

Prologue

A road, somewhere in the Appalachian mountains

Sharam twisted the throttle of the bike, feeling the engine surge between her legs, the power rumbling through her body. The sun was just starting to dip beneath the mountains, the shadows stretching long, and the views were stunning – and, out here, there was no-one to hear any screams.

She twisted her body, leaning into several sharp, steep curves, using her weight to dip into them faster, the road streaking past, with a long drop just a few feet away, on the other side of a flimsy wooden barrier. The speed and the risk warmed her up, a thrill coursing through her, making her heart race.

Her eyes flicked down to her phone between her handlebars – her target was close by. And no longer moving – that would certainly make things easier! More swift twists and turns, Sharam's body reacting on instinct, faster than conscious thought, the machine in perfect harmony with her body.

It was almost sad to hit the flat at the bottom of the slope, the challenge over with. But she was warmed up now, hunching her shoulders, starting to get herself into the appropriate mental state of a huntress, seeking and stalking her prey.

Dawn Watson – blonde, slender, pretty and just the type that Sharam liked. Dumb enough to think she might be able to escape, but smart enough that the breaking would be amusingly lengthy. The pictures had shown her well – dressed in biking leathers, a rose tattoo on one arm, straddling her bike, showing herself off. She'd look far better when naked and collared, wriggling on the dirt in a hogtie!

Sharam slowed down, looking around – there was a small rest-stop not far ahead, but Dawn might have gone off-road somewhere else, and searching through the woods for her would cut into precious fun time!

But there it was, just ahead of her, parked up – Dawn's bike. It looked well-used, but there was no sign of Dawn herself.

Sharam punted her kick-stand down, swinging her leg off and taking her helmet off. After so long driving, the air tasted sweet and fresh, tinted with the scent of the trees. She could hear birdsong and the rustling of leaves, closing her eyes and trying to tune out the backing sounds.

Over there – a faintly liquid sound, and the crunching of ground. As quietly as she could, Sharam took a length of rope from one of her panniers, checking in the pockets of her biking suit to make sure she had everything she needed.

Sharam inhaled deeply, letting herself relax, settling into the attitude of a huntress, powerful and strong, stalking her prey. Like a cat, she prowled over the ground, fading into the evening shadows, erasing her own presence as much as possible.

She didn't have far to go – as her eyes adjusted to the twilight-gloom and the shadows of the trees, she could see a length of platinum-blonde hair at waist-height. The woman had stripped out of her biking leathers, now wearing just some tight booty-shorts, currently around her ankles, and a vest-top, her skin pale in the low light. Sharam squinted – there, on her arm, was the rose tattoo from the pictures, so it was definitely her. She shoved the rope up her sleeve, one end ready to yank out, before stepping with forced heaviness, twigs snapping beneath her foot.

Dawn tensed, standing up and dropping one hand to cover her crotch, half-turning towards the noise, facing Sharam.

Sharam moved slightly, keeping herself directly behind Dawn, admiring the curve of her back, a cute little dimple of flesh just above her buttocks. Lots of space to leave more marks – either from punishments, or maybe something more permanent.

'Uh, hey. Wasn't expecting anyone else out here.' She shifted, still twisted away, seeming uncomfortable and ashamed, amusingly aware of her own vulnerability.

Sharam advanced, moving silently again.

'It's a nice evening. And so quiet out here. You travelling anywhere?' She kept her tone light, as she got closer and closer – another few steps, and she'd be in reach. From one of her pockets, she drew out a cloth hood, a rope around the neck.

'Just... travelling. It's nice to get out on my bike and see things. I've never been this far into the mountains before, they're beautiful! Although I could do without all the mosquitos.' She moved, pulling up her shorts, covering up her cute backside. Well, that would be out on display soon enough! And probably red with spank marks.

Dawn turned around, looking startled when she saw how close Sharam was, apparently not noticing the hood. She was just as attractive in person as in the pictures – a little more tanned, her hair in need of some work, but still the sort of person that would fetch a good price. But only after Sharam had had some fun herself! Maybe even out here – there was no-one to hear the screams, and the trees would make good tethers for the ropes.

'I know the feeling.' She stared at Dawn, then let her eyes roam, drinking in her slender body, enjoying the way that Dawn flinched, but was too proud to cover herself up. Another step forward, Dawn starting to look worried. 'It can be a tough lifestyle sometimes, but there's nothing like freedom, and the power to keep it.'

Dawn's body was tense now, like a fawn ready to bolt, and chasing her through the woods in this low light would be a pain. Sharam took another breath, smiling at Dawn, and then she

struck, lunging forward and bringing the sack over Dawn's head. There was the start of a yell before it was choked off by the thick leather sack, Sharam drawing the string tight, sealing it around Dawn's neck.

As expected, Dawn's hands came up, trying to pull the sack off her head. Sharam pulled the rope from her sleeve, grabbing one of Dawn's wrists and using it to wrench her off balance.

The other woman was smaller and lighter, easy to twist around, Sharam pulling the arm up, bending Dawn over and wrapping a loop of rope into place. She kicked Dawn's legs out from beneath her, guiding her to the ground and resting a knee on her back.

Angry grunting came from beneath the hood, legs kicking and flailing, dried leaves and dirt getting kicked up. Sharam grabbed the other wrist first, binding it to the other. She spanked at Dawn's backside several times, the grunts getting louder and louder. But Dawn was pinned into place by Sharam's weight, unable to escape, Sharam easily grabbing each ankle in turn and roping it into place, until Dawn was bound into a tight hogtie.

'Nice and flexible, aren't you?' She picked up the wriggling bundle, throwing the rest of the rope over a high branch and pulling it tight, leaving Dawn suspended in the air, slowly swinging around, still squealing and whining.

Sharam tore away her clothing, enjoying the sight of her naked body, before giving her a shove, making her sway back and forth.

'I think we'll have some fun tonight. And then I think you're small enough I can fold you up to carry you. I might need to dose you up though – don't want you wriggling around!'

'Mphhh! Nphhhh!'

'It's a shame, but I'll need to dispose of your bike. That should be easy out here though – I just need to wheel it a mile or two from the road, and no-one will ever find it. But it's been a long day, so it's time for some fun first.'

'Nphhh!'

'Shhhh, shhh. The more you fight, then the harder this will be. I don't have many of my tools with me, but I can make do – I saw some stinging nettles back there.' She gave Dawn another shove, before catching her and stroking her body, squeezing her breasts, giving her backside another spank. 'Don't worry, I won't hurt you too badly, that might hurt your value. But I am going to entertain myself!'

She ignored Dawn's whines of protest, starting to explore and probe the body of her freshest prey.

The Golden Olive country club

The warm air and gentle music of the club crept around the door, Aria pushing herself back against the wall. The wooden paneling was dappled with bright flecks and streaks of color, sunlight streaming through a stained-glass window. It depicted some scene from mythology that she didn't recognize – a woman bound to a post, arms tied above her head, white skin marked with bright crimson tears of blood. A look of ecstasy covered her face, a tiny wisp of white over her privates.

Just seeing it made her want to blush – such things were not decent to be seen. It was indecent and improper to have it on display – especially with two women whipping another one. Sex should only be between men and women, and only in private. At least, that was what her mother said – and Aria had been made to go to enough of her speeches to be able to recite most of them by heart. It was almost campaign season again, so there was currently a succession of old men coming by, mother trying to get them to give her money for her next election run.

Her eyes hovered on the image again, her clothing feeling suddenly too tight – the dress had been picked by mother as well, “appropriately modest”, coming most of the way to her ankles, loose and barely even hinting at her shape. Even her underwear was plain and unappealing beneath it!

‘Are you sure you won't take a drink?’

Aria looked at the speaker – another woman, over a foot taller than her, sleek and powerful. And the way she was dressed! Not indecently, not like the sluts at school, but she practically *radiated* sexuality – although her skin was completely covered, her dress clung to her body, tight around her legs whenever she moved, snug at her waist and around her breasts. A musky perfume filled the air around her, fuzzing Aria's thoughts, as she reached out, holding a glass of wine. Her nails were long and dark, making Aria think of the talons of a savage beast.

There was no choice but to take the wine, her sense of courtesy too strong.

‘Good girl. At your age, you should always be open to new experiences.’

Aria was backed up against the wall now, the projected light from the stained glass in her eyes, forcing her to squint. The woman reached out, gently taking hold of her chin and tilting her head from side-to-side, making sounds of approval.

‘Good. Quite an attractive little thing, aren't you?’

Aria made herself smile, despite her dislike of being groped and manhandled. Her eyes glanced over to the door – thick oak, cutting out any sound from outside, but also meaning no-one could see her.

She'd never been in this room before – was it part of the gym? The equipment all looked heavy and sturdy, but she'd never seen gym equipment that needed so many straps and cuffs! Aria winced as the grip tightened, squeezing her cheeks.

'Good. I think you'll do.'

Aria's gaze flicked around, before meeting the woman's gaze, falling into those dark eyes. Her thoughts slowed and stopped, a vicious grin covering the woman's face. She froze, hand tight on the wineglass.

'Don't play with her too much! You know you'll just get distracted. We have so many more toys back home – and much less danger of anyone interrupting. Now, girl, drink your wine. It will help you relax.' The new speaker was another woman, this one wearing nothing more than a tight and shiny bodysuit, showing off her body as much as if she were naked. Aria felt herself blush – such a thing was indecent, no-one should dress like that! But she couldn't help but look at her, her eyes drinking in the sight of the powerful body sheathed within the latex, feeling her heart start to beat faster.

'*Drink.*' There was a strange intonation to the words, burning themselves into Aria's thoughts, and she obeyed, lifting the wine to her lips and gulping it down, all at once. It made her throat sting, burning down her throat, seeming to immediately soak into her body, making her feel warm and fuzzy. Her mind felt paralyzed, her lips and throat unable to form words, the two women somehow exerting a mental pressure, holding her rapt.

The one sheathed in latex reached towards her, and light glinted off her fingers – were those her nails, or built into the suit? One pricked, just lightly, against her collarbone, and she could feel its sharpness, before it traced down. Where it touched the neckline of her dress, it sliced, sharp enough to cut through the fabric, shearing it in two.

As it moved downwards, the dress fell away, peeling off her body. Air kissed against her now-bare skin, and Aria felt herself blush – she'd never been this exposed in front of anyone else, she was saving herself for marriage! And women shouldn't do this sort of thing to each other, that was immoral!

'Oh, really? This is just tragic. While the outer wrapping was rather dismal, wearing this beneath is just...' The other woman tutted, plucking at Aria's bra. 'Don't worry, soon you'll be much better dressed. At least assuming you behave well enough to deserve clothing.' She yanked at the bra-straps, tearing it in half, more tugs ripping it from Aria's body. 'These are rather pleasant though. A nice size, and soft and plump. They'll look a lot better with a nice piercing in each.'

'Mrrmmhhph!' Aria managed to force a sound through her paralysis. Piercings? She didn't want her body violated like that – and only sluts had piercings through their nipples!

'That struck a cord – I think this one might be fun, Eleanor.'

The one in latex nodded, raking her claws further down, slicing through the waist-band of the dress. It fell to the floor, leaving Aria naked except for her panties and her shoes. Her breathing was fast now, her breath catching in her throat – she should be panicking, calling for help, but she was frozen, unable to move, or make any noise beyond faint squeaks.

The nails pressed against her thigh, sharp pins against her skin, little twitches and bites of pain, before they scraped upwards, easily slashing through the waistband of her panties, sending them tumbling to the floor.

‘Oh good, she’s trimmed. That’s fortunate – I was dreading the thought of having to shave her clean.’ The other woman leaned in closer, reaching down, fingers brushing against Aria’s lower lips.

‘Mhnnnnn...’ That was her special place – no-one should touch there except her future husband! Even touching there herself made her feel guilty, despite the pleasure it caused.

‘And so eager!’ A finger pushed into her, making her gasp. She could feel her own wetness, shame pooling in her belly, her breathing now fast and irregular.

‘Well, her mother is very keen on promoting chastity. I imagine this sweet little thing hasn’t had much experience, even with herself. I’m surprised she isn’t in a belt!’

Aria whimpered, recalling the one her mother had shown her, as a threat – snugly-fitted metal, bound into place around her waist, with just a tiny slit to urinate through. Fortunately, mother hadn’t followed through on the threat, but just the thought of it terrified her!

The woman kept stroking the nail-claws over her body, making Aria’s skin prickle with the promise of pain, as the other woman dropped to her knees, using both hands to part Aria’s lower lips, probing deeper into her.

‘Nice and healthy! Pure and untouched.’

‘A virgin? That’s rare! I was expecting her to be a secret slut.’ The talons trickled up Aria’s belly, making her try and flinch away to avoid any pain, before the hand came up, and then seized her throat. It didn’t squeeze enough to strangle her, but the pressure was firm, as pleasure seethed into her crotch, her vision blurring. Her lips parted, a thumb sliding in – she could taste metal, a talon sliding into her mouth, as fingers continued to twist and tease inside of her.

‘A shame we can’t have more fun here, but the staff will be happy to box her up for us. Like a present to open later!’

Aria found her lips tightening on the thumb, sucking on it, Eleanor smiling, seeming delighted.

‘Excellent!’ The thumb slid out of Aria’s mouth, before her grip tightened around Aria’s throat. Pain started to throb in her body, her lungs straining for air. The glass dropped from her hand,

droplets of wine splashing onto the carpet. The hand let go – as soon as the pressure relieved, she gasped in, her throat pained and raw.

'*Sleep.*' The word burned into her brain, taking root in her consciousness, echoing around, the command impossible to ignore. She heard herself whimper, trying to make herself shout, but her body was out of her control, a faint ringing sounding in her ears. Her knees started to buckle, giving way beneath her, and she sagged downwards, being let down onto the ground. Her vision blackened, darkness creeping in around the edge of her vision, her consciousness fading, before she fell unconscious...

Chapter 1: Preparations

Morrigan tensed her thighs, feeling the warmth of Ama'ra's head between her legs. The slave's mouth was held open with a ring-gag, a soft and gentle tongue stroking away within Morrigan's body, nice and slow and sweet. Ama'ra was hooded, her ears and eyes blocked, her body bound within the seat, turning her into a convenient pleasure toy.

But she had work to do! As the tongue continued to slowly lick her, keeping her warm and pleased, Morrigan turned her attention back to the screen in front of herself. It was currently showing a young woman, naked except for collar and cuffs, bound onto an X-cross. A good body, nice and firm, but entirely un-trained – Morrigan needed property that was proficient in domestic arts, to deal with cleaning, cooking and other such dull tasks. Now that she was running a household, and expecting guests, then she needed staff that could deal with all the mundanities of such!

Which, sadly, needed managing! She'd rather just have pleasure-slaves, and the time to spend on using them, but she would have to get the basics into place first. Several clicks, scrolling through more attractive, but inappropriate, possibilities. Ama'ra continued to lick, tongue probing deeper into her, before Morrigan tapped her twice on the head.

She heard a faint whine, and *felt* Ama'ra's disappointment, as the tongue withdrew. The soul-leash was convenient – being able to monitor the status of a gagged and hooded slave was certainly helpful, and it was pleasing to have Ama'ra feel disappointed at not being able to lick her mistress further. Morrigan could still feel the soul-deep yearning of Ama'ra, the desperate desire to lick and suck, to taste her owner's pussy-juice, but Ama'ra obeyed, withdrawing her tongue.

'Has Mistress Morrigan found any candidates?'

Morrigan looked away from the screen, having to resist the urge to tap Ama'ra on the head to resume the pussy-licking.

'A few.'

The speaker was Su'rya, the newest member of the household – a gift from Morrigan's mother, and trained to perfection. And she was an impressive specimen – stood up but still in supplication, with her legs spread, and entirely naked except for her collar, cuffs, and the shining metal of a chastity belt over her crotch, she could have been used as a textbook example of posture. In one hand she was holding a crop, wrist poised to flick and strike.

'Unfortunately, those as skilled as you are rare, and hard to purchase. It might take longer, but perhaps a few more strays could be acquired, to be used as raw material? Sheriff Stokes, what do you think?'

The final woman in the room was naked, her collar and cuffs leather rather than metal, her skin flushed with heat, down on her knees with her legs spread. Her uniform was hung on the wall behind her, ready for her to change back into when she left.

The crop flicked down, Su'rya striking against the sheriff's back, putting enough force into it that the sheriff yelped in pain.

'There are few runaways that come this way, Mistress.'

Each time the crop struck her back, she gasped, her whole body tensing up, fingers twitching. Morrigan watched with amusement – the sheriff had grown soft, but was now being disciplined more often, to make sure she knew who was in charge. The movements made her breasts shake and jiggle, Morrigan having to resist the urge to stride over and punish her further.

'If you do find any, then keep them in jail, and I will send Su'rya to judge their worthiness. They may be some diamonds amongst the rough. Or at least raw materials that can be refined into something better.'

'OW! Yes, OW, Mistress.'

The regular rhythm of the pain-filled gasps and strikes of crop-on-flesh were entertaining, as Morrigan flicked through several more images.

'And you understand your other orders?'

'Yes, Mistress – I am to ensure that the house of yourself and Mistress Victoria remains untroubled.' Despite her gasps of pain, her body was showing signs of arousal, betraying her true desires – she had been broken into obedience long ago, she was just a little unused to discipline.

'Good. It would be inconvenient if anyone started snooping around, and so I am trusting you to deal with them before they become a problem. Unless you deem them suitable to be acquired and trained. Su'rya is now the seneschal and warden of the house, the ber'vasa, then you will need to pay attention to her - she will now be responsible for your discipline and orders. Should you fail, then your punishment and demotion may be rapid. Humble position.'

Sheriff Stokes leaned herself forward, placing her arms onto the floor, face against the ground, pushing her ass up into the air, presenting her buttocks to Su'rya. The crop continued to strike, flicking against taut ass-meat, making the woman gasp with pain. When she responded, her voice was muffled, coming from so far down.

'Yes, Mistress. I am yours – do with me as you will.'

'Su'rya, how goes the preparations? There is not much time before we are hosting guests, and everything must be ready before then.'

There was a faint pause in the steady rhythm of the strikes, Su'rya dipping her head in a slight curtsey.

'More staff would be useful, Mistress. The central rooms have been cleaned, but the gardens will take additional time and staff. We will also be pressed to provide full service.'

Morrigan sighed, before tapping Ama'ra on the head. The tongue leapt back into action, sliding deep into Morrigan's body, lips kissing and sucking against her pussy lips, tongue stroking inside of her.

'This has to be *perfect*! Otherwise I'll never hear the end of it.' And bring shame to both herself and Victoria, for the failure to properly manage their own household.

'Have you considered Mistress Deckard's event? She is holding a sale of fresh meat, aided by the Guild. It would be a good opportunity to acquire some new girls.' The head of the crop was striking against the Sherrif's ass with a steady, easy rhythm, every impact making the woman gasp and shift slightly forward – a little endurance training would do her good! Although it was making Morrigan feel aroused, especially combined with the steady attention of the tongue, sliding and kissing inside of her.

'The produce this time is from a particular institute – "The Birch House for Wayward Girls". There are three in particular that I think may be well-suited to the household – they were convicted of shoplifting, but they have been trained and conditioned as part of their sentence.'

Morrigan flicked through the images until she found them – three brunettes, one paler and smaller than the other two, another Latino, and the third tall and toned, bold enough to be staring directly at the camera. All of them were attractive, and were posed to show off their naked bodies, apparently trained enough to at least do that without rebelling.

'Hmm, an impressive list of skills.' All three of them had scored high marks in the full range of domestic skills, as well as high obedience and endurance. And they were apparently bonded, used to working as a group – the three of them would be an asset to the household! And she could easily imagine the tall one, bent over a table and trying to escape, squealing as she was fucked in the ass, made to whine and beg for release! And Victoria would like the small one – a petite body, begging for the whip, or to be contorted into some torturous pressure position, that supple flesh marked up with whip, crop or wax.

'If you wish the house to be ready, so that you may be regarded as a real household, fit for admittance into the sisterhood, then you will need staff such as this.'

Morrigan shifted in her seat, letting the pleasure tingle up her spine, before double-tapping Ama'ra again, letting the feeling fade, needing to think clearly. The trio were fetching, but wouldn't come cheap – both attractive and well-trained, then there would be a lot of competition for them. And she would have to get all three, not just one! But the more she looked at them, the more the feeling that she needed them grew – she could already imagine them tattooed with the household mark, over their hearts and above their cunts, marking them as permanent possessions. And with that background, there would be no need to hide them – with their criminal record, they were officially marked as “on parole”, and no-one would be asking any inconvenient questions.

'Very well. Make the arrangements for transport.'

Su'rya managed to bow, a single smooth motion that barely interrupted her regular strokes, Sheriff Stokes' gasps and groans of pain getting louder. The woman really would need some stamina training – she was clearly too used to administering punishment rather than receiving it!

'And let Victoria know as well. She's currently training a ponygirl – she's probably out in the meadows.'

'Yes, Mistress Morrigan.'

Morrigan tapped Ama'ra on the head three times, the tongue suddenly moving far faster. She sighed in pleasure, relaxing her mind, letting the sensation of the release flow through her, through the soul-leash and into Ama'ra, and beyond. She could feel Ama'ra's pleasure, an echo of her own, and the more distant sensations from Victoria and Lei'ra, the feeling of release transmitting itself instantly over the distance.

Ama'ra sucked at the flow of juices, desperate to imbibe of her mistress, Morrigan smiling, enjoying the attention, letting her thoughts drift for a moment, the sheriff's gasps of pain adding an extra thrill.

She took a deep breath and then tapped Ama'ra on the head, the tongue drawing backwards with a faintly disappointed whine, after licking her clean.

Standing up from the queening chair made her slit feel momentarily cold, wanting to be tongued and licked again. She walked over to Su'rya, taking the crop from her hands. The sheriff still had her ass nice and high in the air, but the buttocks were now nice and red-warm, heated up by the crop-strikes.

Morrigan stamped down onto the sheriff's back, grinding her heel down into soft skin, enjoying the feeling of yielding flesh. The groan of pain was louder now, especially when Morrigan jabbed with her heel, just below the woman's neck. She pressed down, leaning back as she

flicked with the crop, leaving another mark on the buttocks. Her next strike aimed lower down, the stud on the crop-head swinging up and then impacting against her cunt.

She squealed, whining in pain, Morrigan making a sound of disappointment. 'Really, sheriff, you should be able to manage to deal with that! It seems as though you need some training.' She ground her heel into place before stepping away and moving directly behind the sheriff, launching a series of swift strikes against the exposed slit.

The sheriff maintained her position, even through the assault, despite her gasps and groans of pain. Morrigan struck harder, before sliding the crop up and down, using the shaft to tease and excite her property. She could see that, despite the whining protests, that the sheriff was excited – that much of her training still held.

'Hmm, you might have gotten a lot too used to your independence. But don't worry – now you're property again, fully owned and part of my household, and will need to learn to readjust.' She could feel how wet the woman was, the shaft of the crop easily sliding through.

'Su'rya, fetch me, hmmm... I think the black strap-on. To show the sheriff what she's been missing. And I hope she won't do anything to make me need to gag her. Isn't that right, sheriff?' She slapped the woman on the ass, digging her nails into the welt-marked skin, feeling the heat of it, and enjoying the wincing gasp of pain that triggered.

Su'rya moved with silent poise, up on her toes despite being barefoot, the mark of training heels. She was skilled and dedicated – and pleurably obedient as well. And hadn't once complained, despite the belt sealed around her waist! Apparently, she'd only been allowed one orgasm in the last three years. That had probably been quite noisy – or maybe Su'rya was a quiet one, her body twitching and writhing as pleasure was forced onto her?

Morrigan watched her move, enjoying the lines of her body, as she went and fetched the requested item – a fat, bulky cock, almost the width of Morrigan's arm, the shaft covered with twisted ridges.

She strapped it around her waist, the weight of it enough to throw her movements off, dragging her forward.

'Su'rya – on your knees and suck. The sheriff deserves some lube, at least.'

There was instant obedience, Su'rya dropping down and opening her mouth wide, her palms upturned on her knees. Morrigan grabbed her hair, dragging her forward, and slamming the cock into place. Su'rya took the full size of the shaft at once, her throat bulging, unable to fully control her reactions as her eyes watered. Morrigan pumped her hips back and forth, making Su'rya gasp and splutter as her throat was ravaged.

Even when being throat-fucked, she still managed to maintain enough control that there was minimal dribble, most of it ending up on the cock, the dark shaft now shiny and wet.

With that taken care of, she moved around behind the sheriff. Hearing her sharp intake of breath was amusing – she couldn't see what was happening, her body tensing up, trying to prepare herself for the penetration of the oversized cock.

Morrigan pulled her buttocks apart, and placed the fat head of the cock against the woman's asshole, and then started to push. She started to groan and whine, breathing getting short and ragged as Morrigan forced the tight hole open, the cock slowly sliding into place. Morrigan was having to force it, the sheriff clearly unused to this sort of brutally penetrative anal sex, especially of this size, but she kept pushing deeper and deeper, withdrawing a little before thrusting as far as she could.

It took effort, but she was now almost entirely inside of the sheriff now, the fat shaft forcing the tight hole to stretch, making her whine and pant. Morrigan raked nails down her back, drawing out another hiss of pain, before spanking the well-reddened ass.

'What an obedient slave you are!'

She thrust with her hips, watching how wide the ass-hole was now forced to gape, the sheriff whining in time with the thrusts. It was a shame that it wasn't a double-headed cock, but it was still nice to be able to deliver some personal training. And, despite her well-muscled body, the sheriff seemed to be soft in all the right places – the cock was sliding deeper and deeper, now three-quarters of it firmly lodged in place.

Morrigan reached down, feeling between the woman's legs, at how drenched her slit was. It was easy to slide a finger into her, and then another, the sheriff writhing and groaning under the dual pressures. When she thrust again, she could feel the bulk of the shaft lodged within the woman's backside, large enough to be felt even inside her pussy! She teased her fingers back and forth, drawing out deliciously loud moans and groans, before upping the tempo.

Fluids trickled around her fingers, and it was easy to twist them and find the hot, tense bud and stroke it. Her writhing and moaning got even more pronounced, as Morrigan managed to bury the full length of the shaft inside of the woman's body, the asshole now forced wide open.

'An impressive feat! Maybe I should keep you plugged – to keep you nice and attentive.'

The only response was a low, strangled gasp, as Morrigan drew her hips back, the cock sliding all the way out, the asshole gaping wide, not closing up before Morrigan shoved it back in, all the way. She kept flicking her fingers, able to feel the tensing of wet, slick folds, before pushing further, fingers moving faster and faster.

It was more than the sheriff could handle, and her body twitched and spasmed, a strong orgasm slamming through her. She groaned, managing to restrain herself from screaming, Morrigan smiling at the sense of power she felt.

'Good. You remember how to serve. And remember – keep an eye out for any runaways, it would be nice to have a few strays. Even if it's only to use as fuck-meat.' She left the cock

buried deep, unstrapping it from around her waist. ‘Su’rya, get dressed, we’re going back to the house. Sheriff, once I’m gone, you can get dressed and return to your duties. And you can keep the dildo – you might even get used to it after a while.’

She shoved at the cock with her foot, making it twist in place, the sheriff groaning, caught between pleasure and pain still, as Morrigan left, Su’rya close behind her.

Chapter 2: Bad Girls Turned Good

Cool, crisp air blew against Victoria’s skin, a blissful release from the brutal desert heat outside. Through the windows, she could see the cracked and sun-blasted plains – an effective deterrent against escape for the detainees, even if it was also unpleasant for any visitors. Heels clicked down the tiled hallway, sturdy doors on either side of them.

She glanced through the glass panel of one – inside, she caught a brief glimpse of an “education session”. A woman was suspended from the ceiling by her ankles, her head hidden, lowered into a bucket of water. Her bare skin was covered with cane-marks, as she twisted around, water splashing out, but unable to breach the surface under her own power.

‘That is one of the newest intake, being put through the “breaking” part of our process. For the most stubborn, it can be a period of several months before they are ready for further training. We find it best to be harsh – the girls need to know where they stand, so that more time can be spent refining them. If you wish, then I can provide recordings of some of our sessions as well, some find them somewhat inspirational.’

The speaker was a woman, dressed in a smart skirt-suit, tailored just for her, with a metal collar visible around her neck. The black metal had an intricate pattern inlaid into it, showing the wearer’s status – trusted enough by her owner-mistress to be in charge of giving this tour.

Victoria could sense Morrigan bridle, a flare of irritation at the thought that her techniques might need improvement. Before she could say anything that might cause offense, Victoria spoke.

‘Your girls do come highly praised.’

‘We aim to provide nothing but the best. Although the training period is lengthy – at least three years – our customers are pleased with the results. When finished, they are fully conditioned to their new roles, able to serve and pleasure, as well as being able to function even after heavy punishment. And they can be acquired without having to deal with any problematic legal issues – they have no other contacts or people looking for them, and so will be utterly dependent on their owners.’

Another doorway – through this one, Victoria could see naked female bodies bound onto X-frames, with motorized whips spinning around, striking against bare flesh. From how reddened the flesh was, they had been there for quite some time!

'If you wish, then you can see some of the breaking sessions – although I'm sure you will have seen similar, if on a smaller scale, honored mistresses. They are required to be quite forceful – there is little artistry there. The "molding" and "refining" stages are rather more interesting and engaging.'

She approached a heavy security door, bending over in front of it to present her collar, thrusting her backside out, her sleek pencil skirt tight enough that Victoria could see she wasn't wearing anything beneath. The door beeped, metal bars sliding forward, as the woman led them into the next area.

'Once the raw meat has been prepared, and is able to accept commands, then they are trained in all the basics. We aim to retain some aspects of personality – we are not in the business of producing drones.' She made an indignant little sniff, as though offended by the thought. 'I must apologize for the absence of my mistress, but she had a prior engagement. I am her seneschal and will guide you as best you can.'

She turned, giving them a swift curtsy, before turning around and leading them onwards, deeper into the facility. The windows into the rooms here were larger, the inmates presumably better trained – Victoria could see young women going through training, trying to walk with the correct poise and grace when wearing 4-inch heels, or even hoof-boots, their arms held stretched-out with spreader bars. One room held treadmills, used to keep the inmates moving, clamps attached to their breasts to deter delaying. Uniformed guards patrolled, cattle prods at the ready, to further punish anyone that delayed.

'Out there is where any inmates that are being troublesome are punished – it takes less resources that way, and most are remarkably well behaved after a few days in the sun.' She pointed out the window, to an internal courtyard. Metal cages hung from the walls, and two women were currently staked out on the ground, entirely naked except for leather hoods, their bodies exposed to the brutal sun.

Victoria nodded in approval – that sort of treatment would inspire obedience!

'We also have isolation tanks, but we prefer to use more hands-on training. Now, you have enquired about three of our girls that are eligible for release – this way, into my office.'

Another security door, this one smaller, and then up a narrow staircase, the floor beneath their feet suddenly carpeted, as they walked through an office, workers tapping away on keyboards, doing whatever administration work needed doing. In one corner, several collared women waited, on their knees, faces downcast.

'Some of our lower-grade products, getting work experience. They are suitable for general use, but not for a household such as yours.'

As they walked through the office, the staff looked at them, all dipping their heads in respect – the place seemed well-run and disciplined, living up to its reputation. And even the "lower-grade

products” seemed attractive enough, their collar-chains clinking, padlocked to heavy bolts on the wall.

They were led into an office, tinted windows on the far wall overlooking an external exercise yard. The inmates were being put through their paces, forced to exert themselves, youthful bodies shining with sweat, getting whipped whenever they paused or gave up. The worst-performing were being punished further, made to assume pressure-positions, their backs and buttocks getting reddened with more brutal strikes.

‘So, you are interested in Lyn, Ryn and Syn? They have been trained as a matched group – they complement each other, and we would very much prefer to sell them as a set.’ She walked behind a large desk and sat down, steepling her fingers in front of herself, and scrutinizing Victoria and Morrigan.

Victoria walked over to a wooden cabinet, looking over the curios there – small pictures of past inmates, and various tools of punishment to be used. She picked up a paddle, feeling the weight of it in her hand, giving it an experimental swing.

‘Yes. They fit a number of our needs, and would make a useful addition to the household.’

She rapped on the desk, the sound loud and imposing, before a side-door opened, three young women crawling through. All of them were hooded, wearing sleek leotards and thigh-high socks that emphasized their shapes, subtly edged with frills to suggest their status as maid-servants. Metal cuffs and collars were around their necks and on their wrists and ankles, polished to be as bright as they could be. Their names had been printed onto the leotards – from left to right there was Ryn (tall, athletic, stood lightly on the balls of her feet), Syn (darker-skinned, shifting with nervousness, legs spread a little wider) and Lyn (short and slender, with small breasts begging to be stretched with clamps, currently sucking in shallow, gulping pants).

‘You may inspect them.’

Victoria approached, making her footsteps deliberately heavy, watching their reactions – Lyn’s panting got even faster, while Syn twisted her legs a little wider apart. Flicking at one of Lyn’s nipples, hard and erect against the leotard, made her shiver, before Victoria grabbed and squeezed the soft mound. Lyn was short enough that Victoria could look down on the top of her head, easy to pull and push around. Through the thin material of the leotard, Victoria could feel the heat of her body, and could hear quiet whimpers from beneath the hood.

Still squeezing a breast, she groped between her victim’s legs, pushing the material of the leotard into her pussy, feeling the slick dampness even through it.

‘All have been trained extensively to be eager and receptive. There was a certain amount of resistance, at first, but that was eliminated. Syn is particularly eager, while Lyn and Ryn are more submissive and dominant, respectively.’

Victoria probed deeper with her finger, before plucking the hood off. Sky-blue eyes blinked at her, hood-mussed brown hair tumbling around a heart-shaped face, soft red lips currently pursed in concern. Victoria purred in pleasure, already imagining tears trickling from those wide, soft eyes, those lips wrapped around gag, as she continued to tease Lyn, feeling the wet heat of the slave's cunt.

Morrigan unhooded Syn, revealing soft brown curls and a Latino face, downcast eyes not matching well with a poorly-suppressed grin. Morrigan slapped her around the face, watching her reaction, a hand-mark appearing on her tanned cheek. Syn gasped from the impact, her head forced to turn, but otherwise keeping her head down, being demure and obedient.

'They are used to significantly rougher treatment – Ryn once endured three days staked out in the yard. Don't worry, they won't break.'

Victoria moved her grip to around Lyn's neck, those lovely lips parting in a faint sigh, and then she started to squeeze. Lyn gasped, her breath rasping in her throat, but her hips started to buck and twist, her body reacting with a fierce arousal. Victoria's finger was now fully sheathed within the slender body, the leotard-fabric stretching around it.

'Oh? You're such an eager pain-slut, aren't you?' She could feel blood pulsing through Lyn's neck, those blue eyes soft and desperate, the woman caught between choking and orgasm. She held her grip until those eyelids fluttered and then let go, Lyn staggering and almost falling. The scent of her lust was unmistakable, Victoria withdrawing her finger and holding it up, seeing juices shining there. 'I think you're going to be a lot of fun. Display position.'

Lyn's hands rose up, to either side of her head, her legs spreading and tensing, rising up onto her toes. Victoria walked around her, inspecting her from behind – the position made her buttocks lovely and taut, and she couldn't resist slapping and squeezing them, leaving more marks on the woman's skin – she was paler than her companions, although the lines of a harness could still be seen, tan-marks on her skin.

'Syn, why don't you make some tea for everyone?'

Morrigan's palm slapped against Syn's cheek, hard enough to make the woman's hair flick about, then she reached out and squeezed a breast, twisting it between her fingers. Despite the clear discomfort on Syn's face, she still managed to nod her head and speak. 'Yes, Mistress.' She waited until Morrigan had released her, before moving, up on her toes, towards the tea equipment, laid out and ready.

As she busied herself with that, Victoria and Morrigan both descended onto Ryn. Still hooded, and with an admirably tall and lean frame, she was certainly easy on the eyes! Victoria reached out and stroked her hands along pert, firm buttocks, Morrigan feeling her arms and squeezing her biceps. Despite being groped and squeezed, there was no rebellion, although the hood over the mouth did suck in.

Victoria gave her an experimental spank, watching the butt-meat ripple out from the point of impact.

'She was the hardest to break, but is practically a poster-child now – as long as you don't mind her being a little assertive with her fellow slaves. Ryn is the leader of these three – punishing her in front of them will be especially effective, as she doesn't like to be seen as weak. She also has a weakness to electrics – I once spent a delightful afternoon finding where on her body a prod would make her scream the loudest.'

Was that a faint whimper from beneath the hood? Victoria spanked her again, before turning to look at Morrigan, who nodded at her. Moving in unison, they pulled the hood off, revealing a young woman, with straight, brown hair. Her eyes flicked around, meeting Victoria's for a moment, daring to stare into her eyes, before turning downwards, more appropriate for a slave.

Porcelain chinked, Syn holding a tray filled with teacups. Without spilling any, she dropped to her knees, raising the tray up, offering it up to Victoria and Morrigan. Morrigan took a cup, pouring in a little milk, while Victoria moved around behind Syn. In her submissive position, the muscles of her back and shoulder standing out.

Victoria pushed her fingertips against the woman's back, before curving her fingers and scratching with her nails. She could hear a faint intake of breath, but the tray didn't shake, even when she pressed harder, scratching with enough force to leave visible scratch-marks in the dark skin. Even when she left furrow-marks all the way down to the base of Syn's spine, she didn't waver.

'She has an impressive level of dedication, does she not? Once she was shown the penalties for failure, she soon learned to behave. And a few sessions of being waterboarded – she wasn't fond of that, as I recall. But now, if commanded, she will even torment herself without hesitation.'

Victoria knelt down, pressing herself against Syn from behind, feeling the warmth of the woman's skin, her scent sweet and clean, her hair naturally curly. She reached around, one hand moving between Syn's spread legs, seeking out her softness, parting her lips. Even that didn't make the tray waver, despite the sharp intake of breath as Victoria slid a finger into Syn's body, finding the woman ready and receptive.

'Impressive!' She withdrew and stood up, taking a cup of tea for herself and adding milk and sugar. It was some custom blend, the scent of oranges mingled in with the tea, and she nodded to herself in approval.

'Yes, in some ways it helped that they came as a set – we didn't have to work to establish any bonds, and it gave an easy source of leverage. Or, on occasion, making them hurt each other. Ryn has maintained her dominance, but mostly because Syn is more driven by her lust, and Lyn is a pain-slut.'

Morrigan had drifted back over to Ryn, and was now playing with the woman's breasts, pinching out the nipples and stretching them out, watching Ryn's face for any reaction. Other than a few mostly-stifled hisses and gasps, Ryn seemed to be able to hide her suffering quite well – although that might not last if Morrigan ever had the chance to bend her over and *properly* hurt her, or violate her tight, soft holes with a fat cock.

'It seems you are impressed? They are currently available for purchase – although there is the matter of payment.' She named a sum that made Victoria wince – it was affordable, but would mean liquidating some long-term assets!

She wandered back over to Lyn, still pressed up against the wall and stroked her hands downwards, feeling the flow of the woman's curves, her hips and thighs and buttocks, skin soft and tender. It was hard to resist the temptation to just ravage her, here and now, but they still belonged to this place, at least for now.

'I think we can call this a gift.'

'Mistress Helga!' The woman practically threw herself from her chair, falling to her knees, ass up, forehead touching the floor. Her clothing was ill-suited to such supplication, ruffling and twisting in odd and unflattering ways. 'You are back early.'

'When I heard that Victoria and Morrigan were visiting, I decided to cut my visit short! It was only ensuring that a few judges remain dedicated, and channel any appropriate prisoners our way. But I haven't seen you two since you were barely full-grown.' The newcomer was wearing a full-length black latex dress, sleek and sensual, carrying a sturdy-looking cane, topped with a silver medusa's head. Exquisitely-cared for blonde hair flowed down from her scalp – she'd even managed to avoid any frizz and muss from getting here!

Victoria dipped her head, showing respect to the mistress of this place. Mistress Helga walked across the room, flicking her cane against Ryn's body, the metal cap leaving a mark on skin.

'As I say – consider them a gift from a family friend. I know it can be hard to establish a household, and it will be interesting to see what you do with them. I hear that you've already bonded personal slaves? That's always a pleasure!' She jabbed downwards with the cane, at the bowing woman. 'I remember bonding this one – it took a little way to bridle her properly, but she soon came to accept her place.' She flicked with the cane, the woman rising up onto all fours, and then being sat on, used as a chair. 'Once you are fully settled, you really will have to invite me over. But I can have these packaged up and dispatched soon enough. All three of you – return.'

Ryn, Lyn and Syn all moved, dropping to all fours and crawling away. The sight of their raised buttocks and wet pussies made Victoria squirm, feeling pleasure at the thought of owning the three, their bodies *hers*, to use as she wished.

'Now, why don't you tell me about what you've been up to? We haven't spoken in far too long! And you must convey a message to your mothers as well.'

It looked as though any pleasure might have to wait – although a little conversation for three premium slaves was a good trade!

Chapter 3: Cleansing Protocol

The darkness pulsed and writhed around Ama'ra, making her feel trapped, even aside from the straitjacket sealed over her body. There was nothing she could see, hear or touch, her body floating inside the sensory deprivation tank, severed from the outside world. There had been a flare of pleasure some time ago, transmitted through to her, making her writhe and twist, before sagging back into the darkness.

If she focused, she could dimly sense Morrigan, getting closer and closer. She wriggled in the darkness, feeling pleasure at the thought she might soon be released, allowed outside of the deprivation tank, and given the chance to taste of her mistress' juices again – the thought of having her tongue buried deep inside Morrigan's slit, the warm juices flowing down her throat sent a thrill into her body, making her own pussy loosen in preparation.

It was impossible to determine how much time passed, the bright spark of Morrigan's presence getting closer and closer, Ama'ra keenly aware of her own lust and desire to serve intensifying, until the spark was close.

The pressure inside the tank changed, water flowing out, Ama'ra's body descending, before it was opened and she was pulled out. She felt as weak as a new-born, still hooded, gagged and blind, desperate to be able to see her mistress, wanting to feast her eyes on Morrigan's form. Hands touched her, making her purr, before her hood was plucked off and the deafening ear-buds removed.

'Down.'

She only had a moment to look at Morrigan before the command came through, and she obeyed, dropping down, face against the floor, butt in the air, arms still wrapped around her body. From the corner of her eye, she could see Morrigan's boots, black and shiny, wanting to lick the leather. She could hear Lei'ra, close by, being ordered in the same way.

'Good girl. Now, you three can clean them. Inside and out.'

Ama'ra whined uncertainly, risking a glance upwards. Aside from her Mistress, and Mistress Victoria, there were three newcomers she didn't recognize – three young women, all dressed in tight black latex catsuits, collared and cuffed to show their status. Who were they? She didn't

want Morrigan to have more servants, *she* was the only one special to Morrigan, not some strange new latex-slut!

'Now that we have you to do work, then they can be cleaned regularly. This will be one of your daily duties. This way.'

Ama'ra had to crawl on her knees, arms still bound, trying to stay close to Morrigan, still suspicious of the newcomers. Who were they? All three of them were dressed in the tight latex, the symbol of the house over their hearts and cunts, and metal cuffs and collars clearly visible. Were they new property of the mistresses? The tallest of the three turned to look down at her, a cruel smile spreading over her face, as she moved closer to Morrigan, Ama'ra stifling a growl. And all of them had hair, to at least shoulder-length, making Ama'ra jealous – hers was still short, not yet having recovered from being shaved back to a bare scalp!

As a group, they moved into the cleansing room, Ama'ra tensing up. She liked being clean for mistress Morrigan, but some of the cleaning was overly brutal.

'These three are our newest slaves – Ryn, Lyn and Syn. They are going to be cleaning you – I expect you to be a good girl for them.'

Ama'ra whined, low and uncertain.

'Get them prepared for cleaning.'

The tallest one, Ryn, grabbed at Ama'ra and dragged her over to the wall. She tried to wriggle free, but it was too fast, and the woman too strong, shoving her up against the wall and winding her. She heard the buckles of her straitjacket get loosened, the latex peeling off her body, sticking with her own sweat. As the crotch-band was pulled from her body, she gasped, stimulation running through her. Ryn shoved her again whenever she tried to move by herself, keeping her shoved up against the tiled wall, staring down at her. Behind her, Morrigan was watching with keen interest, her arms crossed across her chest. The sight of her steadied Ama'ra, just a little, as Ryn twisted her into position, forcing her legs wide, until she was stood on softer blocks, amongst the tiles of the floor.

Ryn leaned in, whispering into Ama'ra's ear. 'Be a good girl, and I won't have to be mean to you!'

Another shove knocked her hard against the wall, before Ryn stooped, pushing a hose into Ama'ra's asshole. It started to pump water into her, filling her up, making her belly bulge from the forced enema, warm liquid pumped into her, before getting sucked out again. A hand cracked against her backside and she squealed in objection – Mistress Morrigan could punish her, not this strange new slut!

'The maids are allowed to clean you, and to punish you if you resist.'

Ama'ra whined, not liking that, but then another enema cycle started, disrupting her thoughts as she was pumped full of warm fluids again. Another spank, and then Ryn's hands moved up to Ama'ra's neck. As they touched against her collar, she hunched her shoulders, not liking anyone else touching it, taking comfort from the tightness of it, a physical reminder of the bond she shared with Mistress Morrigan.

It clicked open, coming off her neck. 'Nphhh!' She fought back, trying to keep it in place, hating the feeling of air against her now-bare neck, a barely-controlled panic rising up within her.

'Still!' The command was shouted by Morrigan, cutting deep into Ama'ra, making her freeze in place. 'The maids are allowed to remove your collar to clean beneath it. Don't worry, it will soon be returned.'

'Mphhh...' Ama'ra whined, hating the feeling of it, or the thought of anyone else touching the collar, *her* collar, that had been put into place by Mistress Morrigan herself! But she could feel Morrigan's consciousness, strict and stern, and let the bitch Ryn fondle her, before removing her wrist- and ankle-cuffs as well. Now she felt entirely naked – utterly exposed and vulnerable!

'The mistresses say we might be allowed to punish you if you misbehave. So I hope you'll be naughty!' Ryn's hand slid around, groping at a breast, pinching at the piercing.

Ama'ra grunted indignantly, forcing herself into obedience, despite wanting nothing more than to throw the woman off. She heard Victoria chuckle, out of sight behind her.

'Don't worry – the maids will be cleaned the same way themselves. Perhaps you'll be allowed to watch?'

The thought of that helped settle Ama'ra a little, the idea of these sluts being tormented themselves! But there was no chance for a break, as the blocks beneath her feet recessed, dropping her down, and small bars shifted around her ankles, trapping and locking them in place. Ryn took her wrists and guided them against the wall, pushing them against marked blocks that also recessed, and trapped her hands in place.

The enema-pump pushed her full of fluid again, as a shower above her burst into life, warm water pouring over her. There was nothing she could do as Ryn pushed against her from behind, latex-wrapped body slippery with water, slippery-smooth hands stroking over Ama'ra's body. Her fingers were firm and strong, pushing against Ama'ra's belly, making her feel even more full, her bladder protesting. The hand pushed harder, discomfort getting even more acute – if it hadn't been for the urethra-valve inside of herself, she would have soiled herself.

'Oh? Nice and full, aren't you? A shame I can't take you for walkies, like the bitch you are.' Ryn licked at Ama'ra's skin, her tongue wet and sticky. 'Maybe if I'm good, Mistress Morrigan will let me have more fun with you?'

Ama'ra whined – she belonged to Mistress Morrigan, she didn't want anyone else to be playing with her! Although this slut's touches were light and delicate, her fingers sliding into Ama'ra, teasing her.

The pressure inside of her eased with a liquid splashing, the valve opening, her piss splashing down, streaming into the water and swirling away. It was a relief to be empty, but having her bodily functions at the command of this stranger was humiliating! Heat flushed through her, shame and lust mingling as she was fingered and teased. She could hear Lei'ra being treated in the same way, also locked into position, getting cleaned and teased.

'Good. Ama'ra, Lei'ra, this will now be part of your daily routine – the maids will be responsible for cleaning you, and ensuring your bodies are presentable.'

The last of the piss dribbled out of Ama'ra, her guts now feeling entirely empty, purged of all their contents. She was forced to endure the groping and teasing – after so long in the sensory deprivation tank, her body was desperate for sensation, rapidly heating up thanks to the probing, stroking fingers. But she could still sense Morrigan, close by, the woman's presence lending her strength and confidence.

Water continued to pour down on her as she was washed and then shaved, a razor-blade rasping over her crotch, shearing away the faint fuzz that had grown during her time in the tank. The hair on her head was starting to grow back, but it would be a long time before it had recovered to its former length and glory.

Throughout, Ryn kept hurting and teasing her, with little pinches and squeezes, or jabbing her fingers into Ama'ra, finding where she was soft and sensitive, making her gasp and whimper into her gag. With her limbs bound, it was impossible to escape or evade, and Morrigan seemed entertained, not bothering to stop the woman as she molested and groped Ama'ra.

'Ryn, let Lyn take a turn.'

Ama'ra gasped in pain as fingers squeezed, pinching her on the breast, harsh and sharp, before backing off. She had to twist awkwardly to see, another woman replacing Ryn – this one was much shorter, with bright blue eyes, smiling widely as she approached. Her touches were gentler, but more teasing, stroking over Ama'ra, especially between her legs.

Between scrubbing at her skin, Lyn kept teasing her, letting Ama'ra build up an inner heat, before moving her attentions elsewhere, the pleasure fading away. Ama'ra could feel Morrigan's amusement through the link – it was nice that her mistress was happy, but it would be nice to get off!

Eventually, the washing was done, the flow of water cutting off. Ama'ra let herself be dried off – not that she had much choice – but the thick and fluffy towel was nice and warm and soft against her skin, despite how uneasy she felt without her cuffs on. Her neck felt exposed and cold – she wanted the collar back, to let her feel owned and possessed again!

‘Oil them up and make them look beautiful. Afterwards, I have some special clothing ready and waiting.’

The bars locking her wrists and ankles clicked free, water gurgling away as the blocks pushed back, returning to level. As Lyn approached, a spray-bottle in hand, Ama’ra turned to face Morrigan, wanting her mistress to see her in her glory. She couldn’t resist from growling at this new bitch, Lyn, making a low noise in her throat, hopefully too quiet for Morrigan to hear.

The woman’s bright blue eyes narrowed, just slightly, before she squirted the oil bottle onto Ama’ra, making her skin shiny and bright, reflecting the bright lights of the bathroom. More squirts, more of the oil on her skin, and then Lyn leaned in, stroking it all over Ama’ra, trying to get it even.

Lyn moved in close to her, latex-wrapped breasts smearing more of the oil as she rubbed her body against Ama’ra. Her fingers were small and nimble, the oil slicking over Ama’ra, making her skin feel tingly and warm. This one seemed a lot nicer than Ryn! She still felt uneasy and nervous with her collar removed, and having a hand stroke over her neck made her whimper, the skin there soft and sensitive, but it was nice not to be pinched and hurt. *This* was how Morrigan’s pet should be treated, surely? Kindly, and with respect!

The fingers caressed her, massaging her all over, her body heating up. Lyn was using her own body to spread it on, going up on her toes, and even then only just able to look into Ama’ra’s eyes. The touches, and the clinginess of the oil, were both warm and sultry. Lyn smiled at her, strangely genuine, her stroking soft and gentle. The desire was spreading through her body, a seething knot between her legs – although she could feel the blockage enforced by Morrigan, barring her from release.

‘Good girl – you like this, don’t you? We should be friends, after all!’ Lyn rubbed herself against Ama’ra again, before dropping to her knees, applying oil over the backside and thighs of Ama’ra. Her mouth came forward, lips kissing against pussy-lips, tongue lightly penetrating, licking against piercings.

Ama’ra whined, already gasping, hot and lustful. The woman giggled, leaning back and looking up at her with a wide smile. ‘Such a good little slut you are! I can see why Mistress Morrigan likes you.’ She leaned in close again, tongue penetrating even more deeply, her hands still roaming around, smearing and rubbing the oil around.

Was this allowed? Being teased by Mistress Morrigan was one thing, but having this latex-wrapped tease licking and kissing and rubbing her was too much! She twitched a leg, trying to flick the woman off, but that just earned her a deeper, more passionate cunt-kiss, making her shiver with denied pleasure. Being this close to a release she knew she wouldn’t be allowed filled her with frustration – although it sounded as though Lei’ra was even worse off, making pained squeals, both of the other two working on her, massaging, pinching and slapping her skin.

She managed to endure it, despite the shivers running through her body, trying to slow her breathing down, not wanting to succumb to the teasing. And, eventually, she was done, her entire body shiny and oiled. Having her makeup done at least stopped the teasing, Lyn needing to use both hands for that, Ama'ra obediently closing her eyes to let it be applied, feeling brushes flicker and dust over her face.

Once it was done, she opened her eyes again, looking over at Morrigan for approval. Her mistress looked back at her, giving her the slightest nod of the head, a warm flush of pleasure running through Ama'ra. Maybe now she would be allowed to serve her mistress directly? She wanted to touch her, or be touched by her, maybe even allowed to place her lips on the sacred softness of her pussy, to lick at her, and taste the ambrosia of her juices. Her mouth started to water, forcing her to swallow down a wad of spit or dribble everywhere.

A fever started to burn within her as Morrigan approached, and she felt herself falling into the sensation of the woman's presence, inhaling her scent, her thoughts addled and dazed. Mistress Morrigan's hand was holding her collar, placing it onto Ama'ra's neck, pushing it shut. Having it back in place helped settle her nerves, making her feel better, more *owned* and secure. She raised her arms, letting her cuffs be sealed back into place, the metal settling onto her skin. Mistress Morrigan didn't demean herself by dropping to her knees for the ankle-cuffs, instead handing them over to Lyn for attaching, and then withdrawing.

'Now, show the maids how much you appreciate their efforts. You can clean their feet with your tongues.'

Ama'ra had to bite back a whine of protest. She wanted to spend time with her special, precious mistress, not servicing these maids, whoever they were! And their latex suits were dappled with smears of oil and streaks of water. Even having the cuffs and collar back on didn't make her feel better – she didn't want to degrade herself like this!

'*Kneel.*' The command was delivered with extra strength, Ama'ra dropping to her knees, the floor not yet fully dry.

Lyn giggled again, extending one black-sheathed leg pushed towards Ama'ra. She stretched her neck out, pushing her mouth against the latex, wincing at the taste of oil and shower-water.

'In time, I think you'll come to enjoy your time with the maids. But remember – you are pets, so they will be in charge of you.'

Having to be down on her knees, licking away, sent a flush of shame through Ama'ra, mingling uneasily with the pleasure she could still feel, seething between her legs. Lyn stepped away, Ama'ra moving to follow her, until all three of the maids were stood together, Ama'ra moving herself next to Lei'ra, their naked bodies bumping together. At least Mistress Morrigan was close by, watching her – maybe, if she was a good and obedient slave, then she would be rewarded with pleasure? Or maybe even a chance to hurt these maids – she didn't want them displacing her in Morrigan's affection. Or eating her mistress out – that was a place only she

should be allowed! Even if she was currently having to use her tongue for a far less pleasurable task...

Chapter 4: The Auction

Ama'ra crawled forward, having to be sure to keep enough slack in the leash or she would be strangled. The bitch-suit she was wearing pressed against her body, supporting but also compressing, forcing her to crawl on her knees and elbows, her body-shape entirely transformed. Even with the oil over her skin, it was still tight enough to chafe and rub, while the corsetry around her waist supported her spine, but also made it harder to breath properly. And, of course, there was the tail, matching her hair – at least what she had of it – shoved deep into her asshole, swaying as she moved and dragging at her bowels, impossible not to feel. A metal belt around her waist and over her crotch locked her pussy away, preventing any touches.

Still, at least she was with Mistress Morrigan again – she could see her owner's legs, sheathed in thigh-high leather boots, just in front of her, feeling her mouth water behind her muzzle. Just the thought of mistress' cunt, wet and juicy, made her feel woozy and lustful!

After being dressed, then they'd been transported here – not far, at least in the van that had carried them, but there were other people around. Tall, well-dressed and powerful women, all sleek and sensual, and their slaves. Their differences were obvious – not just collars, but the demeanor and attitude of the slaves was obvious to see, with those of lesser rank attending to the needs of their owners and superiors.

And then there were the slave-girls that weren't even able to move – leather balls dangled from the ceiling, each with a head poking out of the top, long and silky hair sliding around over the leather. As the occupants writhed, the shape of limbs could occasionally be seen, pushing against the leather before falling back. All the ball-women were gagged, unable to do more than vaguely whine as the dominants pushed at them, making them swing through the air, or squeezed and pinched through the leather.

Various symbols, similar to the house marks tattooed over Ama'ra's heart and pussy, were etched onto the leather – did that show who had donated them, or who owned them? She watched as two women batted one of the balls between them, a ribbon of sleek black hair streaming through the air as the woman inside the ball was forced to move, swinging back and forth.

Morrigan paused, stopping for a brief conversation with a women in a full-length latex dress, speaking to her with tones of respect. Behind her, leashed and obedient, was a woman in a pencil-skirt, Ama'ra not able to bend her neck enough to see her upper body. They mentioned the three new sluts Morrigan and Victoria had returned with – she must have been their trainer! Ama'ra crawled next to Morrigan, rubbing herself slightly against her owner's leg, feeling frustrated by the multiple layers of leather in the way. She wanted the touch of skin-on-skin, without anything blocking that touch!

After exchanging courtesies, Morrigan tugged on the leash, Ama'ra obediently following behind her.

'Good girl. Your training has come a long way – I'm trusting that you and Lei'ra will both behave, now we're in public. If you don't, then I'll have to come up with some new, special punishment – just to make sure that you learn your lesson. I'm sure there's some clamps I've not used for a while, we could see how you react to those. Or some of the metal devices, to spread you out, nice and wide and exposed.'

Ama'ra made a faint whine – she'd be a good bitch-pet! She wanted to be close to Morrigan, and to show off her training. Ama'ra rubbed herself against Morrigan's leg again, enjoying the feeling of strength and power there. Morrigan scratched her head, making her purr and vibrate in pleasure.

After looking around for a moment, Morrigan pulled on the leash again, walking away with rapid strides, so fast that the collar was pulled tight. Ama'ra spluttered, her throat getting compressed before she was able to force herself to move fast enough to keep up, close at Morrigan's heels.

She was pulled forward, heading towards the centre of the room – a few of the other dominants glanced at her, making her tense up and draw closer to Morrigan, fearful of being left alone or punished. From somewhere she couldn't see, she could already hear the crack of whips, gagged groans turning into screams amidst the impact of leather on flesh.

'Up.' A ramp led up onto a table, Morrigan walking alongside it – it was angled so that it was easy for Ama'ra to walk up it, even with her bound limbs, letting her get onto the table, several feet off the ground, and giving her a better view.

She was face-to-face with a quartet of slaves, all leashed together, cords running from their neck to a jeweled bracelet around the wrist of a young Asian woman, wearing a red silk dress, a dramatically high thigh-cut showing off one leg. Her sleek black hair was held in place by several jade sticks, all beautifully carved and shaped – although there was an unkempt tangle on one side, a hair-pin clearly missed.

It didn't take long to see where it had gone – one of her collared slaves had their tongue out, the pin stuck through a piercing-hole in the center of her tongue, forcing her to keep it extended. Her chin was already wet with dribble, splashing downwards, landing between her breasts. All she was wearing was a thin strip of translucent latex over her breasts, and a micro-skirt of the same material over her crotch, a chastity belt visible beneath. Piercings could be seen through each nipple, along with the blurry outlines of tattoos, over each of their hearts and crotches. All of them had their arms bound behind their backs, leather armbinders keeping them restricted, the straps running around their necks and chests.

The Asian looked at Ama'ra, before glancing at Morrigan, who nodded. That was apparently permission enough, the woman reaching forward and running long-nailed fingers over Ama'ra, scratching at leather before finding the bare skin of her breasts.

'Hmm, nice and sturdy. A little tall for my tastes. And I prefer to keep my meat soft and tenderized.' Her other hand flicked out, grabbing at the hair-pin stuck through a tongue and grabbing at it, forcing the woman to bend over with a pained squeak. 'Meat needs to learn to be soft and willing – these four are currently going through an adjustment phase, but they know better than to disobey. And soon they'll be used to being up on their toes all the time.' She held them pressed down against the table, ignoring their faint squeals of protest. 'None of you are going to shame me by falling over, are you?'

It looked like all four of them were only inches from bursting into tears, but they murmured agreement from their gagged mouths, red-tinted lips forced wide around rubber ball-gags, each daubed with a single letter – S, L and U. They were swaying constantly, never staying still – Ama'ra looked over the edge of the table to see they all had metal contraptions locked around their feet. Shaped like high heeled shoes made of metal wire, but missing the heel, that part replaced with a metal spike coming up from the ground. This forced them to walk on the balls of their feet, or their heel would get jabbed by the spikes.

Still holding the woman down by her tongue, the Asian used her other hand to probe Ama'ra, feeling between her legs, shaking the belt around. That made it press against her pussy, making her whine. 'Nice and desperate! This must be your special pet – and Victoria has one to match! Oh, I do so love matched sets, they're just so much more fun than singletons. There's so much more *artistry* that can be done with a group. These four sluts are still being trained, but I think they'll look lovely carrying me on a sedan chair or palanquin. Although I'll need to keep them concealed for a little longer – unfortunately, they're thought of as "missing" rather than "dead". Your acquisition was a lot neater!'

Ama'ra shifted, feeling uncomfortable, old and unwanted memories bubbling up, which she tried to quash.

'Four at once was rather bold though – I saw the news reports. A whole slumber party! Impressive work! And they certainly seem obedient now. From the pictures, they seemed the types to be proud and arrogant.'

'Oh yes, they needed several weeks in the pits to break their pride. And teaching them to worship my body was a particular delight – S showed the most delightful aptitude for licking my feet, at least once she understood the alternative was going back into the darkness, and hoping that none of the others down there would catch her and have fun with her.'

The woman with the "S" on her ballgag shivered, just barely stifling a sob. A long, sharp nail slid along Ama'ra's pussy, making her wince from the pressure-pain of it.

She continued to chat with Morrigan, her hand moving with idle casualness. 'Have you seen Xendra? I'm sure you've heard about the challenge.'

'That both of you are going to have a slave duel in your names? Yes, I'd heard the rumors.'

'You want to tell me you're dropping out?' Another voice sounded out, Morrigan having to twist around to see the speaker – a tall woman, dressed to show off her toned physique, her dark skin shining. Her dress was thin gauze everywhere except over her breasts and crotch, and bright gold beads complimented her black skin. Behind her, attached by thin silver leash-chains, were two women with complexions so pale they were almost albino, their hair bleached to a perfect platinum-blonde sheen. Although they were shorter, both of them were toned and lean, moving with easy grace despite the fat metal cuffs around their ankles and wrists, large enough that they had to be painfully heavy. Gold-decorated bit-gags sat between their lips, the shining metal worn away where their teeth had rubbed it off, and they had nothing on except for linen wraps over their breasts and chastity belts over their crotches, the metal inlaid with curling metal swirls.

Despite her towering over the Asian, the smaller woman glared back at her. She twisted her hand, dragging the unfortunate slave around by her tongue, making her gasp in pain. 'As if! I want to have my collar around your girl's neck – before her body is spread out in my gardens, while I see what it takes to make her scream.'

Her fingers were tipped with golden nail-covers, sharp and pointed, which she reached beneath Morrigan, sliding them along Ama'ra. They were sharp, making Ama'ra want to try and twitch away, and only the presence of Mistress Morrigan helped her keep calm. The two sets of fingers, both painfully sharp, tickled around her pussy, teasing and hurting her. Two fingers entered, one from each side, scratching her wet and exposed inner walls, making her whine with pain.

The two of them growled and bickered, Ama'ra looking uncertainly at Morrigan. Her mistress had an amused smile on her face, so presumably the matter wasn't that serious? Although both the women seemed to be fully into it, glowering at each other, their bodies tense, fingers continuing to scratch inside of her.

'I'm looking forward to seeing the fight. Both of you are skilled trainers – it should be an interesting match.'

Ama'ra managed to twist her head enough to nuzzle against Morrigan, glad of the intervention, the two women slowly withdrawing their fingers, the painful intrusions sliding out of her body. Morrigan's hands slid against Ama'ra's body, finding the belt and unlocking it. Air rushed against her wet slit, a thrill of pleasure spiking into her body.

The other woman smiled at Morrigan, tapping her golden fingernails against her chest. 'It is a pleasure to see you, Morrigan. And I hope that the fight will be impressive to see – although I'm sure my fighter will win. After which I will own *little* Xyah's pet. It will be amusing to see how she endures some of my special training. But I suppose we should let our girls get to know each other as we go and entertain ourselves.' She pulled on the leashes she was holding, tying them around metal rings on the table, leaving so little slack that they had to bend over awkwardly.

The Asian pulled her bracelet off, taking a heavy padlock from a clutch purse and using it to secure her quartet of slaves. She used the hairpin, still pushed through the woman's tongue, to guide her movement, twisting it so that it was pushed through the bracelet. When she twisted it again, it was too long to come back through, forcing the bitch to stay bent over, blubbing and gurgling.

'Stay here. And be good – unless you want to go back into the pits?'

From the look of terror that flashed onto the women's faces, that was a dire threat, all of them shuddering.

'You can play with Morrigan's pet. She seems friendly enough. Now, Morrigan, why don't we go and get a drink?' The Asian stepped around the table, taking hold of Morrigan's arm and pulling her away.

Ama'ra whined slightly, not liking the feeling of being left alone, but Morrigan didn't seem to hear. And now she was at the center of the other slaves – the two pale women to her left, and the four terrified-looking ones to her right, one of them still pinned by her tongue, making soft grunts of pain as she tried to get free, or at least make herself comfortable. Although the other three of them were still shifting awkwardly, their heel-spikes not letting them rest.

One of the pale women reached out a hand, slow and gentle, then rubbing it against Ama'ra's head. She let herself be stroked, enjoying the touches, the fingers warm and smooth. She heard herself purr, before the other one touched against her crotch. They made soothing noises, and Ama'ra felt herself relax. Even the other women looked a little calmer now, rubbing against each other for comfort.

The fingers probed deeper into her, making her gasp and writhe. It was nice to be petted and stroked, but she wanted to come! The fingers didn't provide enough stimulation to get off, but felt good, making her head swim. She felt a splash of sticky wetness on her head, one of the women dribbling onto her head.

'Mrhhh!' Having someone else's spit ooze onto her skin was gross, but there was no way to get it off! All she could do was endure the teasing and stroking, while looking at the four women all shifting around, making gasps of pain as their heel-spikes tormented them. Despite that, she could smell their lust though, a sweet and musky scent emanating out from their bodies, turning her on even more!

She whined, feeling more dribble splash onto her head, somehow still at the bottom of the pecking order. And now she could barely even see what was going on, her view blocked by the other slaves! All she could do was let herself be stroked and teased, listening to the pained whines from one side, and hoping for Morrigan's swift return.

Chapter 5: The Challenge

Lei'ra shifted, the ground hard against her bare knees. She could feel a tingle of pleasure through the bond to Victoria, her own body heating up without any direct physical stimulation. The posture of submission didn't help – her legs were spread, letting the air kiss against her bare cunt, while her arms were crossed behind her back, making her completely exposed and vulnerable. There was a faint pressure from the collar around her neck, Victoria holding the leash.

Victoria was sat down on a special seat, with a blindfolded slave-girl between her legs. The slave's head was shaved, a complicated tattoo inked around her forehead, the rest of her body sealed within the chair. But it wasn't fair that some other slave was allowed the privilege of licking and kissing Mistress Victoria's body, never mind her most special and sacred place! Lei'ra seethed in silent frustration, the thought of being able to put her own tongue there, of tasting her mistress' cunt, leaving her in excited frustration.

She tried to distract herself by looking at the stage – leashed and bound captives were being led up, their bodies shown off to the audience, and their skills listed off. Few had names, or at least they were detailed – had they all been kidnapped, like herself and Ama'ra? The thought of one day being sold sent a chill through Lei'ra, making her shiver, the leash shaking, before Victoria gave it a twist, Lei'ra getting herself under control, sending a mental urge of stillness through the link.

Victoria and Morrigan made a few small bids, acquiring some women, seemingly without too much conflict. But the bidding for the other slaves seemed intense, quite a few of the women taking it personally, openly seething with resentment upon being outbid, turning to their own slaves and taking it out on them, with vicious slaps and pinches, the slaves accepting their beatings. Seeing that made Lei'ra feel even hotter, remembering the feeling of Victoria's hands upon her own body, clawing and scraping.

A petite woman was pulled forward, her gaze distant and unfocused, skin covered with obvious pinches and strike-marks, naked except for collar and cuffs, chains linking her wrists, ankles and neck.

'Number Five! Fresh-caught, not yet fully broken, but trained in domestic skills. High endurance, despite her small size. Any takers?'

A number of hands went up, Victoria's amongst them, the first one she had bid on. The numbers stacked up, the auctioneer stroking at the woman's body, bringing a pink tinge to her cheeks. She looked like she was about to cry, her body shivering, making the chains shake and rattle, the sound picked up by the microphone and getting broadcast around.

Lei'ra could feel Victoria's mounting excitement and frustration, as other bidders kept driving the price up. How much was Victoria willing to pay for this? She idly wondered how much she would be worth – not that she wanted to be sold, but surely she was worth a high price?

Most of the other bidders dropped off, until it was just Mistress Victoria and another woman – Lei'ra could just about see them, dark-skinned, draped with silk and gold, looking like a goddess-queen from ancient myth. And she could sense Victoria's excitement turning more and more to annoyance, as the price just kept increasing, the other woman sounded amused, even as it ticked higher and higher.

In the end, Victoria was the first to stop, lowering her hand with a growl. She yanked on the leash, dragging Lei'ra in close, and then slapping her across the face. Sparks danced across her eyes, before Victoria's strong fingers started to pinch and torment Lei'ra. Each one made her breath hitch, pain and pleasure swelling inside of her, and between her legs. Her nipple-piercing was grabbed, getting yanked back and stretching out her tit, the lurch of pain making it impossible to focus. She didn't dare resist, offering up her body as a sacrifice to her mistress' whims.

Another slap to the cheek sent her sprawling in front of Victoria, able to see a blurry reflection of herself in her mistress' boots. One stretched forward, kicking her in the belly, before the heel ground into her flanks.

'Wipe them with your cunt, then lick them clean.' The frustration in Victoria's voice sent a thrill of fear through Lei'ra, and she leant into the desk. She had to twist her body around, dropping her crotch until she felt the leather between her legs, and then grinding her hips back and forth. The echo of Victoria's pleasure was enough that she was already wet, and the thought of touching her mistress, even through the boots, excited her further. The degradation of being used like this excited her even more, making it easier to slid her pussy over the leather, wiping the boot clean with her cunt, before twisting around and doing the same to the other boot. Victoria's annoyance was still overt, making Lei'ra move with haste, sliding her hips back and forth.

Once she was done, she turned around, lowering her head, her view now limited to just Victoria's long, black boots. The taste of the leather was strong against her tongue, air curling against her own slit as she thrust it up into the air. She savored it, unable to resist the feeling of pleasure she felt at giving service, kissing the boots, making sure not to leave any untidy blobs of spittle. As she did this, from close by she could hear Morrigan, bidding on another slave – with her face pressed against the boots, she couldn't see who, but could sense a dim echo of excitement, rippling through Morrigan, into Victoria and then into her.

This one, it seemed, had less competition, with Morrigan winning. Lei'ra didn't stop her grinding and humping, trying to stretch out her pleasure as much as possible, even if she couldn't bring herself to a full climax. But, all too soon, Victoria kicked her aside, her sharp boots pushing into Lei'ra, just beneath her ribs and pushing her back. Lei'ra whined, wanting to stay in touch with her mistress, and prove herself of use, but she didn't resist, settling back onto her haunches.

'I suppose we got at least some of what we wanted. I'm sure we can find another cute little service-slut for us.'

Victoria growled, before managing to get herself under control, although Lei'ra could still feel the annoyance seething through the link.

'Shall we go and see the fight? Xyah and Xendrah are having their slaves duel – it should be interesting to watch. I think the loser will be given away. And there's going to be some admin to finalize our purchases.'

'True, we should at least finalize what we have got. And when we return, some changes will need making to allow space for everyone. And food and everything – but that can all be done on our return. It would be best to ready some of the punishment chambers as well. Just in case our new property ever attempts to slip free!'

'Yes, it may be best to have an object lesson of the first to err. So the others all know the consequences of failure.'

Both the dominants rose, tugging on the leashes, Lei'ra crawling behind, on her hands and knees. Most of the other women here had their own pets, slaves and servants – some allowed to walk, some even clothed, but Lei'ra and Ama'ra weren't the only ones on all fours. Some of the others were bound and restrained like that, with leather or metal restraints locked onto their bodies, forcing them to hobble and crawl. A few were completely sealed away, turned into barely-mobile leather or latex statues, metal ornaments gleaming against their skin-tight coverings.

Lei'ra didn't resist as she was pulled along behind her mistress, happy just to stay close. And this was a lot better than being punished or hurt! She could hear sounds of pain, gagged groans and moans, and the sound of whip-cracks on flesh. She shuddered – she didn't want to be punished!

She had to move carefully to avoid being trodden on, the other women around not caring about where they stood. And getting a stiletto heel onto her hand would hurt! At least from back here she could admire Victoria's backside though, nicely outlined by her tight trousers. She felt herself salivate, wanting to be tasting her mistress, to bury her tongue in that sweet, wet slit, eating her out and guiding her towards pleasure.

When she managed to shake herself out of the memory-dream, Victoria and Morrigan were in conversation with two other women, visible to Lei'ra only as a long, formal skirt and a pair of leather-wrapped legs.

'...two more acquisitions?'

'Yes, I can arrange delivery. Once payment is received, of course.'

More slaves? Lei'ra wondered what they would be like – serving-slaves, or simply for pleasure? And would Ama'ra and herself be allowed to play with them? It would be nice if there could be someone that was submissive to them – being able to play with a bound little toy would be fun!

And she was a good girl, so it seemed only fair that she was allowed to have someone to play with, even if just a little, surely?

The conversation went silent as another woman inserted herself into the conversation – Lei'ra recognized her voice as the one that had beaten her mistress in the auction, feeling a sting of dislike – her mistress should be allowed whatever she wanted! And she had to dodge to the side to avoid getting trodden on, not wanting to get stabbed in the hand by a stiletto heel.

'I suppose you can have fun with a few new toys. But it's for the best that I won that rather lovely little piece – she'll be a delight to train. I dread to think what she would have ended up like if you had been allowed to train her! Sloppy and messy, no doubt. And probably ill-behaved and disobedient as well. Not like my Co'ra – she's perfectly trained, and utterly obedient to my will. And her tongue is divine! She was resistant at first, but now she's the perfect little pussy-licker. It just took the right application of pain to make her cast aside her old limitations. And knowledge of what awaits her if she should fail me. Would you like to see the black room again, Co'ra?'

'No, Mistress...' The two words were imbued with a deep dread, Lei'ra able to see her shiver.

'I'm sure your little slut can't hope to compare. Too soft, too weak. And probably too used to cocks!'

'My Lei'ra is even more skilled with her tongue.'

The praise made Lei'ra blush, feeling a buzz of happiness in her belly, making her hips wriggle with delight. Mistress was proud of her!

'Why don't we bet on that? And my piece of fresh meat can be my stakes, while you will be betting *this*?' Her voice dripped with scorn, her heeled foot coming up to stamp down onto Lei'ra's hand, forcing her to dodge swiftly to the side or get her hand jabbed.

Lei'ra felt a moment of indecision waver through the bond. 'A fresh slave for a fresh slave seems fairer – the lot we have purchased for your one?'

'Hmmm, very well. That will have to do. Mistress Deckland, may we have the use of a private room?'

The response was from an older voice, sounding amused. 'Very well. I suppose so – if you must. At least this will be less aggravating than having to organize a fighting arena! This way.'

She turned, long dress rising slightly up, revealing booted ankles beneath, the motion sending a strong scent wafting over towards Lei'ra. She was pulled along, still crawling, glad of the sudden quiet as they entered a side-room, the background chatter suddenly going silent as the door shut.

Two chairs were in the center of the room, comfortable couches, but with a Y-shaped divide at the bottom. Lei'ra was pulled into position, Victoria giving her a quick head-pat and rubbing her back, leaving her in the Y-fork.

'Don't fail, Lei'ra. Unless you want to *suffer*.'

Lei'ra whimpered, not liking the tone of Victoria's voice. She wanted her mistress to be proud of her! And she still didn't know what she would have to do.

The other woman sat down on the couch, her legs on either side of Lei'ra. Her scent enveloped Lei'ra, rich and intoxicating, almost as luxurious as her clothing and jewelry. Gold and gems sparkled in the light, dangling off her neck, waist, wrists and ankles, literally dripping with wealth. And, from here, Lei'ra could see between her legs, and that she was wearing nothing beneath.

The older woman spoke. 'The two slaves will both give pleasure with their tongues. The victor will be the first to create ultimate pleasure. And the stakes have been agreed.'

On the other couch, Victoria sat down, having to pull her trousers down, as Co'ra knelt down between her legs. Lei'ra felt a surge of jealousy – that was *her* place, no-one should be there! As Co'ra pushed herself forward, tongue sliding out, Lei'ra could only grit her teeth in impotent jealousy. But she wanted to make Mistress Victoria proud – and so she crawled forward and opened her mouth, getting ready to lick and kiss.

This woman smelled and tasted different to Victoria and Morrigan – more exotic, somehow, a rich and velvet sensation settling in the back of her throat and in her nose, as she kissed against a thigh. And then closer in, she could smell her pleasure-juices, like a sweet and rich honey. Lei'ra sucked at her slit, suckling and licking, before probing with her tongue. She wanted to make Victoria proud! Even though she'd rather be between Victoria's legs than those of this woman.

She kept her hands behind her back as she had been trained, each hand gripping the opposite elbow, leaning closer in. The scent was even more overwhelming now, her nose pressed directly against soft skin, inhaling deeply. Her thoughts fuzzed – even the link to Victoria seemed weaker now, drowned out by the closeness of this other woman!

And her juices – sweeter than honey, they slicked Lei'ra's mouth, coating her tongue and then down her throat. She could feel the warmth there, settling within herself, her own body reacting with desire and pleasure. That she was getting turned on made her feel like a traitor to Victoria, even though it was her own body, something entirely out of her own control! She tried to grip onto the thread of Victoria's mental presence, using that to steady herself.

But she could feel Victoria's pleasure as well – Co'ra was eating her out, a wet, pulsing warmth seeping through the link, along with audible gasps of pleasure coming from the other couch. Lei'ra whined into the woman's pussy, thrusting her tongue even deeper, sliding it along wet, soft walls, as she sucked at the woman's hot and swollen nub.

If she failed Victoria, what would be done with her? She didn't want to be sent back down into the cold, cruel dungeon rooms, to have her body tortured and tormented, or being sealed into sensory deprivation, far from her mistress' touch! She forced herself to lick harder, doing everything she did to serve and pleasure Victoria, getting as close in as possible. This made the scent and taste even stronger, her thoughts as though she were intoxicated, her head getting soft and dazed.

Victoria's panting was getting even faster and louder – and Lei'ra could feel the throbbing pleasure getting more and more intense, her release getting closer and closer. Lei'ra's own pussy was wet now, her thighs starting to get damp with her own juices as the pleasure infected her, as well as the intoxicating scent and taste washing away any other thoughts. All she could do was mentally grasp onto the mental connection to Victoria, trying to use it to steady herself, trying not to get distracted. Her tongue was as deep in as she could push it, flicking around, trying to find the most sensitive spots, wanting to prompt the woman into release.

She could hear gasps and moans, feeling the pussy tense and quiver around her lips and tongue. When she glanced up, she could see the woman was stroking herself, elegant hands sliding over her own breasts and squeezing and caressing herself, her lips pursed, face flushed. That meant she was at least having some effect! But Victoria was right on the edge of release, her gasps rough-edged and frantic, barely keeping herself from cumming.

If Mistress Victoria could deny herself pleasure, even for a moment, then she, Lei'ra, would have to push herself as hard as possible, to show that she was worthy of being Victoria's favorite slave! And so she twisted her tongue faster, twirling it around the erect clit and sucking on it, forming a tight seal. She closed her eyes, forcing out all other distractions, blanking out everything except the hot, wet bud of the clit between her lips.

She swallowed down more warm, sweet pussy-juice, and sucked in. From above, she heard a long, sighing gasp, tense muscular tremors rippling through the woman's body. She let out a low sigh, Lei'ra daring to open her eyes. The woman's face was flushed red now, her lips shaping into a smile. A moment later, she felt Victoria's orgasm through the link, a deep pleasure seeping into her, making her own pussy twitch, wanting to be filled and used.

Out of habit, she kept licking and sucking, drinking down the juices, the heat in her belly intense now.

'Victoria's slave has won. As a result of that, then Amunhet will hand over her new property to Victoria. Unless she wishes to go back on her word?'

There was a long pause before the woman that Lei'ra had sucked and licked into orgasm spoke, getting her breath back. Her eyes flicked down, glaring at Lei'ra with contempt before looking away.

'Very well. It was fairly won – I was not expecting this slut to be so skilled with her tongue. I would like to purchase her – I think that five million would be a good price?'

Lei'ra's eyes bulged – *how* much?

'Lei'ra is not for sale. She is my precious bonded slave – and will serve me forever.'

'Seven. And I will trade my current favored mouth-slave as well.'

'No. Lei'ra is mine, and I will not allow anyone to buy her. You should consider yourself lucky to have sampled her skills – she is quite proficient. Once I broke her resistance, she proved herself quite competent. Although your Co'ra is rather talented herself.'

'Amunhet, it is unseemly to beg in such a fashion. You should look to train your own slaves better, if you desire greater pleasure. Especially after your earlier bragging! Perhaps work further on matching your deeds to your words?'

The woman glared down at Lei'ra again, something in her eyes chilling Lei'ra – the sudden sense of danger and threat made her shiver, wanting to back away. As it was, she barely had enough time to lean backwards before the woman rose, sending a dizzying wave of her scent across Lei'ra's face. She grabbed at the collar of her slave and dragged her to her feet, pulling her away with a growl.

As soon as she was gone, Lei'ra felt a mental command from Victoria, and crawled over to her. Her mistress' legs were still spread, Lei'ra taking a position between them, before a hand rested on her head, then started pulling her in. She relaxed, letting herself be guided, savoring the taste of Victoria's pussy, letting the juices wash away the taste of the other woman. This was where she should be!

Chapter 6: Watching the Entertainment

The fighting circle was lower than the main room, the ground filled with dry sand, already scuffed by previous fights, as slaves worked to brush it back down, preparing it for the next one. Xyah was still holding tightly onto her arm, the other Amazon small and soft, Morrigan briefly suppressing a fantasy of taking hold of the other woman's dark hair and dragging her around, forcing her into submission, her pretty little mouth forced to suck at Morrigan's own body. Of course, such a thing couldn't happen – if nothing else, an Amazon would take far too long to break!

Several of the defeated were arranged by the circle, bodies spread out for ease of use, their groans and gasps loud enough to be heard over the background chatter. Xyah's grip on her arm tightened, pulling her close to the edge of the circle, where the next two fighters were being readied.

'That one's mine.'

Both the would-be fighters were in cages, tall enough to stand up in but nothing else, and keeping them from seeing each other. Xyah's was a short and slender woman, with light blonde hair. The other one was taller and stronger, with visible muscles, already flexing and tensing, preparing herself to fight. Both were wearing only tight athletic gear, stretched over their crotches and breasts, as well as their collars.

'It doesn't look as though it will be an interesting fight. Your slave looks a lot weaker.'

'She is quite cunning though. I've promised her a reward if she does manage to succeed – I'm sure she would enjoy having her first orgasm since I acquired her.'

That would explain the twitching desperation in the smaller woman's body, and the slight dampness visible over her crotch, squirming her thighs.

'I've arranged a box, somewhere a little better to view it all. And some personal entertainment.'

Morrigan let herself be guided, amusing herself by shifting her balance to throw the smaller woman off her stride, still unable to get the image of Xyah as a fuck-slave, on her knees and between Morrigan's legs, out of her head. That neck of hers, soft and elegant, would look exquisite wrapped in a barbed wire collar, prickling at the flesh!

One side of the circle had small, private booths along it, for more private meetings, or simply a break from the hustle and bustle and crowding of everywhere else. Xyah's quartet of slaves were already there, moved here from where they had been secured, lined up and ready to serve, food and drink at the ready, bowing in unison. They were fresh enough that the movements were slightly untimed, and there was a delicious look of fear in their eyes as Xyah approached one of them, dragging the woman into a long kiss.

Then she shoved them away and gave a command. 'Down.' The woman dropped to all fours, becoming a chair, Xyah perching atop her, watching out over the fighting pit. 'You may entertain yourself with the others, if you wish. They still haven't entirely accepted their places, and some more pain will do them good.'

Morrigan picked one at random – a curvaceous brunette, hair flowing in burnished curls down her shoulders – and groped at the soft body. The narrow strips of latex over crotch and breasts offered no protection, Morrigan feeling the skin beneath, scratching her nails over it, enjoying the whimpers of pain she provoked, then dragging her over so that she could see out herself.

The cages were being lowered, the crowd drawing around to watch. Morrigan ripped away the scant clothing and bent the woman over the balcony, hearing a squeak of fear and shock.

'Feel free to be rough with her. She was a nasty little slut before I got hold of her, so I'm sure she likes it, even if she protests. I had them all pierced as well – it's quite fun to use that to connect them together and then start shocking them, making them hurt each other.'

She was stroking her “seat”, her long nails sliding over buttocks, teasing between her slave’s legs, stimulating enough that the woman was already panting. Xyah gestured at the other two, who dropped to their knees and started to crawl over. As soon as they were in reach, she grabbed at a head and pulled one around by long, blonde hair, making them kiss along her bare leg.

‘You can use the other one. I’m thinking of having them hooded for a few months, except for their mouths – their tongue-work needs more training.’

The one that Morrigan had bent over shuddered, hearing the threat, Morrigan spanking her ass, hard enough to leave a bright hand palm-print, grinding her hips against her captive.

‘They certainly seem obedient.’

‘Oh yes – I’ve made sure of that! I whipped them raw, until they bled, to make sure they know the consequences for upsetting me. And pierced them, personally, after making them beg for it. Isn’t that right, my sweet? Show Morrigan your lovely tongue.’

The one that was crawling towards Morrigan shoved her tongue out – soft, pink flesh, but there was a large golden piercing through it. Not just a single stud, but a larger thing that stood out more, designed to give greater pleasure when deep within a pussy.

‘It means none of them can talk properly either, which is nice. Pets don’t need to talk – just serve.’ Xyah was dragging on her slave’s hair, as the woman tried to plant kisses on Xyah’s leg, wincing and whining in pain. ‘And if any of them make a mistake, then they all get punished. Which is always nice!’

The head dipped down, kissing against Morrigan’s boots. The cages were being lowered into the fighting pit, the fronts clattering open and the fighters stepping out. Xyah tensed up, fingers tightening in her slave’s hair, creating another hiss of pain.

Morrigan started to probe the one she had bent over, squeezing with her fingers, seeing where provoked the strongest reactions, jabbing into sensitive points. Right along the spine seemed to make her writhe, Morrigan digging her nails in and slowly scratching downwards, watching the muscles tense and contract, shoulders twisting, stretching at supple skin.

Morrigan slowed herself down, making each scratch deeper, taking longer, pressing herself over her victim, keeping them bent over and slowly grinding against them. In front of her, several officials moved to get the fight ready, whips in hand, cracking them to keep the contestants apart.

And then it began, the fighters squaring off. Like this, the size difference was even more obvious, with the stronger woman far larger and stronger-looking, already charging forward. Morrigan leaned over, kissing at a tense shoulder-blade, before biting, using her teeth to grind at soft skin. The woman shivered and whined, a twitching shiver running through her body.

'Such a soft little thing! Just like your mistress.' She ran her hand over ribs, then onto the softer skin beneath, then wrapping an arm around her completely, feeling at the flat, smooth belly, currently panting for air. The thought of Xyah being this obedient was a pleasing one – her small body would be easy to throw around, pin against a wall and have fun with. Stripping her silk dress away could be a single motion, and she was probably naked beneath! But to do something like that would incur the wrath of the other amazons – and Xyah herself was more useful as an ally than a fuck-toy. Still, she tucked the thought away for future contemplation, busying herself with molesting the slave she had been given to use.

'Does this one even have a name?'

'That's U – she hasn't earned anything more than that. If she's a very good girl, she might get more. Or I'll seal her a hood forever, and then she won't need any name at all.'

U sobbed, the motion making her push against Morrigan, who gave her a warning spank, until she settled back down. The woman was so lovely and soft, unable to control her reactions, Morrigan seeking out the places where she was most sensitive.

'And it seems she's well trained!' Morrigan felt between U's legs, finding a dampness there, probably against U's will. She slapped against the lips, U letting out a soft moan, Morrigan sliding a finger into her and teasing it back and forth, turning her attention back to the fight.

Xyah's contestant was dodging around, managing to avoid getting into a grapple she would clearly lose, instead launching quick attacks. They didn't seem to do much though, simply bouncing off thicker muscles, barely even causing bruises. A whip cracked out, slicing against her back as she stepped outside the fighting area. The welt was bright red against her back, and threw her off-balance, her opponent taking advantage and moving to grab her, shoving her onto the ground.

Morrigan turned her attention back to U, sliding her fingers out of them before pulling them up to standing by the collar, making it tighten over her throat, choking her. Several more spanks made her buttocks start to redden, before Morrigan grabbed and squeezed, crushing soft skin, drawing out a strangled moan of pain. Stood up, Morrigan pulled them back against herself, forcing U to rely on her for support, dragging her nails down between the woman's breasts, hard and painful.

Xyah either didn't care about her slave getting marked up, or didn't mind. She'd spread her legs, pulling her slave in close, Morrigan able to hear a tongue licking as Xyah moaned in pleasure.

Morrigan slapped U in the belly, making her tense up, before sinking her teeth into a shoulder, pulling at the skin. The woman whimpered, buttocks pressing backwards against Morrigan, arms limp and passive. The gasps and groans she was making were adorable, not even an attempt at begging or pleasing, just a thing of flesh waiting to be used and abused. Morrigan kept pinching, stroking and squeezing, grabbing hard onto U's inner thigh, using that to hurt them while dragging them off-balance, squeezing a breast with her other hand. Xyah certainly

seemed to have good taste in her slaves! And the other one was still licking at Morrigan's shoes, cleaning off the small amount of dust that had built up.

She changed positions, wrapping one hand around the throat, feeling the pulse beating through it, while fingering U with her other hand. She started to squeeze harder, making the woman rasp for air, tensing up in the most delightful way, powerless to resist.

The fight was continuing, with Xyah's slave still dodging around, closing in for swift strikes and then retreating. She had surprising skill, to be able to weave around grapples and avoid taking hits herself, but it was draining her energy fast – Morrigan could see her panting and gasping, her sweat making the dust of the arena stick to her skin. She spun, putting her weight into kick, hitting the other woman squarely on the leg.

That left her off-balance, the more powerful woman taking full advantage, stepping in for a quick counter-strike, a punch jabbing out with impressive speed. Morrigan tightened her grip on the captive throat, enjoying the feeling of soft skin tensing up against her own body, one of her fingers now fully inserted into U's cunt, which was tight and hot around it.

The fighters traded blows, both trying to protect their vitals from any hits, but the larger woman had a clear advantage, on both attack and defense. Her attacks were well-aimed, slamming through any attempt at blocks, and then she moved in closer, grappling her opponent and dragging her down to the floor.

The fight degenerated into a messy tumble, the two of them rolling around, both trying to get on top. Morrigan started to tease U, twisting her finger around, relaxing her throat-grip just enough to allow a swift inhalation of air before tightening her fingers again.

'That's it. Be a good little slut for me.'

There was a faint whimper as a response, Morrigan grinding herself against the woman's hip, wishing that she had a strap-on, nice and fat, to really make the woman moan and whine.

On the ground, the weight difference was even more telling – for all her struggles, the smaller woman simply couldn't break free, getting dragged beneath, one of her arms already trapped. Even a savage elbow-strike, right into the ribs, couldn't help her, as she was mounted and trapped, a forearm pressing down against her throat. Her flailing got weaker and weaker as she fought the choke-hold, Morrigan squeezing harder herself, feeling the strength slowly fade from her victim's body.

'That's it. You know not to fight back, don't you? Just an obedient piece of fuck-meat.' She nibbled at U's neck, with enough force to ensure the woman didn't pass out, sliding another finger into her.

Xyah was panting and gasping, her slave's tongue lapping at her cunt, gently stroking her own body, head tilted back, exposing her neck and throat. A collar really would look magnificent there – maybe a high posture collar, tight and stiff, forcing her to stand straight all the time. Or a

metal spike pointed upwards from the collar, forcing her to keep her chin high or get jabbed, to add a little extra torture to the position? Her slender, elegant face would be beautiful, contorted in fear and pain, her tight little body stretched out, with a fat dildo in both her holes!

She dragged her slave around by the hair, making the woman kiss and suck with greater vigor, ignoring the gasps of pain she caused. 'That's it! My lovely tongue-slut. There's still plenty of places on your body I can pierce – so don't get lazy!'

Morrigan slid her fingers out, bringing them upwards and shoving them into U's mouth. The woman's tongue swirled around, licking them clean, Morrigan letting her have just a lick more air. 'That's it. You know your place, don't you?'

'Mmm. I've tried to train them well!'

'It looks like your fighter might have lost though.' All the woman could do was desperately try to escape, before she finally relaxed, flopping into unconsciousness, to the general approval of the crowd.

'Well, I suppose at least we still get some entertainment.'

The attendants dragged the victor aside, dragging the loser to her feet as a wooden frame was dragged into the arena. It didn't take long until the loser was bound into place, bent over the frame, butt poking out, arms stretched out, and she started to regain consciousness. More ropes looped around her ankles, stopping her kicking out, and she started twisting more, trying to escape.

Xyah chuckled. 'She always was so prideful. Well, it looks like she won't be any closer to earning her name back today. And she never did like taking it from behind.' A fat strap-on was given to the victor, the thing covered with savage barbs and lumps. She hefted it over her head like a trophy, getting a few polite claps from the crowd, and then put it on.

'No! Please!' The struggling against the ropes got more intense, but they held strong, before the victor slapped the cock against her foe's face, publicly showing her victory. Then she grabbed at the long, blonde hair and used that to move the head, forcing the cock between red lips, starting to ravage the woman's throat.

'I suppose that's some mercy, at least. Get that thing nice and wet rather than going in dry.' Morrigan tightened her grip on U's throat, squeezing harder now, moving her fingers with swift, sharp pumps. The cunt tightened, the release not far away, Morrigan keeping her on the edge, watching as the throat was ravaged, dribble splashing out.

The victor withdrew, cock now wet with slobber, walking around behind her foe.

'No! Please! Mistress, help me!'

'She never did like it there. Well, perhaps she should have been more receptive to training. This is her first time taking anything that large.'

Shrill and pained screams sounded out as the cock slid into the captive body, forced in with inexorable force. The yells become desperate whimpers and whines, the sodomy continuing.

Morrigan let her own victim come, forcing a pained and choking climax onto her, enjoying the way the meat spasmed and twitched against her, all strength gone. As soon as she let go, the woman sank to the floor, body still twitching, Morrigan giving her a kick to at least move her into the corner.

'Thank you for the entertainment.'

Xyah giggled, wrapping an arm around Morrigan's, pulling herself close. 'Of course! It's always a delight to see you at work. Although it's a shame to have lost, but I still have everyone else to have fun with. Now, why don't we go back to the auction, as that should be starting soon?'

Morrigan let herself be led away, still resisting fantasies of taking Xyah by force – maybe later, if there was an opportunity for it!

Chapter 7: Sampling the Merchandise

Morrigan let herself relax, taking slow sips of champagne and letting herself be guided around. She could still feel Ama'ra through the soul-leash, and could sense that she was being teased – it seemed as though the other pets had taken a shine to her! Well, she was a cute pet, even with her hair not yet fully regrown. And a bit less broken down than Xyah's quartet. She tuned in briefly to what the smaller woman was saying – about how she'd abducted the foursome from a slumber party, as punishment and payback for some grievance – before turning her focus elsewhere.

They moved into the main hall – here, merchandise was on display, cuffed to metal frames, limbs held spread, allowing them to be fully inspected. And there was quite a crowd – Morrigan couldn't remember the last time she'd seen this many amazons all in one place, a riot of different colors and styles, dozens of perfectly-poised and styled women, many of them with their favored slaves in tow. And more than a few long-running feuds, or possibly friendships masked behind barbed banter, egos clashing in bitterly-polite quips and amused smirks.

Morrigan saw Victoria, working her way up and down with measured efficiency, poking and prodding, sliding experienced hands over exposed flesh, pinching at tongues and nipples. If they were being sold here, they should be tame and domesticated, but there would still be competition for the best ones – even the well-established houses could always do with more workers, and a skilled and beautiful set of maids was something to boast of.

She moved towards one arrangement of slaves, a circle of metal frames holding their bodies captive, clad in nothing but chains, pulling Xyah with her. Morrigan reached out to stroke one of them, a tall and busty redhead, mouth held open with metal bars. There was a barcode stamped just above her pussy, Morrigan scanning it with her phone, having to work one-handed with Xyah still hanging off her other arm.

“Jir” was listed as this one’s name – her eyes looked at Morrigan, clear hatred there, as Morrigan read over her skills. She seemed mostly to be for pleasure – a few domestic skills, but her main draws seemed to be flexibility and endurance. From how she was growling, even through her open-mouth gag, she would need further punishments, or strict bindings, to stay in place. At this point, she needed workers, not ornaments!

‘A somewhat disappointing one, is she not?’ A hand reached past Morrigan, nails scratching at the belly of the bound woman, leaving furrow-marks, the woman growling more loudly. ‘When they are that broken down, then they’re no fun as playthings. I am Amunhet – I do not believe we’ve had the pleasure?’

Morrigan half-turned to face the newcomer – she looked about the same age as Morrigan herself, although judging ages here could be hard. A golden necklace, dripping with rubies and emeralds, was around her neck, complimenting her tanned skin, a red silk dress sheathing her body, dark hair tumbling over her breasts. On her hip was a sheathed dagger, one of her hands resting on the grip – the sight of so obvious a weapon was unusual here. Was the woman paranoid enough to think she might be attacked, or did she simply enjoy having another source of power?

‘And you are Morrigan Sheligar. I hear you are assembling a household – a lengthy task, but one that can be pleasurable. If one assembles it properly, at least. Finding the correct staff and property can be something of a trial.’ Her smile was cold, a strong pride in her body as she stared at Morrigan. ‘One that can be surmounted, but it would bring shame to your mother if you were to fail. Perhaps you should go and get some of the meat that is rather more... housebroken? That might be closer to what you need. I think the Guild have provided some of that ilk, over there.’ She raised a hand, lazily gesturing towards several large cages, filled with dead-eyed slaves, stripped of their own will.

Morrigan bridled at the insult, catching her instinctive reaction to lash back with insults. ‘Dealing with someone like this isn’t so hard – the simple application of pain and pleasure will suffice.’ She grabbed at a hanging breast and squeezed, hard enough to make the captive wince and gasp. ‘And a bit of spirit can make them much more entertaining – my soul-bonded Ama’ra was a delight to break in, and is now a sweet and obedient pet.’

‘Oh, you managed to complete a soul-bond? Well, I suppose you were going to get there eventually. It is quite entertaining, isn’t it? And you’ll find it only deepens with time. After five years, there’s a noticeable difference. My first was achieved almost eight years ago.’ She closed her eyes for a moment, a look of concentration covering her face. A few moments later, a young woman emerged from the crowd, white catsuit unzipped most of the way to her navel,

large glasses on her face. The collar around her neck looked like it was shaped from ivory, studded with more gems.

'Co'ra here knows to respond to my call.'

The slave bowed, her poise perfect, before her face started to flush, her soft lips opening in a silent gasp, eyes going misty.

'And her body is perfectly controlled by my mind – in time, you'll be able to approach the same level of control with your slaves. Maybe, if you work hard.'

Co'ra gasped with pain, a welt-mark appearing on her body, between her breasts. Morrigan was impressed, despite herself – being able to force a physical reaction was quite an impressive feat! Nail marks started to appear down her chest, like she was being heavily scratched between her breasts. Morrigan mentally reached out towards Ama'ra, feeling for the knot of sensations and emotions, checking that the block on pleasure was still there. She'd have to practice more, until she could inflict such a thing onto her own slave!

'My own household is well-established now. I might perhaps get a few more pleasure-slaves, or ornaments for the house? And I suppose another few maids or a skilled cook wouldn't do any harm, but such things aren't necessary. But you must excuse me – I have important business to attend to, rather than the simple tasks of building a household.' She smiled at Morrigan, her teeth as shiny and sharp as her dagger-sheath, before clicking her fingers. Co'ra snapped out of her pain-trance as two more slaves, both toned and armed, appearing from the crowd, before Amunhet walked away.

A bell chimed, indicating that more stock was being produced. At the far end of the hall was a raised stage, the curtains peeling backwards, revealing more metal frames, women bound to them. A few of them were even struggling, their spirits not yet suitably trained.

As they moved towards the stage, Victoria walked out of the crowd, with Ama'ra and Lei'ra on their leashes behind her. Morrigan felt a surge of pleasure from Ama'ra, and couldn't resist smiling as the emotion transmitted itself into her, giving the pet-slave a quick pat on the head as she took the leash.

'I need to go and check that my champion is prepared for her fight. I wish you luck in finding appropriate slaves for your household. And watch out for Amunhet – she's the daughter of Anati of the A'Vala'Sakhmet. She's out to make a name for herself!' Xyah walked off, quickly vanishing from sight.

'You find anything, Victoria?'

'A few possibilities, but nothing definite. But those on the stage are the premium products – shall we go and have a look? And see if our lovely pets are able to sniff out a nice piece of pussy. Would you like that, my little Lei'ra? Would you like that?' She stroked and fluffed Lei'ra's hair, handing over the leash for Ama'ra.

The stage was already filled, Morrigan sliding her way to the front, pulling Ama'ra with her. These ones had a bit more spirit, not yet being entirely trained and broken – little grunts of defiance, eyes flashing with frustration, chains and restraints scraping and shifting as they moved. Some of them even had signs of recent punishment, or possibly even their capture, flesh marked with scratches and welts. Each of them had a number daubed onto their bellies, scribbled on with a marker pen.

Morrigan amused herself by approaching “number 1”, and tracing a finger over the number. The bulky, powerful-looking woman growled at her, mouth covered by a heavy metal muzzle, large muscles tensing up, making her chains rattle.

‘You’re a bit too bulky for my tastes.’

‘Grrrr!’ The chains clinked again, but were clearly too thick for them to break out of. From the marks on her body, she hadn’t been captured easily. There was an electrical snapping sound, the growling turning to a whine of pain, body tensing up.

‘She’s fresh – only captured yesterday. Haven’t had much time to break her in yet! But that could be fun. This one has quite some spirit, and needs some time stretched out with her holes stuffed. You were a fun little hunt though, weren’t you?’ Another shock and another yelp of pain.

The speaker was tall and powerful-looking, even by the standards of Amazons, wearing well-worn leathers, contrasting with the sleekness and sultry outfits of the other Amazons. Around her waist was a belt, holding several weapons – she looked equipped for anything, even in this place!

‘You’re... Sharam, aren’t you? I think we’ve met before.’

The woman shrugged. ‘Maybe. I meet a lot of people. But my stock is always the best – I like to catch them fresh, break them fast. It’s always fun hearing them cry and beg, before realizing they can’t escape. Some of the cover-up work can be a bit of a pain in the ass though.’ She clicked her fingers. ‘Wait, you snatched those two bitches, over on the west coast? That was pretty smooth work – it’s useful if you can cover your tracks, make everything think the slut you’ve grabbed is dead without a body. Got one like that myself not long ago – she was riding through the woods, miles from anyway. Far as anyone’s concerned, she must have had an accident and gone off road, no-one’s going to be looking for her.’

It was tempting to talk more about snatching and all the related skills, but there were more potential slaves to examine. Sharam seemed to sense her hurry, grinning at her.

‘If you want something a bit daintier, then there’s a few that might suit. This one is going to be some work to break though – she’s going to need a lot of work! Fun if you like that, but you’ll need to keep an eye on her.’

The bound woman continued to growl and seethe, between being shocked. Morrigan went over to number 2 – this one had a plastic bag over her head, the inside fogged with condensation, a small valve allowing just enough air for survival. Her body moved in spasmodic twitches and spasms, eyes fluttering open and closed. She was a lot smaller than the first woman – with soft, peach-like skin, marred with multiple bruises and shining with sweat.

‘This one wouldn’t stop swearing! I’m trying to teach her to have some manners. And it’s fun to watch her writhe and wriggle – and I drained her dry, so there’s no worry of her pissing herself.’

‘Ama’ra, give her a sniff.’ She pulled on the leash, letting her pet move in front of her. The pet-slave obediently lifted her head, delicately sniffing at the woman’s crotch. Morrigan closed her eyes, trying to let her senses flow into that of Ama’ra. She couldn’t do so directly, but she could gain at least a general sense of what the pet perceived – the slave’s cunt was fresh and hot, her juices wet and pungent. Ama’ra moved her head closer, her nose bumping right up against the exposed cunt.

The woman whined, not yet so gone as to not feel the touch. ‘Do you like her?’

The answering whine from Ama’ra was uncertain, the pet-slave twisting around. ‘Well, let’s go and have a look at some of the others. See if you have a scent for good meat.’

The next one seemed more obedient – perhaps *too* obedient, her eyes dead, body limp, not reacting even when Morrigan prodded her. Even when she pinching a nipple, as hard as she could, there was no reaction other than a faint gasp. This one seemed almost entirely broken already – she could be trained as a simple domestic, but anything involving more advanced thought seemed unlikely. Her chest was smeared with dribble, oozing from her gagged mouth – she didn’t seem to be making any attempt to keep herself clean, not even swallowing! She was clearly unsuitable, and so Morrigan moved on.

She glanced ahead – Victoria was ahead of her, playing with number 5, Morrigan moving to catch up. This one was a petite woman, probably from east China, currently flinching away from being poked and prodded. She flicked the leash, letting Ama’ra move ahead of her, sticking her head up and sniffing at the woman’s pussy. The sense of Ama’ra’s frustration was amusing, sending a thrill into Morrigan. The muzzled face pushed against the crotch, the captive’s legs held spread.

Morrigan reached out herself, grabbing hold of a nipple and twisting. The woman gulped in air, a metal ring-gag holding her mouth open. Her tongue wriggled, but only a little, a metal bar holding her tongue in place. The only sound she could make was vague gasps and mumbles – Morrigan scanned her barcode, finding that she was proficient in English, as well as several other languages. And had been trained in domestic skills! She was quite fetching, with a small, pale face and jet-black hair, currently messily cut, looking as though it had been hacked short with a knife.

She could feel their heat increase, just from the touch of the muzzle against their pussy, reaching down and stroking there. They were ready and receptive, their tongue tensing up as she fingered them, still locked in place and unable to move.

‘Hmm, you are a cute little thing, aren’t you? What do you think, Victoria?’

‘She is quite fetching. And it says she has a high pain tolerance as well.’

Morrigan gave the nipple a savage twist, looking for the reaction – there was a gasp, but only a faint one. That didn’t seem to be false advertising, then. And she had a nice tight pussy – and was wet enough to be making Ama’ra shift and whine, getting turned on by proximity to the woman’s desire.

‘She’d certainly look good around the place, and she does have useful skills. I quite fancy the look seven as well. Come and have a look at her.’

Morrigan gave Five a final squeeze, enjoying the look of silent pain in the woman’s eyes, wrenching the nipples to force the woman to acknowledge her, not letting her seek refuge back inside any inner darkness.

After that, she went with Victoria to go and have a look at Seven. Around her, she could hear gasps and moans from the captives, as other guests came and tested the meat. There was no gentleness or mercy – fingers groped and squeezed, shoving into cavities, muscles getting grabbed, soft flesh getting pinched and stressed.

Seven was a blonde, natural hair enhanced with bleach, to a platinum sheen. A massive ball-gag had been forced between her lips, thick ropes of dribble splashing down, with her body held splayed in an “X”, suspended off the floor in a spread-eagle position. She had a tattoo – one she must have gotten herself, several red rose-flowers on her upper arm.

‘We might need to alter that. Or get it removed.’ That got an indignant snort, chains rattling. Morrigan slapped at the woman’s crotch, trying to ignore the sticky spittle-smears down the woman’s body. ‘Does she have any useful skills?’

‘Some mechanical skills. And good at fixing and repairing things – we could do with someone for odd jobs.’

‘That means we’d have to be certain of her loyalty. But I’m sure we could manage that. I suppose she has a nice body. What happens with this?’ Morrigan reached out to touch the barcode-tattoo.

Sharam spoke from behind the bound woman. ‘We’ll remove it, unless you want to keep it. Comes off without leaving a mark. That one on her arm might be a bit more of a problem though – she had that done on her own, so it’ll be more work to remove. You could always have it modified though, maybe turn her into a full-body display? She’s got good skin, so she’ll mark well.’

'How trained is she?'

'Not very – only caught her a little while ago. She fights, but she wants to obey, and buckles fast.'

'Mhrrrrmm!'

All three of them moved to hurt the woman, slapping and pinching, leaving little red marks on her soft skin. There was another, quieter, whine, before she dropped into silence.

'She's got clever little fingers, and a nice soft mouth – started training to use her for that, but it'll be up to the owners.'

Morrigan looked her over again – she was certainly attractive, and training could be quite entertaining. She looked over at Victoria, who nodded. 'We'll consider her, and that little one.'

'Oh, number five, little Cho? Yes, I think she might be quite popular. Well, hopefully it'll be a good amount for me. You can all push the price nice and high!' She smiled, friendliness suddenly gone, her smile now predatory. 'It'll be starting soon, you should get to your seats.'

Chapter 8: *La Vie En Rose*

Cindy lay down on the massage table, a pleasing tiredness throbbing through her muscles, warmed by exercise and the sun. From outside, she could still hear the sounds of the students, their tennis racquets striking balls, the balls impacting against the floor. It was a shame that the girls were all, frankly, bad at the sport, but a fully paid working trip to the south of France was not something to be turned down! And at least here there weren't any reporters – she was tired of dealing with questions about Summer.

She inhaled, then breathed out, letting herself relax, her body sinking into the padded massage couch. She was laying face down, looking down at the floor, her face supported by a padded surround. Having a masseuse on-call was another of life's pleasures, and not one to be denied!

Footsteps approached – they sounded heavier than normal. The masseuse was dainty and petite – had she changed into heavier shoes? Or possibly she was stressed from running slightly late? Well, at least she was here now.

Cindy shifted her body slightly, making herself comfortable, hearing the sounds of preparation – gloves getting pulled on, the glug of oil being smeared over skilled hands, and then they approached.

Strong hands took hold of her shoulders, slippery with the oil, skilled fingers started to pull and twist her skin. The oil started to smear over her skin, as the massage began, and she had to bite her lip to avoid gasping in pleasure, not wanting to seem like a slut here. Although it had been some time since she had entertained a lover – maybe the father of one of her students? A few of them seemed to enjoy looking at her as she trained their daughters, clearly admiring her body. And she had kept herself trim and attractive, exercising and practicing constantly, her body still slim and flexible. She might not be able to compete, but she was still skilled, and attractive enough to draw the eye!

‘Hmmm...’ A groan of pleasure was drawn out of her as the gloved and oiled hands slid down her spine, squeezing and stroking, applying constant force. It hurt, but in a good way, pulling out the tension from her body, leaving her feeling limp and wrung-out.

This felt a lot more vigorous than normal! She moaned again, as palms pushed against her shoulder-muscles, making her back roll, her vision already starting to waver. Had the masseuse been practicing somewhere else, or was she using new techniques? But it felt good, the oil warm against her skin, soothing her, making her feel warm and relaxed.

The massage rolled down her back, coming to the base of her spine, just above the towel that covered her backside. Then it skipped to her legs, starting just beneath her buttocks, manipulating and twisting her muscles. The oil was rubbed down her legs, before thumbs pushed into the back of her knee-joint. She twitched, the movement involuntary, her lower leg jerking upwards, then getting pushed firmly down against the soft padding. Cindy’s breathing was getting faster now, her thoughts increasingly scattered. When the fingers brushed against the soles of her feet, she gasped and twitched again, but the movement was weaker now, her body feeling liquid and melted, barely able to move. They jabbed into her nerve-clusters, drawing out another ground from her lips, her eyes rolling in her head. This was far more intense than usual!

The oil was smeared over her entire body in a thin layer now, all over her back, soaking into her body, some scent she didn’t recognize flooding into her nose. It was a struggle even to swallow, but she didn’t want to disgrace herself by dribbling, her own spit splashing onto the floor beneath her.

The hands grasped her ankles, lifting them up and parting her legs. Warm air slid against her inner thighs, and she felt a faint sting of pleasure, before oiled hands rubbed there. She squirmed – that was more intimate than she expected! She could feel her arousal increasing as she was rubbed between her legs, and then the towel was whipped away, exposing her buttocks.

She felt a flush come to her face – she wanted a good fucking, but not right now! Cindy tried to move, wanting to protest, but her limbs refused to obey her, now warm and numb, simple passive lumps.

'Mrrhhhh!' Even her lips and tongue weren't fully mobile, her body held in some paralysis. Hands grabbed hold of her buttocks, warm and slippery, squeezing hard. A thumb brushed against the knot of her asshole, making her shiver, a chilling sense of vulnerability and exposure sweeping over her.

Thanks to the way that the massage couch was angled, she was exposed – fingers slid up her thighs, brushing against her crotch, slippery enough that one lightly penetrated into her with ease. She tried to protest again, but could only manage a faint whine. Her heart was pounding now, confusion and tiredness both addling her thoughts – what was going on? She couldn't move, could only barely think!

'I normally prefer younger prey, but sometimes it's nice to go for something a little older. And you have kept yourself well.' A hand slapped against her backside in a sudden, sharp spank, making Cindy draw in a sudden, sharp breath. 'And the thrill of the hunt can be a pleasure, but sometimes the simplicity of the capture can be art by itself.'

What was the woman talking about? Prey? Being captured? A finger teased a little further into her, twisting around, forcing pleasure onto her body, a warm wetness developing between her thighs.

'Don't worry, you will be able to move again... Eventually. Although you will be encumbered with chains, which you will have to get used to. Such lovely soft skin you have – I wonder how it will take to cuffs and chains? But a few callouses will be the least of your worries.'

Another spank, this one even harder, such that she could feel the throbbing afterwards, her buttocks aching from the strike. She'd had a few lovers that had wanted to do this sort of thing, but had never really enjoyed it – she didn't like being hurt or dominated, she just wanted the pleasure of sex, without pain or suffering!

'It's impressive how flexible you are.' Her ankle was grabbed, her leg getting bent backwards until her ankle touched her backside. 'Rare in a woman of your age. I'm going to look forward to seeing how much you can be bent – a nice, tight hogtie is so neat and tidy to see! And hard to get out of, as well.'

Panic was starting to course through Cindy, her thoughts still sluggish. This wasn't the normal masseuse! Who was it?

Her leg was released, getting pulled back out.

'I'm sure you've been taken here before, so you should be used to this!'

Her buttocks were parted, a finger pushing against her asshole. It violated her, pushing her open, making her whine and gasp. She'd been fucked there before, but had never really enjoyed it, or understood why men wanted to stick their cocks there!

'All that exercise has made you nice and tight, hasn't it? Impressive, for someone your age.'

The finger pushed deeper into her, twisting around to force her open. 'You'll have to get used to it – I suspect your new owners are going to want to use you in every hole.' The finger withdrew, Cindy's aching asshole only slowly closing up. 'Let's get that hole nice and plugged! Something to keep you entertained as you're transported.'

'Mpphhh...' Cindy tried to get up, wanting to at least see who was talking – her neck refused to move though, so all she could do was move her eyes, glancing over the floor, watching as a line of dribble splashed from her mouth onto the floor below her.

Metal, cold and slippery pushed against her buttocks, smearing something against the inner curve of her buttocks. A smooth tip pushed against her asshole, and then her eyes went wide, a thrill of fear running through her. It started to push into her, forcing her asshole wide, scraping into her. The metal was cold, chilling her from the inside as it forced the tight ring of her sphincter wide open, violating her body. Her vision blurred as tears started to form, the anal plug getting twisted back and forth, stretching out her hole, and then pushing deeper and deeper into her body.

She'd been fucked there before, but cocks were softer than metal, and hadn't stretched her insides out like this! Her asshole felt like it was being stretched out massively, the plug feeling fat and wide. And then a moment of relief, as the fattest part was pushed past her sphincter and into her, sliding deeper of its own accord, consumed within her body. At least now the fat lump was inside of her, so it wasn't painfully and forcibly stretching her tight hole out, but she could still feel a thinner metal stem there, and another lump between her buttocks.

'This one has a few extra options. I think this will be easier if you're too exhausted to fight back when you are delivered, so let's make sure that you won't rest on the way.'

Cindy felt a slow, aching burn inside of her bowels, some chemical oozing out from the plug, making her hurt from the inside-out.

'A little less overt than electrical shocks – I harvest the plants myself. There's enough of a dose inside that to last for hours.'

The burning pain kept going, becoming an increasingly urgent burn-ache inside of herself. More dribble splashed from her mouth, her body increasingly outside of her control, the sense of violation getting worse. Her panic was increasing, sluggish dread pounding through her veins, the paralysis rendering her incapable of fighting back, or even seeing who was doing this to her.

'Now, let's plug your other holes. You'll need to get used to this in your new life.'

She was stroked between her thighs, her slit now shamefully wet, the fingers teasing her. She tried to focus on that, rather than the aching pain from her asshole and within her body. Fingers pushed deeper and deeper into her, stroking at her folds, tweaking and twisting, stoking her inner heat. She wanted to scream for help, but the only sound she could make was a desperate, pathetic whine, her throat not obeying her, as her body was forced to feel pleasure.

'Nice and responsive! You're going to be a delight to train, aren't you? And your body should have enough stamina to endure a few beatings.' The fingers slid out, and a moment later she felt the rubbery-stiff touch of a dildo, pushing into her and spreading her lips wide. She gasped as it entered her, senses reeling from the sheer size of it. It filled her entirely, her body so loose that it just entered her, making her feel stuffed and filled, between that and the anal plug. Her assaulter tweaked it back and forth, forcing her wider, a prong stroking against her clit.

'That should keep you nice and distracted. Now, let's make sure that it doesn't slide out...'

'Mrrmmph...'

Straps were wrapped around and across her hips, and she felt the dildo twist and twitch inside of her as it moved. Every time it moved, it made her senses reel, thick waves of pleasure swelling through her, her pussy more stuffed than it had ever been before!

'That should be enough to keep you busy. And get your body used to what it will need to do. From now on, your body exists for your owner's pleasure – although it is good that you have looked after it so well. And that means I'll get a better price for you. Now, time to get you setup for shipping – it's quite a long trip.'

'Nrmmppphhhh...' The paralysis wasn't fading, her body still limp and passive. She felt strong arms wrap around her waist, leather clothing pressing against her back as she was lifted up, getting held by her attacker's arms. Now she could see they were tall and powerful, wearing a sleeveless leather vest, long dark hair unbound, falling past her shoulders. She smiled down at Cindy, cruel and powerful, twisting around to let Cindy see a shiny rubber sack on the floor. As she looked at it, she could see that it was vaguely body-shaped, that fact sending a chill into her veins, as her brain struggled to try and figure out what was happening.

She was deposited on the sack, her knees getting pushed up to her chest, her arms pulled around her legs. Little latex sack-mittens were pulled over her hands, forcing them into fists, cuffs getting buckled around her wrists, each of them cuffed to the other. Her ankles were cuffed as well, and then her knees, holding her body into position.

'Now, let's get you bagged up.' The smile she gave Cindy was far from comforting, as she started to pull the sack up over Cindy's body. It was thick, hot rubber, sealing over her body, and she felt herself heat up.

'I've prepared the inside with a special preparation to soften you up – once you start sweating, then it'll prickle your skin, make you nice and soft. I've seen stronger prey than you beg for release! Not that you'll be allowed to beg, of course.'

Cindy could already feel a faint itch developing where her body was slightly damp, some chemical making her body sore. Even if she wasn't paralyzed, then with her hands in the mittens, she couldn't touch herself, especially with them cuffed together!

The rubber sack came up over her body, a thick collar getting sealed around her neck. She could feel the heat starting to build up already, the sack thick enough that her warmth couldn't dissipate. It didn't take long until the collar was sealed, her body now fully contained, as the woman peeled her gloves off, sending droplets of massage oil scattering to the floor.

'You have such lovely hair! I'll have to take care of that – your new owners might want to shave it off, but I'd prefer to keep it.' Her hand came down, stroking at Cindy's hair, the touch disconcertingly warm, Cindy wanting to recoil away in fear. She still couldn't move though, her body still aching from the fat intruders in her ass and pussy, as a few stray strands of her hair were plucked from the collar.

'Now, just the hood. Don't want anyone recognizing you! And you should get used to the darkness – it's natural for slave-sluts.'

The woman held up a terrifying object – a rubber hood, loose and floppy, but with no eyeholes, a long, rubber cock-prong on the inside to fill the mouth, and two rubber tubes above that.

'Nphh. Npppphhh!' Cindy tried to protest, but all she could do was pathetically wheeze, looking at the thing with fear, as the woman pulled her hair into a single fat strand, and then pulled that through a hole in the hood. And then it slid downwards, the rubber crawling over her face. It came over her forehead, the touch making her skin crawl, terror growing within her. As soon as it came over her eyes, she was blinded, and the scent of the rubber was thick and cloying, making her gag.

She felt the rubber tubes brush against her face, and then they were pushed up against her nostrils. They were soft enough they deformed as they were forced into her body, up her nose, the scent of rubber overpowering. Reflexively, she tried to blow through her nose, wanting to blow them out, but they were too firmly lodged. And then her mouth was pulled open, the cock-prong getting shoved in. It was fat enough to fill her mouth, almost entirely, as the bottom of the hood was tucked beneath the collar.

It was tight and claustrophobic, her sight gone, the rubber squeezing against her cheeks, pressing in on her head. Panic and terror seethed through her, adrenaline starting to pound, her heart racing. The cock in her mouth bumped against her throat, making her gag and splutter, having to suck in air through her nose, through the tubes.

She could only barely hear, the rubber locking her off from the outside world. Even when the paralysis faded, she wouldn't be able to break out – until someone freed her, she was stuck in this hot, scratchy hell-prison!

'I've got a case just the right size for you. And I've got a flight scheduled – one more capture, and then you'll be at your new home, as part of a matched pair. Quite a nice commission to get the pair of you.'

She felt herself getting picked up, put on her side and against a smooth, hard surface. Her skin was starting to prickle with sweat, something on the inside of the sack making her skin itch with a desperate fever that she couldn't scratch herself to remove.

And then a loud click, and the container was moved upright. She could feel it rolling along – was it a large suitcase? Every time it moved over any little bump or step, the movement transmitted through her, making her ass- and pussy-plugs jostle around, hurting and exciting her. Where was she being taken? What was happening? Every part of her was starting to ache, even the insides of her body getting tormented and hurt as she was rolled along.

Chapter 9: Her Own Woman

Shelia took a sip of her wine, wandering around the house. It was nice and quiet without Megan and Summer around – such a shame about that, but it did mean that Sheila now had another walk-in closet, to keep everything in. Her previous one had been filled-to-bursting, so it had been nice to have more space for that!

Her heels sank into the thick carpets, her movements eerily silent. Maybe it was a little too quiet? And everything was very tidy – the cleaner was no longer having to move all of Megan and Summer's things, keeping everything neat, but it did make the place seem almost *too* tidy!

She took another sip of wine, enjoying the faint warmth in her belly, making her head throb and tingle, raising a blush on her face. It shouldn't be long until Karl was here – and then maybe she could get her career restated. Having a child had been the wrong choice – it had meant that she hadn't been able to keep her figure for those few, vital years, no longer as appealing to casting directors, until she had been able to work out the post-pregnancy plumpness. And by then, it had been too hard to work her way up the ranks again – it felt a little pathetic to be hoping to get promoted from a weatherwoman, but *anything* would be better than another few years of saying that it would be sunny for another day!

And Karl... He was vaguely loathsome and oily, but at least he was attractive, and had a decent-sized cock. And not *too* forceful – just a few light spansks and slaps, but nothing harsher. Nothing like some of the perverts she had been forced to pleasure before, that had wanted her to do all kinds of things to her! Hitting her, gagging her, trying her up, forcing things into her body... Or blindfolding her and leading around on a leash, like she was a dog. She'd been used that night, in every hole, and still didn't know who by, but it had taken days for her to get the taste of cum out of her mouth! And her other holes had ached even more. Even after that, she still hadn't gotten the part!

She heard the door, and took another long sip of wine – she needed the fortifying effect, if she was to deal with Karl! And his incessant desire to be sucked off, even though she didn't like it. Or possibly *because* she didn't like it, but having to go down on her knees and having her head dragged back and forth, her throat violated by his cock always made her feel nauseous, and that was *before* the taste of cum! But maybe this time he'd be willing to settle for just regular sex, nice and normal, and something that would make her feel good as well.

She twisted her shoulders, plucking at her dress to make her breasts look better, kissing her lips together and licking them, making them hopefully appear bright red, seductive and warm. And then, with a final sigh, she went to the door, ready to play her part, even if it would mean doing something she didn't want to do.

'Hello, Kar...'

It wasn't Karl on the other side of the door – instead of him, it was a woman, wearing a leather bodysuit, the thing sleek and black, accentuating every curve of her body. She looked down on Sheila, impressively tall and domineering, a gym-bag over one shoulder. She smiled at Sheila, showing her teeth, and looking over Sheila, taking her in.

'I, uh... think you have the wrong door.'

'Oh, I don't think so.' The woman stepped forward, shoving her foot in the door as Sheila tried to close it in her face. Her arm shoved into the gap, and she pushed it open, easily overpowering Sheila and forcing her back.

'I think you should leave – my friend will be arriving soon!'

'We'll have long enough, I'm sure!'

The door was open now, the woman stepping through and then kicking it shut behind herself, the locks clicking shut.

'Hey! Get out!' Fear started to rise up inside Sheila, and she shoved at the woman. It was like pushing on a wall – her shove had no effect, not even making the woman rock on her heels. The woman turned to her, and then there was a sudden blur of motion, Sheila feeling a burst of pain.

It took her a moment to realize what had happened – the woman had slapped her, hard, across the cheek, with enough force to make her stagger backwards, raising a hand to her cheek to feel the burning skin, hot from the strike. She tried to control herself, feeling fear surge, but she managed to stand up straight, staring the woman down. Her wineglass had dropped to the floor, sending a bright red shower across the cream carpet.

'I think you should *leave*. When my friend arrives, he will deal with you! And he's very powerful – he'll have you arrested.'

'Oh, I don't think he'll be arriving. It's just you and me. And the walls here are nice and thick, so no-one will be able to hear you scream.'

Sheila backed away, almost stumbling in her heels, swaying on the high stilettos. The woman stepped forward, tall and confident, reaching forward and grabbing at Sheila. A hand pulled on the back of her neck, dragging her backwards and making her stumble and fall. Before she could react, she had been slammed up against a wall, a backhand slap striking across her face.

She started to scream, but was slapped again, going silent from shock and pain. One hand slid around her throat and starting to squeeze, the other groping her breasts.

'No... Please... Don't hurt me...' Her voice was small and pathetic, the hand on her throat starting to cut off her air, her mind only just starting to register the pain from the slaps.

'Oh? You want to avoid pain? I wonder quite how desperate you are to avoid pain? A good slut should know to be obedient.' The hand on her throat tightened and then let go, the woman stepping away. 'A good slut should be naked. Strip off, slut.'

Sheila found herself obeying, driven by sheer fear, pulling her dress over her head, feeling a sudden chill. All she was wearing beneath was lingerie, a skimpy pair of lacey panties and a bra. She crossed her arms over herself, one over her breasts, the other covering her crotch, feeling hot-and-cold flushes of shame and humiliation.

'Down. Bitches should be on all fours.'

Sheila somehow conjured up the strength to resist, curving her shoulders in to protect herself, staying on her feet, but she couldn't find the strength to look back at the intruder.

'Oh? So you have some willpower? I suppose that will make this all the more fun – a hunt should have at least some challenge to it, otherwise there's no sport.' She smiled at Sheila, cool and confident, her body loose and relaxed.

Sheila moved her hands, feeling shame and vulnerability as she exposed herself, before taking a step towards the door.

Almost before she'd started moving, the woman countered, giving her a vicious backhand across the face. It hit with enough force that Sheila tumbled backwards, falling to the floor, managing to get her hands beneath herself. Her face was aching now, and she could feel tears welling up, scalding-hot as they trickled down her face.

'That's it. A good little naked slut-bitch. Past prime breeding age, but you're a special commission, so someone wants you. And you're not bad-looking either – kept yourself in trim. You'd fetch a decent price, I suspect. A shame you're not more famous – that either boosts the price up. And it can be fun creating a cover-story – "drug rehab" is an easy one, and once someone's vanished for a year or two, no-one even remembers them afterwards. But my customers do like the feeling of touching a celebrity, getting up close and personal.'

She pulled something out from the bag – a crop, the head bearing a metal stud, flicking it through the air with a vicious sound.

'Crawl forward, like a good little bitch.' She extended a leg, her boot slightly muddy, the leather mottled and gritty.

Sheila whimpered but obeyed, crawling on all fours, moving close towards the woman. As soon as she was within reach, the crop flicked down, hitting against her back. Each impact was a hot little burst of pain, the stud slapping against her.

'Head down, little bitch. And you can lick my boots clean. Use that tongue, and I want to see nice, shiny leather.'

The crop impacted against her buttocks, and she yelped with pain, fear settling deep into her. She dipped her head down, feeling her hair shift around. The boot was right beneath her, and she licked at the leather. The taste of the dirt and mud her feel nauseous, the stuff gritty on her tongue. Bile gathered at the top of her throat, and she wanted to vomit, but managed to restrain herself, as the crop struck her backside again.

She licked and kissed at the leather, flicking with her tongue, hating every moment of this, and her own weakness, but not daring to stop.

'That's it, keep doing that. It seems you're naturally obedient – that will make your training much easier. Although I do like to break my prey sometimes, to destroy their will utterly. You won't have that mercy though, as I've been commanded to take you mostly intact.'

The crop kept moving, sharp little sting-flicks against her body, not just her buttocks, but along her back and sides as well.

She raised her head, the woman moving around to offer her other boot up. Sheila moved to lick and clean that one, more gritty mud on her tongue, made liquid by her own spittle. When she swallowed, she could feel it flow down her throat, settling in her stomach, mingling with the wine,. She felt queasy, burning cold with shame and humiliation as she licked and kissed at the woman's boots, the degradation even worse than having to deep-throat a cock!

'Good. Now, what else should I have you do? A little sport with prey is good for the soul – some exercise before completing the hunt. You seem to have an eager, quick tongue, so what else should I have you use it for?' A hand grabbed her hair, dragging her head upwards, and pulling her around. She had to crawl fast to avoid having her hair torn out, feeling the pain in her scalp, more prickles and bursts of pain.

'You probably don't have any toys, but don't worry – I bought my own. And everything I need to pack you away, once I've had my fun. Maybe I should have you lick your floor clean? Although everything here looks so clean already, so there's not much fun there. But I think I want to see how you react to pain first.'

She wrenched Sheila's head up, before something metal hit the ground with a faint chime. Sheila could see that it was a pair of metal rings with two screws on each, a little spiky metal block on the inside of the ring. The two things were joined by a chain.

'First, get that bra off. Before I slice it off you.' The crop slid over her back, and she could feel the stud, cold and hard against her skin.

Sheila whimpered and obeyed, unclipping it and then pulling it off.

‘Good. Now put those clamps on. It’s good that you’ve never had breast surgery – that would lower your price!’

The crop suddenly flicked with greater force, striking against her back. The pain seared through her, mingling with the humiliation as she moved to pick the metal rings up.

‘That’s it – use those to torture your breasts.’

Sheila whimpered, pressing one ring over her nipple. She could feel the spikes inside it, before she started to turn the top screw. That made the internal spiked block moved down, starting to crush her nipple, pressing it between the two sets of spikes. Her sensitive nub was pressed, tighter and tighter, and she heard herself whimper as pain started to burn into her chest.

Every time she tightened it hurt more and more, setting off an aching throbbing inside her, forcing her to feel every heartbeat, as her blood pulsed through her body.

‘That’s it. Now do the other.’

Sheila sobbed as she took the other ring. She could feel every movement of it through the chain, taking care not to move it too fast, not wanting to cause herself further pain. The woman’s voice somehow commanded her, even through the pain, and her shaking hands moved the other ring into position, placing it over her nipple, starting to twist the screw. Her breathing was so fast and rapid that she was feeling faint now, struggling to supply enough oxygen to keep herself conscious, even as her fingers still moved of their own accord.

Pain surged, settling deep into her body, throbbing and vicious. More tears were rolling down her face, and the crop-stings to her back and buttocks were starting to add together into a general aching soreness.

‘Let’s put that mouth of yours to use, and then I can put you away.’

Her head was dragged around by the hair, and she found herself getting pulled between her attacker’s legs, her mouth pushed against a bare slit. Her tongue moved by sheer reflex, pushing into the slit. She whined – she hadn’t done this with a woman before. But the pain spurred her on, a vivid and potent taste flooding over her tongue. As she kept sucking and licking, the taste got stronger, her head getting dragged back and forth, spurring her tongue on.

‘You’ll need more training for this!’ A foot stamped on her thigh, pressing down and making her squeal and gasp in pain, inhaling the woman’s scent, the musk addling her thoughts. It didn’t seem to take long before Sheila heard a quiet gasp from above herself, the flow of juices increasing. The taste made her shudder – not as bad as cum, or as vicious as having to deepthroat a cock, but it was still a savage and cruel imposition!

Then her head was dragged backwards, a hand coming over her mouth. It held a dildo, Sheila too slow to close her mouth, the rubbery shaft getting pushed into place. It was so long that it slid into her throat, violating her body, making her cough and splutter, before she felt straps buckle around her head.

‘Stand up.’

There was no time to obey before she was pulled upwards by her hair, having to move as directed or suffer.

‘Stuff this into yourself. A slutty woman like you shouldn’t have any problems with it.’ Something slapped across her face, a rubbery shaft hitting with force, before it was pushed into her hand. She glanced down at it – the thing was a dildo, disturbingly large, the head ridged and lumpy, with a metal ring on the base.

Forcing it in was painful – she was still dry, and having the woman glare at her made her move fast, pushing it into herself. The shaft parted her lips and entered her, scraping against her soft and sensitive parts, making her whimper around the cock in her mouth, wincing in pain as she violated her own body. The tears continued to stream down her face, the pain in her crotch building, strong and vicious, her body only just starting to lubricate itself, too little and too late.

Still, she felt some sense of achievement as she managed to get the whole thing in, the girth enough for it to stay in, compressing everything inside of herself.

‘And this.’

Her tortures weren’t over yet, as something cold and metal, slightly greasy with lube, was touched against her cheek. With a thrill of terror, she recognized it as a buttplug, fat and hard and cold, before it was shoved into her hand. She whimpered, but then a hand grabbed her throat and started to squeeze, hurting her more, and she moved to obey.

The tip was cold and hard, as she pushed it against her asshole. She had to force herself to relax, pushing the lump into herself, her head light and empty, her breathing in rapid panic-gasps. It hurt, even with the slight amount of lube, as it forced her hole open, stretching her out painfully, and slowly sliding into place. It chilled her from the inside out, making her feel full and stuffed, especially with the thing in her pussy as well. She could feel herself fluttering on the edge of unconsciousness, her breathing so fast it barely provided the air she needed!

With a groan, she forced it the rest of the way in, feeling it push her innards around. Tears trickled down her face and splashed to the ground, the hand on her throat the main thing keeping her up.

‘What an obedient slut you are! Just one more thing, and then you’ll be ready for delivery.’ The grip tightened, making it virtually impossible to breath, Sheila’s legs starting to lose their strength as she blacked out for a moment.

When she came to her senses again, she could feel tightness around her body – tight and clinging and compressing, pushing in against her. When she tried to move, it was even harder, the thing fighting her, stiff and resistant to her motions. She heard a zipping noise and glanced down, realizing that she was being sealed into a bodysuit, stiff rubber sealing her in. The thing forced her hands into fists, and pushed the dildo even deeper into her body, her eyes rolling in her head from the deeper penetration.

Sheila's body was heating up within the thick rubber, her skin compressed and bound. Too late, she tried to fight back, raising an arm, the rubber making the movement hard. The throat-grip immediately tightened, her strength fading. Buckles snapped tight, pulling her knees together, and then over her chest and belly, squashing down her body, before her arms were fastened to her thighs.

'That should keep you safe! Now let's get a picture, and then it's time for you to be moved.'

Another vicious sting of humiliation as the woman pulled out a phone, snapping several pictures before releasing her, letting Sheila slump to the ground, feeling the impact all through her body.

Rubber pressed against her forehead, a hood getting dragged over her face, blinding and deafening her. She was gagging on the cock, barely able to breath, as she felt herself getting lifted up and carried, a shoulder digging into her belly, barely able to think of where she was being taken...

Chapter 10: Gardening at Night

Lei'ra shifted her hips, feeling the skirt flip around, the lace petticoats beneath doing nothing to hide her crotch or legs. The ballet-heels pushed her legs to be tight, her buttocks taut around a plug shoved into her asshole, the metal still cold. Chains ran between her ankles, her wrists and her waist, limiting her movement in odd ways, clinking whenever she moved, making her feel like a prisoner.

Her collar was attached to the waist of Ama'ra, who was also in a maid's outfit and walking in front of her, being pulled along by Ryn. She wanted to growl at the three new-comers, not liking the time her mistress spending with them! She wanted to be the only one that was allowed to touch that body, or to plunge her tongue deep into the woman's wet slit, drinking of her juices. Just the thought of it made her excited, needing to suck in a swift breath as she stepped forward, the chains reaching their limit and hobbling her steps.

'In here. Let's see if you're actually helpful.'

The three new girls all moved as a group, Lei'ra having difficulties telling them apart – Ryn, Lyn and Syn even sounded the same! All of them were dressed as maids as well, but in even shorter and tighter skirts, leather collars around their necks, their wrist-cuffs having little puffs of lace sticking out. The low-cut backs showed teeth-marks on one of them – was that Syn? She had darker skin than the other two, but the sight of the rough bite-marks between her shoulders made Lei'ra warm with jealousy – had that been mistress?

She had been ordered to help though, and didn't want to disobey or upset her mistress – who she could currently feel in her head, as a soft presence, somewhere nearby. She tried to send her desire through the link, hoping that Victoria would be able to receive it.

Ahead of her, large iron doors were pushed aside, warm and humid air flowing out, bearing a heavy scent of pollen and nectar. It made Lei'ra's nose itch, and she raised her hand to scratch – this action made her steps even shorter, the chains so tight and short!

She and Ama'ra were pulled forward, and she could see that it was a greenhouse, built onto the side of the main house. It was filled with dense foliage, the far side impossible to see, the roof of large glass panels, showing the night sky above. Water splashed from somewhere nearby, low lights shining off waxy green leaves, a hand emerging from between the greenery, another maid stepping out.

It was Su'rya, the skimpy tightness of her uniform looking a little strange with elbow-length gloves of thick leather on her arms, the hands even more thickly padded, the fingers wet with sticky juice from something. Her face was covered with a gasmask, eyes staring out from behind glass panels, before she pulled it out, messing up her hair.

'Excellent. There are tasks that I cannot manage myself. And some of the plants here can have unusual effects, so be careful about what you touch. Syn, come here.'

Before the woman had a chance to obey, Su'rya had advanced on her, grabbing her by her collar-ring and shoving the fingers of her hand into Syn's mouth.

'Lick.' Syn didn't have much say in the matter, choking and spluttering as the fingers shoved deep into her mouth, making her cough and splutter until they were withdrawn. Her cheeks flamed red, her pupils going tiny as she started to pant. 'It looks as though that fruit is ripe then. If I see you getting off, I will report you to the mistresses.' Syn whined, pushing her skirt down, rubbing her hand between her thighs. 'On your knees, hands on your head.' It only took a slight push for Syn to collapse, her body caught up in some fever, her fingers trembling. 'Stay down there – if I come back and your panties are wet, then it'll be time for punishment. Everyone else, follow me – and don't touch anything!'

Leaving Syn to pant and gasp, she turned and walked into the greenery, Lei'ra finding herself dragged along. With the chains and heels, she couldn't entirely avoid the plants, feeling leaves touch her skin, the outfit offering barely any protection. Most just slid off, but a few left burning sensations, a throbbing persisting long after the touch was gone. The thick grass beneath her feet left her in constant danger of sinking as well, her heels stabbing down into the soft earth, coming close to trapping her in place.

A lot of the plants here had brightly-colored petals and fruits, the sweet scents getting even stronger. That combined with the heat and humidity of the greenhouse made Lei'ra warm up, her legs especially, as she struggled not to sink downwards.

'Stand here.'

In the middle of the greenery was a small area of stone flooring, a basin constantly filling with water, the stuff flowing over the edge and into a drain. Thick metal rings were nailed to the floor and around the edge of the basin, obviously meant for restraints, while a tall wooden post also bore restraint-points. A bucket full of gardening tools was next to a crate of bondage gear, making a strange contrast.

Su'rya directed Ryn and Lyn towards certain plants, cutting them cutting leaves and fronds away, before grabbing Lei'ra and yanking her towards the post. The gardening gloves were rough against her skin, but the trace of the juices made her skin tingle, almost as much as being touched by mistress.

'Strip.'

Lei'ra obeyed, pulling her dress over her head, glad that the room was warm, now naked except for her shoes and her collar and cuffs. She let herself be pulled around, her hands going up above her head, cuffs through a ring to hold her hands there. Once she was in position, Su'rya stroked her, the rough fingers pressing against her thighs, a thumb against her slit. The touch made her shift and mewl slightly, unable to keep silent.

'You are nice and sensitive, aren't you? But without any way to climax. I suppose it must be nice to be out of the belt.' The fingers kept stroking and poking, the warm tingles getting stronger before Su'rya stepped away, taking Ama'ra and binding her, face up, over the basin. She had to strain to not let her head drop into the water, making Lei'ra glad she was tied against the post.

Ryn was the first to return, holding long vines, her hands covered with red welts. She handed them over, wincing in pain, as a stirring of fear started to spread through Lei'ra. She didn't know anything about plants, but everything here looked a little strange – too bright, too vivid. And why was this being done at night?

'I think these are about ready for use, but let's find out.' She was holding them at a careful distance from herself, not letting them touch her own bare skin, then advancing on Lei'ra. As the plants were moved closer, Lei'ra could see that they were covered with a thin, almost transparent fuzz, tiny hairs embedded into the flexible tubes.

The vine pressed against her chest, just beneath her breasts, and then started to get wound around her body, just like a rope. It made her skin itch, the little hairs rubbing and chafing, and every time she moved the sensation got worse. She wanted to scratch, but her hands were tied above her head, the only thing that she could touch against being the vine itself.

It was wrapped around her body, behind her back and around again, looping around and tightly over her breasts, tight enough to compress the skin. Su'rya gave it a tug, and the sudden burning sensation made Lei'ra hiss from the searing itch, only made worse every time she moved. Her breathing started to quicken, a hot rash spreading over her breasts.

When she held up another long vine, Lei'ra winced. The green flicked through the air, looser than a whip, but it impacted over her belly. There was barely any pain, but then the itching started, making her shift and wriggle.

'You really are well-trained, aren't you?' Su'rya turned and flicked the vine at Ryn, catching her across the thighs, the woman yelping with pain. 'This one still needs more work. Lift your skirt.'

There was a long delay, Ryn tensing up before slowly obeying, revealing her bare crotch beneath. Su'rya twisted the vine into position, tight into Ryn's pussy, and then around her waist. Ryn's skin almost immediately started to turn red, her cheeks starting to flame, eyes growing vague and distant. She whimpered, fingers twitching, before Su'rya slapped her across the cheek, some focus returning.

'Go find some more. And be quick about it!'

Ryn's movements were slow now, the rope tight between her buttocks, her breathing fast and rapid. It was nice to see someone else made to suffer! But her own breasts were aching and itching, and no amount of her wriggling made it go away – it actually just made it worse and worse! She tried to force herself to stay still, but it was virtually impossible, the awful itching getting worse and worse. Shaking her body, making the vine-rope twitch a little, made the sensation fade for a few, blissful, seconds, but then it returned, even more intense.

She tried to slow her breathing, doing everything she could to lessen the sensations, but to no avail. The scratching, itching, crawling sensation was overpowering, spreading up her chest and over her back, her breasts desperately sensitive now.

'Those look nice and ripe, excellent.' Bright red fruits, the length of a finger, were handed over by Lyn, her own fingers now mottled with equally red flecks and marks, her skin sore and irritated. Su'rya bit one in half, chewed, then swallowed, her cheeks going red, and then smiled. 'Perfect! Open wide.'

She dropped the other half into Lyn's mouth. As soon as she started to chew, then her cheeks flamed, eyes tearing up, and she desperately swallowed it down. This made her cough and splutter, slapping at her chest, before panting, her mouth open like a dog.

'Lyn, go and tease Lei'ra with your tongue. Get her nice and wet and ready.'

Lei'ra squeaked, trying to shift around, but there was no way to escape Lyn's advance, hands grabbing her hips, the woman dropping to her knees. There was a moment of soft, wet pleasure as the tongue stroked against her slit, and then a burning tingling set in, hit and vicious. She shook around, the movement making the vine tighten, Lyn's lips pressing tightly against her pussy, the tongue sliding into her. Despite the wetness, it *burned*, whatever that fruit had been achingly hot. As the tongue slid around, aching dribble fell into the folds of her slit, making her moan and gasp.

In front of her, Su'rya advanced on Ama'ra, bent backwards over the basin. Ama'ra strained her neck to try and see what was happening, before one of the crimson fingers was forced into her mouth, a hand clamped over to make sure it wasn't spat out.

Ama'ra started to struggle, kicking and writhing without being able to escape, making horrible gagging and spluttering noises, her head splashing against the water. The tongue kept stroking against Lei'ra, pushing deeper and deeper, bringing with it more and more of that terrible heat! She could feel her pleasure growing (not that she would be able to climax), but it was wrapped up in that pain, sinking claws deep into her. How long would it last for? It was getting stronger and stronger, biting with greater and greater force!

Ama'ra was still struggling and writhing, Su'rya slapping at her pussy. A finger forced the woman's lips apart, pushing another of the plants into place, the length getting swallowed up by Ama'ra's body. And then her struggles and thrashings got even more intense, feet drumming against the floor, her arms tensing and flailing around.

Lei'ra felt her eyes start to water, the pain getting even more intense. It hurt in a way different to any whipping or beating – not just her skin getting hurt, but a desperate throbbing that settled into her body on a whole different level! And the more aroused she got, the worse it felt, her own desire spreading the pain throughout pussy, as the tongue curled around her clit.

Ama'ra was getting roughly fingered now, her face a brilliant crimson red from the heat of the thing forced into her mouth. Even through the hand on her mouth, her cries were shrill and agonized, body lashing around, reaching the limits of movement allowed. The whines of pain got more and more acute, Su'rya smiling in sadistic pleasure as she forced pain onto Ama'ra.

The frantic kicking of limbs started to weaken, the strength fading from Ama'ra, body slumping, head splashing into the basin. Su'rya slapped her pussy a few more times, making her twitch and spasm before leaving her there, hair spreading into the water, eyes open and unseeing. Su'rya bit another one of the fruits in half, a wide smile on her face as she advanced onto Lei'ra, holding the thing in her hand, seeds visible on the inside.

Lyn was tossed aside by her head, sent sprawling on the grass, Su'rya now stood in front of Lei'ra. She whimpered, her cunt aching with heat, both from her own lust and the aftereffects of Lyn's spit. Su'rya slapped her in the belly, knocking the wind from her lungs, and then sliding the half-fruit into her.

Pain flared, the heat spiking to a brutal viciousness. Her body betrayed her, drawing the thing into herself. It nestled through, her own juices carrying the pain throughout her pussy, deep into every fold and crevice. She reeled backwards, tongue out, unable to speak. That movement made the vine around her breasts tighten, scratching and biting into her skin, the rash spreading over her chest.

Two fingers pushed into her, fat and forceful, the gardening glove making the violation even more brutally intrusive, the fingers rough and scratchy. It hurt, the hotness absolutely brutal, a deep searing that seemed to be merged with her body, like it would never end. An orgasm, her

only hope of escape, was blocked, her mistress' bond walling that off, her own spirit pushing against the mental wall, unable to break through.

The fingering continued, her cunt now entirely filled with pain, too acute for her to get used to it and develop any defenses. Vague and low moans escaped her lips, too weak to be called a scream, fever-chills sweeping through her body. Her legs jolted and twitched, in a weak and spasmodic dance that she couldn't control, her body now a separate *thing* that she was linked to, a source of suffering and pain and nothing else.

Even spreading her legs as wide as possible did nothing to help, just making more warm air slide over her skin. Whenever she was in danger of fading or blacking out, Su'rya would slap her, dragging her back into full awareness of her pain and suffering.

Lips slid over her breast, teeth finding a nipple and grinding it, adding another source of pain. The breast was stretched out, teeth biting harder and harder, forcing Lei'ra to whine in desperate pain, feeling dribble roll down her chest.

The fingering continued, rough and horrible, pushing the fruit around, forcing it into every part of her cunt. Even when her breast was released from between the teeth, it still ached and throbbed!

'I think those are ripe enough.'

'Mrhhh....' Lei'ra whined in pain, slumping down, barely noticing the aching in her wrists as the cuffs took her weight, her head sagging down. As the almost-orgasm faded, the pain got even worse, burning spreading without any almost-pleasure to balance it, the pain threatening to last a long time. It was seeped into every inch of her pussy, impossible to ignore, not enough to even allow her the bliss of unconsciousness!

Chapter 11: Arrival

The dress felt strange against Lei'ra's skin, after so long being naked. It was tight, hugging her skin and showing off her body, the sort of thing she had vague memories of wearing to parties, when she wanted to be sexy and get attention. But it seemed tight and restrictive now, confining her, chafing against her skin! And she was wearing jewelry, and make-up as well, the weights dragging slightly on her ears, weights on her wrists, moving in a different way to the cuffs she normally wore.

Through the bond, she could feel an unusual sting of... was it nervousness? It made her feel uncomfortable – why would her mistress ever feel nervous? And why were they all waiting just outside the front doors of the mansion? Having to kneel on the stone was starting to make her knees ache, although she kept her back straight, her arms behind her back, with Ama'ra next to her. The entire household was here, lined up on either side of a red carpet that had been rolled down the steps, carefully pressed down. Everyone was neat and precise, their uniforms perfectly in place, stood ready to serve, in their frilled black-and-white uniforms.

Sunlight glinted off something, moving along the road, approaching the house. As it got closer, Lei'ra could see that it was a pair of limousines, bright and sleek, only slowing when they moved onto the graveled drive, rolling to a stop in front of the red carpet.

The sense of nervousness increased, spreading into Lei'ra like an infection, making her feel worried. What was going to happen? No-one moved for what seemed forever, the staff all waiting, the cars sat there, and then the door opened. Two women stepped out – both lush and beautiful, wearing tight bodysuits and thigh-high boots. Their faces were similar to those of Victoria and Morrigan, but more mature, more powerful, even more domineering. Behind them, connected by leashes, were their... personal slaves? The first was wearing latex as well, but with translucent panels over her large breasts, some kind of device over her nipples. The second she recognized – Nue, the strange woman that had visited before, and had seemed close to the Mistresses.

The leading women both looked around, and Lei'ra could *feel* their presence, as an almost physical force. If she hadn't already been kneeling, she would have staggered, her breath being torn away, her mind scourged clear of her own thoughts. After a second, the anchoring presence of Victoria asserted herself, helping her to think. It looked as though the maids had been affected as well – a few of them had staggered, taken a few moments to shift themselves back into their proper positions, their knees buckling, feet sliding on the gravel. And then they bowed their heads, bending at the waist, offering themselves in submission as the women advanced up the red carpet, their slaves walking behind them. The other limousine opened up, more slaves coming out, carrying heavy-looking bags.

Two of them came to stand behind their mistresses, swords on their hips, both holding a leash. Behind them walked a woman, or rather staggered, struggling with her 6-inch heels on the gravel. Her "clothing" was formed of latex, alternating bands of black and see-through, exposing her soft skin to view, and showing off the metal belt locked around her crotch. Her arms were bound behind by rope, into a reverse-prayer position, further throwing her balance off. She looked timid, her face red with shame and arousal, her eyes darting around, mouth sealed by a panel gag. Were the guards to protect her, or just to show her off? Lei'ra could see her nipples poking against her dress from beneath, her arousal obvious, as she stepped forward, before kneeling on the ground, her two guards impassively dipping their heads. Every one of them was beautiful – even the guards, with their toned and muscled bodies, were still attractive to look at, their movements lithe and sultry, clothing shaped to reveal and show off firm skin and tight limbs.

'Please accept a welcome to our house, giver of our blood.' Victoria and Morrigan spoke in unison, lightly dipping their heads, before embracing the women – so close, the resemblance was obvious, the two women looking uncannily similar, like older, more powerful versions of their daughters.

Morrigan spoke. 'Chambers have been prepared, if you have any need to refresh yourself?'

‘Oh, the journey wasn’t that long! And it has been so long since we have seen you as well! So show us around, I’m looking forward to seeing what your home is like.’ She glanced down at Lei’ra. ‘And taking the measure of your slaves.’

‘Of course, Mother.’ Morrigan clicked her fingers. ‘Su’rya, begin the dinner preparations.’

The other servants all bowed again, before filing away, disappearing into the house to begin their preparations. Only after they had all left did Morrigan and Victoria move, leading the way. Lei’ra followed behind, finding it strange to be walking on her feet, while wearing clothes, trying not to twist and wriggle against them, trying to remember the sensation of fabric against her skin, how it moved on her body. She could feel the constant, throbbing heat between her legs as well, her desire quickening just as she walked, unable to avoid admiring the lines of Victoria’s body, her outfit tight and shiny.

She lost track of where they were going, too busy staring at Victoria’s ass, before snapping out of it as the movement stopped, Victoria pouring drinks for everyone. The scent of fine brandy was strong, tickling Lei’ra’s senses, as she took position close to her mistress, hoping for a touch, or some way to be useful.

‘You’ve certainly done a lot with the place! It was ruins when last I was here – this is most definitely an improvement!’ Victoria’s mother made a play of looking around, running fingers over the wall. ‘I suppose I was busy elsewhere, and when I got back, it had fallen apart. Well, it had been a while – I claimed this land when I first came to this continent. This used to be entirely forest, back then. And then a small village, and then that moved after an outbreak of plague. But now it is yours, my daughter – and I am proud of what you have done with it. I’m looking forward to seeing what you have done with the dungeons! They should have weathered quite well, as I sealed them before leaving. But first, let’s examine your slaves. The first bonding can be a powerful thing.’

Lei’ra felt a force intrude against her will, pushing against the bond the Victoria – a vastly powerful thing, making her gasp as it extended itself into her mind, making it hard to think clearly. The woman was standing in front of her suddenly, a hard smile on her face as she stared down at Lei’ra – had she somehow teleported, or had Lei’ra blanked out for a moment? Her brain felt sluggish, unable to respond, her arms moving of their own accord to move behind her head.

‘Certainly attractive, of course.’

A hand grabbed her breast, squeezing it through the thin dress, Lei’ra able to feel the strength in the woman’s fingers. Her nipple-piercing was jostled, getting tweaked around, another hand reaching between her legs. As soon as it touched her down there, she felt warm wetness transmit itself into her, arousal spiking unnaturally fast, making her gasp. Her body still refused to accept her commands, her control somehow severed, the sense of the woman’s presence almost entirely overpowering, forcing her to stay in position.

'Hmmm, you seem to have bonded her entirely. That's good – a neat job, with her spirit enthralled to yours. And a double-link to Morrigan and the other slave-slut as well – I see I have trained you well!'

Lei'ra felt a surge of pride transmit itself from Victoria into her.

'It seems you have chosen well. Considering that this depth of bond is possible only once in a lifetime, and you are now bonded forever, then congratulations are in order.'

Lei'ra felt herself blush, from pleasure at the praise, the forced arousal, and also the knowledge that she was *special* – she was the only bound slave of Mistress Victoria! The thought made her feel warm, her brain melting further, as she was poked and prodded, fingers squeezing, stroking and pinching. Her body and mind both felt like they were melted, turning into soft, wet treacle, her thighs getting a little damp.

A finger pushed into her, her body loose enough to receive the full length, although it made her gasp. The mental block against release was still there, but she was butting up against it already, her heartrate fast, her lungs panting for air.

The finger withdrew, getting wiped clean against her body. 'A well-trained slave-slut! What a delight. I'm sure the two of you have had a lot of fun with them both.' She raised her hand, Lei'ra wincing in anticipation of a slap, but it just stroked against her cheek, fingers soft and strong. 'Why don't we all have some fun? Beta hasn't been milked for some time, and it will be interesting to see how well your slaves perform. Beta, take your position.'

Lei'ra was pushed away, the mental focus suddenly gone. The large-breasted slave walked to the center of the room, stripping off her dress, revealing that she was naked beneath, except for the nipple-clamps. She stood with her legs spread, her hands behind her back, each grasping the opposite elbow.

Was there something she was meant to do? Lei'ra shifted uncertainly, trying not to let the flush of forced arousal distract her.

'Lei'ra, Ama'ra – you are to please Beta. The best milk is obtained from the perfect mix of pleasure and pain – you will supply the pleasure, and Nue the pain. Nue, prepare Beta for milking.'

'Yes, Mistress.'

Beta gasped in pain as the clamps were released, her nipples already oozing milk. Suction cups were attached, connected to a pump-system, various pipes and valves ready to work.

Morrigan gestured at Lei'ra and Ama'ra. 'On your knees, and you may begin.'

It felt strangely natural to fall to her knees, crawling forward, able to smell the scent wafting from Beta's crotch. Ama'ra moved next to her as they approached, looking up at Beta – from down

here, her breasts looked huge and fat, almost ready to burst. She leaned in, kissing at the woman's slit. It was already wet – was she also kept without release?

Her tongue slid in easily, and she could taste Beta's juices, hot and sweet. She used her hands to stroke at Beta's belly and hips, as Ama'ra moved around to the other side, kissing and licking there.

She could feel Victoria's mental presence, a mixture of interest and amusement with a slight undercurrent of arousal, and tried to perform the task she had been given. Beta was hot, exuding a sultry and musky odor, reacting to Lei'ra's licking. She tried to ignore her own body's arousal, instead reaching up and lightly stroking her hands along the woman's body. Unlike most of the other women here, she was soft and plump – Lei'ra could feel muscle beneath, but she wasn't as lean and strong as the others, with spare flesh to squeeze and stroke. Her hands brushed against those of Ama'ra, who was doing the same from the other side, as she kissed and licked at her buttocks.

There was a gentle moan of pleasure from above, the sound rippling through Lei'ra, and making her feel even water. The woman's pussy seemed to overflow with juices, fertile and bountiful – not as potent an aphrodisiac as Victoria's, but still making Lei'ra feel almost queasy with lust. She tried not to let herself get distracted, hearing the suction machine hiss into life, starting to suck on the woman's tits. How much effort would it take to get her off?

She probed deeper with her tongue – Beta's nub was engorged and easy to find, pierced through with body-warm metal. Lei'ra flicked it with her tongue before pushing her mouth closer in, sucking with her lips. The tone of the gasps from above changed, getting faster and more urgent, even more juices flowing.

'Your girls don't seem to be having much effect.' Lei'ra couldn't tell who spoke, but they sounded disappointed, and so she redoubled her efforts. Beta was shaking now, her hips twitching and twisting in time with the licking and sucking of both Lei'ra and Ama'ra. How much more stimulation could the woman take?

Lei'ra was hot and horny herself, her own body shivering with heat and fervent desire, wanting nothing more than to touch herself, to stroke her own soft wetness between her legs, to bring herself the release of pleasure. But that would bring punishment and pain, even if she were to be allowed that actual release!

She couldn't resist moving herself forward though, grinding herself against a leg, feeling a tingle of pleasure up from her crotch, leaving a wet smear down Beta's leg. She wanted to rub herself faster and faster – even if it meant degrading herself by humping a leg, if it meant getting off, then it would be worth it!

But she managed to pull herself back from that desire, instead keeping her mouth firmly planted on the woman's cunt, sucking and licking away. The pussy-walls tightened around her tongue, pulling her tongue deeper, the flavor getting even more intense. It made it hard to think, the

warm fluid flushing through her mouth, and down into her belly, her thoughts fuzzing and blurring.

'Her willpower is impressive. But I have spent a long time training her – your two girls are managing, but I doubt they'll be able to make her cum. Not when she's been commanded otherwise.'

Lei'ra slid her hands along the woman's waist, pressing them beneath her face, using them to tickle and stroke, trying to apply more stimulation. She pulled the woman's lips wider apart as she desperately sucked and stroked, her tongue fully buried inside the wet cunt, sucking down the hot juices.

She couldn't see – her face was pushed forward, her vision limited to nothing more than a slight bump of soft, pink skin, her nose pushed up close, able to inhale deep of the woman's scent.

'Hmmm, well, I think that's long enough. A worthy effort, but they're not going to be able to make Beta climax. Now when I've commanded her otherwise – even without me enforcing her chastity.'

Lei'ra whined – she didn't want to admit failure! Surely, if they kept licking and sucking, the woman would break soon, and then she might get a reward?

'Both of you, back off.'

Victoria didn't sound angry though – she sounded... amused? Entertained? Lei'ra gave another suck, flicking at the ring with her tongue again, before obeying and backing off. The taste was getting to her, making it hard to think, as she crawled on her knees to open up some space.

The clear plastic cups were sucked tightly onto the breasts, the nipples stretched out. There was no sign of any milk still, Beta having a faintly smug smile on her face, her hands still on her head.

'Very good, Beta. And now, after the pleasure, some pain to improve the flavor.'

Lei'ra flinched as a whip cracked, scything through the air, impacting against Beta's flank, avoiding striking any of the milking equipment. It was a strong hit, leaving a vivid red welt on her skin, biting into soft skin. It was hard enough to make Beta grunt and bite her lip – Lei'ra crawled further backwards, not wanting to get in the way or get struck by accident.

Nue swung the whip with practiced ease, moving around to get a better angle. The strong, vicious strikes must have ached, but Beta showed little reaction other than rocking slightly on her heels, hands still on her head, a faint smile on her face, clearly enjoying it.

Her hips were still twitching slightly, her arousal running through her. Her eyes started to roll back in her head, her mouth dropping wide and slack. She moaned, her cunt twitching as she came, and the tone of the suction changed, droplets of milk gushing forth.

The whip-cracks continued, the pain driving Beta through her orgasm, her whole body twitching and spasming, her pussy-juice splashing to the floor. It was an intense, full-body orgasm, Lei'ra feeling a little jealous from the obvious pleasure that was being caused, before twitching in shock when she felt a hand on her head – it was Victoria, giving her a swift head-pat.

'Don't worry, soon you'll have some fun.'

More milk gushed, getting sucked through the valves, dispensed into small cups on the base of the machine, rich and creamy. The suction kept whining as it continued to suck, Beta still rolling through her orgasm, still being whipped and lashed, bright sting-welts appearing all over her body.

'One day, you'll be like that – just as dedicated and loyal. It'll take a while, but you'll get there eventually.' The hand was soft and warm on her head, and she leaned into it, glad of the contact, hearing herself purr like a cat.

The older women discarded their whips, Nue stepping in to pick up the glasses of milk, and then handing them over. They savored the drinks, sighing in pleasurable unison, looking pleased with themselves.

'Honored mistresses, dinner is now served.' Su'rya had entered the room, silent and graceful, bending herself at a steep angle to show her respect. The two women sipped their milk, as Victoria and Morrigan waited for them, before leading the way towards the dining room.

Chapter 12: Dinner

Victoria tried to concentrate on her posture and poise, without showing any effort. Everything had to be perfect and proper for her mother, to show off what a good, proper household she and Morrigan were running! At least everything seemed proper and correct, with everything clean and tidy, as Su'rya lead the way, buttocks swaying in an attractive manner. She tried to glance at the older women, to see if there was anything on their faces to guess their thoughts, but both had nothing but bland smiles there, as they looked about with sharp, appraising eyes.

Su'rya pushed open the doors into the dining room, bright light pouring out, before leading them to the table, other slaves ready behind the chairs, pulling them out for everyone to sit and then stepping away, gracefully unobtrusive. Two slaves of Eleanor and Aisling, both hooded and swathed in heavy latex, were pulled into kneeling positions behind them, becoming little more than statues, without any skin on display. The red-faced woman in the partially see-through dress knelt as well, head bowed, occasionally shooting swift little glances upwards, looking equally aroused and terrified.

The chairs were queening chairs – high seats, with a slight curve to part the sitter’s legs, and a large hole so that a head could poke through from inside. Hers was already occupied with Lyn, an easy-to-remove gag between her lips, a blindfold over her eyes. It wasn’t necessary for a slave to see while giving pleasure with her tongue! And with plugged ears as well, the woman was largely isolated from the world – but she was only in place for licking cunt, not to do anything else.

Victoria sat down, tensing her thighs around Lyn’s head, feeling the woman twitch slightly, before gently rubbing a hand along her head. She’d responded well to the training, but this would be her first time on public display!

Ama’ra and Lei’ra were led towards other seats, allowing themselves to be strapped into position as Eleanor and Aisling sat down. Victoria felt a sting of frustrated desire, the slaves able to scent the juices of the older women, stoking their own lust. But that was all hidden beneath the table, leaving them all looking at each other, the room tight with anticipation of future pleasures.

Victoria looked over at Su’rya and nodded, the woman bowing and then heading to a side-door. As soon as she pulled it open, then large carts were pushed through by other slaves. Victoria’s eyes drank in the sight – there was a naked woman on each, carefully decorated with food, the scents delicious, making her tongue salivate, as she felt her pussy moisten with desire, thighs tensing around Lyn’s head, feeling the lump of the gag against her slit.

The first dish was one of the new girls, her body covered with carefully cooked strips of meat, each doused in a stinging hot sauce. A rose tattoo wound about her arm, partially concealed beneath draped meat. Her skin was mottled with red where her skin reacted, her eyes darting around in a panic in a bright-red face, her body still and unmoving.

Eleanor nodded in approval, Victoria relaxing a little.

‘Paralytics? They do make some activities harder but can certainly be used for some lovely arrangements.’ The woman was on a tray, two slaves shifting her to the center of the table, within reach of everyone. Eleanor took a fork and jabbed with it, skewering a slice of meat, the metal prongs jabbing into the slave’s skin. Victoria could see her breathing, chest moving in short and rapid pants, eyes darting about, all her other muscles not responding to her commands. Aisling stabbed as well, even more forcefully, youthful flesh distending against the force of the poke. Morrigan was eating as well, making a sound of satisfaction as she chewed the tender meat.

Between her legs was a well of red sauce, plastic film mostly hidden beneath it, helping to stop leaks. Aisling helped herself to that, giving her meat a shake before conveying it to her mouth and gulping it down in one. Her cheeks went faintly red, a look of surprise coming over her face.

‘That’s... rather hotter than I was expecting! And there’s a delicious tang of pleasure fluids. That would explain why she’s looking a little red – I suppose all that spice in her lovely little cunt

is going to be having an effect. Once this is over, you'll have to get a strap and apply it to her pussy, just to take advantage of all that lovely sensitivity.'

The panicked movement of the eyes increased, Victoria taking the chance to skewer some meat for herself. She scraped her fork against the woman's belly, enjoying the way it was soft and yielding, before jabbing for a strip of meat and eating it.

It was perfectly cooked, soft enough to melt on her tongue, the thin strip of beef flavored with the hot sauce, making her tongue sting in a delightful way. Su'rya really had outdone herself!

As they ate, more and more of the woman's body was revealed, along with how she had reacted to the sauce. Where her skin was scratched hard, then painful-looking furrows developed, increased by the biting, burning sauce.

Victoria reached down, releasing the gag, and opening up the front of her own skin-tight suit. Immediately, a tongue licked out, sliding along her pussy lips, starting to tease and excite her. It was too early for release – an orgasm during the first course would be rude! But the tongue-work was excellent, teasing her already, getting her going, and complimenting the food.

It didn't take long until the woman was "stripped", the meat gone, leaving her with nothing but a thin film of the hot sauce, the well between her legs mostly drained. The trace taste of pussy-juice had added a nice after-taste to it, mingling with the brasher, hotter taste of the spice.

The still-paralyzed body was taken, tray getting lifted away and swiftly replaced with another. This was the Asian slave they'd only just acquired, neat rolls of sushi laid up and down her torso, little green wasabi-blobs at regular intervals. Her nipples were being crushed by chopsticks, the wood tied tight with string. The same was on her pussy-lips, wood clamped over sensitive skin.

'What a lovely arrangement!' Aisling smiled, her spice-blush fading, body writhing slightly as she was pleased, out-of-sight. Victoria smiled back, the tongue sliding against her own body getting faster. Through the link, she could feel Ama'ra and Lei'ra, the juices of the older women stimulating them, making them lick and suck with greater vigor. Aisling reached out, ripping chopsticks from a pussy-lip, stretching out the skin before pulling them free. She poked the tips into the slit, swirling them around to make sure they were wet, before taking some of the sushi. Victoria watched her, sharp for any reaction, letting out a sigh of relief as the older woman nodded and smiled.

She took chopsticks from a breast, enjoying the chance to torment the tender flesh. Large, dark eyes stared up at her, tears trickling downwards, long eyelashes fluttering. The sight of her pain aroused Victoria further, and she jabbed with the chopsticks, pinching a nipple and squeezing it hard. A ripple of pain went through her, as she gulped in a pained gasp.

Aisling spoke, after swallowing down a sushi roll. 'I've heard that you have encountered Amunhet. You should be wary of her.'

'She tried to acquire some of our slaves, yes. She seemed rather... possessive.'

'Almost rapacious, one could say!' It was Eleanor's turn to speak. 'Even by the standards of our kind, she is somewhat avaricious. But she is Anati's daughter and will likely inherit leadership of the A'Vala'Sakhmet one day, and so has reason to be assured of herself. It would be best if she were to be humbled before she attains her full power and becomes more of a nuisance. It's certainly for the best that you were able to win your challenge, otherwise she would be even more insufferable! One of the blood must defend their property.'

'She is, mmmm... rather insufferable. But I suppose her blood has its own pride. It would still be nice to see her humbled though! Or at least made, mmmm... to be more polite! I suppose it means we can't go to the middle east for, ahhhh... a while...'

Victoria had to bite her lip as the tongue probed deeper into her, sliding around with distracting skill, flicking around inside of her. She tapped the head, slowing its motions to a gentle tease. Although, through the bond, she could feel the hot, wet pleasure coming from the bonded slaves, their own tongues hard at work, lapping down the pussy-juice of Eleanor and Aisling. That was a sensation that was getting harder and harder to ignore, her cheeks starting to redden.

'Mmmm... Yes, she did seem rather pushy.' The image of Amunhet, lithe, tanned and bejeweled, flashed into mind. She'd look good with her arms spread out on wooden bar, leaving her breasts and torso exposed for a good whipping! And she probably had a delightful scream. Although the odds of ever getting someone of her rank and power into such a position were slight – but Victoria would happily settle for some of her slaves instead, as she seemed to have good taste in that respect, at least.

The latex-sheathed form behind Aisling wriggled, the light shining off her body. Victoria frowned, tightening her thighs around the captive head, spurring the tongue to greater activity now that she had calmed down a little. Any movement seemed unusual – a slave owned by either of the woman should be utterly motionless when not in use. Aisling saw her look, glancing back at the bound woman.

'Ah, that's "Slut". At least until she earns a name.' Aisling reached out, wrapping a hand around the back of the woman's head and pulling her closer, making her shuffle on her knees. The touch made the woman shudder and gasp, puffing air around her panel-gag. She looked hot and feverish, her skin clammy with sweat, cheeks bright red. 'Slut is responding well to her training. Isn't that right, Slut?' She pinched at the woman's neck, hard enough to provoke a gasp of pain.

Eleanor spoke. 'She and her mother promoted values that we found rather objectionable. So now she is being trained into being something more useful. She's going to be a rather lovely cunt-slave – soon, that will be all that she can think about. For someone that was so concerned with purity and virginity, then she's rather desperate already. But if she wants to be defiled, then she's going to have to beg a lot more – I wonder if she'll be able to convince us to use her?'

The woman's breathing was getting obviously faster, her body reacting to the touch, even as tears formed in her eyes, obviously frustrated at her own desires, stoked by the touch. Aisling's fingers slid around the gag and unbuckled it, another slave gliding forward to take it. A long cock-prong slid from between the woman's lips, but she didn't dribble or splutter as the thing was pulled out of her mouth. Her lips looked soft and plump, perfect for pussy-eating, her tongue wet and red before she closed her mouth.

'Beg.' The order was curt, and swiftly obeyed.

'Please... Please use me. I want to be touched and used. *Please...*' Her voice was raw with emotion, her shoulders twisting, arms caught behind herself in the reverse-prayer still. Her eyes darted around the room, settling on Victoria for a moment before glancing away. Her nipples were hard against the dress, sticking out against the tight dress. 'I was wrong! I want to be used. Please, fu... fuck me! Hard!' She stuttered over the profanity, her cheeks going redder. 'Defile me! Use me! I can't take this. I can't think, I'm just... The heat is too much. I'm begging you, I want to be disgraced and used. I don't care if it's a man or a woman, I just *need* something there.'

'Silence.'

The word took a moment to filter through into Slut's awareness, a desperate whimper escaping her lips, before she forced them together.

'Youthful, virgin flesh has its own delights, of course. We're going to transform Slut into a dedicated cunt-worshipper, which will be pleasurable. And then she will tarnish her mother's reputation.'

'We're hoping to acquire the mother as well – a woman used to power being forced to serve as property is delightful. The moment they realize they can't escape, and their hope withers and dies! Mmmm, always a pleasure.' Aisling wriggled her body in delight, stroking one of her own breasts. 'I'm looking forward to having her spread out on the cross and whipping her into orgasm. Forcing her to associate pleasure and pain will be entertaining – perhaps I'll have Slut wield the whip?' She patted the woman on the head, before sliding fingers into her throat, hard enough to make her choke and splutter. 'This one is already desperate – it's impressive how much of a slut she's going to be. But she needs to learn to beg more. Perhaps she should learn to perform as well? I wonder if she can sing while being fucked.'

The woman whimpered again, dribble starting to leak over her lips, splashing to the ground before Aisling pulled her fingers out and wiped them against Slut's cheek.

'Stand.'

There was a long pause, Slut only just barely able to focus as she obeyed. Her dress showed her body off, the latex sleek and tight, transparent bands showing off youthful, soft skin beneath. Aisling tugged at the bottom of the dress, pulling it upwards. Beneath was a chastity belt, with a transparent plastic panel over her crotch. Small metal clips kept her lips parted, showing off wet

folds, her juices visibly flowing, smearing over the inside of the panel. She whimpered again, eyes fluttering.

When Victoria looked more closely, she could see thin wires taped onto her clit and the inner folds, keeping her teased and stimulated. The cunt-walls twitched, the clit-bud visible and super-sensitive.

‘What happened last time you tried to touch yourself, Slut?’

Slut’s voice broke and cracked, her shoulders shaking. ‘Mistress Aisling punished me. Slut had to beg for forty strikes on her cunt. It hurt! And then Slut was teased with a feather.’ She whimpered in, shoulders shrinking in.

‘She’s turning into a good pain-slut. I had her lick the beating-strap clean afterwards as well.’

The sushi-course was done, all the food picked clean off the paralyzed body. She was whisked away, the third course coming out. Angry eyes stared out from an otherwise-still body, neat little scoops and heaps of dessert piled up, various creams and cakes. A strange, gasping wheeze escaped from a frozen mouth.

‘This is a stray – not yet trained, but sufficient to eat off. Acquired by the Sheriff – a runaway. But no-one will miss her.’

The rage in the woman’s eyes sent pleasure through Victoria, and she tapped the head between her legs again, making the tongue twist and twirl with greater vigor.

‘Ah, a feral? They often break, but it’s nice to hear them scream. And can be good for stress release. Have you used her yet?’

‘No, she needs more training still. She managed to slip out of her ropes at one point! Had to wrestle her down. But a bit of water-torture helped calm her down. We’re thinking of putting her on the rack next.’ The angry look was starting to become one of fear, as Victoria stretched out, helping herself to a scoop of cake, the thing light and fluffy. ‘Would you like a tour afterwards? If you want, you can practice on her. The paralytics should last for another few hours, so if you want to play with her.’

A spoon flicked down, metal slapping against a bare and exposed cunt, making the woman gasp.

‘That could be fun. Your household seems well-managed – your two bonded slaves are very well-trained, especially for being so new to the collar. You do need to expand though. This is... adequate, but rather minimal. And you should try and find some levers for greater power – I’m sure there’s a few local authorities you can suborn, above the local sheriff.’ Aisling slapped the spoon down again, clearly enjoying the chance to torture the unmoving body.

Victoria let out another sigh of relief. 'Thank you. Yes, we will try and expand. But we have some gifts for you, to entertain us after dinner.'

'Then we will look forward to receiving them. But let's enjoy the food first.'

Chapter 13: Gifts

Ama'ra felt fuzzy, a light bliss hazing all her thoughts, stealing away most of her mental powers. The taste of pussy-juice was a thick musk on her tongue and down her throat, filling her belly with warmth, making her whole body feel wet and tingly. She wanted to get off, to pleasure herself, or be pleased! Or to drink more of that nectar, to have the sweet taste overwhelming her again.

All she could do though was to crawl behind her owner, down on all fours, feeling the heat between her legs as she moved, trying not to be distracted by the tight, latex-wrapped buttocks. If she was good, would she be allowed more of a reward? To be able to hump those long, luscious legs, or even be allowed touch, skin-on-skin? Even being tied down didn't seem too bad, if it would let her be allowed a release? Her body yearned for that, but she didn't dare take actions towards one by herself, for fear of the punishment she might attract.

Victoria and Morrigan were chatting with their mothers, an in-depth conversation about some form of politics. The thought of being traded away sent a chill through Ama'ra – she wanted to be close to Morrigan all the time, to be allowed to taste her mistress's slit, to be her devoted cunt-slave!

Other slaves opened the doors ahead of them, making sure that Victoria and Morrigan didn't have to exert any effort themselves, everywhere open to them as though by magic. They walked into another chamber of the mansion – Ama'ra didn't think she'd been in this one, but it was hard to tell. Except for torture implements, many seemed similar, with expensive decorations and points to attach chains and other restraints to.

This one had two round tables in the center, each holding a woman – naked except for their restraints and hoods. Both were made anonymous by thick leather on their heads, padded lumps over their eyes and ears, casting them into silent darkness. Thick collars around their necks sealed the hoods on, metal padlocks visible, impossible to remove. Strips of black tape held them in position – their ankles bound to their thighs, their wrists to their elbows, making them wriggle and writhe like frogs, unable to gain any real traction. Small twists of ribbon decorated their bodies, adding little splashes of red and yellow, neat little knots of the stuff on their nipples.

One of them moved, twisting around, revealing attractive, feminine curves, with large breasts, a long blonde ponytail coming from the top of the hood, leather straps braided through the twists of hair.

'They were a little hard to acquire, but seemed appropriate gifts for the two of you, to show our appreciation of you. Please, examine them.' Watching Morrigan be so deferential and polite was strange!

The two elder women approached the captives. As soon as they were touched, both of them tensed up, bound and powerless limbs wriggling, the blonde managing to rise up onto all fours. The other was flipped onto her back, fingers poking and prodding at exposed, unprotected skin. Taped-up limb-stumps wriggled, trying to fend off the fingers, without any success.

'They're fresh-caught – not yet trained. Something to keep you entertained.'

The hoods were thick enough that the women couldn't make any noise, but as they were fingered, their bodies getting violated against their wills. Legs flapped, knees getting pulled apart to keep their shaved slits exposed. The sight of writhing, twisting skin, firm and soft skin, made Ama'ra feel hot and lusty again, Lei'ra moving close. With their mistresses distracted, it seemed safe to have at least a little touch – their shoulders bumped against each other, the contact of flesh-on-flesh making her head feel even fuzzier.

Her breasts felt large and hot, and she could feel all her piercings, all the metal lodged in her body now natural to her, the clit-ring pulling on her sensitive parts. She twisted her hips, wanting to be touched there, or at least to grind against something!

The two women were moving more, attempting to struggle free, their wriggling limbs easily getting held aside. One of them had a noticeably leaner, more toned figure, their muscles better defined, while the other was trim, but didn't look as athletic. Fingers kept probing and poking, violating the bodies, squeezing at bellies and breasts. Thin red scratch marks appeared, nails scratching down skin, and then the older woman that looked like Morrigan slapped her hand down on an exposed pussy.

The bound limbs twitched and spasmed, the woman making a pleased sound and repeating the action.

'Nice and sensitive.'

'They've both seen use but kept themselves in good shape. And they should be tough enough to withstand some training.'

'And mentally?'

'They should be robust enough. Hopefully? You will need to strip away their pride.'

The older woman purred, sounding pleased. 'Mmmmm, that is always a pleasure! To watch them as they realize their past life is irrelevant, and now they are nothing but cunt-meat, here to serve and give pleasure, is always a delight.' Another slap, the impact making Ama'ra's own pussy tingle in sympathy. Even a slap there might feel good! The captive didn't seem to like it though, wriggling around again.

'I assume they're up to our standards?'

'Of course. You can remove the hoods if you want. Here are the keys.'

Metal clicked as one of the hoods was unlocked, the padlock opening up, the one without the blonde hair getting molested first. A hand firmly gripped her throat, as the leather was unlaced and then eased over the head. Bleached-blond hair spilled out from beneath the hood, and then a slightly grimy face, a little shiny with sweat, mouth still sealed with black tape, cheeks bulging with something that was shoved into them. Weak, pathetic grunts and whines sounded out, the leather getting pulled up and off.

Ama'ra whined in recognition, before feeling a sting of shame at the sound she made. Morrigan turned around, looking down at her and giving her a predatory smile. The bound, captive woman was Sheila, her mother! Confusion addled her thoughts as the other hood was plucked off, revealing Cindy, Lei'ra's mother. She seemed to be more aware than Sheila, wriggling with more force against her restraints, earning herself more sharp slaps and pinches to keep her in place.

'As Ama'ra and Lei'ra were so successful, it seemed appropriate to acquire their mothers – it may be that there is something of use within their bloodline, that can be bred for. And it's so nice to have a fully matched set, isn't it?'

Cindy's powerful thighs tensed up, her legs being held wide, fingers plunging deep into her exposed pussy, making her whine in shame and pain. Tears were starting to trickle from her eyes as her body was violated, powerless to fight back.

Morrigan turned around and walked towards Ama'ra and Lei'ra, before squatting down and patting them on their heads. Ama'ra leaned into the touch, enjoying the sensation of the fingers against her scalp, sending warm little twitches of pleasure through her body, making her cunt twitch again. 'You two really are excellent cunt-slaves – hopefully your mothers will be as well. If not, then... well, I'm sure then some fun can be had with them. I wonder how tough they are? We've only played with them a little so far.'

The gagged squeals were getting louder as the bodies were poked and twisted again, with greater force. Ama'ra could see a hand vanish, all the way up to the knuckles, Sheila now trying to protest, despite the fear and shame on her face.

'Stand up, both of you.'

Fingers hooked into their collar-rings as Morrigan stood up, dragging both of them upwards. Having to stand like this was somehow even more shameful and humiliating than being on all fours, as she was made to stand like a person, rather than crawl like a bitch-slave.

'Remove the collars.'

Fear ran through Ama'ra, her shoulders hunching up and tensing. Her fingers moved up towards the thick, heavy curve of metal, weighing down on her shoulders. Having it on made her feel secure and owned, a permanent reminder of her place! Morrigan raised her hand, making Ama'ra flinch, fearful of a slap, before sliding along the collar and pulling it away.

Her neck felt bare and cold, no longer protected by the metal. It was driving her close to panic, just from not having the comforting presence in place, leaving her feeling exposed. She couldn't meet Morrigan's eyes, staring down at the floor, trying to ignore the squealing gasps coming from the bound and restrained women.

'Now, the two of you will need to be tested.'

Ama'ra had to concentrate not to put her hand on her neck, wanting something there in place of the collar, something to make her feel secure again. When Morrigan reached out and groped one of her breasts, it made her shiver and gulp, the touch of her owner's hand sending a thrill of heat coursing through her body, sparking lust in her veins. There was a heavy *thunk* as the collars were put down, settling onto a wooden surface. From behind her came the squeals and gasps of Sheila and Cindy, still being probed and violated, twisting against the fingers of their captors.

'Stay.'

Morrigan and Victoria both walked across to the other side of the room, sitting down in comfortable leather seats, both of them staring at Ama'ra and Lei'ra, before Victoria spoke.

'You can crawl on all fours towards us, showing that you are slave-sluts, and owned by us. Then your collars will be returned, and you will be owned by us. Or... Or, you can walk away. We will return you, and your mothers, to your old life. You can reclaim your names as well.'

Fear and confusion shot through Ama'ra – what was mistress Victoria talking about?

'Now, make your choice.'

Ama'ra dropped to all fours, hard enough to make her palms ache when they hit the floor. She wanted to be Ama'ra, to be the cunt-slave of Mistress Morrigan! She could feel Lei'ra move as well, dropping next to her, their shoulders pressing together. As fast as she could, she crawled towards Morrigan, ignoring the groans and whines from behind herself.

Both the older women whined in protest, struggling against their restraints, trying to shake their heads in protest, whimpering and whining, more tears trickling down their faces. The noises they made were quiet and pathetic, silenced by their gags.

She reached Morrigan, nuzzling her cheek against the latex wrapped leg, purring in pleasure when Morrigan patted her on the head. Relief flooded through her as the collar touched back against her neck, clicking shut, still warm from her body.

'Good girl.'

'I live for you, Mistress Morrigan!' The words escaped Ama'ra's lips before she could control herself. 'I am yours.' She could feel a burst of pleasure through their link, suffusing into her, passionate and proud, making her rub her face more closely against the latex-wrapped leg, wanting to touch the skin beneath. 'Let me serve you, please.'

Lei'ra was doing the same with Victoria, getting stroked and patted back.

'You have created us, and we worship you. Those two deserve pain and suffering if they do not obey.'

A hand grabbed her hair, wrenching her head up, forcing her to look into Morrigan's eyes. There was a smile on the woman's face though, helping to dull the pain in Ama'ra's scalp. Morrigan's other hand stretched out, stroking along Ama'ra's cheek, the gloved fingers warm from the skin beneath, before they slid into Ama'ra's mouth.

She kissed them, wrapping her tongue around them, tightening her lips. There was a faint taste there, of the woman beneath, Ama'ra trying to focus on that. The fingers slid around, fondling her tongue, squeezing and pinching. She tried to talk, wanting to pledge her allegiance, but it came out only as wet mumbles, her tongue getting twisted around, her lips twisted and distorted.

But Morrigan seemed happy, letting go of Ama'ra's hair, using that hand to pull on a nipple-piercing, stretching out her breast. The pain felt good, warm and sharp, sending a surge of heat and pleasure through her body, her cunt tingling again, the piercing through her clit dragging on her sensitive bud. Morrigan's foot rose up, moving between Ama'ra's legs, and she ground against it, her vision wavering from the sheer intensity of the pleasure. She was so wet that the leather pushed into her folds, spreading her wide and open, leaving wet smears of pussy-juice on the leather, panting and gasping.

She could feel Morrigan's pleasure through the bond, and the more distant pleasure from Lei'ra and Victoria. She wanted to stroke herself, but didn't dare, having to force herself to keep her arms limp and passive, her breathing growing ragged as she humped her mistress's leg.

'Such a good slave-pet! I wonder if your mothers will be as loyal and dedicated? Although they are both still fertile, so they can be bred. Perhaps your bloodline will be worthy of being mixed in with others.'

Ama'ra could barely hear her, too focused on the wet, loose delight she could feel between her legs, despite the mental barrier against release. The fingers pushed deeper into her throat, making her gag and splutter before they withdrew, Ama'ra trying to kiss them as they left. Then the hand wrapped around her throat, above her collar, squeezing hard. Bright, painful sparks burst in her eyes, but even that felt good, an easy sensation to melt into, stealing away her thoughts.

‘Give worship.’

It was hard to talk through the strangling grip, the fingers tight and hard on her throat, but she tried to force out words. ‘I belong to... to you, Mistress Morrigan. My goddess, and... all that I desire. You are my... life and world...’ Her vision was wavering, darkness creeping in from the edges, her strength fading until she would have collapsed if it weren’t for the hand on her throat.

When it let go, she did sag down, almost falling completely, her hips moving on their own, the boot pressing up into her cunt and then withdrawing, kicking against her belly. The pain made her gasp, sucking in a deep pant of air. The pussy-juice was trickling from her cunt, her thighs damp and sticky, Morrigan drawing her leg back and thrusting her foot out, jabbing a heel into soft skin. Ama’ra could feel the pleasure seeping through from her mistress though, a sense of relief and delight that Ama’ra had performed appropriately.

Ama’ra surrendered, falling onto her back, completely prostrate and vulnerable, exposed and undefended, as the heel stamped down onto her belly, then scratched down her skin, coming to rest just above her cunt.

The moans from Sheila and Cindy had become desperate screams, shrill and piercing, but all of Ama’ra’s focus was on Morrigan, on the touch of her mistress’s boot, harsh and divine, the heel starting to slide into her cunt. She tensed up around it, her hips rising up, wanting deeper penetration, to be used and fucked. The screams seemed only natural – if the women would just submit, then they wouldn’t have to be hurt as much, it was their own fault!

‘When you are fully trained, then perhaps you will be bred as well. The process is... well, you’ll find out. But you should be honored to even be considered for breeding with one of the true blood. Now that you are bonded, such is possible.’

‘Mhrhhh...’ Ama’ra could barely think as the heel-spike penetrated deeper and then withdrew, sticky with her juices, showing how desperately horny she was. She wanted to serve Morrigan in every way possible, even if it meant getting used like that! Morrigan leaned over and grabbed her collar-ring, standing up and dragging Ama’ra up as well. Her legs were weak and wobbly, but she managed to force herself to walk as she was pulled behind Morrigan, back over to the tables.

Sheila and Cindy were screaming and crying, their bodies covered with red marks where they had been poked, pinched and prodded. Tears were streaming from their eyes, their cheeks straining against the tape-gags, muffling their shrill cries, but they couldn’t escape. And Ama’ra could see and smell their arousal, fingers easily sliding into wet cunts, making them writhe and whine even louder.

‘Why don’t you name them? It will need some work to train them, but the sooner they accept their positions, the better - and it can give a nice, fresh start.’

One of the older women – the one that looked like Victoria – turned and smiled. ‘We normally prefer younger, more tender meat, but sometimes it’s nice to have something a little more

mature. They're going to need some harsh mental breaking to get them accustomed to their new positions.' She scraped her nails down Cindy's belly, making the woman scream again, cheeks puffing out beneath the tape.

The other one, Morrigan's mother, spoke. 'We may as well begin the training now – we'll unwrap them in the guest rooms. I assume they are fully equipped? It seems like some nice, soundproof boxes might be useful at least, to toss them in overnight.'

'Yes, they have everything you will need. Don't tire yourselves out though – we have activities planned for tomorrow. And will be borrowing your fresh meat, so don't break them too much. It'll be more fun if they have some energy left.'

'Oh? Well, I suppose we can hold back, just for tonight.' She slapped an exposed cunt, hard enough to draw out another whining scream. 'And then break them in properly from tomorrow.' She picked Cindy up, tossing the woman over her shoulder, stronger than she looked, and then walked away. 'We will see you tomorrow then. And we expect entertainment!'

Chapter 14: The Hunt

Morning mist coiled through the air, the sun not yet warm enough to burn it off. There was a distinct chill in the air, damp and foggy, limiting Morrigan's vision from the patio – she could just about see the edge of the nearest clump of trees, but nothing else, the world shrouded behind a veil of mist.

At least the breakfast was warm and filling, delicately flavored tea warming Morrigan from the inside out, with Beta's breast milk adding a pleasant note to the citrusy taste. Su'rya had outdone herself, providing a full and nourishing breakfast, but one that wasn't too heavy, setting everyone up for the day ahead.

'Those cages seem impressive. I still prefer more traditional techniques, but being able to monitor the meat is useful.' Aisling tapped her fork against a screen propped up in the middle of the table – it was showing dark and gritty low-light footage, flicking through three different viewpoints. Each showed the insides of a cage, the occupant securely chained into place, a tinny audio feed of metallic clinking coming through.

'I can give you the details of the maker. They make custom wares, or you can get off-the-shelf as well. They also made the collars.' Victoria gestured at Ama'ra, who crawled close, Victoria grabbing her by the throat, enjoying the feeling of soft, yielding skin. 'They compress the throat, making it impossible to speak.' Ama'ra grunted and twitched, her face starting to turn blue before Morrigan released her. 'I'm sure you can appreciate the pleasure in reducing a woman to a mute beast. And that should make the hunting all the better!'

‘Yes, a little sport can be entertaining. It will be interesting to see how well you and Victoria fare – it’s been some time since we last hunted together. And, as I recall, you were not very successful?’

‘That was a long time ago!’ It wasn’t fair of Aisling to bring up something from years and years back – she’d barely been full-grown then! And it was on territory she hadn’t known. ‘This should be much more entertaining. Three prey-sluts to hunt down – whoever can bring two back wins.’ The camera flicked to a different cage – it was Lei’ra’s mother, twisting around, trying to wrench the bars open. Her resistance was impressive, if futile. Even a strong man wouldn’t be able to make the bars move! The other two women were curled up in the cages, twitching fearfully in their bonds.

‘If you say so. I’m perfectly willing to let you and Victoria have a head start. Just to keep things fair.’

Victoria spoke, shaking her head. ‘We don’t need it. It will be perfectly fair if we start at the same time. We’re not children anymore!’

‘True – although you do need to improve your household further. A proper kennel, and a stable, would be useful. Somewhere to keep the hunting-sluts. And then you can train that prey-girl we’re hunting to be a pony-girl.’ She poked the screen again, as it changed back towards the third woman. ‘She’s got the build for it, nice and leggy. She’ll need running down, to tire her out. And I assume that all of the tools have been made ready?’

Morrigan had to resist the urge to roll her eyes. ‘Yes, all the hunting tools are ready. Hunting ropes, nets and bolas. Everything needed to hunt and hogtie our prey.’ She reached out, grabbing at Ama’ra’s head and dragging it forward. The slave’s mouth opened, allowing herself to be impaled on the feeding-cock between Morrigan’s legs, sucking on it to extract the food-goop. ‘The cages will open soon, but the walls have been topped with barbed wire, and the sunk fence has been deepened, so they won’t be escaping. Plenty of time to enjoy our breakfast!’

The mist was starting to peel away, the sun peeking out from behind the clouds, air getting a little warmer. Victoria was feeding Lei’ra as well, slamming the feeding-cock all the way into her slave’s throat, forcing out charming gasps and whines, dribble gritty with the goop spilling from the slaves mouth. Aisling and Eleanor were doing the same – Nue somehow managed to look dignified, even when down on her knees with her hands behind her back, throat bulging as she took the entire length of the feeding-cock into her mouth.

The screen beeped, drawing everyone’s attention, a little countdown-clock appearing, going down from 10. Morrigan didn’t stop thrusting with her hips, but did turn to watch the screen. At “1”, the cages all clicked open, bars swinging up, restraints loosening and freeing the occupants. Lei’ra’s mother was off like a shot, bolting from the cage and gone from view. The others were slower and more cautious, but still left their cages, heading into the woodlands.

Morrigan kept throat-fucking Ama'ra, until the food-supply was completely drained, and the slave was sucking nothing but air. With that done, it was time to start the hunt! The weapons were laid out just inside, ropes and nets neatly twisted and coiled. She equipped herself, wrapping a rope around her waist, making sure the net was sturdy, feeling the weight of the bolas, watching as the others did the same.

And then the hunt began! Morrigan could feel excitement building within herself, wanting to throw herself into action, but she had to walk towards the woods first, wanting to seem controlled and mature, rather than rashly charging in.

As soon as they were under the wooded canopy, Aisling and Eleanor split off, vanishing into the undergrowth. The only other sounds were early morning bird-song, and small creatures moving through the undergrowth – none of their prey seemed likely to be close by. She could just about see Victoria, a vague shape in the green shadows, catsuit helping her to blend in. They moved fast, staying in sight of each other, Morrigan checking for any tracks.

They had to trail through the woodlands for quite a while before finding anything, the noon-time sun starting to shine down, the mist now fully gone.

Morrigan pointed at the ground, Victoria emerging from the shadows to look – plants had been broken and low branches snapped. One of the women had passed this way!

The trail was easy to follow, with no attempts at hiding it. Morrigan started to move faster, accelerating to a run, taking a bolas from her waist, ready to throw, her ears sharp.

From up ahead, she heard a grunt of pain, and sprinted towards it. Movement! A female form, dappled sunlight striking against taut buttocks and bare skin, with a rose tattoo winding along an arm, running across a clearing. She moved closer, walking as silently as possible, Victoria a close-by and equally silent shadow. She could hear panting now, desperate and pained, getting ready to spin and flick the bolas.

Up ahead, leaning on a tree, desperate and panting, was one of the prey. She'd gotten herself injured, light scratches down her body from where she'd bashed into things, her head moving around in short, twitchy movements, just like a fawn, fearful and ready to bolt. Morrigan drew her arm back and stepped out from behind a tree.

The woman turned to see her, eyes wide with fear, gasping out a single "no" as she started to move, and then Morrigan let the bolas fly. The weighted ropes spun through the air, a perfectly-angled shot that tangled around the woman's legs, tangling them and making her tumble to the ground. She started to crawl away, before Victoria pounced on her, binding her into a hogtie, ignoring her whines and protests, swiftly gagging her.

Morrigan left her to Victoria, trusting the other woman to carry her, before starting to hunt for more prey.

It didn't take long to find another trail, glimpses of startled movement through the trees, hearing the snap of branches, foliage snapping underfoot. She moved to intercept, seeing more clearly, a sudden clear sight of a woman's flanks, shiny with sweat. And then she changed direction, starting to run towards Morrigan! This would be a nice easy capture.

Morrigan readied herself for the throw, building up more speed in the bolas, leaning around a tree, and readying for release, wanting to aim low, to bind the woman's legs. Before she could do so, there was another thrumming, whipping sound, ropes slicing in from the woods, bolas wrapping around the woman's legs. She cried out in pain, tumbling to the floor and skidding along.

Aisling jumped down from a tree, landing on the woman's back and pinning her to the floor. With swift and practiced ease, she wrapped her rope around flailing limbs, binding ankles to ankles, and then bending her prey into a tight bow as she drew the hogtie close.

Even with that, the woman was still writhing around, her limbs tensing and twitching, trying to twist free, but without any success. A desperate gasp was cut short as a short rope-loop was bound around her mouth, turning it into a strangled grunt.

'Well, that's one down. Although she has a lot of spirit! And lovely thighs – whatever she did before, it's left her nice and healthy! A bit too light to be a pony-slave, but she'd make a fine hound.'

'Mpphhhh!'

Aisling had to stamp down on them several times to still their protests, grinding them down against the fallen leaves and mud, dirtying their skin.

'No complaints! My slaves know when to speak, and when to stay silent. Otherwise I'll seal your mouth, and you definitely won't like that.' She stamped down again, before picking them up by the hogtie-rope, making it pinch into their body, drawing out even more gasps and whines.

'You two need to work harder.' Eleanor's voice sounded out over the moans and whines, as she walked into the clearing – Ama'ra's mother was over her shoulder, twisted into a brutally tight hogtie, completely unable to move, her skin pinched and compressed beneath the ropes.

'Although you managed one this time, so that's an improvement. Now, shall we entertain ourselves and have some lunch? I've worked up something of an appetite, and a bit of pleasure after a hunt is always welcome. I trust that you have appropriate equipment?'

'Yes, that has all been set up.'

'Good. What are you going to do with your young filly?'

'We'll train her specially later.' The woman was squirming and wriggling on Victoria's shoulders, before getting slapped and pinched into submission. 'She's a recent acquisition, not yet broken in.'

'I saw her running – good turn of speed on her. Definitely worthy of consideration as a pony-slut. But that can wait – throw her in a cage and then we can have some fun with these two. Even though they're a bit older, they're not tough and leathery just yet. Still nice and sensitive in all the right places.'

It was a longer walk back to the house, weighed down with the bound slaves – Morrigan took over carrying, squeezing at breasts and slapping the woman's cunt until she slumped into surrender.

Su'rya had set everything up – a metal frame, with straps and harnesses dangling down, leather curves ready to receive the bodies. Morrigan's captive was tossed into a metal crate, the top locked shut, keeping her sealed away, before Morrigan went to help with the others.

More slaps and strikes were needed to keep the older bitches compliant, the straps and harnesses twisting and disobedient by themselves, turning the wrong way or not quite buckling right. With Aisling and Eleanor watching, Morrigan's fingers felt fat and fumbling, taking several tries to get the bonds right. And one of the captives was still writhing around, only going still when Morrigan clamped a hand over her mouth and pinched her nose shut, applying pressure until the movements stopped.

That gave enough of an opening to finish the arrangement, getting her fully tethered into place. The two women were suspended in the air, limbs spread and tied to each other, each head next to the other's crotch, ring-gags keeping their mouths open. The one on top, the one that had kept wriggling, strained against the straps, making the whole frame rattle and shake, growling from behind her gag.

'Lei'ra's mother has spirit! And an admirable body. She'll need breaking down a little first, to make her obey.' Aisling sounded happy, before grabbing the other woman's head and shoving it upwards, forcing it into a naked and exposed crotch. The tone of the growl changed, becoming more of a gasping whine. 'This one seems more obedient – and something of a natural pussy-licker. Well, she's going to be getting lots of practice, and I'm sure a piercing will make the feeling better.'

Morrigan reached out, sliding a hand between them, able to grope both their breasts at once – one body was noticeably firmer and leaner, more toned and exercised, the other softer and curvier, whimpering sobs coming out when Morrigan squeezed her hand.

'It's been a while since we acquired any simple pleasure-slaves – most we've gotten recently have been for specific reasons. It'll be fun to break them down. Time to start – they felt nice and tight, but time to give them a full test!'

All the needed tools were laid out, Aisling taking a strap-on and buckling it around her waist.

'Now, which hole first?' The straps were elastic enough that anywhere could be accessed, Aisling poking the cock at a pussy, before pushing down, bringing an asshole into reach. Long, blonde hair shook around, along with an indignant squeal, limbs twitching and shaking.

Morrigan moved to her front, stooping slightly to look her in the eyes. Tears were trickling down her cheeks, leaving wet trails, her jaw tight around the gag. She grabbed the hair and wrenched upwards, hard enough to pull on the neck, forcing it into position.

‘You need to learn your place – you are meat now, to be used by these two. They own you.’ She stepped to the side, keeping hold of the hair as Eleanor, also now equipped with a strap-on, started to fuck the other woman’s mouth, driving the cock in deep, a garbled scream sounding out. ‘They will enjoy breaking you – and then perhaps the future produce of your body will make itself of value? You are only here to give pleasure and be bred – anything else is unnecessary. If you refuse to comply, then you will be hooded and a collar welded on, so it can never be removed.’

Fearful whines and gasps were coming from the woman’s throat, her gaze vague and distant as she was mouth-fucked, the cock forced into her body. Morrigan slapped her, forcing her to pay attention.

‘Good meat learns to behave, or is broken entirely. You *will* learn to serve, one way or another.’ A vulnerable tongue wagged around, sliding over the assaulting cock. She whined in protest again, before her body started to convulse in a steady rhythm, panting for air, throat bulging from the rigid shaft forced into her.

‘She’s tight! Don’t think she’s had done this before. Must have been too proud.’

The high-pitched whine made Morrigan wince, grabbing at skin and squeezing and pinching.

‘You see? You will suffer, and the more obedient and pleasing you are, then the less you will suffer. Now why don’t you give your friend a kiss?’ Aisling withdrew the shaft, the thing covered with thick slobber and then guiding the head around, until it was over the other woman’s pussy. ‘Lick. Or suffer.’

There was another whine, but the soft pink tongue slowly slid out, brushing against the other lips. Eleanor was using the other woman to lubricate her own strap-on, thrusting deep into a tight throat, making the woman moan in despair. Morrigan twisted her victim’s hair, using it to guide the head towards the other woman’s slit. A tongue slid out, slowly and hesitantly.

‘That’s it – you see, now you’re causing pleasure, so you don’t need to be hurt as much. This is a lesson your daughters learned – and now you need to learn it as well. Just because you’re older is no excuse to give up! You might only have slept with men before, but now you’re going to need to expand your skills.’ She used her other hand to dig her nails into the top of the spine, hard enough that she knew it would cause pain. A full-body tremor rippled through the woman, making the straps shake around. Eleanor’s hips were almost touching against her head, the strap-on now fully buried inside the asshole.

The tongue continued to slide around, sliding deeper into the pussy as Morrigan pinched harder, forcing more pain onto them.

‘There, you see? This is your life now. A nice, obedient pussy licker.’ She stayed where she was, enjoying the sense of dominance, hearing both of the sluts whine and gasp as their bodies were violated, clearly unused to rough anal. Well, this would be just the start of their training!

Morrigan stepped back, Aisling and Eleanor moving into position, the spit-covered cocks now pushing against tight assholes, forcing them wide. The two captives kept eating each other out, as they were violated from behind, with no choice but to accept being sodomized. One of the women groaned, her hips twisting, and she started to gush, spraying pleasure-juices over the other woman’s face. Morrigan smiled to herself - by the time Aisling and Eleanor were done with them, then they would be far more obedient, or entirely broken and passive!

Chapter 15: Packed Tight

Lei’ra crawled, moving herself close against a wall as another maid-slave hurried past, her arms filled with a large travelling crate, heavy enough to make her strain. Everywhere was busy, with preparations being made for a departure – the two older women must be leaving soon, and taking all their staff with them. It would certainly make the place a lot quieter! And maybe Victoria would spend more time with her? Her pussy was wet and throbbing, desperate for touches, locked behind the chastity belt. She wanted to be touched and stroked there – even if it did involve pain. Being whipped in the cunt, maybe that would be enough to get her off?

She heard heels click, a moment before she *felt* Victoria’s presence through the bond, the focus making her whole body tingle with anticipation. Before she could turn around, there was the brush of a hand against her collar, metal clicking, a leash getting attached.

‘There is some work for you.’ Victoria walked ahead of Lei’ra, forcing her to crawl fast to keep up, the bitch-suit feeling tight and natural around her body now. Lei’ra mewled through her muzzle-gag, as she was led down a steep flight of stairs, trying not to stumble and fall, feeling bumps and jolts even with the padding on her elbows and knees. They passed a doorway, through which she could see Morrigan leaning into a spread-eagled and naked woman, teasing her pussy. The woman was twitching and shaking, like she was caught in an intense fever, teeth sinking into a wooden bit, whimpering and whining.

‘Beta and Nue are going to be looking after you. There are other skills you need to learn, and those two are very experienced.’ She pushed open a heavy wooden door, hot and sweat-tainted air flowing out.

Inside was another torture chamber – Beta and Nue were there, both smartly dressed, their hands sheathed in surgical gloves. Bodies were shackled onto metal tables, but Lei’ra couldn’t see who they were, but she could hear their gasps and groans, and smell their desperate lust. They both bowed at Victoria, Nue approaching and petting Lei’ra.

‘Teach her well. If she is disappointing in any way, then you may punish her.’

'Yes, Mistress Victoria.' Fingers moved over Lei'ra's body, unbuckling the bitch-suit, starting to free her from the leather. As it was pulled off her skin, there was a momentary chill, even the warm air down here colder than the leather, but it did feel nice not to be quite so constrained and compressed.

By the time she was done, Victoria had left, Lei'ra now able to stand up properly, stretching out her limbs. And now she could see properly! The whines and groans from the tables got louder, chains clicking – it was Sheila and Cindy, their bodies stretched out, held spreadeagled by chains, both slightly shiny and damp. There was a bucket of water with a flannel in – had they just been washed down? From the goosebumps forming on their skin, it must have been cold water, making Lei'ra shiver in sympathy. Both were firmly gagged, Cindy's head shaking around in muffled protest, Sheila simply laying there, passive and still. Ama'ra was also already here, naked except for collar and cuffs.

Nue reached around Lei'ra's head, releasing her gag and dipping it into the bucket before putting it into a metal tray, to let it dry.

'You are going to help prepare these two for transport. Mistress Aisling and Mistress Eleanor will be training them personally – it will give the mistresses something to entertain themselves with. And it is always a pleasure to expand the household! I suspect this one might be rather more troublesome.' She slapped her palm onto Cindy's belly, making it produce a hollow drumming noise, making Cindy whine in pain. 'It will also be useful to pass knowledge onto you regarding your own mistresses. I cared for them since they were young – there is much you should learn of their tastes and preferences. For example, you should know that Mistress Victoria likes her tea black and hot. And to have a light snack early in the afternoon – not that she would admit it, but something sugary. Not cake or sweets though, a pastry or similar.' Lei'ra tried to commit it to memory – she wanted to be a good slave!

'I'm sure you already know her tender spots, but she does like to have her thighs kissed after release. You should always be attentive to her desires.' The woman reached out and stroked Lei'ra's face, her fingers still wet with juice from Sheila and Cindy, smearing that over Lei'ra's cheeks. 'Although she will let you know should you fail to live up to her desires. But you have managed to earn a soul-bond, so you must have some worth. I hope you appreciate the honor bestowed on you.' She tapped her fingers against the underside of Lei'ra's chin, making her tilt her head. 'You have much to learn.'

Lei'ra twisted her lips and tongue – it felt strange to be able to talk, without her mouth being gagged! 'Will these two be bonded as well?'

Nue chuckled, shaking her head. 'Oh no. They may be attractive meat, but they are raw meat nevertheless. And very few Mistresses bond multiple slaves – it is draining, and rather distracting. These two are destined for breeding, once they have been sufficiently trained. It seems they have some virtue there, to judge by yourself and Ama'ra. Your mistresses may have other plans for you though. I'm sure you will find out in time – your mistresses have their own ambitions, which you are a key part of.'

Fingers slid into Lei'ra's mouth, and she sucked on them, able to taste the pussy-juice, the stuff flowing over her tongue, thrilling her, making her own cunt tense up, wanting to be used.

'But enough of that. There is work to be done. First these two need preparing – you can assist dry and oil them. You and Ama'ra will do so – work well, and I will let your mistresses know.'

There were soft fluffy towels piled up by the bound women – if it wasn't for the restraints, it would be like a massage place! She picked one up, dabbing it over Cindy's skin, wiping away droplets of cold water, feeling them soak into the towel. Amra'ra was doing the same for Sheila, who wriggled against her restraints, protesting through her gag. Cindy's body was soft beneath the towel, her nipples erect.

'Good. One soft and compliant, one that struggles – Mistress Aisling prefers meat that is slutty and obedient, while Mistress Eleanor likes to break her slaves utterly. These two should entertain them thoroughly. They both enjoy a nice project to get stuck into.' Nue moved around, sliding her fingers into Sheila's pussy – when they came out, they shone with juices. 'She's nice and desperate to please.' She pushed her fingers into Sheila's mouth, forcing the woman to taste herself. 'That's it, use your tongue. Next, oil them. They are going to be traveling a long way, and their skin will need to be soft and supple on arrival. The oil will also sensitize them, to make them more vulnerable to their initial whippings, and break down any unsightly callouses and other blemishes.'

Lei'ra picked up a bottle of oil, pouring it over her hands – it was already warm, making her skin tingle, a thick, clear and sticky liquid, and starting to smear it over Sheila's body. The skin was already soft, but she made sure to rub the liquid all over, making the body shiny, taking care to work it between toes and fingers. The way that Sheila shivered from being touched made Lei'ra heat up herself, sending a flush of pleasure through her body. To have some level of power, rather than being just a sex-toy, was exhilarating!

The chains had enough slack that it was possible to smear the oil onto the underside of Sheila's legs and arms, and most of her back, the stuff thick and sticky enough to cling, until she was as coated as Lei'ra could manage.

When she looked up, Nue was holding a syringe, Lei'ra flinching away. Mercifully, it was jabbed into Sheila's neck, her wriggling stopping. Cindy twisted around, trying to evade her own jab, requiring Ama'ra to grip her head to keep her still, her own body stopping movement straight after.

'A paralytic agent. Very potent – but without any loss of sensation. You two both seem to be past the point where it would be a useful training tool, but perhaps you will get to experience it someday. Being fully conscious and having to endure whatever others wish to inflict upon you, while being utterly powerless, is... memorable.'

Lei'ra poked at a foot – there was no reaction, although she could see that Sheila's eyes were still open, flicking around, her chest still moving, but nothing else moved.

'While I release them, continue to prepare them – the appropriate equipment has been laid out.' She gestured at a metal tray covered with equipment, Lei'ra trying to figure out what it all was. The rubber mouth-seal was the most obvious – like a dental guard worn for sport, but with a tongue depressor as well, thick and lumpy. She picked that up, removing the ring-gag and pushing the rubbery lump in, settling it into place, making sure that it sealed Sheila's tongue, while holding her mouth open. The eyes looked up at her in fear and panic, Sheila's chest heaving in panicked gasps and pants.

Lei'ra pushed her jaw shut and smiled down at her, before stroking her forehead, tidying her hair. 'Shhh, shhhh. Soon your mistress will take care of you.'

Hands were next – Sheila's arms were now free, so Lei'ra could pick one up, bending fingers backwards into a fist and wrapping self-adhesive tape into place, and then buckling a little leather sack over the tape, ensuring that the hand couldn't slip free. The whole thing made a tight bundle, without any room for the fingers to wriggle around, even if the paralysis wore off.

'Now do the other hand, then apply the electric pads. It's important that their muscles don't atrophy, especially for the tougher one.' Nue poked at Cindy, digging fingers into her toned, flat belly. 'Don't want her getting flabby!'

It didn't take long to bundle up the other fist, and then Lei'ra fetched the electric pads, covered with peel-off sticky sheets.

'On the belly, thighs and arms. Something to keep the sluts entertained as they're transported. Make sure to get them on nice and smooth, and right on the muscle.'

The oil made the body a little slippery, Lei'ra having to stick the pads down securely, while also making sure not to tangle any of the wires. She pressed down hard, feeling the skin deform under the pressure, twisting the pads to make sure they were properly stuck down. The wires all led to a control box, several dials all set to "0".

'Increase that one. It's always fun watching the reactions.'

The effect was immediate, Sheila's limbs tensing up, a shock running through her entire body, her breathing becoming a tortured whine, the rubber lump keeping her mouth clear.

'The buttons at the top control the time. Set it for every 10 minutes – that should keep them properly trained. And make sure they don't get any sleep. That always makes the training easier!'

Lei'ra couldn't resist tweaking a few other dials, seeing what happened when one was flicked around to the maximum, forcing Sheila into a vicious looking spasm, before her limbs slapped back down against the metal, with painful-sounding impacts.

'They need to be plugged as well. Both lower holes. I'm sure you can find appropriate ones to use.'

There was a whole selection to pick from – butt-plugs and dildos in different shapes and sizes. Lei'ra picked up a fat plug, smearing more oil onto it, and then pulling Sheila's legs apart so that she had the access she needed. With Sheila paralyzed, then there was no fighting back, but Lei'ra had to work the thing back and forth, pushing it in deeper each time, feeling the sphincter get forced open, the fat lump of the plug violating the narrow space. Tears were forming in Sheila's eyes, but she couldn't move, as the plug slid into place, fully consumed by her body, a circular disc between her buttocks, with a small valve to attach an enema-tube.

For her pussy, Lei'ra chose a bulbous and lumpy dildo, oiling it up and then sliding it into place. Sheila was already wet, her pussy loose enough that Lei'ra didn't have to force the thing into place, releasing a rich and fertile scent that made Lei'ra's own body tingle. She took her time, playing with Sheila, teasing her, enjoying the flush that she was forcing onto the woman, her own body tingling with desire. Each time she twitched the dildo around, Sheila's breathing hitched, getting faster and faster, the paralysis obviously not affecting her cunt.

'Very good! A nicely stuffed slave is a pleasure to see. The results of their breeding will be *A'Dma'le*, of greater prestige than *Un'Dma'ne* such as yourselves. Bred to be of service. But those toys should keep them entertained, and start stretching them out. Breeding-slaves should be acclimatized to such things. Next is the suit – these can be hard to do alone so I'll help you.'

There was a rubbery slapping noise as Nue unfurled a thick and rubbery bodysuit, looking flat and misshapen when not stretched around a body. This one was dull black, the outside not buffed or shined, with a zip halfway down the back, currently open.

'This is another reason why they're oiled – trying to load someone in dry is a lot of work!'

The two of them started to work together to get Sheila into place. As promised, it was hard, messy work, body-oil getting smeared all over Lei'ra, more needing applying to lubricate Sheila's passage as she was pushed into the suit. It was tight on her, her legs getting bound together, feet forced into points – without heels, there was no way for the occupant to even stand without support!

As the suit came up to her crotch, Nue showed Lei'ra how to attach small tubes and wires to the pussy- and anal-plugs, to convey fluids around as needed. The electricity-induced twitches and shudders continued, setting a rhythm to the work of getting Sheila into the suit, pulling her deeper in and then waiting for a twitch, then continuing. The thick rubber swallowed her up, sealing Sheila's body away, her soft and shiny skin getting replaced with the dull, dark suit. Her hips vanished, her arms going into long sleeves that crossed beneath her breasts, getting buckled across her body, securely held in place. And then her breasts were covered and compressed, the zip sliding upwards, a metal tab sliding into place to lock it shut.

'These two are going to be shipped in darkness – so we don't need to bother with fancy headsets. Push these into her ears. But not too hard!' She handed over rubbery earplugs, soft and squishy, the bullet-shapes deforming as Lei'ra pushed them into place, plugging up Sheila's ears entirely. She gave them another push, checking that the things wouldn't come out – they

were thick enough that Sheila would now be completely deaf. Her eyes were still flicking about in desperate panic, breathing light and rapid.

‘And now the eyes. This bit can be hard, so I’ll do it – it wouldn’t do to cause any permanent damage. These lenses warp the wearer’s vision though.’ She winced. ‘The effect is quite nauseating, with everything seeming to be warped and at strange distances. Almost like being drunk. I had to wear them until I could perform all my duties flawlessly, even when barely able to see.’ Her cheek twitched, eyes blinking fast before she took out a contact lens pot and cracked it open, peeling her gloves off and then taking a lens out. The plastic curve looked dark and oily, warping light that passed through it. Nue gently held an eyelid open, waiting for a shock-twitch to pass and then pressed the lens into place. It made Sheila’s eye turn dark.

‘And now the other one...’

The thought of having someone touch her eyeball made Lei’ra shudder – that seemed even more of a violation than being ass-fucked! And she didn’t like the sound of the lenses, having her vision modified. But, for once, she wasn’t on the receiving end.

Sheila was now covered, toes-to-neck, in the thick and dull rubber, the stuff containing her body, her twitches barely visible, the controller-pack sliding into a pocket between her breasts.

‘Just the head to go and then we can put her away. I’m sure you’re familiar with hoods? The trick is to make sure that the tubes go into the nostrils, and the breathing-valves connect properly.’

Without a head in it, the hood was a horrific-looking thing, a saggy and deflated head, partially inside-out, with several tubes the only connection to the outside world, thick pads over the eyes and ears. Just the touch of it, floppy and slightly cool, made Lei’ra shudder, but she took it, taking the nose-tubes and starting to push them into Sheila’s nostrils, past the resistance she felt until they were fully in place. A rubber mouth-piece slid into place, interlocking with the thing already there, holding Sheila’s mouth open so she wouldn’t choke, and then Lei’ra pulled the rest of the hood into place, making sure that all of the woman’s hair was fully contained before lacing up the hood fully.

Sheila was now transformed, her body completely swaddled in the rubber, her shape compressed and altered into an idealized female shape, with a pinched-in waist and with her breasts pushed up by her bound arms. A shock-twitch passed through her, the effect visible only as a slight shudder, the rubber absorbing most of the energy. A hose led from her mouth, Nue plugging it into an oxygen tank.

‘That’s the hard part done. Now to get her into the transport barrel. And then we’re done!’

Beta was moving a thick metal barrel closer, awkwardly twisting and turning the thing closer. It came up to Lei’ra’s waist, with a few holes drilled through the thick sides. ‘Give me a hand lifting her into place. We’ll need to bend her at the waist, and the rubber is thick enough that we’ll need to push.’

The first time Lei'ra grabbed at Sheila's body, her hands couldn't grip, still slippery, before she wiped them off against herself and then she took her around Sheila's shoulders, Nue taking the legs. It took some work to move her into position, her body resisting being bent before she was forced into the barrel, the oxygen tank sliding into a bracket, Nue shoving the hose into position.

'Lastly, there's the packing-goop. This machine produces it – and it expands slightly, to make sure that there's no damage on the way. And then we'll flood the barrel with another chemical that breaks it down again to get her out.'

An engine sputtered into life, a machine starting up, a hose pumping out thick orange paste. Nue directed it into the barrel, and it started to fill it. It was thick and gel-like to start with, rapidly drying into a foam, that would hold Cindy in place once the paralytic wore off. It swiftly rose, covering her knees, and then up over her breasts, and then her head, covering her completely – Sheila was now locked away completely, sealed within the orange foam, unable to move at all, trapped in a compressive darkness.

The thought made Lei'ra shiver – being a slave at least left her some degree of freedom! She squeaked when Nue patted her on the head.

'Good girl! I can see why Mistress Victoria is fond of you.' With her other hand, she twisted the hose towards Cindy's barrel, leaving a trail of orange blobs on the floor before starting to fill it, Cindy vanishing from view. 'This will keep these two nice and protected as we travel. I'm sure we will return – it will be interesting to see your progression.' Her hand moved down, squeezing a breast, making Lei'ra sigh. 'Be good slaves, and your mistresses will treat you well. Now, let's get these back up the stairs. They're heavier than they look!'

Lei'ra sighed, wanting more touches, rather than having to do work, but bent her back to obey, helping Ama'ra with one of the barrels.

Chapter 16: On a Snowy Day

Chains creaked, shifting in their brackets, the rubbery box shifting around. The sides were transparent, making it easy for Victoria to see what was going on – Ama'ra and Lei'ra were inside it, their bodies wrapped around each other, shiny with sweat, leaving sweat-smears against the sides wherever they touched it. Each of them had their heads buried in the other's crotch, mitten-wrapped hands stroking and embracing soft skin.

Victoria could sense their pleasure through the bond, held back from full release by her will. They'd been sucking, licking and stroking each other for almost two days now, lost in a mutual fuck-frenzy, except for a few enforced breaks to feed and water them, making sure they weren't coming to harm. The heat they were giving off made the sides of the box misty, sweat and fuck-juice trickling down the side, pooling at the bottom – it could be siphoned off and used to feed to them, the next time they needed refreshment. The sheer strength of their lust was distracting, making Victoria want to stroke and pleasure herself – but there was too much to do!

The fuck-cradle was suspended over the bed, the light dappling through the sweat-filled bottom of it, as well as the two bodies creating shifting shadows. Victoria reached up and gave it a shove, the two slaves barely seeming to notice, too busy fucking and grinding, lost in their lust.

'It's a good thing they're both young and healthy. I think their mothers would have passed out by now.'

Morrigan was checking a computer screen, showing readouts of the slave's vitals – both had massively elevated temperatures, and fast pulses, but they were holding steady.

'I wonder if they'll be able to cum? I can feel them, throbbing and close.' Morrigan's cheeks were flushed, the lust transmitting itself into her as well.

'I think they'll be able to get there eventually – but they're nice and obedient, so there's no danger of them breaking free. Not that they even want to anymore! They're nice, obedient slaves – and they're both enslaved to our wills, but not quite fully yet. And quite durable. All that exercise had improved their bodies a lot, so they can both endure a lot of punishment. If we'd tried doing this when we first got them, they would have broken! Physically and mentally. But we'll have to see what they're like when they come out of the fuck-box – it might be more than they can take.'

She felt a wash of exhaustion through the link, the lust ebbing for a moment, before a stray tongue-lick set it off again, and she had to suppress it, to not get distracted herself. Ama'ra and Lei'ra were both well beyond any conscious thoughts themselves, having become little more than fuck-addled animals, in their mutual desperation to get off. The barrier was weakening, but was still strong enough to withstand their attempts to break through it. She flexed her will, imposing herself upon both of the slaves, adding strength to the barrier. It felt very basic – she wanted to be able to do more with the bond, to draw more from the slaves, and to share more of their senses, while making any barriers and controls absolute! But that would take time, and practice.

'Do you think the stories of the cult of Nyx are true?' It was getting harder and harder to think herself, as the desire leeches into her thoughts, another sign of her weakness.

'They are the best slave-trainers – I've heard that they can achieve almost complete control, and share all their senses. I've heard all sorts of tales about them – and their breeding programs. The slaves they produce are magnificent! And expensive. If we can shape Ama'ra and Lei'ra to be like them, it would be good – having that level of control over them would be entertaining.' She could hear gasps and squeals, muted by the walls of the fuck-box, as both the slaves tried to grind themselves towards orgasm, still blocked from release.

'We can contact them – their services are available, but I don't know what the cost might be.'

'Do that. I'll go and check on all the other slaves. Maybe these two will manage to break through by the time I'm done!' The rhythmic grunting and gasping was getting louder now, as they worked themselves towards another attempt at orgasm, Victoria taking her leave.

She didn't have far to go before finding some of the fresh meat. Lyn and Cho, both in maid uniforms, were hard at work, folding bedsheets before putting them away. The edges were impressively sharp and precise, Victoria making a show of inspecting them, smiling at the nervous intake of breath, both of the maids shuffling their feet nervously. They'd taken naturally to the ballet heels, manage to walk, and work, in them, and their legs were now impressively toned, their skirts short enough to show off their thighs. And the collars around their necks were nice and bright and shiny, with the household badge stamped onto the metal.

Victoria reached out and patted Lyn on the head, stroking the soft curls. The girl leaned into the touch, making a happy purring noise.

'Good girl, good girl.' She groped a breast, sliding her hand beneath the bodice of the dress, enjoying the feeling of bare skin against her palm. 'And how is the training coming?' She kept squeezing the breast, using it to turn and face one of girls – the petite Asian, now dressed as a maid herself, a slight blush on her face as she watched Victoria grope Lyn. Her nipples were hard enough to be seen through her dress, her lips spread around a ballgag in a forced kiss.

'And how is little Cho? I suppose that you'll need a new name soon. And perhaps then you'll be allowed release.'

The way the small woman squirmed and tensed her thighs was a delightful sight, her skirt short enough to show off her chastity belt, a smear of pussy-juice visible on her skin. She kept her eyes downcast, mumbling something through her gag, a thin trail of dribble falling onto her dress and staining the fabric.

'You're a natural submissive, aren't you? Polite and obedient... and desperate to be fucked. Don't worry, little one – soon enough, you're going to be used, in every way you might desire, and some you might not. But you're doing well enough to be worth keeping, so I suppose we should keep you functional.' She gave Lyn's breast a hard squeeze. 'Now, where are the other ones?'

Lyn curtsayed, at least as much as she could while being groped and molested. 'Syn is readying supper, and Ryn is with Su'rya, Mistress Victoria. Discipline is being applied in the dungeons.'

'I suppose I should go and check on that, then.' She used her grip on Lyn to drag the woman closer, wrapping a hand around her throat and kissing her on the mouth, rough and dominant. Lyn virtually melted against her, soft and compliant, her body heating up, letting herself be molested. Victoria shoved her around, keeping the woman entirely dependent on her for balance, thrusting her leg between Lyn's, bringing it up and into the woman's crotch.

She could feel Lyn's pulse, racing through her neck, and taste the woman on her tongue. It was a delight to squeeze and molest Lyn's soft body, before shoving her away, slamming her against a wall. Her eyes were vague and distant, as she panted in obvious desire. Cho was staring, her own cheeks bright red, her gag-ball fringed with spit, shifting around as her tongue pushed

against it from the inside, tensing and squirming her thighs. Victoria stared at the smaller woman, smiling back.

'If you're a good girl, then you might be allowed a reward.' She reached out, stroking Cho's cheek, feeling the warm, soft skin. Cho whimpered, her eyes rolling back in her head, barely in control of herself. 'I'm sure you'd like that, wouldn't you? Now, on your knees. I'm sure my boots have gotten some dust on them.' She unbuckled the gag, letting it drop to form a dribble-stained necklace.

Cho sank down, almost in a collapse, extending her head and starting to kiss and lick against Victoria's boots, cleaning off the almost-invisible dust and dirt on them, making the leather shiny. Victoria let go of Lyn, who dropped as well, starting to do the same.

A wave of desperate lust slammed into Victoria, Ama'ra and Lei'ra clearly still going. She tensed up, biting her own lip, feeling pleasure from the beautiful women licking at her boots.

'Good girls.'

They made almost-identical purring sounds, glad to be of service.

'Continue with your work. I'll be checking on Ryn – for your sakes, I hope only she requires punishment.'

Both the slave-girls stood up, looking dazed, their hair mussed from having to go onto their knees, their breathing coming fast, cheeks red. She stroked each of them before leaving, heading for the dungeon.

Outside, the ground was covered with a thick layer of snow, everything smooth and white, the garden furniture all obscured by the stuff. No-one had been badly behaved enough to deserve staking out in that, but the thought of riding a pony-slut through it, leaving crisp hoof-prints on the snow, was pleasurable. Maybe that could be Lei'ra's next phase of training – she was tougher than before, but would need more stamina and endurance for any lengthy rides. Short trots and canters though – those she could do already!

As she went down the stairs into the dungeon, she could hear the rhythmic whirring of a treadmill, and the regular impact of feet onto it. The air got warmer, scented with sweat and lust, the room lit with just a few bare lightbulbs.

A ponygirl sporting a rose tattoo on her right shoulder was strapped into a treadmill, leather straps controlling the shape of their body. A tail poked out from between their buttocks, swaying in time with the runner's own ponytail, the hoof-boots making their backside deliciously taut, especially with the red welt-marks across the sweat-shined curves of flesh. A leash ran from her neck to above her, forcing her to keep pace or risk being choked, her arms bound behind her back. From how shiny her body was, and the labored pace of her breathing, she must have been on there for quite some time.

A whipcrack sounded out, echoing off the bare-brick walls, followed by a gagged squeal of pain. Ryn was bound, her arms roped onto a thick plank suspended from the ceiling, swinging slightly as she moved. Her cheeks were bulging, a sponge shoved into her mouth, tears trickling down her cheeks, her uniform stripped to bare her breasts and belly.

Another whipcrack, Ryn gasping in pain, making the plank shift slightly. Her breasts were already well-welted, red lines starting to form into bruises.

Su'rya turned and curtsyed, whip still in hand. Compared to Ryn and the ponygirl, she was crisp and immaculate, not a hair out of place, her uniform neat and perfect.

'Mistress Victoria.' She maintained the curtsy, as Ryn continued to whimper in pain.

'What did Ryn do?'

'While her cleaning skills are adequate, she is still displaying disrespect to her superiors. Not to yourself or Mistress Morrigan, but she is sometimes slow to obey me. Today she got rather... mouthy. So I soaked a sponge in some of the special oil, to teach her that the use of her mouth is a privilege, not a right.'

Ryn whined, before coughing and spluttering as Victoria approached, looking over the dribble-smears down between her pert breasts. Despite that, there was still awareness in her eyes, a flash of fear as she looked up at Victoria. She leaned in close, sniffing at the air – there was a rich and vicious flare of heat there, making her nose itch, the oil infused with something viciously hot and stinging. No wonder she was crying so much, if she was forced to swallow all of that!

Victoria slapped her in the belly, a strong back-hand strike, aiming for several bruise-welts. Ryn gasped, then coughed and spluttered as she inhaled more of the oil from the sponge ball in her mouth.

'Your colleagues have adjusted rather better. Perhaps we should start treating the three of you as a unit – if you disobey, then all of you will be punished. Perhaps that might help keep you in line?'

She twisted her hand, squeezing at the taut, flat belly, deliberately pulling on the skin to cause pain to the injuries. Ryn's throat and lungs must feel as though they were on fire, a constant agony caused just by breathing! It was making Victoria's eyes and nose prickle just from standing close.

'Or maybe you don't deserve this?' She tapped on Ryn's collar. 'You would go from being treasured property to just a stray hound. I wonder how long you would last?'

The words penetrated, a deeper fear appearing in Ryn's eyes, and she shook her head, desperate and frantic.

'Good. So you'll be nice and obedient? Perhaps if you do well, you might exceed Su'rya, and be allowed to discipline her. But that will take a lot of work.' She kept squeezing and twisting, forcing pain onto Ryn, before reaching up between Ryn's legs, sliding along sweaty skin until she found the woman's cunt. It was satisfyingly wet, Victoria able to penetrate the woman with a finger, sliding in all the way to her knuckle. 'And perhaps you'll be allowed pleasure? Otherwise, a belt will be locked on, and the key destroyed. It would be a shame to lock such a sweet cunt away, but it might be needed.'

'Nhhnnn...'

'Then will you be a good girl? Or perhaps you want some attention from me, personally?' She licked at Ryn's chin, feeling the oil make her tongue burn. 'I can think of some things we could do to pass the time – although you might not appreciate them.'

Ryn found the strength to shake her head again.

'Good. So behave – you may not like this, but there are many, far worse, fates that can be inflicted on you.' Another squeeze, and then she let go and stepped aside. A whip cracked, making a breast shake and jiggle, Ryn's body tensing up, the plank she was bound to shifting around.

'Very good, Su'rya. Your work training the three has been impressive – even if Lyn still has a few rough edges. If she needs it, then you may use harsher methods, or punish the other two. I think it makes sense to treat them as a single unit. If one fails, then all should be punished – perhaps make them punish each other? That might make them take care to be good maids.'

'Yes, Mistress.' Su'rya bowed her head, before whipping Ryn again. Behind her, the ponygirl was still racing away, breathing loud and labored.

'And what of the stray?'

'Surprisingly resistant, Mistress. She is in the kennels – it took several of us to hold her down and attach her equipment, and she seems willing to hurt herself in her attempts to escape. This required heavier restraints and padding. I have attached a training hood and the subliminal equipment – at this stage, she hasn't been allowed sleep for five days.'

'Good. That should make her nice and pliable soon. And I'm sure she'll appreciate the chance to move from the kennels into the house.'

'Yes, Mistress. It's quite cold in the kennels. I suppose at least her restraints will be keeping her warm?'

'I think some wax torture to start with? That will warm her up nicely.'

'I will have a vat melted in readiness. In one of the chambers upstairs?'

'Yes – the screams should help inspire the other staff.' Victoria stared at Ryn, who could barely see through the tears streaming down her face. 'Sheriff Stokes is visiting this afternoon – test her obedience by ordering her into a submersion cage. She can share that with Ryn here. I wouldn't want the sheriff to start thinking she might be able to free herself, after all.'

'Of course, Mistress. Although I assume the Sheriff can't be injured too badly?'

'Nothing lasting, no. I'm hoping she can bring us a few more strays.'

Victoria tensed up, feeling a hot, desperate wash of lust. Her body was reacting on its own, her control of the bond slipping, feedback coursing through her, wetness flowing from her pussy. Ama'ra and Lei'ra had managed to break the barrier, forcing each other into all-consuming orgasms, Victoria barely managing to stay standing, needing to lean on the wall for support. Showing such weakness in front of slaves! Even if Su'rya was just looking mildly concerned, it was still a weakness in herself that Victoria would have to eliminate.

Her breathing was almost as fast as that of the ponygirl, her body not far from release. She moved from the dungeon, striding fast, feeling her tight clothing against her body, unable to stop from stroking her own breasts, wanting to get off.

It didn't take long to get back to the bedroom. The scents of sweat and lust slammed into her, clogging up her lungs. Morrigan already had the slaves partially out of the fuck-cradle, their bodies so sweaty that they were leaving damp patches on the sheets, grinding and humping away. Morrigan tried to pull them apart, but their bodies were too slippery, heads buried deep between the others legs.

Victoria moved in, grabbing at the sweaty, heavy mass, her hands sliding along fever-hot skin, managing to pry them apart. When they tried to return to eating each other out, she slapped and pinched, enjoying the gasps of pain, but her own lust was spiraling higher and higher, her own thoughts getting fuzzy. She'd have to work on refining the bond to prevent this ever happening again!

She managed to get the two apart, straddling a sweaty body, taking several moments to realize that it was Lei'ra, the two slaves barely distinguishable. She open up her suit, feeling air kiss against her slit, before pressing her crotch down against Lei'ra's face. A tongue slid into her body, her thoughts immediately fuzzing as lips suckled at her own.

Morrigan was riding Ama'ra as well, and they started to kiss, all of their senses and sensations wrapped and twisted together, four bodies moving as one, spirits bound into a single thing.

'We should... contact... the cult...' Victoria gasped, her fingers digging into Morrigan's shoulder, in between desperate kisses.

'Hah... Mmmm... Yes...'

Lei'ra's tongue was like heaven, flicking and twitching inside of her, managing to stroke against all of her most sensitive parts. Further speech was impossible – all she could think of was the image of Lei'ra as a ponygirl, bound in leather, leaving crisp hoof-prints in the white snow.

Chapter 17: Deal With The Devil

Morrigan's heels crunched onto gravel and ice, the path partially frozen. Their destination was clearly visible ahead – a walled compound, of old and worn stone, rising up from a flat plain, almost an artificial hill. Having to approach on foot might be required by custom, but was inconvenient! There were no signs of modernity out here – no powerlines, no antennas, not even any cars. Surely the inhabitants had all those things, but hidden away? The place wasn't large enough to be self-sufficient – even with whatever magical powers the cult were said to possess, surely they still needed food?

Despite the domineering walls, the gates were open, almost taunting any attackers. Morrigan pulled on the leash, walking faster, wanting to get in and out of the biting cold wind – even through her leathers, she could feel it, trying to penetrate through and chill her. Ama'ra was having a worse time of it, her slave-clothing doing little to protect her, heels not made for walking on gravel.

Grand, gothic carvings decorated the walls – women, both dominant and submissive, ruling and being ruled. Stone-carved skin was mottled with erosion, but there was sufficient detail left to make out faces contorted in orgasmic suffering, whips biting into flesh, spiked collars around necks. Some of those collared were clearly other amazons, taller and more powerful than the other women, subjected to harsher punishments.

Morrigan shivered again, and this time it wasn't entirely the wind's fault – the Cult of Nyx had imprisoned and punished Amazons in the past, for unspecified crimes, breaking their will and reducing them to nothing more than living cattle. Even now, they still held themselves apart, except for the occasional vague pronouncement, or casting judgement on those they accounted “sinners”.

Through the gates, she saw movement – forms, clearly female, wrapped in white latex, bodies completely swathed in the stuff.

‘Well, I suppose at least someone's home!’ Victoria sounded somewhere between annoyed and thankful – at least the journey out here wouldn't be a complete waste now. Morrigan could see that the women were dressed like nuns – except their habits and wimples were of sleek, shiny and tight latex, all gleaming white, corsets shaping their waists and breasts, their mouths sealed behind smooth muzzles. The only thing to break the white was bright steel – cuffs at ankle and wrist, and collars around necks.

As they passed through the gate, the wind dropped, Morrigan relaxing a little – although the carvings covered the inner passageway as well, showing more Amazons being bound and collared, forced to bend their necks in submission, or getting tormented and tortured. She

hissed in annoyance as she saw a statue shaped of obsidian, so dark it seemed to drink in the dim light, hard to properly see beyond that it was female, and receiving the worship of the other statues. She hissed – Amazons did not serve, not even a goddess!

Closer now, she could see that the statue had wings and a spiked halo, both looking sharp enough to cause harm. Ahead, the white-clad women had seen them, dropping to their knees in prostration, not moving at all, little more than statues themselves.

Several gibbets hung on the inner wall – iron frames, barely large enough to fit people inside. One was occupied – a powerful-looking woman dangled there, a leather strap forcing her slit open, spiked metal tormenting her skin, metal forcing her mouth open. Morrigan shivered again – she didn't recognize the woman, but she was clearly an amazon, and had been punished as well, her skin covered with welts and bruises. The woman saw her, and tensed up, making the gibbet shake with a faintly mournful squeal of metal.

'Ah, you must be Morrigan and Victoria? You are expected.' A woman stepped out of the shadows – had she been there all along? Unlike the bowing women, this one was clad in gleaming black, every inch of skin covered except her face. On her forehead was a purple circle, barely visible against the darkness. 'Come. Follow. I will escort you to the Mother Superior. And you may bring your meat as well – but see that they do not make a mess. The deeds of a slave are the deeds of the mistress.' Just like the ones in white, she was corsetted and shaped, and her every movement was careful and precise, like she was going through a dance.

Morrigan grimaced, having to force herself to dip her head in a faint bow, needing to show courtesy and obedience, but hating it.

'Follow.' The woman turned, black-sheathed body gleaming, and she strode further on, leading the way into one of the buildings, leading them along a long, stone-walled passageways covered with more artwork of eroticized suffering. From somewhere came echoed gasps and whimpers, distance impossible to tell. They wound through the building, twisting and turning through what was almost a maze, Morrigan soon losing track of where they were and how to get back out.

Finally, they were led to a thick wooden door, which the woman opened, gesturing for them to go through. The light inside was low, making Morrigan's eyes prickle as she tried to see anything, hearing the door slam shut, a bolt sliding into place.

A fire roared with a sudden burst of heat and light, illuminating a study, walls covered with books and strange-looking artefacts. Sat in front of the fire, in a heavy stone chair that looked like a throne, was a woman – like the others, her body was sheathed in black, but she had no wimple. Instead, a raven-black bob-cut was visible, neatly framing her face.

Something moved between her legs – the firelight shimmered off more latex, a tongue slurping and licking, a slave servicing the woman.

She made a moan of pleasure, a shiver passing through her. 'Mmmm... N'lek here has become quite a talented servicer of *Eshvala*. And knows better than to fail, unless she wishes to be punished. It was a month in the abyss last time – and then she was most obedient. I am Mother Superior Echate.' She twisted herself, adjusting her clothing, the slave-girl taking up a position on all fours, now serving as a footstall.

As Echate moved, dark gems studding her hair and over her body caught the light, gleaming and shining.

'N'lek, why don't you tell these two your story?' She made herself comfortable. 'And then your tongue will be sealed away. Mmm, when were you last allowed to speak?'

'Nine months ago, Mother Superior. This one used to have a name, but that was removed. Today, I am N'lek. Tomorrow this one will have a different name, if this one is deemed worthy of such. This one was taken by the Mother Superior and trained to worship cunt. Should this one fail to give pleasure, then punishment will be applied.'

'And what punishments have you endured, my cute little tongue-slut?'

'This one has been beaten. Whipped. Stretched on the rack. Sealed into a spiked crate. Forced to ride the wooden horse.' Her voice was starting to break and crack. 'Submerged in water. Stood on the single pole. Wax poured...'

'Ah yes, I'd forgotten a few of those! She had a rather annoying scream, until she learned the consequences for that. Now she suffers in blessed silence. And dreams of nothing more than giving pleasure to others – although I'm sure she would like pleasure herself someday. Now, both of you, sit.'

There were two chairs, wooden and heavy, sat facing the fire. Looking towards the light made it hard to see the woman, but Morrigan could see that there were metal restraints on the arms of the chair, and on the legs, ready to lock into place. Sitting in such a way that the restraints couldn't lock shut around her made it uncomfortable and awkward, as Ama'ra knelt at her feet.

'N'lek was stubborn at first, but was a delight to break. Her hatred at what she has become is, mmmmm...' The woman shivered in delight, not bothering to hide a smile. 'She spends her days serving cunt, both slave and Amazon. That is the only time she is free from suffering – and so she desires what she hates. Her ability to feel pleasure or comfort have been excised. They are things that she does not need.' She ran a finger along her throat, drawing attention to a blood-red ruby that gleamed between her breasts, the red standing out against the black.

'You wish to deepen your bond with your soul-bound slaves, then?' Her gaze flicked downwards at Ama'ra, and Morrigan felt a force intrude on the bond, Ama'ra gasping in pleasure. Morrigan could feel its reflection, warmth pulsing through her own pussy, flushing into her body, her thoughts scattering into vagueness. The mental impulse kept pushing on her, and it was a struggle not to twist and writhe herself, her body wanting pleasure, Ama'ra already on the edge of orgasm.

When she glanced over at Victoria, she was in a similar state, trying to hide a deep blush, Lei'ra squirming and shifting.

'Your bond is deep, but fresh and unrefined. So few today learn the true mysteries of what is possible.' She played with the gem, sending out scattered shards of ruby light, Morrigan wincing away from the brightness. She steeled her will, slowly forming a mental barrier, pushing away the forced influence, turning away from the lure of pleasure. 'There is sacrifice to be made, but in the pursuit of greater power. A thrall can be turned into an extension of the dominant's will.'

N'lek suddenly gasped, whole body going tense, the scent of pussy-juice vivid and fresh, along with a desperate whimper.

'N'lek is completely owned – but with just enough awareness to know what she is, and to hate it. Such a delicious feeling! All that darkness and self-loathing, and the desperation to serve, and be worthy of love. One day, she may even earn a permanent name... but that won't be for a while.'

The ruby flashed again, distracting Morrigan and threatening to break her concentration. A heartbeat-thrum pushed against her will, in time with the vermillion flashes, Morrigan's hand tending up on the arm-rest, the jolt of effort helping her break the trace.

'Very good! You can resist the first lure. Although it would have been nice to have some new acolytes.' The gleams of the ruby faded, as did the presence in Morrigan's mind. She realized her arms were laid along the arms of the chair, in the perfect position for the restraints to click down and bind her, her skin crawling at the thought. Forming words was an effort, like forcing herself to wake.

'We have come seeking your wisdom, Mother Superior. Yes, we wish to improve the depth of the bond with our slaves. The Cult of Nyx is famous for being skilled in that area.'

'*Church.* We prefer to be called the Church of Lady Nyx – but I will forgive you, this time, my child.' The slave at Echate's feet was still shuddering and on the edge of release, but without making any sound. 'You are fine raw material, both of you. I can guide you to the edge of night, but you will have to make the final passage yourselves. There are consequences for failure, in this as in all things – the reward is power and might, but to fail is to fall into the darkness, to be claimed by Lady Nyx. Both of you would make delightful sisters of the faith – at least, once you have worked your way up from raw fuck-meat. That is, if you fall. Are you willing to step into the ancient darkness?'

The rich, musky pussy-scent was addling Morrigan's thoughts, the firelight flickering and making the shadows dance and writhe, shaping themselves into vaguely-threatening shapes, tendrils to bind and restrain. She reached out her will, feeling Victoria's presence and taking strength from it.

'I will. We will. To claim that ancient power, we will face your test.'

‘Oh no, child. Not my test – but the test of Lady Nyx.’ Echate was standing now, on her feet without seeming to go through any intermediary stages, the firelight making her movements unnaturally fast. With the light behind her, she was like a hole cut into space, visible as a mobile shadow studded with pin-prick gems, barely human.

‘I am Mother Superior Echate, high priestess of Lady Nyx, night-born and shadow-blessed. The oldest of powers is mine – should you be true of heart, then some measure of it can be yours as well.’

Morrigan blinked, and Echate was closer, between herself and Victoria, leaning down to touch both of the slaves on the heads. A mad fury of lust exploded, Morrigan just barely able to keep it at bay, biting her lip to help her focus. Echate chuckled as she withdrew her touch, the frenzy-heat vanishing as quickly as it had formed.

‘Lady Nyx desires suffering, so that she may feast. N’lek has been a delightful meal – twisted into serving, loving and hating her every moment.’ Echate twisted her body, making the gemstones studding her body shine and gleam. ‘This suffering can be forged into *Cynna’Heran* – soul-stones, desire and loathing made manifest.’ She stroked at one, and N’lek gasped and spasmed. ‘She is incomplete, needing this to even pretend to be human. And that makes her a lovely toy – one that will be discarded in time, but will give pleasure until then. Your slaves are untested, but fine raw material. The power you seek can be yours, but there will be an exchange.’

She leaned over, her face close to Morrigan’s, breath whispering over Morrigan’s face.

‘The Lady will request something of you – it may not be soon, but she will come. In night, in dreams, in shadow. And you will obey. Whatever she requests of you, it will be done – or else all you have built will crumble into dust and ash. Will you bind yourself to this, to serve the Lady Nyx, when she calls on you?’

‘I... we... will.’

Echate leaned closer in, kissing Morrigan on the forehead, lips soft and warm.

‘Then you may walk in the shadows, my child. There you will find what you seek. You will be taken from this place to the den-realm, the *Myr-Velan*, where the ancient power resides.’

The kiss-mark throbbed even after Echate had moved back, a hot sear on Morrigan’s skin. Her desire was urgent now, only barely held in check by her will. She wanted to get off, with a desperation she’d rarely felt before! Fighting to retain control made her grit her teeth, not wanting to give in or surrender, leaning into the bond, feeling Victoria’s willpower, using that to bolster her own, finding the strength to speak.

‘Show us. Take us there.’

‘As Lady Nyx wills.’ The fire flared, the room lighting up. ‘You may refresh yourselves first – a sister will show you to a waiting room. And you may wish to take your pleasure – the passage is hard, and best faced with a clear mind.’

The door opened, the latex-wrapped nun from earlier entered with silent grace.

‘Follow Vrila, she will show you the path.’

Morrigan was only too glad to stand up, wanting to get out of the room, needing a break from the heavy presence of Echate, far too strong and dominant.

Chapter 18: Through the Looking Glass

The night sky was dark, with no moon, just the scattered diamond-gleams of stars across the darkness above. Ama’ra tried to stay as close as possible to Morrigan, taking some solace from the presence of her mistress, as they walked across dry, unmarked ground. This whole place creeped her out – the white-clad nuns were utterly obedient to the ones in black, but they were all unnerving and strange. And the way that Echate had been able to remove the bond she felt to Morrigan, leaving her without the warmth of the link, had been terrifying! She wanted, *needed* that connection, wanting to feel the presence of her mistress-owner all the time.

Being in the center of the eerie procession was terrifying – in the low light, it was impossible to count how many of the latex-wrapped nuns surrounded them, the bodies shifting in and out of visibility, both white and black. She stumbled, heel catching on a divot, and would have fallen if Morrigan hadn’t caught her. Warmth flooded her, and a sense of nervousness, but Ama’ra took comfort from the touch, and the reassurance that the bond hadn’t been broken. That even Mistress Morrigan was nervous wasn’t a good sign though – what was this place?

A low chant thrummed through the air. Ama’ra didn’t recognize the language, but it made her nerves jangle to hear, the sounds trying to draw her focus, like the white noise from sensory deprivation. Lei’ra and Victoria were close by – just about visible, but she could sense them through the bond as well, just as nervous as she was.

Another step, and the ground beneath her feet felt different – from dry, brittle dirt to firm footing, grass and plants now. She twitched as something loomed at her, a thick black pillar, before realizing it was a tree. Foliage above them cut out even more of the little light, the chanting now getting warped and echoed by the trees. A half-sighted white-wrapped nun appeared and then disappeared – had they just stepped behind a tree?

She wanted to be back home – or at least back at the nunnery! There she’d been allowed to service her mistress, and made to demonstrate her skills to the nuns. She’d had to eat out so many different pussies, their juices mingling together, but she’d made more of them come than

Lei'ra had! And being allowed to sleep in the same bed as Mistress Morrigan, even if tied down and restrained, having her face used as a sex-toy, ridden hard... The memory made her shiver with pleasure, a warmth between her thighs, the latex body-sheathe close and tight against her skin. She wanted to be back home, at the mansion, pleasuring her mistress – but, if they had to be here, then at least it had been to taste so much of Mistress Morrigan.

There was a shout from the front of the procession, in the same strange language, but Ama'ra recognized the voice of Echate. Her tongue tingled with memories of the woman's taste – Morrigan's pussy-juice was warm and addictive, but Echate's was something else. Drinking it was intoxicating, flooding Ama'ra with powerful, hazy delight, making her want more and more, needing to be held down and beaten to break the lure. There was an aura around her, some dark and alluring power, wielded as accurately as a whip.

Her eyes were aching, trying to see through the thick and choking darkness – the black-clad nuns were virtually invisible except as an occasional gleam between trees, and even the white-wrapped ones were little better, their forms shifting and warping in the low light. The chanting was softer now, melting into her brain, making her want to sleep. And now there was another noise, a strange, melodious whisper mimicking the chanting, getting steadily louder.

A red haze crept into Ama'ra's vision. When she glanced up, through a gap in the trees, the sky was different – wavy red lines danced and shifted, like the northern lights but a blood-red tint. This made the latex-sheathed skin, of the novices especially, change color, now a disquieting crimson sheen as they appeared and disappeared through the trees.

She tried to walk faster, despite the ballet-heels she was in, clad of the leash that connected her to Mistress Morrigan. This was not a place she wanted to be abandoned! Whenever she tried to look through the shadows, her eyes ached, distances stretching and warping in impossible ways, or nuns suddenly appearing or vanishing. Her mind felt only half-awake, lulled into a semi-trace by the chanting.

The leash went slack, Morrigan stopping just ahead of Ama'ra, who had to take care not to bump into her. Between two grey blocks – ancient stones, carved with strange and swirling sigils – greasy smears hung in the air. Morrigan slowly approached, the smears getting larger and more detailed, until there was a mottled reflection of them, hanging in the air. The sheer creepiness of it made Ama'ra dig her heels in, not wanting to get closer to her doppelganger, the body obviously hers, but the face was a vague blur, missing any details. Mistress Morrigan was more precisely shown, her face a reflection of truth, Ama'ra unsure whether to stare in adoration or be repulsed by the copy.

Echate stepped in front – her... reflection? Was even more different, with obsidian-sharp spikes growing from her shoulders and spine, her latex clothing now even tighter, melding into her skin. Her hands were clasped in prayer, her words fast and controlled, approaching the reflection. And then she touched it, passing through, or into whatever the thing was, Morrigan tugging on the leash and moving to follow.

The surface touched against Ama'ra's skin, bitterly cold, chilling her from the inside-out. Everything was black and cold, all of her senses severed, even the bond gone. She tried to breathe, but there was no air, nothing beneath her feet – just void, pure and empty. Her heart start to race, her lungs burning, her eyes prickling as she tried to see anything in the darkness. She stretched out for Morrigan, wanting to feel the leash or the bond, but there was nothing there.

And then there was ground beneath her feet again, warm and moist air filling her lungs, the bond snapping back into existence. The leash tightened, Morrigan pulling her forward, Ama'ra staring, slack-jawed, at the sky above. It was a deep and starless black, shot through with veins of deep purple, shifting and dancing in the void. Where were they? For a brief, terrifying moment, a presence settled on her, a distant will focusing attention on her, similar to Echate, but then it passed, and she let herself be pulled forward.

The forest quickly petered out, the ground turning stoney and hard underfoot. Ancient and worn pillars poked up from the ground – it was impossible to tell if they were natural formations, or carved and eroded.

More shapes emerged from the darkness – the heavy block of a large carriage, long and sturdy, decorated with ornate swirls of blackness, daubed onto pale wood. It was pulled by eight ponygirls, all large and strong, leather harnesses wrapped tightly over their smooth skin. Despite differing skin-tones, all had matching ponytails, currently slack, and tails poking out from between their buttocks. Only the two at the front could see, the others all blinded, with leather over their eyes, bits between their teeth, connecting to a complicated series of reins and straps.

The carriage-door opened as Echate approached, stepping inside, taking care not to drag her spikes on the door-frame. Ama'ra was pulled behind Morrigan, trying to control her fear as she stepped up into the carriage.

Inside, it was a little brighter, with a mirrored lantern casting a flickering light. Ama'ra's leash was fed through a loop on the floor, forcing her to her knees, and she crossed her arms across the small of her back, cuffs clicking over her wrists. Morrigan's legs were in front of her, Ama'ra nuzzling against them, glad of the warm touch.

Ama'ra could still feel Echate's presence, a choking threat sat on the other side of the enclosed space. The light warped strangely, only illuminating half of the space, shadows dominating the rest. When she dared a glance at the woman, she was hard to see, her shape still spiked and rough-edged. She had her own white-clad novice between her spread legs, a hand resting on the slave's head.

'It is a long ride. I would recommend pleasure, to pass the time.' Echate sounded amused, dragging the head around. 'It is best to keep the windows closed as well – some of the views can be a little unsettling, especially as this is your first time here.' She leaned forward, long nails flashing, digging her claws into the back of the slave, slicing through latex and into skin.

They tensed up, making a barely perceptible whine that set Ama'ra's teeth on edge, trying to move towards their owner's pussy, not being allowed.

A heel pushed down against Ama'ra, and she turned her attention back to her mistress, kissing against her other boot. The dust on it was bone-dry, sucking away all the moisture from Ama'ra's tongue and turning into claggy mud as she swallowed it, but at least her mistress's boot was slightly cleaner now! She licked up the side of the thigh-high boot, so close to the skin she wanted to taste but kept away by the leather, cleaning off and swallowing more of the dust, feeling light-headed, caught up in a fuzz of pleasure. Even the gasps and whines coming from Echate's slave didn't distract her, as she focused her attention on her beloved mistress, licking at the leather.

As her head rose up, a hand touched her on the top of her head, Ama'ra feeling brave enough to push back against it, strengthening the touch. Mistress Morrigan would protect her, against whatever was out there!

The carriage started to move – those ponygirls must be impressively strong, to drag the weight of six people, as well as the carriage itself! Down on the floor, she could feel jolts and jumps as they moved, the road not entirely smooth. Was it even a road? Where even was this place?

Ama'ra was only too happy to lose herself in adoration of her mistress, leaning into the boot-cleaning, sucking her cheeks in to keep her mouth wet. The taste of mud was heavy on her tongue, but she felt pride in leaving her mistress' boots glossy and bright, the dust cleaned off.

From the other side of the carriage, she could feel the presence of Echate still, even without seeing her. It kept *pushing* on her, a mental intrusion into the bond between herself and her mistress, and the wider bond to Lei'ra and Victoria. Having that link severed, while floating in the depthless void, leaving her isolated and alone... She shivered, pressing forward and kissing against the leather, taking solace in the closeness to Morrigan. She wanted to taste skin, but this would do!

Next to her, Lei'ra was cleaning Victoria's boots with her tongue as well, also tethered to the floor. The throbbing presence was oozing with pleasure now, as Echate was pleased by her own slave. The pleasure was creeping into Ama'ra, making her feel wet, but the barrier was in place, even if her mistress wasn't watching. All she could do was enjoy the stroking of her head, the fingers strong and soft on her scalp, as she moved her head between Morrigan's thighs, now licking at already-clean leather.

Just the thought of being so close to her mistress' pussy filled her with a light fuzz of pleasure. If only the leather wasn't in the way! Kissing at an inner thigh earned her a head-scratch, and she purred in pleasure.

A hand slid in front of her face, Morrigan unzipping her suit. Ama'ra inhaled the rich scent, feeling herself salivate, pushing forward. The hand on her head tightened up, holding her back,

making her whine – she didn't want to be denied, she wanted to bury her tongue deep in her owner's slit.

'Good girl. So nice and obedient! But sometimes, a slave needs to learn a little patience.'

Ama'ra swallowed, her mouth full of spit, unable to stop herself salivating, more and more. It wasn't fair to be so close and be denied! She was getting wet elsewhere, her lower lips moist now, wanting to be fingered and filled. But if she couldn't have that, then being able to eat her mistress would be a good substitute.

The fingers dug into her scalp, Ama'ra forcing herself to relax, not wanting to get punished. But her mistress' slit was so close, just a few inches away, that it was hard to force herself to relax, sinking down with a faint whine, the hand still on her head. Morrigan spread her legs wider, smiling at Ama'ra, showing herself off, Ama'ra unable to tear her eyes off the patch of bare skin visible beneath the leather, her soft and spread lips. She fingered herself, slow and dominant, making a loud sigh of pleasure, gently fingering herself, the scent getting more and more intense.

When Morrigan withdrew the finger, it was damp with her pleasure-juices, Ama'ra staring at it as it moved from side-to-side, before getting jabbed forward towards her face.

'Clean it.'

Ama'ra opened her mouth wide and pushed her head forward, gently wrapping her lips around the extended digit. She licked at the finger, savoring the taste, letting it erase the taste of the dirt and mud. It was a divine ambrosia, a sweet and warm nectar that eased her throat, making her body tingle. And it helped to drive back the throbbing, pulsing darkness from Echate, reinforcing Ama'ra's own will. She swirled her tongue all over the finger, kissing it tightly, before Morrigan slid it outwards, wiping some dribble onto Ama'ra's cheek.

'Good girl. Soon, you'll be even more controlled. But that's what you want now, isn't it?'

Ama'ra nodded her head, eager and enthusiastic. She wanted to be part of Morrigan's life, to be bound into her, to feel her as strongly as possible.

'Then you may pleasure me.'

Ama'ra's head was dragged forward, burying her against Morrigan's crotch. She immediately started to lick and kiss, sliding her tongue deep into her owner's pussy, knowing all the most sensitive parts to touch. The scent was intoxicating and rich, more of the nectar filling her mouth. She kissed and sucked, her lips against her owner's lower lips, drinking the stuff down. Every gasp and moan Morrigan made now was of pleasure, the sensation rippling through into Ama'ra, filling her with desire. She tensed her thighs, rubbing them together, feeling her own desire spread through her, warming her up.

The hand tensed and flexed on her head, stroking through her hair, but without any real force, letting Ama'ra set the pace. She pleased her mistress, rolling her tongue over the hot nub, feeling the sensation surge within her head, coming through the bond. Morrigan was gasping with pleasure now, the sound echoing off the walls, mingling with the same sounds from Victoria and Echate, as they bumped along the road, drawn by the ponygirls.

Chapter 19: Into the Dark

The stone floor was hard and uneven, Lei'ra's heels clicking against it, the noise echoing strangely and making more noise than Lei'ra liked. She'd rather be entirely silent – and unnoticed! This place was creepy and weird, the light never quite right, the shadows darker than they should be, and moving when they shouldn't. And she didn't know what was making the lights either – eerie and sharp-edged crystals protruded from the walls, without any signs of electrical cabling or anything to power them. Whenever Ama'ra moved, there was the same noise, the other woman's presence scant comfort.

A hand touched her between her shoulders and she jumped, barely managing to hold back a scream. The touch was hot and dry, tiny hooks digging into her skin and scrape-scratching at her flesh. All she was wearing was a short dress, backless, barely covering her.

'Slave-meat should move.' The voice was thickly accented, the hand pressing against Lei'ra, pain starting to increase until she moved. Even then, it hurt to step away, the hooks pulling at her skin. 'There is much work to be done.'

The speaker walked past Lei'ra, striding ahead, moving easily despite her own high heels. Although her lean and supple body was sheathed in black, it didn't gleam or shine, the light instead rippling and warping around her, making Lei'ra's eyes hurt to look at her. It looked slick-smooth, but every touch bought pain as well, hooking and tugging on skin. Being touched anywhere sensitive would be agonizing, and just the thought of a finger sliding into her, tearing at her insides, soft and wet, made her tense up in fear.

'The meat has been prepared, and now needs to be...' She said something that Lei'ra didn't understand, a strange and foreign language. It sounded a bit like some of what Mistress Victoria sometimes said, but in a deeper, thicker accent. She stretched her hand out, moving to grab at Lei'ra, who side-stepped and moved on herself, deeper into the passages.

The linen dress was light on her skin, but with lots of skin cut-outs, presenting plenty of her skin, ready for grabbing. Being dressed, at all, felt strange, and she took some comfort in her chastity belt, the metal protecting her, Mistress Victoria able to shield her even without being present.

She kept moving, cautious of her surroundings. A figure stood at a junction pointed at her – before turning out to be a statue, hand outstretched and grasping. The woman murmured something, her hand making complex gestures in the air, the lights rippling.

'This way.' She led the way, running her hand over Ama'ra, leaving a red mark on pale skin, Lei'ra feeling a shadow of the pain across her own body. As she moved, she lowered her wimple, letting luxuriously black and glossy hair trail downwards. A few gemstones flickered and gleamed, wound onto a silver hairnet.

The passageway down was steep and narrow, the walls turning from carved stone to bare rock, shot through with obsidian streaks, gleaming from the dull rock. A scream sounded out, echoing long and loud, reverberating around and making Lei'ra wince again.

'*Dynna* to provide, eugh, how to say... energy. See?'

She pointed at an opening in the rock (had it been there a moment ago?), which opened into a larger chamber. A woman was suspended from the ceiling by her wrists, chains around her ankles holding her legs spread, facing away from them. A black-sheathed nun was stood close by, slowly and carefully inserting a metal needle into a tight buttock. Something on the head shone as it was pushed in, with a tiny pinprick of blood. There was another scream, loud and jangling, out of keeping with the small jab.

The plush buttocks had several of the needles already inserted, shifting as her muscles tensed. Another needle was pushed into place, the thing on the end shining brightly. There were even more of the things all down her back, joined by a thin metal thread, shivering as the woman breathed.

Their guide sighed, a long, drawn-out inhalation of pleasure, stroking at her own body. Where she touched herself, the material moved oddly, almost like a liquid, Lei'ra trying not to stare. The sight of all the needles and spikes, jabbed into skin, stretching it out, made Lei'ra feel queasy – she had her own piercings, but at least they were permanent, not intended purely as a form of torture! Every time the victim breathed, that made the needles move, the things on the end gleaming as the wires shifted and stretched, pulling on the other needles, doubtless causing pain. Their own gasps were wet and raw, not far from being whimpers.

'Ah, the sweetest harvest! Soon, this one will be complete. A shame that slave-meat can only be harvested once – but after the breaking, there is little left.' She stroked herself again, running a hand down her chest, between her breasts, lips full and red. 'Mother Echate has graced us with her presence. And that means a feast!' Her hand moved between her legs, the gems in her hair gleaming in time with those on the piercings. 'It is good that you are obedient – bad *dynna* are punished.'

After another stroke, she resumed moving, leading them from the room, as another spike was pushed into yielding skin, drawing out another pained whimper. Lei'ra shuddered – she was a good slave, surely she wouldn't be punished and tortured?

Warm air pulsed through the underground chambers, in an eerie and regular rhythm, making Lei'ra's hair ripple. She glanced over at Ama'ra, who looked just as nervous as she did, covering herself with her arms.

They turned a corner, movement blurring through the air. The all-too-familiar sound of leather on flesh, slapping harshly, but now there were no accompanying whimpers or moans. In the low light, Lei'ra had to stare to see what was happening – skin, of various colors and tones, was getting flogged by two more of the nuns. The captives were bound into stocks – but face-up, bellies turned towards the cave ceiling, spreader-bars holding legs spread wide. The heads of the torture-victims were partitioned completely, locked behind wood and stone, as the floggers kept working over skin.

Lei'ra could see that the cords were knotted, striking harder into skin, making her shudder again. There was no way for the victims to escape – they couldn't close their legs up to protect themselves, there was nothing they could do except endure the strikes, right onto exposed and spread cunts.

The two other nuns worked without speaking, not even acknowledging their presence. They were led onwards, their guide reaching out and fingering the nearest captive. Her black-sheathed finger slid all the way in, coming out shiny and wet, before she sucked it clean.

'Mmmmm, exquisite! Now, almost time. You are fortunate – only the best trained slave-cunts are deemed worthy of the A'shan'vala. And your bodies are exquisite.' She was sounding more animated now, energized by the taste, her pupils clearly dilated. Did the pussy-juice have a narcotic effect on her?

The cracking and whipping of the cords echoed through the caves, filling Lei'ra's hearing. If it was just flogging, then she could endure that – but this place was unnerving her, sapping away her courage with every moment!

The sound dropped away, fading into far-too-sudden silence, the air now warm enough to make her skin prickle with sweat. The space opened up, into a dome-shaped chamber, veins of purple gemstone winding through the walls. Chains dangled down, more on the floor, all tipped with shackles. In the very center was a squat, circular altar, a velvet cloth atop it, metal tools laid out.

A heavy, oppressive force impressed itself onto Lei'ra, and she found herself walking towards the center of the room. Another nun appeared from the darkness, this one completely swathed in black, not allowed any skin. Her fingers were strong and slick, manacles locking over wrists and ankles, jerking her up into the air. Having her weight on her wrists, stretching her arms out, hurt, but she was held taut, unable to struggle at all. Her legs were spread wide, warm air kissing against her bare slit, short dress riding up to her waist.

From here, she could see down onto the altar – the things on the cloth gleamed like stars, bright metal tools, sharp and cruel. Fear seeped through the numbing effect, and, too late, she tried to fight back, wanting to throw the effect off. But now she was held off the ground, unable to do more than make the chains shake a little, as Ama'ra was raised up next to her.

A hand grabbed her backside, fingers sinking deep into a buttock, sharp little needles poking and prodding into her. When she tensed up, that just made it hurt more, hooking deeper into her.

'This one first. Sister Mavrosa, silence her.'

'Yes, Sister Eris.' The other nun reached up, grabbing at Lei'ra's jaw and forcing her mouth open, pushing a metal ring-gag into place. A latex-wrapped hand stroked down her body, gently squeezing her breast, before pulling on the dress, ripping and tearing it away, leaving her naked.

'Mmphhh!'

She couldn't fight back, fear crashing in now, her breathing starting to quicken, the sheer strangeness of this place getting to her. And she could barely feel her mistress now! Victoria was just a distant light now, too dim and vague to draw any strength from. Skilled fingers teased between her legs, and it felt like a betrayal when her body responded, her pussy starting to warm up.

Sister Eris walked into sight, picking up a long needle, the metal shining brightly. She smiled up at Lei'ra, carefully pushing the tip of the needle against her finger to test the sharpness, nodding in satisfaction. As it pushed against her, the tip glowed purple, matching the gemstone smears on the cave walls.

'Your body will be altered. Every place of pleasure or pain, I will find and pierce with this, a nail of Lady Nyx. And you will be known to her – bearing her mark, your feelings will increase.'

The pleasure between Lei'ra's legs was growing, her body heating up. Eris leaned forward, spreading a hand over a breast, pain starting to flare on her skin. The needle pushed forward, poking against her skin, deathly cold, leeching heat from her skin. It *hurt*, far more than it should, somehow sending vicious jangles of pain through her, but also making her body flush with desire. It kept pushing, her skin resisting before giving up, the needle penetrating lightly.

When it withdrew, she could still feel it, a soreness spreading through the tit, before it pushed against her ribs, just beneath her breast. A little spot of dampness as she bled, but she was getting horny now, fingers sliding into her, pushing deep and twisting.

'Your soul is bound – that will make this easier.' Short, swift stabs tormented the thin skin on her ribs, each poke leaving another throbbing red mark, persisting after the needle was removed. '*Dynna* – made to be used.' Eris leaned in close, running her tongue over several jab wounds, her saliva making the wounds sting. When she clenched her teeth, lightly biting, that sent a vicious ache into her, the chains whispering against each other, too tight to clink and chink.

'You will be baptized in pain and desire. Seen by the goddess, and shaped into something more fit to serve.' Another bite, the needle poking and pricking lower and lower. Lei'ra tried to close her legs, the chains too tight, knowing where it was going.

The stroking fingers had warmed her up and melted her, her juices now smeared over her thighs as they withdrew, the other nun stepping back, letting Eris move closer in. She mewled from behind her gag, wanting at least the pleasure of completion. Fingers, now hooked and spiked, parted her folds again, making Lei'ra splutter in pain – they were rough and harsh, but somehow still added pleasure to the sensations assaulting her! One lip was peeled back, the needle poking against her skin, and then piercing all the way through.

The heat of it spread all through her pussy and into her pelvis, and then she was penetrated again and again, the needle finding her most sensitive spots, driving her to the edge of release. Her vision swam, her body going limp under the assault against her, fingers tightening against the pussy-lip and grinding it, making her groan from behind her gag.

She couldn't see what was being done to her, wasn't sure if she even wanted to, but she felt the needle retract, and then push against her clit. Lei'ra whimpered again, her skin yielding to the point, the thing sliding into her and then retracting. The deep, fierce throbbing was washing through her body, making her melt into passivity, despite the increasing pain in her arms.

'Your spirit will be made manifest under the eyes of the goddess. And then you will be truly owned – at least, if your spirit holds true. Otherwise, the *dynna* will become meat.' Eris tipped her head, and a swift, wet tongue licked against her pussy, sucking at her juices. 'Such delicious nectar!'

Lei'ra wanted to cum, but the barrier held true, blocking her from release. And the pain! It was mingled with pleasure, but it kept growing and growing, a fever dancing over her skin, making her want to dance and twitch, scratch herself, but she couldn't do that! And she didn't dare move for fear of the needle going into the wrong place. Her stomach roiled, a giddiness spreading through her head.

Two fingers slid into her, plucking and twisting on her sensitive insides. The pleasure surged, despite the discomfort, dribble splashing from her mouth and rolling down her chest. Her cunt twitched, out of her control, mind-numbing fuzz warping her brain.

Eris twisted her fingers and then pulled them out, stepping back and smiling up at Lei'ra, as she licked her fingers clean. Her eyes were bright now, almost glowing, her latex suit even tighter around her body, showing that she had erect nipples. She licked the needle, making a sound of deep pleasure, before returning to her work.

Lei'ra felt the aching yearning spread, her cunt now drenched, a backhand slap there making her tense up against the chains, still holding her immobile. The needle moved to her thighs, jabbing into the soft meat, violating her skin, over and over again, until her upper leg was a mass of sensations, the individual pinpricks melting together into a single throbbing mass, only slowly fading.

Ama'ra sighed, Lei'ra summoning up the strength to turn and look – the other nun was now teasing Ama'ra, lightly stroking exposed flesh, the scent rich and fertile. The pinpricks felt like they were crawling beneath her skin, lines of fire flowing through her veins, sweat starting to

ooze from her skin. This made the jabs ache and sting, and having her arms stretched out and up was putting strain on her lungs, making it harder and harder to breathe.

'Soon, the Goddess will *know* you, and you will be in her eyes. What lovely flesh you have – a shame you are not gifted to the Goddess more permanently! You would make lovely toys.'

Eris moved around behind Lei'ra, the needle now torturing her buttocks, easily penetrating into her skin. This was even worse than being whipped, the pain lingering far longer than it should, the pleasure sitting uncomfortably in her stomach, the throbbing building and building without ever getting to the point of release.

She felt her thoughts fade away, lost in the sensations, only vaguely aware of gasps from Ama'ra, still being teased next to her. It felt *right*, somehow, to be treated like this, to be nothing more than a recipient of pleasure-pain, her body penetrated, again and again, the needle sinking deep into skin and muscle, finding her nerve centers and where she could feel it the most. As it started to move over her back, she forced herself to relax, sinking down and then gasping for air as her lungs were compressed further, letting her brain go numb and fuzzy.

Chapter 20: The Groves of Submission

Victoria tensed her thighs, kicking her heels into the firm flanks of the ponygirl, creating a surge of speed. The woman beneath her leaned into the motion, her hooves thudding into the ground, but still keeping her gait smooth, Victoria rising up in the saddle to avoid getting bumped around herself.

She could hear Morrigan and Echate not far behind, both of them spurring their steed-slaves onwards, as they rode towards their destination – a forest poking up from the otherwise dry and still surroundings, a dark mass of trees on the horizon, too far away to make out any details. This place was unnerving – the sky above didn't seem to change, with a constant twilight-haze casting everything into sense-warping shadows, vague shapes always lurking on the edge of her sight, making her tense and jittery.

On instinct, she tried to reach out to Lei'ra, wanting to seek comfort in the bond – but there was barely anything there. She could sense her slave was alive, but nothing else. It added to her nervousness, like having a permanently numbed limb, part of her sensations not working right. And at least there was the pleasure of riding – the slave-steed was strong and powerful

between her legs, sturdy enough to be a comfortable platform, and setting a good speed when given the chance to run, but still responsive to the reins.

The pony-slave kept running, skimming over the ground – how much stamina did she have? Even the finely-trained ponygirls she'd ridden before had flagged after a short period of time, unable to bear another person without tiring out! But she'd been riding this one for several hours, and there were no signs of tiredness yet.

She cracked the reins, driving them even harder, enjoying the rhythmic impacts running through into her body, leaning into the motion, hearing them whicker and gasp around the bit between their teeth.

'Some of our finest purebreds. The result of generations of breeding and training – and the occasional infusion of the finest seed.'

Echate had caught up, sleek and dark in the saddle, her steed sheathed in black and red leathers. She seemed to blur around the edges, fading into the shadows somehow, despite being in plain sight.

'They have been specially selected for their physique – and know the consequences of failure. And the blessings of Lady Nyx are on them, at least while they fulfill their purpose.'

All of the ponygirls were taller than Victoria – rare, for purely human women! The amount of care that had been put into them was obvious, just from the strength of their bodies, muscles sleek and firm, beneath the tight leather sheathing their bodies, covered in harness-straps.

Morrigan cracked her crop against the buttocks of her steed, the sound loud in the still air. 'This is the finest steed I've ever ridden! How much would you sell her for?'

'They are blessed by the goddess herself – they are not for sale. For any price – you should feel honored to be riding them. Or that they allow you upon them. Those that are unworthy will be thrown off and trampled beneath their hooves. Which can certainly be amusing to see, for those with false pride.' She chuckled, before racing ahead, Victoria enjoying the tight body of the steed beneath her, the tight buttocks shifting beneath leather.

They were coming up on a small building, only visible as such when they got close, surrounded by fields of some crop Victoria didn't recognize. White-clad novices were working, their outfits making them stand out in the twilight haze – if any of them ever tried to escape, they would be easy to spot and capture! More of the sisters were watching them, as well as two other figures – bodies sheathed in blood-red scarlet. As she passed, she slowed to look more closely.

Those in the scarlet were chained, with heavy chains around their wrists and ankles, visibly slowing their movements as they worked. Nuns stood close to them, guard-slaves with hound-muzzle masks on leashes, adding to the sense of imprisonment.

'A few sinners, that have yet to realize their places. Those blessed with our blood that have broken the ancient covenants, and been remanded into my care.'

One of those in red saw them, turning her head and watching them, before one of the guards smacked her with a club, driving her to the ground.

'Those are... amazons?'

'Yes. Sooner or later, they will join the novices, but it normally takes time, and rather forceful persuasion. Until then, they provide some service through their toil, and it can be fun to torment those of such pride, that are used to having power. Our kind are able to endure much that would break a normal woman – and it can be nice to have a good, long session with someone that doesn't simply collapse after a few minutes of suffering. Those two have been in my care for... almost a decade now, I believe. Once they were promising youths, much like yourself, before they transgressed. And now they are nameless pleasure-meat, getting shaped as I desire.'

Echate sighed in pleasure, wriggling her hips atop her steed, before spurring the slave onwards. 'Such is the price of sin – to become kindling for another's pleasure. If they had only agreed to be novices, then they would have been spared this. But their pride wouldn't allow them submission, in any form, and so they will have to be forced into it.'

One of the figures in red was watching them, turning her featureless face towards Victoria. She lifted a hand, the movement clearly straining her, the chains shaking and twitching. A guard struck her, making her fall to the ground, disappearing in a flurry of kicks and blows.

'Simplistic, but long enough of knowing that pain is a constant will erode even the strongest soul. Now, we are almost there – I hope that the two of you are fully prepared. Both for the sake of your slaves, and yourselves. I suppose you would look good in white or red, but I have little need of more novices right now.' She raced ahead, leaving Victoria's head spinning. Had that been a threat? But there was no turning back now, not after coming this far!

The grove loomed ahead of them, squat and threatening, blocking out a chunk of the horizon. The trees were no type that Victoria recognized, with fat veins of bark bulging out from the trunks, and she reached for Lei'ra again, getting no sensation back, feeling suddenly isolated. It was a relief when Morrigan rode up beside her, giving her some company, the two of them riding together towards the eerie forest.

It rose up around them, far quicker than was natural, thick trees blotting out what little light there was, thick shadows swallowing up Victoria's vision. The air was heavy with a sweet and sticky scent, thick vines and tendrils around some of the trees writhing and twitching. She had to squint to see Echate, the woman's dark form blending into the background far too easily, shape merging with that of her steed to turn her into a half-glimpsed monstrosity.

‘This is the forest of beginnings. I would advise against touching the plants – many of them are poisonous, more than your bodies could handle. This is where the journey towards unity with the goddess begins.’

A sound started to thrum through the air, a low chant, the sounds trying to lull Victoria into a daze, requiring focus to fend off. Beneath it was moans and yelps, and the sounds of flesh and metal. The chant got louder, the ponygirl slowing and needing spurring forward, having to be forced into movement.

Amongst the forest were simple constructions – a cage hung from a wooden frame, currently empty. A wall, built from piled-up stones, required the ponygirl to carefully step over it, before tensing up and coming to a halt, refusing to move no matter how Victoria dug her heels in or pulled on the reins, bucking her head and fighting the control. After another harsh dig, she dismounted, yanking on the reins and tying them around a stone post, feeling a petty satisfaction at being able to force the woman to bend at the waist.

There was a heady scent in the air, rich and sugary, like something fermenting, Victoria trying not to feel giddy. Echate didn’t seem affected, still entirely cool and collected, but there was a slight glaze to Morrigan’s eyes, and a flush to her cheeks.

Lanterns flared into life, flames dancing and shining, seeming to make the shadows even deeper black. Ahead, there was a pit, the ground cutting away suddenly, Victoria carefully stepping to the edge and looking down. Three cages were down there, all occupied, shaking around as the women inside trying to break free, growling through their gags.

‘A shame there is not one of Amazon blood ready for this. I find that especially delightful to see – the moment where realization sets in, that there is no escape. But these three donations will suffice.’ She raised her hand and made a gesture, the cages rattling open.

All three of the slaves were well-formed, their bodies grimy with sweat and the marks of restraints, but no lash-marks or other signs of punishment. One tore her gag away and ran for the wall of the pit, starting to try and climb, the sides too smooth to make any headway.

The chant got louder, Victoria able to make out occasional almost-words – they sounded familiar, but she couldn’t quite place them, the meaning never quite there. A wind blew, making the fat, heavy vines shake about, the scent getting more intense. The leaves parted revealing fat fruits dripping with moisture. The vines writhed again, this time without any wind, several of them dropping into the pit, where they continued to move. Victoria recoiled – the vines were far too similar to snakes, long coils of powerful muscle.

One of the slaves dripped, falling onto a vine. It twisted around a leg, the slave trying to pull herself up, without success. Each vine was tipped with a bulbous fruit, veined and pointing, the thing making Victoria feel uncomfortable, tensing her legs together. And then it moved again, with deliberate intent, this time wrapping around her head and pushing into her mouth, forcing the gag out of the way. A pink froth bubbled from the slave’s mouth, staining her chin as she tried to pull the thing free.

Echate made a sigh of pleasure, gesturing with her hand again, fingers twisting. The vines moved, suddenly moving with speed, wrapping around their victims. The one that had been climbing the wall was dragged down, a vine-head shoving itself between her ass-cheeks, with enough force to make her scream, loud and shrill. Her hands went behind herself, trying to pull it out, another vein slithering around her leg.

Another of the slaves was already completely wrapped up, a cock-vine in every hole, more of the pink froth getting pumped onto her skin, drying into a paste.

‘One of the miracles bestowed upon us by Lady Nyx. The fruit, and the juice it produces, bring one into communion with the goddess. And there, the supplicant is either destroyed by her own desires, or learns some level of mastery.’

The thick, sweet smell was making Victoria feel giddy, a disturbing pleasure starting to creep into her thoughts, her slit getting loose and wet. Having the sensations of pleasure forced upon her was concerning – she couldn’t entirely block the sensations, her control of her own body being torn away!

‘I wonder how well you would deal with it? Your wills both seem strong, but that can make the lure all the stronger.’

The penetrated woman was completely lost in the throes of pleasure, getting fucked in all three holes, more and more of the thick paste covering her skin. Her sounds were partway between screams and groans, equally pleasure and pain. The one that had been trying to climb out was still fighting, despite having one in her ass, more twisting around her arms and legs. She was slowly getting dragged downwards, weighed down beneath the vines.

‘That one has admirable strength. I look forward to spending some time with her in the training chambers – should she make it through this.’ Echate was stroking herself, through her clothing, her words half-pants through her breathing.

The first of the slaves was now fully covered with the pink stuff, the vines fully restricting her movements. She was coughing and spluttering, struggling to breathe around the penetrating vine. The goop was starting to dry, forming itself into a cocoon, cutting off any hope of movement.

‘I like to think of them as eggs, waiting to hatch, into newer, better forms. Although the novices can often be troublesome! Hahhhh...’ She sighed with pleasure, inhaling a deep draught of air, finally showing some signs of being affected.

Victoria’s clothing felt too tight now, caressing against her skin, warmth flushing through her body. The lust mingled with shame and embarrassment, at her own weakness, but she wanted nothing more than to touch herself, to lose herself in self-pleasure. Even just tensing her legs together sent a shiver of desire through her. Her breasts were super-sensitive, a light touch over her chest making her breathing uneven and scattered.

Her thoughts went hazy for a moment, brief fantasies flickering through her mind – of having Lei'ra between her legs, tongue soft, wet and deeply buried within her slit, offering her worship. She wanted nothing more than the bliss of release, to have a mind-blowing orgasm, and then another, and another, leaving her gasping and drained, sheets sticky with sweat, with the sweet sensation of Lei'ra's denial and desire echoing in her own soul.

A shrill scream jerked her from the stupor, helping her to regain some measure of control. Both of the other women were now fully penetrated, in cunt, ass and mouth, the goo mingling with their sweat. The screams were quieter now, mouths stuffed with plants, the vines starting to lift their victims up off the floor. Echate took a step back, Victoria doing the same, wanting to keep a safe distance from the vines.

The victims were drawn up into the foliage, bodies twitching, uttering desperate moans. Echate reached out and touched Victoria's shoulder, her hand fever-hot and smooth. Even through Victoria's clothing, she could feel the touch, so hot it almost burned, adding to her sense of delirium. She tried to back away, but the pit was too close, limiting her movement.

'You live up to the promise of your blood – very good!' She removed her hand, the heat fading, Victoria forcing herself to think, despite the desire flooding her veins. 'And now you will see something rarely glimpsed by those outside the Church of Nyx. There is a harvest to be collected – fresh fruit for the goddess. Or her followers, at least.'

She strode away, placing her hand on the trunk of a tree. Her fingernails extended, long spikes stabbing into wood, penetrating deep into it. Above, plants twisted and moved, two person-sized pods dropping down. The veins throbbed and pulsed, the scent intoxicatingly thick.

Other nuns descended, slicing through the fibrous husk, more goo flowing out. A naked female form emerged from beneath the leaves and vines, shivering and spasming as she was exposed. Her skin was soft and wet, covered with a sheen of pink, her hands moving towards her crotch as she started to masturbate. The groans were lewd and guttural, threatening to break Victoria's slender grip on herself.

The nuns grabbed at her, pulling her hands out of her, ignoring her plaintive wails, holding her legs wide. She whined, bucking her hips, Echate approaching and stamping down onto her crotch. The woman writhed in pleasure, moaning again. Echate ground her foot down, before bending over and pushing her fingers into the woman's mouth. When she stood up, she was holding a clear crystal, two inches long.

'One of the greatest gifts of the goddess! This is required for your bonds to be complete.'

Victoria blinked, and Echate was suddenly right in front of her, far too close, Victoria having to restrain herself from flinching away. The gemstone touched against her forehead, a dizzying sense of desire flowing into her. She jerked, breaking the contact, but the effect was still flowing through her, hard to control. She'd never felt anything so powerful, even when she'd been growing up and horny all the time! It was taking all her will to not start stroking herself there and

then, and she had to close her hands into fists, feeling the pain of her nails prickling her palms, helping her to focus.

'You are fortunate indeed, that such a thing has been gifted to you.' Echate's hand stroked down Victoria's body, hot even through her clothing, making her spark with further desire. She didn't dare open her mouth, not trusting herself to make a noise other than a desperate moan, focusing on Echate's eyes, feeling herself starting to fall into them.

'We will remain here until the harvest is complete. Do try and control yourself though – it would be a shame if you were to fall prey to the sweet scents.' Her touch was stirring Victoria up more and more, but she didn't dare move away, not wanting to show weakness, simply having to hope that the thing would be over soon.

Chapter 21: Synesthesia

Morrigan's head was fuzzy, her body hot and sweaty. The stone altar beneath her was warm and sticky with oil, a hand sliding over her back. Metal jabbed into her skin, a sting of pleasure and pain mingling together, a needle sliding into her. There was a low and constant humming, out-of-sight slaves maintaining a constant chorus, making it hard to think. She'd lost count of how many times she'd been pierced and penetrated, countless tiny shards being pushed into her. The bond with Lei'ra was flickering around – sometimes it felt as though the woman were right next to her, other times it faded away to almost nothing.

The needle jabbed again, into the very top of her spine, white heat flaring down her back and all through her body.

'The work is complete. Now, Morrigan – you must proceed from here to the doors of the Goddess. There you will be united with your bound slaves. Now stand and proceed to your fate.'

Morrigan obeyed, feeling the piercings through all her body – tiny black flecks all over her skin, the marks too small to make out. They would fade with time, but, for now, it looked as though she'd been drawn on with a fine brush, thousands of tiny thin lines all over her body, front and back. And they made her skin incredibly sensitive – every little whisper of air in the subterranean chamber brushed against her body making her shiver with desire.

The way that she had come into the room was now sealed shut with a bronze slab. The only other exit was dark and unlit, Morrigan proceeding along it. A stronger breeze pushed against her, threatening to shatter her focus, as she advanced into the darkness.

Part of the shadows blurred, a latex-sheathed figure stepping out, hard to see in the lack of light. A hand reached out, stroking Morrigan between the legs, her pleasure almost gushing out.

‘You look magnificent, Morrigan.’ It was one of the nuns, her body sealed within her habit, all her skin hidden except for her face. ‘Truly worthy to tend to the goddess – perhaps she will be merciful and permit you to leave? Follow.’

The woman turned and advanced onwards. Despite moving with an unhurried pace, there was the constant danger of the woman vanishing into the shadows, Morrigan having to hurry to keep up. They kept passing by other passages and tunnels, the place a maze, probably impossible to find a way through without a guide. Morrigan tried to focus on the sister’s body, able to see the outline of pert buttocks through the habit, imagining having the woman over her knee and delivering a savage spanking.

They entered a larger chamber, multiple passageways all leading here. There was movement in one of them – another nun entered, followed by Victoria. She was just as naked as Morrigan was, her body oiled and shiny, marked with the same black sigil-marks as Morrigan. The surge of desire got even stronger, Morrigan sucking in a breath, even that slight movement increasing her lust.

‘You stand before the doors of the goddess Nyx.’ The two nuns spoke in synchronicity, voices blurring together into an echo.

A third voice, strong and confident, cut through the echoes. ‘An offering of the purest blood, to the mother of night.’ Echate strode from the shadows, calm and confident, her movement setting up stirrings of air, each one distractingly erotic. Although she was fully clothed, her habit was so tight that every curve of her body was as visible as if she was naked, the memory getting burned into Morrigan’s mind.

‘Your slaves are marked and bound, as are you. Shards of earth blood, the night made manifest. Both you and your slaves are marked in the same way – this is a rare and impressive compatibility. But Nyx has her price.’ She advanced, sweeping forward, a rich and musky scent moving with her, intoxicating Morrigan. ‘You will mingle your blood with that of your slaves. And when they give birth, it will be here – so that the children will be birthed in the eyes of the goddess. And when they, and their mothers, are returned to you, then it will be with a priestess of Nyx. To help raise them, in the *true* ways. Now, follow me.’

She trailed her hands up Morrigan and Victoria’s bodies, just the lightest of touches, but still enough to make Morrigan blush and shiver, her pussy starting to flow with juices. It took all of her willpower to stay standing, willing herself to stay on her feet and not fall to her knees and start stroking herself.

Victoria reached out and squeezed her hand, giving her the strength to carry on. The rocky floor was firm and cool beneath her feet, as the passageway narrowed... and changed. The walls turned from dull rock to gleaming obsidian, gleaming and bright, catching every mote and fleck of light, seeming to catch and drain them. Looking down made Morrigan feel dizzy, like she was stood above an infinite abyss. And the breeze was disconcertingly regular now, almost like breathing, coming from somewhere ahead.

‘The two of you seem to be honored indeed. But know that betraying the goddess will bring vengeance and suffering – you are sturdy enough to endure much punishment, and your screams would bring honor to the goddess, before you pledge your souls in fealty.’ Echate’s shape flickered, the same glossy black as the obsidian tunnel, as they plunged deeper into the earth, twisting and turning. ‘That would bring me pleasure, but I imagine that you would find the experience rather less pleasant.’

They were blocked in the passage by bronze double-doors, three times her own weight. The thing looked ancient, the carvings eroded by centuries of use. It was hard to make out the details, but they looked to show women subjugated and bound along the outer ridge, thick leashes binding them to pillars, the carvings small and weak. Towards the center, the women were larger, more powerful and dominant, but still bowing their heads towards the very center of the doors – the only clothed figure, a lush and feminine form wreathed in loose robes, face worn away to nothing, if it had ever been there.

Echate gestured, and the doors opened, smooth and silent, warm and sultry air gushing forth. Morrigan could feel Victoria’s hand tighten, and the desperation between her legs intensified. Soft words, blurring on the edge of comprehension, echoed around the place as a large and spherical chamber was revealed, the walls of more obsidian, making the space seem far larger than it was.

Altars of dark stone were arranged in a rough circle, ancient metal shackles nailed into the floor, blood-red rust flaked onto the floor. And on two of the altars... Morrigan’s heart leapt in her chest as she saw Ama’ra, spread out, entirely naked, her skin covered with the same writhing prick-marks as Morrigan’s body.

‘Claim your slaves, in body and soul. They are bound within the realm of Nyx – find them and bring them back. You are fortunate indeed – you all bear the same number of piercings, an omen that you are intended for each other.’

Being ordered in such a blunt way made Morrigan wince, Echate’s voice booming out, magnified by the shape of the cavern. She could feel Ama’ra again, a seething mass of desire, despite the woman’s immobility. She advanced, reaching out and placing her hand on the slave’s cunt.

It was hotter than she’d ever felt before, so wet that it made her hand damp just touching it. A vivid jolt of desire scorched through her mind, two of her fingers sliding deeper into Ama’ra. There was barely any response, the cunt soft and wet, but unresponsive, barely even tensing around the intrusion. Ama’ra’s eyes slammed open, burning with a violet haze, and Morrigan felt herself falling, her own senses overwhelmed.

A whip cracked against her back, pain slicing into her, the tip wrapping around and cutting across her chest. She writhed, finding her arms bound high above her head, rope chafing around her ankles, holding her legs spread. A sack covered her eyes, her vision a dark and vague blur, the air heavy with her own fear-scent. When she tried to protest, her mouth

tightened around a wet wad of cloth, shoved into her mouth and making her cheeks bulge out, the thing gross and sticky with her own spit.

Another whip-crack strike, and the sound of her own gagged cry of pain made her flush with shame.

The moment of a thousand pains. The greatest curse and blessing of Lady Nyx. Echate's voice was amused, throbbing within Morrigan's head. *You must control it, and yourself, or else you will be trapped here forever.*

'The sooner you break, then the sooner the real training will begin.'

It took Morrigan a moment to recognize the voice as herself, just before another brutal whip-slash, this one against her buttocks. It hurt, but there was a deep well of desire beneath, the softness between her thighs damp with her juices. Footsteps approached, and then a hand slapped her buttocks, firm and hard.

Should you fail, then I will claim your bodies, and Lady Nyx your minds. A full-born heir would have been preferable, but I'm sure I could find a use for your bloodline elsewhere. And they are rather lovely bodies – what pleasure it would be to use them!

The hand slid around her thigh, two fingers pressing into her cunt, so wet that the violation was easy. Morrigan's shame increased at the sheer depth of her lust, her pussy tightening around the fingers, pulling them deeper in.

'That's it, my sweet Ama'ra. Your body knows how to obey, even if your mind doesn't.'

She felt so small, so *weak* and *pathetic!* The shadow-memory of herself, even unseen, radiated power, leather-gloved fingers sliding back and forth inside of her, spreading her wide, in a way that was equal parts shame and lust. Morrigan inhaled, trying to ignore the horrible wad of spit-soaked cloth in her mouth, straining on the restraints. The rope scraped and chafed, the wrist-cuffs digging into soft skin, edges biting. Her panic started to increase, an instinctive fear and hatred of restraints and bindings. She was a dominant, not some slut, a piece of slave-meat to be bound and used!

The fingers pushed even deeper, knuckles bumping against her crotch as she was fully penetrated. The hot within her body flowed freely around, making it hard to think, as she fought to gather her will. There was no sense of Victoria's presence, the leather-wrapped fingers pumping in and out of her. She tensed her jaw around the gag, spittle squishing out of it, straining against her restraints again, feeling them tense up. Her body, or that of Ama'ra, was so *weak!* And just a light touch against her buttocks ignited pre-existing welt-marks, sending white-hot pain flaring through her.

But she focused, trying to force her will into something else, to escape this. She had to resist the pleasure and not succumb to its call, as the body she was in was stimulated, her thoughts getting fuzzy and vague. Each slap of the hand made her wince, the sack over her head rough

against her skin, impossible to dislodge. She was a dominant, a proud Amazon, not a breeding cunt! No matter how tempting it would be to fall into the pleasure, to succumb and become a broken, wet *thing*, fit only for breed-stock, she would endure and fight, to the very end!

The fingers thrust and twisted, forcing her breathing to change to meet their movements, her teeth starting to press into the wad in her mouth, her limbs straining against the bonds. There were words, but her focus pushed them away, her sense of self growing, getting stronger and stronger.

Time froze, and then there was nothing, except the sense of pleasure, deep-seated within herself, on the cusp of release. A leather hood over her face, tight and stifling, letting only tiny whispers of air beneath, forcing her to gasp and writhe on the constant edge of suffocation. Fingers teased and stroked over her, tight ropes holding her spreadeagled in empty air, a terrifying suspension, impossible to know what was beneath her. As soft as any feather, the fingers kept moving, probing and caressing, somehow finding all her most sensitive places. She shivered, the ropes so tight that she only shook slightly, for all her twitching. A nail, sharp and scratchy, moved down her spine, from the top to just above her buttocks, as another hand slid over her belly, so light that she had to focus to be fully conscious it was there.

She was feverishly hot, heart pounding, her body desperate for release. Fingers teased and stroked against her pussy-lips, parting them and holding them there – just the kiss of the cool air, swirling around her clit, the touch lighter than that of any lover. Nails dug into her lips, holding her spread and exposed, utterly vulnerable – there was no protection, no defense she could offer, a smooth, rubber gag-ball now between her lips.

And then pain, a strap slapping against her cunt, harsh and cruel. But even that vicious strike held pleasure within itself, threatening to break her will. Another strike, before she was able to recover from the first, as a hand pressed down against her face, cutting off even her limited airflow. Pain throbbed into her head as she started to starve for air, trying to inhale through the leather that pushed against her face, unable to exert any force upon the world.

No!

She tried to deny it, wanting to force the sexual torments away, but she was powerless, stripped of any agency, existing simply as fuck-meat. Another slap, forcing more precious air from her lungs, a hand squeezing her breast, crushing soft skin within iron-hard fingers. The pain! She'd never experienced anything like it, or the way it mingled with desperate pleasure, sending lightning-sparks through her soul, her senses fading. She clung to what she could, able to twist her hands enough to grab the ropes tethering her in the void and grip onto them tightly, feel the rough hemp against her skin.

The strap hit again, this time right against her clit, making her legs spasm and twitch. Even control of her body was being wrested from her, muscles forced to move how her unseen torturers wanted her to move.

No!

She turned her focus inwards, reasserting dominance over her body, the only thing she could perceive. Forcing everything into stillness, making the scant air she had last as long as possible. Ignoring the siren-call of the pleasure-pain between her legs, and the degrading squeezing and groping of her breasts. She would seek her own power, and reclaim herself, and her precious Ama'ra.

And then another skip. Ice-cold water trickled down her face, her body upside-down and suspended by her ankles. Hair slicked over her face, blinding her as effectively as a blindfold, as she spluttered and coughed, forcing water from her lungs.

Fingers forced her pussy wide, a lubed-up dildo sliding into her. Before she could protest, she was dropped back down, barely just enough time for a desperate breath before she was beneath the water, her mouth shut tight. It was bitterly cold, making her want to inhale on sheer reflex, sucking away the heat from her head. The cock felt massive and fat, so big that it stretched her cunt out, shoved deep, her body not ready for it. The thing twisted around inside of her, large lumps and bumps forcing her even wider, stirring up a horrible and forced pleasure.

Her lungs burned, but she forced her mouth to stay shut, not wanting to drown herself by breathing in the cold water. How much longer could she endure this for? A brutal darkness hovered on the edge of her consciousness, threatening to wash in and claim her entirely. She twisted around, knocking her head against the edge of whatever held the water, trying to twist herself upwards, towards the air. Lips, soft and warm, kissed against her thigh, before teeth bit harder, nipping and pinching painfully hard at her skin.

Just as her lungs started to burn with even more pain, she was pulled up, gasping in as quickly as she could, trying to slake her body's need for air, hoping to get at least some time to recover before another submersion. The cock continued to twist and writhe inside of herself, rubbing against her walls. She was stretched wide, her body aching as it tried to accommodate the sheer size of the thing,

Quicker now, she asserted her will, forcing her body into stillness, trying to slake the need from her lungs. She was mistress of her own body – and of whatever this place was! She wasn't bound to Ama'ra – the slave was an extension of *her*, as much as her hand or foot was. And the hand or foot didn't command! The dildo thrust and twisted, but she ignored it, asserting her will over her body, and whatever this place was.

I own Ama'ra. She is mine and nothing can take her from me!

A flicker-flash of other torments, getting easier and easier to ignore – she was racked, beaten, shocked, whipped, fucked in every hole, but the physical intensity got weaker and weaker, as she forced her own will upon this place. And through that, she could feel Ama'ra again, a warm and comforting sensation, heart-beat pulsing in time with her own. She enveloped it within her own will, wrapping it within her soul and mind, taking strength from binding the slave to herself again.

Pleasure slammed through her, the pain now sealed away within her slave's body, Morrigan using her to soak up the pain, taking all the good feelings for herself. With her sense of her own body gone, it was stronger than anything she'd ever felt before, a pure and delicious bliss. When that threatened to overwhelm her, she diverted some of it into Ama'ra, feeling the consciousness-light of her slave ripple and shimmer. Every breath, every movement that Ama'ra made, she could feel, and *control!*

Epilogue: Of Things to Come

Sharam looked out of the window, admiring the view – a glittering cityscape, the darkness of the night above contrasting with the brightly-lit skyscrapers beneath her. The roads all looked like rivers of light, cars streaming along, white and red lights.

She turned away from the view, and took a seat, spreading her legs to settle into the queening chair. The captive inside, hooded and sealed except for her mouth, immediately set to work, licking and kissing at Sharam's slit. A maid approached, a silent figure in black-and-white, mouth sealed by a mask, skirt short enough that there were tempting little flashes of cunt as she moved, and handed over a cocktail, olive on the side.

In front of her, another young woman was suspended from the ceiling, held up by her limbs in a standing spread-eagle. Every twitch made her whole body shake, but she had no leverage, unable to protect herself. Her eyes were wide and white with terror, while a fat ballgag sealed her mouth, dribble staining down between her breasts.

A whip cracked, slapping against the woman's back and wrapping around her body, leaving a bright welt as it was pulled back. She grunted in pain, twisting again, still desperate for anything more solid than her suspension.

'You should have said if you were in the market for fresh meat.' Sharam tapped the tongue-slit on the head, slowing the licking, wanting to keep her head. Sat down next to her was Amunhet, comfortably spread in another queening chair.

'Sometimes it's more satisfying to do things yourself.'

'This one looks rather a lot like that model that disappeared last night? A strange coincidence, no doubt.'

Amunhet chuckled. 'Oh yes. Just a coincidence – I'm sure that young lady will show up soon enough. And may even direct her friends into certain places convenient for my purposes – I'm in the mood for festivities, and those take quite a few bodies. I'm sure you could have affected the capture easily enough, but it's nice to keep personally engaged. It's been some time since I felt the fear of fresh meat! The moment when hope flees... *That* is a delight!'

The whip cracked again – the wielder was Amunhet's slave-girl, dressed in latex, large glasses on a narrow face.

'And my Co'ra does like to entertain herself as well. I wanted to have a little fun before leaving, so Co'ra decided to procure it for me. Such a sweet thing! Although she needs to work on her own skills. Isn't that right, Co'ra?'

The whip slashed with particular viciousness, hard enough to cut skin, the unfortunate woman gasping with pain, tears rolling down her face, leaving streaky smears of melted makeup.

'Yes, honored mistress. This one has failed Mistress Amunhet, and must be punished.'

'Mmm, such obedience!' Amunhet shivered in delight, grinding her crotch against the head between her legs. 'Perhaps I might forgive you for your failure. Perhaps!'

She stroked her own body, the movement drawing the translucent silks tight over her breasts, Sharam enjoying the sight. A shame that someone like Amunhet would never be acceptable meat to capture – her body would look magnificent mounted on a display-frame, a metal dildo shoved into her cunt, her aristocratic mouth held open with a metal ring! And there was no shortage of others that would likely pay for her, while her tanned skin would be delicious to mark with whip and crop. Or having that proud face between Sharam's own legs, forced to lick and suck!

Another whip-crack made Sharam focus on the room again. This one had been right between the woman's legs, making her face contort in desperate pain, the cord cracking right against sensitive skin. The gagged moan-scream made Sharam feel aroused, and she twisted herself closer to the captured head, letting the tongue probe deeper into herself, moving with slow and deliberate twists.

'I may have some work for you.'

'I thought you might, it's rare to be invited over for simple pleasure.'

The slave-girl was well-trained, the tongue moving with enough vigor to warm Sharam up, but without pushing her too hard, letting her focus on the conversation. And without making any noise either – the hooded head was silent other than the slightest breathing, the woman turned into a sex toy.

'Some meat you want acquired?'

The whip kept cracking against skin, leaving bright red welts as the skin was abused and assaulted. The victim's shaking was getting worse and worse, her limbs twitching around, but she was still suspended up in the air, unable to do more than powerlessly twitch and writhe, her sobs getting louder. Co'ra looked to be skilled with her whip, making it strike all over her target's skin, without causing too much damage in one place, spreading the agony around. Another

blow hit the woman's leg, wrapping around the thigh, scraping the skin raw as it was pulled away.

There was already a deep and satisfying fear in the woman's gagged screams as she was abused – such a soft and pretty little thing! Sharam felt her own body respond, a warmth settling into her cunt, aided by the slow and steady licks.

'Yes. Meat that may be hard to access though. I am willing to pay handsomely for them though.'

'Who's the target?'

'You've met Morrigan and Victoria, I think? I want their slave-girls, the ones they were showing off at that auction. I think they would be just the thing for my collection. And there's a few experiments I want to perform on them as well.'

'You are asking a lot. To steal from another Amazon is a risk – a soul-bonded slave even more so! And their mothers are well-connected as well, and likely to view such a thing as a threat.'

'Oh? I thought you wanted a challenge. Are you not the mighty hunter Sharam, who acquired multiple slaves from within one of the world's best guarded prisons? And acquired one of the most famous pop stars in the world for a two-week training session? Is this beyond you?'

The goad was obvious, Sharam tensing her thighs around the head of the fuck-slave, feeling the tension that ran through them as their air supply was suddenly limited.

'I am. That and more. And I have no desire to be captured, stripped and shipped off to the Cult of Nyx to be turned into one of their loyal novices! I've seen what they do to their property, and being treated like that is not something I want. They could break anyone, and I've seen them take the strongest-willed Amazon and reduce them to obedience.'

'And yet you stole from one of their temples, did you not.'

Pride at her accomplishments mingled with practicality, not wanting to get in trouble with the Cult.

'I heard *someone* stole some prized meat from their compound. As to who? Well, I couldn't possibly comment.' Even if the woman had required keeping in deep sensory deprivation, just in case her old owners had some form of connection to her, making it dangerous to allow any sight or hearing. But she was a delight to abuse, soft and skilled in all the right ways, her tongue an erotic delight.

'Perhaps I should find this "someone", then? As they certainly seem more spirited than you.'

'They have ties to the *Dodekathara*, the ruling council. There is power there, even if rarely wielded.'

'You need not worry – I am not without influence myself.'

'And the soul-bond? A theft is hard to pull off when the victim can track where the stolen goods are!'

'This is not some idle whim, Sharam. I have resources of my own. Dij'ssa, approach.'

There was movement in a dark corner of the room, the shape of a woman appearing from the shadows. Sharam tensed – there had been no-one there a moment ago, of that she was sure. The woman had shrouded her presence somehow, eliminating all signs of her presence. An unnerving ability, to be sure.

The woman was of average height, with unremarkable features, ethnicity indeterminate, her looks slipping from Sharam's mind as soon as she looked away. Even her clothing was hard to recall – tight black shorts and a bandeau over her chest. A spiked metal collar was around her neck, heavy-looking cuffs on her wrists and ankles. Sharam turned to Amunhet, before looking back at Dij'ssa – in just that short glance away, the woman had advanced several paces, without Sharam even noticing!

'Dij'ssa is talented at manipulating souls.'

Sharam growled, keeping her gaze fixed on the woman, trying to etch her looks into her mind. It was making her eyes water, her brain trying to find something else to focus on.

'If she manipulates mine, I'll make her regret it! I wonder what would make her scream?'

The mind-crawling sensation faded, the woman suddenly clearly visible, bowing at the waist. Sharam caught a glimpse of her back, seeing metal rings there, joined by black ribbon.

'The pleasure she can grant is indescribable – I can guarantee that you've never experienced anything like it. Although she is a loan, not a gift – I expect her to be returned, and fully intact. She will be able to ensure the bond is not an issue though. Of course, I have all the mundane information you need as well, security, access and so forth.'

'It could be an interesting proposal.' She flicked her fingers down, and Dij'ssa dropped to all fours, forehead knocking against the floor. 'The cost though... I'll want more than just money. Three picks from your personal pets. To be kept, by me, forever. That's a cost even you will remember – I know how much effort you put into training them!'

She smiled when she saw Co'ra bridle, the slave's eyes meeting her own for a moment, at the slight to her mistress.

'And some time with that one.' She pointed at Co'ra. 'I think three days should be enough to teach her some respect. I'll take care not to do anything permanent.'

There was a sudden fear in Co'ra's eyes, as she looked over at Amunhet.

'I would appreciate a recording of that. I think I may have been too soft with her, so perhaps a little harshness would be good for her. Perhaps introduce her to a few men? She always used to hate that, but it would be a shame if all the time I spent training her to give pleasure in every way went to waste.'

The look of fear intensified, a shiver of pleasure going through Sharam, the tongue sliding deeper into her. Co'ra looked far too full of herself – breaking that pride, making her weep and beg, would be a delight! And the woman was attractive enough to be worth hurting simply for that, to make the face contort with tears and desperate pleading.

'Three of my own slaves is a high price.'

'I'm an expensive hire. But I'm the best damn hunter you'll get – if you want slaves, soul-bonded slaves no less, then you've got no choice. I could charge a lot more, make you feel like you're getting something more?'

She twisted her hips, letting the slave having a swift breath of air before tightening again. She was comfortably wet, but not yet close to release, keeping her mind clear.

'You may have Co'ra for two days – it would be inconvenient to be without her for any longer. And some of my slaves are too dear to me to be traded away, so are not available for you. But most of my household... Well, it will be inconvenient, but I can always train more. I can have them delivered to your own household, if you tell me where that is?'

'I'll handle the logistics. I find it easier if others can't follow me home! And, shall we say, ten million?'

There was only the slightest of hesitations as Sharam named her price – one she knew that Amunhet could pay, but enough to make her wince. She must really want those two!

'That is... agreeable. You may have the cash now, but the slaves only in exchange. Although, by then, perhaps Co'ra might have upset me and be available to purchase.'

The next whip-crack was especially loud and vicious, a gagged scream sounding out.

'Or perhaps I'll take this lovely one off your hands?'

Sharam pulled herself back, her pussy feeling cold for a moment without the soft lips pushing up against it. She went over to the suspended woman, reaching out and touching her hand against the tenderized skin, feeling how hot it was. Tracing a finger along a welt provoked a delightful whimper, turning into a choked sob as Sharam lowered her head and kissed the sore skin. Gently at first, before using her teeth, pinching the skin there and stretching it out.

She reached between the woman's legs, feeling the thighs tense up, unable to close or offer any protection. The woman was still dry, her spirit not yet accustomed to rough treatment. Well,

that would come soon enough! Sharam started to stroke her, gently and lightly, feeling the body shiver and respond, the pussy starting to open up under her caresses.

A river of dribble splashed from the gagged mouth, down the perfect, white skin. Sharam continued to stroke and tease, biting them again, before moving her mouth over a nipple, a soft little rosebud. She bit it, grinding it between her teeth, the woman sucking in breath in pain, shivering and trying to twist away, without any success.

She gave it a parting kiss, starting to slide her fingers in and out of the pussy, feeling it start to accept the intrusion.

'I wonder if Mistress Amunhet will let you go? Having you as a performer in the day, and a lovely toy in the night, might please her.' She looked up, enjoying the sight of bright red lips tight around the ball-gag, wet pleading noises impossible to parse into speech. 'You might be allowed to pretend to be a person... sometimes. But you're going to become a pet. Collared, pretty and obedient.'

She pushed her fingers deeper.

'You see? You're starting to accept it already. Your body is no longer your own, but belongs to another. I wonder what decorations Amunhet will bless you with, hidden away beneath your clothing? Maybe some piercings, or some tattoos? Or maybe a brand? Your ownership, etched into your flesh forever.'

She flicked her thumb against the erect clit, feeling how damp the thing was, the woman deep in the throes of arousal.

'Your mind is starting to break already, isn't it? All your life, you've been admired and respected, and now you're just fuck-meat.'

She slid two more fingers in, taking a sadistic pleasure in the wet squelching noises, forcing the woman wide. Her shaking was pathetic and desperate, eyes rolling back in her head until Sharam slammed her across the cheeks several times, making them glow and burn red.

'No escape, my pretty! You're here, to entertain us. And if you think a whipping was bad, then there's far worse yet to come.' She slapped the woman across the belly, knocking the wind from her, bubble-flecked spit getting coughed up from beneath the gag. 'Such a soft and lovely body to play with! And all that time dancing has made you nice and tough, so you can withstand a nice amount of pain.'

She withdrew her hand, then slapped against the wet and desperate cunt, the woman tensing up, enough strength left to pull herself up by her arms.

'You see? Nice and tough still. Which means that you need to be hurt more. But don't worry – Mistress Amunhet will teach you to enjoy it.'

Amunhet approached, a large strap-on around her waist, the thing the size of her forearm, covered with savage bumps and lumps.

'Oh yes. I'm going to look forward to it. I'll have to be careful so that you can still perform, but we're going to be spending a lot of time together. And you're going to become very obedient. Or else there will be some rather unpleasant consequences – at least for you.'

She walked around behind the woman, her hands grabbing hold of hips, pulling them in close. Although Sharam couldn't see, it was obvious when the strap-on started to push into the woman's body, as she tensed up and whined in protest.

Sharam kept stroking her, teasing her slit and clit, forcing the woman to feel pleasure, even as her asshole was steadily forced open by the strap-on violating her tight butt. The whines got even more shrill, her breathing desperate and shallow. Every time her eyes went vague and unfocused, Sharam slapped her again, not letting her fade into unconsciousness, denying her any escape.

The cock must be sliding deeper and deeper into place, Sharam pushing her hand against the woman's belly, feeling the tight and supple muscles.

'Is this the first time you're being taken from behind? Well, you will need to get used to it. Your body doesn't belong to you any more – you belong to Amunhet. And perhaps I'll claim you for myself. You'd look lovely on your knees, chained to the floor! Although I'd have to shave your head as well.'

That got a whine of protest, or perhaps it was the sodomy. Sharam kept her on the edge of release, teasing her without letting her orgasm as her asshole was ravaged, the cock fat and huge, probably tearing the soft skin.

This might be a worthwhile contract, despite the risk! The whining groans the woman was making made Sharam's own lust increase, and she started to stroke herself, between fingering and slapping her victim, who was now fully impaled on the cock forced into her ass, body twitching and spasming in forced pain and pleasure.

THE END