a few years and then traded her off again. The other he just dropped off at the Unsupervised Female Pool and pocketed the bonus he got from her sale which, he complained, hardly made up for all the money he had spent of her.

He made her laugh a few times, teasing her and caressing her. At one point he pulled her into a secluded alcove, pressed her into the corner and began kissing her. He slipped his hand under her skirt and pushed the panels of her panties over her crux aside and stroked her and stroked her and stroked her until she moaned. It made him laugh.

They sat on a bench in a small garden by the museum filled with avant-garde sculptures and beautiful flowers and watched the sunset holding hands. He kissed

her tenderly for a long time until she felt her pussy begin to burn. Then he told her how happy he was to have her and how pretty she was.

They ate dinner at a small restaurant downtown. They served delicious crapes filled with cheese and vegetables and drank a delicious white wine. He let her have a small bowl of ice cream for dessert.

On the way home, he insisted that she raise her skirt and spread the panels in her panties and get herself off since she hadn't had an orgasm all day since Consuela had given her one in the morning. She closed her eyes and stroked herself into pleasure, knowing that his eyes were on her pussy and hand. She came loudly, shuddering and shaking in her seat, her pussy all mushy and wet. He told her to lift her skirt to her hips and sit directly on the seat so she wouldn't soil it. He said he would have the seat cleaned later.

When they got home, he led her into the house by the hand. She felt marvelously fulfilled by the day. It was a little after nine o'clock. He told her to strip and follow him into the den where he watched FV for a while, smoking a cigar and drinking brandy, while she displayed her pussy to him, head down, her back arched like the night before. Consuela eventually brought her to bed and after her ablutions chained her in, her wrists locked to her collar, her collar chained to the headboard.

Mr. Anderson came to be about 40 minutes later. After undressing and getting ready for bed, he came over and lay next to her. The lights were on low and it made the atmosphere seem dreamy. He ran his hand all over her belly while he told her what a nice day he had with her. He kissed her and kissed her while she lay with her knees spread wide as he manipulated and stroked her pussy. He made her come like that. The sensation of the relentless, pleasure bringing hand was tormenting as it urged her lusts on and on and on. She kept wanting it to stop for maybe a few seconds, maybe even just a few moments, so that she could bring under control the freshets of wonderful sensation which was making her head spin. She came loud and hard and then he fucked her, equally long and hard, pumping himself into her as he roared his pleasure.

He gagged her when he was done and fell off to sleep. He woke her later, freed her mouth and released the chin to her collar and had her suck him off. As he prepare to climax, her took hold of her hair and viciously drove her head up and down on his prick all the while moaning and groaning. When he was done with her, he reinstalled her gag, locked her collar back to the headboard and went back to sleep.

To be continued.