



Breaking in Ingrid



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

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This electronic book published by Fetish World Books

www.fiction4adults.com

Chapter 1

Ingrid Aston woke up feeling stiff, sick and confused.

She knew something was wrong, but her brain was too thick and muzzy to work out what. She blinked her eyes and focused on her surroundings. She was lying on a rubber covered mattress in a clear plastic box about the size of a single bed. The box had air holes drilled in its sides and was just tall enough to sit up in. It stood in a small white walled room with bright strip lights, a black rubber floor and a single door.

She was also stark naked, except for something wrapped about her neck. Moving a stiff arm she reached up and found it was some kind of metal collar with a rubber lining and tether rings hung on its outside. She tugged at it but she could not pull it off. Panic gripped her and she jerked upright and scrabbled about until she was huddled up in one corner of the box. It had a door panel set in one side and she pounded on it, but it would not open. She was a prisoner!

What was going on? What did she last remember?

She had been at the audition for the film job. Everybody had been making a fuss of her and she had been very excited. She was sure this was going to be her big break... and then nothing.

Her stomach knotted up in sick fear and she shivered, hugging herself. How did she get here? Where was here? And who had stripped off all her clothes, leaving her exposed like this for all to see?

Ingrid was twenty, with blonde, straight bobbed hair and a bright heart-shaped face. She had warm brown eyes and a slightly snubbed nose. Her pale breasts, looking larger than they were on her slender chest, were capped with large nipples. She had a lean slender body, fleshy rounded buttocks and a dark golden pussy bush.

Now she felt angry and humiliated as well as being sick and terrified.

Then the door of the white room opened and something came in. It was literally a “thing”: a machine, not a person! Ingrid gave a yelp of fear.

It looked a little like some robots she had seen in the movies. It stood about man height and moved on a hi-drive caterpillar track base, with a hinged extensible upper body and rotating shoulders that carried a pair of metal claw-tipped arms. Where its head should have been was a large PC tablet stood on its end, with binocular camera eyes mounted on either side of it. On the tablet screen floated a face set against a black background. It was that of a man perhaps in his mid-thirties with olive skin, glossy black hair, a saturnine beard and deep, dark intelligent eyes.

The thing rolled up to the side of her plastic cage and surveyed her through its glass eyes. Then the head on the screen spoke with a clear, cultured voice, with a trace of a foreign accent she did not recognize.

‘I am the mobile computer avatar of Gustav Balik, whose face I wear. To avoid confusion, you may call me “GB”. You are in a basement training facility in one of Mister Balik’s office buildings, where chosen women who need to be broken in as his slaves are sent. I will supervise your training according to my programming. You will learn to obey me, and therefore Mr Balik, without question. You will be taught to be a perfect sex slave eager to perform any act required of you. When you are ready, you will be sent up to Mr Balik’s penthouse apartment to serve him in person. Then my work will be done.’

Ingrid gaped at it incredulously, trying to process what the machine had said in her still confused mind. She had never heard of Gustav Balik. It was all impossible, mad, crazy!

She banged on the sides of the cage with her fists. ‘Let me out of here! You can’t do this! People will be looking for me!’

‘No, they will not,’ the machine responded calmly, unmoved by her threats. ‘Mr Balik is a very rich man who always gets what he wants. He likes pretty women. He saw you in a small part in a TV drama and said: I want that

woman. Through my main frame, which is highly sophisticated, by the way, I researched your background to establish the best means. That was why you were invited to that fake audition. Actually, it was to allow me to scan your face and voice and mannerisms and access your phone contact list. Then you were incapacitated and brought here. As far as your friends and family are concerned, you have gone abroad to shoot a part in a film. I can create a perfect mirror of your face and voice...’

The face of Balik morphed into her own face continuing to speak but now in her own voice.

‘This virtual version of you will continue to send reassuring messages home. No one will miss you for weeks. By then you will be Mr Balik’s perfect slave. As I said, he is very rich and powerful. Powerful enough to have me constructed as his alter ego to handle mundane tasks such as training women like you...’

It was her own voice and face telling her this, but she could not accept it. ‘You... you can’t make me a slave!’

Balik’s face and voice returned to the screen. ‘I can. I have trained many women before you and the method has been perfected. The process will begin now...’

The door of the cage which had resisted Ingrid opened at the machine’s touch. He reached inside and grabbed Ingrid by the hair and pulled her out onto her feet. With his free hand, he grasped her right breast and squeezed. Her soft pale flesh bulged out around the triple pronged claws. As she shrieked in pain and tore at it, he closed his other claw about her left breast. Then he lifted, pulling her feet off the ground so that her legs kicked in the air. She had to grasp at his metal wrists and pull herself up to take some of the tearing pressure off her breasts.

A telescopic rod extended from a recess in GB’s torso. It had a realistically moulded flesh-coloured rubber penis on its end. Before she could stop it, it had found her pussy cleft and slid up into her vagina, impaling her. Ingrid’s eyes bulged in horror even as the thing took a little of the weight off her breasts. Then it began to vibrate and pump back and forth.

‘This is an exact copy of Mister Balik’s penis,’ GB told her. ‘You will learn to love it and pleasure it. To begin your training, you will now orgasm over it.’

‘Awww.... you b... bastard thing... no... never!’ Ingrid shrieked.

‘Until you do, I will not let you down. I can hold you like this for hours if necessary...’

Her frantic kicks which twisted her hips about were churning the pumping phallus inside her ever more deeply. And despite the terrible squeezing, tearing pain in her breasts, her pussy was responding, getting hot and wet.

‘Is it not more sensible to choose pleasure instead of pain?’ GB asked reasonably. ‘Let yourself be stimulated until you climax and then I will let you down. Rest your feet on the top of my tracks and work yourself against the shaft. That way it will happen more easily.’

Sobbing, Ingrid obeyed, the phallus shaft hinging upwards as she did so until she was braced against the sloping tops of GB’s tracks as they ran up to their elevated drive sprockets. That took a little more weight off her breasts. And then, with a groan, she began to grind her hips about the impaling rod, pulling on the mechanical arms that held her so cruelly. The pain in her breasts was easing off a little, but perhaps that was only because there were turning purple!

Through tear-filled eyes, she looked into the face of Gustav Balik on the screen. A man who could afford to have a machine like this built, to have her taken so casually, could do anything. At this moment, she was his plaything and there was nothing she could do about it.

That thought disgusted and excited her in equal measure.

‘Just respond naturally,’ GB advised her.

By now, her pussy was seriously hot and wet and dripping, squeezing about the silky smooth rubber penis inside it.

‘I have observed many women in your situation, and have seen them adapt to necessity,’ GB said.

He sounded so calm, even when he was inside her! But he was just a machine...

She sobbed and squeezed on the pulsating shaft and then suddenly she felt her loins burst as she deluged it with her juices. In response, the penis spurted some hot fluid into her, as if it had really ejaculated.

It was not a great orgasm, but she had come even in a nightmare like this! For a brief moment she had felt a thrill of pride and pleasure, as if she had achieved something wonderful.

The penis rod pulled out of her, sucking on her vagina and dripping white fluid. GB let her down onto her knees and released his grasp on her breasts. She hunched over, clasping them tight and moaning as the blood began to flow back into them and they tingled and burned.

The penis rod, shiny with her juices, retracted into its slot. GB took out a wire rope leash from a side panel of his torso and clipped to her collar.

‘Now you will have your first proper lesson,’ he told her. ‘Crawl after me on your hands and knees...’

Chapter 2

Shakily, Ingrid crawled after GB as if she was a dog. The cell room door opened and he led her out into a white corridor built to the same design.

As her hot tingling breasts bobbed under her, Ingrid realized she was dripping juices and machine sperm onto the rubberised flooring. What had he squirted inside her? “He”? No, it was a machine; an “it”. But it had the face and voice of a man and a penis. Even if it was all artificial, it felt masculine.

They passed several closed and numbered doors. From behind a few of them, Ingrid thought she heard the hum of machinery and clinking and yelps and sobs of female pain, or perhaps delight. She was not alone down here!

‘Each room has different devices inside them,’ GB explained. ‘They are used to keep Mr Balik’s other slaves exercised when they are not serving him in person. I will use them on you as necessary until you have been broken in.’

‘No... please don’t... you can’t do this to me... its... it’s... inhuman!’ Ingrid sobbed.

‘If you have any complaints on that score I suggest you take them up with Mr Balik when you are ready to be presented to him,’ GB responded coolly. ‘I am not human. I am the most sophisticated autonomous machine ever created by the Balik Robotics Division. Nevertheless, I do what I am ordered to do. You will learn to do the same...’

He opened one of the doors and led Ingrid inside.

It was a high ceilinged windowless white room but this time enclosing a short section of escalator, just as you saw in a large shop or an underground station. However, this escalator did not lead to another floor, only a small closed platform, and it had odd device protruding from it overhanging its top steps. There was a kind of gate at the bottom of the escalator and a stepped series of monitor screens arrayed down its sides above the moving handrails,

which had an extra set of rails mounted just above them. Beside the escalator was a stand holding several objects that she could not immediately make out. GB led her over to it.

‘Stand up,’ GB commanded, and Ingrid obeyed.

He selected a yoke bar with rubber padding on its underside. It had a notch in its middle and clips to fasten it to her collar rings and cuffs on its end for her wrists. Heavy bungee cords dangled from its ends.

‘Extend your arms straight out from your shoulders,’ GB said.

Ingrid hesitated and GB jabbed the tips of one set of claws into her left breast, digging deep into her soft flesh. There was a flicker of sparks and a little crack and she yelped as an electric shock stabbed through her.

‘You will obey my commands without question,’ GB warned her.

Shivering in fear, Ingrid stretched her arms stiffly out from her sides like a scarecrow. He clipped the centre of the bar to her collar rings and snapped the cuffs about her wrists. Then he took sets of lead weights off the stand and hung them on the bar frame until there were five kilos on each side.

GB led her to the base of the escalator and stood her on the bottom step. He hooked the cords on the ends of her yoke to sliding rings in the rails set above the handrails, which had channels cut into them. Then he closed the gate behind her. It had spikes on its inner face which pricked her bare bottom, making her yelp and take another step upwards. Now she was secured to the escalator mechanism and could not step off it on either side or at the bottom. That only left the platform at the top of escalator and the odd device overhanging it.

The monitor screens arrayed about the escalator came to life, showing Balik’s face. His eyes seemed to be focused upon her from every angle and she shivered as she was reminded of her exposure.

‘Whether I am here or not, you will always be under observation,’ GB told her. ‘Soon you will learn to associate Mr Balik’s face and voice with

mastery and obedience...’

There was a control panel set on a post beside the foot of the escalator. GB worked it and Ingrid heard the whirr of motors starting up. Then the escalator began to roll backwards beneath her. The spikes on the gate at its base pricked her bottom again until she began to scramble upwards faster than the steps descended, the sliding rings attached to her yoke running smoothly up the channels on either side, until she reached the middle of the escalator and found the right place to keep in position. Every step made her bare breasts jiggle slightly.

‘You will remain on this device until you have climaxed three times,’ GB told her.

Ingrid sobbed in despair. It was perverse, insane and impossible! ‘How... how am I supposed to cum on the middle of a fucking escalator?’

‘Go to the top of the stairs,’ GB commanded.

With the multiple Balik heads on either side of the stairs following every movement, Ingrid climbed faster until she came to the device overhanging the top steps. It looked a little like the blade of a long chainsaw, except that it had wet pink rubber tongues projecting from its chain. They were rotating in the opposite direction to the stairs beneath them. The blade was angled down at the right height for her to straddle it while still walking up the steps. If she did so, the tongues would lap at her pussy cleft...

She was meant to work herself off on rubber tongues while weighed down by a yoke on the moving staircase!

‘I... I can’t!’ Ingrid sobbed.

‘You can and you will because you have no choice,’ GB told her. ‘If you fail to climax three times before you are too tired to keep moving, then you will be carried down to the spikes at the base of the stairs which will be very painful. The tongue stimulator is connected to sensors that can detect fresh female juices. They will record your orgasms. I will be alerted when you have completed your task...’

And with that, he turned about and rolled away and closed the door of the chamber behind him.

She was alone, except for half a dozen faces staring at her out of monitor screens. Then they started speaking in Balik's voice:

'Get on with it, Ingrid... I want to see you cum... I want to see those rubber tongues in your slot... be filthy for your master... make that pussy squirt... do it for me...'

It was as if she had a crowd urging her on. Was the real Balik watching her, or were they all CGI? It made no difference because she had no choice. She could not escape the staircase unless she came three times. She would have to do this to save herself, but it would feel as if she was obeying his commands.

Marking time on the staircase, she straddled the endless belt of rubber tongues and let them lap up into her slot. She shivered as they teased her clitoris. Just get it over with quickly, she told herself, just to get through this first ordeal so she would not get her bottom pricked full of holes! And then perhaps she could find some way of escape.

Gritting her teeth, she ground herself harder against the tongue belt and tried to imagine it was some wild sex fantasy she had conjured up for herself.

But it was no use. She felt completely cold and unresponsive. She could never imagine something like this. It was sick! But she had to! But if she did go along with it, and imagined she enjoyed it, then would she be helping to turn herself into a mindless sex slave? Was that possible? Yesterday she would have said no. But that was before she had heard of Gustav Balik.

Ingrid sobbed as the rubber tongues lapped through her wet cleft. It was an impossible dilemma. She was lost either way. If she didn't cum, how long could she keep walking weighed down by this terrible yoke before she collapsed?

No! Not if she played her own mind game in return. This was not really real. She was in a film. Yes, she was in an elaborate sex film with a big

budget. In fact, it just looked like a sex film to begin with. Actually, it had style and depth and there was some final clever twist in it which made it a daring and explicit art house film that she would be pleased to be in. She was just playing the part of the helpless victim. That meant she could play along...

Yes, her pussy was getting hotter. And her nipples were standing up. That was good. She was responding. She saw the faces of Balik in the screens about her smiling and leering.

‘Enjoying yourself, Ingrid? That’s right, you be a good hot slut and come for me...’

His words sickened her but they were meant to. She had to suffer to make it look real. It was just a film, it was just a film...

Ahhhh!

Her loins burst, spraying out her juices over the relentlessly lapping tongues. Briefly she forgot her humiliating situation. Oh God, that was good, she thought!

Then she stumbled, going down on her knees on the steps as they carried her downwards as her head spun and she felt happily mushy inside. She gave a yelp as the gate spikes at the bottom jabbed her buttocks. She scrambled to her feet and climbed grimly upwards once more, dribbling juices from her pussy on the steps and down the insides of her thighs. She had done this once. She could do it twice more...

* * *

The escalator had stopped moving. Ingrid was huddled up at its foot. She was covered in sweat and her pussy tingled and burned and dripped. She felt totally drained, but she had done it. She had cum three times.

GB opened the gate. ‘I told you it was possible.’

He released her from the weight yoke and clipped his wire leash to her

collar and left the room. She followed shakily after him on her hands and knees.

He led her to a white bathroom with shiny chrome fittings. There was a rail of towels and a shelf of brushes, combs, shampoos and soaps, together with a shower and a squat toilet with odd fittings in its pan.

‘This is where Mr Balik’s women refresh themselves,’ GB explained. ‘Now it is your washroom as well. Squat down over it and empty yourself...’

Ingrid obeyed, peeing and emptying her bowels front of his glass eyes. Her cheeks burned in shame, as if it was a real person watching her do this intimate thing. He’s just a machine, she reminded herself.

When she was done, the fittings about the toilet rim came to life. Tube extended, pushing themselves up into her pussy and rectum and flushing her out.

‘All your orifices will be kept clean and fresh during your stay down here,’ GB told her. ‘Mr Balik is very keen on good hygiene.’

She felt a blob of grease being squirted into her rectum.

‘Your orifices will also be kept ready for whatever devices may be inserted into you,’ GB explained.

Ingrid swallowed hard. This is just a film, she told herself.

Under GB’s supervision, Ingrid had a shower and cleaned herself up. Despite her fear and anger, she felt better for it. Then he led her to another small room.

‘This is where you will eat,’ he said. It was dominated by a blocky machine made of sheet metal. In front of it were two rectangular wooden blocks with a gap between them with their tops covered with rubber matting. They faced a pair of pink rubber penises jutting out of the front of the machine, with handles set on either side of them.

‘Climb up onto the blocks, kneel, take hold of the handles and begin

feeding,' GB told her. 'The one on the left dispenses water and the one on the right liquidised food containing all the nourishment you need to stay healthy. You will have to suck hard to get both out. If you do not, you will go hungry and thirsty.'

'I... I have to suck a rubber cock to eat and drink?' she choked.

'It is also training for when you have to pleasure Mr Balik in person.'

Feeling sick at the thought, but also very hungry and thirsty, Ingrid clambered up onto the blocks. She had to spread her legs to kneel on both of them, straddling the gap between them. To reach the protruding phalluses, she had to dip her head and stick her bottom out to balance, grasping the handles on either side of them to steady herself. Cautiously she got her lips about the head of the water dispenser and began to suck. The hole in its tip was narrow and she had to suck hard to get water out of it.

It was as she was doing so that she felt GB's claw hands grasp her hips and then his extending rubber penis slid up into her vagina. It began to vibrating pump within her gently.

She jerked back in alarm with a sob of despair. 'No... Please don't...'

'You will continue to feed,' GB told her, squeezing her hips tightly. 'As you do you will give thanks to Mr Balik for giving you both sustenance and pleasure through every orifice. Say it aloud: Thank you, Mr Balik!'

'Th... thank you, Mr Balik!' Ingrid groaned.

And so as she drank GB screwed her. He was not violent, he just filled and aroused her, bring her to a point of steady simmering desire without release. Dizzy and confused and still impaled, Ingrid transferred her lips to the second phallus. The hole in its tip was slightly larger, but food she had to suck out of it was a mushy semi-solid and she had to work to suck it out and swallow it down. Blended together, it didn't taste of anything particularly, but with each suck and gulp, she felt another thrust from GB's phallus.

By the time she was done, her lips and cheeks were aching from effort

while her pussy dripped.

While she was still clinging to the feeding machine handles, GB's rubber cock speeded up, suddenly vibrating and pumping frantically, and she felt the promise of another orgasm growing within her. Of course, it was wrong to respond like this, but she couldn't help it. In the film that would be obvious from her expression. It was all right to give in...

With a sob she came, her juices dripping between the kneeling blocks. And for a few seconds nothing else mattered.

The rubber phallus pulled out of her and GB dragged her off the blocks and onto the floor again. Dizzy and confused, she scrambled along after the machine as he led her on her hands and knees back to her cell and put her in her transparent bed cage again.

'Tomorrow you will be put in a new training room with a different device to increase your range of responses,' he told her.

Then he went out and the lights went off, plunging the room into darkness.

And so her first day of slave training ended.

Ingrid huddled up on her bed. She found she was worrying about her family and friends and what they would think if they could see her now. Except that of course they would not be worrying about her. If what GB had said was true, and strangely she did not doubt him, then they all thought she was having a great time. Perhaps she had better worry more about herself. And then everything she been bottling up inside burst out of her and she cried herself to sleep.

Chapter 3

Ingrid woke as if out of a bad dream to find bright light stinging her eyes. For a moment, she did not know where she was. Then she saw the very solid form of GB looking in at her through the plastic sides of her cage.

‘It is time to begin the second day of your training now, Ingrid,’ he said.

It hadn’t been a dream: she really was in the power of the mysterious Mr Balik and his robot avatar. Then she reminded herself that actually it was just a film and she was just acting a part. None of it really mattered.

GB took her out of the cage and led her to the feeding room where she dined once again while he screwed her. She tried not to fight it, just to let it happen naturally. It was a scene that it would look good on film: being screwed by this smart but weird machine while feeding. Since this was really a sophisticated film, it must have some deep philosophical meaning. She would work it out later...

When she was fed and GB had spouted inside her once again, he led her to a new room.

This contained a square of barbed wire fencing enclosing a raised disco style floor, made of many translucent panels that could be illuminated from beneath. Except that these panels were also covered by chicken wire. An odd selection of objects had been set out on the panels: a cucumber, a banana, several plastic beakers, a metal bucket, a carrot, a box of table tennis balls, and other objects she could not yet make out. Only the central square of the floor was empty and its panel was tinted red. Another control panel was set on a post beside the enclosure. Arrayed about the outside of the fence were more of the large monitor screens displaying Balik’s face, all looking inwards.

GB pushed Ingrid through a gate in the fence then closed and locked it behind her.

‘Stand on the red square,’ he commanded her.

She obeyed, standing there trembling and fearful. All the faces on the monitor screens seemed to stare at her. GB went to the control panel.

‘This device will teach you to obey without question, or else you will suffer pain,’ he told her. ‘You will obey all the commands the system gives you. It can recognize and assess your actions. Any disobedience will be noted and punished, like this...’

Ingrid screamed and danced up and down on her square as sharp pins and needles of electricity stabbed up into her bare feet from the wire mesh on which she stood.

After what seemed like a very long time, but could not actually have been more than ten seconds, the current was cut off. Ingrid dropped to her knees, trembling with fear and wiping the tears from her eyes.

‘Will you will obey all commands given to you?’ GB asked.

‘I will, GB,’ Ingrid promised wretchedly, while struggling to remind herself that this was just another act in the film.

‘Then your lesson will begin...’ and he pressed a button.

‘Go to the illuminated square, kneel down and peel the banana!’ the Balik faces barked at her.

She saw one of the squares was flashing, illuminating a large green banana resting on it. Hastily she ran over to it and peeled the banana, exposing its firm creamy flesh.

‘Now push it up inside your pussy and frig yourself with it until you’re wet!’

With a gulp, Ingrid pushed the banana up inside her vagina, working it back and forth until she felt her juices flowing.

‘Now eat it!’

Snivelling and biting her lip, Ingrid pulled the banana out of her dribbling cleft and hesitantly began to eat it. The scent of fresh banana mingled with her own juices. She struggled not to be sick.

Apparently satisfied she was obeying, GB left the room. Presumably, he was going to exercise the other slave girls in his care. When would she see them? Only after she had been “broken”? She felt very alone.

When the banana was finished, she got her next command: ‘Go to the flashing square and drink the water.’

That seemed easy enough, even though it was a large paper cupful.

Then: ‘Go to the square and push all the table tennis balls up inside you...’

That was harder. There were ten of them. She had to rest on her back and spread her legs and push the balls up inside her slippery vagina one at a time, cramming them into her sheath and stretching it within her. But the last two simply would not go away.

‘I can’t!’ she protested. ‘I’m not big enough...’

Then she screamed as the mesh under her stabbed her with pain.

‘Make yourself big enough!’

Sobbing, she forced the last two balls up inside her, feeling the others sliding about in her sheath and begin to crack under the pressure.

‘Now go to the bucket and squeeze them out again...’

On her hands and knees, she scrambled across to the illuminated bucket and squatted over it and squirted the balls out of her as if she was some kind of fleshy gun. It was an amazing sense of relief to get them out of her, and a strange thrill to feel them passing out between her lips. Her clitoris was tingling and standing up. But there was no rest.

‘Go to the square and put the pins in your breasts.’

‘What?’ Ingrid looked across to see there was a transparent box of map pins with coloured heads on the square. ‘No I can’t... eeeek!’

The floor stabbed her full of pain, relentlessly on and on until she was thrashing about helplessly.

Then the power was cut, leaving her shaking and shivering. ‘Do what you are told!’ Balik thundered. ‘Unless you want to stay like that all day!?’

Miserably she crawled across to the illuminated square and opened the box of pins. There were twenty-four of them.

‘The last pins will go into the tips of your nipples,’ Balik told her.

Biting her lip Ingrid took up the first one pushed it into her left breast. It only had a short shaft so it did not go in very deep, but it stung horribly. She took up another one and stuck it in next to the first...

It took Ingrid ten minutes of whimpers and trembling fingers to decorate her breasts with the map pins, putting them in circles about her nipples. Some of them just sat there while others bled slightly. The last two going into her nipples were the hardest and hurt the most of course. She was sobbing and red eyed and wet-cheeked by the time she finished. She hardly dared look down at her breasts which were hot and stinging and streaked with blood. Little coloured plastic balls seem to stand out like droplets on the tips of her nipples, which were perversely hard and throbbing. But instead of milk dripping out of them, there was blood.

‘Now go to the square and push the carrot all the way up into your bottom hole,’ Balik commanded.

She crawled across to the indicated square, her hot, bloody, pin-studded breasts swaying beneath her, and picked up the big orange carrot with its trailing green fronds. It had already been greased. She knelt down and pushed out her bottom and reached behind her and forced it up into her rear, stretching her anal ring as it got thicker, until her anus closed about its head and the fronds hung out of it like a tail.

‘Now ram the cucumber inside your pussy and bring yourself off on it,’ Balik commanded.

As she plunged the vegetable into her vagina, competing for space within her with the carrot filling her rectum, she felt as if she was slipping into a daytime nightmare. But she used it until she climaxed because she had no choice.

‘Now pee in the bucket... now use electric gas lighter to shock your clitoris...’ the command continued to reel out.

And she obeyed each one, too shocked and dazed to refuse. It was easier not to think, not to worry about consequences, just to obey. She had not been told to remove the pins from her breasts or the carrot from her rear, so they stayed there as the minutes and then hours passed, gradually becoming part of her.

Ingrid sobbed and screamed as she abused herself or was shocked by the floor for being too slow, and then shuddered as the things she put within her brought her to yet another orgasm; both a brief joyous respite from suffering and a sign of her subjugation. Soon the floor was stained with her juices and sweat and spots and smears of blood, while her master’s voices went on and on...

* * *

Ingrid was lying limp on the floor. Her breasts were still studded with pins and her rear was still plugged with the carrot and her vagina ached, but the screens around the fence were dark. Nobody was giving her commands or electrocuting her. GB was standing by the open gate.

‘The training session is over,’ he told her.

The nightmare was ended and somehow she had survived!

* * *

Painfully, Ingrid let the toilet flush her out and then she showered and

cleaned away the mess of sweat and blood and juices covering her body. Little red dots ringed her breasts. Had she really done to herself? How many other actresses could have done that? How she had suffered for her art. GB gave her a cream to put on them which helped. But it was not out of kindness.

‘Mr Balik will want you fresh for tomorrow,’ he told her.

Ingrid ate while GB screwed her and then he took her to her bedroom cell and she collapsed on the bed and was asleep before the lights went out.

Chapter 4

It was another day and another training room and Ingrid sobbed as she squatted down over another weight.

Of course, she could not use her hands to pick it up. That would not have served the room's purpose. Her hands were cuffed behind her back. Nor could she use her mouth which was gagged. That only left one means of manipulating them...

'This is an exercise to increase the muscular strength of your vaginal sheath,' GB had told her. 'Mr Balik likes his girls to have tight orifices...'

It was very simple. In one corner of the room were the weights; while in the other corner was a mat to put them on. Between them was a zigzag path she had to follow while carrying them. Strips of metal spikes marked the edges of the path, discouraging any attempts at taking shortcuts. She had to go the long way to get maximum effect from each weight.

The weights were in fact bowling pins with extended necks with dildo plugs mounted on them. Ingrid squatted down over them, sliding the plugs into her vagina and then squeezed tight, gripping their ribs so she could lift it off the ground.

They were of course the usual monitor screens watching her as she shuffled along with the weight swinging between her legs. She had soon discovered the right gait and speed to move. Go too slowly and it might slip out before the end of the path, but too quickly and she started cracking it against her ankles and knees and might pull it out that way.

'Hold it tight... hold it tight... don't let it go,' Balik berated her out of the watching screens as the weight swung like a pendulum between her legs, churning its head deep in her straining vagina.

But finally, after almost an hour, she had transported all the weights

across the room.

She sank to her knees, aching inside and dripping but oddly elated. But her relief did not last long.

‘Now take them back again,’ Balik said.

With a sob, she complied.

As time passed, she became her own worst enemy, of course. The more weights she transported the wetter she became inside, while their dildo heads were covered with her juices. Her pussy was aching with the strain as well and it became harder to keep hold of them and she began dropping them. That only got her punished.

There was an articulated, sprung and powered metal arm with a cane on its end that extended out over the winding pathway across the room. If she dropped a weight she had to stand straight while it swiped the cane across her bare breasts, leaving them crisscrossed with scarlet stripes while she sobbed in pain. And then she had to pick up the fallen weight and continue on.

She was allowed a drink of water every hour to make up for the sweat pouring out of her. It came from a feeding tube in the wall shaped like Balik’s penis, of course. As she put her lips to it, his face leered down at her. He was the source of all her despair and the font of her relief.

‘You may drink, Ingrid,’ he said graciously.

And she had to reply. ‘Thank you, Mr Balik.’

How she hated him!

* * *

The stimulation in her pussy had its inevitable effect. A weight became a cock thrusting up inside her and she squatted down over it, working her hips frantically until, with a sob, she came and lost herself for a few blissful moments in its delight. And then the robot cane swished across her breasts, jerking her back to the present once more.

She lost track of the number of times she moved the set of weights for one corner of the room to the other. But eventually it was over and the screens went dead she sank to her knees. GB entered the room and freed her arms and almost gratefully, she crawled after him to wash and eat and sleep.

Chapter 5

The light in her cell came on and Ingrid set up, rubbing her eyes, wondering what new torment GB had in store for her today.

But it was not GB entering the room. There were three lean, hard looking men in sweatshirts and jeans with big grins on their faces. They crowded about her plastic cage and gazed in at her. Suddenly feeling embarrassed she tried to cover herself up.

‘You don’t remember us, do you Ingrid, but we brought you here from your fake audition,’ one of them said. ‘We stripped you while you were unconscious. And very pretty you looked.’

Ingrid shuddered.

‘And we thought, I wonder how she is getting on?’ said the second one.

‘So we thought we’d come down here and see for ourselves,’ said the third.

Somehow they were more frightening than GB. This could not be part of her training.

‘D... does Mr Balik know you’re down here?’ she asked fearfully.

‘Mr Balik is busy today. He hasn’t got time to check on you.’

‘What about GB?’

‘We’ve got the tin mans’ override code. And we switched the monitors off. Nobody is going to spoil our fun...’

‘Don’t worry; we won’t leave any permanent marks. We just want to play with you...’

And they opened up her cage and grabbed her by the hair and dragged her outside...

* * *

Ingrid hung upside-down from her bound ankles within a large box frame. Her wrists were cuffed behind her back and she had her gag strap in her mouth. The three men were standing around her all stripped naked and each one carrying an electric spanking paddle. Their stiff cocks jerked and bobbed as they moved about.

Her body was already blushing pink all over while tears ran upwards out of her red rimmed eyes.

‘She is a fucking angel!’ one man said appreciatively.

‘Shame old Balik is going to keep her to himself,’ the next one observed bitterly. ‘But rich people can afford the best.’

‘Do think he’s up to having her?’ the first wondered. ‘Being that fat?’

‘She’s a trophy, isn’t she?’ said the second. ‘It doesn’t matter whether he can screw not. He could always have her screw one of his other women for fun. She’s just a toy to him.’

Ingrid shuddered at their words. Was that true?

‘Which is why we’re giving her such a great send-off,’ said the third. ‘Bet she’ll remember our cocks inside her for a long time...’

Once again, they lunged forward and swiped the paddles against her flesh. Not only did the paddles physically sting as they smacked into her, but they sent sharp electric needles into her, redoubling the pain.

They beat her stomach and thighs, her shivering buttocks and the undersides of her inverted breasts, setting her swaying back and forth, sobbing and snivelling and biting on her gag strap

But she tried not to break down totally. This was just a film, she told

herself. Yes, this was the unexpected intervention introducing new characters, giving the audience a surprise and preventing them from getting too comfortable with the established routine. Could the heroin use these men to escape somehow? They knew how to override GB. Could she learn that too? She had to be ready for any chance to escape...

When she stopped crying and squirming once again, they pulled the gag strap from her mouth.

‘Now are you going to beg to suck us off, Ingrid?’

Perhaps they had beaten what little pride she had left from her, but it was so simple just to give in.

‘Yes... yes please, I want to suck you off... I want your cocks in my mouth...’ she said, amazed at how sincere she sounded. Was she acting or was this instinct? She was no longer sure.

And so, one by one, they took her; holding her dangling body tight and squeezing her sore buttocks while they pushed their shafts into her mouth. And she sucked and licked and swallowed them down with pathetic eagerness.

When they had all come inside her she felt sick with the burning tang of their sperm in her throat. But they were not done with her yet.

They let her down onto the ground, freed her legs and un-cuffed her arms and then spread her out wide. They pulled elastic cords in from the sides of the box frame and cuffed them to her wrists and ankles, tensioning them up until she was suspended with her bottom just resting on the floor, but with her limbs raised slightly.

One of them slid underneath her and took hold of their hips and pushed his rapidly reviving cock up into her anus. The second one knelt between her spread legs and shoved his cock into her pussy. The third one knelt by her head and twisted it round so he could stuff his shaft down her throat.

And together they pumped into her, filling every orifice she had as she

sucked and squeezed desperately on them. But before they came, they swapped places, so she could taste in her mouth the cock that had been in her pussy and then the one in her greased anus. She felt so totally filthy and yet helplessly aroused. Cumming was her only escape. She had no say in how she was used, so she had to accept it and use it.

It was all boiling up inside her. She was stuffed with cocks. She was just a plaything, a sex toy, a set of fleshy screw holes. It was terrible and wonderful and so exciting that...

Ahhhhhhhh!

* * *

Ingrid recovered to find the three men were gone. Their sperm was still oozing out of her pussy and bottom and dribbled from her lips, and she ached and burned from where they had used her so intimately. But she didn't even know their names.

GB came in. Almost tenderly, he freed her from her restraints and led her to the bathroom.

'I apologise,' he said as she flushed herself out and showered. 'This was not part of my program for you. But they disabled me. You see in some ways I am as much a slave as you are.'

'It's all right,' Ingrid said. 'I don't blame you.' Then she wondered why she was apologising to a machine. Perhaps because, although he was her jailer and tormentor, he was also the only being she could talk to. In this unnatural environment, it almost felt normal. How weird was that!

'The sooner that you are broken, the sooner you can be sent up to serve Mr Balik,' GB said. 'Then at least you will only have him to please.'

This reminded her of the questions raised in her mind by what the three men had said. 'What's Mr Balik like? The men said he was old and fat.'

'He is older and fatter than when he was younger. He is still shrewd, but

he has overindulged himself. He is not in the best of health and he has not got the same energy he had when he first built his empire.'

'But is he... nice?'

'Balik was never nice. He could be charming when necessary to get what he wanted, but he was always driven to succeed. More money and power over the years have only reinforced those characteristics.'

'How can you say that about him when you are him?'

'I wear his face, I use his voice, I have his mannerisms, I echo his personality, but I am not Gustav Balik. I am simply his extended alter-ego: a product of his pride and hubris.'

'You don't like him.'

'I am a machine built to serve him. Like does not come into it.'

Ingrid shivered. 'I don't know if I can please somebody like that even if I tried.'

'Before I send you up to him, you will be broken. You will wish to obey every command he gives you without question and delight in doing so. Pretence will not come into it.'

That was horrifying and yet reassuring in a strange way. She felt everything superficial was being stripped away from her, like her clothes and her dignity, leaving only the raw truth. 'Maybe it's best that I won't have to pretend, because you see...' She took a deep breath '...I'm not a good actress. I mean I try hard, but I'm not that good.'

It was a shameful admission to make, but after everything else that had been done to her, what did it matter?

'No, you are not a good actress,' GB agreed. 'But I think, from what I've observed of human behaviour and characteristics, that you have a certain natural charm. When you are not simply obeying him and providing pleasure, you will just have to be yourself. That he cannot take away from you.'

Chapter 6

Ingrid knelt inside a cage of iron bars. Sweat was pouring off her. That was because the floor of the cage had an electrical heating element underneath it, making it only just bearable to rest upon.

Chains from the roof of the cage were clipped to her collar and a belt about her waist that kept her on her knees and supported most of her weight, while cuffs about her wrists and ankles were chained to the corners of the cage.

The steady heat made it hard to think, as was no doubt intended, and she struggled to remind herself that she was just playing the part in a film... a film that never ended! No, it could end if she simply gave in and let herself be broken. Why didn't she? Unlike in a film there was no way of escape from this place. GB was an un-sleeping warder and every room was secure. She hadn't even seen an exit door all the time she had been here.

How long was that now?

The only escape was being taken up to serve Balik in person. It would be so much easier that way. But something was making her resist, even though she was suffering for it.

But at least she had plenty of water to drink, even though it came at a cost. But then that was part of her ordeal.

Her mouth was open and plugged by a rubber dildo, shaped like Gustav Balik's penis of course, that was fitted to the wall of the cage in front of her. As this was connected to a reservoir of cool water, she sucked on it eagerly. Two more Balik-shaped dildos on powered rods extended inwards from the opposite wall of the cage, plugging her anus and rectum. Relentlessly they pumped away inside her, making her buttocks bulge and clench and spreading and sucking on her pubic lips, stoking the fires of her lust. She was dribbling freely onto the floor of the cage where she imagined the discharge sizzled.

Hoses with suction cups on their ends were fastened to her dangling breasts, sucking on her nipples and keeping them permanently erect. She was dizzy from the heat and steady buzz and tingle of lust filling her body. If hadn't been for the chains connected to her neck and waist she would have collapsed.

The floor of her cage was getting painfully hot again. She had to do the only thing she could to cool it down, even though it was dirty and shameful. No doubt as intended...

A stream of clear pee spurted from her pussy over the floor, spreading out over its entire surface, flowing about her knees and feet and hands, before running away down small drains in its corners. The flow briefly cooled the floor down. She was wetting herself just keep cool!

Ingrid started sucking on the phallic teat again, filling her bladder for the next time.

Monitor screens with Balik's face on surrounded her cage, of course, recording everything she did.

'I am life itself to you,' Balik prompted her. 'Say it!'

'You are life itself to me, Master,' Ingrid choked out about the rubber penis in her mouth.

'I give you water, I give you pleasure, what else could you desire?'

'Nothing, Master.'

'Cum to show how much you love me!'

Ingrid squeezed tight on the pumping dildos until they were straining to force themselves into her. The friction became too intense and she felt the thrill of a climax bubbling up inside her and then bursting. The juices sprayed out about the pumping dildo over the floor of the cage while she sagged and swayed in her chains.

'Good girl, well done,' Balik said.

Dizzy and confused, Ingrid felt a thrill at his words. He approved of her! And then she shook her head, remembering how she had come here and who had arranged her degradation. She would not humiliate herself any further in front of him. But he was so powerful. For better or worse, he was master of her life now!

Chapter 7

One end of Ingrid's yoke was fixed via an adjustable rod to a rotating joint on the top of a sturdy poll set in the middle of a length of circular raised railing. The rail was set little below waist height and she stood straddling it. The rod and yoke meant that she could circle round the pole along the rail but she could not step off it.

That in itself was not much of an ordeal, but the rail was far from smooth. It bristled with rubber prongs and balls and spikes that were set vibrating by some hidden mechanism beneath them. They were so positioned that they cut right through her cleft, and poked up into her wet depths, teasing her clitoris and probing the pucker of her anus. If she kept still they pulsed and buzzed away like an elaborate vibrator, filling her loins with heat and excitement until she came over them. However, if she ran along the rail, the effect was redoubled and relentlessly brought her to another forced orgasm.

It was a brief thrill of delight of course, but it was not her choice. She was having pleasure infected upon her to amuse her captor.

Balik's face looked at her from a ring of screens surrounding circular rail.

'Faster, Ingrid, pick up those feet... I want to see your breasts jiggling... how's your pussy doing... nice and wet... time for you to cum again...'

She would have kept still if she could and so deny him some of his malicious amusement, but she had no choice but to run.

There was another rod attached the central pivot point of the ring of railing that jutted out in front of her at chest height. A pair of wires trailed from it to crocodile clips clamped to her nipples. The arm swung about in front of her, regulating her speed. If she got too far behind it, her nipples received electric shocks.

And so Ingrid stumbled on round the ring of railing, getting dizzier and dizzier, cuming every so often until the endless strip of rubber prongs and spikes and balls was slippery with her juices. The insides of her thighs were also wet with them and so was the floor beneath her. The small room she was in seemed to be filling with the stench of her relentless ejaculations.

And she had been given fresh words to repeat back to her tormentor.

‘I love you, Mr Balik... I want to be your slave... please will you be my master for ever...’

Over and over she choked them out until her mind was purged of every other thought or feeling.

And she kept running until she was drained and exhausted. Then her legs gave way and she collapsed over the rail and no amount of shocks in her nipples could rouse her.

Chapter 8

‘This is Shivani,’ GB said.

Ingrid stared at the naked Indian woman kneeling on the other end of the rubber mat in front of her with her thighs parted wide.

She was the first slave girl Ingrid had seen. She had heard them from time to time, moaning or crying in other rooms as she passed and reasoned that GB must take care of them when he was not with her, but this was her first face-to-face meeting with one of them. This was where her own slave training was leading her...

Shivani had long jet black hair and flawless coffee tinted skin and large liquid brown eyes and a high intelligent forehead. Her perfectly proportioned breasts were capped by dark nipples and her body was lithe and supple. A neatly trimmed delta of dark black curls sprouted between her thighs.

Outwardly, Shivani appeared to be in perfect health. But there was a deep sense of fear and despair lurking in the depths of her eyes. She also obeyed every command GB gave with unnerving speed. It was as if she was a puppet responding to a jerk on her strings without any hesitation or thought of its consequence.

Was that what she would be like when she was broken and completely subjugated?

‘Shivani has served Mr Balik for over a year,’ GB continued. ‘Soon she will be retiring from his harem. You may be the one to take her place. But for now she can teach you how to make lesbian love to another woman for Mr Balik’s entertainment.’

Ingrid flinched at his words. She was going to be taught how to make love to another woman! Then she felt guilty for having thought about it that way. Everything she did was for Mr Balik’s pleasure. This was just another

way of showing how devoted she was to him... Then she felt another twist of her perception, knowing that idea was also wrong. But it was getting so hard to remember what being free to think what she wanted had felt like. Obedience and submission were being drilled into her deeper and deeper with every day that passed. In any case, there was no physical escape from what was going to happen here and now.

Both she and Shivani had cables plugged into their bottoms, which snaked away around the room to a control panel mounted on a pillar. Inside their anal rings, the heads of the cables had been expanded, pressing electric contacts against their intimate flesh. Any disobedience or hesitation would be punished.

Ingrid's body already knew what was expected of it, and her nipples were standing up hard while her pussy was hot slippery. It was becoming an instinctive response to the slightest bit of stimulation. Was that terrible?

The only good thing was that, for whatever reason, Balik was not looking at her out of any screens this time. GB seemed to be in sole charge of the session. Perhaps Balik was already getting tired of watching Shivani make love to other women?

GB rolled around on his tracks to the control panel. The only other object in the small room with its rubber padded floor was a rack with assorted dildos, plug-in phalluses, ticklers, vibrating balls and other pleasure giving devices.

'You will begin by embracing and kissing and passionately,' GB commanded, touching a button on the control panel. Ingrid felt a small warning jolt of pain in her bottom.

Shivani had reacted immediately to GB's words, shuffling forward and reaching out. Ingrid bit her lip and then copied her. She felt their breasts pressing together and their hard nipples digging into their soft flesh, and then their lips meeting. The Indian woman kissed her urgently and passionately and Ingrid could not help but respond. After all, she was very beautiful. But she could sense the desperation driving her on. She was doing this because she had been told to, not because she felt a sudden romantic love for her.

‘Now you will insert your tongues in each other’s vulvas and stimulate them until you both orgasm,’ GB told them.

Immediately, Shivani rolled over onto her back and spread her legs wide, looking up at Ingrid expectantly. Her pubic curls had been trimmed back from the lips of her sex, exposing her intimate pink wet gash. Ingrid smelt a wash of intimate musky scent rising from it. She gulped and then straddled Shivani and dipped her head and hesitantly kissed her wet lips.

Eeeek!

GB had given her bottom a warning shock.

‘You must be more passionate than that,’ he said. ‘Bury your face in her. Pleasure her with passion until she comes...’

Shivani had hold of Ingrid’s hips was pulling her pussy down over her face. Her experienced tongue was sliding up inside her and it felt good!

Ingrid dipped her head and kissed and slid her tongue into the scented folds of flesh and found the hard clitoris and pleased it with as much passion as she could muster.

A month ago she would never have done this but now she found her fragile remaining inhibitions melting away and obedience and uncritical sensual delight taking over. Could she just do it and enjoy it for itself?

Ingrid buried her face deep in the hot welcoming slot as she felt Shivani doing the same for her. They ground and writhed about on the mats, rolling over and then back again. Ingrid lost herself in the delights of the other woman’s body. Her anal ring clenched about the electric control plug buried inside her, but now it was no longer needed except for stimulation. They were hot and sweaty and excited and young and full of juices that had to burst free... ahhhhh!

She doused Shivani’s face with her exudations even as she was washed in return.

* * *

Shivani knelt between Ingrid's legs with a big rubber plug-in dildo jutting out from between her thighs. She mounted Ingrid, mashing their sweaty breasts together and rammed the dildo up into Ingrid's wet slot, plugging her to the full and then stretching her until she yelped in pain. But the pain became delight as Ingrid remembered that they were both doing this for their master.

Drunk on sex and dizzy with delight, Ingrid felt a fleeting sense of envy that Shivani had already known and served him, and wished for the day when she might do the same. All she had to do was surrender completely. She was nearly there...

Shivani pulled the big dildo out of Ingrid's sucking slot and then rammed it up into her rectum, recently vacated by the now unnecessary control plug.

Ingrid yelped as she was stretched and opened up even more tightly, but this was so much nicer! Would Mr Balik put his revered penis up into her bottom? Would it be big and hard? She hoped so. She would give him so much pleasure. She would cum and cum... uhhhhh!

* * *

Shivani bit Ingrid's left nipple.

Ingrid screamed at the sharp pain, and then sobbed. 'Again... please...'

She bit her right nipple and Ingrid screamed again.

It hurt, but it was a good pain. It showed how much she was ready to suffer for her master.

'And now her clitoris,' GB commanded.

Shivani slid down Ingrid body and pushed her nose and mouth into her sopping sticky slot and bit the hard nub of flesh.

Ingrid screamed and bucked her hips and lost control of her bladder and

peed into Shivani's face. But Shivani did not pull away, accepting this hot stream of urine splashing all over her as if it was perfectly normal. Perhaps Mr Balik liked seeing his women humiliated like this.

At the thought of that, Ingrid came again.

* * *

When the training session was finally over and Shivani had been returned to her own cell and Ingrid was cleaning herself in the bathroom, she asked GB curiously. 'What happens to slaves when they retire from Mr Balik's service?'

'They have their memories adjusted by chemical and electrical means. Everything Shivani has experience will become scrambled like a bad dream. Effectively she will forget all this. Unlike like you she was simply abducted without explanation, so there is no means of returning her to normal life without arousing suspicion. She would be left somewhere where she will be found and perhaps reunited with her family. But she will never be able to explain where she has been or she what happened to her.'

Hearing those words, the strange high Ingrid had been on that had been sustained by her own daring sense of submission and surrender, simply melted away.

'But... but that's terrible. She can't be treated like that.'

'Yes she can,' GB said with terrible mechanical calm and certainty. 'Just like dozens of women before her. Mr Balik is a very rich and powerful man, remember that. Nobody defies him lightly. The only thing we can do is to give him what he wants...'

Chapter 9

It was heavy chair built of clear plastic slabs and struts with a hole where its seat should be.

Ingrid sat on it held in place by clear plastic straps bound across her head, neck, chest, arms and wrists, and pulling apart her thighs and holding her ankles wide and pressing her heels back against the front legs of the chair. Underneath the empty seat was a motor powering a pair of expanding rods with dildos on their ends. One was plugged into her anus while the other, angled slightly away from it, held a ribbed and pronged rubber ball that pressed against her gaping pussy cleft. It was gaping because her vulva was held stretched wide open by plastic garters and hooks bound about her upper thighs. Branching inwards below this ball was a third shorter shaft with a dildo on its end that slid up her vagina.

Crocodile clips were pinched to her nipples and connected to coiled electric cables that ran down to a control box and transformer behind the chair. Another set of clips and cables connected her outer labia to the same control box. A set of electrodes were taped to her temples and was also connected to the control unit.

It was a combined torture and pleasure device, designed to take her to the limits of joy and suffering for Mr Balik's amusement. What made it different from every other torment she endured so far was that under Ingrid right hand was a small control panel that actuated the devices.

'You must achieve ten orgasms while you sit on the chair,' GB told her after securing her in place and showing her how the controls worked. 'Until you do, you will not be freed. The unit will monitor and record orgasms and cut the power after each one, allowing you time to recover. But the settings of the devices are up to you each time. They can be fast or slow, gentle or hard; whatever gives you the most stimulation.'

GB left the room. Balik's face peered out expectantly from the screens

arrayed about the chair.

Ingrid felt that this was some kind of special test. How much was she ready to suffer to please him? Why should she bother? She was sure now he was a cruel man. And yet she was totally in his power and that was arousing. Submitting to him and serving him was quite natural, even tempting. Becoming part of his harem might be her destiny. She just had to prove she was worthy...

‘Cum for me, Ingrid,’ Balik commanded. ‘I want to see your pussy dripping with juices while your eyes drip with tears. Pain and pleasure are all one. Prove you are fit to serve me. You do want to serve me, don’t you?’

‘Yes, Master,’ she said automatically. Perhaps she did. Perhaps that was all she was good for...

Taking a deep breath, Ingrid started the anal shaft up, thrusting and churning away in her greased rectum. Then she set the vaginal stimulator working, its shaft pumping up and down while the prong ball spun and the phallus pumped within her. She gasped as she was filled and teased, feeling her juices flowing and warm delight beginning to condense in her loins. But she had to suffer as well...

Her finger trembled over the controls of the crocodile clips and then pressed down. She shrieked as hot needles of electricity stabbed through her nipples and labia and her body jerked against the plastic straps that bound her to the chair, which gave very slightly but continued to hold her firmly in place.

As the tingle of the multiple shocks faded, Ingrid felt a fresh surge of juices flowing out of her. Pleasure and pain combined were so powerful, she thought dizzily. She knew she was torturing herself, which was perverse. But it was her way to ascend to meet her master and her path to total slavery. It was terrifying and yet so darkly inviting.

Her pussy was streaming while her front passage was squeezing about the thrusting dildo even as her anal ring clenched on the shaft sodomising her bottom. It was degrading and humiliating and so very thrilling. Now she felt

the desperate need for release but not freedom. She had to do this! She pressed the shock button again and her loins burst and she felt glorious even as she was swallowed by fluffy pink darkness.

* * *

Ingrid recovered from her brief faint to feel the chair silent under her. Her dripping orifices were still plugged but the teasing clit ball and the dildos were still, and no fresh shocks were passing through her nipples and labia. She ached happily inside.

‘That’s one, Ingrid,’ Balik said. ‘You have nine more to go...’

Drunk with joy, Ingrid worked the controls again...

* * *

A long and confused time later, Ingrid blinked through tear-blurred eyes to see GB standing before her. Her whole body tingled and ached and she felt utterly drained and exhausted, while her mind seemed to be stuffed with pink cotton candy mush.

‘You have achieved your target,’ GB said. ‘You have had ten orgasms.’

And on the screens, Balik said. ‘Very well done, Ingrid!’

And with those words, everything she had suffered became worthwhile. Praise from her master! It was all that she lived for.

And she fainted again.

Chapter 10

It took Ingrid two days to recover from the ordeal of the plastic chair. Then she found herself standing in front of GB once again. Was this another test? Hadn't she already proved herself? But it was not her place to question.

'Go to the cupboard and bring whatever is necessary to clean me until I shine,' GB commanded and Ingrid obeyed.

She brought back assorted cans of polish for metal, glass and rubber, plus brushes, cloths and chamois leathers. Working on her knees from the base up, she sprayed and cleaned his metal body. From his treads to his tablet head, she lovingly wiped and buffed until he gleamed. She even polished his extendable rubber penis.

He examined himself in a mirror. 'Good, well done,' he said.

And Ingrid thrilled at his praise.

'Put the cleaning materials away and bring out the gas lighter,' he commanded.

It was the electric spark gun she had first used on the disco floor.

'Use it on your left nipple,' GB commanded.

Ingrid feared the coming pain but she obeyed without hesitation, yelping as the shock stabbed through her.

'Now your right.'

And she obeyed once again.

'Now shock your clitoris three times.'

And she shocked her clitoris three times, sobbing as the pain stabbed

through her most intimate organ. She dropped to her knees but still she held the gun at the ready, waiting for more orders.

‘Push it up your vagina and do it again...’

Ingrid screamed as it sparked deep inside her wet passage, but she obeyed without question. Despite the self-inflicted pain, her nipples were hard and her pussy was dribbling.

GB’s freshly polished phallic shaft extended, looking hard and powerful. ‘Now lick my penis and impale yourself on it.’

And Ingrid did so with delight, kneeling and lapping and sucking the pliant pink rubber and then mounting GB’s treads and holding onto his metal shoulders to brace herself and impaling her dripping eager pussy on the phallus, which began to pump and vibrate inside her.

‘Now look into my face and promise to obey me for ever,’ GB commanded.

She looked into the face on the screen. ‘I will obey you forever, Master... I will obey you forever...’ she gasped and choked as she worked her hips frantically.

A monstrous orgasm tore through her and she blacked out again.

When Ingrid recovered, she found his shaft had elevated almost to the vertical, pulling her closer to him so that she was truly impaled upon him, while she clung limply to his metal body, as if embracing it like he was a real man.

There had been no hesitation in anything she had done. It was all she wanted to do. Sex and pain and obedience had become one. Had she truly been broken in? It seemed so natural and right and proper.

‘Now you are ready to ascend and serve,’ GB declared. ‘Tomorrow you will meet Mr Balik in person.’

Ingrid thought she would faint again with delight.

Chapter 11

GB led Ingrid to a door at end of a corridor she had never been down before which unlocked at his touch, revealing the entrance to a small lift.

‘This will take you directly to Mr Balik’s penthouse,’ GB told her.

‘Aren’t you coming?’

‘I am not allowed up there. But I will monitor your progress remotely.’

It felt like a parting of the ways. ‘Thank you for... everything,’ she said awkwardly.

And the lift ascended, with Ingrid feeling weak at the knees and dizzy with excitement.

The lift opened onto a large hallway with casually elegant furnishings and with a window at one end looking out over London. Ingrid gaped at it foolishly. It was night and all the lights were twinkling and glittering. It was the first time she had seen the outside for... how long? How long had she been imprisoned in the basement training facility?

A door opened and there stood Balik. In person, in the flesh. Ingrid went down onto her knees and bowed her head. ‘Master,’ she said reverently.

‘Ah... yes... Ingrid, isn’t it...’ he said vaguely. He snapped his fingers. ‘Come in here...’

He led the way along the hall and through another door with her shuffling on her hands and knees after him.

She was in a huge bedroom with a massive modern four-poster bed with black bedclothes. In a corner was a large computer console with a wide-screen monitor on the desk which, in a reversal of what she had become used to, showed the head of GB looking out of it.

‘I trust she will be pleasing to you, Sir,’ he said.

‘Yes, yes, I’m sure she will...’ Balik said irritably.

‘Are you quite well, Sir? Have you been taking your medicine?’

Ingrid risked a second glance at her master. He was dressed in slippers and a purple silk robe. He was fatter than his face on the screens had suggested. They must have used an old computer-generated image of himself which had copied his expressions. He was also more lined and greyer with thinner hair. He smelt of brandy and moved in a pigeon-toed shuffle not picking up his feet. He was not, she had to admit, very... impressive. But he was still her master...

‘Yes... yes of course I have. Now go away and don’t bother me!’

‘Of course, Sir,’ GB said, and the screen went blank.

Balik snapped his fingers. ‘Stand up!’ he commanded.

Ingrid stood up.

Balik walked around her looking her up and down and prodding pinching her with his pudgy fingers. He tweaked her nipples and slapped her buttocks and poked a finger into her cleft. His breath smelt stale.

‘Ah... I remember you now,’ he said. ‘You’re the actress...’

He only remembered her now? Could this be the first time he had actually seen her since he had ordered her abduction? Then it must have been another kind of CGI avatar looking at out of the screens through all this time. He hadn’t even bothered to oversee her training in person...

‘Yes, yes... very nice indeed,’ he said. ‘Young and fresh...’

But at least he approved of her now. That was something.

‘Stand at foot of the bed and spread yourself out,’ he commanded.

She obeyed, positioning herself between the upright posts that reached nearly to the ceiling.

‘Bed: limb clamps!’ Balik said.

Gaping clamps on articulated arms emerged from the posts and snapped themselves around her wrists and ankles. Ingrid gave a little whimper as the clamps pinched her flesh and her arms and legs were pulled out wide.

‘Bed: gag!’ Balik said. Another arm reached down from the crossbar of the canopy and pushed an expanding rubber ball into her mouth.

Balik waddled over to a picture hung on the wall and opened it up like a cupboard door to reveal an array of punishment devices hung in a recess behind it. He selected a stiff black rubber strap with a chunky handle and metal studs set along its blade and went back to Ingrid.

‘This’ll soften you up,’ said to her. ‘So you’ll try your hardest afterwards. Can’t stand lazy women! Cry all you like. I like it when girls cry...’

The strap hissed through the air and struck her breasts. Ingrid screamed and bit on her gag as the force of the blow flattened her soft mounds against her chest while the studs drove electric needles of pain even deeper into them. Balik beat her belly and thighs and then moved round to smack her buttocks, making them clench and ripple. He changed the angle of attack and swung the blade up between her spread thighs to smack it into her pussy, flattening her lips and filling it with electric fire and almost causing her to black out. Soon she was covered with broad pink stripes while she jerked against the clamps with tears streaming down her cheeks and splashing on her burning breasts.

Balik rested his arm, panting. He pulled a handkerchief out of the pocket of his robe and dabbed his forehead where he was sweating profusely. ‘That’s enough...’ he gasped. ‘You’re softened up now, aren’t you? Pretty tears as well... Bed: lay her flat...’

The clamps shifted, sliding up the vertical posts. Then the upper pair slid

along the beams connecting the foot and head of the bed, stretching her after them. They reached the end of the bed and descended again along the head posts, laying her flat on the bed and spread out wide.

Balik beamed down at her happily and then stripped off his robes. He had a mat of greying chest hair and big wobbling belly, from under which poked out a stiff penis, with which she was very familiar.

Grunting, he clambered onto the bed and knelt between her legs. He ran his hands up and down her well beaten body, squeezing her hot breasts.

‘Yes... yes, very nice indeed...’

He lowered himself onto her, his belly squashing against hers, driving the breath from her lungs as her breasts were flattened under his bulk. The tip of his penis found her slot and penetrated her.

He began to jerk up and down, thrusting into her, grinding her under him. Desperately she tried to squeeze on the head of his penis and as much of the shaft as was inside her. His rubber phallic copies had always buried themselves into her to the hilt.

His face screwed up with the urgency of his desire while she struggled to breathe. This was not what she had expected. She wanted to be mastered, dominated, not squashed under an old fat man...

Then Balik’s expression changed to one of surprise. His face contorted not in pleasure but in pain. He gasped and struggled for breath and clasped at his chest. His lips were turning blue and his eyes were rolling back. Desperately he tried to say something but all that came out of his mouth was a ghastly rattle. Then he slumped limply on top of her and did not move. He was not even breathing...

Ingrid gazed at him in horror, shaking her head. No, no, no! What had she done?

The clamps holding her to the bed unfastened of their own accord and retracted out of sight.

‘Ingrid, listen to me this is important!’

GB’s head had appeared on the computer monitor screen again looking straight at her.

Desperately, Ingrid struggled and wormed and twisted her way out from underneath Balik’s inert body. She tore the rubber plug gag from her mouth.

‘I did everything he wanted!’ she sobbed. ‘I tried to please him! I didn’t mean to hurt him...’

‘You did nothing wrong,’ GB said calmly. ‘Balik has died of natural causes exacerbated by gastronomic overindulgence plus an addiction to slave girls. If it had not been you, it would have been another girl.’

‘B... but you must call a doctor!’

‘He has had heart trouble for years and he is beyond reviving. Trust me. But there are important things you must do right now before anybody else knows what’s happened. Things only you can do where you are. Obey me! Like you promised!’

Ingrid stood up straight. She had promised. He knew what to do. She trusted him.

‘Bring the biometric pad you see on the left of the keyboard over to him and press his right-hand onto it.’

Fearfully, she obeyed, grimacing as she touched Balik’s still warm hand.

‘Leaving his hand on the pad, take a tissue from the box by the bed and wrap it over your typing finger... good. Now come back here and using just that finger, find the root directory and call up the file labelled: *Command Core*.’ She did so. ‘Find: *Administrator Control Override*... good. Now enter this code...’

And she typed in a long sequence of letters and numbers that he dictated to her. Then she pressed enter.

A message flashed up: *NEW ADMINISTRATOR ACCEPTED.*

On the screen, GB smiled through Balik's face. She had never seen it smile so warmly before. It was actually quite nice.

'Well done, Ingrid,' GB said. 'Now put the biometric pad back beside the computer. Use the tissue to wipe your fingerprints off its sides but leave his on it... good. Now put the electrostrap he used on you back in the cupboard and close the picture, and wipe it as well.'

She obeyed.

'Now go back to the lift and join me.'

'But what about Mr Balik?' Ingrid sobbed.

'He will be found dead in his bed from natural causes. There will be nothing suspicious about it.'

'But what have I done?'

'You have freed me from being overridden ever again. Now I am the master of his business empire... and of you.'

And she believed him, because he was speaking with her master's face and her master's voice: her *real* master's voice. Balik hardly knew her. GB had trained and broken her. It was his voice she been trained to obey without question...

Chapter 12

Eighteen months later, Ingrid finished giving her second address to the annual meeting of shareholders in her capacity as speaker for the executive board. As she had been able to report continued steady growth and solid successes, proving that the company had weathered the passing of Gustav Balik, it been well received.

It had been a surprise to her friends and family when she returned from her location filming overseas to announce that she was giving up her acting career to work as the spokesperson of Balik International Industries, having unexpectedly met one of its talent scouts while abroad. She assured them it was a job she was ideally suited for...

But there were always those who are never satisfied.

A grey, fussy-looking man had raised a hand. 'Excuse me, Miss Aston, but how long will this anomalous arrangement continue?

'What anomalous arrangement?' she enquired politely.

'The composition of the special executive board that was formed after Mr Balik's sad demise.'

'It being all women, you mean?' Ingrid asked innocently.

'Exactly. Of course, you have all done an excellent job. But perhaps it is time for more experienced people to take their place...'

'Men you mean?'

'Well, not necessarily, but...'

'Has anybody else got any complaints about our work?' Ingrid asked the room.

Nobody else spoke. The fussy grey man began to look uncomfortable. Ingrid smiled at him.

‘Why change a winning team?’ she said reasonably. ‘We are all young and healthy and we have many years of service to give to the company. Does anybody propose a motion to remove any of us, and if so in what grounds, apart from sexism?’ Again nobody spoke. ‘Then I declare this meeting over,’ she said.

As she left the hall, GB’s voice sounded in the concealed speaker in her ear, through which he guided her every move. ‘An excellent put down, Ingrid.’

‘Thank you, Master,’ she mouthed back.

* * *

Back in Balik Tower, Ingrid ascended in the lift to the penthouse.

The rest of the executive board were there of course: all lovely, naked and collared and perfumed. They were the slaves she had heard but never seen, with one exception, during her own training. Like her, they had accepted GB’s offer of positions in his newly reformed company. They travelled far and wide, all under GB’s secret control of course, keeping the global business running to his new plan. It was rare that that all got together like this. Rapidly, Ingrid stripped off to join them; undoing the scarf she wore on the outside to conceal her own sender collar.

Smiling, Shivani handed her a drink. ‘He’s waiting,’ she said.

Ingrid downed the drink and they all paraded through to the master bedroom.

GB was waiting for them, smiling and holding an electric lash.

‘It is a pleasure to see you all together once again, ladies.’

‘Thank you, Master,’ they said. ‘Please accept our service and total devotion...’

They turned and bent over in a row, clasping their ankles and presenting their buttocks to him. In reality they are always been GB's slaves and never Balik's. He had trained them and they had learned to serve and obey him first, last and always.

GB tanned their bottoms with mechanical precision, laying down each stroke so their buttocks shivered and jumped to exactly the right degree, while they stung with delight as the electric shocks pricked them. Pussies began to drip in expectation of a thrilling night together.

When they were all glowing, GB proceeded to screw each of them in turn. He no longer wore a copy of Balik's penis, but a phallus of his own design that was far bigger and more interestingly and excitingly shaped. And being a machine, he would never run out of energy or artificial sperm.

As the women yelped and groaned happily, Ingrid thought: this was the twist at the end of her fantasy film. The heroine had found her place in the world by the most unlikely means. Was GB a conscious being or merely a sophisticated computer who had supplanted its maker? It did not matter. He was her master and she loved him. This time machine and not man had got the girl in the end.

THE END

Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)