

Chapter 1: An Evening Shower

Summer's body was warm and sweaty from the evening's workout, her muscles stretched out. The cheerleader outfit felt good, the skirt nice and short, showing off her tight, hard butt, and her long legs, while the top was snug against her breasts. She jumped up onto the seats around the edge of the football ground, spinning around to see the other cheerleaders, all of them looking up at her nervously.

'Amber! You need to work harder, I saw you not doing the twists properly! And you, Brianna – your hair is a dirty mess. While I am head cheerleader, then everyone needs to live up to *my* standards. Or face the consequences!' She smiled down at them, enjoying their cold, forced smiles, a few of them shivering in fear. 'If you disappoint me, then you will be punished. Tyler, did you enjoy your naked laps? I know that the football team did.'

The woman flushed, hunching her shoulders as she flushed, looking away and mumbling something.

'What was that? I didn't hear you.'

'Yes, Summer. Thank you for assisting me.' The sheer bitterness in her words made Summer smile, at the caged-up hatred. The silly slut had been given her chance to improve, failed, and so had needed to be punished! If nothing else, it had improved her athletics, and shown her that she could run faster, if she really needed to. And having everyone leer at her had suddenly seemed to provide a good incentive to be as fast as possible, before begging, on her knees, to be allowed clothing.

'Good. You all know to be polite and obedient. Just the way it should be! One last cheer.' She raised her arm in the air, watching as they moved into position, some of the weaker ones straining to keep moving, pushed to their breaking point. But they knew what to do, and feared the consequences for not doing it, settling into the starting positions, all of them posed, hands on hips. Behind them, she could see the setting sun, long shadows cast over the football ground.

They moved with fluid grace into the routine, fixed smiles on every face, bleached and crimped hair flicking and flying around. Summer kept the beat with her foot, watching as two cheerleaders launched into handsprings, catapulting themselves across the space. Behind them, the rest of the cheerleaders twisted around, one of their number getting thrown upwards, caught on crossed arms and then bounced to the ground.

'So you're not entirely useless! That's good – maybe we might win state this year. If none of you screw up again.' She jumped off the raised seats, reaching forward and grabbing the nearest one, squeezing at a breast through the tight top. 'If not, you'll be showing this off!' The woman gulped in fear, Summer able to feel her shivering. She brought her hand back, enjoying

how the cheerleader flinched away, clearly expecting a slap, before she lightly stroked their cheek, still warm from the routine.

‘Once I’m done, then the rest of you miserable sluts can wash yourselves.’

She snapped her fingers, and they formed up, before she turned away. The first right to the showers was *hers* and hers alone – once she was done, then all the other sluts could take their turns, but she refused to share!

As she stepped into the locker room, she frowned. Something was wrong – what was it? The air was humid, and she could hear the thrumming of the water pump. Anger surged through her veins – what stupid bitch dared to use the showers? She gestured at her followers. ‘Go and drag her out! I don’t care if you get your uniforms wet!’

The three at the front looked at each other, before obeying, stepping into the communal shower room. There were several splashes and a yelp of surprise and fear, before the cheerleaders returned, their outfits now wet, partially transparent and sticking to their bodies. Two of them were dragging another young woman, completely naked and struggling, her arms pinned to her sides.

Summer stalked forward, bringing her arm back and then slapping the woman full across the face, all her annoyance and irritation in a single strike, hard enough to turn her head, black hair slicking across shoulders. She yelped in pain, still trying to struggle free.

‘You stupid bitch.’ She slapped them again, backhanding them across the other cheek, feeling her knuckles impact against soft skin. ‘I don’t know if you’re new, or just stupid. *No-one* gets to use the showers before me. If you’re too damn stupid to learn that, then you need to be punished. Girls, drag her outside. Whenever everyone has had their showers, then she can come back in.’

‘Hey! What the fuck! You can’t do that!’

Summer slapped them again, a swift double-strike, front and back of her hand, feeling the sting of the impacts warm her hand up, feeling the thrill of inflicting pain rising through her.

‘I can do what I want. And you need to be punished. I suppose the rest of the campus will enjoy seeing you.’ She looked down at the woman’s body – slender and athletic, with tan-lines showing where her cheer outfit covered her. ‘And if you ever do something like this again, the punishment will be far worse! Now, everyone – get out, so I can enjoy my shower. And make sure she doesn’t sneak back in!’

The captive woman was still wriggling and squirming, but the cheerleaders had a firm grip of her, lifting her up as they dragged her towards the door. Summer couldn’t resist slapping at the bare, wet butt as it passed, leaving a red hand-mark on the pale skin. She stared at them before all the cheerleaders left, then stripped off her own cheerleader outfit, padding into the room.

The floor was already wet, water still streaming down, hot and steamy. Stupid bitch! Everyone knew that the shower was hers – she hated being naked in front of everyone else. And having to share the space with a load of other people just annoyed her. But the thought of that dumb bitch being shoved around, naked and fully displayed, made her feel good, enjoying the power she had.

She rubbed herself down, shower gel forming into a lather, enjoying the feeling of touching herself, taking the time to admire her own body – everyone else could wait until she was done! Firm, pert breasts, a nice and trim stomach, her body honed by hours of workouts. Summer stroked a breast, lightly running fingers around a nipple. The water streamed over her, slicking her body, making her slippery, her blonde hair falling almost to her waist, the water sticking it to her body. Massaging shampoo into the long strands took a while, but she had to make sure she looked perfect all the time.

Once it was fully shampooed, she pushed her head under the stream of water, letting it wash away the suds, her eyes tightly closed, before she swept the long strands out of her face, trying to shake the water away.

She gave her head another shake, then opened her eyes, just a crack. A gleam of darkness in front of her, just for a moment, making her blink, trying to clear her vision. She opened her left eye, just a little, everything blurry, but the shiny thing was still there. A glowing curve, shiny black flecked with water. As she squinted through the water, she could make it out more clearly – an exaggerated female figure, lean and powerful, but utterly black and shiny. No face, just a dark curve, like a statue of obsidian. It moved, a hand stretching out towards her, every finger perfectly black and shiny.

Fear trickled through her mind, and she stumbled backwards, the floor slippery beneath her feet. She still couldn't see properly, her hair half-plastered over her face, water still in her eyes. Was this one of the cheerleaders pulling some kind of sick prank? When she tore that suit off, she'd have whoever it was spanked raw, and then paraded around the entire campus, butt-naked! Although who was it? She didn't remember any of the other cheerleaders being that tall, looking down on her with that eerie, black-smooth head.

It grabbed her shoulder, fingers digging in and twisting, pulling her off-balance. She tried to lash back, aiming a slap at a shoulder, but they blocked it, her palm hitting against a taut arm, the muscles tense and hard.

She scrabbled backwards trying to get away while clearing her vision, before bumping into something. It wasn't the wall; instead it was slippery like plastic, but soft, giving slightly as she pushed herself against it. As she moved her hands against it, she felt her hands skid and slide, before encountering spikes, short and stubby, scratching against her palms.

Summer half-turned, trying to see what it was, another black, featureless face looking at her. Her fear intensified, some part of her observing the differences – this one looked more decorated, with metal spikes sticking out from the black, a red frill around the head.

She remembered herself, squaring up and staring at them, trying to ignore the slight stinging in her eyes. 'Get the fuck out! Neither of you should be in here! Get out now, and I'll go easy on you.' She tried to glance over at the locker room, to see if there was anyone there she could call on for support. Even though there shouldn't be anyone there, it would be nice to have *someone*, rather than these black-wrapped freaks.

A hand brushed against her back, slippery and smooth, making her flinch away, the touch sliding off her wet skin. A leg slid between hers, hooking around it and throwing her off-balance, making her stumble. Her shoulder bumped against the wall, touching against a pair of waterpipes, one burning hot, the other bitterly cold, making her yelp and flinch away. The sting of pain turned into anger, and she started to yell.

'Get. OUT! I don't know who set you up to do this, but I will make them pay. And the two of you as well. You're going to suffer and become my pet bitches – you're going to regret this!'

Both of them were now in front of her, making it easier to tell the differences – one pure black, utterly plain and unadorned, the other having some decoration, looking fancier and more ornate. She had been herded into a corner, so they were between her and the exit – could she make a dash for it?

Summer tried to push her feet into the floor, readying herself to make a dash forward, but it was slippery with suds, her feet skidding, leaving her off balance. The plain black one moved forward, silent and creepy, the water bouncing off their black skin, dropping into a low, stable stance themselves.

As Summer skidded, they lunged, arms spreading wide to grab at her. She tried to dodge backwards, but bumped against the wall again, the same painful hot-cold burst from touching the pipes. The thing's arms touched her, making her skin crawl – perfectly smooth, utterly inhuman, fingers curving around her arm, tight and strong.

'Get off me!' She tried to shake her arm, to get the freak off, but it was strong, fighting back against her, the other hand coming around and grabbing her as well. She was off-balance, her arm burned by the pipe, her own hair still half-blinding her, and then suddenly she was in the air, flipped upwards. Time seemed to slow as she found herself looking up at the ceiling, the showers spurting down on her. An arm wrapped around her, slowing her fall just before she slammed into the hard floor, but still hitting with enough force to wind her, the impact jarring her back. A palm slapped against her belly, making her splutter and gasp, water falling into her throat.

A weight pressed down on her hips, the creepy, slippery skin-stuff pinning her down with its weight, the one that had thrown her grabbing her arms, stretching them out to either side of her head. She could barely move, her body pinned beneath the weight, staring up at water-speckled darkness, able to see the curve of breasts from beneath.

She tried to suck in a deep breath, wanting to scream, but then black-wrapped thighs descended, falling over her mouth, cutting off the air as they clamped around her head. She

could only splutter, able to suddenly taste the stuff, chemical and plastic. The crotch started to grind over her face, allowing her only small pants of air, a burning starting to grow in her lungs. Was this some sick freak, getting off on this? Someone from another cheer-team, trying to repay a past defeat or humiliation? Or was this Megan setting something up?

The one on her hips bounced slightly, Summer able to feel the buttocks pressing into her, squashing the air from her body. A sudden, stinging pain came from her crotch, a swift slap making sparks dance in her vision. She tried to kick out, a heel smacking against the tiled floor, adding another source of pain to her body. Her hair was streaming out around her head, caught in the still-flowing water, as she desperately tried to twist her head, seeking the air she was denied.

Another pussy-slap, and her lungs burned in agony, her legs going limp. Fingers slid against her thighs, then between her legs, stroking at her crotch, making her try and shake them off. She strained with her arms, managing to lift one slightly off the ground, before it was slammed back down, jarring her wrist. The hips continued to grind against her face, a steady rhythm, the pervert clearly enjoying this.

More water trickled into her mouth, and she tried not to inhale it, feeling a finger slide into her, lubricated by the water. She grunted in anger and shame, her body compressed under the weight, still trapped and pinned.

Her arms were dragged around, both wrists being taken in a single hand. For a moment, she was able to wriggle a little, trying to get her wrists out, regaining some sense of movement, but then they were gripped, in fingers as strong as iron. The other hand clamped down against her mouth, pressing up against her nose, cutting her air off even more, her senses overwhelmed with the taste and scent. When it was removed, she instinctively opened her mouth to gasp, the black hand vanishing, returning with something white in hand.

The hand descended, shoving the white material into her mouth, and she could taste sweat, realizing that they were her dirty panties, the ones she had been exercising in.

‘Mpphhh!’ They tasted rank and gross, contaminating her mouth with the taste of sweat, getting pushed over her tongue, before the woman straddled her face again. There was no way to spit them out, and the fingers in her pussy were heating her up, her vision starting to fade at the edges. The humiliation burned her to the core, of having to taste her own grime!

The fingers continued to stroke inside of her, building up an inner heat, even as the filthy taste flooded through her mouth, and she couldn’t avoid swallowing. With the black-wrapped crotch pushing down on her, it was barely possible to breathe, even before the extra weight shoving down on her hips.

Her body started to go limp, her muscles refusing to obey her. When the woman on her face lifted herself off, all she could do was desperately inhale air, sucking it through her soiled panties, able to taste her own sweat. She tried to force herself to move, but couldn’t, reduced to laying there and aching, two fingers spreading her slit wide before removing themselves.

Neither of them had said anything, or made any sound, adding to the creepiness of the scene. The fancier one lifted their hips and then dropped down on her, forcing out the last air from her lungs. There was a tearing, pulling sound, and when she managed to turn her head, she saw that the plain black one was now holding a roll of duct-tape, pulling a strip off it.

The weight on her chest moved, coming off her, and then hands slid beneath her, flipping her over. Her hair splashed about, the water flowing over her cheeks. Before she could spit out her panties, tape wrapped over her cheeks, pushing over her lips, sealing them shut. All she could do was whimper and splutter, just about able to get the strength to raise an arm.

Strong fingers grabbed her wrists, bending them behind her back, more tape wrapping around them, pinning them together, bundling her hands into fists.

'Mphhh!' Her squeak sounded weak and pathetic, even to her, her legs getting bent back as well, ankles tapped together. A finger stroked over her soles, making her shiver, unable to control her body. She hated that, the unconscious little movements, feeling her chest constrict as the hand tickled her feet again. Then more tape bound her wrists to her ankles, forcing her into a hogtie, her belly pressed against the wet ground. Another band went over her forehead, catching her hair, pulling on her neck and bending it backwards, connecting to the tape binding her limbs.

All she could do was grunt and whine, feeling her body being forced tight and taut. A plastic-wrapped foot stamped down on her backside, pressing her down, as the shower cut off, the water droplets slowing to a trickle. She tried fighting against the tape, feeling it flex, just a little, before tightening up. The taste of her dirty panties was making her feel sick, along with the shame of having to taste her own grime.

The plain one squatted down in front of her, grabbing her hair, yanking her head back, making her neck ache. The position made the suit tighten over her crotch, enough to show the slight creases and dents of the pussy beneath, before the other hand came into view, now holding a syringe. Summer tried to twist away from it, but had no way to move, as it jabbed into her neck, shooting something into her.

There was a faint blossoming of pain, and then darkness rose up in her brain, her body going limp, supported only by the tape. She was dimly aware of hands lifting her up, her eyes closing, feeling the black-wrapped hands grope her, before falling into forced unconsciousness.

Chapter 2: Grabbed and Bagged

'You know what you need to do. You need to make sure everyone here can see that you're sorry. Otherwise who knows what the consequences might be?' Megan made her voice sweet, as she stretched her leg out, enjoying the sight of her own smooth, toned muscles.

There was a sound of resistance from in front of her, two of her minions holding down a female student, their grip strong on her arms, her mouth sealed with tape. Spelt out on the tape in bright red letters was the word "SLUT", scribbled on with lipstick.

'Hannah-slut, you know that David is off-limits – he's for Stacey. Just a simple rule, but you're such a stupid bitch that you couldn't even follow that.' She stretched her leg out, pressing her foot against Hannah's cheek, using it to turn her head. 'And so you need to learn your place. But I will accept an apology.' She leaned forward on her chair, grabbing the edge of the tape and pulling, ripping it off the woman's face, the back of it smeared with makeup, bright red where lipstick had imprinted. Other than the tape, she was naked, her clothing stripped off, breasts heaving in deep, panicked breaths.

The woman winced, hissing in pain, tears forming in her eyes, her mascara already a mess. Megan leaned back, settling comfortably onto her seat, her followers gathered around her, before stretching her leg out again.

'Well? You know what you need to do.'

They choked, making a quiet little strangled noise, before dropping their head in defeat. Lips, soft and warm, touched against the top arch of her foot, a kiss placed on her skin. She smiled, feeling a warm heat coiling up inside of her, an arousal starting to throb and beat in her special place.

'That wasn't so hard, was it?' She could feel the dry, soft kisses, just the right amount of pressure being applied, without any hint of biting or messy slobbering. 'Keep going. Remember, be respectful.' She raised her hand, feeling the weight of her stinger – a solid leather-wrapped handle and a long, thin striker, that could leave vicious welts on bare skin. Nowhere visible of course, but just a few strikes to a bare sole or squeezed breast could raise tears, without leaving anything that might cause problems. The whimpers were just a delight to hear, and getting the other girls to hold down a squealing, wriggling bitch while whipping them was a pleasure!

Although in this case, her victim was being obedient. Almost annoyingly so! The soft, gentle touches of her lips against Megan's foot was starting to arouse her, increasing the sense of pleasure from between her legs. Now she wanted to touch herself! Not that she ever would do that here, not with all the other dumb bitches watching. Her body was sacred and precious, a shrine and temple – not something for inferiors to see! Even having them lick at her most precious place, kissing her there to get her off, she kept them blindfolded.

Unable to resist herself, she moved her wrist, bringing the stinger down onto her target's back, a welt forming on tanned skin.

'Oh no, it looks like you must have tripped and pressed against something.' She struck them again. 'Such a clumsy bitch you are! Maybe you could fall on something that slides into your tight little butt?' She slid the stinger along their back, enjoying the faltering breaths puffing against her foot during the foot worship. 'I am a queen compared to you, and you should treat

me as such! Worship and adore me, or you will be punished.’ She tensed her body, feeling the delicious tightness between her legs, wanting to stroke and touch herself.

Her phone buzzed, sending a vibration through her, making her leg twitch, shoving the woman away. Before they could react, she moved her leg, shoving her foot down onto their head, enjoying the soft touch of their hair against her foot as she pulled her phone out, unlocking it.

A video started to play, and she grinned, grinding her foot down against the captives head, shoving it onto the floor. It showed a female body, tightly wrapped up in a latex body-bag and suspended from the ceiling. The person inside was conscious, Megan able to see their limbs pressing against the latex, making it stretch out before pulling them back into place. Their legs were bent backwards at the knee, preventing them kicking out, probably tied into place somehow.

A message flashed up from Amarna, another of her minions: *Got her!* It was accompanied by an address, somewhere up in the nearby hills, one of the holiday villas. She shoved her foot down again, before striking the woman with her stinger and reaching for her shoes, already pulling the sneakers on. ‘Show her how to be obedient. I’ve got something else I need to do! Just don’t leave any marks that are visible.’ These bitches were her court – if anyone was going to mark them up, it would be *her!* The thought of making them get tramp-stamps or other bitch-marks made her smile, getting wetter at the thought, as she walked away, hearing the moans of pain already.

It didn’t take long to get to her car, and then race up into the tree-studded hills, passing by small manors and holiday homes, enjoying the thrum of the powerful motor. The open top of the convertible made her hair whip around in the breeze, the sun setting, casting long shadows.

The captive in the picture was one of Summer’s bitches, her cheerleader-sluts – Megan smiled at the memory of the impact of the stinger against bare feet, carefully leaving marks her sister wouldn’t see, torturing information from the dumb bitch. That had been several months ago – long enough for the woman to have found something else out, at least if she knew what was good for her! Except then she had run away. Megan would have to devise some special punishment for that – something horrible, painful and that wouldn’t leave any marks! She couldn’t punish Summer, but hurting one of her bitches was still pleasurable.

She screeched to a stop outside the house – right on the end of the street, well-shielded by trees, thick enough to absorb screaming. The cheerleader-bitch’s family must own the place, as a holiday home or something, and Amarna had found out. Amarna was a good little minion – polite, obedient and willing. Megan looked around cautiously, seeing another car, a large, dark SUV, the windows tinted and opaque. If she was already captured, then Amarna had done her job – she was a good little minion, always happy to bend her knees and kiss Megan’s feet. After this, maybe she should be allowed to kiss somewhere else? A ruler should be gracious, and reward loyalty and competency - especially when obedient followers were so hard to find!

Megan circled around the house, before walking up to the backdoor and pushing it open, the thing silent. The air inside was chill, the summer heat not having penetrated into the thick walls. With the stinger still in hand, she advanced through the rooms, her head quickly scanning from side-to-side, wondering where Amarna was.

She stepped into the living room, glancing over the decorations – a thick rug on the floor in front of the fireplace, hunting trophies on the walls, along with some dull paintings. And there, now on the floor rather than suspended from the ceiling. The shape was less human-looking now, limbs bent into something like a hogtie, the head covered in dull, dark rubber, trying to crawl. Round lumps covered the ears, deafening whoever was in there.

Megan walked forward, stepping with deliberate heaviness, letting the floorboards shift beneath her, seeing as the woman-shape froze, before wriggling and straining further, trying to move away. The thing might be deaf, but could still feel, it seems. She stepped closer, then whipped the stinger down, striking the shape on the buttocks, feeling the impact run through her wrist, the suit thicker than she had expected, absorbing some of the force.

Even though the thing couldn't hear her, it was still fun to taunt. 'Stupid, dumb bitch. All you had to do was tell me what my *beloved* step-sister is up to, and then we wouldn't have had to do this. We could even have had some fun. But now I have to hurt you, until you tell me what I want to know, and I can be sure you're not lying. Or that this isn't a set-up Summer's arranged. So you're going to tell me everything, but only after I've had some fun.' The bound shape wriggled again, edges of limbs briefly visible before fading away.

Megan heard a noise behind her, half-turning. Sleek, tight darkness – shiny latex, rather than dull rubber, wrapped around two female forms, both of them powerful and curvaceous, the outfits highlighting their breasts, waists and hips. Both were beautiful, their bodies sheathed in the black second skin, their black hair the same shiny, glossy tint. One had short hair, the other long, their outfits different as well – both tight, black latex, but the long-haired one was in plain darkness, while the other had spikes accentuating her figure, along with dashes of color, red as well as the black.

'Who are you two?' Had Amarna bought them along for some reason? They looked like dominatrix's, both of them sexual and powerful. 'Where's Amarna?'

The two of them looked at each other, their faces smiling, seeming entirely relaxed. And looking down on her – they were both several inches above her, boosted even higher by heels built into their suits.

'Ah, here she is. We've been expecting you.' They approached closer, Megan trying not to feel intimidated as the long-haired one spoke. 'It was tempting to watch you have some fun, but there's going to be plenty of time for that later.'

Megan held her ground, staring back into the grey eyes of the woman, her hand tensing up on the stinger. She felt better having the thing in her grip, but she was outnumbered, and they

were both tall and powerful, seeming strong and confident. And there was the bitch crawling on the ground as well, wriggling around in the flexing, body-trapping rubber.

'We're going to get very well acquainted, but there's no hurry.' This was the short-haired one, the two now standing a little apart, Megan looking between the two of them, uncertain who they were, feeling nervous.

'If you're going to punish her, then I'll leave you to it.' She started walking around them, trying to move around the edge of the room, but they moved to block her. Her heart started to beat faster, clammy nervousness oozing from her skin.

'Oh, she will be punished. But we need to talk about you first.'

Short-hair moved forward, steady and powerful, but suddenly fast, a hand reaching out towards Megan's shoulder. She dropped her shoulder and stepped backwards, staying out of reach.

'Who are you?'

'Oh, you don't need to know those just yet, *dma'ne*. We're going to be getting very close.' The woman's smile was sharp and predatory, her body like a coiled spring, increasing Megan's feelings of nervousness. The grace she moved with, light rippling over her shiny body, was making Megan feel slow and clumsy in comparison.

'Don't you know who I am? Don't you dare mess with me! I'll have you arrested – I can get my Dad to send for the police. And they're going to handcuff you and hurt you. I bet they would like having the two of you in the cells! They'd have to give you a full cavity search, I'm sure they'd be *very* enthusiastic. Imagine a fat, massive fist, pushed right inside of you.' The two bitches wouldn't be so proud and in control then, not after what the cops would do to them – spread them out and check them in every hole, after slicing the latex suits off them. Having to spend some time locked in the cells, being leered at by everyone else would help teach them some humility as well!

Long-hair made a single bark of laughter, circling around to the side, cutting off Megan's path off escape. As short-hair reached for her again, Megan raised the stinger, using it to protect herself. She tried to flick her wrist forward, wanting to strike the woman with it, hoping that the latex suit was nice and thin, so that the impact would hurt. It sliced through the air, but then something grabbed her wrist and twisted, stopping her movement completely. She tried to pull her wrist back, but the grip was too strong, locking her arm into place, tight and painful.

She grunted, feeling the fingers bite into her muscles, trying to drag herself away. 'Let go of me! I'll have you *destroyed*! You're going to be made to fuck the whole damn police department!'

'Oh, I don't think that'll happen.' Her arm was wrenched around, forcing her to twist and spin, her own balance wobbling as she was shoved forward. The stinger was torn from her grasp, bouncing off the wall and falling to the floor. Something was in her way, warm and smooth, her hands sliding off latex.

Before she could move away, a palm slapped against her belly, knocking her backwards and winding her, knocking the air from her lungs. A black and shiny hand grabbed at her top, trying to pull the material away, making it tighten around her. Her arms flailed, shoving against the slippery body without effect, her strength sapped without air in her lungs.

A hand, inhuman and smooth, grabbed at her face, covering her mouth for a moment, fingers sliding off her cheeks as she managed to fall backwards.

'You... stupid... bitches! I'll have you ass-fucked with... with coke cans!'

Fingers grabbed her wrists from behind and pulled, twisting her shoulders and forcing her to bend over, thrusting her ass backwards. She tried to stamp down, wanting to hurt someone, but her body was held in the lock, her arms pinned into place.

Pain stung her cheek as she was slapped, a sharp strike against her face. Fear and confusion were melting her brain, her thoughts slow and confused as her face was grabbed again. She could taste the material, unpleasant and plastic on her tongue. She pressed her mouth forward, wanting to bite, but the grip tightened, holding her jaw shut. Blood started to pound in her ears, her lungs beginning to scream for air.

'You're going to be a lot of fun to work with. I wonder how much we'll be able to stretch out your cute little asshole?' The voice was mocking, fingers squeezing into her cheeks, before her other hand ripped at Megan's top. The material started to tear, sending another quiver of fear through Megan, and she mewled into the hand. It withdrew, then slapped against her cheek, hard enough to make her head turn, before her top was ripped away, the material tearing apart. Beneath she was just wearing a bra, the air suddenly cold against her.

'What nice breasts you have! But you won't need any clothing any more. You just need to obey.'

The pressure on her shoulders increased, her arms getting bent further over, forcing her to bend from the pain, her backside pressing against a latex-wrapped body.

The other woman spoke from behind her, fingers gripping tightly. 'It will be nice to train you. You're going to be a good little toy when we're done with you.' A leg slid between hers, pushing against it and breaking her balance, her arms aching as more of her weight was put onto them.

'No! Let me go!' She tried twisting her arms, but there was no give there. Another slap turned her face, her cheek flaring with pain, before hands grabbed the waistline of her jeans and yanked down. Humiliation burned through her, numbing her senses as she tried to break free again, without any success.

'Let me go! Please... I can pay!'

'Oh, we don't need your money, little Megan.'

Bent over and gasping for air, Megan couldn't even tell which one was speaking, a hand sliding between her thighs, touching against her special place through her panties.

'No! Don't touch me there!'

The finger pushed with greater force, the soft material sliding into her, violating her body.

'You're going to need to learn to be obedient. But we have time.' The fingers slid and teased again, threatening to violate her with gentle touches. With her jeans around her ankles, she couldn't move her legs enough to break free.

Hands yanked at her panties, the soft material easily ripping, cooler air sliding between her legs.

'No!' Fear surged, and she tried to break free again, without success. Her panties were torn away now, before her hair was yanked back sharply. As her mouth opened, something soft and warm was pushed in, and it was a moment before she realized that it was her underwear. She could taste them, taste herself, her own body, her sacred place, strong and pungent in her mouth, swirling over her tongue. 'Nphhhh!'

Something jabbed into her leg, a sharp throb, and she caught the glimpse of a syringe, something getting injected into her. Her body slid even further from her control, and she would have fallen if not held up. Instead, she was slowly lowered, the rug soft against her skin.

'Mphhrmmmm...' She couldn't even muster the energy for a scream, her tongue fat and heavy in her mouth, as her jeans were pulled off her legs, after her socks and shoes were stripped. Hands tore at her bra, leaving her naked, air cool against her skin, able to taste her own sweat.

'Let's get you prepared – there's a nice long trip in store for you!'

The two women looked down at her, the short-haired one putting a spiked heel against her belly and jabbing downwards, another spike of pain, as the other one stepped away. Rubber slapped and slithered as she returned, holding up a rough sack of the stuff. 'Two bagged-up slaves to train!'

Hands grabbed her limbs, pulling her into shape, and then the rubber started to get pulled onto her body. It had been powdered on the inside, letting it slither over her form, compressing her body as it slid over her. Her ankles were pulled against the back of her hips, her feet stretched out, stiff and exposed.

'Nphhh!'

'Shhh, don't worry. All you need to do is relax, and soon we'll be able to have some proper fun.' Fingers teased against her slit, gently parting her open, making her mewl as she was stroked. 'If you're a good girl, then we won't be too rough. But I suspect we might need to be firm.' A heel jabbed down again, jabbing into a breast. Then the rubber was pulled up over her hips, sealing her crotch away.

The higher it came, the more of her body was taken from her – the way it sealed and compressed her body, pressing in on her, sealing away her skin and removing her ability to move, the more her panic increased. Her right arm was taken, her hand bent around and curved against her shoulder, a thick sleeve holding it into that position, pressing down against her fingers. It crept over her belly, conforming tightly to her hips, swaddling her entirely before her other arm was bound as well.

She moaned again, feeling clammy terror-sweat over her body, chill and numbing. Hands squeezed her breasts, and then they too were swallowed up by the rubber, and then it was around her neck. And the taste of her pussy, flowing over her tongue!

‘There we go – what a lovely package!’

She was on her back, staring up at the ceiling, her limbs bound against themselves, crippled and paralyzed. Arms lifted her up, a zipper sounding out, and everything was even tighter. She tried to force her limbs to move, but they refused to obey as she was dropped, landing heavily on her back.

‘Just the hood, and then we can start moving. We’ve got a long way to go.’

The short-haired one squatted over Megan, squeezing her jaw and pushing a black rubber ball in, the thing sliding behind her teeth and expanding, filling her mouth completely, a horrible chemical taste flowing over her tongue. A padded blindfold slid over her eyes, the world going dark, as she struggled to move still, her body taken from her.

Strong hands grabbed around her body, lifting her up again, and fingers slid against her ears. Earbuds, hard and plastic, were pushed in, and she was deaf now – she could sense a vague thrumming in the air, like a distant throb, but couldn’t make out any words. The rubber numbed her skin, all her senses taken from her, as she was lifted up. A hand squeezed one of her breasts, and then a needle jabbed into her neck, filling her with loose, unwelcome darkness, embracing her as she tried to scream, mute, blinded, deaf and silenced...

Chapter 3: In-Flight Entertainment

Morrigan looked out the window, watching the sunlit clouds, clean and pure beneath them, stretching out in the seat. The space inside the plane was small, but it was only a short flight. She stood up, smiling down at the black-wrapped lumps on the floor of the plane. One of them wriggled, fingers appearing for a moment before getting dragged back.

‘Which one’s mine?’

Victoria looked up from behind her tablet, her long, latex-sheathed legs stretched out in front of her, pointing at one of the two lumps. ‘That one is Megan. It looks like they’re waking up.’

Morrigan smiled. 'Oh yes. Why waste time? We can keep them nice and confused until we're home, but there's no reason not to have a bit of fun first. It'll be fun to see the terror in their eyes, but we can start probing their bodies now. I made sure to give them low doses.'

'Remember the training we agreed to! Nothing too harsh yet, they're probably not that tough.'

'I know, I know. I'll keep mine nice and blinded – she doesn't need to see yet.' The rubber-wrapped shape was wriggling more actively now. 'Hmm, I would have thought yours would be the first to wake, I thought Summer was the sporty one?'

'We'll need to experiment more with drugs, she might just have a different tolerance. They're not actually related after all, so will react differently.'

Morrigan squatted over the lump, enjoying the sight of the barely-human shape wrapped inside, like a dull black slug. And the thought of the pretty young slave-slut wrapped up inside, ready to be trained! She reached out and touched it, grabbing the face-lump, feeling a nose beneath her palm. The lump twisted, trying to get away, the leg end bucking and twisting. From within the rubber, it would be impossible to see or hear, and it fought any attempts at movement, pulling the occupant into a bundle. The only air was from a small valve, helping to keep the occupant dazed, her lungs probably aching and burning from the oxygen deprivation.

She rolled the lump over and straddled them, grinding her own crotch against the rubber, feeling her latex suit shift around her, comfortably tight. Megan was wriggling more, straining against her rubber, Morrigan feeling hands press against her for a moment, before they were snatched away by the rubber.

'I'm going to have to make a physical regime for them – don't want them giving up on us, or fading away entirely. And Megan didn't put up much of a fight, she seemed a bit puny. I've already made up the food-mix for them.'

'Eugh, slave-goop! Well, it's got everything they need, and it'll make it easier to keep them clean. They're going to have to adjust to their bodies existing only for our pleasure, and I don't want to have to give them enemas all the time. What are you going to do to yours?'

'I want to break her pride. She's obviously used to being in charge, so she's going to need to adjust to being a slut-slave. As long as she doesn't break completely!' The wriggling beneath Morrigan was getting more intense, rubbing and grinding against her, and she ground back, enjoying the sensation of dominance, before dropping her weight, pinning Megan into place. 'What about your one – a cheerleader, right? She looked quite flexible and tough.'

'She should be – cheerleading is quite physical, so she's used to exercise and will be quite flexible. I think she'll break soon enough, though.'

Morrigan's fingers probed over Megan's body, finding her breasts, squeezing them through the thick rubber. 'They're going to be good little sluts for us.' She raised her voice. 'How much longer until we arrive?'

A flat, electronic voice sounded back from speakers in the cabin. 'Forty-seven minutes, Mistress.'

'Thanks. That's long enough to have some fun.'

She found the breathing valve and pressed her hand down against it, feeling the lump writhe with renewed vigor, but swiftly getting weaker and weaker. She withdrew her hand, hearing a pained gasp through the valve, then finding the seal of the rubber sheathe and starting to unfasten it.

The smell of sweat wafted out – the talc had formed a thin crust on Megan's skin, but even beneath the rubber she was bound, a tight harness around her body, connecting to mitten-gloves, with a black hood on her head, the only break her mouth, sealed with a plugged ring-gag. Morrigan watched as Megan wriggled around, the crust breaking off, revealing soft, sweaty skin beneath.

The thought of breaking Megan in made Morrigan heat up, a warmth starting to spark between her legs.

'Remember, nothing too rough yet! We need to work on them together.'

'I know, I know! But I can still play with her – she needs to get used to it, after all.'

Megan was writhing around on the floor, the rest of her head obscured behind the tight, black hood. Morrigan pinned the woman into place with a heel against her belly, noting the slight pudge there – that would need to be eliminated. She scraped her heel-spike down the exposed flesh, leaving a white scratch-mark, before pressing against Megan's pussy. She could see Megan's chest heaving for air, idly wondering what was going through her victim's mind – probably terror and confusion, not knowing what was happening to her, or who was doing it.

She leaned down, grabbing at a breast. 'She's larger here than yours.' She squeezed a nipple, pinching it between her fingers and stretching it out, leaning a knee on the wriggling belly beneath her, pinning Megan into place. 'Going to need a bit of work – I don't want her buff, but she's going to need a bit more muscle-tone. And I'll need to work on her stamina, I don't want her breaking on me all the time, when I'm in the middle of having fun.'

Victoria put her tablet aside and approached, the light rippling off her latex-sheathed skin. She looked divine, as always, her shoulder-length black hair swaying as she walked, every inch perfect and sensual. 'I suppose I'll have some fun with mine then. She seems to be recovering now.' The other rubber-slug was starting to move as well, straining and wriggling.

Morrigan put more weight onto her knee, enjoying the feeling of Megan beneath her, squashing the air from her lungs. She could see a tongue wagging on the inside of the ring gag, and reached forward and grabbed it, squeezing it between her fingers.

‘Mphhh!’ It was slippery and wet, trying to squirm out from between her fingers, Morrigan squeezing it tightly. ‘This is going to be a tool for pleasure soon – if you have a nice voice, then I might let you speak still. Otherwise you’re going to have that ring fixed in place permanently. I don’t need to hear you, I just need to use you. From now on, you exist for my pleasure – you’re going to find this out soon enough.’

She let go of the tongue, then shoved her fingers into the throat, feeling the ring of muscle tighten up under the assault, dribble over Morrigan’s fingers, and onto Megan’s chin. ‘A bit of a gag reflex – that’ll need training out. Not that she’ll ever be taking a cock, but my slave should be able to take whatever I want to do to her.’

She pushed her fingers deeper, feeling Megan resist, tensing up and groaning before she withdrew her fingers, wiping the dribble against Megan’s belly.

‘This is going to need work. You need to be tougher!’ She pressed down on the belly, compressing it beneath her palm, feeling the muscles tense up. ‘Not bad, but still a bit flabby. You’ll need to be more like your sister. Don’t worry, I’ll make you nice and lean.’

Gagged grunts and squeals started, as Summer was released from her sack. Her skin was paler – an adverse reaction to the drugs, maybe? She’d have to conduct more checks, build up some toughness. This close, it was more obvious that they weren’t blood-related – although they had a similar style, there were different shapes to their faces. And both blonde, hair well-cared for and shiny. Well, soon enough their hair wouldn’t be an issue!

‘You’re not in bad shape, but I want my slave to be nothing but the best. So you’re going to be worked hard. And there’s going to be some permanent changes, and you’ll need to adjust to those.’

‘You know she can’t hear you, right?’ Victoria had extracted Summer from the rubber now, jabbing her fingers into nerve-clusters, forcing Summer’s body to twitch and shiver.

‘I know. But I feel it’s more fair this way – she had the chance to find out, and then failed and got captured. Now she’s going to be my *un’dma’ne*, until she’s trained and collared. I wonder what experience they’ve had? I doubt they’re virgins.’

Megan was starting to wriggle more, tensing and straining against her bindings, although without any success. It was amusing feeling her body move, Morrigan checking her over, stroking over muscles, checking for weaknesses or damage – the captivity hadn’t been long enough to hurt her, but it was always better to check fresh meat before training. She seemed healthy enough, with just a little pudge that would need working off. When Morrigan poked her fingers into the back of a knee, Megan’s legs tensed up, flexing normally. Her breathing was fast and labored, but that was to be expected.

She checked over Megan’s breasts, lightly squeezing the mounds, feeling the supple skin, youthful and fresh. The nipples hardened as she stroked them, hearing a whimper from beneath the hood – the darkness and silence was hopefully going to make Megan nice and

obedient when she was released! Although not *too* obedient – she was looking forward to breaking her in and taming her, making her obey.

When she stroked her fingers down the smooth, soft belly, she could feel every shiver and twitch of Megan's body, bound arms and legs straining against the restraining bands again. Morrigan laid Megan out on the floor, sliding fingers down smooth legs, feeling the kneecap, then checking the toes. Everything bent and flexed properly, and sliding a finger over the bare sole produced a delightful full-body shiver, Megan whimpering through her hood. Was she sensitive down there? She had a few callouses there, but nothing unusual.

Without stopping her examination, she spoke to Victoria. 'How's yours?'

'A bit more toned than yours. Might be harder to keep in line – I'll have to break her in, like a mare. She's going to need physically breaking down before she learns to obey I think. She's used to being quite physical, so she'll have to learn that her body won't help her. Yours is going to be more like a cat – she'll need to have her mentality adjusting until she accepts her position, even if she's beaten down for the moment.'

'We'll see. It'll be a pleasure to watch them adjust to their new place. And they're both young and healthy, so we can be quite harsh with them.'

She reached forward, sliding her fingers along Megan's thigh, feeling it tense up and try to flinch away, unable to more than pathetically wriggle. The way she was still trying to move was amusing, still trying to break free, rather than simply surrendering. Summer was even more active, Victoria having to pin her in place, delivering several sharp slaps and pinches, Summer's wriggling getting more acute. It wasn't until Victoria punched her in the belly that Summer sagged down, surrendering for now.

Morrigan parted Megan's thighs before pushing a hand up, probing at the woman's lips with her fingers, soft and gentle. There would be plenty of time to be harsh later on! Megan was panting for air, choked by her hood, probably deep in the throes of panic, as Morrigan continued to finger her, feeling her own lust spike, her body heating up within her latex suit. She used one hand to tease at Megan's folds, the other to stroke her own crotch, caressing it through the thin material.

Despite her gasping mewls, Megan was still getting wet, Morrigan's finger sliding more easily into her, twisting and curling around. A nice young body, used to sexual satisfaction – she'd need to get used to going without, at least until she had been obedient enough to deserve it! Morrigan pushed her finger deeper in, feeling every twitch and shiver of Megan's body, the cunt yielding to her touches, as she started to slide her finger back and forth.

Victoria was still tormenting Summer, using pokes and pinches to provoke responses, Summer twitching like raw meat, unable to see where the next assault would come from.

'Hmm, doesn't seem as easy to get going as yours. Or maybe she just needs more stimulation.' Victoria raised a hand, a plastic zapper held up, pressing the trigger to make electricity spark

between the contacts. She used one hand to pin Summer in place, carefully sliding the zapper into her victim, and then pressing the trigger again. Summer spasmed, the pained sucking-in of breath audible across the cabin, Victoria zapping her again. 'She's going to have to get used to pain. But she does have nice soft skin – marking her up is going to be a delight.'

Pleasure was starting to spread through Morrigan's body as she stroked herself, sliding another finger into Megan, easily pushing it all the way in, feeling the walls of the cunt stretch out. She fumbled for the crotch-fasteners of her latex suit, glad to slide a finger into herself, making a deep sigh of pleasure.

She repositioned herself, using her weight to push Megan's head down, keeping it held tightly between her thighs, the restrained gasps and pants through the valve puffing against her own pussy, as she curled and twisted her fingers into Megan. A flick of the captive clit produced a stirring gasp, as she touched and stroked herself, stoking her inner heat, savoring the way that her latex suit clung to her body, kissing against her skin.

Megan was responding well to her touches, hips starting to grind and twitch in time with Morrigan's finger-fucking, her clit a delightfully sensitive nub. Morrigan could feel every shift of Megan's breathing, letting it stimulate her, as her own arousal started to flow, her fingers slippery with her own juices. She should have bought along a nice dildo-gag, so she could ride her new slave's face! And start taste-training her with her new owner's juices, and begin building the mental connections of what that meant!

As Megan's heat increased, Morrigan withdrew her fingers from the slave-cunt, using her hand to stroke her breasts through her latex, glorying in the sensitivity of her own body, the latex thin enough that she could feel the touches, her nipples hardening as her desire grew. Her fingers sank more deeply into herself, spreading wide and twisting, her head lolling backwards, staring up at the cabin roof.

Summer was making increasingly pained whines, Victoria still punishing her, but Morrigan put that aside, seeking her own pleasure. Every little breath Megan made was like the softest of kisses against her own body, gentle feather-strokes of air, getting her closer and closer to her own release.

She slowed herself, wanting to draw out the moment as much as possible, closing her eyes and letting herself fall into the soft, warm darkness, and then there was the blessed moment of release, the pleasure surging through her, hot and welcoming. She didn't relax her thighs from around Megan's head, but did lower herself, letting her new slave gulp in the air from around her pussy, breathing in her juices.

'Soon you'll be drinking them a lot more directly, at least if you're a good slave. Otherwise I'll have to be harsher with you.' She pressed herself down against Megan's breathing valve, not liking the feeling of the hard plastic against her slit, but enjoying the thought of Megan's confusion, able to smell and taste someone's pussy-juice, but without knowing what was going

on. All preparation for her new life – serving as a living sex-toy would be just one of her new duties, and one she would have to get used to!

She withdrew her fingers from herself, before rising into a squat, smearing the pussy-juice over the outside of the breathing-valve, then giving a nipple a hard pinch, using it to drag Megan from side-to-side. A pained whine came from within the hood before Morrigan let go, giving a final slap to Megan's belly, then looking over at Victoria and Summer.

She was teasing her victim's slit, lightly stroking her fingers around the lower lips, not even penetrating her, but providing enough stimulation that Morrigan could see the wetness shining. The captive's crotch had a neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair, cut into a tidy strip. Morrigan zipped herself up, settling her breathing, then stamped down onto Megan, pinning her into place, enjoying the feel of yielding flesh beneath her heel-spike.

'Once we arrive, then we can explain to the fresh meat their new role in life.' She pushed down harder with her heel, watching as Victoria continued to tease Summer, light and gentle touches, guaranteed to stimulate but never allow release. 'It's going to be amusing to watch their reactions. Which do you think will be the first to break?'

'I think sweet little Megan might break after realizing that she's not the head bitch anymore. But seeing Summer in chains, and vice-versa, might inspire her to good behavior. They're both going to need to adjust to their new lives. And seeing the news of their "deaths" will help break them as well – they need to know that no-one will come and rescue them. They're living ghosts now, to be kept chained by us, unless they wish to fade away entirely.'

Summer whimpered and spasmed, trying to get more stimulation, Victoria giving her a pussy-slap, Morrigan changing her position to put pressure onto a different part of Megan's soft body.

'It's going to be fun training them! Finding a duo of paired bitches was a lot of work, but it's going to be worth our while.' She lifted her leg, then kicked at Megan, rolling the woman over. 'How much longer until we arrive?'

The toneless electronic voice spoke. 'Twenty minutes, mistress.'

'Long enough to put her down again. I'll use a weaker dose this time. That should give long enough for food and to get everything prepared – I think a full assault will break them down faster, make them nice and easy to shape properly.'

Another kick stilled Megan's movement, leaving Morrigan free to go over and fetch a needle, filling it with a small dose of anesthetic, giving the needle a tap to clear any air out of it. When she turned back, Megan had rolled over again, needing more kicks to twist her around, Morrigan sitting on her to pin her into place, then jabbing the needle into her neck. She counted in her head, smiling as Megan went limp, the drug taking swift effect.

On the other side of the cabin, Summer was wriggling, before Victoria injected her as well, the writhing soon stopping. Getting the captives back into their rubber sacks was made easier by the sweat on their skin, helping them slide back into place, the thicker rubber sealing over their youthful, soft skin, as the plane started to circle, readying to land.

Chapter 4: A New Start

Victoria stalked around the room, feeling impatient. She wanted to start already! The two new slaves were prepared and ready, save for still both being unconscious. They were both ready, dangling from their wrists, their legs held spread by chains, bodies deliciously taut – Megan a little more plump, slightly bigger breasts, Summer more slender and toned, angled to face each other. All the equipment was ready, a long table laid out with all manner of whips, crops, canes and more inventive “toys”, but the damn slaves were still out! Even with the hoods on, it was obvious they were still unconscious!

Victoria tapped her smartwatch, using it to activate the earbuds inserted into the slaves, glad she couldn't hear the high-pitched whine they would be subjected to. Summer was the first to stir, the chains holding up her wrists twisting slightly, The chains stirred again, her hair sliding over her shoulders, breasts moving as she sucked in deeply, the sack shifting on her head

‘Time to wake up, slave.’

‘Eugh...’ She groaned, her breasts shaking as she took a wavering, shaky breath, Victoria’s hand moving over the tools and toys, before settling on an electrical prod, a long shaft tipped with shiny metal prongs. There would be plenty of time, so nothing too permanent, at least not yet! She watched as Morrigan went for a crop, a metal stud embedded into the head to make the impacts harder.

With that at the ready, she approached Summer, standing squarely in front of the woman, ready to be seen. The interrogation room was lit by cold, merciless spotlights that left no shadows, gleaming of the latex that kissed against Victoria’s skin, and showed the grime, sweat and dirt on Summer’s body, and the neatly trimmed strip of pubic hair between her legs.

She pushed the prod forward, sliding it over that deliciously smooth belly, hard enough to scrape at the skin, before pulling the trigger.

Summer spasmed, her whole torso juddering, sucking in a pained breath, her arms tensing and pulling herself upwards for a moment, before giving up and making her drop. The bag sucked in, as Victoria reached up to pluck it off her head. Her eyes were beautifully wide and tearful, her thighs trying to close before reaching the limit of the chains.

‘Ah, you’re awake no...’ Victoria’s comment was interrupted by a desperate scream, Summer now fully conscious, twisting against her restraints. Every movement highlighted her nudity, muscles taut and writhing beneath supple skin, practically begging for a few welts and other marks. The scream was loud though, making Victoria wince. She jabbed with the prod, shoving

with the contact-prongs before pulling the trigger, sending a jolt into Summer's chest, cutting the scream short as her lungs were forced to spasm.

She spluttered and coughed, eyes slowly focusing, reflexively tossing her head to keep hair out of her face.

'I don't like screaming, so will punish it harshly.' Victoria kept her voice light and cheerful, taking pleasure in the increasing panic and fear in Summer's gaze. 'You need to understand your...' She was cut off by another yowling scream, the sound boring into her ears, making her wince. Several more shocking jabs were needed before Summer started to silence herself, and even then it seemed she had only been silenced by her inability to draw breath!

The other one was starting to rouse herself as well, the chains rattling, as Morrigan swung her crop upwards, catching them between the legs. A moment later, there was another scream, yelling for help, followed by the sounds of the crop impacting against flesh turning the scream into whimpers.

'You can scream all you want, but no-one can hear you.'

Summer tensed up, her limbs pulling on the chains. 'Let me go! Crazy bitOWWW!' Victoria shocked her again, this time jabbing her in the tits.

'I'm going to ask you questions, and you are going to answer. The more stubborn you are, then the more I will hurt you. I need you intact, but there's a lot of things that can be done to you that will hurt, but not break you.' She lowered the prod, pushing it between Summer's legs, gently sliding the prongs inside of the woman. Summer tried to twist away, but lacked the leverage, her hips twisting powerlessly, her body suspended.

The crop slapped against skin, Megan grunting in pain. 'When we get out, you bitches are dead! I'll have you arrested and fucked raw in jail!' Victoria smiled when she heard the sting of the crop, again and again, Megan's speech fading as she was assaulted.

'Oh, no-one knows you're here, and no-one will be looking for you. The sooner you figure that out, the better – or at least the easier matters will be. It can be fun crushing a spirit, but there's so many more things that can be done as well.' Victoria pushed the prod forward, sliding the full head into Summer's slit, forcing it open, taking pleasure in how Summer tried to squirm away, face contorting with pain. 'Would you like me to pull the trigger?'

Summer's eyes were as wide as they could go, a panic-sweat making her skin shine. 'Get that thing out of me! Fuck off!'

Victoria pulled the trigger, feeling a pulse of pleasure and satisfaction as Summer moaned, the shock delivered inside of her body.

'I am your owner now, and forever. I am going to ask you questions and you will respond. If you don't, then I will hurt you. If you pass out, then I will wait until you wake up, and we will start

again.’ She twisted her wrist, feeling the resistance of Summer’s pussy as she pushed it forward, Summer gasping in pain. ‘If you’re obedient, you might even get rewarded. Or perhaps both of you will need punishing. Or maybe we’ll just punish your sister instead – and that would all be your fault.’

The chains shook and rattled, both of the girls twisting around, fingers and feet flailing for purchase, unable to find any. Megan yelped as Morrigan struck her, red welts forming on tender flesh. ‘Get off! Go away, you sick freaks!’

Morrigan slapped Megan across the face, full-force. ‘We own you now – you should be honored to be chosen. Or we will have to take the time to make you fully appreciate what an honor this is, for useless sluts like you two.’ She grabbed Megan by the throat, squeezing there, Megan starting to cry.

‘Let... Let me go! My family’s rich, we can pay!’

Victoria turned back to Summer, ignoring Megan’s screams as she was assaulted. When Victoria moved, the slightest twitch of her wrist transmitted itself into Summer’s soft slit. ‘Now, how much of a slut are you? As your new owner, I need to know everything about you.’

‘No! You don’t own me! Let me go, you sick freak!’ Summer’s desperate struggles were amusing to watch, the chains impossible to break out of, before Victoria pulled the trigger of the prod. Summer’s scream was even louder this time, her head slamming back, the scream turning to a pitiful whimper, her hips convulsing.

‘By the time your training is complete, you will find such things pleasurable. But your owner has asked you a question, and a slave should respond, unless she wants further punishment. So – how many people have you fucked?’ Another pull of the trigger, and this time Summer’s lungs were empty of air, even her whimper pathetic and almost silent. ‘It will hurt less if you tell me – or perhaps I should put you into a medical examination chair and check myself? Would you like that?’

‘Nphhh...’

Victoria twisted the prod out before approaching, enjoying the fearful shaking, stroking her latex-wrapped fingers along Summer’s crotch. ‘Hmmm, still dry. Well, after I’m through with you, then this sort of thing will arouse you. Although you’ll only be getting off with my permission.’ She had to force a finger into Summer, twisting it around. ‘Again, for the last time before I find something else to torture you with – how many people have you fucked?’ She jabbed her finger deeper, feeling the resistance and shoving through it, making Summer suck in a deep breath, before managing to whimper out an answer.

‘Three!’

‘Hmm, that’s lower than I thought. Guess you weren’t that much of a slut.’ She stroked her finger back and forth, feeling Summer’s body slowly lubricating itself, her pussy getting wet around Victoria’s finger. ‘And how many of them did you let fuck you in the ass?’

Summer’s face twisted in revulsion, her hips shaking as she tried to pull herself up off Victoria’s finger.

‘None!’

‘An anal virgin? Well, we’ll have to take care of that. I’ve got a lovely strap-on we can use. Your body is going to be altered – you are going to become mine, in every way.’ It was getting easier and easier to move her finger around, as Summer’s body was slowly forced towards pleasure. ‘It seems your body knows how to obey, at least.’

A scream sounded out, Megan suddenly twisting, writhing in her chains, Morrigan assaulting her with the crop. Welts formed on the woman’s skin, her screaming loud and piercing, before Morrigan grabbed her throat and squeezed, the loud sound getting cut down to a pained whimper.

‘It seems your sister might need more training. Or perhaps she’s just stupid?’ As Summer inhaled, Victoria slapped a fist against her belly, knocking the air from her lungs and cutting off any potential screaming. ‘I hope you’re going to obey... Although maybe I’ll need to break you in, first? Before we start on the more permanent alterations. You are going to need to learn the rules of your new life.’

Summer shook her head, swift and desperate movements, tears in her eyes. She glanced up, looking over at Megan, obviously hoping for some relief, but her sister was just as tied-up as she was.

‘In time, you will learn the rules fully, and chant them when I request. But for now, the first rule is that you will obey me and Morrigan as though we are your gods. If you disappoint us, then you will suffer.’ She pushed another finger into Summer, feeling how tight Summer was, although her pussy was starting to loosen now. ‘Your life before now has been pampered and privileged – now you are meat, ready to be shaped. I will break you, to mold you into what I want you to be. The sooner you accept that, then the less of you I will have to destroy. You are not going to be saved or rescued – you are *mine*, from now until the end of days.’

Megan was moaning in pain now, Morrigan still choking her with one hand, using the other to flick the crop over her victim’s body, bruises starting to form all over Megan’s soft skin.

‘You see? Now I think I need to hurt you, just to keep things even.’ This close in, it was awkward to lever the prod properly, but she could twist it up, shoving it into one of Summer’s breasts, enjoying the sight of the deformed skin. When she pulled the trigger, Summer screamed, the sound loud and desperate.

Victoria could feel Summer's heat starting to permeate through the latex on her fingers, Summer's body betraying her. She squeezed the trigger again, feeling Summer tense up, muscular tremors running through Summer's body.

'You are going to serve me with your body, and with your pain. Everything you do, will be for me. You will become my *N'Kriss*, and serve me in every way.'

Her fingers found Summer's clit, a soft little nub buried within her folds, lightly squeezing it between her fingertips.

'A good slave is allowed pleasure.' She squeezed it harder, before twisting her fingers back and forth to stimulate Summer further. 'But a bad slave will find herself punished. Your body is already partially trained, but I will refine it further.'

'No! I'm not your slave! Get away from me, you sick freak!'

Victoria slid her fingers out, giving Summer another zap and then stepping over to the table, finding a small tub of gel. She opened it, smearing the stuff over her fingers and wincing at the smell, as Summer continued to scream and wail. Morrigan looked like she was having fun punishing Megan, allowing her just enough air to stay conscious, but still assaulting her with the crop.

'Be silent, slave.'

Summer ignored her, screaming and crying even louder.

'Then the disobedient slave will be punished.' She shoved her fingers into the wet cunt, twisting them further, smearing the stuff all inside of Summer. 'How many women have you had sex with?'

Summer's eyes looked like they were about to bulge out of her head, her tongue hanging limply from her lips. The stinging gel would be starting to take effect – smeared all over the inside of Summer's pussy. As she inhaled, Victoria reached up, shoving a latex-wrapped hand over the woman's mouth, choking off a scream, feeling the air shove against her palm. Summer's writhing intensified, but she didn't have the capacity to get Victoria's fingers out of her body. Summer tried to scream again, but couldn't make any sounds around Victoria's hand.

'I own you. When I wish it, then you will feel pain. If I feel merciful, you will receive pleasure. Your body is an extension of my will – disobey me, and there will be nothing but darkness and pain. Worship me as a goddess, and I won't have to hurt you as much.'

She withdrew her hand slightly, ready to clap it back down if Summer tried to scream in again. Her whole body was shaking now, caught up in shock and fear and pain, the burning gel soaking into her pussy. Summer's breathing was in short, desperate pants, her gaze unfocused.

'I could show you mercy – but only if you obey.' The sheer tightness of Summer's pussy around her fingers was impressive, showing how much training Summer had put herself through, her core muscles strong and tough. 'But you will need to answer my questions. And then I may be able to ease your suffering. So, how many women have you slept with?'

She looked into Summer's eyes, seeing the glaze of pain there, Summer struggling to focus. But the woman managed to talk, her words scattered and vague. 'I... None! I've just made some pleasure me...'

'Well, then you will need to learn fast. That sweet little tongue of yours is now a thing that will serve to pleasure me. So, you've never had sex with a woman, and that asshole of yours has never been penetrated? I think I need to know what to work on first. How often do you pleasure yourself? Or did you, at least – from now on, that will happen only with my permission.'

Summer's face was bright red now, from both pain and shame, her head starting to hang low in defeat. 'I get off, just... just a few times a week.'

'And did you use your hands, or did you prefer toys?'

'I... I had a dildo!'

'From now on, you will be permitted pleasure only if I desire it. And it is unlikely to be by your own choice – I will have to try forcing it upon you, to see how you react.'

'Please, it hurts! Make it stop!'

Victoria slapped Summer across the face. 'A slave does not give orders. Or even suggestions. You are here to obey and serve, and nothing else. At most, a slave is permitted to beg – were you not restrained, then you should be down on all fours, praying to me, your mistress, in the hopes of receiving mercy. But you have not yet earned even that right – you are less than meat, you don't even have a name yet.' Having Summer writhe around, impaled on her fingers, was a pleasure, Victoria able to feel Summer's weight and the tension within the woman's body.

Summer blubbered, fat and ugly tears running streaming down her face.

'You are going to become mine, in every way. You will be broken and made anew, to become mine.' Victoria pulled her fingers out, before grabbing and squeezing Summer's jaw with her clean hand, shoving the fingers of her other hand into Summer's mouth. Summer gulped and made a spluttering, hacking sound, her throat tightening up around Victoria's fingers, the vicious gel now tormenting Summer's mouth as well.

'Suck. This will be your first act of worship.'

She could feel Summer's tongue, desperately flicking around and sliding over Victoria's fingers, making her glad of the latex sheathing her body, so she wasn't getting slobber over her skin. The tongue moved with greater purpose, twisting and curling over Victoria's fingers, as she

released Summer's jaw. The lips tightened over her fingers, a twisted and forced kiss, sending a ripple of pleasure through Victoria. It might just be the initial shock, but the habit of obedience was a good one to form!

Victoria pushed her fingers further down into Summer's throat, forcing her way into the tight, wet gap, enjoying violating Summer's flesh, and the pathetic gasps that Summer was making.

The moans from Megan had gone quiet, as Morrigan continued to lash at her, beating her into submission, Megan now twitching and twisting in her restraints, Victoria unable to tell if the woman was even conscious or not. Morrigan looked like she was enjoying herself though, her mouth twisted into a savage grin.

'This is your place now – you are a *thing*. You are mine, to use as I desire, to be hurt as I desire. I'm going to question you now, and you will answer. Any failure will be punished. Any delays, I will hurt you. And once you've finished, if I feel satisfied, then I might help you with your pain. Or I might simply leave you here – although only after gagging you. Is that understood?'

She withdrew her fingers, just enough for Summer to mumble something that sounded like agreement. After a final finger-spear, making Summer gurgle and splutter, she withdrew her fingers, wiping them clean against Summer's breasts.

'Good. Now, let us begin...'

While the fresh meat was so receptive, it was time to find out as much as possible. And Morrigan was shaking Megan, bringing her back into consciousness, ready to question her as well. It should be illuminating as to what type of person the fresh meat truly was!

Chapter 5: Ritual

'Are you sure this has all been set up properly?' Morrigan looked around at everything – two old-fashioned knives, the blades sharpened by hand, copper grips worn smooth by years of use, whatever patterns had been shown there now obliterated. The walls were bright red, with stark black paint around bronze mirrors and ancient scrolls bearing scratchy, indecipherable writing, sealed behind glass. Morrigan spent a moment trying to remember what they meant. Mostly poems about the honor of being served and pleased, the joys of dominance?

A tingle went through her crotch, a reminder that she wanted some pleasure for herself. The thought of the new slave-sluts made her heat up, wanting to slake her lust on them already! But there was this to do first – Victoria had spent the time to arrange everything, so it would be rude not to, even if she'd rather just be training the fresh meat. The air here was warm, a scone burning with flickering firelight, sending up drifts of pungent incense, the walls seeming to shift and warp, the light not bright enough to light them fully.

Both of the women were ready for the ceremony – stark naked, skin shining slightly from their shower, their jaws bulging from the gags stuffed inside, eyes twitching with a pleasing fear. And

bound, of course – a nice and old-fashioned rope-tie, their hands bound behind their backs, their ankles hobbled with a short rope. Sturdy leather posture-collars were wrapped around their necks to keep their heads up and make them look at each other, unable to turn their heads. They were kneeling on the floor with their hands bound behind their backs. Neither seemed to have much stamina left, still drained and empty from their past mistreatment! Maybe they would be obedient slaves soon enough?

She walked over and patted Megan on the head, feeling the silky softness of her slave's hair, the long, blonde strands still slightly damp from the recent wash. She moaned, but was too exhausted to fight back, as Morrigan made a comforting noise, enjoying the shudder that ran through Megan's body.

'This is what the old scrolls say to do, and what I was taught.' Victoria spoke, Morrigan looking over at her, smiling at the sight of her beautiful nudity. She was completely at ease, her body resplendent, skin tanned and smooth, as she took a bowl of scented oil, running her fingers through it and then wiping it over Summer.

The slave tensed up against her ropes before sighing, surrendering, at least for now. The oil made Summer's skin shine by the firelight, the musky smell of incense flooding the ritual chamber. Even with their exhaustion and no makeup, the attractiveness of both of the slaves was still obvious, as Morrigan fetched another bowl of oil, enjoying the slippery stickiness of the stuff, and the sweet, delicate scent.

She reached down and rubbed it into Megan's breasts, plumping the soft mounds, enjoying the way that the captive twitched, yielding without complaint. It was a pleasure to feel at Megan's body, smearing the oil over the breasts, and then reaching down to cover her belly. She pushed her hand between Megan's legs, the woman's thighs parting, the oil letting her easily slide a finger into Megan. There was a sharp intake of breath, before Megan made a pathetic and soft mewling noises, Morrigan feeling the woman's walls tense up around her finger.

'Not yet, *dma'ne*. not yet. But soon.' She withdrew her finger, before continuing to oil up Megan, until her skin was shiny and smooth, burnished copper in the flickering flamelight. The thick incense in the air was making her feel giddy as well, the firelight setting her into a trance, as she pressed herself, skin-to-skin, against the bound captive, checking that the ropes were still tight. With a kiss to Megan's lips, she stole away her slave's breath, placing a hand between the breasts to feel the hammering of her heart.

'Such a lovely thing you are... And soon you will be mine. In body and soul, leashed and fully owned.'

The faintest glimmer of a rebellious light burned in Megan's eyes, but it faded as soon as Morrigan raised a hand, without even having to slap Megan.

'You see? Your body knows what is best, and soon your mind will follow.'

She moved behind Megan, oiling her back, keeping her touches light and soft, not wanting to jolt the slave-girl into any rebellion. Megan's body was heating up, her breathing turning to soft, brief pants, keeping her body pleasant and soft, without the tensed muscles of desperate fear. It would likely change once Megan was allowed rest, but for now, her mind had been pushed so far into terror that she was little more than a beast, unable to think like a person. Whenever Morrigan pushed on a pressure-point or nerve cluster, Megan gave a delightful shiver and the softest of moans, her muscles twitching, body gleaming in the firelight. Morrigan stroked her, feeling how she heated up, a light touch between Megan's legs confirming her arousal.

Morrigan had never performed the ritual before, but had been told of it, and the power it contained! And, of course, the pleasure it could bring. She could feel her own arousal building up, tingling and coiling between her legs and up her spine, having to resist the urge to grind herself against Megan, or just to finger herself. The oil flowed over both their skins though, forming thin webs before flowing away whenever she broke contact, making Morrigan's body start to gleam as well.

By the time she was done, the bowl of oil was mostly empty, and Megan's skin was covered with a thin, sticky layer, making her smell sweet, shining like a metal idol. Summer looked the same, bound opposite, as Victoria squeezed her breasts. The sight of Victoria's body, partially oiled herself, made Morrigan's gaze linger, appreciating the view.

She stood up, giving Megan another pat on the head, before starting to run her fingers through Megan's hair. The oil clung to the hair, making it stick together, until Morrigan had pulled it into a single, shining tail, long enough to grip and pull around. That should be enough to prepare her for the ritual!

'I think she's ready.' Her head was starting to pound, an unexpected nervousness roiling through her – she tried to calm herself, taking a deep inhalation and then slowly puffing out through her nose, willing herself towards stability and peace. To distract herself for a moment, she went over to the flame, enjoying the biting heat as she got closer, picking up some more cubes of incense and throwing them into the metal tray around the flame, sending up a more intense gust of the thick scent. The flame-heat made her sweat, mingling with the oil, and she saw a mottled reflection of herself in a glimmering mirror – her body looked shaped from metal, more-than-human, partially divine. A double-headed axe-blade of gleaming bronze caught the light, seeming to glow with an inner power.

With that reassurance, she pulled herself up straighter, feeling herself relax, before turning around. As she lightly stroked her own body, she watched Victoria finish tending to Summer, making her body shiny and bright. With the oil all over her fingers, it was easy to finger herself, her heartbeat starting to race from pleasure and excitement now.

'Not yet, Morrigan! Not until the *Ishvid'tan* is complete.'

It took an effort of will to slide her fingers back out, but Victoria was right. Morrigan walked over to the ritual table, the wood ancient and scarred, with grooves holding the ceremonial blades,

and picked one up. The metal had been warmed by the fire, nestling in her hand as though she had wielded it for years, feeling natural there. The blade was sharp, the edge finely honed, although there was only one thing it would need to cut today.

Victoria approached, picking up the other blade and carefully examining it, making sure there were no nicks or other flaws in the metal. Her body was magnificent, adding another surge of desire to Morrigan's body. The urge to dominate, to take her pleasure, to force herself upon someone until she was sated, was getting harder and harder to ignore! From the look Victoria gave her, lust and challenge mixed, she was in the same state – they would have to do this soon, or else they would succumb to their desires and end up fight-fucking, and having to deal with all of the problems of *that*.

She stepped away from Victoria, just in case there was any physical contact that might send her over the edge, walking back towards Megan. She could see the woman's eyes fix on the knife, the metal glowing brightly as it caught the firelight.

'Don't worry, soon you will be my slave-slut, deeply and truly. And with a new name, as befits a new being. Give yourself up, and surrender to me, as your mistress and owner.'

There was the faintest trickle of tears in Megan's eyes, her consciousness not entirely gone, able to at least hear what was said, and react somewhat. As she moved around behind Megan, the woman tensed and shivered, now only able to see Summer and Victoria on the other side of the room, mirroring each other.

Morrigan lost herself for a moment in admiration of Victoria's body, strong and powerful, body gleaming and shiny. She ran her hand along Megan's head, gathering up strands of hair into a ponytail, pulling it nice and tight.

'This is the order of things. The mistress takes, and the slave obeys. You will be bound by my will, as an extension of my soul, of my flesh.' She started to chant, Victoria echoing her words. She felt a tremor through Megan's body, a single shiver before the woman went still. 'I own you, body and soul. You are my domain, and you will hold my name as sacred. My will shall be done, on earth or any other realm. As I give you bread, you give me all that you are.' She pulled the hair even tighter, making sure she had as much of it as possible in the ponytail, before carefully placing the knife against it. 'You will obey and serve – you shall not trespass against me, nor shall I forgive you any weakness. I am glory and power, and you shall serve, to the end of your days.'

She sliced with the knife, the blade easily cutting through the hair, Morrigan keeping a tight hold of it. As it cut, an intense ripple of pleasure burst in her crotch, and she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out. 'Your name is gone, erased from the Book of Life, and now you are Ama'Ra. All that you were is dust, and now you are mine, in this life and the next.'

She carefully laid the hair aside, before running the blade over Megan's scalp, shaving off the remnants of hair. It didn't take long until Megan was entirely bald, her scalp now shiny and bright, Morrigan rubbing oil onto it, adding to the sheen, before putting the knife aside. She

could feel every breath Megan took, short and shallow pulses, Megan now caught in a fear reaction, unable to fight back or escape, mind frozen with shock.

'Che'rat Dma'ne a Sunta a Motha a Cynna.' The chant echoed around the room, Morrigan unable to tell how much of it was her voice, and how much was Victoria's. Morrigan dipped a finger into a cup, the tip getting stained a deep, vivid purple.

When she laid a hand on Megan's breast, it smeared over her skin, bright enough to be stark and distinct against the pale skin, Morrigan able to feel Megan's heart racing away. Morrigan's wasn't much slower, Megan panting for air. Morrigan continued to chant, kneeling herself behind Megan, sharply squeezing a nipple, feeling the wetness of the dye. She let go, dipping more of her fingers in before laying her hand atop Megan's head, feeling the remnants of hair, and the firmness of Megan's skull, fingerprints smearing onto the skin.

The pleasure within her body was getting more and more intense, a hot knot in her brain, all the way down her spine, and she angled herself so that she could grind against Megan's hip, enjoying the sticky slipperiness of the oil and sweat, joining their bodies together, the chanting keeping her focused and steady.

She squeezed Megan's head harder before letting go, her fingers dipping briefly into the bowl again before finding their way downwards, skimming over the navel-cleft, and then sliding between Megan's thighs. Her own vision was wavering now, her senses focused entirely on Megan, and the growing pleasure within her own body, already threatening to overwhelm her. The chanting was the only thing that was anchoring her, otherwise she would have fallen into the rush of pleasure already!

As she spread Megan's pussy wide, the sensation was somehow echoed within her own body, a phantom touch sparking up an intense heat between her legs. She ground herself more vigorously, her own juices now smearing along with the oil and sweat. It was easy to penetrate Megan, two fingers sliding in up to the knuckle, Megan letting out a long sigh.

Megan tightened around her, pulling her deeper in, Morrigan easily finding the hot nub of Megan's clit, wet and swollen. Every movement she made, she could feel within herself somehow. And other phantom touches as well – she managed to focus enough to see Victoria, wrist-deep within Summer, realising that she was somehow feeling *that* as well, a ghostly touch of Victoria's hand within her.

She groaned, having to resist the pleasure to keep chanting, lost in the rhythm of it, her lips moving on their own, her voice weakening. But the sensation was rippling and intensifying within herself, stronger than anything she had felt before, as she probed more deeply within her victim. She could feel the echo-sensation of rope now, around her ankles and wrists, despite not being bound, a vague prickling adding to her pleasure as she could sense Megan's constraints.

'You are mine, Ama'Ra. Bound and shorn and owned, and now I shall lead you through the gates of pleasure and pain.' She stroked within Megan, feeling the phantom touches within

herself, along with the fainter touching of Victoria within Summer. Her hand started to twist and twitch, back and forth, Megan now reduced to empty, soul-blank gasping, Morrigan feeling her own mind fade.

She kept one arm wrapped tightly around Megan, the oil slicking between them, the heat of their bodies merging, feeling herself on the precipice of pleasure. A few more twisting strokes of her fingers, and she was right on the edge, feeling it looming beneath her, powerful and all-consuming.

Her eyes met Victoria's, who looked as rapt as Morrigan felt. And then it came, slamming into her, an all-consuming wave of pleasure. It cleared away any conscious thought, her whole mind caught up in it, every inch of her melting away in orgasmic heat. The firelight flickered away, as her mind whirled, her consciousness buffeted by the orgasm, as she pulled herself close against Megan, feeling the woman's juices flowing freely.

There was nothing else, just the soft, wet, firelit pleasure, as she gasped, her fingers twitching within Megan, feeling another wave of pleasure coming, even more intense than the first, and then another, and another...

Chapter 6: First Fruits

Somehow, they'd ended up in one of the play-bedrooms, with a huge bed, study corner-posts already prepared with rope, the structure of the thing doubling as a cage, with the boards at the bottom made to be used as stocks. Victoria's whole body was throbbing still, naked and sticky, the mind-shattering orgasm still not fully processed. She'd *never* felt quite that good before! Her thoughts were still hard to focus, but her body was fever-hot, her sweat slicking her hair to her forehead. And she could somehow *feel* Summer, and Morrigan and Megan as well, vague senses of warmth penetrating her consciousness.

She'd heard that the ritual could have powerful effects, but hadn't been expecting this! Her vision was blurry, her body somehow both flushed with power and weak, her legs threatening to give out from beneath her, and she couldn't remember how they'd even gotten here from the ritual room! But Summer – or Lei'ra, now - was in an even worse state, Victoria having to support her, the ropes still tightly bound, chafing against the woman's sweaty skin, leaving marks embedded into soft and yielding flesh.

Victoria tossed Summer onto the bed, before reaching for the hobble-rope between her ankles. Fortunately, it was easy to untie, the help coming loose with a swift tug, Summer's legs flopping loose. Victoria jabbed her nails into Summer's thigh, trying to provoke a reaction from her newly-bound slave, but Summer barely stirred, her eyes closed, lost in some internal pleasure-storm. Her cunt was drenched, the scent thick enough to taste, wetness soaking into the bed sheets already.

Warmth, soft and damp, brushed against Victoria's shoulder, sending a ripple of pleasure through her, and she couldn't resist stroking her own breasts, her nipples painfully hard. It was

Morrigan, dragging Megan with her, tossing them atop Summer. As soon as the slaves touched, they both gasped, the scent of cunt-juice getting even more vivid, both of them groaning.

Hands wrapped around Victoria's body, and she was drawn into a kiss, a tongue sliding into her mouth. She fought back, wrapping her arms around Morrigan, the two of them crushing each other, their breasts pressing together. They grappled for a moment, Victoria feeling nails spike-raking down her back, tongues slip-sliding off each other's, before she managed to conjure up enough focus to break away.

'Not... Not on each other! On the slaves!' She had to push Morrigan away, the sudden loss of connection making her feel cold, despite how hot the room was, and the sweat lathering her body. But if they started on each other, then they'd lose into a mutual desire to dominate, until they were trying to destroy the other! That was what the slaves were for – meat they could slake their desires onto, without having to fight between themselves, to force one of them into being submissive to the other.

There was a flash of lust-madness in Morrigan's eyes, her hands tensing up, nails becoming claws, her shoulders hunching, preparing for a fight, wanting to force Victoria to submit. And then she slapped herself in the chest, digging her nails in, leaving red furrow-marks in sweaty skin, some sanity returning, taking a deep breath, and taking a step back.

'The *dma'ne* – they need to be taught their place.' Her voice was sharp, almost a snarl, but she looked away from Victoria, at the two slaves, still on the bed. Megan seemed to be more recovered, already trying to wriggle away, her wrists straining at the rope, pinning Summer down with her own weight.

Victoria sighed, glad that Morrigan had managed to recover her senses, although feeling a slight disappointment – there was a small part of her that wanted to know who would dominate, in a true challenge!

'I'll get some of the tools and toys. The leashed need to know their place. Spread them out, nice and wide.'

Megan had managed to wriggle herself partially off Summer, rising to her knees, before Morrigan reached forward and grabbed her by the throat, squeezing hard enough to cut off her air. Victoria felt a faint giddiness herself, both from the pleasure of seeing Megan being dominated, but also the forced exhilaration from the choking and strangulation.

She turned away, not wanting to get distracted again, grabbing what was needed, glad that she had taken the time to arrange everything neatly in advance. A match flared into life, a burst of heat, and she lit two candles, thin and high, spiking them onto brass bases. The flame danced hypnotically, but she managed to pull herself away, tossing a coiled bundle of rope towards Morrigan.

There was a slap, leaving Megan's cheek burning red from the impact, before she was wrestled into place, Morrigan straddling her, pinning her down. The sight of Morrigan's buttocks, taut and smooth, as she ground herself against her victim, was pleasing, making Victoria stroke herself again, keeping her inner heat stoked. But she had a slave now, so didn't need to take care of such things herself!

As Morrigan slapped Megan again and then grabbed a wrist, stretching it out and tying it to the bedpost, Victoria approached, her own rope in hand, twisting it back on itself to form a noose, which she looped over an ankle, tying a secure knot and then wrapping that around a bedpost, making it nice and tight. The other ankle she lashed through a stock-hole, keeping Summer's legs spread, her cunt-lips now wide and wet as well. Purple ink was smeared around her slit, staining her pussy-walls dark.

Summer squirmed, managing to flex at the waist, her arms reaching around herself. Victoria could feel her desperation, fear and pleasure, and reached down to touch herself. There was a murmur of confusion and desire from Summer, before Victoria climbed onto the bed, straddling Summer and pinning her securely in place.

The salt-slick skin was slippery beneath her, but she tightened her thighs, enjoying the ripple of pleasure this sent into her own crotch. She took a firm grip of both of Summer's breasts, feeling the hard nipples pointing against her palms, before starting to squeeze. As she tightened her grip, Summer tried to break away, but was too weak, her eyes still barely open. Victoria gave the breasts a sharp twist, having to dig her nails in or risk the sweat making her grip slide, enjoying the grunt of pain she heard.

She twisted to the side, rolling Summer partially over, grabbing at the bundle of rope around Summer's wrists and pulling it loose. Summer grunted and wriggled against her, the sensations against Victoria's crotch making her gasp, sparks of pure pleasure flashing in her vision, but she managed to keep her slave under control, grabbing a wrist and then binding it to the bed-post.

That left just one limb free, flopping and flapping before Victoria grabbed it. Beside her, Morrigan already had her slave restrained – Megan was now spreadeagled on the bed, ropes holding her limbs, with just enough slack to let her twist and twitch, the cords biting into her skin. Morrigan was comfortably mounted on top, leaning forward to clasp her hand against Megan's mouth, her other hand pinching the woman's nose shut. The squirming intensified, the soft fuzziness in Victoria's head increasing, her breathing reflexively getting deeper.

She slapped Summer's face, enjoying the red mark that appeared and the gasp of pain, before binding the last limb into place, leaving Summer spreadeagled and helpless. Victoria rode her victim, pressing down on her with her body, tightening her thighs, enjoying the slowly building ripples of pleasure from within herself, oil and sweat smearing over her skin.

Victoria leaned herself low, her breasts pressing against Summer's, wrapping one hand around the slave's throat. She could feel every breath, the fast patter of the woman's pulse, and then

she squeezed, just lightly. Summer whimpered, trying to twist her head, but Victoria's grip was too tight, Summer unable to escape.

'You are mine now, from now until forever. You will serve as I command, or face the harshest of punishments. And now, your mistress orders you to serve with your tongue.' She squeezed harder, just for a moment, before letting go. As she moved to position herself over Summer's face, she kneed the woman, hard, in the cunt, feeling the blast of air from Summer's lungs against her face, and the pussy-juice now sticking to her knee.

She dropped herself down against Summer's face, grinding her hips over her victim, using her weight to hold them there. The softness of Summer's lips pressed against her own pussy-lips, and she ground herself around, reaching down and pinching a nipple.

'Serve me, slave-slut! Or I'll hurt you more!'

A tongue slid into her, soft, wet and warm, probing into her own slit, pushing her lips apart. She sighed in pleasure, arching her back, her weight dropping even more on Summer's face, taking a firm grip of the headboard to keep herself stable. 'Worship me with your tongue! Your body is mine – it's only natural that you serve me!'

If Summer tried to say anything, it manifested only as more tongue-twisting pleasure, the thing now deliciously deep within her, coiling against her walls, flicking against the hot nub of her clit. She set a slow, steady rhythm with her hips, wanting to draw this moment out as much as possible, her fingers tight on the wood.

Beside her, Megan was spread out still, before grunting in pain as Morrigan slapped her cunt with a sharp motion, the impact making Victoria's own slit sting. Morrigan was already stood up, strapping a fat black cock around her waist, the oversized lump already shining with lube, the rear shaft lodged within Megan's own body.

After strapping it on, she went to the candles and picked them up – beads of wax were rolling down the cylinders, the tops shimmering with a pool of melted wax.

'I'm going to break you down, so I can rebuild you. Whatever you were before is gone – this is a new birth for you, as my slut-slave. You exist to pleasure and serve me – anything else I will drive from your head.'

She moved forward, holding one candle out towards Victoria. As she did so, Summer's tongue twisted within her, setting off explosions of delight up and down her spine, her vision dimming for a moment. She saw Morrigan freeze and gasp, obviously affected as well, before managing to get herself back under control, reaching out and taking the candle.

Glancing down, she could see Summer's flat, smooth belly, tan-lines showing where her cheerleader outfit did and didn't cover, breasts shaking as she heaved for breath beneath Victoria. Victoria tilted the candle, bright red wax falling down, flecks and droplets impacting

onto Summer's skin. As they did so, the tongue spasmed and twisted inside her slit, twisting deeper, making Victoria's head loll back.

She almost dropped the candle, her fingers fat and heavy, but managed to just about keep control, twisting the candle so that more hot wax splashed down, leaving bright red droplets against Summer's tanned skin.

'If you get me off, then maybe I'll stop.'

She didn't even know if Summer could hear her, trapped between her thighs, but the tongue twisted with increased vigour.

There was a loud grunt from Megan, Morrigan now spread out on top of her, thrusting the strap-on cock into her slave's body. Between the lube and Megan's own pussy-juice, there wasn't any resistance, Megan's body taking the entire length. She mewled, her arms tensing up against the ropes, Morrigan twisting the candle to drop wax onto Megan's arms and shoulders.

'Meat needs to be marked! It's not time yet, but you're going to bear my mark soon enough. This will have to do for now!' She continued to thrust and grind away with her hips, a shadowy sensation twisting within Victoria's own cunt, as the tongue continued to writhe within her.

She pressed herself down with more force, feeling the mattress deform beneath her, Summer kissing her with increased fervour.

'Mmmm, yes – worship me, you dirty slut-slave! Taste me as deeply as you can, drink of me so that you may know succour!' As Summer continued to writhe beneath her, Victoria continued to torment the body beneath her with wax, twisting her hips slightly to allow Summer a breath of air, and then dropping back down.

The orgasm wasn't far off now, her entire core feeling like it was about to melt, increasingly strong urges dancing up her spine. Beside her, Morrigan was thrusting and grinding into Megan, the cunt-scent further melting Victoria's senses, Megan's pussy slapping as it was penetrated by the full length of the cock. Wax was now crusted all over Megan's shoulders, a thin sheet that cracked and re-formed as she moved, her mouth wide in a slack gape, staring with empty eyes at the ceiling.

And then it came – strong and fierce, slamming all the way through her, her vision blacking out. She slammed herself against the headboard, desperately needing some stability to keep from falling, feeling Summer's head between her thighs as they tightened, barely even noticing a few flare-stings of hot wax on her own hand. Summer's tongue didn't stop, still twisting inside of her, and she felt herself gush, her fluids flowing onto Summer's face, baptising her with her owner's pleasure.

Her body went limp, the candle falling from her grip, and she had just enough awareness to watch it fall. The wick was still smouldering, and she let a hand flop downwards, pressing it beneath her palm, barely feeling the small sting of pain.

She fell to one side, having to angle her body so as not to fall off the bed, falling into the gap between Summer and the edge. It felt warm and natural there, as she pressed herself against her new slave, wrapping a leg over her body. Morrigan gasped loudly as her own orgasm took control, Victoria feeling it tingle in her own pussy. Summer groaned and twisted as well, obviously able to somehow feel it as well.

Victoria stroked Summer's body, feeling every tremor and shake of her muscles, still trying to recover herself, as she started to grind herself against Summer's thighs, enjoying the feeling of salt-slippery skin against her own. She nestled herself against Summer, enjoying using the woman as a cushion, her body soft in all the right places, nibbling at a shoulder, sinking her teeth in until Summer squeaked in pain.

'Shhh, no complaints. For you, there is only obedience. You are mine now, bound to my will.' She bit again, harder this time, watching as Morrigan sagged on top of Megan, the cock still fully sheathed within the slave's body. From how Megan's body was now utterly limp, she had been pushed well beyond her limits, unable to even feel as Morrigan started to move again, grinding the cock back and forth, working towards her own pleasure.

Victoria bit at Summer until she was starting to move again, still grinding against her captive. She was still gasping for air, seemingly beyond speech, as Victoria continued to use her as a sex-toy, grinding and rubbing. She reached over, grabbing at Summer's breasts and squeezing them again, before pulling herself up to straddle the woman. From here, she could see the blank look in Summer's eyes, her mind vacant, the ritual and the orgasms having blasted all sense away.

That didn't stop Victoria reaching between her own legs and fingering herself, taking her time to reach her own pleasure, a slow and blissful release, her fluids splashing down onto Summer.

The sheets were now drenched, with sweat, oil and pussy-juice, the scent thick in the air. All that served to do was arouse Victoria further, as she kept her fingers lodged within herself, stroking herself with slow, even movements. How long could this last, this exquisitely drawn-out pleasure, of sweaty flesh writhing against each other, every movement and moment setting off sparks and whorls of pleasure within her, until she was aware of nothing else but the press of her body against Summer's, her own awareness fading as she fell into a blissed-out doze.

Chapter 7: Bodily Modifications

Megan slowly awoke, her brain slow and numb. Her whole body felt warm, soft, sweet honey melted her thoughts, her memories scrambled. There had been chanting, and firelight, her skin made smooth with oil, fingers rubbing at her, a gentle and soothing massage. But then the memories turned harsh, echoes of the chant burning into her head, and she could remember her hair being pulled, and the feeling as it slid off, before the blade rasping against her skull, every strand of her hair getting shorn off.

And then after... The woman's voice, commanding but somehow warm, making her want to obey! The bedroom, her body heating to a fever-furnace-heat, her mind melting into pleasure, forced onto her, everything faded into the orgasms, again and again and again. She could still taste the woman, pussy pressing down on Megan, lips pressed against lips, pussy-juice flowing. But it had tasted strangely sweet, making her throat tighten in a desperate thirst!

Her eyes slowly opened, a cold and harsh light seeping through. As feeling returned, she could feel metal, cold and hard, pinching at her wrists, her arms held spread to either side of her head. Whatever she was sat on was metal as well, warmed by her naked body. When she tried to twitch her ankles, they were locked as well, stiff metal holding her legs spread, with her knees up.

She twisted her jaw – something was holding it open, a painfully large metal thing pressing against the inside of her mouth. When she wriggled her tongue, she could feel that it was a ring, holding her mouth open from the inside, and tight enough that she couldn't push it out, the strap wound over her cheeks.

Cold fear-sweat started to prickle her skin – where was she? What was happening? The warm, soft buzz within her shrank and faded, her fingers twitching. Someone else's hands, their fingers eerily smooth, pressed her fingers back, metal locking over the joints, forcing her palms open.

'Oh good, my little Ama'ra is awake. That means we can begin.' Her other hand was grabbed as well, the fingers bent back, her eyes opening. Bright, white light stabbed her eyes, making her wince, before something moved into the way, a head partially blocking them. It was Morrigan, the crazy pervert that had kidnapped her! She moaned through her gag, trying to shake her head, finding that even that was restrained, a leather band over her forehead. She couldn't move her body at all, only tense up against the metal bindings.

She heard a low groan from nearby – was that Summer? She tried to speak, unable to form words at all, before a hand grasped her tongue. It was wrapped in a surgical glove, making it smooth and inhuman.

'Mhrrhhmmm!' The fingers pinched down, squeezing hard, pulling her tongue forward.

'Hmmm, are you still protesting? I thought that the ritual would have made you more obedient. But perhaps further work is needed?' Morrigan was staring at her, eyes hard and bright, expression impossible to see behind the surgical mask. 'It's time to make a few modifications, so that you may serve properly.'

Her tongue was pulled forward, Morrigan's other hand moving somewhere out of sight, before returning with some set of metal brace-device. All Megan could do was make soft moaning, the pressure on her tongue yanking it forward, before metal clamped down, on the top and bottom of her tongue. She tried to yank it back when Morrigan let go, but the metal bars extended onto either side of her mouth, forcing her to keep it extended.

‘Mrrhmm!’

‘None of that. I could have done all of this when you are unconscious, but I thought you might enjoy it.’

The hands stroked down Megan’s body, soft and gentle, sending little ripples of pleasure through her. She tried to fight them, wanting to be able to move, to offer some resistance, but there was nothing she could do!

‘This will make you truly mine. Not that there was ever any doubt, of course.’ A plastic crack, and a sudden antiseptic scent triggered another wave of fear, Megan’s eyes rolling around, desperately trying to see anything. Plain white surgical walls, clean and polished tiles, glass-fronted cabinets, filled with medical gear. What was this place?

Cool gel was rubbed onto her nipples, and then the fingers reached between her legs. Where they touched, it sent pulses and ripples of pleasure through her, making her body tingle, a hot flush of shameful desire pouring through her.

‘Ah, you see? We are bonded now – you are mine, your soul forced into submission.’

She couldn’t deny the pleasure she felt, and couldn’t evade the touches. Just the light strokes were getting her excited, stirring her up, before metal clicked, something biting onto her lips, pulling them apart. If she strained her eyes, she could just about see a clamp, biting into her pussy-lips, the other end getting attached to part of the restraint-chair she was in, holding her open, this process being repeated on the other side, exposing her folds utterly.

‘This will make it easier to work with.’

Megan tried to summon up her hatred for the crazy-pervert-bitch and force it into a stare, looking at Morrigan, struggling for control. But another light touch against her slit made her shiver, breaking her focus, her eyes rolling in her head.

‘Let’s do your ears first. Work down, top-to-bottom.’

She moved around Megan, fingers stroking an ear. And then there was a prick, swift and sharp, the pain soon expanding. Metal pushed into the top of her ear-lobe, and then again, a little lower, and again, beneath that. She mewled in pain and shock – what was happening? Why were her ears being pierced? And what was being attached.

Morrigan’s voice spoke, soft and sultry, little puffs of air against Megan’s ear. ‘Such a lovely thing you are! But you need to bear my markings, and to know that you are owned. And this will mean that I can lock in your ear-buds, without worry of them slipping loose.’

The process was repeated on Megan’s other ear – the same jabbing pains, down her ear. Then Morrigan moved back into sight – for the first time, Megan was able to see what the woman was wearing. Sleek, sensual latex again, tight and black, showcasing her figure. With the gloves

on, she looked inhuman and powerful, the only flesh on display her face, her hair tied back. Her hands reached out for Megan's tongue, squeezing it, before a pair of forceps were applied. The pressure increased, squeezing her.

She saw Morrigan reach out of sight, her hand coming back with a needle. It seemed monstrously fat, Megan's eyes going wide with terror. She didn't want that stuck into her! As it moved closer, her breathing became shallow, rapid pants, and she fought to maintain some self-control, the pain filling her senses.

The needle jabbed into her tongue, and she felt it penetrate, sliding into her skin, violating her body. It took every ounce of self-control she had not to yelp, but she tried to focus, staring at Morrigan with what she hoped was contempt. The needle pushed through her tongue, and she could taste blood, as Morrigan pulled it out, then took a stud-piercing and pushed it into the hole. The metal was cold, inside of her flesh, the ball screwing into place.

With the grips on her tongue, she still couldn't withdraw it, having to endure having it forced to be out, and feeling her spit dribble down her chest, between her breasts.

'That's going to need time to heal, but I'm sure I'll enjoy it when you pleasure me.'

'Hphhhh!'

'And now here as well. You might need a ring, for restraint, but for now, nothing quite that overt.'

All she could do was watch in terror as a needle slid into her nose, puncturing straight through the insides, between her nostrils. A small metal plate was inserted, soon getting warmed by her body.

'I'd rather not have to use a ring, but just in case, it's nice to have the option.'

Then hands squeezed both of her breasts, pinching her nipples and dragging them out, hurting her as her breasts were pulled on. Fingers pinched hard, stretching out her nipple, and then another burst of vicious, stabbing pain, a needle sliding in.

'In time, maybe you'll earn gold, but for now, something duller.' More metal violated her body, pushing into her nipple before it was released, a dab of gel helping to cool it slightly. When the same happened on the other side of her body, she was ready for it, gulping in air as much as she could, trying to power through the pain. Barbells penetrated her body, short and ugly lumps of metal on her pert breasts.

Morrigan chuckled. 'You're going to be such a lovely slave-slut – you'll learn to enjoy and embrace that pain, and desire it.'

'Nphh!' Grunting defiance made her tongue hurt, but Megan didn't want to give the crazy bitch the satisfaction of agreeing, or even submitting. Despite that, she could feel a warmth through her body, her crotch soft and ready, a disturbing arousal there.

'You have a nice body. Although it needs a little work.' Fingers slid and stroked down from her breasts and then over her belly, disconcertingly soft and gentle. 'I'll have to do some physical training with you, tone you up a little.' The fingers tickled over her navel, pulling on the skin on either side of the faint dip in her skin. And then the prickling stab of the needle, pushing straight through, Megan moaning slightly in pain and protest, Morrigan not noticing or caring.

'Now the main attraction. Three on each lip should be enough. Both for decoration, and to attach anything I need to. And to keep you sealed when I don't need you, of course.'

Her lips? But her tongue had already been done, and she didn't want lip-piercings! Her blood ran cold as fingers stroked over her stretched out pussy-lips, just barely visible. A finger stroked inside of her, making her quiver with pleasure. She couldn't see what was happening, Morrigan's hands in the way, but she felt a needle push against, and then through, her stretched-out skin. Having her most special place, her sacred shrine of pleasure, violated, hurt her inside, almost more than the physical pain! She liked pleasure there, but it was *hers*, not something anyone could use!

She would have bitten her tongue if her mouth hadn't been held open with the ring-gag, her vision blurring from the pain and humiliation. But she managed not to whine, as the needle moved upwards, before she was penetrated and violated again.

From close by, there was a loud yelp of pain, followed by sobs. Was that Summer? Was the same thing being done to her? Megan tried to steel herself against the pain, a third jab, and then metal sliding through each of the holes. Did she have rings now, all down one side? But that meant...

She groaned before managing to cut herself off as the same piercings were done on the other side of her pussy. Her whole crotch ached and throbbed now, in time with her heart, but there was a disturbing pleasure there as well. A finger pushed into her, finding her clit and touching the sensitive bundle of nerves, making her head spin.

From what little she could see of Morrigan's face, the woman was flushing slightly herself – was she some kind of pervert? Was she getting off on this?

'Excellent! Just one more, and then the markings. You're going to have to go without pleasure for a while as well, while you heal. Of course, even afterwards, you can only have pleasure with my permission – you'll have to obey me, or else I will hurt you. I don't want to break you entirely, but I am willing to accept a certain amount of damage.'

The finger teased her clit, stroking and twisting, before more cooling gel was rubbed inside of her, faintly numbing the throbbing pain of her pussy-lips. She strained again, trying to break the metal restraints, but they stayed utterly still, far too strong to resist.

A needle poked at her clit, making her twitch. She couldn't be... No, surely no-one would... The needle penetrated her body, right through the bundle of nerves, red-hot heat searing

through her belly and up her spine. Hot sweat wracked her body, making the metal seat beneath her slippery, her body sticking to the metal. A clit-piercing?

‘Np hh! Np hhh!’ She whimpered, trying to sound strong, but the pain was too much, slowly breaking her down. Another touch of the finger against her red-hot clit send more angry jangles of lightning-pain running through her hips and belly, before it withdrew. And the humiliation of having her most special, private place, her shrine, violated! It left her feeling empty, unable to control herself, starting to sob.

‘Good. That’s all the piercings done. Next up are the implants – to make you easier to clean.’ Morrigan held up a length of surgical tubing. ‘This will make it nice and easy to look after you. But if you ever make a mess, then I will hurt you. *Badly*. Nothing that will leave a mark, but enough to make you regret.’

With her pussy still spread open, there was no way for Megan to resist another assault against her special place. Having her clit violated had been bad enough, but now her piss-hole as well! She felt herself getting gently spread open, the tubing sliding in, compressing and then stretching out inside of her. She could tense up around it, just a little, but it was firmly lodged, impossible to squeeze out.

‘It means I can keep you plugged as well, when I don’t want you to make a mess. You’re going to be a nice pet – you’ll only be allowed to relieve yourself with my permission.’

Shame, ugly and vicious, stung through Megan, utterly unable to control herself. It roiled through her, flowing over her body, her buttocks now sticky with her clammy, cold sweat.

‘Np hhh! Np hhh!’ She tried to beg, but couldn’t even talk, her tongue held in place and now pierced as well. The aching throbs mingled together, everything pulsing in time with her heartbeat. Another groan came from nearby, and then the voice of the other pervert-kidnapper. ‘That’s it. I was expecting more groans.’

Morrigan touched her fingers against Megan’s nipples, and her vision filled with pain-sparks. She heard a loud, incoherently garbled scream, taking a moment to realize that it was her own voice, her throat aching and tense. Morrigan stepped back, stroking her own body, running hands across her latex suit, leaving smears of gel across the shiny black surface. Her hand moved between her legs, Megan feeling the stirrings of desire, somehow increasing alongside the pain.

The woman kept stroking herself, playing with her own breasts, Megan hypnotized by the surgical lights playing off the shiny-tight latex sheathing her body. Her own body was limp with pain, and she couldn’t even focus enough to try and move.

‘Just one more thing before your markings– your tracking chip. A little more advanced than the sort of thing that goes into a dog. It’ll track all your vitals, and also control where you can go in the mansion. Maybe, if you’re a good slave, then you’ll be allowed more places?’

Megan couldn't even muster up the strength to protest, mutely watching as Morrigan went to get another syringe, this one even fatter than the needles already stuck into her. She pulled on a lever attached to the chair, and Megan changed position, her legs getting pulled higher up. Through her legs, she could see Morrigan, before she felt a finger down the bottom of her spine, now exposed. She shivered, the only movement she could manage, and then the needle jabbed into her. She couldn't see, but imagined the chip as something large and dark, forced into her, now registering her data.

She wasn't some dog, some *bitch* to be tracked and monitored! The thought sent a flash of anger through her, clearing her head a little, before Morrigan's fingers touched onto her thighs, gripping tightly, dispelling it, making her whimper again.

'And now that's done, time for the tattoos. You're going to be mine – and that means you have the honor of bearing my mark. If you disgrace me, then I will punish you.'

Tattoos? Megan squeaked. She didn't want any! She didn't want to be marked like that! Her body was limp with fear, cold sweat seeping from her, making her piercings sting, as Morrigan reached out and fetched a tattoo gun.

It thrummed into life, buzzing and humming, Morrigan reaching towards Megan's breast, over her heart.

Something inside of Megan snapped, her mind refusing to accept it. She tasted blood, thick and heavy in her throat, as her vision went dark, and she fell into a deep, interior darkness...

Chapter 8: Training and Recovery

Summer growled, or at least tried to, her tongue throbbing as it rubbed against the fat rubber plug in her mouth. She could feel a dull ache in the rest of her body, the piercings still sore and not yet fully healed – but she had no idea how long she had been trapped here! Ever since being kidnapped, time had passed in a dizzying whirl, that dangerous pervert shaving her, and then pushing the metal into her body. If she focused, she could feel the metal, although it was getting harder and harder to do so, her body getting accustomed to the studs. Even the ear-buds, firmly held in place by the piercings, were harder to sense, despite having most of her hearing blocked!

Being deafened was bad, but not quite as bad as being numb. Her body was sheathed in latex, tight and clinging, but the inside had been smeared with some gel, making her entire body numb. She had to move carefully to avoid stumbling, all her reflexes slightly off, and that was before the perpetual edge of jangling exhaustion that thrummed in her brain. They didn't let her sleep properly, shoving her into a small cage, and then loud noises and bright lights would flare and burst, forcing her awake. Was that every few hours, or every few days? She couldn't tell, but either way it was making her brain feel like it was melting, her senses fraying. The tattoos

throbbed as well – she still didn't know what had been marked onto her body, her flesh sheathed in latex, but there were Celtic-style knots and thorns inked onto her scalp. She tried to not think about them, the thought of the permanent markings on her body making her feel nauseous.

She stepped forward, the brutally high heels that were part of the suit making her feet ache – they were at least 5 inches tall, making every step a challenge not to fall over. Even standing still made her legs sore, forcing tension up her calves and hips.

Ahead of her, both of the bitches were standing, looking quite comfortable, sat down, enjoying hot drinks and biscuits. Just the thought of food made Summer's stomach rumble – she hadn't had anything proper to eat since coming here! Just sludge-paste forced into her mouth, giving her the choice of swallowing or choking. She wanted something solid, and that would make her feel full.

With her ears blocked, she couldn't hear what the women were saying, as she stepped forward, the treadmill beneath her forcing her to keep walking. If she focused, she could keep her gait steady, although having her arms bound behind her body through her balance off even more. The leash around her neck attached to the ceiling supported her a bit, but if she ever slowed down or tripped, would choke her – she'd seen Megan stumble a few times already, feet flailing until she was able to get her balance back.

As much as possible, Summer ignored Megan, focusing on her own balance. She stared at the two women, wishing she had the ability to lash out with her mind, to use her hate to cause them harm somehow. She could feel the air against her bare scalp, the sensation making her flush with shame and hatred – being shaved, her long, lovely hair getting lopped off by these perverts! That was almost as bad as being used as a sex toy! Although the memories of that, of the wet, loose passion slamming through her, uncounted releases that had fractured her mind into darkness... She'd never felt anything like that before!

Both the women stood up, looking strict and dominant in their skin-tight bodysuits. How come they looked so powerful in them, while Summer felt trapped and contained in her own? As they walked forward, Summer wanted to flee, her body tensing up. She stumbled, one of her ankles clipping the other, feeling a sudden strain around her neck as the leash tightened. She dangled there for a moment, feeling the pressure against her throat, before she was able to get her feet back under herself, having to walk fast to keep up with the treadmill.

Victoria's lips moved, and suddenly there was noise again, the rolling thrum of the treadmill, and Victoria's voice, cool and precise.

'You need a lot more, my *Lei'ra*. In time, your feet will be permanently re-shaped – the process has already started, but once it's finished, then it's irreversible.'

Summer felt herself chill within the bodysuit, having to split her concentration between Victoria's words and keeping her balance on her toes. Her feet would be like this forever? Bent in high, stiff arches? She tried to shake her head in protest, but her collar was high and thick enough she couldn't even manage that!

‘You’ll never need anything but heels again – or be down on your knees, so you can serve properly. I’m sure you’d rather have at least a little dignity, rather than be furniture?’ Victoria’s voice was cruel and harsh, stabbing into Summer’s ears. Morrigan walked past her, approaching Megan and shoving her off-balance, making her stumble and choke.

‘Your body is as much mine as your soul – and I will shape both to my preference. You will obey, or the consequences will be harsh.’ She reached out, pressing her hands against Summer’s latex-wrapped breasts. Even with the numbing gel and through the thin sheathe, Summer could feel it, the touch sending a faint throb of pain into her body, her nipples still healing from the piercings. Her lips tightened around the gag-lump, her tongue tingling with numbed pain as it pressed against it. She wanted to glare at the bitch with hate, desperate to retain some power and agency, but a hand slid between her thighs, fingers pressing against her slit.

That touch sent pleasure thrilling up her spine, her head spinning. How did Victoria do that? Even when she masturbated, it hadn’t been so strong and vivid, and not just from a touch! She stumbled again, Victoria stepped across the treadmill to hold her up, her own breasts pushing against Summer’s. Despite the shame she felt, she was glad of the support, not wanting to be choked.

‘Your body needs to get used to accepting whatever I choose to do with it.’ A hand squeezed Summer’s backside, getting a handful of her buttock-meat, as the treadmill slowly ground to a halt. ‘While your pussy cannot be utilized yet, your backside needs to adjust to being used for pleasure. You may even learn to enjoy it yourself.’

Summer tried to grunt in protest, but couldn’t make any noise, Victoria releasing the leash from around her neck, and then picking her up and lifting her off the treadmill.

‘And some food as well. But the anal plug first!’

Summer reflexively clamped her backside tightly, as she was put down onto the floor and then pulled along, her heels not allowing her to resist, her balance too upset to start with. She was shoved up against a wall, the impact making her breasts ache again, before she felt the pressure on her backside fade slightly, her suit getting opened up. Fingers pulled her buttocks apart, and then a fat lump was pushed into her. She tried to tense up to keep it out, but Victoria applied a constant, steady pressure, forcing her back passage wide open. Whatever the thing was, it felt fat and huge, a metal bulb getting pushed into her, before it was sucked the rest of the way in, lodged within her.

A moment later, a vicious sting buzzed into her sphincter, the thing shocking her. Victoria gave it a tugging twist, pulling it slightly out, making Summer’s asshole gape and stretch. She could feel the base of the plug between her buttocks, large enough to push them apart, before the suit was sealed shut again. She tried to push herself off against the wall, wanting to at least try *some* form of rebellion, but Victoria easily kept her in place, shoved up against the wall.

It hurt, stretching out her insides! She'd never been violated like this before – that wasn't somewhere that things should go. She could feel the *thing* inside of her, getting warmed up by her body, impossible to force out – and making her feel fat and bloated, stretched out from the inside. Straining against it made her feel the thinner stem inside her asshole, deep shame at the violation spiking through her, hot and pitiful.

'Feeding time next. I'm sure you'll enjoy this.'

Summer was pulled away, still off-balance, seeing Megan getting her own ass-plug. The size of the thing made her shudder – was that the same as the one shoved into her? Megan was whining, Morrigan spanking her buttocks before shoving the lump into her. Seeing Megan's asshole getting stretched wide made Summer wince, the soft flesh being forced wide around the intruder, before it was swallowed up, vanishing inside of Megan. The one inside her thrummed slightly, vibrating inside of her, distracting her again as Victoria wrestled her forward.

Summer knew what was coming next, a flush of shame coming over her face. Two high metal chairs were on one side of the room, securely bolted to the floor. The seats had half-moon curves, and in front of them were vertical bars with cuffs and other restraints attached, above a low metal block. As she was pushed towards one of them, she managed to get her feet beneath her, digging her heels into the ground, just for a moment. Then Victoria gave her a shove, the heels making it impossible to stay in place.

Flavor-memories flashed into her head, burned into her on some deep level, impossible to ignore, the taste of Victoria's pleasure-juices. Another shove, and then a palm slapped against her belly, knocking the wind from her. Victoria took full advantage of that moment of weakness, using it to shove Summer down, making her squat in front of the high chair, cuffs snapping into place.

All she could do now was shift slightly in place, making the chain-cuffs clink and clack. Her head was on level with the seat, her butt raised just above the metal block. When she lowered herself to sit on it, that put more pressure on the butt-plug, sending dizzying sensations through her. She tried wriggling, desperately hoping for some weakness in the chains, some way of escaping. Not that she had any idea where she was still, or how to get out of here – all she'd seen here had been a few scattered rooms, various torture chambers and the hell-room where her body had been pierced and violated.

Victoria made a satisfied noise, walking away and coming back with a plastic funnel and a plastic tub of powder. From behind her gag, Summer tried to protest, but was still forced to silence by the gag-ball.

Victoria put the items on the seat, before reaching out, her fingers pushing into Summer's mouth, squeezing at the gag-lump. From outside, it could be squashed down, Victoria pulling it out, fresher air flowing into Summer's mouth, but leaving the metal ring in place, her mouth still forced open. The plastic funnel was put into her mouth, the thing big enough it covered her vision as well, Victoria applying enough pressure to keep Summer's head bent back.

She tried to flick her tongue around her mouth, knowing what was coming, wanting to make her mouth as wet as possible. An amount of powder, dry and flavorless, was dumped into the funnel, Victoria shaking it to make the stuff flow down into Summer's mouth. It soaked up all the moisture, turning into sticky paste, claggy and thick, hard to swallow. More of it was poured in, filling her mouth, and she tried to move her tongue to swill it around. It soaked up all the moisture from her tongue, drying her out.

'Get it all in. To be a good slave, you'll need all your nutrition.' A lump of the stuff went into her throat, making her gag and splutter before managing to swallow it down. Her tongue was dust-dry now, coated in the stuff, as she slowly managed to consume it. Beside her, metal sounded, as Megan was cuffed into place.

'And some liquid as well. A nice, divine nectar. A slave should be glad to please her mistress, right?'

Summer groaned, more powder falling into her mouth, before the funnel was removed. She tried twisting against the cuffs, feeling them bite into her skin, but couldn't break free. Victoria sat down, her crotch now on level with Summer's face. She held up a cock, the shaft run through with holes. Summer twisted her neck, trying to turn away, before Victoria's nails dug into her shaved scalp and held her in place.

The cock went into her mouth, stirring up fresh clods of food-powder, draining the last traces of moisture from her tongue. It slid into place, clicking against the metal ring, locked into place now. She could feel the extra weight of it, pulling on her face and neck, as Victoria settled herself comfortably into place on the seat. From between her legs, Summer couldn't see Victoria's face, her vision limited to Victoria's crotch and chest.

'Time for some liquids as well. And, of course, you can pleasure me, your owner. My sweet little Lei'ra.'

Summer couldn't even clench her teeth, trying to tighten her jaw, the effort just making her cheeks and face ache, the metal ring biting into the soft skin inside her mouth. As Victoria unzipped her suit, the scent of the woman's slit poured out. It crept into Summer's senses, making her feel dazed, her self-control slipping, her own body heating up, desire swelling within her. Having to be used as a sex-toy was bad enough, but that her body was feeling good about it, further out of her control, just made her feel even worse! And the anal violation wasn't going away, a further painful shame!

'Good little slut-slave. Happy to serve your mistress, aren't you?' The nails dug into her scalp, making her head ache, the scalp-tattoos still healing. Her tongue rubbed against the back to the cock-shaft, able to feel the holes through it. When she breathed in through her nose, the scent of pussy-juice was even more intense, as Victoria fingered herself, making a pleased sigh.

On the other seat, Morrigan was doing the same to Megan, her thighs wrapped around Megan's head. Summer was pulled in close, thighs closing over her head, and she was forced to inhale Victoria's scent directly, breathing it in through the shaft. The flavor-scent was powerful and

vivid, making her whole body heat up, a strong heat growing in her crotch. On instinct, she tensed her pelvis, the act making her feel the stem of the thing in her ass, her body tight around it.

Her head was dragged back and forth, the cock-gag sliding in and out of Victoria's body. She was making sounds of pleasure, Summer struggling to breath, the woman's thighs tight around her head. Summer couldn't see anything now, her head too close, just the bright shine of latex as she was used as a dildo-mount.

Her own pussy was getting wetter and wetter, and she could feel the aching sting of the piercings through the numbness. Soon after, Victoria came, and her juices flowed down the cock shaft, into Summer's mouth. There was no way to spit them out, as they washed away the food-powder, adding some actual flavor to the stuff. It made it easier to swallow, her tongue swirling around to try and clear out the last remnants of the gunk, but having to swallow another woman's pleasure-juices made her feel hot and ashamed, despite the pleasure she could feel swelling between her legs.

'Good slave! Maybe soon, you'll be allowed to use your tongue directly.' The hand stroked against her head, pulling her in so close her nose bumped against Victoria's skin, the cock fully sheathed inside of Victoria's body. 'But for now, you can consume my pleasure.'

Summer was held there, trying to gulp in air, Victoria's body too close, the scent and taste penetrating deep into her consciousness. She could barely think, her body feeling like it was swelling within heat beneath the latex, her body sweating from beneath it. She wanted touches and pressure between her legs, something to penetrate her body, driving her into pleasure!

The heat of Victoria's pussy wafted over her face, and down into her throat. Every time she breathed or swallowed, it made it even more intense, Victoria starting to push and pull Summer's head back and forth again. The woman's gasps were getting louder as she continued to use Summer as a sex-toy, silence suddenly blossoming in Summer's ears as her ear-buds blocked out all external noise again.

A hand stroked down her face, brushing over her eyes, pushing her into darkness. All she could do was endure it, having no choice but to let herself be used as a sex-toy, more pussy-juice flowing into her mouth and into her body. She tried to make herself go blank, wanting to settle into emptiness, where she could escape the sense of forced violation, the scent of Victoria hot and powerful, overriding her will. All she could do was go limp, and hope for it to end, as Victoria ground against her face, heading for another orgasm.

Chapter 9: Testing and Training

Morrigan could *feel* Megan, a presence in the base of her spine, a somewhat-distanced sense of nervousness, fear, pain and arousal. At first, it had been unsettling, negative thoughts crowded into her own sense of self, but now she was getting better at being able to compartmentalize them, forcing them into a walled-off area within herself. When she

concentrated, she could call them forth, letting herself feel what Megan was feeling, and, through that, more distant links to Summer and Victoria.

That also meant she knew when Megan was conscious, even if the slave-girl was pretending otherwise. Megan was currently restrained, her slender body stretched out in a medical examination chair, with her legs spread, her arms restrained above her head, body limp. The tattoos on the woman's body were crisp and black, the lines stark on her skin. Celtic knots run around her head, whorls of chain-patterns, and there was a heraldic crest just above her cunt, neatly inked into the skin. The swelling caused by the tattoo-needle had mostly faded, and the piercings looked to be healing as well, bright little flashes of metal in her cunt and on her lower lips, as well as through her ears, her nose, her nipples as well. The ear-piercings looked in ear-buds, pale plastic almost matching Megan's skin-tone.

Morrigan could sense the fearful stress of Megan, that the woman was awake, just her eyes being closed, her chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm. Morrigan raised her hand, then brought the cane down over Megan's body, striking across that lovely, tender belly, taking care to avoid the tattoo-marks and the piercings.

Megan's eyes flashed open and she grunted with pain, jaw tightening around the dental gag that forced her mouth open, tongue appearing, the metal stud there flashing. The fear in the woman's eyes was delightful, sending a stir of pleasure through Morrigan's body, as she approached the chair, moving with deliberately slowness, watching fear build.

'You're healing well – just as a good slavegirl should. But now you need to be examined, just in case there are any complications.'

'Nphhh!'

'Hmm, obedience needs more work. But that will come with time. And you need to be shown how your new life will be. If you like, I can always plunge you into deafness? Or worse. Pain sound, level 5.' As she spoke, a nearby sensor picked up her command, and she saw Megan tense up, her ears now filled with a high-pitched whine. 'Stop.'

Megan sagged, the sound ceasing.

'You see? Once the examination is done, then a collar will be locked around your neck, but there are other systems in place. The ear-buds are nice and straightforward – you hear only what I want you to hear, and there's all sorts of unpleasant sounds I can subject you to.' She put the crop aside, peeling surgical gloves out of a packet and pulling them on, the latex comfortably tight on her hands. 'You can't remove them, unless you want to tear your ears off. But, should I wish it, I can subject you to the sounds of you begging, screaming, or just endless loud sounds.'

She laid a hand on the cunt-tattoo, able to feel the heat of the penetrated flesh, the skin having raised itself up slightly in response to the needle-gun.

'This little cunt-ring has a battery inside. It might be tiny, but a shock delivered right into your clit is going to sting. So don't think you can escape – the implants inside your body let me track you very precisely, and if you ever go somewhere you shouldn't, then you will be shocked. And when I come to reclaim you, then I will punish you for your sins.'

She pushed a finger between Megan's lower lips, the folds parting easily, her finger sliding in.

'Good, you're nice and loose. If you ever resist me, then I will have to hurt you.' The dense little knot of Megan's emotions was now tinged with a thread of desire, amidst the pain and humiliation. 'All those rings on your pussy-lips are ornamental for now, but I can think of all sorts of uses for them. Attaching you to things, or putting some padlocks through them to seal you off. Your body is *mine* now, and it would be unwise of you to forget that.'

She twisted her fingers around, opening up her own mind, to let some of the pleasure spread into herself, feeling her own cunt prepare itself for pleasure, beneath her latex suit. Even with just a single finger, she could feel the tightness of Megan, her body yearning for more, despite the pain in her eyes.

'If you're a good girl, then the training might even be fun.' She slid the finger back and forth, teasing Megan, feeling the woman's heat start to increase, the pussy tightening up, drawing the finger deeper and deeper. She stared into Megan's eyes, before smiling and speaking, issuing a command. 'Shock, level 3.'

There was no sound, but Megan spasmed in the chair, her entire pelvis cramping, pussy-walls tightening strongly around Morrigan's finger. Her eyelids fluttered, eyes darting around in fear, Morrigan leaning in close, positioning herself over Megan.

'You belong to me. There is no escape – your life is going to be in my service. You bear my mark, and you can feel me, can't you? Obedience and submission are what your soul craves. And should you disappoint me, then I will break you – condemn you to silence and darkness, for the rest of your miserable existence.'

Megan was staring at her now, terror obvious even without the connection Morrigan could feel. She mumbled something, jaw tightening around the dental gag, neat white teeth biting at the metal. Morrigan reached into Megan's mouth, squeezing at the flapping tongue. 'This is to pleasure me – if I allow you to speak, then it should be to praise and service me. And that lovely little stud? Just like your clit-piercing, it can shock you. Should you ever find yourself wanting to curse my name, then I will punish your traitorous tongue. In the olden days, my ancestors were even harsher, and would simply pluck out the tongue of a slave that gave such offense. But I would rather shape you into something useful – and I'm certain that you would agree.'

She kept twisting her fingers around inside of Megan's forced-open mouth, pushing them into Megan's throat, feeling the muscular ring constrict before she shoved forward, making Megan choke and splutter.

‘This is another hole to use – learn to breath through your nose, and things will be easier for you. Now, I’m going to give you a full inspection, and I expect you to be nice and limp and passive throughout. Do you understand, slave?’ She shoved with her fingers, penetrating two fingers down the throat-hole before pulling them out, wet with slobber. ‘And I expect a response when I ask you a question.’

‘Myeppphh!’

‘Good. First, your thresholds. Set vibration on low.’ It was impossible to see, but the clit-piercing should now be buzzing away inside of Megan, teasing and stimulating her. It would drain the battery, but the chair had an induction charger built in, to keep it powered. ‘If you come without permission, then I will have to hurt you for that. But now I’m going to find out where you’re sensitive.’

She pulled herself back, able to smell Megan’s desire increasing. Where to start? She took another step backwards, with Megan’s feet now in front of her, toes wriggling. Maybe a nice bastinado? She picked up a cane, then flicked it forward, stroking against the bare sole.

Megan grunted in pain, her chest heaving as she exhaled. Morrigan could feel the jolt, making her own foot tense up within her high-heeled boot. She’d have to get better at sectioning off that part of her that was now bound up with Megan! Falling into a pleasure-pain loop could result in loss of control, or an addiction to pain herself – when she should only be interested in inflicting it, not taking it. She struck again, this time trying to filter what she could feel, getting the sensation of the angry pain, stinging and strong, but feeling more detached and clinical.

‘You don’t like that, do you?’ Her next strike was even stronger, leaving a thick welt on the woman’s sole, Megan panting with pain. Looking down, she could see wet desire forming on Megan’s pussy, the buzzing of the piercing taking effect. When she launched several strikes in quick succession, Megan’s scream sounded out, warped and flattened by the dental gag, her tongue-piercing clicking off the metal mouth-bars.

‘Shock, level 6.’

There was an even louder whine of pain, Megan’s arms tensing up against the metal restraints.

‘I don’t like noisy slaves – you should accept your training with silent grace. Would you like another?’

‘Nphhhhh!’

‘Shock, level 6.’

Megan spasmed in forced contractions, Morrigan beating her soles several more times, toes frantically wriggling, but Megan couldn’t free herself.

‘It’s nice to know that you’re so sensitive. I think Summer seems tougher, at least from what Victoria says.’ If she focused, she could feel another, more distant, knot of pain, desire and humiliation, Victoria probably putting Summer through similar training and testing. ‘Nice and easy to hurt – good, this will get a lot harder if you were tougher. Now, let’s apply some pain to that little pussy of yours.’

She put the cane aside, picking up a metal circle with clamps attached to springs on the inside. Morrigan started to attach the clamps to Megan’s pussy, the device holding the woman’s lips spread wide. She could have used the rings, but it was more amusing to use the skin itself, the metal teeth biting into sensitive flesh. And Megan was wet and loose now, the vibrations of the piercing invisible, but having an effect. Morrigan’s own desire was increasing – she wanted this inspection over with so that she could use Megan as a sex-toy!

The pussy-lips parted, soft and wet, Morrigan sliding her finger along the wet folds. ‘It’s nice to see you get horny so easily! But I suppose you’re used to being served – well, from now on, you will have to obey and serve me.’ When she pulled on one of the pussy-rings, she heard Megan whimper, Morrigan giving it a sharp twist.

Next, she picked up a body of gel, smearing it over her fingers, wrinkling her nose at the sharp scent. Now, as soon as she touched against the wet pussy-walls, smearing the gel there, Megan whimpered even more.

‘Shock, level 6. Repeat, 5 seconds.’

Megan made a strangled noise, going tense for a moment and then limp.

‘You’re wet enough that this gel will wash off eventually. If you’re a good girl and I let you orgasm, that will help. Hmmm, I wonder if you will be able to climax through the pain?’

The prickling, burning sensation was leaking through into Morrigan – it made her want to itch her legs, or go to the toilet, but she pushed that impulse down. It must be far stronger for Megan, if her reaction was anything to go by – her entire body was shiny and slippery with sweat, her eyes glazing over, thighs tensing up, unable to close.

‘There is no escape – the pain is to show you your place.’

Megan gurgled, her eyes rolling back in her head, body starting to go slack. Morrigan reached out, grabbing a breast and squeezing, before focusing her will on the tight, bundled knot of fear and pain she could feel in her head, mentally forcing herself between the strands, forcing it open. Megan’s eyes came open, staring at her with shock and bright, vivid terror, tears starting to form in her eyes. Morrigan smiled, cold and harsh, before speaking in the softest, most gentle voice she could manage.

‘Oh, my sweet Ama’Ra. You are mine, truly and forever. You cannot escape.’ She could feel Megan’s consciousness, a flickering and soft thing, trying to slip away, seeking a refuge in darkness. But she conjured up mental bindings, pinning it down, refusing to let the woman slip

away into any sort of escape or release. She squeezed a breast between her fingers, feeling the hard nub of the nipple and pulling on it, stretching out the breast. 'You are going to worship me – from now on, I rule and command your life.'

She focused her will, staring down into Megan's eyes, smiling at the tears there, wanting to lick them, and taste Megan's suffering.

'Are you going to serve me, through pain and suffering? A good slave may be rewarded, but a bad slave will be punished.'

She twisted the nipple again, before letting it go, and then moving closer in, leaning over Megan, pressing down on her. It was a shame her clothing didn't have any spikes on – giving Megan a painful, harsh embrace would have added to the moment. But she could feel Megan's sharp, pained pants, tongue softly twisting, as Morrigan leaned in for a kiss. The metal gag was unpleasant against her skin, but Megan yielded in surrender, her tongue going limp and slack and Morrigan pushed her tongue into Megan's mouth.

'You exist for my pleasure. To worship and adore me. I am all that you wish to obey and serve – you will have no thoughts, but those I wish. Or else you will be cast into darkness and silence.' She reached out, tapping the manual controls on the ear-pieces, cutting off any audio, just for a moment.

When she moved her hips in, bumping them against Megan's crotch, jostling the pussy-stretcher, she could feel the slipperiness of Megan's body, from both sweat and pussy-juice.

'Your jaw must be getting sore.' She moved her head back, then slid her fingers into Megan's mouth, feeling the tongue curl around her, the soft flesh twitching and recoiling from the stinging gel. 'Would you like the gag removed? But if you scream, then you will suffer for it.'

There was a soft grunt, that Morrigan chose to interpret as agreement, and she squeezed the gag closed, pulling it out of Megan's mouth and putting it aside. Megan made a whining noise, Morrigan stroking her face, enjoying the faint stinging sensations she could feel herself.

'You are going to worship me. You know the words – I've been broadcasting them to you as you slumber – at least the slight sleep you've been allowed. Worship me, as is your place.' She leaned in again, kissing Megan, tasting the bitterness of the gel, then finding Megan's tongue and biting, just gently before pulling her head back.

She could feel Megan trying to fade into unconsciousness again, but focused herself, keeping the flickering spark of awareness bound and caged, Megan's eyes flickering, but staying open.

'Worship me. Or I will punish you, as is my right.'

Megan whimpered, before her lips started to move. Her body shone with sweat, the pussy-scent a powerful aphrodisiac. 'You... You are my goddess. I worship you...' Tears

started to roll from her eyes, Morrigan leaning forward and licking at one, feeling a thrill from the salty taste. 'I adore you, and you are my creator. My soul is yours, bound and.... Bound and caged.' A convulsive sob ran through her body before she sagged, resistance fading, Morrigan feeling a deep and savage thrill, enjoying the sight of her slave breaking and collapsing.

She stroked herself through her latex suit, careful not to open it up, not wanting to inflict pain upon herself.

'The fires of creation will burn me, should I disobey you. I am yours, body and s... sou... soul...' She had to try several times to get the words out, her speech quivering and weak, her body limp. '...All that I am, is yours, *Methra* Morrigan, Mistress, Queen, owner... Please... Please...'

Morrigan reached between the woman's legs, giving the clamps a twist before releasing them, letting the clamp-wheel clatter to the floor, and then starting to finger-fuck Megan, rubbing herself with her other hand. The pleasure conducted itself from Megan into her, stimulating her far more than the touch alone did, making her own breath hitch.

Megan continued to mutter the increasingly desperate prayer, her body passive and limp, every movement of Morrigan's fingers adding both pain and pleasure. Megan's release, when it came, was weak and feeble, but Morrigan could feel it, her own not far behind. She leaned backwards, her latex suit kissing against her skin, closer than any lover's caress, sweet and soft, feeling wetness between her thighs.

'Good. Just so you understand your place. And you seem to be healing well, Ama'Ra. Soon, your training will be in earnest – maybe you will have the honor of using your tongue on your mistress' pussy?'

She jabbed her fingers into Megan's mouth, penetrating deep into her throat, enjoying the pained splutter, before releasing her mental grasp. Megan's eyelids fluttered, her mind unable to keep her awake and aware, a limpness coming over her face, even with Morrigan violating her throat. Well, it would be easy enough to get the woman back into a cage, to let her rest before further training! But the after-effects of the orgasm were still tingling up and down her spine, a pleasure rippling through her. Hopefully Victoria was having similar success with Summer!

Chapter 10: Mental Adjustments

Summer slammed her fist against the wall, feeling the impact through her arm, a faint throb of pain in her hand and up her shoulder. She grunted into her gag, biting down on the thick rubber ball, feeling her dribble ooze around the edges, hating the wet stickiness of it. And that meant she could feel the piercing in her tongue, the metal pushing against the roof of her mouth, that

had been pushed into her. It was warm now, heated by her own heat, but it wasn't something she wanted, a forced intrusion into her body!

The thought of it made her aware of all the other metal forced into her – the piercings in her breasts, navel, ears and nipples, and in her most sensitive, most special parts between her legs as well! Shame, humiliation and arousal washed through her, before Victoria shoved her against the wall, pushing hard at Summer's back. A latex-wrapped hand slapped at Summer's buttocks, before grabbing a flailing wrist and twisting Summer's arm back, hard enough to make her shoulder ache.

'Now, Lei'ra, I think you're misbehaving, aren't you? I think you might still have some fantasy of getting free.'

Summer tried to wriggle free, but the grip was too strong, pushing her hard against the wall, a spiked heel scraping down her leg, rough and painful.

'I think a harsher education may be needed.'

Summer was dragged back and then slammed forward, her naked body smacking against the wall, dazing her, before she was pulled away. She tried to protest, grunting into the gag, and not wanting to be hurt any more, but she lacked any strength, getting twisted and spun around. Victoria was easily able to push her around, the grip on Summer's arm a painful lock, making her shoulder ache and throb.

She was shoved through a doorway, the thing sliding open at their approach. Her bare feet slapped against the floor, the surface cold and hard, panic making her heart race.

'Your spirit wants to obey, but it seems that your head still needs further persuasion. But don't worry – I have something to show you.'

Another doorway, and this one led into a scary, medical-looking room, with a heavy chair in the center. Summer was shoved forward, Victoria chopping a hand into her kidneys and then pushing her into the chair when she tried to resist. Hydraulics hissed, hinges folding, metal pressing down over her wrists. She tried shaking her head, grunting into her gag, one leg folding into slots of the chair, the other still free.

Fingers, stiff and firm, poked into her thigh, numbing her leg, and then it was pushed into place, immobilizing her. Metal slid over her waist, as she twisted her head, trying to break free, the metal harsh and unyielding. Having the metal bind her started to crush her spirit, the restraints impossible to break out of, resistance just wearing and chafing at her skin.

'Mphhh!'

She could feel certainty, almost overwhelmingly strong, smothering her sense of self, threatening to drown her will. All she could do was bite down on the gag, trying to keep some

sense of control. The chair was cold and hard, holding her body securely, without any way to break free.

‘You’re tougher than I thought – although I suppose that’s no bad thing. At least once I’ve shaped you appropriately. Never forget – you are *mine*. You cannot escape me. Ever. But I have something to show you.’

There was a large screen on the wall opposite Summer, Victoria pointing at it, the thing blinking on. How did it do that? Was the other one watching through a camera, activating devices? Summer was distracted as the chair moved beneath her, her arms getting spread to the side, her legs pulling wide apart, exposing her crotch, cool air slithering against her slit.

Victoria moved around beside her, letting her see properly. It looked like... the local news? She recognized the logo in the corner, and it was showing a high-angle view of her college. Then it cut away, a presenter with several of Summer’s friends.

A hand grabbed her mouth, squeezing hard as the strap was released, the fat ball sliding from between her lips, slipping out from beneath the gloved hand. It pressed down, preventing her making any noise, still trying to wriggle against the restraints, without any success.

‘Oh, it’s, like, such a shame she’s gone! She was, um, always popular and liked.’ As Summer panted for breath, she heard the drawl, slow and amused, of one of her friends. Victoria’s fingers pushed into her mouth, letting her breath a little more, but violating her body, squeezing her tongue hard.

‘They’re all moving on already. Just a few months, and they’ll have forgotten about you completely. You were just a bitch to them – they never cared about you.’

A few more vaguely-disinterested interviews followed, before the cameras were inside the school entrance hall. There were pictures of her and Megan, and some flowers beneath, looking dead and messy. Students were walking to and fro, not even seeming to notice.

‘Mphhh!’ Summer tried to protest, but the fingers held her tongue, tasting of chemicals, pinching down hard. Her lungs were starting to ache and burn, Victoria’s other hand pinching Summer’s nose shut, covering her mouth, allowing for just a thin whisper of air. Summer could feel herself slipping away, darkness flickering at the edges of her vision, before the hands moved away, and she took a convulsive gasp, her body spasming.

Her eyes were fixed to the screen, devouring any scrap of information about the outside world, barely aware of Victoria’s movements as she stepped away.

A thick rubber mask came over her face, thick lenses in front of her eyes, straps pinching tightly around her head, as she saw her own home, then her bedroom. She felt tears prickling her eyes – she just wanted to be home again, able to relax, allowed to pleasure herself, with her own bitches to torment, and boys to tease! Her lungs strained to inhale, the mask covering her face, something blocking the flow of air.

A hand came up, shiny and black, before pressing down, just in front of Summer's mouth. The flow of air stopped completely – no matter how she sucked, all she got was the dead, mind-fogging waste air. She tried puffing harder, hoping to clear the obstruction, tensing her legs up, despite the painful bite of the metal. It did nothing though, Victoria keeping her hand in place, Summer's vision narrowing.

Her bitch of a stepmother appeared – Sheila! Her makeup and hair were pristine, her blouse deep enough to show the cleavage of her fake tits, paid for with dad's money. Summer tried to growl, but her lungs hurt too much.

'I was so sad when my little Summer was gone! Of course, she was trouble sometimes, but she was a good girl, mostly.' She didn't sound very upset, dabbing at clearly dry eyes with a tissue. 'It'll be hard, but I'll have to move on with my life.'

The blockage in front of her mouth suddenly moved, letting her gulp in a convulsive breath, the pain in her lungs starting to fade.

'It seems everyone is moving on already. You're a ghost to them now.'

Summer felt too weak to protest, feeling despair starting to build within her. With the mask on, her vision was limited, Victoria a vague movement on the edge of her vision, but she could feel whenever the woman touched her, slippery-smooth fingers groping at her breasts, a touch that made her skin crawl but that was impossible to escape.

Her nipples were pinched, squeezed and stretched, and then she felt metal against them. Small metal plates started to push together, beginning to crush and compress her skin, sending angle jangles of pain into her chest, before they became a flat, dull ache, matching how she felt.

'You belong to me now, Lei'ra. An extension of my soul.' Her tit was flicked, the motion making the breast ache, the dull throb surging to full awareness. As her other nipple was crushed, she tried to focus, wanting to gather her strength. Surely someone must realize she was alive? But quick snippet-interviews with other classmates followed, most sounding bored. A few of them were even people she'd bullied! They couldn't seem to quite hide smiles and smirks, making her groan again. If she ever got free, she'd hunt them down and make them pay!

Tie them down, beat them until they were pleading for mercy, choke them until they begged, ride them hard. Her fingers clenched, nails biting into her own palms, sheer frustration coming to a boil. A hand slapped her cunt, making her gasp, vision wavering.

'I may harm you, as you are my possession. But if you think I will allow my property to cause it's own destruction, then you will need to reconsider.'

Another slap, sending a twist of pleasure-pain through Summer, trying to twitch her hips aside, wanting to close her legs, the metal not letting her. Why was this turning her on? She should be in charge and dominant, she was naturally superior, but her body was betraying her, getting turned on despite the pain and humiliation.

Even the light touch of a finger against her cunt sent a shiver through her, her body heating up, making her suddenly acutely aware of the piercing there, a hot flare of shame coiling within her. Her body had been desecrated, the needles, piercings and tattoos forced onto her, without her consent!

But she couldn't deny the pleasure she was feeling, coiling up her spine, her lips parting, tongue lolling from her mouth. Victoria appeared in her view, smiling down at her, dominating and powerful. She pushed her hand against the breathing-valve again, the light shining off her latex-sheathed body, her other hand teasing between Summer's legs. The finger sank into her, easily penetrating her body, making her mewl and melt, desperate for more.

Grey eyes, bright and hard, stared down at her, and she could feel the woman's presence again somehow, a disturbing mental intrusion. Part of her wanted to simply give in, to surrender in the hopes that the pain might somehow go away, that she might just be able to find peace. Her airflow was limited again, and the forced stimulation of her pussy was making her body even weaker, sucking in more and more air she didn't have, her brain getting foggy.

'Even your mother doesn't seem to care about you. But I suppose you've always been a bitch, haven't you? I will shape you as I wish – and that is your only hope.' Victoria leaned back, getting out of the way, gesturing at the screen. It blinked to black, before back into color, another clip playing. It looked old, a little fuzzy and grainy, a... tennis match? Two women playing, the ball moving between them, hard and fast, accompanied by sharp sounds that made Summer wince.

'Summer's mother, Cindy Carlisle, was once a promising seeded tennis player, who moved to France to work as a coach.' The interviewer turned to speak to Summer's mother, pushing a microphone at her.

Two fingers shoved into Summer's slit, spreading her wide before withdrawing, making her whole body ache and throb. Fingers started to squeeze and twist at her skin, pinching her all over her thighs and belly, forcing her to twitch and writhe in response. Tears trickled from her eyes, hot and fat, making her feel even more pathetic.

'Oh, Summer? I remember her a bit – I've not seen her for years.' Her mother didn't seem overly concerned, tapping her fingers on her arm, still holding a racquet, other players moving behind her. 'Her father looked after her.'

Victoria moved her blocking hand away again, Summer desperately inhaling.

'You see? Unloved and unwanted, you and Megan both. Just some meat – you should be thanking me for finding you, and helping you to become something more. But you need a lot more training.'

Shame filtered through Summer, at her own weakness, and the desire between her thighs, wet and wanting more. She barely had the strength to move at all, her fingers weak and floppy. Victoria held something up for her to see – an electrode-pad, wires trailing out of sight. Summer

tried to shake her head – she didn't want more pain! But there was nothing she could do, no way to prevent Victoria attaching the things to her body, the pads going over her belly and thighs, and on her chest, wires getting attached to her nipple-clamps and the brutal, body-violating piercings.

When she whimpered, Victoria pressed her hand against the breathing-valve again, staring down at Summer. She was all Summer could see, dominant and powerful, seeming more-than-human, the latex making her body shine, closer to a goddess than a person. Summer tried to push those thoughts away – she'd escape, report this bitch to the police and get her sent to jail, where she could be a fuck-pig for the guards! But it was getting harder and harder to think, her brain starved of oxygen, Victoria the only thing she could see, the only person that might offer her any mercy.

Victoria smiled down at her, teeth bright and sharp. 'Your pain... I can feel it. Such a beautiful thing! So sweet and soft and vulnerable.' Summer felt herself falling into those eyes, a steely will trying to overwhelm her own.

She was only saved when control of her body was wrenched away, electricity slapping into her limbs, hot and vicious. Her hips bucked, her belly getting squashed up against the restraints, hurting her again, her eyes closing for a moment, Victoria's presence fading. Lightning assaulted her body, cutting over her chest, making her heart skip and stutter, her body not hers any more, now controlled and assaulted by the electric shocks.

Everything hurt – her lungs were screaming for air, her brain numb, feeling aching pressure across her belly, her wrists and ankles from the metal restraints, as she twisted and spasmed against them, unable to control herself. Only when the lightning stopped was she able to stop moving, sagging down, too weak to do anything else.

'Investigations are continuing, but the police have no leads as yet. All that is known is that the young women were last seen heading out of town. If anyone has any information, then please contact this number.' Several pictures of Megan and Summer flashed up, showing them, happy and smiling.

'You've healed enough that I can use your new piercings for fun. Well, fun for me.' Another cascade of shocks slammed into Summer, making her jerk and twitch, her heart jumping in her chest. In front of her, Victoria held up two wires, touching them together, sparks snapping into the air. 'You're already nice and wet, you should conduct nicely.'

Summer tried to close her legs, desperately straining against the metal, unable to make it budge even the smallest amount, Victoria carefully moving one wire and pushing it into Summer. She could feel the fingers violating her, the wire touching against her clit-piercing, trying to brace herself for the pain, panic surging through her. Fear-fog and adrenaline surged into her, her fingers twitching and spasming.

Victoria looked up, her smile savage and harsh, holding the other wire so that Summer could see it, before lowering it. Summer could feel her lips being spread wide by Victoria's fingers,

mewling in desperate fear from behind her mask, barely able to hear herself. The moment seemed to stretch out... And then pain, harsh and electric, *snapped* into her clit. The previous torments had been nothing compared to this, her mind going completely white from the sensation, the feeling conducting itself through her most sensitive parts, her nub soft and wet, the metal grounding the electrical shock into her body.

She was just about conscious of the metal pinching at her body, a vague throb against her wrists and ankles, trying to gulp in air, hot, white fire punching into her clit. Was she screaming? She couldn't tell, other than that her lungs burned, another source of pain. A ringing sounded in her ears, some false noise being generated by her mind, further confusing her, as her tears flowed downwards, some trickling into her mouth. She could taste the salt, bitter and sharp on her tongue, as her body sagged, the current stopping its brutal assault of her body.

Victoria pushed a finger deeper into her, a light touch against her clit making her squirm and shiver.

'You see? There is nothing you can do, little Lei'ra, to prevent me taking my pleasure from you. And if that comes along with your pain, that is your place now. You are a vessel for my will, and I will use you as I wish. An obedient slave may be rewarded, but a disobedient one *will* be punished.'

The pleasure was starting to swell within her, despite the brutal torture, Summer's mouth sagging open like an idiot's. All she could do was lay there, passive and tormented, and then the electricity snapped on again, making her body twitch and writhe, even that torn out of her control. Her teeth chattered, jaw tensing as a desperate scream was torn from her throat, loud enough that she heard it even through the breathing mask. She'd never experienced pain like this before, brutal and vicious, with that disturbing undercurrent of pleasure beneath it. And her friends and family all rejecting her, not even caring that she was gone!

She sagged as the current stopped, her body feeling like liquid, her muscles soft and melted. 'You will worship me as a goddess given flesh. You belong to me – there is no world for you outside this place. I have collared you, and made you mine.'

The finger twisted inside of her, feeling good, Summer desperately clinging to that sensation, rather than the crushing pain in her breasts, or the memories of being shocked. Everything was gone now, except the glare of Victoria's eyes, boring into her, the woman's other hand pressing against Summer's mask, limiting the airflow again. She could feel her consciousness melting and fading away, Victoria's spirit smothering her own.

Chapter 11: Painful Training

Megan tried to resist before Morrigan wrapped a hand around her throat, squeezing and pushing, making her stumble backwards. She moved her arms, wanting to fight back and resist,

before the metal cuffs bit into her skin, aching and sharp-edged, Morrigan easily shoving her around. Morrigan's hand, fingers bent into sharp claws, scratched across her belly, nails built into the gloves leaving aching furrows in Megan's skin.

'Mphhh!' She grunted through her gag, feeling dehumanized, unable to speak, tongue flapping against the back of a leather panel-gag. Morrigan pulled her forward, nails pinching into Megan's skin, sharp and painful. She couldn't even get her feet underneath her to get her balance, Morrigan pulling her too fast!

Megan tried to twist away, but the grip was too strong. She didn't want to be taken to another torture chamber, subjected to something else that would hurt her, to have her skin tormented, or to have dildos shoved into her body. Her thoughts recoiled away from the memory of past violations – feeling fat shafts part her buttocks, forcing her anus wide open, desecrating her body, something she couldn't refuse or deny. She wasn't one of the sluts that got bent over and reamed by stupid men, her body was her shrine, sacred and pure!

Or at least it had been, before Morrigan, the hateful bitch, had desecrated and sullied it. Megan couldn't even remember how many times she had been violated now, how often her asshole had been forced wide and made to accept some huge cock. It still felt loose, the phantom-sensation of past sodomy haunting her body.

She was dragged forward, into another chamber. Where was this hell? She hadn't seen sunlight since coming here, just a succession of rooms where she had been fucked, tormented and teased, Morrigan a constant force, never letting her rest.

Megan tried twisting her arms again, hoping against hope that the cuffs would somehow have come loose, but they held, pinning her wrists close together. This room was small, and seemed mostly empty, without anything too brutal-looking – no medical examination table, or medieval-style torture rack. Ahead of her was a shiny metal pole, topped with a cock, the thing slightly crooked, with round horizontal bars a few inches off the floor.

How was the woman this strong? Her fingers were like iron, with no mercy, easily pulling Megan forward. She could feel the air on her bald scalp, the tattoos still prickling, raw and fresh, the sensation reminding her of her shaved head, making her feel a deep wash of shame.

'Time to educate you further. Ama'ra needs to learn that she belongs to me!'

Megan grunted into her gag. Ama'ra wasn't her name! What was with these crazy bitches? Were they wierdo sex cultists, kidnapping women and using them for their twisted ends? But her protests were barely audible, Morrigan dragging her towards the shaft, the dildo-tip already shiny with lube.

Morrigan gave her a strong pull, letting go for a moment, as Megan staggered forward. Before she could catch herself, or try and escape, Morrigan had grabbed at her again, strong arms wrapping around Megan's belly and lifting her off the floor.

‘If you kick me, then I will punish you. Be a good slave-slut, and you might even get a reward.’

Terror flared within Megan – what was going to be done to her now? She went limp in Morrigan’s grasp, getting carried a few steps forward, until she was over the stood-up cock-shaft.

Too late, she realized what was about to happen, inhaling deeply. Morrigan slowly lowered her down, the cock sliding into her body. It was fat and wide, spreading her lips apart, sinking into her, sending a rush of confused pleasure into her body. It kept pushing into her, filling her more and more, sheathed within her flesh, until her feet found the horizontal bars.

The pressure almost immediately started to make her feet ache, all her weight pressed against the metal. It was cold against her feet, and she twisted around, trying to make herself more comfortable, without any success. She was stuck, skewered there on the cock-shaft, unable to lift herself off, the thing keeping her captive.

‘The more you obey, and the more you please me, then the sooner I will let you go, and return you to your cage.’

Megan squirmed, every movement making the cock shift within her, her body responding with confusing waves of pleasure and pain. The thing was big, filling her entirely, keeping her trapped! If she tried to straighten up, then that made it put more pressure against her soft folds, and every movement was making her feel more pleasure.

Something whistled through the air behind her, then slapped against her backside, the thin bite of a cane embedding itself into her buttocks. The impact made her tense up, making her feel the cock within herself even more acutely, along with a red welt of pain. Before she could adjust to that, there was another sharp crack, and another impact against her buttocks, her yelp loud enough to be felt through the gag.

‘A one-bar prison. Although one made to be a little more stressful for the user!’

Megan twisted her arms, feeling the cuffs bite into her wrists again, up on her toes, starting to ache from the weight of her body pressing down onto the curved metal foot-bars.

‘Now, you’re probably still hoping to escape.’ Another flick-crack of the cane, making Megan whine in pain, awkwardly shifting her weight from foot to foot, in a desperate attempt to lessen the pressure. ‘But there’s no-one that cares about you. You’re dead to the world – you’re a ghost now, ashes in the wind. Except to me – you’re mine now, an extension of my body and soul.’

Another slash of the cane, the pain started to fuzz Megan’s head, her buttocks alight with agony. Every movement she made just hurt, the tension spreading through her crotch, up into her pelvis, the pressure slowly building as she was stretched out.

‘Perhaps you would like to see some proof? I suppose you might not realize how long you’ve been here for, but it’s long enough for the world to have forgotten you.’ Her hand came around in front of Megan, clawed finger-tips running over her belly, not quite enough pressure to hurt, but enough to make her even more aware of the cock shoved into her, full and hard.

Hands squeezed her backside, nails sharp, but as soon as Megan tensed up, it made the penetrating shaft violate her even more. She could feel the lube, warm and slippery, mingling with the fluids of her own body, trickling down her thighs. Nails squeezed, making the cane-welts flare with pain as her buttocks were pinched and molested.

Megan tried to push back with her bound wrists, feeling them move against Morrigan’s breasts, her skin sliding over the latex-wrapped woman. It made her feel even weaker, even more inferior, her own skin weak and tormented!

Her buttocks were released, fingers jabbing and pinching into her arms instead, scratching painfully. ‘It seems you are not yet fully obedient, Ama’ra!’

Megan grunted – why was she called that? It wasn’t her name!

‘But there’s plenty of time to teach you.’

Metal clicked, the cuffs coming undone, first from one wrist, then the other, dropping to the floor. Megan tried to twist, wanting to strike at Morrigan, or do *something*, but the cock twisted within her, stealing her breath away, robbing her of any strength, making her head spin.

‘I think you need to be shown what happens to naughty slaves. You dislike pain – so that is what you shall have.’ Her left wrist was grabbed, a leather cuff locking into place, something exerting force, yanking her arm up. From the edge of her vision, Megan could see that a long bar was attached to her wrist now. She flailed with her other arm, knocking against Morrigan’s shoulder, satisfied at the grunt of irritation she heard.

Nails jabbed into the top of her back and then raked down, making her yowl with pain, feeling red-hot scratches embed themselves into her skin. As she tensed herself up, the cock pushed around within her, pleasure rippling upwards even as pain cut into her.

‘Silly slave! Now look at what you made me do!’

Megan sobbed, her soles starting to ache, as her other arm was grabbed and cuffed to the spreader bar, holding her wrists far apart and above her head, her shoulders strained. The angle was such that she couldn’t even pull herself upwards, at least without hurting herself more! Pain flared down her back again as she was scratched more deeply, the nails twisting into the base of her spine, just above her buttocks.

‘No more rebellion, Ama’ra. You are mine now – and there is no escape.’

She felt Morrigan push against her from behind, just the touch of the woman's body enough to make her back hurt again, before there was a sharp, hard kiss, teeth pinching into her soft skin and pulling, stretching and crushing before releasing her.

'I have placed my mark upon you – you are bound to me, for now and forever.' Hands slid around her body, cupping her breasts and squeezing, hard enough to hurt. Fingers flicked at her piercings, tapping against metal, Megan wincing at the reminder of how she had been violated, her body altered and modified against her will. She couldn't control the growing warmth within her body, pleasure flushing through her, her nipples hardening. Even the cock forced into her cunt was making her feel good, despite the growing pain in her feet and the aching aftermath of the nail-rakes.

She mewled into her gag again, her voice stolen from her, unable to protest, strain starting to build in her shoulders.

'You will need to learn to worship me. And fear my wrath – but you already dislike pain, don't you? So I don't think it will take too long to teach you. Perhaps the cane again? Or maybe the whip?'

Megan shook her head. She didn't want either of those! She didn't want to be hurt – she didn't want to be here at all, she wanted to be free. Her body should belong to *her*, not to this crazy bitch! She shook her head in a desperate "no", being entirely ignored. She couldn't even see Morrigan, just hear her movements, even more terrifying for being out of sight. Every little sound she heard became a fresh terror, her mind conjuring up what implements might be getting prepared for use on her soft flesh – whips, crops, paddles, or something even crueler.

She tried to hold back sobs, not wanting to surrender entirely. Surely, if she held out long enough, someone would come and free her? It must have been noticed that she and Summer had been kidnapped by now! She wasn't sure how much longer she could hold on, before breaking, and obeying Morrigan.

A loud crack shattered her thoughts, making her clench up again, feeling a pulse of lust from the impaling cock-shaft. She squirmed, desperately turning her head, seeing something flash by, too fast to see, making her flinch away from it as another sound shattered the air.

'Scared of the noise? Perhaps I should put you into silence.'

All ambient noise suddenly vanished from Megan's senses, silence booming. When she tried to mewl and beg, she couldn't even hear herself – it was like being severed from the world, another thread of her sanity torn away, utterly outside of her control. All she could do was twist around, trying to turn enough to see Morrigan, wanting at least some idea of what might happen next, despite the aching of her spine.

She could just about see Morrigan, smiling at her, calm and collected, with a long leather whip in one hand, long enough it dangled onto the floor. She flicked her wrist, and the thing *jumped*, slicing forward and impacting against Megan's backside. Watching it happen, without any

sound, made her feel empty and numb, and it was a second before the pain started to filter through into her body, another painful mark against her buttocks.

There was no way to avoid the whip, any movement she made straining her shoulders, making her feet ache, while also twisting the cock inside of her. The pleasure was slowly increasing, as she was whipped again, this time right across her back, an angry welt sinking through her.

She dangled there, her backs, buttocks and legs targeted by the whip, her head sinking down. All she could do was try and endure, despite the increasing pain all over her body, each impact making her twitch and shiver, an orgasm disturbingly close.

‘Accept your place.’

The sudden return of sound made her twitch, Morrigan’s voice loud and dominant, before the whip struck again.

‘There is no escape. Perhaps you would like to see your mother’s reaction? I found it amusing – but you need to know, my little slave, that there is no escape for you.’

There was another whip-impact, making Megan yelp in pain, able to hear herself now, before Morrigan walked in front of her, the light shining off her latex-sheathed body. She approached a wall-panel, pressing on it with her palm, the thing popping out and rotating, with a screen on the other side. She turned around, giving Megan a savage grin.

‘The sooner a slave accepts her place, then the happier she will be.’

The screen blinked on, Morrigan stepping out of the way, moving back behind Megan. She started to lightly stroke at Megan’s body, running her fingers up and down Megan’s flanks, not hard enough to quite hurt, but making her shiver and twitch from the touches and stroking.

It showed her mother, dressed in a low-cut blouse, black lace visible, along with a lot of cleavage, her skirt short enough to show off her legs as well. Stupid slut-bitch! She should be desperately trying to help, not dressing up and showing herself off!

‘It was such a shock when Megan disappeared! But I hope she’s OK, wherever she is.’ Was she being interviewed? She looked like she was showing herself off, posing for the camera, showing off even more cleavage. And golden jewellery, shining in warm sunlight. Bitch!

‘After all, she always was an independent woman. I’m sure she’s off doing whatever makes her happy.’

Another sharp, biting kiss, between her shoulder blades, making Megan try and twist away from it, unable to move without setting off ripples of pained desire. The nailed fingers were stroking over her belly now, the pressure making her even more aware of the fat cock buried inside of her, the touches getting harder and more painful.

'You see? The world thinks you are gone – you only exist as I allow you to exist. Should I wish it, I can take you into the deep darkness, and never allow you back into the light of the world. I could make you into a mute, blind, deaf beast, craving touch, barred from all but the most pitiful existence.

'Nphhh!'

The nails scratched, the extra pain tipping Megan into despair, her whole body sore and hurting. Fingers parted her pussy further, making her gasp as she was violated even more deeply, fingers sliding along the cock.

'You are mine now. In every way. I can force pleasure and pain upon you – and soon those two will merge. I think it's time to demonstrate that now.'

The fingers slid out of her, another hand scratching down her back. A winch clicked and rattled, starting to lift her upwards, the cock twisting and rubbing as it slid out of her. That took the pressure off her feet, relieving one source of pain, but now her weight was entirely on her shoulders, making them quickly start to ache.

Hands grasped one ankle, a cuff locking into place, a pole attached, and then onto the other ankle – now her legs were forced wide, leaving her utterly exposed. All she could do was hang there limply, hoping Morrigan wouldn't hurt her too much.

Morrigan walked back into sight, now holding a crop, the black leather head holding a metal stud. She stared up into Megan's eyes, and then slapped the thing against Megan's pussy.

The impact slammed into her, making her eyes water. But it felt good, somehow, a shiver of pleasure amongst the jangling shock of the pain. Each impact was the same – despite the degrading torture of the impacts, forced upon her, desecrating her body, she could feel the orgasm welling up, getting closer and closer. She tried to close her legs, but the spreader-bar was there, forcing them apart, Morrigan making neat little flicks with her wrist, swift and regular.

'Listen to your body, slave-slut. This is your place now – obedient and suffering.' The flicking taps got faster and faster, leather slapping against her cunt. She could feel the stud impact against her, harder and nastier than the leather, and then a stronger impact, hitting her on her clit-piercing.

She spasmed, her whole going tense, head lolling back, her vision blurring. Another impact, at just the same point, and then another, and she lost control completely. The orgasm consumed her, rippling deep through her body, leaving her jerking and writhing. It blasted her mind, making any thought impossible to maintain, the slapping strikes not stopping, more waves of pleasure-pain cascading through her.

'I will break you – you are mine, now and forever. You are bound to me, and will serve at my feet.'

Megan barely heard her, lost in suffering delight, unable to feel anything other than her cunt, jerking and twitching as her consciousness faded away.

Chapter 12: Switchover

The thick, smoggy darkness inside of Summer's head slowly retreated, her senses starting to return. She could remember Victoria beating her, and then a needle, jabbed into her skin, stealing all thought away. Summer growled in hatred – it was bad enough being beaten and tortured, but having all sense and thought torn away in an instant was an even more obvious example of how little power she had!

What was she going to be subjected to now? Chill air prickled at her skin, raising goosebumps, and she shivered. Or tried to, at least. Her body was stretched out, her limbs pulled and taut, a slight pain in her joints from how tight everything was. Even her fingers were spread out, stiff cables between them, limiting her movement to just the tiniest, smallest wriggles.

She slowly opened her eyes, glancing around in fear, in case Victoria was waiting to punish her as soon as she woke up. Bright, clear light shone off a reflective surface in front of her – she could see her reflection, bright and clear, and a reflection behind that, showing the surface behind her. Whatever room she was in was fully polished and shined, every wall that she could see polished to a fine shine.

The reflection forced her to see herself – the piercings in her body were as bright and shiny as the walls, her nipples hard from the cold, with the piercing on either side. Her eyes flicked down to see her cunt, with the ring down there just about visible, at the top of her slit. Her shaved head, the tattoos mostly healed, now showed the stark black tattoo-marks, her tan starting to fade. How long had she been here? And would she be allowed her hair back? The sight of her shaved head made her want to cry, her lovely hair shorn off, leaving her bald and degraded.

The tattoos weren't only on her head as well – on her left shoulder, and just above her slit, there were more markings. They looked like an old-fashioned heraldic symbol, a shield divided into quarters. She wanted to sob, hating the thought of being marked and *owned*, marks made on her body without her permission, showing what had been done to her. Her jaw tightened around a fat rubber plug in her mouth, strapped behind a panel, locking any dribble away.

She was entirely naked, the closest thing to clothing she was wearing her chunky collar, and a thick metal band around her waist, compressing her body, making it harder to breathe. The metal had been warmed by her body though – how long had she been here?

All of her restraints were attached to an outer ring-wheel, attached to a wider frame. What would it do to her? It was bad enough being restrained like this, but if it started to move or turn, then it looked as though it could put a lot of strain on her joints, stretching and twisting them painfully.

Something hissed, a darkness appearing on the walls, reflected and reflected, making Summer's head spin, trying to figure out where the real thing was. The other bitch, Morrigan, appeared through it, now wearing figure-hugging leather, again appearing an infinity of times, Summer choking back fear. She tried pulling on her restraints, wanting to free herself, but there was no slack there, her body held utterly taut.

Morrigan approached, a cruel smile on her face. Her hand, sheathed in leather, reached out, Summer wanting to evade it, but she couldn't move at it. The fingers spread out, sliding over Summer's body, making her skin crawl.

'Your body is definitely better than that of Ama'ra. All that practice has made you stronger and more flexible. But both of you are far too stubborn – having to force-feed you is tiresome. A good slave should happily eat her food, without needing to be forced at all. Strong spirits will only lead to you becoming more damaged, until you are shaped appropriately.' Morrigan stepped around, moving in front of Summer, looking up into her eyes. One hand slid over Summer's belly, the other moving between her legs, lightly fingering her slit.

'Disobedience has consequences. It is time for you to learn that – but your endurance will make your later obedience all the more charming. And you *will* break, sooner or later. You are Victoria's, and will need to learn what that means. She has given you to me though, just for today, so I can have some fun with you. And I want to see just how flexible you are. D9K, spread legs.'

The cuffs on her ankles started to pull, spreading her legs even wider, making her hips ache and throb. She could manage it, just, but it *hurt*, a muscle-deep throbbing ache settling into her body.

'You'll find this easier than Ama'ra. But you're both going to end up so flexible that you can lick your own cunts – not that you will be allowed to though. You're going to be nice and obedient, either way. Or else you will suffer, until you do obey. Now, I'm going to remove your gag, so that you can beg.'

She stepped through the inside of the spreading hoop, sliding her fingers over Summer's body, graceful and powerful. When she was out of sight, she stroked Summer's body, the light touches making Summer want to shiver, but denied even that by the tightness of the restraints. She could feel the pressure of the gag lessen though, the lump shifting within her mouth before it was pulled out, fresh, cool air flowing freely.

'Lei'ra may beg.'

A sudden fit of mania came over Summer, convulsive giggling rippling through her. Even that made her hips ache, stretched to their utmost, but she couldn't stop the sound pouring from her throat.

'Do your worst, you crazy bitch! I'm stronger than Summer – I'm not going to break!' In the small, mirror-walled room, the sound echoed, bouncing around.

‘A brave choice, Lei’ra. But one that you may regret. Your skin is going to be marked for your punishment – nothing that won’t heal, but that may come as small comfort to you. In this frame, you can be turned to whatever angle I need. I think it’s time to see what your body is like – Victoria may have been too soft on you. Fortunately, I find it easier to be rough and harsh.’

Morrigan walked over to another wall, the motion making Summer feel giddy, pressing on a panel, making it come out and flip around. On the other side was an array of torture devices, all neatly arranged – a whip, a crop, a cane, and even more.

‘As your punishment, then you will receive five strikes from each. It will be interesting to see what happens, and what you dislike.’

Summer’s eyes roamed over the instruments – all looked brutal and painful, with all sorts of enough edges, hard lumps, spikes and ridges, all ready to hurt her. She steeled herself, trying to find some control – even if she couldn’t stop herself being struck, she could at least control her reaction! Maybe the bitch would get bored and stop hurting her, eventually? Or go and hurt Summer instead?

‘I wonder how long that bravery will last? You are a blank canvas – one that I am going to paint with every one of these, to see how much pain you can take. In this place, there is no escape. And I can move you to strike anywhere I need to.’

The frame rotated, flipping Summer around, her head whirling as she was twisted, the world suddenly upside-down, blood rushing to her head.

‘Your cunt I will punish later. But where to start, and what with?’

‘Get away from me!’ The collar was high and thick enough that Summer couldn’t even move her neck, only able to see Morrigan’s leather-wrapped legs now, and behind that her own reflection.

‘A flogger I think – something to warm the skin. After every blow, you must beg for forgiveness – I am your *Methra*, your owner, and you must address me as such. And you are *un-d’mane* – one who has not yet been fully collared. Say it – “Thank you, *Methra*, for correcting this unworthy *un’d’mane*.” And then, perhaps, I will take some mercy on you.’

‘No! Fuck off, you crazy bitch.’ Summer had to look through Morrigan’s legs, at the reflection, as the woman picked up a short-handled thing, with leather straps dangling down. She swung it through the air, Summer’s body getting twisted around again, until she was horizontal.

The flogger swung, cracking against Summer’s body. The impact stung, each of the straps hitting individually, hitting her on the hips. The next strike was from a different angle, hitting against her belly, then against her breasts. She tried to control her breathing to keep some measure of control, but she could feel the impacts throbbing through her, the aftermath of the strikes making her skin heat up.

'You are going to become a pain-slut – agony shall be your delight, something you will savour.'

'No! Never!'

More impacts, swift and sharp, as Summer rotated, giving access to her back, the straps hitting, again and again.

'If you wish me to use a different implement, then you have to beg.'

Summer gritted her teeth, feeling her jaw ache, wishing for a gag – at least then it would be easier to stay silent! A strap wrapped around her hips, striking into soft skin, making her wince.

'Impressive stamina – even if it is somewhat irksome. But there are many ways to break the will of a stubborn *un'd'mane*. DK9, begin the training program.'

'Yes, Mistress.' A flat, electronic voice sounded out, echoing around the room. A faint vibration started in her crotch, Summer taking a moment to realise that it was her clit-piercing, thrumming inside of her. Her nipple-piercings started to vibrate as well, the throbbing heat of the flogger-impacts settling deep into her skin.

'If force will not break you, then perhaps this will.'

Summer was rotated until she was face-to-face with Morrigan, trying to flex her body at all, wanting any movement. Morrigan was now holding a single feather, quite long and stark white, the flogger at rest in her other hand.

She stroked the feather over Summer's flank, tickling it over her ribs. It sent a current through her body, an irresistible, almost electric, sensation, twitching through her body. She wanted to jerk away from it, but lacked the capacity to move at all, just sucking in breath through clamped teeth. It tickled upwards, sliding into the sensitive part of her armpit, and then flicking about there.

Laughter started to bubble upwards, seething up from within her stomach, threatening to spill out of her. Morrigan was smiling now, her eyes fixed on Summer's face. The flogger flicked forward, straps slapping against Summer's thigh, pain and forced pleasure mingling uneasily together.

Summer heard herself whine in desperation as her body started to slump in forced relaxation. Her bladder relaxed, but the thing that had been forced into her urethra was blocking her, preventing anything from flowing out of her body.

The tickling continued, and then laughter started to pour from her lips, rough and crazed, her mind starting to crack from the continued tickling. She rotated again, the feather sliding over her sensitive parts, lightly skimming over her slit, then down her thighs, until she was upside-down again. Then her feet were touched. She couldn't curl up her feet to protect herself, or do

anything to escape, the feather skimming over her soles. Her brain was fuzzy and melting, her pussy still being teased by the piercing.

‘Your body is not your own, not anymore.’ The tickling stopped, for just a brief, momentary mercy, but then the flogger struck, impacting over her breasts, several times in quick succession. ‘Your defiance will break – it is nothing but foolish vanity. The sooner you break, the sooner you can be shaped into something of greater use. Your body knows this – it finds pleasure in this, even if your mind doesn’t. Look at your cunt – see how it seeks pleasure, growing wet.’

Summer’s eyes flicked to her pussy, her vision being jolted by the impacts. The tickling continued, along with the increasingly-harsh impacts, stealing the breath from her lungs. She couldn’t resist the forced convulsions of the tickling, a piercing whine of pain torn from her lips.

‘I will only stop if you obey. Beg me for mercy, and we will move on.’

The flogger struck against her cunt, a cord slapping right against her aroused nub, pain skewering her straight through, her vision fuzzing.

‘Please! Stop!’

‘Use the words, slave-slut.’

‘I... Please! Thank you, *Methra*, for... for correcting this unworthy *undame*. Thank you, thank you!’

‘Your pronunciation needs work, but that was acceptable. Now, recite your mantra of obedience.’

Words bubbled into Summer’s mind, without her even realising it. ‘This slave obeys! I serve my mistress, I am an extension of her will! She is all I obey, and all I serve!’ The pain continued, the flogger still striking her, again and again, the feather making it even worse, breaking her defences down, ripping apart her will.

‘I have a special tool, built just for you. And to teach you the value of your service.’

Summer was rotated around until she was upright again, her body sore and aching from the flogger-impacts. Morrigan leaned in, kissing her on the lips, a warm and sweet tongue sliding into her mouth, violating her body again.

Morrigan broke the contact, Summer dipping down, Morrigan kissing her on her bald head, sliding her tongue over the soft and sensitive skin. The sensation made her skin crawl, the tongue twisting against her skin, reminding her of everything that she had lost, how much she had been degraded. But she was weakened by the tickling and the beating, unable to conjure up any more strength, unable to resist, let alone fight back!

Her vision wavered, her eyes closing for a moment, feeling Morrigan step back, the air suddenly cold again, making her lash-marks ache even more intensely. Morrigan was holding up a clear plastic thing, that it took Summer a moment to realise was a chastity belt. It was placed against her body, a snug fit around her waist, before the part over her crotch was moved into position. Internal hooks pulled on her pussy-rings wide, spreading her open, a small dildo sliding into her.

‘This will collect your juices. As you are not eating your food, then I will have to collect what your body provides and make you consume it. The fluids of your desire will be your sustenance.’

It hurt, a little, pulling on her sensitive lips, but it was worse being able to see herself, fully spread and exposed, the damp softness of her folds fully on display. One of her arms was wrenched around, getting pulled into a different position, before Morrigan tapped her fingers against the hard plastic. Summer could feel the taps through it, conducted through the clips, making her shiver.

‘I hope that you will be more obedient after this. Otherwise you will need even harsher instruction.’

The flogger came up, slapping against Summer’s belly, knocking the wind from her. The pain was adding up, along with the pleasure – the cock inside of her twisted and teased her, and she could see a small amount of fluid already collecting inside the clear plastic.

‘That’s the flogger used. What next? Something stiffer – a spiked paddle will do.’

The flogger was put back into place, and Morrigan held up a wooden paddle, the surface covered with brutal-looking points, jutting up from the surface. Morrigan struck Summer’s breasts, Summer feeling the points jam into her, dragging her soft skin around.

‘If you wish me to change, then you must beg.’

‘Thank you, *Methra*, for, for correcting me! Thank you, thank you!’ The five strikes seemed to pass in a flash, the pain gathering in her breasts, the cold air making her feel queasy as it stroked over the wounds. Next was a thin cane, metal and whippy, slicing the air with a wicked sound, before hitting against her body, just above her hips, sinking into soft skin. After every impact, Summer tried to beg, wanting the pain to end as soon as possible, feeling the desperate shame of her own arousal swelling, her pleasure-juices getting gathered.

Summer felt every impact, the paddle heavy and solid. She’d never been hurt this badly before, the aches settling deep into her body, cracking her mind. It was impossible to ignore them, or put them aside. But it was making her feel hot, her insides melting, a steadily-growing pressure in her hips, her womb, her pussy all merging with the impacts, a disturbing *rightness* to the pain.

Time blurred, more implements than Summer could track being used on her, every inch of her body flaring with intense pain, the welts and lashes merging together, her body feeling it was on

the verge of breaking and melting, her limbs getting manipulated to expose every part of her to the cruel tortures.

Throughout, Morrigan was silent, moving around Summer to change her angle of assault. When she stopped each time, there was the desperate hope that it would finish, but there was always something else – rubber straps, a crop, a wooden ruler, more things that Summer couldn't identify. And throughout it all, her pussy was teased, violated by the dildo, always on the edge of pleasure but forever denied it, never quite given enough stimulation for release. Her mind frayed, time skipping and blurring, her body on fire with welts, her throat becoming raw from her own begging.

Even after it ended, she didn't realise, lost to the pain, feeling the heat throbbing through her body. Her pussy-lips ached from being forcibly stretched, a deep, warm desire beating inside of her, mingling with the pain. A hand squeezed her throat, a tube getting shoved into her mouth. Through her tears, she could dimly make out Morrigan, flinching as the woman moved, not wanting more tortures to be forced onto her body. Everything hurt – it seemed as though every inch of her skin had been hit, pinched or stretched, everything flowing together into a hot, formless mess.

The vague blur that was Morrigan approached, holding a jug in her hand. 'Your desire has been gathered – your body knows to obey, and your mind will soon follow.'

Gritty paste flowed into her mouth – there was no way for her to spit it out, and she had to swallow or drown. She could taste her own pleasure, gulping the stuff down. It made her even hotter, her pain eroding away her will, her bindings sitting on her body, heavy and unbreakable.

'What a good little slave-slut you will be. You just need to accept your place – and that you are owned. You ceased to be a person long ago, Lei'Ra, you are now property. And property obeys. Swallow your fuck-juices, like the miserable slut-slave you are. And perhaps, one day, you will earn mercy.' A hand stroked over her head, over her bald scalp, and she choked back tears, hating the reminder of the forced shaving, how she had been transformed. But she swallowed down the food-paste, despite the taste, hearing Morrigan purr in pleasure. She was trapped, without any way to get away, at the mercy of the two crazed bitches, unable to escape the pain, humiliation and suffering!

Chapter 13: The Worm and the Goddess

Megan's body was hot, and she could feel sweat forming on her body. She wanted to stretch, easing out her muscles, but could feel latex on her body, rubbery and binding. It constrained her, restricting her movements, as she tried to shake the fuzziness from her head. With effort, she managed to roll onto her front, feeling her breasts squash amongst the floor. When she opened her eyes, gunk flaked away, making her want to rub them. Her arms were bound along her waist though, held tightly in place.

Where was she now? There was a gag in her mouth, stretching her jaw painfully wide, and she could barely see – not because of a blindfold, but the room was dark, with just soft, dim lights, seeming to cast everything into vague shadows. It hurt her neck just looking around, having to strain her body, tensing up, ready for punishment.

‘Ah, just when I thought you would awaken, Ama’ra. I know just the right dosage to give you now.’

Megan shivered in fear, the ear-buds making it impossible to tell what direction the voice was coming from. She twisted her neck, looking around, seeing a brighter spot of light to one side, slowly wriggling around towards it. Sweat was prickling her skin, and she wriggled, trying to rub an itch that was developing on her chest, turning towards the light.

Victoria was sat in an ornate wooden chair, high-backed and intricately carved, like a throne, looking entirely comfortable and relaxed. Thigh-high black leather boots sheathed her legs, metal heels glinting in the light, along with all the metal rings around the lace-holes.

‘What a lovely worm you are! That’s a suitable place for you – lowly and pathetic, crawling along the ground, suffering and weak.’

The itching was getting worse, spreading onto her belly, and on her thighs, worse where she was pressed against the ground. She could feel her sweat against her skin, warm and clammy, the latex making it impossible to evaporate, her flesh sealed away. Victoria stretched in the throne, the simple, casual movement making Megan jealous, grunting in anger through her gag. Other than the boots, Victoria was wearing a bodysuit herself, tightly corseted to exaggerate her waist, her arms sheathed by long gloves.

‘A worm needs to obey her betters, lest she be discarded. You are here to serve – and you need to learn your place. You may approach, miserable slut-worm.’

Even twisting around to fully face Victoria had been draining, the hot, tight latex draining effort with every movement, the sweat making her feel grimy and gross. And the itching was getting worse and worse – a slow, hot rash against her breasts, only getting more intense as she wriggled around trying to scratch it. It was spreading, over her ribs now, and on her feet, making her twist her toes to try and dispel the feeling.

Pain seared her neck, making her gasp and her heart skitter, her collar biting into her.

‘The worm has been ordered to approach. Or perhaps I should seal you into the darkness for a while?’ Victoria nodded her head, gesturing at a long casket-crate, the inside padded. Just the sight of it made Megan shiver – it was only just large enough for her, just the sight of it making her feel claustrophobic. She didn’t want to be shoved into that, the lid locking shut and sealing her into darkness!

Crawling towards Victoria was a lengthy process - the only way that Megan could move was by wriggling her body across the floor, bending at the waist and then stretching out, getting hotter

and hotter. And the itching rash was getting even worse, maddening her senses, forcing her to focus on the bright shine of Victoria's boots in an attempt to distract herself, feeling spittle build up behind her gag.

It was impossible to know how long it took, but it felt far too long, as she approached Victoria's throne, unable to twist enough to keep the woman's face in view.

'Good. So the worm can be obedient. You are here to serve – a slave that cannot even do that will need further shaping. And after that, there might not be much of you left, Ama'ra.'

Megan felt metal poke at her scalp, a boot-heel pressing down on her head.

'You would be better as a slave than a worm, but you are entertaining like this.' The heel pressed harder, hurting her skin before withdrawing. Megan couldn't keep herself still, the itching vicious now, like countless needles jabbing and biting.

'To help the worm know her place – your skin was coated with itching body. I'm sure it won't be comfortable, but perhaps it will focus your mind. And should you still disobey...'

Electrical shocks nipped at her pussy and her breasts, routed through her piercings, making Megan gasp in pain.

'Now, roll over.' A toe slid under her ribs, making the burning, biting itching worse, and she moved with it, rolling onto her back, staring up at the ceiling. It relieved the itching pressure on her front, but made her back start to itch instead, as Victoria pressed a heel into Megan's breasts.

'Good, you are learning to obey.' Victoria lifted her leg up, crossing it over the other knee, and then she started to unlace her boot, releasing the leather from her leg, revealing that her bodysuit came down to her ankle beneath, her foot bare. 'Now you must learn to worship.'

She pressed her foot down onto Megan's face, the skin leathery and sweaty, Megan able to feel the woman's sweat, and smell the leathery scent from wearing the boot. Megan could feel the flick-thwip of the other boot being unlaced, as the foot continued to grind against her face. The itching was agonizing now, Megan unable to keep still, twisting her shoulders and back to try and ease the sensation, her sweat spreading the heat, a vicious rash spread all over her body.

Victoria's other foot pressed down onto Megan's face, filling her senses with their pressure, and the scent of sweaty leather, making her feel nauseous. Another set of shocks rippled through her, breasts and pussy getting hurt, making her twist and writhe.

'You should be proud to serve as more than a footrest. But that will need your pride to be broken. Utterly and forever.' The feet moved off her face, pressing against her ribs and dragging her closer towards the throne. 'You serve a goddess now, and should behave appropriately.' Feet pressed down on her belly, squashing the air from her, as Victoria leaned

over and opened up a crotch-zip. The air felt blessedly cool against her pussy, helping to dispel some of the biting, itching sensation.

‘See? Your body responds to the commands of a goddess. You should heed that!’ A heel ground against her pussy, pushing into her and making her head spin, Victoria looking down on her. Megan mewled into her gag, before Victoria sucked her cheeks in, and then spat. The hot, sticky gobbet landed onto Megan’s forehead, slimy and gross.

‘A slave should be honored to receive such a thing, should she not? Your pussy is certainly ready – I can feel your desire.’

‘Mphhh!’ Megan could feel the wet looseness of her cunt, the heel pressing into her. Tears prickled her eyes, the shame burning her from the inside. Victoria leaned over, face getting close to hers, eyes boring into Megan’s, before unbuckling the gag. Megan’s mouth flopped open, tongue flapping out, before Victoria spat again. This time it was into Megan’s mouth, the stuff landing on her tongue. She could taste it, swallowing on reflex, then feeling even more pathetic and degraded. A foot moved over her face, pressing against her mouth, her tongue licking against it, able to taste the leather and sweat more acutely now.

‘Good. You are learning to obey – this is your natural place, worm.’ Her foot pressed down against Megan’s mouth, sealing it, making it impossible to avoid tasting it, her tongue sliding against the sole. ‘You have an owner – you will never be free again.’ The other foot was still pressing against her pussy, her hips rising up before she was pushed back down, twitching and twisting from the itching that was consuming her entire body.

The foot on her mouth rose up, before delicately placing itself against Megan’s neck, the collar pressing against her throat, making it harder to breathe. ‘You should be honored, Ama’ra. Now worship me, as you should. Say your words, slave-slut, and then you may escape further punishment.’ The foot on her throat pressed down before moving onto her ribs, and then the pressure increased as Victoria stood up, all her weight on Megan, making her ribs creak, squashing the air from her body. She groaned, straining to breathe, words bubbling from her lips, aching and painful.

‘This slave... will worship her mistress, who is a goddess!’ Her chest was aching, trampled beneath Victoria’s feet, one squashing against her belly, pressing more air from her. The woman’s weight hurt, heels pressing down onto her, a foot pressing and crushing down on a breast. This made the itching even worse, her own sweat carrying the sensation over her entire body, a burning that was impossible to ignore. The words were etched into her mind, echoed on her lips as she gasped, struggling to breath.

‘I serve and obey, I am nothing without you, divine mistress!’ A foot pressed down against her bare cunt, stirring up her excitement, Victoria trampling her mercilessly.

‘Good. So you can obey. For that, I suppose you deserve some food. And this gives a chance to test a new device.’ After a few final stamps, Victoria stood off her, leaving Megan to rest for a

few moments before she returned, carrying a double-ended strap-on dildo. It had a clear plastic sack beneath, filled with gritty, tan-colored powder.

‘Pleasure and practicality, all in one – so I can feed you while you serve me. Beg me to feed you, Ama’ra. Or I’ll seal you into the darkness, with nothing but the itching to distract you – I wonder how long you would last, until you’re screaming for relief? Not that you would be allowed to hear anything – all alone, in the silent dark.’

The thought made Megan shudder, imagining it, alone and trapped. Her mouth went dry with fear, her body still aching and bruised from the trampling. ‘Please...’

Victoria stamped down on her, hard enough to wind her, air whooshing from her lungs.

‘Goddess, I worship you! Let me pleasure you, so that you may have all you wish!’ Her ribs were aching from the force of the stamp, as Victoria opened up the crotch of her bodysuit and slid the dildo into herself, strapping it into place, smiling nastily down at Megan. Bound up like this, she couldn’t even try to escape, and the itching sensation was slowly driving her crazy, assaulting her body with a constant teasing, prickling sensation, making her want to crawl out of her skin.

Victoria leaned over her, and she wanted to flinch away, but was frozen in fear. She was dragged closer to the throne and then shoved against it, pulled upwards at the waist. Wherever the throne touched her, the itching intensified.

The cock slapped against her cheek, heavy and rigid, stunning her. On reflex, her mouth opened, the cock sliding in. Victoria immediately started thrusting her hips back and forth, slamming the thing into Megan’s throat, making her choke and splutter, dribble oozing out of her mouth and down her chin. It hurt, the cock large enough to force her throat wide, making it hard to breathe.

Victoria’s breathing was getting faster, her hands sliding over her own body, squeezing her latex-wrapped breasts, before one came down to her crotch, playing with the double-ended cock. Megan could smell her pussy-juice, the scent dazing her, adding a disturbing lust to her own thoughts, making her wet between her thighs, despite the pain and shame she felt. She coughed and spluttered, rolling her tongue around the cock, trying to relax to make the throat-reaming less brutal.

There was no pleasure at all, her throat being forced wide, the lumps and bulges of the dildo ravaging the soft tightness of her body, making her eyes water. Tears trickled from her eyes, her lungs aching from the lack of air, her vision limited to Victoria’s crotch. A hand wrapped around the back of her head, pulling her in close, her body twitching, the scratchy fever-rash agonizing her all over.

‘Give me your worship, slave-slut! You belong to Morrigan, and to me.’

Megan could feel desire throbbing in her own body, hot and potent, mingling with the hideous itching, her body out of her control. The hand gripped her head, Victoria using her other hand to play with the dildo, the scent of her lust enflaming Megan even more. She could see the hanging sack of powder, as Victoria came, gaspingly loud, her pussy-juice dripping into the powder, turning it darker.

She pumped the cock, and a spurt of the stuff shot into Megan's mouth. It was a thick and gritty paste, clumps mixed with Victoria's pussy-juice, slightly sweet. She swallowed it down, desperate for food, despite what it was. Another pump, and a blast of the stuff filled her mouth. It dried her tongue, making her splutter as it soaked up all the liquid in her mouth, wanting more pussy-juice to make it more bearable.

'This is your place – consuming my pleasure. And if you're a good slave-slut, you may even be allowed some of your own.' The cock withdrew, a thin ribbon of spittle joining it to Megan's mouth, before it was slapped against her cheek. This was done with enough force to make her cheek throb from the impact, a wet and sticky mark left there. She coughed again, her throat aching from the cock-thrusts.

'Please...'

'You wish to pray me? Or should I force your lips to pleasure me again? This is your place now – serving Morigan and myself, as a pathetic crawling worm, until you prove you are capable of anything more.' She swung her hips, slapping Megan with the cock again, before drawing back and positioning it in front of Megan's mouth. Too late, she tried to tighten her jaw, but it had already shoved forward and penetrated into her throat. She gasped, her tight throat getting rubbed raw again, Victoria making sounds of pleasure and satisfaction.

Whatever it was using to shoot the cum activated again, another thick wad of the paste shooting into her mouth. This contained more pussy-juice than before, the taste soaking into her mouth, making her brain feel fuzzy. She sucked hard on it, trying to drain the liquids out, hearing Victoria sigh in pleasure. It was getting harder and harder to think, her body reacting on its own, head pulling back and forth without even being dragged by Victoria. She had to fight to swallow, her mouth dust-dry, thankful for every little squirt and droplet of Victoria's pussy-juice.

She had to deep-throat the shaft, feeling it fill her throat, hurting her, even if she barely noticed now, far too used to being brutalized and used. Victoria held her there, tears streaming down her face, barely able to breath, before it was withdrawn.

'Now you may grovel. Although your obedience is gratifying, you are not yet broken – you are still a worm, barely fit to serve.'

Victoria turned away, using one hand to pull the cock back and forth inside of herself, more of her lust spilling onto the powder. Multiple dollops of the stuff splashed onto the floor, gritty and sticky.

'I want you to lick all of it up. Like a good worm – this is your natural place, Ama'ra. Struggle and writhe, like the pathetic worm you are!'

She dragged down on Megan's head, pulling on her, making her roll over. She was face-down now, next to a sticky lump of food-paste and pussy-juice. The movement made the itching surge again, making her writhe around, before Victoria stamped down onto her back. She stretched her head out, tongue extending, licking at the floor. The paste tasted gritty and dirty, mingling with the taste of the floor, making her feel nauseous. But it was sweet as well, her body craving more and more.

Megan twisted her body, running her tongue along the floor, Victoria purring in pleasure above her. Just the movement made the itching flare, trying to wriggle against the floor to ease it doing nothing to help!

'You are starting to learn. Good – soon you will be able to fully serve Morrigan. And Summer will become my Lei'ra fully, and serve and pleasure me. I'm sure you would like to become something other than a pathetic worm? But you will need to serve and obey.'

A foot trampled down on her, shoving onto a buttock, making it flare with itching agony. Megan gasped, before turning towards another splat of pussy-food and licking at it. Having to crawl like this made her feel sick to her stomach, but she wanted more of the food, feeling it warming her body, her mind fuzzing.

'Good slut! Be my good little worm. I'm sure Morrigan will be glad of your progress.'

Megan barely heard her, too focused on licking every droplet up.

Chapter 14: Pavlovian Bitches

Victoria stretched, relishing the way her bodysuit clung to her skin, kissing against her flesh, hugging tightly around her curves. And seeing the sting of worry in Summer's eyes – the slave was bound onto her back, a sleek straitjacket wrapped over her body, leaving her breasts exposed, straps pinching into her skin, holding her fast to a padded bench. Her head was supported on the edge of a bowl, Summer's neck straining to look at Victoria. She mewled through her gag, Victoria feeling a thrill of lust, glancing over at Summer who was restrained in the same way.

'They should be more obedient now. And I can *feel* Lei'ra in my head.' Victoria closed her eyes for a moment, focusing on the tight little mental bundle in her head, a knot of hot confusion, pain and lust, forcing her own will onto it. When she opened her eyes, Summer's body had gone limp, the struggle against the restraints having ceased, her face red and flushed.

'Yes, I think switching things up a bit helped. But now we need to reinforce their place – some taste-training should make them even more receptive in the future. Some simple Pavlovian training. And they need to get to know our scents as well. To start associating it with their own pleasure – then they need to be kept desperate and needy. Especially now we have enough

data to be able to use their implants fully, to keep them nice and on edge.’ Morrigan was dressed the same way as Victoria – a tight, corsetted bodysuit, with her cunt exposed, the sight making Victoria loose and wet, a sudden surge of lust making her want to dominate and overpower Morrigan. She managed to get herself under control, redirecting her urges towards the two tied-up bitches. Both of them had their legs held spread wide, cuffed to metal posts, with long dildos lined up, pistons ready to push them forward.

‘The physical training is going well. Both have enough stamina to endure a lot of delightful punishments, so we don’t need to worry too much about breaking them. And a good slave-slut should desire the taste of their mistress.’

‘And I can feel her desire. And her need to worship – such a lovely sensation!’ There was an odd echoing sensation in Victoria’s thoughts, as Summer thought of her, a sense of majesty and dominance, making Victoria smile.

‘As is only right – they are just slaves, even if well-trained ones. They *should* revere us as their makers, as their gods. And what we have made, we can destroy.’

Victoria put her hand down onto Summer’s belly, feeling the toned muscles there, feeling down around her slave’s thighs with her other hand, pushing a finger into the exposed asshole. There was just a second of resistance before Summer relaxed, letting the finger violate her. She was already stuffed though – hard metal balls, warmed by body-heat, had been forced into her, stretching out her internal spaces. Victoria pushed on one, feeling it slide around, pushing into others, before raising her hand and slapping it down against Summer’s belly.

Morrigan was doing the same to Megan, although harder – fingers pushing into yielding meat, feeling the tougher muscles, watching the way that Megan reacted, body tensing and writhing. ‘Good girl. Not that you can hear me yet, but now it’s time for your training to truly begin.’ She raised her voice, so that she could be heard by the microphones concealed in the corners of the room. ‘Turn their audio pickups on, and activate the dildos on the lowest settings.’

Victoria watched, letting herself drink in the sight, of Morrigan and her latex-sheathed body, and the bound and constrained bitch-slave, unable to move or resist. A pleasure-heat was starting to ripple through her, warming her from the inside, heating her core. Then she heard the pistons spin into life, the cocks pushing forward and penetrating into both Summer and Megan – just lightly, but it was a good sign that both of the sluts were so wet that there was no resistance to the new violations of their bodies.

‘Time for you to worship your mistress – I’m sure you will appreciate the opportunity.’ Summer twisted in her restraints, the straps tightening for a moment before she sagged in defeat. ‘You both know there is no escape – you *belong* to Morrigan and I.’ She focused her will again, feeling the hot mental blur that was Summer, forcing mental walls around the thing, further constraints being added. ‘And you will worship us, as we demand.’

Morrigan was already moving forward, taking up a position atop Megan’s face, padded rests letting her kneel there, her pussy above Megan’s gagged mouth. Victoria slapped Summer’s

belly again, before moving into the same position, opposite Morrigan, admiring the woman's strong, lean body, feeling her own desire writhing within her.

Morrigan leaned forward, kissing Victoria on the lips, Victoria feeling her lust spike, her spirit wanting to crush, dominate and overpower. She tightened her thighs, feeling them press against Summer's head, feeling hot breath flicking against her slit.

Victoria broke the kiss, feeling her heart starting to race, as she reached beneath herself and find the gag-buckle, twisting it loose. 'You will worship me with your tongue. Failure will bring suffering, obedience may bring a reward.' Behind Morrigan, she could see the piston-cock pumping back and forth, penetrating into Megan, the tip now clearly wet with juices, and could hear the same happening to Summer.

She pushed her head forward, kissing Morrigan, their tongues sliding against each other, hot and wet, Victoria fighting the urge towards domination, squeezing her own breasts. A tongue slid against her pussy-lips, and she dropped herself lower, twisting into a more comfortable position.

'The better you do, the more I will let you breath.' Having the slaves so close at hand made it easier to deny the urge to dominate Morrigan, diverting that towards Summer. She could feel Summer's tongue-stud as well, a pleasing contrast to the slippery length of her tongue.

She started to twist her hips, writhing and twisting, still stroking herself, feeling the warmth and strength of her own body. She was power and desire, mixed and mingled, secure in her dominance, mounted atop her bound slave's face.

From the warmth of Morrigan's cheeks, she was in a similar position, drawing back and cupping her breasts, shiny fingers sliding over the mounds. Glancing down, Victoria could see Megan's head, bald and shiny, tongue flicking away, sinking deep into her owner. The way Morrigan's latex body-sheath rippled was almost hypnotic, making it harder for Victoria to concentrate on her own pleasure.

She twisted around, feeling colder air brush over her cunt as she lifted it away from Summer's face, enjoying the loud and gasping intake of air from beneath, before she settled herself back into position. From here, she could see the wide "Y" of Summer's legs, held securely spread, the cock shoving in and out, not deep enough to allow release, but stimulating Summer.

Grinding herself back down silenced any noises Summer might have made, her lips pressing against Victoria's pussy-lips, tongue sliding back on.

'Mmmmm... Such a good little cunt-slave! And you service your goddess so well!'

She lifted herself up, changing her position before dropping down again, this time positioning her asshole above Summer's mouth. The tongue slid against one of her buttocks for a moment, before stopping.

Victoria leaned to the side and picked up a crop, swinging it through the air to find the balance, and then bringing it down onto Summer's pussy, just as the cock shoved forward. She felt Summer buck beneath her, lips pressing more tightly against Victoria's backside. When she spoke, she knew that her voice would be broadcast into Summer's ears, despite her own thighs securely blocking Summer's ears.

'You are here to serve and worship me.' Another crop-strike. 'You exist *for* me, for nothing else. Now use your tongue, before I stick even more metal through it!' Several more strikes in quick succession, each one making a puff of air tease against her asshole, Summer's tongue sliding around, brushing against the knot of her asshole. She shivered in delight, before pressing herself down, feeling Summer's nose press into her.

The tongue started to wriggle more frantically, sliding over her inner buttocks, before finding her asshole again, slowly pushing into it. The top circled her rim, sending ripples of pleasure up Victoria's spine, making her shiver in delight. She moved the crop more gently now, using it to tease against Summer's wet slit, as the cock pushed back and forth.

'You see? Obedience will lessen the suffering. I can be a kindly goddess, if you are an obedient slave.'

It wasn't enough stimulation for her to get off, but it was making her feel good, the suit making her heat and sweat build up, a purifying flame stoked deep within her. The mental knot was more open now, making it easier to insert her own will, forcing the thing open, pinning it into place. A low groan escaped her lips, the rimjob exciting her, tongue lightly entering into her body.

The piston-speed increased, pushing itself deeper into Summer, her pussy wet enough to easily take the intruder. Victoria raised herself upwards, just enough to let Summer have a single, gasping breath, before lowering herself back down, letting the tongue worship her again. Having the stud slid against her asshole was a delicious sensation, making pleasure ripple and tingle through her, and it took effort to not melt into it. Behind her, she could hear Morrigan getting pleased by Megan, and *feel* that as well, the sparks of pleasure coming through into her brain.

'You will not be permitted to come until you have pleased both of your owners!' Another flick of her wrist smacked the head of the crop against Summer's cunt, the tongue spasming in a way that made Victoria gasp, before she adjusted her position. She moved her own slit back into position, the tongue seeking it out, swiftly moving into her.

She closed her eyes, letting herself sink into the pleasure, feeling it swell within her, grinding her hips down onto Summer's face. The woman was a skilled pussy-licker, now she was being obedient! It wasn't long until she reached her climax, letting it flow through her, pussy-juices flowing from her cunt, baptizing Summer, and collecting in the bowl beneath Summer's head.

With her legs feeling shaky, she dismounted, smiling as she looked down at Summer – her eyes were vague and distant, face flushed from lack of air, and sticky with pussy-juice, tongue still

stuck out. Each thrust of the cock made her gasp, her lips parting wider and wider, her arms straining against the straitjacket, but she couldn't break out, or even wriggle around.

Victoria fingered herself, then smeared her fingers over Summer's face, letting Summer suck at them, licking more pussy-juice from them.

'Good. You should worship my body, and all the nectar I produce!' The tongue continued to flick over her fingers, licking away every droplet, before Victoria pushed her fingers forward, into Summer's tight throat, making her gasp and splutter, enjoying the constriction of the muscular ring. In front of her, Morrigan was reaching her own climax, the sight making Victoria's heart flutter, Morrigan's own face twisted and slack as an orgasm overwhelmed her. Morrigan's juices flowed over Megan's face, the slave's face firmly planted between Morrigan's thighs, her body tense in the restraints. Only when Morrigan shifted her balance could Megan breathe, gulping in a long gasp of air.

Morrigan dismounted, her movements slow, still in the afterglow of her orgasm, eyes vague until she shook her head, hair flicking about, smiling at Victoria.

'Time to test the other slave-slut, I suppose.'

'Yes – we want them both used to our tastes. And able to serve both of us.' The hot, lustful knot of Summer's awareness was starting to regain strength, and Victoria shoved her fingers back into the woman's mouth, enjoying the sounds of pained spluttering until she withdrew. She wiped her fingers clean against Summer's breasts, enjoying them warm firmness, then squeezed a nipple, Summer gasping in pain again before Victoria let go and walked away.

When she walked past Morrigan, she could smell the other woman's sweat, and her pleasure. Morrigan tensed up, smiling and baring her teeth, fingers extending into claws. Victoria felt her own hackles rise, her breath hitching, preparing herself for combat, wanting to test herself against Morrigan, until one of them was dominant. And then passed each other, the moment passing, Victoria now focusing on Megan.

She backhanded Megan across the cheek, enjoying the glint of shame that came across her face.

'You're going to be a good little cunt-licker, aren't you? Or use your tongue to pleasure my ass, if that's what I desire. I wonder if you're as skilled as Lei'ra? If you slack off, then you will need to be punished. There's still so many toys and devices to test.'

She moved up onto the padded blocks, sitting herself above Megan, looking down to see the woman's face between her own shiny thighs before turning around. Victoria reached backwards, stroking her hand along the shaved and tattooed scalp, smiling harder at the shudder that passed through Megan.

'A good slave might be allowed to regrow her hair. But only if she is *very* good. Now, pleasure me – you might belong to Morrigan, but you will still pleasure me, just as Ama'ra pleasures Morrigan.'

She could hear wet slurping as Morrigan started to ride Summer's face, grinding her hips back and forth, pushing her cunt down onto Summer. Victoria could *feel* them both as well, a bright flare of desire in her head, and a dimmer sense of Morrigan. It was still spurring her own desire though, and she reached down to pull up on Megan's head, feeling Megan's lips slide against her own pussy.

'You know what to do, slave-slut!'

Megan made a faint whimper, the sound mostly absorbed by Victoria's body. From up here, she could see that the bowl beneath Megan's head already had some of Morrigan's pussy-juice in, the rich scent wafting up towards her, making her feel dazed.

Megan's tongue slid into her, slipping deep into her, flicking to and fro. The stud flicked against her clit, making her sigh with pleasure, twisting her hips to make herself more comfortable. She scratched her nails along Megan's scalp, letting the tongue twist inside of her.

'Mmmm, you are a good cunt-licker! Such an obedient slave, ready and willing to serve.' The cock was still pushing in and out of Megan, penetrating a little further now, the shaft visibly wet with pleasure-juices. Victoria reached down and grabbed both of Megan's breasts, sinking her fingers into the pert mounds, as hard as she could, twisting and squeezing. The tongue stiffened inside her, moving and twisting with greater speed as Victoria started to squeeze and crush the breasts.

They were just about the right size to fit into her palms, easy to twist and yank around. She let them drop, before slapping them, watching as they shook and jiggled, as she twisted her hips back and forth, riding Megan's face.

'Mmm. You're starting to enjoy the pain, aren't you?'

Megan's arms strained against the straitjacket, the material tightening just for a moment, before she gave up, sinking back down. Victoria kept tormenting the breasts, enjoying the feeling of the hard little studs against her palms, pinching and squeezing, rolling her hips and enjoying the tongue twisting and writhing inside of her. Her juice was flowing, mixing with Megan's spit, a hot flowing from her into and onto Megan.

Her head started to fuzz, her pleasure coming to a peak, Morrigan gasping from an orgasm of her own, just behind her. The sensation echoed into her own mind, spurring her into pleasure, her juices flowing down over Megan's face.

It took longer to recover herself this time, her strength and focus only slowly returning, as she slid off the padded position. She fingered herself, easily sliding two fingers deep into herself, twisting them around, before removing them and rubbing them against Megan's face.

‘Good. Now it’s time to make sure you’re properly scent-trained.’ Her legs felt weak and wobbly – the slave really was an *excellent* cunt-licker – but she went and got a leather hood, pulling it open. She held it so that Megan could see it, before sliding the bowl of pussy-juice from beneath Megan’s head, forcing the woman to strain her neck to keep her head up.

The smear of pussy-juice she poured into the hood, the scent almost overwhelming, her arousal starting to flow again. She started fingering herself again, sighing in pleasure, treating herself to a swift and pleasurable second orgasm, this one only hazing her thoughts for a moment. She was so wet and loose that it took only a little effort to get herself off! And she could feel the pleasure transmitting itself into Megan, the soft knot of the woman’s feeling absorbing the sensation, melting further, Megan’s expression going slack and empty. Her thighs were slicked with her own juices, enough to be sticky, so she took a sponge and wiped herself down, the thing soaking in her juices, growing wet and heavy.

Megan made a faint sound of protest, but then Victoria pushed the sponge into the woman’s mouth, forcing her lips aside, feeling the hardness of Megan’s teeth. Then she pulled the bag over Megan’s head, tightening it around her neck. She pressed her hand down, feeling the curve of Megan’s features, the bump of her nose, rubbing her hand to make sure the fluids were smeared all over Megan’s face.

Victoria moved around and slapped at Megan’s wet crotch, her palm impacting against tender cunt-meat, making Megan twitch and shudder, the hood sucking in around her mouth. ‘You won’t be hearing anything other than subliminal training for a while. Time to go into your cage. When we permit you to see and hear, then I hope that you will be nice and obedient! Otherwise I’ll need to get even harsher – it would be a shame to break you entirely.’

A faint whine came from beneath the hood, Megan sagging down, her spirit broken, at least for now. Victoria started releasing the straps that held Megan in place, between slapping at the juicy cunt. Once Megan was fully released, Victoria pulled her upwards, easily hefting the woman’s weight, enjoying her delicate warmth and softness.

A casket-crate was stood ready – made to be precisely the right size for Megan, the stiff padding a perfect outline of her body, Victoria dumped her into it, only needing to give her a light nudge to get her into position. Megan’s body slid into the space, limbs falling into place. A few movements and heavy metal bands had sealed Megan into place completely. Another cunt-slap made Megan grunt, hood sucking into her mouth. The casket even had a vibrator built in, a rubbery lump between Megan’s legs, which Victoria pulled upwards, nudging it against Megan’s lips.

And then she slammed the lid down, sealing Megan away. She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself, watching as Morrigan dumped Summer into another casket-crate. The light shimmered off Morrigan’s perfect body, sheathed in latex, her cunt bare, and Victoria felt herself inhale deeply, stroking a hand down her body. Lust and desire mingled within her, the connection to Summer still there, a panicky fear shot through with desperation, Summer’s own desires unfulfilled.

She fingered herself, trying to gather her thoughts, turning to the side and leaning against the wall – she wanted to get off! But Morrigan looked up from sealing Summer away, and the urge to fight, to *dominate* rose up. She had to get away before they started to fight, and one of them destroy the other! It was an effort of will to stumble away, one hand still between her legs as she managed to slide over the wall and get out the door. It slid closed again behind her, the fresher air helping to restore some sense, the air no longer heavy with fuck-scent!

Victoria was still desperately horny though, staggering away, wanting to find somewhere to pleasure herself, managing to find an empty room. She started to finger herself, barely even hearing her own groans, her head empty of everything but self pleasure.

Chapter 15: Submissive Etiquette

‘Volume up.’ Morrigan watched the latex sack writhe slightly, one of the two captives straining against it. It was impossible to tell which – both were bound inside suspended sacks, like cocoons, with their legs spread wide, dangling from the ceilings.

‘We are dust beneath the feet of our owners.’ The voice was electronic, slightly female, part of the slave mantra being broadcast into the slave-slut’s ears constantly, along with some light electrical shocks to deny them any rest. It seemed to be working – the two of them were much more obedient now, starting to serve rather than rebelling! Morrigan reached out, laying a hand on a latex-wrapped foot, admiring the way that the latex stretched, forming a triangle between their legs, held wide by a spreader-bar. The two of them were back-to-back, with a fat cock joining their assholes, keeping them violated and teased.

She could feel the leg tense up, the occupant of the sack at least dimly aware of her touch. Morrigan spun them a little more, until she was face-to-face with a crotch, a pussy visible through a clear plastic film, beaded with desire. A firm press made it clear how horny the slave-slut was, Morrigan’s finger pushing into them.

‘We are the instruments of their will. We shall serve them, as they desire, and have no thought that is not theirs.’

‘Time for some more training.’ She slapped at a belly, feeling the taut muscles – this was probably Summer, then. ‘Something to help both of you serve us even better.’

She pressed the button for the winch, the black sacks lowering down, faint shivers running through the two sealed bodies. After some squeezing and molestation, digging her hands into both their breasts, it was time to unseal them.

The latex peeled off them, lubricated by their sweat, bodies shiny. Morrigan squeezed at Megan’s limbs – her muscles were firmer now, thanks to the constant training. Running her hand down Megan’s body produced a pleasing shiver, the woman panting around her gag, desperate for the sensation of a touch – she’d been in the sack for several days, enough to warp her senses.

She lifted up Megan's blindfold, before squeezing a breast, as hard as she could. Megan shuddered, but didn't make any sound, although her lips tightened around the ball in her mouth. Morrigan spoke, knowing her voice would be picked up and sent into the ears of both of the slaves.

'The two of you are much better behaved now.' She enjoyed the feeling of the soft tit-meat beneath her hand, able to feel Megan's heart rate. 'It's time for you to begin your proper training, now your bodies have been toughened enough to endure it. There is a lot of etiquette and decorum to learn – when you are serving us, it would be unseemly if we had to order you directly. You must learn to respond to leash commands, or hand signals. Or even anticipate our commands.'

A faint whimper sounded from behind the gag, before Morrigan finished stripping the latex off Megan, then released her ankles from the spreader bar. Despite her time in the sack, she was still able to stand – Morrigan nodded to herself in satisfaction. Even pulling out the fat double-dildo didn't make them stagger, their assholes slowly closing up after the intruder was removed.

'Soon, you may be allowed clothing, but you have not yet earned that privilege. You are still beasts, not even full slaves yet.'

A whip cracked, striking against soft flesh, Victoria leaving a lovely red lash-mark on Summer's skin.

'And a chance to see who is the best at obeying. All that time with orders being spoken to you – even if you weren't aware of it, then you should still know them.'

Morrigan slapped Megan across the face, hard enough to feel the strap of the gag-harness and the fullness of the ball in her mouth. 'The better you do, the less you will be hurt. Although this will be a chance to prove yourself worthy of serving me.' She made her voice soft, smiling down at Megan, stroking her on the cheek, still warm from the slap. 'A nice simple contest, one even the two of you should understand. You are to obey our commands, moving into position, and then recite your words of obedience. Whoever is faster, gets a treat. Like a good little doggie.'

She stroked Megan's face again, enjoying the faint flare of frustration and anger in Megan's eyes, even if it vanished after a moment. Good – she was learning her place, quashing her sense of self without additional punishment or training.

'I hope you will do well, my Ama'ra. It would be a shame to have to hurt you more.'

She turned away, hooking fingers into Megan's collar and dragging her forward, hearing the woman's bare feet slapping onto the floor. Two thrones were ready, with a plastic sheet on the floor, and training equipment laid out. She could hear Victoria as well, dragging Summer into place, as she let go and down on the throne, enjoying how comfortable it was, Victoria taking a seat on the other throne.

Megan and Summer stood in front of them, looking uncomfortable, although at least neither tried to hide their nakedness. Their skin shone with sweat, their piercings bright and shiny, in their nipples and cunts, the tattoos around their heads stark black, their skin pale now, from their confinement and with no exposure to the sun.

She looked over at Victoria, who nodded, still holding her whip. Her wrist flicked, making it crack through the air, Megan flinching. Morrigan waited until the echo of the sound had faded away, before speaking, making her voice harsh and commanding, strong and dominant,

‘Kneel.’

Both the slave-sluts immediately dropped down, falling to their knees, then dropping their heads as well, prostrating themselves in submission, close enough that Morrigan could stretch a leg out and rest it atop Megan’s head.

‘Hmmm. I think Lei’ra was faster, and her form is better.’

Morrigan nodded. ‘I agree. Very well – Lei-ra – as you were better, then you may either punish Ama’ra, or receive pleasure from her. You may speak, but only a single word – pleasure or punish. Which will it be ?’

Summer looked up, her eyes bright, lips still warped around the gag. Watching her speak, carefully enunciating around the gag, was amusing, sending a thrill of heat through Morrigan’s crotch.

‘Puniph!’

Victoria nodded. ‘Very well. Then you may punish Ama’ra. But be swift about it.’

Summer rose, looking down at Megan, still prostrated against the ground. Her hands tensed into claws, before she bent over and jabbed her nails into Megan’s back, scraping them down the bare, sweaty skin, leaving long, dragging furrows. Megan moaned in pain, her back tensing back, Summer clawing her again.

‘Let that be a lesson to you, Ama’ra. Excel, and you will not be hurt.’ Morrigan pressed her foot down against Megan’s head, feeling a hot flare of pain and shame transmit itself from the woman. ‘Now, Lei’ra – kneel, and we shall continue.’

Summer twisted her fingers, scraping them into Megan again, and then went onto her knees, her butt rising up into the air. Morrigan removed her foot from Megan’s head, enjoying the sight of the two women, naked and obedient.

‘Move closer and bridge position, then recite your obedience.’

Both the women were swift to obey, rising to their feet, approaching the thrones and then bending backwards, pushing their bodies into tight backward arches, their cunts towards

Morrigan and Victoria. The position exposed and displayed them clearly, their limbs clean and straight to support them.

Morrigan raised a leg and then dropped it down onto Megan's belly, watching the impact run through her body. Despite the stress position, she had good balance, not bending as Morrigan pressed down on her. She could feel every breath that Megan made, before she curled her fingers into claws, scratching them over the smooth, soft skin, feeling the slight cleft of Megan's navel, pushing a finger down into it.

With her other hand, she reached out and felt at Summer's torso. Summer's body was still more toned, a legacy from her cheerleading, her body feeling stiffer as Morrigan pressed down against her. Summer grunted in pain as Morrigan slapped down onto their bodies, a hollow slapping sound.

'Remember to recite your obedience.' She scratched her nails over their bodies, making them both shiver, placing a hand over their shaved mounds, feeling the wet looseness of their cunts.

'I amph a slaph, urphing ai iphtriph...' Megan mumbled the words, her chest straining, Morrigan sliding a finger into her. She was wet, her walls tightening around Morrigan's finger, her body wanting more. Summer whimpered something, words too wet and mushy for Morrigan to even understand.

'Very good, Ama'ra. Now it's your turn to choose – punish or pleasure?' She pushed her finger deeper into Megan, twisting it around, hearing Megan's breath hitch. The slut was wound tight, her body yearning for release, from all her time isolated in the sack.

'Mph... puniph!'

'Very well. Then you may stand, Ama'ra. And make it entertaining for me!'

Megan managed to rise to her feet with some measure of grace, coming face-to-face with Morrigan, immediately looking down and away. Morrigan twisted her finger again, watching Megan's face contort, slack and horny for a moment, before she withdrew, wiping the juices onto Megan's body and taking a step back, waiting to see what Megan did.

She leaned over Summer's body, running fingers over the stretched-out flesh, before grabbing both of Summer's tits. Her grip was tight enough that Summer gasped, shifting about in pain. One breast was stretched out, Megan's grip tight, her other hand letting go and moving between Summer's legs. Her fingers flicked up, before coming down against Summer's juicy, wet cunt.

A tremor ran through Summer's body, her legs wriggling, struggling to keep her up. Megan slapped her, multiple times, the sounds making Morrigan bite her lip, wanting to seek her own pleasure. But the training came first!

She moved around, the slapping sounds continuing, swift and sharp, as she looked down into Summer's face. Tears were forming in her eyes, her lips tightening around the ball-gag in her mouth.

Victoria issued a command. 'Stop. Lei'ra may stand.'

There was another slap, hard and painful enough to make Summer gasp, before Megan moved away, standing with her legs slightly spread, displaying her body. Morrigan admired the pair of them, looking at them from behind – nice, firm legs and buttocks, their hips curving inwards, their collars bright around their necks. She walked up, lightly placing her fingers at the bases of their spines and then sliding upwards, making them both shiver.

'Such soft meat the two of you are! And both shaping up into sweet, obedient slaves.' Her fingers found the gag-buckles, loosening them off and then letting gravity work, the gag-balls sliding from their mouths and splatting to the floor, dribble flowing behind. She scraped her nails down their backs, then spanked their backsides, just once each.

'Slave-sluts shouldn't make a mess! Naughty girls. Now, stand on one leg and recite your obedience's.'

Both were slightly wobbly as they obeyed, raising a leg high, holding it with their arms, their balance weak and shaky. Their words were slightly mushy, lips still used to being shaped by the gags, their words running together.

'I will obey my mistress-owner, and only have pleasure when she allows it! My life is hers, I am dust beneath her feet, fit only to kiss them!' Their words had the sweet edge of panic, showing the strain they were under, both mental and physical. The position put further strain onto their bodies, making their buttocks tighten up, Morrigan grabbing them, feeling the taut muscles beneath.

The air was heavy with their scents – fear-sweat and pussy-juice, heat radiating out from their bodies, pushed to their limits. She squeezed, sinking her fingers into skin, feeling buttock-muscles beneath, both the women shaking.

'Hmmm, it's hard to tell which was better there.' She looked past them at Victoria, drinking in the sight of her latex-sheathed body, shiny and black. The whip flicked, striking against Megan's body, making her shake and whimper again.

'Yes – both slaves seem adept. But one of them needs to be the loser.'

Morrigan pushed her hands forward, feeling both of them shake, their bodies twitching, straining to hold the pose. Megan twisted on her foot that was on the floor, before tumbling to the floor. Morrigan stamped down on her, spiking a heel into the woman's back, pinning her into place.

'Oh, Ama'ra. Such a disappointment! But that means Lei'ra now gets to make her choice.' She ground her heel down, taking pleasure in the sensation of the heel-spike jabbing into skin.

‘Punish!’

‘Very well.’ Morrigan withdrew her foot and stepped back. ‘Ama’ra, stand up, so you may be punished.’

Megan was slow to obey, her arms hanging limply, head down. Summer’s hand moved swiftly, slapping Megan across the cheek, the sound echoing like a whip-crack, hard enough to make Megan’s head turn. Another slap, and then another, each one just as loud, Megan’s cheeks turning bright red. Then she leaned in, bending over, taking a nipple into her mouth. Megan moaned in pain, Summer moving her head back, stretching out the soft tit-meat, the nipple between her teeth.

‘Our slaves seem to enjoy hurting each other. I suppose that can’t be entirely avoided.’ Leather slithered over leather as Victoria crossed her legs, making herself comfortable. ‘But they need to learn to get on as well.’

Morrigan moved around, looking at Summer as she bit harder into the tit, Megan’s face contorted in pain, her hands balled up into fists. She grabbed Summer’s head, slapping the woman’s buttocks, making her release the breast.

‘Yes, we can’t have them being too rough with each other – that’s for us to do.’ With one hand still on Summer’s head, she reached forward and grabbed Megan as well, pulling their faces together. ‘They should be allowed at least some pleasure.’ It was fortunate they were close in height, as she forced their heads together, making them kiss. Inside her head, she pushed on the hot knot of emotions, feeling desire/lust surge upwards, Megan leaning into the kiss.

Summer stiffened, but couldn’t move away, with Morrigan still grasping her head. ‘Such obedient sluts! So eager to please. And after hurting each other, then the slaves should make up with each other.’ Summer’s cheeks were starting to burn red, her face twisting in embarrassment, her hands coming up and wrapping around Megan in an embrace, before nails scratched downwards.

Morrigan spanked her, using both hands to slap at her buttocks. ‘A slave should only punish another slave when ordered to!’ She pushed down, breaking the kiss, forcing Summer to her knees. ‘For that, you can kiss Ama’ra elsewhere. As a way of apologising to your sister-slave.’

She could feel Summer tensing up, but pressed her fingers harder into Summer’s scalp before talking to Megan. ‘You are not allowed release, but may have a small amount of pleasure.’

A tremor ran through Megan, Summer’s tongue sliding into her, Megan mewling in pleasure, although her cheeks were also pinked with shame, her eyelids fluttering. Morrigan kissed her on the neck, feeling her pulse, hot and fast, lightly biting her teeth into soft skin.

Victoria spoke. ‘Both of you are shaping up well. There’s a lot of work before you’re suitable for presentation, but I’m sure we’ll get there. But you need to learn to get on better, I think.’

Perhaps the double-gag, and some nice close confinement?’ She rose from the throne, fetching a double-headed dildo-gag.

She could feel Megan’s body starting to relax from Summer’s tongue inside of her, using her nails to cause pain, the gasps and whimpers making her feel even hornier. She wanted to dominate the woman, break her utterly! But then she would be useless as a slave – she would have to control herself. She kissed Megan on the neck again, before squeezing her jaw, forcing her mouth open.

Victoria shoved one end of the dildo-gag into place, making Megan splutter and cough, her throat bulging from the size of the thing. Then Victoria grabbed Summer and pulled her back up to standing, dragging her head back before shoving her onto the other end of the dildo. Straps buckled around each of their heads, forcing them together into a deepthroat-kiss, their lips touching, the cock-shaft between them, spit already dribbling out onto their chins.

Both of them groaned – Morrigan couldn’t tell if they were trying to form words, or just moaning from the violation of their throats. She spanked Megan, grinding herself against the woman, grabbing at her wrists and holding them together. Using the woman as a sex-toy was making her own thoughts fuzzy, pleasure bubbling up her spine, before Victoria spoke, dragging Morrigan’s attention back to the room.

‘Let’s get them nice and friendly.’ She was holding up a long roll of transparent plastic wrap, peeling the edge off, then pushing it against Summer’s shoulder.

Morrigan took a deep breath and stepped back, taking the roll from Victoria and wrapping it around Megan, starting to bind the two slave-sluts together. They kept going, winding it tightly around both the women, holding them together, nice and tight, their arms bound at their sides, both of them making wet, dribbling sounds, throats violated by the dildo-cock.

As it reached their hips, Morrigan went and grabbed two buttplugs, fat metal ones, pushing the tip against Megan’s asshole. There was a moment of resistance before it slid into her, forcing her pucker wide and then it was swallowed up, vanishing into Megan’s body. From how Summer tensed up, the same was being done to her, and then the wrapping continued, binding them both together, bodies pressed in tight and close.

‘Now, the two of you need to learn that you serve us – we might permit you to hurt each other, but you should take no pleasure in it.’ Morrigan spanked Megan again, although the wrap absorbed some of the impact. With Victoria’s help, she lowered the two of them to the floor, putting them on their sides, their feet wriggling, outside of the wrap.

Victoria kicked them, careful not to break the wrap, one of them grunting in pain. ‘We’ll be back later – I hope that you will have learned from this!’ She turned and walked away, Morrigan admiring her buttocks, having to take a deep breath to resist the urge to pounce, her own desire making her legs shake. This would be so much easier when the slaves were fully trained! She waited until Victoria had left before leaving herself, the lights blinking out, leaving the slaves tied together on the floor, still wriggling and grunting.

Chapter 16: Maid Training

Megan's lips tightened against the ballgag forced into her mouth, her tongue sliding over the rubber sphere. The harness straps of the thing pinched around her head, having been in place for so long that her skin was now dented. Sunlight kissed her body, warm and sweet, making her want to doze and relax.

'Posture straight, Ama'ra!' Hands grasped her shoulders, pulling them backwards and making her breasts jut out, straining against the tight bodice. This dress was so short she could feel air kissing around her buttocks and thighs, even with the metal chastity belt still locked in place! And the stockings on her legs did nothing to cover her up, while having to walk in 5-inch heels was straining her legs.

But all she could do was weakly grunt into her gag, not wanting to provoke Morrigan's wrath. Her head just felt so stuffy, her thoughts slow and soft, after too much time in the darkness. She could feel Morrigan's presence, even without the physical contact, a hard, powerful intrusion into her head. And she was thankful for that – whenever that presence faded, then she would hear the words of obedience and submission, a constant chant that sounded in the darkness behind her eyes.

'I think this outfit suits you, Ama'ra.' Fingers plucked on the sleeves, before a hand traced down her spine, a low-scooped back exposing more of her skin. 'Such a pretty little maid you make!' The hands twisted Megan around, making her face towards a full-length mirror.

Megan winced as she was made to see herself – dressed in a tight and slutty maid outfit, the skirt not even long enough to fully hide the chastity belt, the top low-cut enough to show off her cleavage, and the collar around her neck. And the sight of her bald scalp made the tattoo-marks prickle, a deep sense of shame burning through her core.

'But you need to learn to serve. You are a slave now, Ama'ra.' Every time she was called that, it made her soul wither a little more – that wasn't her name! But she couldn't rebel, without getting hurt and punished even more. 'Now, time to see how well you can serve drinks. You are to get the cups, and little Lei'ra can pour. The two of you will need to work together – unless you both wanted to be punished? Those sweet little pussies of yours are quite tough – perhaps the spiked paddle this time, if you fail?'

Megan shuddered, tensing her legs, already feeling a shadow of pain in her slit. How many times had she been punished? And why did the pain make her feel good? She wasn't some perverted slut, she should be in charge, ruling over her court!

A hand slid beneath her tiny skirt, slapping against her buttocks. The impact was only light, but still stung, her flesh well-tenderized from previous impacts, making her yelp in pain. She took a stumbling step forward, glad to turn away from the mirror, not wanting to see herself – it was more satisfying to see Summer, clad in the same fashion, lacy petticoats poking out from beneath a short skirt, mouth sealed with a gag. Just the sight of her made Megan's hands tense

up, wanting to scrape her hands down Summer's back, to make her squeal and beg. Maybe if she was good, then Morrigan would let her have some time with Summer, with the bitch tied down?

The presence in her head grew harder, Morrigan's voice getting harsher. 'You are here to serve! Get to it.'

Megan concentrated, steadying herself in the heels, walking towards Summer. Behind her was a table, elegantly set out, with everything needed for afternoon tea, with a multi-tiered tray of cakes, and a teapot, steam wafting from the spout. The scent of it made her mouth water, more dribble oozing around her gag, starting to slide through, making her dirty and sticky. All she'd been feed was goop-paste, often flavored with pussy-juice! It filled her belly, but made her head fuzzy with desire, and tasted awful.

Every movement she made caused the petticoats to rustle, reminding her of the humiliating outfit – she deserved to be a queen, getting worshiped and waited on, not serving others! But Morrigan and Victoria were so close, there was no hope of escape, or even resistance, and she didn't want to know what they would do to her as punishment! Summer wouldn't be much help either – she glanced over at the other woman, wincing at the sight of the tiny, sexy maid-dress, knowing she looked the same, the outfit highlighting full breasts and a slender waist.

'You should know what to do. Or do you need further training, Ama'ra?'

Megan tilted her head back, trying to stop the flow of dribble and swallowed, already imagining a whip slashing against her body, tearing the flimsy outfit away and leaving bright red welts on her skin. She didn't want any more pain! If it meant some rest, she'd even degrade herself like this, serving as a slut-maid, despite how it made her soul wither even more.

She approached the table, petticoats swaying against her ass. Her brain felt soft, any thoughts sliding away as soon as they formed, most of her focus going on her movements, trying to make them smooth and graceful. The skin beneath her collar was already crawling, waiting for a shock, hoping not to be hurt.

Summer bumped into her, their shoulders knocking together. Megan grunted in annoyance, pushing back against Summer, before pushing her away, leaning into the movement.

'Mphh!'

Her vision fuzzed, the pain from a collar-shock registering a second later, her head reeling back. She could feel Summer tensing up as well, getting hurt the same way.

'The two of you need to learn to cooperate, dma'ne. Or perhaps you need more time downstairs?'

'Nphh!' Megan's protest mingled with Summer's – not down there again, not locked into some torture device, bodies stretched out to be abused, minds getting stretched even thinner! She

managed to get herself under control, her heart pounding from the shock of pain, picking up a small plate, using tongs to pick up a slice of cake, then another onto another plate, holding one in each hand. The scent of it, sweet and soft, was making her salivate more and more – she wanted to eat something *real*! But her mouth was still sealed, and she didn't dare try and ungag herself.

Summer tried reaching across her body, Megan grunting at her and leaning to block her. She'd at least show that she was better than Summer – maybe she would be allowed to hurt Summer? At least then she would have some control, be able to sink her nails into Summer's flesh, make the other woman moan and scream? Behind her chastity belt, she could feel the warm tightness of her pussy, pleasure denied her for so long that it was close to the surface, another distraction. Just tensing her thighs, the crotch-band of the belt pushing into her, made her tense up, the wet looseness of her pussy a constant, urgent throb, that she could do nothing about.

She turned, keeping her back towards Summer, not wanting to be sabotaged. A foot kicked against her ankle, making her wince, but she kept her balance as she walked away. The heels made it easy to sway her hips, approaching Morrigan and Victoria.

They were both sat in large, heavy chairs – dark wood with high backs, letting them look entirely at ease. Both were wearing their usual sleek and black bodysuits, Morrigan's plainer than Victoria's, thigh-high black boots over their legs. Would she have to lick them clean? Leather on her tongue... Another surge of humiliation burned through her, making her face burn red. The coiled-up whip in Victoria's hand made Megan shiver, able to remember the pain it had caused, lashes sending searing pain into her body. With the gag in her mouth, she couldn't speak, but she tried to keep her expression blank, not showing the fear she felt. On the ground in front of them was a long wooden board, shaped into triangular ridges.

'While you serve us, you may kneel here. The two of you do not yet deserve comfort. Now, approach, and we shall see if your choices were correct.'

Megan tried to keep the plate as smooth and even as possible as she walked forward, forcing herself to ignore the cringing shame she felt, at being forced to display herself, and being nothing more than a tool. The kneeling-board was close to the women, and Megan dropped to her knees on it. There was a moment of relief as she took the weight of the high heels, but then pain started, her weight on her lower legs pressing down onto the spiked tops of the wedges.

She held her hands up, presenting the two plates. Behind her, she could hear Summer approaching, but didn't dare turn, not wanting to shift around. She couldn't even bring herself to look up at Morrigan's face, keeping her head bowed, just seeing Morrigan's high boots, the rings between the laces shining in the daylight.

'You are willing to submit to pain to serve. Very good, Ama'ra.' The words made pleasure tingle through Megan, something she didn't want to feel, but couldn't ignore. The plates were taken from her hands. As she started to lower them, her collar bit her neck again.

‘Palms up, slave. Your palms may require punishments. Or perhaps I will hurt you for fun – this is what you are here for, remember. Lean forward.’

Megan paused, just for a second, before obeying – that would probably get her hurt less! A hand grabbed her head, bending it down, twisting at the buckle of her gag and releasing it. Megan could see a blurry reflection of herself in Morrigan’s boot, a pinkish smear over shiny black leather. Spittle splashed from her mouth, falling onto the leather, staining it, Megan yelping in anticipation of pain.

‘Clean that off, slave-slut.’

The boot came up, Megan lowering her head, tongue sliding from her mouth, moving over the leather. The taste of leather made her gag, as she felt the other boot press down on the back of her head. Her legs were starting to ache, the wooden wedges biting into her skin, and she had to force herself to stay still, not wanting to get punished more for wriggling.

She ran her tongue over the toe of the boot, licking her own spittle back up, hearing the sounds of the cakes being eaten. Having to keep her arms upraised was making her shoulders ache as well, her palms tingling, the anticipation of being hit sending waves of concern through her mind. Megan could hear Summer moving into place, the faint sound of liquid pouring, the scent of tea, before Summer knelt down. She also bowed down and started licking at Victoria’s boots.

Her own weight was starting to torture her, pressing against the wedges. She tried moving, as slightly as possible, wanting to relieve the pressure.

Something struck her palm, a vicious sting of pain right across the centre, making her hiss and gasp, hand closing up. Morrigan’s voice sounded from above her, cold and harsh. ‘Palm open, slave-slut.’

Megan pushed her head down against the boot, using it to stifle her whimpers, having to force her fingers open. Whatever she was being struck with sliced through the air again, impacting against soft skin, landing right atop the previous welt. The pain struck through her, her palm throbbing, her body heating up, calves sinking down onto the board. This wasn’t fair! Summer should be getting punished as well! As she tensed up from the impact, it made the pain against her calves worse, her muscles aching more as they pressed against the spikes.

‘Ama’ra did at least manage to select an appropriate cake. It’s nice to know that the soul-bond carries such information. But she needs to learn how to behave still. When not in use, a slave should be still and silent, no matter the position she is in.’ Morrigan’s heel pressed down onto Megan’s bare scalp, forcing her head down onto the other boot, the taste of leather strong in her mouth as she swirled her tongue over it. The degradation stung her, making her feel weak and pathetic, her palm throbbing with pain.

The boot raised itself off her head, the other boot withdrawing. Victoria’s voice spoke, sounding amused. ‘She is a good bootlicker, at least. A natural tongue-slut!’

Megan would have whimpered if her lips hadn't been pressed against the boot. She wasn't a tongue-slut! She didn't like this, it was just something she was forced to do!

The boot moved away, before wiping itself against her cheek, leaving a wet and sticky smear there. She wanted to wipe it away, but didn't dare lower her hands, still presented for punishment.

'Her tongue is skilled, yes. But the two of them are still competing, when they need to work together. Both of them need to remember they are here to serve – everything else is secondary to that.'

Megan didn't want to work with Summer! If she had to be forced to be here, then she wanted to make Summer her bitch, to have at least someone beneath her. If she could, she wanted to *hurt* Summer, tie her down and lash her, force Summer to lick and service her! Just the thought sent an agonisingly hot surge through her crotch, reminding her painfully of how sealed away she was.

'Lei'ra, you are to go and fetch more cake. Ama'ra, you will take it from her and pass it to us. Do not disappoint us.'

Standing up hurt even more, the wood biting into her as she pushed herself upwards, still able to taste boot-leather. She glanced up, just for a moment, meeting Morrigan's steady gaze before looking down, fear surging through her, her neck itching in anticipation of pain. It didn't come, at least not yet, as she turned away, Summer moving towards the table. As she moved, her petticoats swayed, revealing the metal of the belt beneath and showing off her long legs and suspenders.

Her palm was still stinging, but she tried to make herself stand up straight. The haze in her head, and her crotch, was almost overwhelming – she squirmed her thighs, even that sending more stimulation through her pussy. She wanted, *needed*, pressure though, something inside of herself! And to be able to get off herself, without being restrained and beaten.

'Don't get distracted, Ama'ra.'

Morrigan's voice cut into her, stilling her desire, making her bite her lip in frustrated denial. She was facing away from Morrigan, unable to see her, feeling the woman's gaze biting into her. She wanted to pull the hemline of the tiny dress down, to try and cover herself, but didn't dare. The thought of what she was being forced to do, what she was being transformed into, made her want to cry, but showing weakness would get her punished even more. All she could do was stare at Summer, watching her step-sister's ass swaying, buttocks tight with the metal band between them, shame biting and burning through her.

Summer turned around, now holding two plates, each with a cake on. She walked forward, hips swaying, breasts swelling beneath the low-cut bodice. She was still gagged, lips forced to kiss a bright red rubber ball, spit shining on her chin. Megan looked at her, feeling a little better that her mouth was at least ungagged, before mouthing a word at her – "bitch" – glad that Morrigan

and Victoria were behind her, unable to see. Summer narrowed her eyes, growling slightly from behind the gag.

She approached, holding the plates up, Megan raising her hands to take them. They slid onto her hands, and she started to turn, to take them over to Morrigan and Victoria.

Something flicked between her ankles, a foot hooking around one ankle and dragging backwards. She stumbled, the cakes sliding backwards and falling off the plates and onto her body, cream sliding over her skin and into her cleavage, making her sticky.

Something blurred from Victoria, whip cracking, pain searing up her thigh as it impacted. Another strike, Victoria's wrist barely seeming to move, before Morrigan stood up, anger on her face. Megan started backing away, fear surging through her.

'Stay!' The order was barked out, Megan's muscles freezing up, a terrified whimper coming to her lips. Morrigan shook her head in disappointment, holding the thin rod of Megan's stinger. She slashed it forward, striking against a bare thigh, making Megan whimper in pain. The next strike was even stronger, against her bare arm, and she yelped in pain.

'The two of you still need work.' Hands grabbed her, Summer grabbing at her, Megan wriggling against her. 'Both of you will be punished. As it stands, you do not deserve to wear anything – you are not yet fully fit to be slaves.' She reached forward, grabbing at the bustline of the dress and pulling, tearing it away. The fabric tore, getting ripped off her body, leaving her naked, and she crossed her arms over her breasts, trying to cover herself.

'Expose yourself, Ama'ra.'

Megan shook her head – she didn't want her breasts exposed to further punishment! She didn't want to be hurt at all! Morrigan glared at her, the stinger flicking forward and striking her arm, before Summer grabbed her wrists and spread them apart.

'Do not think to curry favour, Lei'ra. You will be punished next, and then your joint training will be discussed.' The stinger flicked over Megan's breasts, every impact striking into her soft skin, raising painful welts. She moaned in pain, tears blurring her vision, before feeling strikes against her belly. Each of the strikes was blurring together, her whole torso becoming a bright haze of stinging pain. And her arousal was getting worse – she wasn't a pervert, so why was she getting so wet? Her body was barely under her control, Summer's hands supporting her, as another blow struck her breasts.

'Release her, Lei'ra, and then you will be punished.'

Megan slumped to the ground, her body hot and weak, her hand sliding between her thighs. She pushed against the crotch-band, feeling it grind against her pussy, a thrill of pleasure running through her. A boot stamped down onto her, rolling her onto her back and then stamping again. 'Slaves are not allowed pleasure!' A stamp again, this time onto her belly, and Megan felt her mind going blank from the pain, Morrigan's eyes boring into her as she whipped

Summer. 'The two of you are progressing, but continue to disappoint. Perhaps I have been too soft.'

Megan couldn't stop stroking herself, her body desperate for pleasure, no matter how many times Morrigan stamped on her. The belt-band was impossible to reach through, the thin metal blocking her from touching herself, making her gasp in frustration.

The sense of Morrigan in her mind sharpened, a thick and all-consuming presence that started to drown her other senses, before her feeling faded, her body going limp, and she faded into darkness...

Chapter 17: Sisterly Bonding

Summer tried not to inhale, hating the rich, musky scent that bathed her face, She couldn't see, a rubbery latex sheet sucking down around her body, blocking all light, but she could feel soft, yielding flesh, sweaty and warm, just in front of her. And not just in front of her face – there was another body pressed down against her own, their breasts against her hips, legs and thighs on either side of her head, Megan's body forcibly pressed against her own.

Every breath was infused with Megan's sweat, and Summer's lips were pressed against Megan's crotch. The taste and odour of Megan's pussy was heavy in her nose and down her throat, and she could feel the tickling, teasing sensation of Megan's breathing against her own pussy.

How long had she been sealed into this hell? Time seemed to pass in vague and strange ways, her collar shocking her often enough that sleep was a distant hope, her brain feeling like it was being scrambled into paste. Being released meant food, that horrific paste mixed with Victoria's pussy juice, the taste melting over her tongue, seared into her memory, contrasting with the soft, binding darkness. Her body ached, whip-welts not yet fully healed, her sweat making them sting, arms bound to a padded surface beneath.

In the back of her mind, she could somehow *feel* Victoria still, a threatening presence even without being here. Or perhaps she was – being trapped between the latex sheets meant she had no idea where she was, or what was happening outside. She could be in those bitches hell-basement, some torture machine being prepared. Or in one of the upstairs rooms, less horrific, but still trapped. Maybe Victoria was watching her right now? The mental sensation was close, in a way that Summer couldn't define.

Her body was feverish, far too hot, the latex sheet meaning that her sweat, and that of Megan, slicked over her body. She felt a series of short pants from Megan, air brushing over her cunt, making her head spin. The latex, and the restraints on her body, made it hard to move, but she could tense her thighs, just a little, feeling Megan's head against her skin, wanting to hurt her, enact some vengeance for the perpetual teasing.

Moving her thighs made her hips and ass tighten up, forcibly reminding her of the fat plug in her ass. The metal had warmed up, but she could feel the thing, forcing her body wide, even the stem feeling fatter than her fingers, holding her asshole wide. Having that inside of her was a perpetual reminder of her status, of just being treated like a series of holes, here for Victoria's entertainment.

Having it within her asshole made her feel aroused though – the plug gave her a mild shock, tensing and rippling through her belly. Megan must have been shocked as well, as there was a viciously-teasing pulse of air against Summer's cunt, her lips soft and sensitive, her body ripe for penetration. At the moment, she'd happily be fucked raw by Victoria, if it just meant having some release! She had no sense of time, but it felt as though it had been weeks, or months, since the bitches had kidnapped her, and started training her. Long enough at least for her tattoos and piercings to heal. And had she been shaved again? She had blurry memories of being strapped into a metal chair, the razor flicking over her scalp, stripping of hair-stubble while she wept, before Victoria kissed the sensitive skin.

The realisation of how trapped she was made despair swell within her, tears prickling her eyes. She could wriggle her body, just a tiny bit, feeling Megan's breasts squash against her hips as she strained, feeling the latex resist her arms, the heat within her muscles building up fast.

Megan pressed down onto her, Summer wanting to protest, any noises she made going unheard. Was she silent, or was that just because of the ear-buds, held in place by the piercings? Another sign of how she was no longer free! If she ever got the chance, she'd love to subject Victoria to some of the hellish punishments that the bitch had subjected her to.

She could picture the woman perfectly in her head – every inch of her, with her perfect, flawless skin, her soft, beautiful hair, normally sheathed in shining black leather or latex. She felt the desire between her legs spike, memories of being spread out in restraints and touched and teased, before inevitable pain, some torture device being used. In the sweat-infused darkness, it was easy to fall into memory-dreams, feeling the impressions of Victoria's fingers, reaching deep into her body, finding her sensitive spots and playing with them.

Megan's pussy pressed down onto her face, and she reflexively stuck her tongue out, sliding it between Megan's lips. Her collar gave her a shock, but it was hard to control herself, with the habit of licking now ingrained. And the taste of Megan was strong – not as vivid as Victoria's, but still making her brain fizz and melt, desperate for stimulation, for anything to break the binding, stretching darkness that bound her.

Another shock, even stronger, and she surrendered, withdrawing her tongue. But she felt lips against her own lower lips, Megan's tongue sliding into her own body, desperately bucking her hips upwards, trying to get it as deep as possible into herself. It twisted deeper, white sparks of desire flaring in her brain, or behind her eyes. She felt it touch against the stud in her clit, her bud engorged and full. With enough touches, more licking, then she might finally be allowed some relief, to have the denied lust slaked, so that she could think straight again!

A fantasy surged within her mind – herself, not bound, sat in sunlight, with Victoria knelt between her legs. Hands bound, a fat metal collar on her neck, Summer pressing down with a foot against the woman's face. The thought of being dominant, of being powerful and in charge, made her heart skip a beat, as she tried to focus on it, wanting to preserve some thread of her sanity.

She'd slap Victoria across the face, leaving red palm-prints on her soft cheeks, do that again and again, hard enough to make the woman cry. Ignore any pleading for mercy, just hurt the kidnapping bitch, scrape nails down and then pinch the woman's breasts, crushing the nipples between her fingers.

Her breathing was getting faster now, Megan's tongue still within her. What would it feel like to have a collar around Victoria's neck, to make the bitch crawl like a dog, dragging her on a leash? She'd pull Victoria behind herself, before bending over and making the woman kiss and lick her asshole, make Victoria degrade herself. She wanted to be the one worshipped and pleased! Having to serve all the time was slowly killing her inside, crushing her spirit. And even now, bound in the darkness, she couldn't escape, Victoria's presence still looming over her, strong and firm.

She tried to push herself more deeply into the fantasy, ignoring the firm latex, letting her dream that Megan's tongue was Victoria's, lapping away at her. See how the bitch liked wearing a collar herself, having her proud, firm body lashed and punished! What would it take to bring tears to her face? Perhaps a stern ass-fucking, with the biggest strap-on she could find, large enough to force Victoria's body wide, make her groan and whine. See what effect being gagged and fucked had on her! She wouldn't be so proud and haughty then, not when she was the one bent over and being used, unable to escape, her body used as nothing more than a fuck-toy. Strong metal restraints to keep her bound and trapped, kept in a cage, shocked and denied sleep. And shaved!

The thought made Summer's scalp tingle. That shame still stung deep – having her appearance changed so much, an alteration forced upon her, her hair cut off, made her feel *owned*, like she was just a thing. And the head tattoo made it even worse – she could still remember the needle prickling into her skin, stab-stab-stab, injecting the ink into place, marking her forever. And the tattoo on her pelvis, just above her cunt... Her piercings all seemed to throb, the metal feeling hot and heavy, embedded into her skin. Would the holes ever recover? Would she ever be allowed to take them out?

'Lei'Ra will worship her mistress. She is clay to be shaped, nothing but an instrument of Mistress Victoria's will.'

The cold, electronic voice spoke into Summer's ears, impossible to block out, as the tongue slipped deeper, Summer's mouth opening wide, and she gulped in the taste of Megan's sweat and lust. Her own tongue slid forwards, her desire starting to overpower her as she licked at the exposed slit above her, inhaling the scent.

A moment later, her collar shocked her, hard enough to paralyse her for a moment, making her sag down. The tongue probing her cunt went still and withdrew, leaving her aroused but denied, once again kept from a full and proper release. More neck-shocks swirled her senses, time skipping and phasing, impossible to tell if it was seconds or minutes or hours.

There was the faintest shift in pressure, and Summer twitched, some part of her senses keen to it. The latex started to kiss off her skin, peeling away, taking the outer layer with it, leaving her body jangling and sensitive.

Fear started to flow through her – at least in the darkness, the tortures she might suffer were limited. But outside of it, some fresh hell could be inflicted upon her, something she couldn't defend against, Victoria or Morrigan hurting her in some new way.

Light started to seep into her vision, the latex sheet slowly peeling away from her skin. Fresher, cooler air touched against her skin, making her feel sore, aching, and more keenly aware of her degradation, the constant fuzz of lust-fuelled tiredness lurking in the edge of her mind, her vision fuzzy.

Atop herself, all she could see was Megan's cunt, lips wet with her own saliva, as well as pussy-juice, sending a thrust of hot shame through Summer. Her collar shocked her again, making her gasp in pain, feeling and hearing an echoed gasp from Megan, air pulsing against her desperate cunt.

'I hope that you are learning your lessons.'

Summer shivered, tensing up against the restraints that still held her. It was Victoria, here in the flesh. She heard the sounds of impact, a stinging strike against soft skin, Megan taking the blow, Summer's buttocks already aching in sympathy.

'The two of you need to learn to cooperate – you are both instruments of our wills, and need to learn that. The more you resist, the more you will be broken, until there is nothing left that is not needful.'

Heels sounded out against the floor, Megan's body getting lifted away, cooler air rushing in against Summer's sweaty flesh. It made her ache and sting all over, helping to clear her head, just a little. Her neck stung from the shocks, her pussy desperate for release, but at least now she could see, rather than being locked into the latex, forced to taste sweat and lust with every inhalation!

From out of sight, she heard more grunts of pain, followed by a muted gasp, probably Megan getting gagged. She tried to struggle, twisting her limbs, finding them bound by metal bands, pinned into place.

'Now, time to have some fun with my own slave. And you are a good little slave, aren't you, Lei'ra?'

Victoria moved into sight, staring down at Summer. She was dressed in her usual skin-tight bodysuit, thigh-high boots laced up, the outfit gleaming in the electric lights, making Victoria's body look pure and perfect, every curve swathed in shining darkness, her hair immaculate, her glossy red lips curving into a cruel smile. Her boot came up, before stamping down onto Summer's cunt, grinding down into the soft skin.

It hurt, Victoria putting all her weight down onto Summer's pussy, spreading it open. Summer wriggled her hips, desperately chasing pleasure even within the pain, feeling Victoria's presence in her mind, strong and stern, starting to overwhelm her own thoughts. Her eyes met Victoria's, and she was trapped, unable to look away, gasping and groaning as her boot twisted around.

'Are you going to be nice and obedient now?' It raised up and the stamped down again, Summer mewling in pain. 'Time to get up and work.' The restraints clicked free, releasing Summer's limbs. After another vicious stamp down, Victoria stood back, making an impatient gesture with her hand. 'Up. Service position.'

It took an effort of will to make her limbs obey, but Summer managed to force herself upwards, twisting and the rolling over. Her neck sagged, supported mostly by the collar, having to strain to keep Victoria's face in view.

Her memory fumbled, trying to recall what pose that was – she moved into a kneeling position, legs spread and her toes crossed over, her hands clasped behind her back, eyes downcast, her mouth wide open. She felt utterly exposed and humiliated, unable to protect herself, every inch of her skin on display, ready to be hurt.

Victoria clipped a leash onto her collar and then tugged on it, walking away without speaking. As the leash went taut, Summer had to crawl on all fours, her ass up in the air, hands and knees pressing against the floor. The desire between her thighs was strong, her juices wet there, potent enough that she could smell it, but she didn't dare touch herself, trying to keep her movements as quiet as possible. Megan was being made to crawl as well, also leashed.

They were led into the next room – this one was plush and opulent, with soft, thick carpets, leather cushions, and a huge bed, the underside a cage, with metal bars to keep people trapped there.

As she moved, all she could see of Victoria was her ass, wrapped in latex. The woman seemed to powerful and perfect, just her presence enough to fog Summer's thoughts. Her body ached, and the urge to submit, to *obey*, was strong. Victoria's hand twitched, the pressure on the leash changing, Summer freezing into place until Victoria started to move again. Was that the correct action? Victoria didn't say anything, but she wasn't punishing Summer either. It was impossible to talk to Megan, at least without attracting punishment, but she could smell Megan's pussy-juice as well. She was pulled into the room, the clear space beside the bed.

'The two of you need to work together. Lei'ra, Ama'ra, you will pleasure me. You will do so, or face punishment. I suggest that you listen to your spirits – you can feel my pleasure, and behave appropriately. Use only your tongues – you do not yet deserve to use anything else.'

She unzipped the crotch of her bodysuit, all the way through her legs, around her back to her asshole as well.

‘Lei’ra, you may have the honour of my pussy. Ama’ra, you will service my asshole.’

Summer shuffled forward, not wanting to be punished, but also wanting to beat Megan, to show that she was better. And the pussy at least seemed better than the asshole! She didn’t look up as she approached, her tongue still sticking out, moving between Victoria’s legs.

She started to kiss and lick, pushing her lips against Victoria’s pussy in a tight, sucking kiss, sliding her tongue into place. The taste and scent made her feel delirious, while Megan crawled around behind her. An echo of the pleasure started within Summer, the sensations that Victoria was feeling getting transmitted somehow, teasing and tantalising her. As soon as Megan’s tongue slid against Victoria’s asshole, Summer could feel that as well, her own anus tightening with pleasure.

It was easy to lose herself in the pleasure; better to feel that than the aches and pains of past beatings. And she was desperately horny, Victoria’s juices slicking her throat. And the shadow-touches against her pussy and asshole teased her even more, soft and gentle.

Above her, she could hear Victoria sigh with pleasure, a hand coming down to stroke against her head, just lightly, but even that touch was enough to send more warmth cascading through her body, making her feel appreciated.

She licked and sucked harder, just about able to hear Megan doing the same on the other side of Victoria’s body. Her tongue was now fully within Victoria’s body, slick with the taste of the woman, making her want to drink it down, to do nothing but serve. It was harder and harder to resist, being on her knees feeling natural, as Victoria’s fingers stroked her bare scalp, every touch making her gasp and sigh.

‘A good slave might be permitted pleasure.’

The sense of control, the mental barrier around Summer’s own pleasure, relaxed slightly, and she felt her lust surge, not yet allowed a full release.

‘But I come first.’ She pulled Summer in closer, so Summer’s nose was squashing up against Victoria’s belly, the latex smooth, the scent clashing with the nicer scent of Victoria’s pussy. ‘Serve me, Lei’ra.’

‘Mphhh...’ Summer sighed, sucking in pussy-juice and air, her senses addled. And the pleasure between her own legs was getting stronger and stronger, although still wasn’t strong enough to get her off.

And then Victoria came, the taste of her pleasure even more intense, Summer gulping it down.

‘Good girls. Both of you. The spirit of the slave is strong within you. Although, Ama’ra, you were slower to work. Perhaps a little remedial session is needed?’

Summer knelt back down, settling into the same position as before, except with her head tilted back to let Victoria’s taste settle in her throat as strongly as possible. She felt pleasure at the praise, and that she wouldn’t be punished.

‘Lei’ra, into the cage. While I educate Ama’ra.’

Before Victoria could change her mind, Summer obeyed, seeing an open panel in the bed-cage and crawling beneath it, feeling a sense of security as the metal clicked shut, sealing her in, curling up and making herself comfortable.

Chapter 18: The Great Escape (Part 1)

‘Mpphh!’ Megan twisted around, wanting to rub the straitjacket against the walls, trying to find a buckle she could loosen. The thing was tight around her upper body, squashing her breasts, keeping a dildo inside her pussy, taking her breath away with every step. She managed to move forward again, feeling her juices leaking down her thighs. When she shook her head, one of the muzzle-straps loosened, another shake leaving it dangling, and she spat. The cock forced into her throat moved, before falling from her mouth and hitting the floor.

Summer bumped into her from behind, the touch making Megan squeak nervously, twitching in fear in case it was one of the bitches. She twisted her shoulders, bending them against the latex, still trying to break free. Ballet heels were locked onto her legs, forcing her to totter, but she could lean against the wall to support herself.

‘We need to get out! Who knows when those bitches might be back?’

Megan nodded in agreement, feeling spit dribble downwards on the straitjacket. ‘Help me get out of this thing!’

Hands touched against her back, pressing against the latex and making her shiver, memories of being groped and molested surging up. But they moved over her body, finding the buckles and unsnapping them, the straitjacket’s pressure releasing itself, letting her arms move away from her body.

‘Do you know the way out?’

‘No! But that has to be one.’

The two of them ran down the hallway, heels striking against the floor. There was barely any light, just the dull gleam of occasional emergency LEDs, and every single door was open, but there was no sign of either of the bitches. Megan led the way, the collar around her neck

making it harder to turn her head, but that was locked on, impossible to remove. The long straitjacket sleeves were a nuisance, but it would take too long to remove them.

‘There!’ She heard Summer behind her, and turned, just in time to see Summer darting down a narrow and barely visible corridor. At the end of it was a steep staircase, the metal steps clanging beneath Summer’s heels. And at the top of that... an open doorway, moonlight illuminating a normal-looking room.

Moonlight! That meant outside, which meant... they could get out! She barely even noticed the surroundings, a quick glance around giving her the vague sensation of wealth, marble busts and old paintings on the walls, fine furniture gleaming in the low light.

Megan ran past Summer, towards a large bay window. She could see outside – a large, flat garden, stretching away, as far as she could see. Summer made a grunt of effort from behind Megan, wood scratching. Megan turned around to see her lifting up a chair and hurling it through the air.

She dodged backwards, and it struck against the window. One of the panes shattered, glass flying through the air, catching the moonlight before falling to the ground. Megan grabbed the chair and twisted it around, jerking it around, breaking more of the window frame, trying to clear the glass away.

Cool, moist night air rushed in, the scent of freedom, Megan pulling the chair back and striking the window again, enjoying the destruction, the feeling of actually having power again, and the chance to break something that belonged to those bitches! When she had cleared enough space, she stepped through trying to keep away from the glass shards, suddenly glad of the ballet heels.

Outside, gravel crunched, Summer following close behind. Was there anywhere to go from here? In the darkness, she could see a line of lights – streetlights? And a town at the end, a warm orange glow spreading upwards. ‘That way!’ She pointed, straitjacket sleeve flapping around, and then started to run. The ground was treacherous in the ballet heels, always threatening to spike into the ground and twist her ankles, but she had to get out of here!

The movement made her body ache, her injuries throbbing from every time that the bitches had punished her, but now she was free! If they could get to a town, and get the police, then Victoria and Morrigan would be arrested, and sent off to prison. She could hear Summer behind her, running as well before she spoke.

‘Shit, what’s that?’

Lights were moving along the road – a car, speeding along. There didn’t seem to be any other buildings, this was the only place they could be coming to.

‘It must be them! Crap, we need to move fast. I don’t want to go back there.’ She didn’t want to be hurt again, forced to work as a sex-toy! She tried to move faster, her legs straining to

push her as quickly as possible, heels spiking into damp ground. Distance was hard to judge, the soft moonlight dappling over a manicured lawn, longer grass ahead, and then forest. That seemed to be the quickest path down away from here – it looked dark and ominous, but was probably better than moving over open ground.

She glanced over at the road – the car was moving fast, it wouldn't be long until the bitches got back. Summer was already racing ahead, Megan straining to keep up, plunging into the forest.

The woods swallowed up any sound, with Summer taking a different path and vanishing. Megan tried to keep straight, hoping to find a path, the ground treacherous beneath her heels. Her lungs were burning from the effort, her legs starting to ache. But freedom beckoned – freedom, and the bitches getting some well-deserved punishment!

The sense of time faded, the forest stretching around her, every sound making her twitch nervously. A bird hooted, making her look around in sudden fear, before continuing on.

A branch cracked, and she froze, the sound sharp and harsh in the still air. A red light blinked on, a dot tracing over trees. Slow panic rose up in her, and she heard a sharp *crack*, something shooting through the air, a projectile embedding itself into a tree. She yelled in fear, and then kept running, trying to sway her body, seeing the red dot dancing over trees.

The dot skimmed over her body, and there was another *crack*. She felt a sharp pain, a needle stabbing into her chest. Icy coldness spread into her body, her strength fading fast. Her legs gave way, and she tumbled to the ground, feeling rough leaves and plants scratching her skin, damp with rainfall. Her arms and legs flopped around, limp and powerless.

Footsteps approached, Megan unable to turn her head to see the source of the sound, dribble oozing from between slack lips.

'What a naughty slave you are, my Ama'ra! Spirited, though, taking a chance to escape.' Morrigan's voice was amused, speaking from above Megan. Fear pounded through her, desperate gasps escaping from her throat. She wouldn't go back there!

A boot kicked into her side, before rolling her over, forcing her to stare upwards. Morrigan looked down at her, amusement and contempt on her face. She was dressed in more casual clothing – tight leather trousers and a tight curve of PVC over her breasts, arms bare, with gloves on her hands, before she stamped down onto Megan's belly, her thick-soled boot squashing Megan into place.

'I suppose now I'll have to break you utterly. Well, that's not entirely unexpected.' The boot came up and then down again, even harder, making Megan ache and gasp. 'Don't worry, the drug will wear off. But not before I've had some fun. I've never hunted much, but I know that captured prey should be specially treated. And, in your case, a lesson needs to be taught. That you are mine, forever.' Her presence flared in Megan's mind, powerful and strong, like a constricting snake, tight muscles compressing themselves around Megan's thoughts.

‘It would be more of a problem if you were a burglar, but this way won’t cause any awkward explanations. And this is nice and close to the hunting lodge, so there’s some fun tools to use.’

She bent over, hoisting Megan over her shoulder and starting to walk. Every step made Megan bounce around, her body still limp and powerless, desperately praying for some release or relief.

It didn’t take long until they came to a small cabin, windows shuttered. Morrigan walked up to the door and kicked it open, knocking a shoulder against a light switch, before throwing Megan around and propping her against a wall.

If it was possible for her to make any noise, Megan would have screamed. The place was a rustic torture chamber, the centre of the room dominated by a heavy wooden chair with a seat, bolted to the floor, thick leather straps ready to hold someone in place. Whips, canes, pincers and worse were stacked up on the walls, a few having fallen to the floor where wood had rotted away. That the light was old and flickering made it even worse, everything slipping into a nightmare state, Morrigan running her hand over a brutal-looking metal *thing*, hinged and spiked, Megan not wanting to even think about how it could be used.

‘The seeds of obedience have been planted within you. But now they need to be forced to grow. Does my little Ama’ra still think she might be able to escape? Well, she will need to learn that she can’t. She’s going to be mine, now and forever.’

The wood was rough and prickly against Megan’s back, cold and clammy fear-sweat oozing from her pores, her eyes still dancing over the torture-tools on the walls. This was even worse than the basement – at least that was warm and clean! But her body still refused to obey her, trapping her in paralysis.

‘What to do? I think something nice and basic, to start with. There’s a while before that paralysis wears off, after all. And then perhaps I can listen to your begging and screaming. But prey should be stripped first.’

There was a metallic scrape, Morrigan taking a razor-sharp knife from a sheathe, placing the tip against Megan’s neck, and then starting to slice down. The latex straitjacket parted easily under the blade, peeling away from Megan’s skin. More slices, swift and sure, and it was cut off her body entirely, leaving her completely naked. Then Morrigan took a loop of rope from the wall and tossed it upwards, so it hung from a rafter and started to knot it off, securing it in place. She came back over towards Megan, dragging her across the floor by her arms, before lifting them over Megan’s head and knotting her wrists. The rope tightened, dragging Megan upwards, all her weight on her wrists, her body stretched outwards beneath. The rope bit painfully into her skin, her feet just barely touching the floor.

‘I should have broken you more thoroughly to start with, but this will have to do.’ She slapped Megan in the belly, winding her, before grabbing her breasts and squeezing. Her eyes filled Megan’s vision, cold and powerful, threatening to consume and quash her entirely. Megan’s

own eyes watered, tears starting to flow, hot and bitter. Another slap, this one to Megan's cheek, turning her head, before her mouth was forced open, jaw hanging slack.

Morrigan held up a ball-gag, the sphere huge, at least two inches wide, letting Megan see it before she shoved it into place. It made Megan's jaw ache, stretching her mouth wide, filling her up. Another slap to her belly made her senses reel, and then a hand grabbed her crotch. The leather-wrapped fingers were smooth and cruel, digging into her skin, a finger shoving into her. She was still dry, the violation sending a vicious ache up her spine as the finger pushed deep into her. Despite the hurt, she could feel warmth starting to flow, Morrigan's eyes still boring into her, silently commanding her body to react.

'I think pain, to start with. Pain and terror will break even the strongest soul – and you, little Ama'ra, are not that strong. Not before, and especially not now.' The finger twisted around before withdrawing, Morrigan taking Megan's legs and pulling them apart, more rope around each ankle to hold them spread.

She was now entirely exposed, still paralysed, but even without that, she wouldn't have been able to move. Dribble slowly crept around the gag, wet and bubbly against Megan's lips, and then falling down her chin before landing between her breasts.

'This should do, to start with.'

Morrigan held up a cane, long and springy, giving it a few experimental slices, whipping it through the air with crisp slices. The next strike impacted against Megan's body, right on a tit, leaving a hot, stinging welt. And then another, down on her belly, another against the bone of her hip. Megan's body started to dissolve into a mass of painful impacts, hard enough to make her shake against the ropes that held her. Morrigan moved around her, changing the angle and target with every strike, moving with swift and easy efficiency.

More cane-strikes, the impacts blurring together, her whole body turning into a hot mass of pain, hit after hit after hit, until it felt like her whole body was on fire, every single welt and ache melting into a single, constant low fire of pain. Megan closed her eyes, trying to retreat inwards, wanting to retreat from it all, but she felt Morrigan's mental presence, and then the cane flicked upwards, between her legs, striking against her pussy-lips. The pain shuddered through Megan, her eyes slamming open, finding Morrigan staring at her, a cold smile on her face.

'No escape, Ama'ra. Wherever you go, there's just me, waiting for you. To hurt you and shape you into what I want you to be. Forever and ever!'

The tears were flowing faster now, tracing around Megan's forced-open mouth before splashing off her face. Another strike to her pussy, before Morrigan pushed the cane between her lower lips and started pulling it back and forth. It was smooth, easily sliding through her, sending a confusing whirl of pleasure through her pain-stricken body.

Morrigan stepped in close, continuing to tease her with the cane as she grabbed at a breast, squeezing and twisting the skin. 'This is *mine*. You, your body, your soul, everything you are, is

an extension of my will.' She dragged the soft flesh out, Megan feeling herself fading into the pain. Her nipple was crushed, being used to pull her tit about, as the twisting cane started to warm her up.

'You see? Your body is obedient, even if your mind and spirit need further work.' Morrigan let go and then slid the cane out, walking behind Megan, the cane striking her buttocks, more brutal slashes. She was shaking from the force of the impacts, unable to do anything but accept the strikes. 'I think something more is needed. Hmmm, I had forgotten about some of these.' Worrying metallic clanks sounded out, from out of view. 'I think this should do.'

A metal butt-plug, strangely ridged, appeared in front of Megan. And then Morrigan twisted the base, and the bulb twisted apart into a fat curve.

'I think I need to stretch out your insides a little more. And once in, it can't be removed until I take it out for you. A shame there's no lube, but I'm sure you're nice and loose right now.' She twisted it again, the thing closing up into a bulb, before Morrigan spread Megan's buttocks wide with one hand, the plug getting removed from her vision.

The metal, cold and hard, pressed against her rectum, getting forced inside of her. The intrusion was cold and brutal, stretching out her anus, scraping painfully against her walls, scratching at soft and vulnerable skin. It hurt, her body in full panic mode now, lungs now able to suck enough air in, her jaw aching and straining from the gag.

Morrigan slid the plug back and forth, each movement sending fresh pangs of pain into Megan's asshole, the lack of lube making it even more vicious. She wanted it to at least just be slid into place, so it was there! But Morrigan wrapped one arm around Megan's body, using that to securely hold her, playing with the plug.

And then, finally, she let it slide into place, the cold metal lump getting sucked into Megan's asshole. It sat there, cold and hard, before Morrigan kissed Megan at the top of her spine. Her tongue licked against skin, making a cane-welt ache, before her teeth tightened, pinching at skin, painfully hard.

The kiss-bite stretched long, Morrigan releasing the cane then dropping her hand to between Megan's legs and starting to tease her pussy. Her fingers slid into Megan, pushing apart her walls without any gentleness, another sting of pain and humiliation layering itself into her.

'You need to learn your place, Ama'ra. In the olden days, a slave as rebellious as you would be broken, more than this. But I am merciful, and won't hood you permanently, or bind you into being a crawling pet forever.'

The bite-mark ached, throbbing up Megan's spine. The finger twisted inside her, making her feel warm, despite the pain and suffering she felt. Morrigan's other hand parted her buttocks, grabbing the base of the plug, and then twisting it. The thing expanded inside of her, forcing her innards to spread to accommodate it, making her feel queasy.

'When Victoria returns with Lei'ra, then we will finish your training. And then you *will* accept your place.'

The finger-fucking was having an effect, a sickening pleasure and warmth spreading up Megan's spine, spreading through her pussy, into her belly. She felt darkness start to rise up, letting herself fall into it, desperate for any release from the pain...

Chapter 19: The Great Escape (Part 2)

Summer ran through the woods, enjoying the surge of freedom, air sliding over her naked body, her heels spiking into the damp ground. This was the most she'd moved since those bitches had kidnapped her and dragged her to this hell, and she could feel the aches of her body, muscles not used to this much strain, along with welts and scratches. But if she could get out of here, if she could escape, get to the cops! Megan had dropped behind and vanished some time ago, but she'd never had as much stamina as Summer.

The moonlight gave enough light to see by, but made every shadow seem threatening, her eyes seeing Victoria in every patch of dappled darkness. Half-glimpsed trees looked like Victoria's shape, spiked leather and latex, making Summer's heart seize up with fear. But she kept running, feeling sweat pouring over her skin, her muscles loose and warm.

The forest ended, suddenly, woodland giving way to open grassland, and solid darkness. She couldn't react fast enough, just about managing to twist her shoulder and slam that into a wall, cold and solid, scraping away skin, making her yelp in pain. But a wall meant that this was the edge of the bitch's land! She was almost free! Should she follow it along, find the gate? No, they would probably be watching that, and they might have security. She'd have to climb over.

Summer had to feel it with her hands, rubbing along the smooth surface, trying to find any hand-holds. There was mortar between the bricks, worn away, and she found a gap she could squeeze her fingers into, twisting her legs and trying to find a crack she could force her booted feet into. She was able to pull herself upwards, reaching and finding another crack, and then a stuck-out block, easier to grip. She couldn't tell how high the wall was, and her back crawled, any sound making her fear it might be a whip, slicing through the air to cut at her.

Her arms were aching, her breasts and belly sore from scraping up the rough wall, but she kept herself moving upwards, before fumbling, about to fall before she managed to grab the top, wrapping her arm over the surface, then pulling herself upwards. There were metal spikes as well, which she had to move carefully around, seeing the glow of the nearby town rise into sight.

Dropping down made her knees ache, the boots screwing up her landing, but then she started to run again, over rough ground, broken up by bushes. If she could get to the road, then she could follow that along and get to the city!

The thought of those bitches being arrested, and then taken to jail, to be molested and abused by the police, gave Summer energy, helping her force herself onwards, despite her growing

exhaustion. Her lungs were burning, the night air cooling her sweat down, the moonlight still making everything into a silvery blur, but freedom was surely close by!

There was a burst of light from somewhere, blue and red lights sending up a sudden burst of colour. Summer was already running towards where the lights had come from, hearing the wailing screech of a siren a moment after. Cops! Maybe they were already here to arrest the bitches!

She could see the source of the lights ahead of her, bright and bold, shining off a cop-car. A female officer stood outside it, talking into a phone. Summer ran at her, struggling to stop, slamming into the bonnet of the car and bending onto it, desperately gasping in air.

'Please! You have to help me!'

The woman's leather-gloved hand dropped to her hip, where her belt held a gun, a taser and other devices, all strangely mundane after so long in the torture-basement. Summer managed to pull herself back to standing, raising her hands up.

'I was kidnapped! The crazy bitches in that house! They've been keeping me and my step-sister, and hurting us, and making us do things! You need to go and arrest them!'

'All right, calm down.' The woman spoke slowly, like she was talking to an idiot.

'No! You need to go now, go and arrest them! Please!'

The officer approached, one hand held up, the other on her waist. Summer was too exhausted from her running to move much, when she lunged forward, steel clicking and shining. Summer's arm was grabbed, metal biting into her wrist as she was bent around, her chest slammed down against the bonnet of the car. She tried to twist out of the grab, howling indignantly, her other wrist getting grabbed and cuffed.

'No! Let me go! You need to go and arrest them!' There was only a short chain between the cuffs, limiting her range of motion, but being restrained again made her heart ache. She twisted her wrists, not caring about how the metal bit into her skin, metal rings tight and hard.

A hand shoved down on her back, slamming her body into the car, heat from the engine radiating into her breasts. She tried to fight back, pushing herself upwards, but one hand grabbed her neck and pushed down, the other slapping her backside.

'Damn crazy kid! You're lucky there's no-one driving around.' The hand pushed between her thighs, curving around to squeeze her pussy, fingers tight and hard.

'Please...' A finger pushed into her, violating her body. She kept trying to twist away, but the cop had taken a position behind and above her, pushing her down, using her own legs to keep Summer's spread, the kit around her waist shoving into Summer's backside. 'Time for a quick search. Make sure you're not hiding anything.' She lifted Summer up, just slightly, then

slammed her down again, knocking the wind from her lungs. The finger pushed deeper into her, brutally intrusive, making Summer whine as her body reacted, tightening around it. She drew her breath in for a scream – there had to be someone else that could hear, surely – but was slammed against the car again, as another finger was forced into her, the woman's knuckles bumping up against her lips.

Dribble splashed out over her lips, onto the bonnet, as she moaned in pain, squirming her hips, pushing herself against the car in a failed attempt to escape the finger-fucking.

'Stop wriggling, unless you want me to use the pepper spray on you!'

'Please...' The fingers felt fat and thick, but her body was still betraying her, getting aroused as they shoved deep into her. The other hand tightened around her neck, and she went limp, not wanting the pain of getting slammed into the car again.

'Hmm, nothing in here. Let's check elsewhere.' The fingers slid out of her pussy, fast enough to make her gasp, the woman changing position and putting two fingers against Summer's asshole. It started to push into her, the woman spitting, warm and sticky spit helping it inside. Summer whined in pain and shame, feeling the fingers shove into her, forcing her open. She couldn't make any coherent words, starting to pant and gasp as her asshole was violated.

It wasn't even possible to wriggle around, impaled on the wriggling fingers, and with the tight grip the woman had on her neck.

'You are a loose little slut! You been hanging out with people you shouldn't be?'

'Nooo... Please, you... you have to go and... and arrest them!' It wasn't right that she was the one being abused and violated! Those bitches should be the ones getting hurt and punished!

The fingers shoved deep into her asshole, making her eyes bulge, her body limp and passive against the car bonnet, her breasts squashed beneath her own body.

'That's it, just be a good girl, nice and obedient. Don't worry, I'll take care of you.' The fingers spread out, making Summer gasp, eyes rolling back in her head, her own dribble now sticking to her cheek.

'Hmm, nothing there either.' Her fingers slid out, her hand slapping against Summer's buttocks in several sharp spans, forcing Summer to groan in pain. 'I know just what to do with naughty sluts like you though.' She pulled Summer upwards by the neck and twisted her around, so that Summer was face-to-face with her and then slapped her across the face, vicious and hard, making Summer's face ache from the impact.

'Dumbass party-girls, getting into trouble. But that means fun for me.' She pushed one of her legs between Summer's, then brought her knee up, slamming it right into Summer's crotch. Pain exploded through her body, making her whimper and gasp in pain, her body going limp. She was released, allowed to slump to the floor, feeling the wet tarmac against her body.

A boot stamped down onto her back, pinning her in place, before metal clicked around her ankles, locking them to each other. This was used to bend her legs back, another set of cuffs linking them to the ones around her wrists, forcing her into a hogtie. Whenever she moved, the metal bands all clicked and clinked, the cuffs limiting her movement.

Panic surged, and she tried moving, wanting to twist out from beneath the pinning boot, drawing on the last of her strength as she yelled.

'No! You have to help me! Let me go!' She rolled around, trying to break free, the metal biting and pinching at her skin, but not showing any signs of breaking. 'HELP! HELP! HEAUGH!'

A boot stamped down onto her back, cutting off her yell. 'You really are a brat. Let's silence that annoying mouth of yours.' Another stamp, leaving her reeling in pain, and the cop moved around in front of her, squatting over her and grabbing her face. She heard tape peeling off a roll, and then it was wrapped around her face, sticking to lips and going around her head in several loops, holding her mouth closed, the glue tasting horrible. There was nothing she could do other than make pathetic whines, tears falling from her eyes.

'I know just what to do with you, don't worry. It would be nice to have you in my jail for a while – I don't get many pretty girls to play with.'

'Np hh!'

She didn't want to be molested and groped by this woman – she wanted freedom! But her attempts to wriggle away were defeated, the cop simply stamping on her and then pinning her in place.

'If you piss yourself, then I'm going to shove a stun-gun in that sweet little cunt of yours and pull the trigger, understand? Make a mess and you will suffer for it.'

She pulled on the hog-cuff, making Summer's back bend and arch into a brutal bow-curve, feeling like her spine was about to break. The woman put her into the back of the cop-car, in the footwell, cold and dirty.

Down here, she couldn't see anything, but she felt the rumbling vibrations as the engine started, rattling through her bones.

'Np hh...' Where was she being taken? The car was moving fast, making several sharp corners, Summer getting thrown around, trying to hunch up to protect herself from hitting her head against anything.

It wasn't far before the brakes screeched, Summer slamming into the wall that divided the driver from the back area, knocking into it and feeling bruises form. The door opened, footsteps walking around, before the car door opened. She strained her neck to look upwards, seeing the cop staring down at her. And behind her...

Panic and fear surged, as she tried to break free of the hog-cuffs, seeing Victoria looking at her.

'Nphhh! Nphhh!' She didn't want to go back, to be tortured by the bitch again! Anything would be better, anything at all! Her wrists and ankles started to hurt as the metal bands bit into her skin, scratching and chafing. She wriggled backwards, the tiny amount she could move, pushing herself against the far side.

'Ah, that one is mine. I appreciate your work, sheriff.'

A wet, desperate scream came from somewhere close by, cutting deep into Summer. Was that Megan? She'd never heard anything like it, the wound raw and pained. And then another one, lasting for an inhumanly long term, before fading into pathetic whimpers.

'It sounds like the other one has already been apprehended?'

'Oh yes. She is currently being... educated... to ensure there isn't a repeat of this. I'm sure she'll come to understand her proper place.' She stared down at Summer, a cruel smile on her face. 'And there were no other witnesses?'

'No, Mistress. The road's always clear this time of night.'

'Good. I'm impressed she got that far – the other one didn't even get off the lands.' There was another scream, cut off part-way through, as Summer tried to burrow herself through the car door, feeling her skin getting rubbed raw as she struggled in the cuffs.

Victoria vanished from view, and a moment later the door opened behind Summer. She was hauled off the ground, body getting bent into the vicious forced bend again.

'Nphh! Nphhh! Pleaphhh!' There was no way to resist, Victoria easily carrying her, Summer's body bumping against Victoria's leg. A small wood cabin was ahead of her, the door open. Through it, she could see Megan, sat in a heavy wooden chair, leather straps holding her in place. Her body was shiny with sweat, eyes vacant and unseeing, metal holding her mouth open, spit cascaded down between her breasts.

Stuck into the meat of her breasts were metal pins, skewering her flesh, moving slightly whenever she breathed. Other injuries were obvious – bruises and welts all over her skin, red and blue marks battered into her. Morrigan was stood over her, reaching out and squeezing a nipple, crushing the flesh, making Megan whimper in pain, getting dragged out of her stupor.

'Thank you again, Sheriff. It looks as though the other one has been broken, so this is good timing.'

Summer was carried inwards, still trying and still unable to break free, desperately trying to make the tape on her mouth break, wanting to do *something*, but she was trapped, getting moved into the torture-room. She could smell Megan's sweat, blood and pussy, all mingling

together in a chaotic whirl. Her eyes skimmed over the walls, seeing vicious metal spikes and curves, wood and leather, everything looking designed to hurt.

'Some nice fresh meat, Morrigan.'

The other woman looked up from Megan, who was twitching and shuddering, still barely conscious. Summer was lifted up, her cuffs hooked onto something, leaving her spinning in the air, her body aching, limbs hurting as the cuffs pinched.

'Well, we've had our fun with Ama'ra. Now we can punish Lei'ra. The skewers first? Or perhaps the breathing sack – or maybe both?'

'I think some heat first. Some wax on that skin, and some electricity. I'm sure she'll learn her lesson then. I think they need to learn that escape is impossible – all of this was just a fun game, and that there was never any hope of getting away.'

Summer whimpered. This had all been planned? From the security going down, to the sheriff? She started to cry, fear surging through her, Morrigan turning to look at her with a cruel smile.

'I think this one understands.'

The door was slammed shut and Morrigan pushed on Summer's thigh, making her twist around in the air. The forced movement made it obvious how little control she had, as she spun around, catching glimpses of Victoria picking up more torture equipment, getting it ready to use, more tears trickling down her face.

Chapter 20: Torment...

Morrigan's hand cracked against Megan's cheek, a savage burst of pain. A strap was across Megan's forehead, not letting her move, more thick leather bands over her wrists and ankles, one around her waist, locking her into place.

'A slave needs to learn discipline... and respect. And the easiest way to do that is via pain. Disobedience should be impossible to even think of. Perhaps, then, you will earn yourself a little pleasure.' She smiled down at Megan, reaching forward to touch between her forced-open legs, fingers wrapped in surgical gloves, smooth and warm.

Megan sobbed, making wet gulping sound, fingers sliding up her thigh, lightly brushing her lower lips. Every inch of her felt pained, body covered with lash-marks – ever since the escape attempt, she had been tortured, almost constantly, never allowed to rest or heal. But her body was reacting against her will, softer feelings coiling up from her cunt, Morrigan's finger easily sliding into place, sending tingles up her spine.

‘Your body knows what to do.’ The finger started to pump back and forth, stirring up further pleasure. Morrigan’s other hand held up a long metal pin, the steel catching the light with a wicked gleam. ‘But your soul is confused. But further suffering will burn such confusion away.’

Several more finger-thrusts, and then she withdrew, leaving Megan gasping and desperate, spit freely flowing from her mouth, held open with metal bars. Morrigan grabbed at Megan’s breast, taking firm hold of it, and then slowly pushing the needle into place. Megan could feel her skin tensing up beneath the pressure, able to resist at first, as the pain grew, getting more and more vicious, and then it was too much. The needle penetrated, stabbing into her, another source of agony adding to her suffering. Each one made her aware of every previous pain forced onto her, the little metal spikes jabbed into her breasts, the blunt spikes beneath her backside, her own weight pushing her onto them.

‘You see? You enjoy this, don’t you?’ Morrigan’s voice was soft now, before she leaned forward and planted a gentle kiss on Megan’s forehead, running a hand down Megan’s chest. ‘You deny it, but you are a pain-slut, and this is where you were destined to be.’

Megan was too exhausted to even try screaming – her throat was raw, her lungs burning even without any obstructions to breathing. How long had this hell gone on for? How much longer would Morrigan hurt her for? Her mind recoiled from the memories – whippings, beatings, the harsh crackle of electrocution, being dunked into cold water and only allowed up for desperate, panting breaths before being submerged again, stretched on a rack, hot wax all over her skin, crushingly tight ropes...

Another needle pushed against her, the other breast this time, Morrigan moved with deliberate, cruel slowness, letting the skin stretch before there was enough force for the needle to penetrate, the spike stabbing into her.

Her groan echoed off the tiled walls, her skin clammy with cold sweat, soaking into the wood of the chair. All she had seen, been allowed to see, was Morrigan, and a succession of torture chambers, all blurring together into fragments of agony, hard to tell apart, between being pushed into tightly-sucking deprivation chambers, cut off from the world.

‘You are broken already. But not enough – I need to scrub away those last little remnants of pathetic pride you have, and shatter you entirely.’

From somewhere out of sight, a desperate scream sounded, followed by the brutal impacts of wood on skin. The screams trailed off into pained blubbling.

‘Lei’ra will break as well.’ Morrigan stood back, then slapped Megan across the cheek, putting more force behind the impact, then reaching forward and clamping her hand over Megan’s mouth, squeezing her nostrils shut as well. ‘But I need only concern myself with you.’

Megan’s eyes bulged as she tried to breath through the palm over her mouth, fingers digging painfully into her cheeks. Her fingers tensed up, pushing on the hard wood of the torture-chair’s

arms, her legs straining back against it, but there was no range of movement, nowhere to escape to. Her brain started to fuzz with white agony, her lungs burning in agony.

Morrigan tapped onto of the breast-pins, sending a surge of pain through Megan, and she exhaled, her vision starting to darken, her body loosening as her consciousness faded. And then Morrigan released her, letting her breath in again, all her aches and pains now feeling even worse. She sagged down in the chair, the spikes against her back and her buttocks hurting her even more.

‘It is impressive that you are still conscious. But I suppose you don’t know where you might end up if you black out again – which has been your favourite so far? I liked your reaction to the bastinado – when you started screaming after I started to cane your feet. Or perhaps the wet room, when I held you under? But even then, your cunt still got wet. Your body embraces the pain, and you should do likewise.’

‘Mrhmmppph...’ Hot, wet dribble splashed down Megan’s chest, flowing downwards, skimming into her navel.

‘Or perhaps I should put you back into the darkness, so you can focus on your mantra of submission?’

Megan couldn’t suppress her shudder. There was a blobby puddle of black latex on the floor behind Morrigan, a suit that could suck onto Megan’s body, sealing and numbing her, before she would be suspended somewhere. No light, no touch, nothing except the prayers and chants of submission, sounding into her ears constantly, cut with electrical shocks to keep her from escaping into unconsciousness.

‘What to do with you? Your stamina is improving, so I think I can play with you a little more.’

Hot tears prickled from Megan’s eyes, as another scream came from nearby. What was happening to Summer? More brutal impacts against flesh, and the screams turned to pained whimpers.

‘Lei’ra is amusing Victoria – I think she may have broken already, but Victoria likes to be sure. And we have plenty of time – Megan Reinstead is dead, then is only Ama’ra, the slave-slut of Morrigan. Now, I think your little cunt needs some attention.’

Morrigan knelt down, reaching between Megan’s legs again and stroking her pussy. Just the lightest of touches set her heart racing, disturbing pleasure coursing through her, despite the agony she was in, making her vision blur. When she could focus again, Morrigan was holding up a fat metal dildo, shiny with lube, wires trailing away and out of sight.

Megan was so wet that there was no need for gentleness – the cock was shoved into her, filling her entirely, making her gasp and squeal, stretching her out. Morrigan pushed a hand against her belly, shoving hard, before nodding in satisfaction. ‘Impressive, being able to take it all!’

The thing started to buzz and thrum inside of her, fat lumps twisting and stirring her up, forcing pleasure onto her. Her eyes locked with Morrigan's, and she could feel the steely presence of Morrigan's will, forcing her to stay conscious and aware, and denying her any release.

'This one has some fun features.'

An electrical shock stabbed into her clit, conducted through her piercing, and then another, from one of the lumps on the cock.

'Nphh!'

She groaned and tensed up, getting assaulted again by the spikes on the chair, her muscles cramping so hard that it hurt. The pleasure and pain curdled together, making her feel sick, her head light and fuzzy. Morrigan kept torturing her, keeping her on the edge of release and consciousness, her vision getting progressively darker, her body unable to handle the strain, before everything went soft, her awareness finally fading...

She woke up. Or was she awake? Only darkness surrounded her, tight and harsh. Her body felt numb, and she couldn't tell what was supporting her, or even what direction she was facing. There was a blessed moment of relief, before her aches and pains flared up, making her feel as though fire and electricity were dancing over her body, waves of hot cramps and vicious stings.

Sensations started to trickle in, her numbed senses taking time to orientate themselves. She could feel her arms, crossed behind her back, sucked in against her skin. Latex sucked in over her body, keeping her contained and sealed, making her wounds ache, and making it draining to move at all. Her hands were forced into fists, and it cost too much effort to even untwist a finger.

Everything ached – too many injuries to even try and track them individually, hot and angry throbbing all over her body, the pain flowing and swelling into a chaotic blur. She couldn't even hear her own groans, trying to move, but the latex encasing her was too thick, easily resisting her struggles.

Breathing was hard, her chest compressed, something over her mouth that limited the airflow. She had to suck air in, something resisting, her tongue flapping against the metal ring that held her mouth open. Both her holes were penetrated, fat and stiff rods shoved into her asshole and pussy, stretching them out.

Megan tried to tense up her asshole, hoping to force at least one of the intruders out, but it was solidly forced into her, her sphincter aching as she tightened up around it.

As if in response, it started to twist around inside of her, the lump shifting and spinning. Her slowly growing awareness was scattered, her focus broken, a forced warmth and pleasure spreading through her. She struggled again, trying to fight the tightly binding sheets, feeling like

she was drowning, swaddled within the compressive latex, barely able to breath. It was all she could smell and taste, thick in her throat, the ass-dildo twisting deeper into her.

‘Worship your mistress. You are dust beneath her feet, worthless one.’ Morrigan’s voice spoke into her ears, soft and soothing despite the words. Megan wanted to curl up, desperate to protect herself, but she couldn’t move, couldn’t even see. Was Morrigan watching her now? Or was this a recording? She had no way of knowing even where she was, or what was happening! Was she just going to be left here forever, or would she be let out eventually?

Morrigan’s voice continued to speak, every word making Megan shiver, not wanting to endure more punishments from her, to be bound in the torture-chair, her body used for whipping, or even worse.

‘Ama’ra will obey. Ama’ra will serve.’

It was impossible to block the words out – in her mind’s eye, she could see Morrigan, powerful and dominant, standing over her, a whip in hand, coiled leather ready to flick forward and strip away Megan’s flesh, leaving another red welt behind. Those eyes, cold and powerful, swallowing her up, until she was drowning in them, trapped and bound, a constant pressure wearing away her spirit.

‘In my name, by my command, you will serve. You have no will but that which I grant you, and shall have no pleasure except when I will it.’

Little nips of pain rippled over her belly, and then into her kidneys, leaving her writhing in silent suffering. The dildo in her pussy started to throb, twisting inside of her, adding another layer of forced heat and stimulation into her starving senses.

‘I am your goddess, and the centre of your existence. Without me, you are nothing but dust. Serve, and be fulfilled.’

Something splashed onto her tongue, a liquid she reflexively swallowed, before she recognised the taste as that of Morrigan’s pussy-juice. It was sweet, a softer fuzz swelling within her brain, making her feel giddy. The dildo was making her feel good, as the words continued to stroke into her ears.

‘Ama’ra will serve, as an extension of my will. Ama’ra shall serve with honour, or be banished into eternal darkness.’ The dildos both deactivated, the electrical shocks stopping, the voice going silent. Her heart started to pound, desperate panic surging through her, the darkness swallowing her up. How long did the darkness last for? Had she been abandoned? She couldn’t hear anything, and all her other senses were sealed away. Desperation lent her a frantic strength, her limbs pushing against the latex, manging to bend it, just slightly, feeling it push back. Her muscles strained, shoulders tight, but at least she was doing *something*, giving her a moment of feeling as though she existed.

And then her strength faded, and she was pulled backwards, spiralling into weakness and isolation. The darkness choked her, trapping her deep within itself, with barely enough air to breathe, with her sense of self left floating within the void. All she was aware of was the taste of Morrigan on her tongue, and even that was slowly fading.

As her spirit fell into nothingness, a soft whisper kissed her ears. 'Serve me, and you will be blessed with light and life. Ama'ra will serve as a slave, bound and protected.'

A dildo slid forward, pushing into her, her body so wet and loose that it penetrated all the way in, pleasure slamming through her. The electrical shocks felt more like gentle tickles and teasing now, and she could picture Morrigan again, gloved fingers stroking and squeezing at her body. To be touched without it being a strike, to have some pleasure, to be allowed vision... All those seemed to be distant dreams, but perhaps she would be allowed them at some point? She didn't want to be abandoned here in the darkness, left alone, with nothing except pain to focus on!

The dildo buzzed and twisted, and she let herself feel pleasure, coiling up through her entire body. Morrigan's voice kept speaking, soft and seductive, promising blissful servitude, Megan letting herself fall into the gentle tones. Sweet wetness filled her mouth, another squirt of Morrigan's juices, sending Megan into deeper throes of pleasure. The dildo, despite its size, wasn't moving enough to get her off, but it felt good to have it twisting inside of her, as lightning-bites rippled through her body, seeming gentle now.

'Ama'ra will serve me. I will be her guide, her light, her owner, for now and forever.' Her voice hardened, and the cock started to thrust back and forth with harsh vigor, the lightning sparking with more energy, the gentle touches becoming vicious stings, making her cramp up and draining off what little energy she had.

'A slave that disobeys is a tool that will be discarded. I have no use for such a thing.'

Megan could barely breathe, her chest tight and heavy, the lightning-shocks shattering any rhythm she tried to establish, control of every aspect of her body wrenched away from her.

'Ama'ra will serve with her body, her will, and do so willingly. Anything she was before is gone – there is only Ama'ra, the slave-slut of Morrigan.'

The dildo thrust into her and then stopped, lodged deep into her cunt, still not enough to get her off, despite the desperate heat she could feel racing through her. Her asshole was violated again, the other cock shoving roughly into her, and she could feel the two shafts, filling her completely.

'Ama'ra will worship Morrigan. Ama'ra will devote herself to Morrigan, to worship and adore her.'

Was that light, or simply a dreaming hallucination? Painful sparks were bursting in her vision, the words she could hear becoming slurred and distorted, even her hearing getting warped.

‘There will be no release until Mistress Morrigan allows it.’

Megan tried to speak, her jaw firming around the metal ring, tongue waggling. If it meant getting out of this hell, the endless torture and suffering, she’d agree to anything! She’d kiss Morrigan’s feet, worship her, even accept a new name, just to be allowed to exist outside of the prison of darkness.

She tried struggling against the sucking latex, twisting within it, feeling just the slightest movements before getting pulled back into place. The only thing she could freely move was her tongue, poking it out and twisting it, just about able to find the plastic curve of whatever was sealed over her face.

Her body was weakening though, with barely any strength left. She could feel her mind breaking and fading, all she was aware of being Morrigan’s voice, and the dreadful, burning, creeping pain in her lungs, even as she was denied the relief of unconsciousness or orgasmic release.

‘Ama’ra will serve. Ama’ra will obey. Ama’ra will worship.’ Morrigan’s voice got louder and louder, blasting into Megan’s ears. Despite the volume, the words were calm, repeating again and again, the cocks moving just the slightest amount, to keep her edged, without ever letting her go over the edge. Her spirit wavered, melting into the darkness, surrendering to Morrigan’s words, everything else going dark...

Chapter 21: ...And Bliss

‘Such impressive stamina, Lei’ra. I take it as testament to my training.’

Summer shivered as Victoria’s hand stroked over her body, finding spaces between biting pegs, pinching and compressing her skin. Each one of them made her ache in pain, her jaw tight and taut, a rope held between her teeth, her body feverishly hot, burning with desire, her mind seething and confused.

‘You are mine, Lei’ra. And I have shaped you, and will continue to shape you, as I desire. I can feel that you want release – all you need to do, my slave, is surrender, and accept your place.’

The blindfold was thin enough to let Summer partially see, Victoria moving as a shadow, the vagueness making her even more threatening. The pegs pulled on her skin, stretching it out and making her body ache, as a finger stroked against her pussy. More pegs were on her lips, holding her stretched wide open, air kissing against her cunt, dripping with lust. Victoria’s finger teased her, making her shiver and forcing the pegs to tighten, Summer tightening her jaw, not wanting to let the mouth-rope go.

Victoria’s presence in her mind was even more intrusive than the physical touches – a strong, almost palpable, force, intruding into Summer’s mind, keeping her thoughts focused. All she could feel were the pegs, all of them linked together, shivering in unison if she breathed too deeply, or if Victoria touched one, she could feel it through the rest. Ropes bound her ankles,

holding her legs spread, while her arms were bent behind her body in a reverse-prayer position, absorbing her sweat.

Summer could feel herself weakening, mentally and physically – how long had the tortures been going on? Constant and ceaseless, the only breaks when she fell unconscious, the darkness offering only the briefest of reprieves before she would wake to find herself in some fresh hell. Every part of her ached, not fully healed, her soles still red-raw from a vicious caning, her back covered with whip-welts. A noose was around her neck, keeping her in place, and threatening to choke her if she relaxed or moved.

‘So much suffering... and no pleasure. But I can give you what you want, Lei’ra. Warmth, security, and pleasure. A place in this world, as my personal slave. Is that not preferable to endless pain and darkness?’

Summer wanted to cry, but didn’t dare do that, not wanting to sob and let the rope go. When she moved her head, she could feel the weight attached, trying to pull it from her mouth, pulling on all the pegs at once. Having them ripped off, tearing away from her skin as a single action – even with all the tortures she had already endured, then how much would that hurt?

Victoria’s finger stroked between pegs, tapping one on Summer’s breast, making her shiver in reflexive pain. The mental presence focused, enveloping her, seeping into her mind. She could feel Victoria’s power and determination, feeling herself getting stripped back, her own memories and awareness fading away.

‘You are going to be my sweet, loyal slave, little Lei’ra. There is no world for you anymore – I am all that you need, and all that you will serve. You are dead to the world already – you live only as an extension of myself, and need to accept that.’

Summer could hear Victoria moving around, the footsteps going behind Summer. She couldn’t move around, rope pressing against her throat, her collar offering no protection.

‘I can feel you, or what is left of you, slowly fading away. Embrace that, and accept your place.’

The mental presence hardened again, and an image forced itself into her mind – of Victoria on her throne, powerful and dominant, with Summer on her knees, head bend, respectful and silent.

‘The pain can stop, if you simply surrender. You are weak, but with me, you will be strong, you will be allowed pleasure.’ A hand stroked through her thighs, finger tickling her spread cunt again, easily sliding into her. ‘Your body has surrendered. There’s just a little more needed, to finally make you mine.’

Summer could feel Victoria press against her from behind. Her back throbbed with pain, the touch making previous welts flare up, a strangled whimper escaping her lips, her tongue scratching itself against the rope in her mouth.

With cruel, teasing movements, the finger teased her cunt, easily finding her hot, wet clit, tapping against the piercing. Summer's breathing hitched, vague sparks dancing in her eyes, her body reacting, her will melting further. She wanted that release, to be able to escape the pain and torment, if only for a few moments of bliss.

A hand slapped against her buttocks in a harsh, strong slap, making Summer gasp, just barely keeping her jaw tight on the rope. Her arse throbbed from the hit, before there was another, feeling even stronger.

'Such lovely meat, Lei'ra. Soft and sweet and loyal.' A tongue licked out, soft and wet as it moved over her neck, leaving a sticky trail behind. 'A woman with no past, existing only to serve.' It licked again, before teeth bit into the back of her neck, hard and cruel.

Summer was panting now, right on the verge of panic, only the promise of pain keeping her jaw tight. But the finger in her slit was moving faster and faster now, stirring her up with stronger and stronger impulses, making her body want to melt away. If she released her jaw at all, then the weight would drop, ripping away all the pegs at once.

The finger suddenly shoved deep into her, making her whimper, torn between pleasure and humiliation. Victoria's teeth bit harder, her breasts pressing against Summer's back. The orgasm was swelling within her, Victoria's mental presence driving it further forward, prodding and pushing her onwards. Summer tried to resist, tensing her thighs, but another spank against her buttocks broke her will, the finger pumping faster and faster.

And then it came, the wave crashing upwards through her cunt, her whole body feeling like it was melting and exploding, the release absorbing all her senses. There was a split second of pure pleasure, her mouth dropping open, before all the pegs were ripped away, pulled from her body in a single motion, her breasts, belly, thighs all being hurt, the skin getting stretched and then snapping back. Her pussy lips throbbed with vicious pain, where the pegs had stretched her out and then let her go.

She screamed, the pain too intense to resist, as Victoria grabbed Summer's breasts and squeezed them, crushing them hard, the pain adding to the pain from the pegs. The teeth bit harder, Summer still screaming in agony, the pleasure from the orgasm now thoroughly ruined by the agony of the pegs. She sagged against the ropes, feeling herself be supported by Victoria, the woman's worth seeming disturbingly comforting, despite her hands yanking and twisting and pinching, each one another burst of pain. Victoria's presence smothered her own, Summer relaxing and fading against her, feeling darkness rush in and overwhelm her, along with a sense of being owned...

Summer bowed, her hands and knees on the ground, warmth and bliss enveloping her. Her mind was infused with a pleasant numbness, her body naked except for her collar and cuffs, sunlight kissing against her skin. A booted heel rested on her back, Victoria stretched out on

her throne, comfortable and at ease. Summer savoured the contact, feeling pleasure swelling in her belly.

The boot moved, Summer's back feeling cold as it lifted upwards. Her hands tensed, fingers pressing against the floor.

'Approach.'

Summer kept her head bowed, shuffling forward on her knees, turning to see Victoria's legs, clad in thigh-high boots, the leather bright and shiny. She crawled closer, then dipped her head, kissing against the toes. Just being this close sent a shiver of pleasure through her, one she could feel mirrored and amplified by Victoria's presence. And, close by, she could sense Morrigan and Victoria as well, a spreading pool of thought-fuzzing pleasure.

A hand rested atop her scalp, warm fuzz clouding her thoughts further, as she pressed her head against it, trying not to purr with pleasure.

'Good Lei'ra. Obedient and loyal, and without being utterly destroyed.' The fingers tightened, nails scratching her scalp, the pain making Summer smile, enjoying the sensation, feeling her nipples harden. 'It took some work, but now you are truly mine.' Her fingers stroked down Summer's cheek, then grasped her chin and tilted it upwards, making Summer's collar dig into her neck.

Victoria's eyes stared into Summer's, her grip strong. The presence in Summer's mind was overwhelming, a potent and sexual presence, stirring up the pleasure between Summer's legs, even without touching her there. Her smile grew wider, a leg coming up, the leather of her boot sliding between Summer's legs, the touch immediately stimulating her further, making her desperate for more.

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Morrigan and Megan – Morrigan had pushed Megan up against a wall, holding her by the throat as she ran a hand over Megan's body, as Megan twitched and flailed, trapped in the throes of pleasure. Summer could feel phantom touches over her own body, the contacts getting transmitted through into her body, confusing and exciting her in equal measure. As Morrigan kissed Megan, full on the lips, Summer could feel it as well, an extra heat in her mouth, confusing her thoughts even harder.

'Don't get distracted now, my Lei'ra.' The toes of the boot pressed up against her cunt, the leather warm and stiff enough to push her lips apart. Her fingers were warm and tight around Summer's chin, as Summer let herself soak in Victoria's presence, her own will drowning, bound tightly to the sense of the dominant woman.

'After all that work, I think it is only right to relax, and enjoy.' Victoria's lips and cheeks were flushed red, the erotic stimulation affecting her as well. Her touches were warm and gentle though, without any harm, Summer's body now healed. Victoria stroked her again, the touches making Summer tingle all over, her head swimming. When Victoria went to kiss her on the lips, the touch made her melt, Victoria's tongue pressing against her own.

When Victoria let her go, she sighed, feeling a cold shiver from the sudden lack of presence.

'The *kerate* is now complete, Lei'ra. You are now my own, loyal and obedient, aren't you? Now offer me the worship that is my due.'

Summer dropped down to all fours, bowing in front of Victoria, then kissing at her boot. She could feel the heat of the woman, her owner and superior, radiating through the leather, licking at the leather, kissing it, feeling her body react, her pussy getting wetter and wetter, desperate for more stimulation.

Nails scratched against her bare scalp, making her shiver and sigh with pleasure, just the touches making her thoughts melt and fade, her nipples hardening. She could feel her piercings, all of them, the metal weighing and dragging at her, stretching at her cunt and breasts.

'Mmmm, good girl! Such a lovely *a'dma'le*. And now you may worship me further. You know what to do.'

Summer licked up the leather, her tongue rubbing against the laces, and the metal aglets holding them, then pressing her lips more tightly against Victoria's boots. She could feel the desire from Megan and Morrigan, Megan now obedient as Morrigan finger-fucked her, holding her on the edge of release. The obedient frustration made Summer's body even hotter, everything feeling like it was going to melt, making even staying conscious a struggle. But now she was up to Victoria's thighs, kissing there, where the leather was softer, and more intensely suffused with the woman's scent, which she gleefully inhaled.

Victoria had already unzipped herself, and the scent from her pussy made Summer feel giddy, overwhelmingly potent, stronger than any drug. Her tongue sagged from her mouth, desperate to taste more of it, able to slide against Victoria's skin, just on the edge of her cunt.

Lightning sparked in her brain, bright white sparks searing across her vision, Victoria's hand stroking over her scalp. Summer let herself be guided in closer, Victoria's thighs pressing against her head, the leather warm and comforting. Her tongue slid into Victoria's slit, going deep into her, letting her slurp down the pussy-juice, feeling herself succumb to the fuck-haze, her own pussy desperately hot.

Her tongue writhed around – she could feel Victoria's approval and pleasure in her mind, making her smile as she kissed harder against her owner's pussy, easily finding the softest, most sensitive spots. The woman's clit was easy to find, and she twisted her tongue around it. She tried to swallow down as much of Victoria's juices as she could, wanting to drink it down, taking a deep pleasure in how it slid down her throat, filling her belly, sending tendrils of pleasure down into her own pussy, exposed to the air, and drenched itself.

From above her, she could hear Victoria's groans of pleasure, the fingers tightening against her scalp before loosening, in time with the groans and gasps. The pleasure was strong through

the mental bond, overwhelming any other thoughts that Summer might have had, thoughts of anything other than pleasure impossible to form.

The thighs tightened around her, blocking her ears, her head now totally pressed between the leather, Victoria's scent and taste flooding into Summer, her vision blocked, her entire world her owner's body. When Victoria's orgasm came, even the shadow of it pushed Summer most of the way to the edge, not quite enough to get her off, but keeping her tantalisingly close. The sparks in her vision got stronger, her airflow now limited as Victoria's thighs tightened, the pressure getting painfully strong.

Her lungs burned, before she was released, able to lean backwards and breathe again, the painful sparks fading away from her vision. She twisted her tongue around, savouring the taste of the pussy-juice, wanting nothing more than her own release, but not daring to touch herself without permission.

'Down. Turn around.'

Summer obeyed, twisting around and presenting her ass to Victoria, fingers stroking against her pussy, and then starting to slide inwards. A barrier formed in her mind, forcing her away from any release, and she whimpered – her body was no longer her own, but a *thing* owned by Victoria, that could be commanded and bound with just a thought. Three fingers pushed into her, Summer's cunt so wet and loose they easily slid into place, a single movement all the way up to the knuckles.

She gasped in pleasure, the touch of her mistress melting away what thoughts she had, making her writhe in delight, kept on the edge of release. The fingers retreated, closing up and withdrawing, before an entire fist slid into her. Her body tightened around it, tight enough that she could feel every movement and twitch of it.

In front of her, through bleary, teary eyes, she could see Morrigan and Megan. Megan was now down on all fours, Morrigan using a double-cocked strap-on to fuck her in both holes at once, scratching nails down Megan's exposed back, hard enough to leave large and painful furrows. Phantom pleasure-pain tore through her entire body, as Victoria's fist stretched her out from inside.

Morrigan's face was contorted with her own pleasure, the same as Megan's, their breathing in rhythm, itself in time with Victoria's fisting.

'Such a good little slave-slut!' Victoria's speech was ragged and panting, her own pleasure close to peaking again. Summer's own pleasure was held at bay, Victoria's willpower forcing it back, making Summer whimper in desperation. Megan was also close to release, her eyes vague and distant as she was double-fucked.

And then she felt a change in the mental pressure, a faint relaxation in the pressure. The pleasure within her immediately grew, getting her even closer to the edge.

‘Would you like to come, Lei’ra? To have your release?’

‘I... I live to serve, Mistress! I am yours, to use as your wish, in any way you desire!’

A hand spanked her backside, her cunt fully filled with Victoria’s fist. Her back arched, a strangled groan sounding out, mingling with a similar sound from Megan.

Victoria’s own voice was panting now, ragged and rough. ‘A good slave-slut will be allowed pleasure then.’

The mental battier vanished, and the orgasm almost immediately slammed into her, consuming all her senses, tearing away any awareness of the world. Passionate, furious heat, lust and desire all cut into her at once, swallowing her up, her cunt tightening around Victoria’s fist, her soft and tender walls feeling stretched to capacity. She sagged downwards, supported only by the hand inside of her, as darkness, soft and comforting, rose up around her.

All she was aware of was Victoria’s mental presence, a constant force on her own mind, keeping her thoughts, her very spirit, bound and obedient, something that was now permanent, part of her, a collar on her soul, even stronger than the restraints on her body. She dimly felt the presences of Megan and Morrigan, Morrigan’s soul fading as well, before the darkness rose up to take her, her world vanishing. When she awoke, then Victoria would be waiting for her, her mistress now, and forevermore.

Chapter 22: A New Beginning

Victoria gave Lei’ra’s breast a squeeze, enjoying the softness of the flesh. Even with the hood covering the slave’s face, she could feel a surge of pleasure in her head, making her pulse quicken, starting a warmth between her legs. Lei’ra was bound to the wall by metal bars, locking her with her legs and arms spread in a wide “X”, her body fully exposed and on display. She squeezed the breast again, and then slid her fingers downwards, tickling them over the smooth, firm belly, feeling the tidy little cleft of the navel, and then even lower down, between Lei’ra’s legs.

As expected, the slave’s cunt was already wet and ready, Victoria’s finger easily sliding into place, Lei’ra sucking in a deep breath of air, the sound muted by the gag behind the hood. Victoria could sense the slave’s growing pleasure, like a deep, glowing well of light within her, but one that was blocked and dammed by Victoria’s own will, not allowed to flow, barred from release. She started to tease, twisting her finger around, sliding it back and forth, feeling the desperate wetness intensify, Lei’ra’s walls tensing around the intruder.

‘Not yet, little one. Only when I allow it. And you are obedient, but it’s no fun to let you have pleasure whenever *you* wish it. Your body is mine, after all.’ With her middle finger lodged deep within Lei’ra, she could twist her thumb upwards to trace it along the tattoo inked onto the

slave's pelvis, the flowing lines an eternal marker of ownership. Lei'ra shivered, head rolling slightly, her feet waggling.

'Such a beautiful animal you are! Living art, to serve and adore me.' She put her other hand flat against Lei'ra's belly and pushed, enjoying the feeling of firm muscles, the fruit of all the enforced training. She pushed harder, hearing the pitch of the woman's breathing change, getting sharper as she fought for every breath, her lungs now compressed. Each time Victoria moved her finger, gently twisting and turning it, Lei'ra gasped, her hips starting to solely grind and twist, at least the small amount she could.

'Time for you to do your duty, my lovely slave.' She withdrew her finger, smearing the juices onto supple skin, before pulling a lever to release the metal bindings. Lei'ra dropped, Victoria catching her and pulling her away from the wall, giving her another spin for the simple pleasure of confusing the slut further, feeling the chaotic confusion mingle queasily with the denied pleasure. 'You are to serve me today. As is your duty and pleasure, isn't that right?'

She pushed Lei'ra away, the woman staggering before catching her balance, still hooded, her feet bent and arched even without heels on.

'To your left. Get dressed. And *fast*.' She hardened her voice, enjoying the shiver that passed through Lei'ra, who had to slowly move, feeling her way around. It didn't take long before she found her maid's uniform, hanging on the wall, and managed to pull the dress over her head and then twist it more properly into place. With increasing confidence, she felt for stockings, sliding the hold-ups over her legs, making them smoother and shiny, and leaving an appealingly plump band of bare flesh between the stocking-tops and the fluff of the skirt, practically begging for a pinch or a bite. That would have to come later though!

She even managed to find her shoes, 4-inch spiked heels, sliding them on, suddenly seeming a lot more comfortable now she wasn't having to strain her feet all the time. Fully dressed, Lei'ra turned around to face Victoria, face still hidden behind the hood, crossing her arms at her waist and dipping her body in a half-bow.

'Very good, Lei'ra!' She stepped forward, clipping a leash onto the woman's collar. 'Now let us go and see Morrigan and Ama'ra.'

Victoria could sense both of them, close by, a shimmering heatwave of denied desire from Ama'ra, and proud satisfaction from Morrigan. Moving with Lei'ra on the leash was a pleasure, as the slave moved her arms behind herself, each hand grasping the opposite elbow, the appropriate stance for a slave moving under her mistress' direction. Lei'ra was like a cat in heat – her desire constant and throbbing, kept at bay by Victoria's willpower, and the threat of punishment. But she was a talented pussy-licker, her tongue skilled and soft, adept at finding Victoria's most sensitive places and stirring her to pleasure.

Victoria moved deliberately fast, forcing Lei'ra to keep up with her, stiletto heels click-clacking against the stone floor. If she closed her eyes and focused, she could even pick up other senses – darkness from Lei'ra, eyes blinded by the hood, warmth and pleasure from Morrigan,

and a mixture of pain and pleasure from Ama'ra, stinging impacts against skin, the sensations making Victoria's slit heat up beneath her leather catsuit.

It was easy to find Morrigan, in another of the basement chambers, the sounds of whip cracks echoing off the stone walls. Ama'ra was stood up, her legs spread in a stress-position, high heels forcing her onto tip-toes, her arms stretched out in front of her. On each upturned palm, and on her elbows and shoulders, were candles, wax trickling down her body and burning her skin, melting them into place. A blindfold covered her eyes, while a metal dental gag held her mouth open, her lean body streaked with dribble down between her breasts, flowing into her navel and over her tattoo marker. The contrast between the two of them was beautiful – Morrigan was perfect and pristine and dominant, her body sheathed in tight leather, in stark contrast to the naked, shivering and welt-marked Ama'ra.

Morrigan flicked her wrist, the whip-cord cracking out, a sonic boom popping right next to the slave's head, producing a barely perceptible shiver. The next whip-slash was targeted at a bare breast, making the skin jiggle, leaving a red welt on the tit. Ama'ra shivered, the candle-flames shaking, more droplets flowing onto her skin. A dildo had been shoved into her cunt, her juices staining her thighs, her body straining to hold the thing inside of herself.

The whip sliced the air, several strikes in quick succession, a mixture of impacts and air-popping assaults on the air, making Ama'ra shiver with each, although the movements were only visible thanks to the candle-flames.

'Turn around.'

Ama'ra obeyed, keeping her legs spread in the pressure-position, exposing her back to her owner. It was already well-welted, bright red marks down her skin, even more on the backs of her thighs, along with dribbles of dried wax. Morrigan snapped the whip backwards, coiling it up as she smiled at Victoria.

'Ama'ra is enjoying the pain.' An under-handed motion sent the whip snapping out again in a vicious *crack*, the head biting up against the slave's pussy. Her entire body tensed up, her sudden gasp for air audible across the room. And with that, came an intense wave of pleasure, blurring Victoria's vision for a moment, the pleasure-pain blasting out from Ama'ra. Another pussy-strike produced the same effect, the shoulder-candles shaking even more. Victoria inhaled, steeling herself against the distracting bloom of delight – it felt as though Ama'ra were on the edge of climaxing herself, just from the whipping!

'She is a true pain-slut – she finds pleasure in suffering. But has not yet earned herself a release. Your Lei'ra has greater stamina though.'

There was a sudden surge of pride from Lei'ra – she might be blinded, but she was still permitted to hear. Well, taking pride in submission was no bad thing, and showed a charming eagerness, like a soft kitten being trained. Victoria let the mental barrier fade, just a little, allowing a little more pleasure through into Lei'ra, before firming it up again.

‘Her body is much tougher than it was though. I was training her in the submersion chamber and she can now hold her breath for almost two minutes, even when being hurt. And without complaining once!’ Another whip-crack, this one targeting one of the candles, putting the flame out, and then again, on the other side.

‘They both are much improved. And it’s nice to have a pair of such talented cunt-lickers on hand.’ Just looking at Morrigan, strong and proud in her latex bodysuit, whip in hand, made emotions broil within Victoria, driving her urge to dominate and possess. She pulled on the leash, dragging Lei’ra in close, grabbing around the back of her head and kissing her on the lips, or at least the hood there, feeling the softness beneath. With Lei’ra now so close, she couldn’t resist doing more, reaching beneath the short and fluffy skirt and digging her nails into soft buttock-meat, then kissing the woman on the neck, just beneath the collar, pinching at the skin with her teeth.

The mental sensations from Lei’ra shifted, a skittering and taut warmth, desperate and obedient. Victoria squeezed harder, enjoying the pain she was causing, twisting her hand to make it hurt more, enjoying the sensation of yielding skin, and the soft groan from beneath the hood.

Morrigan kept the whip moving, extinguishing each of the candles in turn, and then striking again, knocking them off the slave’s body, leaving just dried trickles of wax in place. Once that was done, she strode forward and clipped a leash onto their collar, using that to drag them forward. Despite an initial stumble, Ama’ra kept her balance, although the dildo tumbled from her cunt, bouncing off the floor. Morrigan slapped her on the cheek, with enough force to dislodge the dental gag, the metal falling to the floor, Ama’ra grunting in pain. Morrigan kept squeezing, forcing Ama’ra to keep her mouth open, shoving her backwards against a wall and then taking a ballgag and shoving that into place, along with more slaps. Each one made Ama’ra gasp and emit a wave of pleasure-pain, Lei’ra reacting with squirming thighs.

Once Ama’ra was gagged and suitably punished, Morrigan started pulling on the leash, the woman obediently following along, despite the bright red slap-impacts on her cheeks. Both the slaves moved with the same timing, the clicking taps of their heels sounding out in unison, the legs lovely and taut. Victoria waited for Morrigan to walk beside her, their arms sliding together, the touch sending a strong surge of warmth through her.

They went upstairs, the slaves both managing the stairs with a minimum of stumbling. Rain drummed against the windows – it was late autumn now, the sky dark with clouds, the weather outside foul and wet, everything veiled in mist, making the mansion seem an isolated world, split off from anything else.

Victoria turned around and pulled the blindfold off Lei’ra, before lightly slapping her cheek, taking pleasure in the concern that rose in her eyes.

‘You are to serve breakfast. You know what to do.’ Another slap, and then she unclipped the leash, pulling Lei’ra towards the kitchen. Meanwhile, Morrigan led Ama’ra towards the dining

room, dragging harshly on the collar, deliberately trying to unbalance the slave, who managed to maintain some level of poise and grace.

Rather than pull a chair out, Morrigan pushed downwards onto Ama'ra, onto her shoulders, the woman bending over, going down onto all fours, and then using her as a seat.

'Good morning, honored daughters of the blood.'

Victoria tried to suppress her reflexive jump of surprise as the voice spoke, turning towards it. Stepping into the dining room was another woman, middle-aged, well-dressed in a sleek silk dress, the silk cut to show tattoos on her skin, a collar bright around her neck, different metals forged together into a single band. The waves of her red-blond hair, normally elegant and refined, were a little mussed, heavy with rain-water, and, on closer inspection, there were a few splatters of mud on her legs and knee-high boots.

'It has been long, honored daughters of my mistress.'

Victoria let out a long sigh. 'Nue! We weren't expecting you.' She glanced around, suddenly seeing specks of dust on the furniture, that the table had sextoy and dirty dishes on, all the mess now seeming disgraceful. And, from the way that Nue's eyes flicked around, despite her bowed head, she was seeing the same, and would no doubt be reporting this all back to Mother.

Ama'ra gasped in pain as Morrigan dug sharp nails into soft skin, before sighing. 'I'm going to need to review the security again, aren't I?'

'That might be wise, honored one. Although the cameras do cover most areas, there are numerous blind spots. And some of the other defences are amusing, but offer little protection against a talented intruder. But I have come with the permission of your mothers. They wish to visit, and to see your slaves.' She moved around the table, head still bowed, Victoria having to remember to keep herself stood straight and proud – this was *her* house, even if Nue had served Morrigan's mother for years! Although when the woman ran a finger along a mantelpiece and it came back with a smear of dust, she had to suppress a wince. The whole place would need a complete clean before their mothers came to visit!

'I have been sent with some gifts. Another slave for your household, and one to commemorate the occasion with a painting.' She clicked her fingers, and two women walked in.

One was younger and completely naked except for a corset and a chastity belt, compressing her already slender waist into a dramatic hour-glass, metal shielding her cunt. Her head was shaved, showing off a slave-band tattoo around her scalp. A bright red leather collar was around her neck, with matching cuffs around her wrists and ankles, chains clinking between them. Her skin was dappled with rain-drops, beaded onto her scalp. The other was a little older, bowing from the waist, her slave-marks hidden beneath shoulder-length black hair, but still naked except for collar, cuffs and belt.

Nue pointed at the one on the ground. 'A painter. Now you have managed to forge a soul-bond with your slaves, then it seems worthy of commemoration. She is sweet and loyal, if a little prone to forgetfulness. Your mother is very fond of her – once the painting is complete, she will be returned.' The woman dropped to all fours, prostrating herself, head knocking against the floor. 'Sa'rya is a gift – a slave with a little more experience, to help you in your new household. She is talented in all the domestic arts.'

There was a long silence, before Victoria managed to gather herself enough to respond. 'Kindly convey our thanks to honored mothers Aisling and Eleanor. Their gifts are most appreciated, and a memorial of binding our slaves will be most appreciated.'

The artist was quite good-looking as well – shorter and bonier than either Ama'ra or Lei'ra, although it sounded as though any damage done would be noted. Sa'rya was more conventionally attractive, with a full, lush figure, stood with good, erect posture, her hands open and passive by her side, her eyes downturned. If she was already trained, then at least she would be another body to help clean up as well! From the way Nue was looking around, lightly running her fingers along surfaces, fastidiously avoiding the stack of sex-toys on the table, she was clearly going to report this back.

'When should we expect our honored mothers to visit?' asked Megan.

'They are busy with ceremonial duties until the next full moon. It will likely be soon after then, but a lowly slave such as myself wouldn't know more than that.'

Victoria tried not to snort in disbelief. Nue had served for decades, and likely knew the precise date already! But she could scarcely be put to the question, and the place did need a clean-up. But they would have to try and get a full household before then, to keep the place properly running, and with all the servitude and convenience that Aisling and Eleanor were used to! And everything to feed and house the women's own slaves and attendants.

'Of course. It will be an honor to have them visit. And please, convey our thanks for the slave. Does the painter have a name?'

'Des'ra – she may be young, but has managed to earn her slave-name. She is from Mistress Aisling's stables, and of good blood. Sa'rya is of less notable blood, but still talented, and I have honed her preferences myself.' From the way that Nue grinned, that had probably involved a lot of physical punishment and forced pleasure, until the woman knew precisely what her place was, and how to behave.

'Of course.'

At that moment, Lei'ra stepped out of the kitchen, holding a tray of food. Victoria stepped towards her, quickly glancing over it – fortunately, the porridge seemed fresh and hot, with a scattering of spices along the creamy surface. That, at least, should pass muster.

'Will you be staying, Nue?'

‘Until the storm passes. If the honored daughters of the blood will host me.’ She bowed again, bending all the way over at the waist.

There was the momentary urge to order her out, into the dismal rain, but that *definitely* would get reported back to Mother! So she smiled and nodded her head.

‘Yes, of course. You may eat of our food and drink of our water – while you are beneath our roof, no harm shall befall you.’

‘I accept your hospitality, daughter of my mistress. Now, Sa’rya has a letter for you.’

The woman bowed again before dropping to her knees and crawling forward, holding a letter in her palms, held shut with a wax seal. Victoria took it, cracking the seal open and skimming over the text, Morrigan reading over her shoulder. After all the usual niceties, declarations and titles, then there was a statement from their mothers, requesting (as though they could be denied!) to visit the newly-established household, and that Sa’rya was a gift to help them get established.

As Victoria and Morrigan read the letter, Nue walked over to Ama’ra and checked the bowls of porridge, taking a spoon and helping herself to a little.

‘Hmm. Insufficient flavor. Mistress Morrigan prefers a little more bite, while Mistress Victoria requires heavier oats. Perhaps I will have the opportunity to train your slaves, Mistresses? I did help to raise you, and so have much knowledge they may find useful. And Sa’rya can begin her tasks as well.’ Her hand reached out, squeezing at Ama’ra’s breast. ‘But they are certainly pleasing of form, and seem obedient enough.’ She snapped her fingers again, the painter scrabbling to her feet. ‘Fetch your things and ready yourself.’

Before Victoria could respond, Nue had taken the tray and put it onto the table, then she dragged Lei’ra into the kitchen, already explaining the preferences of both Victoria and Morrigan, in extensive detail. Sa’rya stayed on her knees before Victoria motioned at her to stand, letting her follow the others into the kitchen. The painter-slave walked out of the room, coming back a few moments later with a large easel and a heavy canvas, along with a box of painting supplies.

Victoria sighed. A painting would look good, and be a nice marker of having broken the two slave-sluts into obedience, but having Nue around made her nervous, and now there was so much to do before their mothers visited!

Epilogue

Ama’ra crawled forward, feeling the tightness of her bodysuit, the latex compressing her body, shaping it into something her mistress preferred. It also numbed her – she had to focus to feel the grass beneath her knees, and her hands were bundled up within fake cat-paws, reducing her hands to crippled uselessness. Morrigan walked in front of her, the sunlight shining off her

own latex-wrapped body, her thigh-high boots moving with regular steps. The woman's taut buttocks and long legs sent a stirring through Ama'ra, her body heating up.

As she moved, the weight attached to her pussy swung, dragging at her most sensitive parts, the pendant swaying in time with her crawling motion. That part of her was unsealed, open to the air, and anyone that was looking could probably see her arousal, her pussy wet and ready. And there was a fat plug in her ass, with a tail poking out of herself, also swaying as she moved, adding another source of delirious torment to her body. Her pierced nipples had pendants dangling down as well, stretching her tits out, making her body feel fever-hot, wracked with lust. Not that she could get off, or would dare to touch herself – she could feel Morrigan's presence in her head, a constant, watching sensation, and one that was more than capable of blocking off sensations at will. It made it hard to think – the throbbing almost-pleasure was constant, but she knew she wouldn't be able to get off without Morrigan's permission.

She had to hurry to keep up, the leash around her neck pulling her forward as Morrigan walked faster. This made the pussy-pendant swing faster, knocking against her thighs, and she choked back a whimper of pleasure-pain. Her mouth was sealed behind a muzzle, the leather tight against her face, making it impossible to talk.

The gardens were nice and sunny, although rather unkempt, with weeds scattered amongst the grass, the bushes sprawling out of the spaces they should be in, statues barely visible.

'What a good girl you are now, my little Ama'ra. Your tongue is impressive – soft and lovely. And now you don't cry or complain any more, you are able to spend all your time pleasuring me, as a good slave should.'

'Mrhhmm!' Ama'ra made a sound of pleasure from behind her muzzle, feeling a fuzz of pleasure from the praise. She wanted to be a good slave! And she could still taste Morrigan on her tongue, her owner's pleasure having gushed into her mouth from having eaten her out. Having her head between Morrigan's thighs, inhaling her mistress' taste, almost drowning in the sense of her, had made her almost delirious with pleasure, even if she hadn't been able to get off herself!

They approached the porch of the manor, having gone on a wide circuit of the grounds. She could feel the fullness of her bladder, hot and heavy within her body, and whined softly, wanting to relieve herself. She knew she couldn't, not without Morrigan releasing the valve that held her plugged – even the most basic of her bodily functions were now under Morrigan's control!

It was a relief when Morrigan leaned over, tapping the valve open. Having to piss in front of her no longer felt strange – instead, displaying herself to her mistress felt *right*, a thing that was good and proper, and the chance to earn praise. She cocked a leg and gushed up the side of a tree, leaving a wet mark there. On her special diet, she had no solid waste – her asshole was now for her mistress' pleasure, nothing else!

She mewled in pleasure again, at the thought of how transformed she was – her body was now dedicated to serving her mistress-owner, every part of her something her mistress could use for

pleasure. Even her skin existed to be slapped, whipped and pinched, pain transforming into pleasure, even if she was never allowed to get off!

Morrigan sat down on a bamboo couch, spreading her legs wide, pulling on the leash to make Ama'ra move behind her legs.

'Up.'

Ama'ra went onto her haunches, getting patted on the head and purring in pleasure, fingers stroking over her scalp. Her hair was starting to grow back – that meant she had been a good girl! Maybe she would be permitted to walk on her legs again, if she kept obeying? She tried to quash the thought – she was obedient to Morrigan, and would only walk if commanded! But she could scent Morrigan, even through the leather of the muzzle, the sheer closeness of the woman making her feel dizzy.

After being played with for a while, she was turned around, facing out over the estate grounds. The road from the house down to the gate was now cleaner, the weeds pushed back, but the rest was still in need of work.

She saw movement – a tall, black-wrapped figure, with another person riding on it's back. It was Lei'ra, dressed up as a pony, wearing special boots that made her legs even longer, her arms bound behind her back and used as the base of a special saddle, upon which Victoria sat. Blinkers limited her vision, while a bit was between her teeth, reins letting her rider guide her around. Her breasts were uncovered, metal piercings glinting in the light. The crest-tattoo above her pussy was displayed as well, the sight of it making Ama'ra remember her own, and the prickling needle-stabs of getting it.

Lei'ra's body was shiny with sweat, her body leaning forward as she ran, Victoria using a crop to spur her steed to greater movement. The slap of crop on flesh was loud in the quiet air, Morrigan's hands sliding down to Ama'ra's breasts and squeezing them, hard, making Ama'ra gasp.

As Lei'ra approached, Ama'ra could hear the thudding of the hoof-boots against the ground, Victoria bouncing up and down on top of her, before she pulled on the reins, dragging Lei'ra's head back and forcing her to stop.

'It looks as though we won't be able to clear all the ground in time, but the interior is done.' Morrigan's hands tightened, making Ama'ra gasp, pain shooting through her chest. 'Sa'rya has been invaluable – now that we are formally a household, then we should get some more slaves. Perhaps a few more maids, and *definitely* some gardeners. And it would be nice to have another pet or two.'

Ama'ra couldn't stop herself making a soft groan of disappointment. She didn't want other pets, that might be competition! She wanted to be the only one licking and kissing Morrigan's pussy, the only one allowed to drink that sweet nectar. Nails dug into her breasts, hurting her and sending a wave of pleasure through her crotch, as Victoria spoke back, still mounted on Lei'ra.

'Yes, we've let the garden get a little wild. For now, I think we can at least pass it off as being rustic? Maybe?' She kicked her heels against her mount, making it step forward, closer to the raised porch, so she could dismount more easily, before grabbing the reins and tying them around a railing.

'That should suffice.' They both sounded uncertain, Ama'ra rubbing herself against Morrigan's leg, hoping to comfort her, and loving the firm warmth of her owner's body against her own. 'And we have a menu fully organized, as well as all the supplies we will need.'

'I'm hoping they won't bring their *full* households – we won't have enough space!'

'I'm sure they wouldn't do that – just a small, intimate visit. With Nue, of course, and a few others. But we'll have to make sure everything goes smoothly! But we can show off Lei'ra and Ama'ra – because you two are good girls, aren't you?' Her voice turned syrupy-sweet, filling Ama'ra's head with warm, relaxed fuzz, as she was stroked and soothed. 'What a good girl! So sweet and obedient!'

Ama'ra wriggled in pleasure, glad to be petted and looked after, savoring the gentle touches and praise.

'We will have to decide how to dress them. And we have enough time to give them both an introduction to etiquette and how to behave. You know what sticklers they both are for everything being proper!'

'Perhaps we can put on something of a display? We have three slaves we can use, although Sa'rya will mostly be on service duty. I'm sure we have something we can use to show off what good girls these are.'

The praise made Ama'ra purr again, Lei'ra shifting in her hoof-boots, panting still from her exertions, dribble slowly oozing from behind her bit-gag.

'Yes, that might work. Something to demonstrate how loyal they are. And what a good pussy-slut Ama'ra is, and how Lei'ra reacts to pain.'

The presence of Morrigan suddenly strengthened, Ama'ra able to feel her even more strongly. She could feel strength and certainty there, making her feel secure herself, happy to be here. And the desperate surging of her pussy strengthened, desire coursing up through her hips, even that she could feel a dampness between her legs, soaking onto the decking.

'I think no pleasure for either of them before then, in order to keep them nice and sharp and responsive. And we'll have to find appropriate outfits. And make sure that they both behave.' A hand slid around Ama'ra's throat, squeezing it, forcing her to rasp for breath, pain bursting in her chest, mingling uneasily with the pleasure. She had to focus not to move her hips, wanting to grind herself against the decking, desperate for pleasure, but knowing that it would disappoint Morrigan, and get her punished.

The hand continued to squeeze, Victoria turning back to Lei'ra, pulling at the dangling tit-decorations and pulling on one, stretching the skin out. Lei'ra bit down into her gag, teeth sinking into the leather wrapping around the bit. Ama'ra could feel the pain, spreading from Lei'ra and getting transmitted, her own breast aching in forced sympathy. Morrigan's hands slid over her cheeks, unbuckling the gag, freeing her mouth.

'I'm sure we will have something suitable.'

Ama'ra was twisted around, her head pulled between Morrigan's thighs. Her heart leapt, as she was pulled closer to her owner's pussy, tongue sliding out of her mouth even as she was still being choked, licking against her owner's latex-wrapped crotch. She mewled in disappointment, at least as much as she could while being choked – she wanted to eat Morrigan out, that was what she was best at, and where she felt most comfortable.

She was pushed away, whining again, Morrigan standing up. 'Well, we still have the painting – Des'ra needs us to pose again. We can display that as well. She's all set up in the garden – shall we go?'

'Let's get Lei'ra and Ama'ra cleaned up first – Lei'ra is all sweaty from our ride. And you can take Ama'ra out of her bitchesuit, so she can be properly displayed.'

Ama'ra let herself be pulled by the leash as Morrigan walked away, trying to keep up, staying close, wanting to bask in the presence of her owner.

THE END