

Prologue: Dark Tidings

Mother Echate ran her hand over the captive flesh of her prisoner, pressing her sharp nails into soft skin. It was rare to have another Amazon to torment, but it was always such a pleasure when it happened! Her captive tensed up, still trying to resist, limbs straining against the thick, cloaking shadows that bound her to the obsidian slab, extensions of Echate's will. Down here, far from the sun, it was hard to keep track of time, but from the slight tiredness Echate felt, it must have been over a day since she started.

'Your willpower does you credit. But you should know that there is no escape – stronger than you have been broken on this slab. You will be a delightful novice, once you have been rendered obedient.'

A faint, muffled gasp came from the Amazon, her head wrapped in leather, blinding her and making it impossible for her to speak. Screaming and cursing got rather tiresome after the first few hours – and sounds down here echoed, bouncing around far longer than expected.

Echate picked up a needle, the metal the length of her finger, a narrow shaft with a black bead on one end and a sharp point on the other. She dipped it into a vial, being careful to tap off any excess fluid, wrinkling her nose at the acrid smell.

'When I can be sure of your obedience, I will allow you light again. When you are ready to use your tongue for worship, then you will be un gagged. But until then, you will endure the darkness, as nothing more than silent flesh for me to play with.' She reaching out with the needle, enjoying the sight of those already stuck into the captive's flesh – all forced into sensitive points, where nerve-clusters met, and even a slight touch could be felt.

She moved the needle to just beneath a breast, lightly poking at skin until there was a reflexive shiver, and then pushing the needle into meat. The Amazon tensed up, arms and legs straining against the binding shadows, a gasping hiss of pain coming from beneath the hood.

'A normal woman would have passed out from the pain after, oh, about the third needle or so. Each is coated with a special toxin – one that will make you feel as though you are being burned, a perpetual agony, impossible to ignore. Each dose lasts about six days. I'm sure you must think you have been down here for a week or more already, but it's only been a day, and I only started putting the needles in maybe an hour ago. It will be a long time before the sensation fades.'

The Amazon's body was slicked with pain-sweat, making her body shine in the low light, her tanned skin standing out against the obsidian slab beneath her. It made the tension of her muscles a beautiful sight, everything taut and lean, muscles standing out in stark relief, the woman's chest heaving as she tried to suck air in through the nose-slits of the hood, trapped in desperate pain.

'The Lady Nyx accepts your agony. When you have passed through the pain, then all your sins will be washed away – and you will be reborn. Everything that you were before will not be needed. When I am done, the Lady Nyx, through me, will grant you a new name.' She lightly tapped one of the needles already in place, making it twitch around, the Amazon responding with a tiny twitch, the only movement that was possible for her.

Echate let herself relax, her conscious thoughts fading away. Having an Amazon to work on was a rare delight – normal, mortal women were entertaining, but they broke far too easily, often only needing a few minutes of focused attention before shattering. Even the toughest couldn't endure more than an hour! And their submission was just natural – they were made to submit to those of Amazon blood, and so scarcely a challenge to break.

She could feel the rage, hate and desperation of the bound Amazon, a trapped fire, impotent but still fierce and strong. When she closed her eyes, Echate could visualize the flickering haze of it, bright light trapped in shadow. She inhaled, drawing off some of the energy, letting it fuel her, adding to her own power.

Another needle, another careful application of the liquid, and this one pushed in just beneath the woman's navel, the needle shaking with every juddering, pain-filled breath, the sense of bound fire fading a little, as more pain was forced into the Amazon.

'You are not being punished for conspiring against those ranked above you – but you are being punished for failure to succeed at doing so. Your plots were clumsy and easy to defeat, and so your household has been broken, your slaves divided amongst those that sent you here. Had you succeeded, no doubt there would be a slave between your legs, giving you pleasure. But you failed, and so now you are here.'

She reached between the woman's legs, avoiding touching any of the needles jabbed into soft thigh-meat, before resting two fingers onto the Amazon's cunt. As she expected, it was dry – pleasure could be forced onto normal women through pain and suffering, but Amazons were made of stronger stuff.

'Nehe'ka, attend me.'

A nearby patch of shadows roiled, a female form stepping out – body gleaming and dark, skin like living obsidian, twisting everything else around into mottled and blurry reflections. There was no uncovered skin or sign of humanity there, just that beautiful, female form, bound in shining darkness. It looked at her, not making any sound, a living shadow.

'Give her pleasure – regardless of her desires.'

Nehe'ka moved forward with silent grace, between the Amazon's legs, Echate moving aside. Her mouth opened, revealing a dark void, a shadowy tongue sliding out. The Amazon tensed up, able to sense Nehe'ka's presence, shivering as the dark tongue touched against her cunt. Echate moved around towards the woman's head, tapping against a few more of the needles.

‘There are few like my precious Nehe’ka – she may be the first of her kind you have ever encountered. But she is very talented, and has some special properties.’ She could hear the rasping touch of Nehe’ka’s tongue against the Amazon’s cunt as the licking started. ‘Her tongue is rougher than normal – although I’m sure you’ve already noticed that. Pain and pleasure will be forced onto you. And her spittle is unusual as well. It will feel as though it is burning you, especially as it soaks deeper and deeper into your body.’

The twitching tremors were stronger now, Echate able to see the Amazon’s tendons stand out, painfully tense.

‘She will keep you entertained for quite some time. And there will be no release – she is very skilled at judging when to stop.’ The muted whimper of fear was delicious, making Echate sigh in pleasure, lightly stroking her own body, feeling her touch through her skin-tight nun’s habit, liquid darkness sheathing her flesh. It had been far too long since she had been able to experience breaking an Amazon, reducing their pride and power into a loyal servant of Lady Nyx! How long would this one last? Probably at least a few weeks – maybe longer, if she was truly wilful. But, sooner or later, she would break, her soul fracturing, and then Echate could fill the cracks with darkness, making the Amazon into a useful tool.

‘It has been some time since I had a new novice. I look forward to accepting you into the faith.’ She exerted her will against the flickering sensation, trying to drown out the light of it. It was strong enough to hold her back, but that would fail, eventually, falling into the shadows, even the will of an Amazon not enough to hold it back indefinitely.

Something else intruded into her mental presence – a gleaming thing of obsidian, hovering close by. She opened her eyes, turning to see Sister Eris approaching, walking with nervous steps across the cavern. The nun curtseyed, holding the pose, the low light gleaming off her latex-sheathed body.

‘My apologies, Mother Echate. But the oracles – they’ve awoken!’

Echate smiled, moving her hand to brush over more of the needles, making them twist within flesh, her victim spasming, even the hood and gag not enough to fully stifle a desperate scream. Then she twisted her fingers and chanted, letting power flow through her. The shadows flowed up over the bound Amazon, tightening over her skin as Nehe’ka kept licking and sucking away. They pinned her into place, tugging and tweaking at the pains, creating even more pain.

‘There will be no relief for you. Even in my absence, your suffering will continue. I hope that you will endure – it would be a shame if you broke without me being able to watch you. I want you to last as long as possible, so that I may entertain myself. You will not find sleep for many days yet. Sister Eris, you may accompany me.’

The nun raised herself up from the curtsey, placing her palms together in a gesture of submission before turning and starting to walk away. Her latex nun’s habit was deliciously tight, showing off the shape of her body, clinging close to her buttocks, Echate taking a moment to

admire Eris. But there would be time for that later – for now, Lady Nyx beckoned for her to take the lead, following the nun through the darkened under-passages of the temple.

Shadows twisted on the edge of her vision, forming into half-glimpsed shapes, female shapes writhing in orgasmic torment before fading away to nothing. Echoes of long-ago torture sessions could be dimly heard – this place retained ancient memories, the sensations impressed into the rocks themselves. Echate could steel herself against them easily enough, but Sister Eris was weaker, her footsteps slowing.

Echate reached forward, sliding a hand over Eris' breast, able to feel the nun's heat through the thin latex body-sheathe. She squeezed hard, feeling soft flesh compress beneath her grip, Eris spasming and groaning.

'Do not allow yourself to be distracted, Sister. Unless you wish me to teach you how to focus?' She squeezed again, enjoying the way Eris gasped, head slowly tilting backwards.

'Yes, Mother Echate...' She murmured a quick prayer under her breath before Echate released her, keeping a close eye on her in case she wavered again.

The oracle chamber was buried deep, in one of the most ancient parts of the under-temple. The carvings here had been refreshed several times, jarringly different art styles atop and around each other. All depicted women – some bound and tormented, others free and doing the tormenting. The styles varied from stylistic and vague, with just the faintest curves of hip or breast, swelling lumps of stone standing in for lush, female curves, to life-like and exquisitely detailed, like a living woman had been petrified, mouth caught in an endless scream.

The door to the oracle chamber was carved of bronze, worn smooth by centuries of hands, requiring force to open. As it scraped open, Echate twisted her hands through the required ritual-prayer, speaking words of ancient power, the darkness within fading. A trio of lights sparked into being, a stark white light that banished the shadows, making Echate's eyes hurt.

The three oracles were bound in the center of the room – tied to crosses of black marble, arms and legs bound with thick metal chains, their skin snow-white, denied the kiss of the sun for centuries. Thin, black tattoo-lines were the only marks on their skin, complicated curves and swirls that followed the lines of their bodies, an eye-warping pattern on their lower bellies, a double-swirl over their wombs. Whatever power sustained them kept them youthful, their skin still soft and warm, despite their age. Thick leather muzzles sealed their mouths, the leather covered with silver runes, so old that the leather was cracked, the silver worn and faded.

That they were awake could be seen from the movements of their hands and feet, straining against the heavy chains, moans coming from behind the muzzles. Echate approached, all three of the oracles rousing, their heads moving to watch her, despite the thick blindfolds strapped over their eyes. Past generations of worshippers had tried tormenting them, forcing them to speak their prophecies, inflicting tortures Echate could barely imagine upon their weak, tender bodies – but all to no avail, the snow-white skin simply healing from whips and lashes,

even brands simply fading. The tattoos had been discovered after much experimentation, and even they needed reapplying every decade or so.

All three of them had brilliantly blonde hair, falling to their ankles, shining gold in the painfully bright light. Each had a light fuzz of equally blonde pubic hair above their cunts – Ecahte reached out and touched the centre one, slowly pushing a finger into place. The woman was tight and wet, muscles contracting and drawing Echate deeper in, sighing with a deep pleasure. The woman was hot, feverishly so, breathing fast as Echate kept teasing her.

She reached upwards with her other hand, releasing the muzzle-gag, feeling a wave of ancient power ripple through the air. Both the other oracles were writhing and moaning as well, some connection allowed them to share sensations.

Having to pleasure another rankled, but such was the price the oracles demanded. As she slipped another finger into place, the oracle writhed and gasped, a soft blush covering her cheeks, her hips bucking back and forth, her butt slapping against the cross. All three of the women were groaning in time with each other, their silky-blonde hair dancing around as their heads moved, blindfolded gazes still fixated on Echate.

As Echate watched, she saw the dark tattoo-lines start to fade, the inks getting thinner. She pumped her fingers faster, trying to force an orgasm onto the oracle as quickly as possible. The woman's cunt was slick already, pleasure-juices staining her thighs, hot and desperate, before she tensed and cramped, heading tilting backwards, looking up to the roof of the cave.

'Blood shall call to blood!'

All three of them were speaking, but not in time with each other, the sounds echoing around strangely.

'Bound to serve, half-blood-bound. Bound to ancient mistresses, a four-part merging of souls.'

The words came out as gasps, Echate trying to commit them to memory, as Sister Eris came forward, ungagging each of the other oracles. The one to Echate's left was the next to speak, her words echoed a few seconds later by the others.

'Power to serve, power to save. On such a weak foundation much rests! A binding of flesh, marked with pain, collared and silenced. They must be sworn to darkness, lest all is lost.'

Echate could feel how close the oracle was to climax, slowing her fingers, trying to stretch it out, to keep the women talking. It was the third one's turn next, her voice ragged and gasping, chest heaving as she approached her own orgasm, all three of them panting and desperate.

'Two slaves to serve! Two mistresses to command! An ancient oath fulfilled, and a great power shall be birthed, to usher in a new age! Taught true, there shall be prosperity and peace. Taught ill, there shall be naught but suffering and woe, and the collar laid upon the neck of the free.'

All three of the women orgasmed simultaneously, bodies tensing and writhing against the crosses, pussy-juice staining against the marble. Their bodies went limp, supported only by the chains, heads sagging down. Echate scratched her nails down the chest of the closest, her fingers still lodged firmly within the woman, but that didn't provoke any response. The red nail-welts healed even as she watched, skin turning back to a soft and milky white.

She withdrew her fingers, wiping them clean against the oracle's belly, leaving a bright smear against pale skin. It had been a long time since a prophecy had been uttered – and they were never minor things. Two slaves to serve, two mistresses to command? What could that refer to? A four-part binding? That was a rare thing indeed – two soul-bound slaves and two Amazons that trusted each other enough to bind themselves directly, and through their slaves. She had heard of such recently though – she would have to enquire further and investigate into them.

They were powerfully connected, but that could be worked around. She'd have to entice them, rather than forcing them into obedience, but that just made things more fun! Echate bent her fingers into a claw, raking sharp nails down a soft and unprotected belly, then gagging the oracle again. This would give her something to think upon as she tormented her captive Amazon – on what the prophecy could mean, and how best it could be made to serve the Lady Nyx.

Chapter 1: Aria's Training

Aria could feel sweat rolling down her body, softening her skin, her core forced to a fever-heat. Her arms were held stretched out, chains taut enough she couldn't twist them at all, despite the tension in her muscles and across her back. She was stood up – just, her toes barely touching the floor, leather cuffs around her ankles holding her legs spread as well. Most of her weight was on her crotch, her body supported by the curved mound of a sybian.

The motor buzzed between her legs, the saddle-curve of the sybian holding her up, the device throbbing against her pussy and lips. She could see herself in a full-length mirror, the sweat making her skin shine, illuminated by bright candles. Her thoughts were scattered and vague, her breathing fast and light, her mouth stretched around a fat rubber ball, making her jaw ache.

'Mhrhmmmm...'. Aria couldn't keep herself silent, eyes rolling in her head as she moaned, feeling dribble splash from her mouth, between her breasts, splashing and trickling down her body. Her toes shuffled on the ground as she tried to summon up the strength to lift herself off the sybian, desperate to escape the constant pressure and stimulation, time blurring together into a constant stream of teasing, the device always shutting off just before she was able to climax.

The sybian itself was drenched, her juices slicking it, making it sticky and damp. Aria tried to focus, wanting to wrench her thoughts away from the sexual teasing, but there was nothing else – all she could see was her own body, flesh firm and shining, the rest of the room barely visible in the candlelight. All she could see were the dim curves of leather and metal, the sights making her shiver – the thought of being whipped again, her skin stripped away by cruel slashes and strikes, the skin making her welts sting, sent fear through her. And the whips weren't as bad as some of the other things! Clamps, spikes, too-tight leather bands around her breasts, wooden paddles used against her butt and pussy...

She'd never known before how soft and sensitive she was, how easy it would be to make her scream, beg and whine. The sybian vibrated faster and she moaned, shuffling her feet, grinding her pussy against the thing, before it suddenly stopped, denying her any release. The heat within her didn't fade though, trapped within her body, needing an escape that she couldn't provide.

A hand touched against her shoulder, nails scratching down her skin, easily scraping at the sweat-softened skin. The touch was hard, making her shiver with pain, but it felt *good*, twisting within her to create another burst of pleasure.

From the low light, a female shape appeared – a taller, older woman, wearing a skin-tight black catsuit, a whip coiled on her hip, with thick and lustrous black hair flowing freely. She was at least a foot taller than Aria, smiling at her in the mirror, before sliding her hand around to Aria's front. Nails dug into a breast, scraping and scratching, pinching at a nipple.

'Ghhhh...' Aria moaned into the gag, feeling more dribble splash out, the painful touches arousing her further. The fingers scratched down her belly, sending spasm-spark through her chest as it got closer and closer to the fierce heat of her crotch, her thighs clamping around the sybian, trying to rock herself back and forth.

'Such a desperate little thing!' The woman's voice was teasing and cruel, contrasting with the touch of her strong, sharp fingers. 'All this time, without any release.' Her other hand touched against the top of Aria's back and then scraped downwards, scratching and rending deep into her soft skin.

She moaned again, writhing against the fingers, head sparking with pain and pleasure. The chains moved, the tiny amount she was allowed, as the woman leaned in close, her latex-sheathed body rubbing against Aria's bare skin.

'You know what's coming next, don't you? And you're so delightfully hot and desperate!' The woman's voice was a purr, close and sultry, the scent wafting from her hair adding to Aria's dazed confusion. Trying to remember who she was, or how she had come to this place, was virtually impossible, what little of her focus she had left entirely on her own body, and the desperate need between her legs.

Her jaw tightened around the gagball as she tried to make herself *think* of something other than her own body. But the woman's fingers moved with swift skill, keeping that heat stoked, even as she scratched and clawed, adding delirious swirls of pain to the sensations battering at Aria.

'You want it, don't you? Your mind is breaking, already at the point of melting.' Her tone was amused and playful, as the sybian gave another quick buzz, sending more vibrations through Aria's body, drawing out even more of her juices, their scent strong, burrowing into her nose. 'But you are not yet ready, are you? Some more work is needed to shape you properly. And a name will need to be decided. And then I can put you to use.'

The nails pushed *hard*, sinking into the top of her back, making Aria gasp in pain as they slowly raked downwards, gouging deep and painful furrows into her skin. She shuddered and shivered, barely able to move, able to feel the woman's hair where it stuck to her sweaty skin.

The sybian stopped, not even a light vibration anymore, and then chains rattled, the ones attached to her wrists sliding upwards and tightening, pulling her upwards, as the ones attached to her legs dropped free. Having all her weight on her wrists and across her shoulders, made her body ache, but she was too drained and weak to fight back. She hung there, entirely limp and passive, gasping and trying to pant in air, feeling her sweat start to dry as she cooled, still able to see her body, slick and shiny, in the mirror.

'That's enough pleasure for now – and so we need to add some pain. I am your mistress and owner now, and so you need to learn all that I can bestow onto you. You are going to become *dma'ne*, one of my dedicated slaves. In time, you may even be permitted to pleasure me with your tongue – a pleasure many aspire to. Until then, your body can provide pleasure to me in other ways. And once you're trained, then I'm going to use you to entrap your mother.'

Aria managed to twist her neck, flicking her hair from her own vision, at least a little. In the mirror she could see the woman again, unable to look away from the lush curves, highlighted by the shining latex, watching as the whip was uncurled from her hip, the long cord getting flicked over a shoulder.

She shuddered at the sound as it sliced the air, the woman making it hiss and pop, smiling at Aria in the mirror. Aria dangled in the air, unable to move away or protect herself, her body entirely exposed and vulnerable. She heard the impact, leather against flesh, before feeling it, a brutal and vicious slice across her buttocks, making them throb and flare with pain. Another impact, and then another, and another, all over her buttocks, biting deep into the soft skin. She could feel the welts form, each impact making her tense up, and then drop down with another flare of pain across her shoulders.

Her breathing was fast and irregular, the gag making her gulp and splutter, legs twitching and flailing.

'Nue, keep her on edge.'

'Yes, Mistress.' Another female voice, before a woman walked around Aria. She was naked except for a solid metal collar, various metals swirled together into a vividly-colored band, complementing her red-blond hair. Her own pale skin had a few scratch-marks on, especially over her belly and on her thighs, little red welts where she had been hurt and tormented. Aria met her eyes, trying to plead silently, desperate for some release – from the restraints, from the pain, from the constant teasing. Was this woman another plaything of the mistress? Surely they should help each other then?

But, instead of trying to help Aria, the newcomer bent over slightly, taking hold of Aria's hips and starting to kiss at her crotch, tongue lightly sliding over desperately wet pussy-lips.

'Mrhhhm!' Aria tensed and strained again – she'd never been this intimate with *anyone* before, especially not a woman! Her cheeks started to burn red, a hot and powerful blush coming over her face. Shame, humiliation and pleasure all mingled together, as the tongue started to push deeper into her, easily penetrating deeply.

And then the whip cracked again, biting deep into her soft buttock-meat, several times in quick succession, striping her flesh with pain. Another crack, this time between her shoulders, right where her skin was the thinnest. Tears started to form in her eyes, hot and salty, trickling down her face, around her forced-open mouth.

The tongue probed deeper, finding her bud, licking at it, Aria's vision blurring from the combination of pleasure and pain. She could barely force herself to move, her body just a *thing* delivering sensations through to her overwhelmed brain. Her legs twitched, just a little, brushing against the naked body of the woman that was kissing and sucking at her bare slit, hands maintaining a tight grip of Aria's hips.

'Spin her around. I think her lovely little breasts need some attention.'

The tongue flicked around, lips kissing against her own pussy lips before withdrawing.

'Yes, Mistress.'

There was no way for Aria to resist as she was spun around, away from the mirror, now facing her tormentor. Not that she could offer any resistance, or anything more than a quiet and pathetic whimper. Hands grabbed her buttocks, making the welts flare with a vicious sting, as Aria's eyes fixated on the whip, the cord currently idle, trailing along the ground.

Too quick to follow, it moved, snapping forward, the sound registering before the pain, as it sliced and bit across her belly, knocking the air from her lungs. All she could do was dangle there like a sack of meat, enduring the biting pain of the whip, the cord impacting against her breasts and belly, the tip wrapping around her body before getting pulled away, tearing her skin away with itself. She was held there from behind, feeling sweat start to soak into the welts, making them throb with even more pain.

Every strike made her twitch, just a little, reflexively spasming and shuddering with every impact. Her thighs pressed together, her own juices making them stick, along with her sweat. She started to lose track of the impacts, feeling the welts all merge together, the tears flowing freely now, splashing down her chin, able to taste the salt as some of them flowed over the gag. It was impossible to even attempt to form words, her tongue pressing against the back of the gagball, her lips kissing tightly around it. Her lungs were burning, lacking the air to scream, just making pathetic gasps every time she was whipped again, darkness fuzzing at the edge of her vision.

Another impact, the lash biting at one of her nipples, pulling a tormented gasp from her lips. She hung there, limp and powerless, barely able to hold her head up, as the woman smiled at her. Just the slightest, twitching, flick of the whip made her shudder, tensing up in anticipation of pain, before realizing she was being toyed with, the whip staying coiled along the floor.

‘It’s been a while since I’ve had such a lovely new toy to play with! Just a little more fun, and then Nue can put you back into your cage. Aisling will want to play with you tomorrow – so rest up while you can!’

The whip was coiled up into a neat loop, getting put back onto the woman’s waist, clipped onto her belt. Aria tried to suck air in around the gag, all her aches and pains flaring at once as the adrenaline-shock of the strikes faded.

‘There’s so much more to do – bastinado, perhaps, on your pretty little feet? Or pump your cunt full of something that stings, maybe along with a nice enema? Clean out that tight little asshole, to ready it for more fun?’ She walked closer, her eyes fixed on Aria’s, holding her rapt, reaching out with a latex-sheathed hand and sliding a finger into Aria’s pussy, easily penetrating, all the way up to the knuckle.

Aria felt her body tighten around it, her hips starting to twist around, trying to pull the finger deeper into herself, to give her the stimulation she needed for a release. She couldn’t control her own instincts, feeling them overwhelm her, before the finger withdrew, coming out wet with her own juices.

‘Excellent! Your body is already responding appropriately – and soon your mind and spirit will follow.’ The pussy-juice was smeared onto her belly, mingling with her dribble. ‘You’re going to be a lovely addition to the household – and I’m going to make you beg to be of service.’

The hand moved, fingers striking forward in a backhand slap against Aria’s pussy, another shocking and vicious impact that made her whine in pain and tense up again. Why did each impact feel so *good*, sending strong tingles of pleasure through her body, from her pussy up into her belly and dancing into her spine? Pain shouldn’t feel good!

But, somehow, it did, pulling her closer and closer to the edge of a raging orgasm. But before that point was reached, the slaps stopped, leaving her dangling there, powerless and pained.

'Nue, see to her. Make sure she doesn't have any unauthorized stimulation – she's flexible enough to withstand a nice tight hogtie, I feel. Her cage is just about large enough for her to be suspended in there. A hood as well – let's starve her of stimulation, to make her even more sensitive when Aisling returns.'

'Yes, Mistress Eleanor. I will prepare the slave-meat for your pleasure. And then dinner – I have prepared steak, with one of your favorite sauces.'

'I'm sure it will be as excellent as always! I will go and change for dinner.'

'Yes, Mistress.'

Hands grabbed at Aria's ankles, bending her legs up, rope looping into place, tying her ankles to her thighs, with just enough looseness not to hurt, but still crippling her movement. Fingers teased at her slit, for just a moment, and then her vision went dark, a leather hood getting pulled over her face, thick enough to muffle her hearing as well as robbing her of her vision. And it hindered her breathing as well, making the aching of her lungs even more acute.

She hung there, waiting to be bent into position, both dreading and wanting the cage, where she was at least a little safer from random pain and torture!

Chapter 2: Double Punishment

The ropes dug into Aria's body, lines of tight pressure around her chest, above and below her breasts, and on her arms, bound behind her back. The ones around her hips, waist and crotch were the worst, a rough cord between her lower lips, scraping and rubbing against her most sensitive skin, drenched with her juices. They made it hard to breath, compressing her chest, rubbing and chafing every time she tried to inhale more than a tiny gasp of air.

She was isolated from the world – hooded, keeping her blinded and mostly deafened, and she was suspended out of touching range of anything. If she was still in the cage, then she couldn't touch the bars – she could be caged, or dangling from a ceiling, or over a pit. All she was aware of was the desperate need of her own body, a knot pressing right against her swollen bud. Her body ached and throbbed, aftermath of the whipping, making her acutely aware of every pulse of blood, every heartbeat, the pain making it impossible to rest, even slightly.

Air moved, just slightly, a faint movement over her skin, making her tense up, and then immediately regretting it, as her weight shifted, making the ropes bite more deeply. The sense of movement, and then cold, hard metal against her breasts and belly, her own weight pressing them down. She yelped, the pressure painful, although the cold metal was soothing, draining off some of the desperate, sweaty heat from her body.

Hands brushed against her limbs, the ropes getting loosened, her limbs flopping free. Her arms and legs prickled and ached as the flow of blood started to return, making Aria gasp again, lips tightening around the gagball in her mouth. She was pulled forward, barely able to crawl as her body scraped along the floor, somehow managing to come up to her hands and knees and crawling along.

Rope looped around her neck, pressing tightly around her throat, forcing her to keep crawling or be choked. Being pulled on a rope, like a stray dog, sent a flush of shame through her body, but she was too weak to resist, and couldn't even see what was happening, her hands fumbling ahead of her, finding a stone floor outside of the cage.

The rope was kept tight, pulling her continually forward, her only physical connection with the rest of the world. She didn't even know who was pulling on the leash, just that not following the pull *hurt*, the noose tight around her throat. The stone floor was rough on her palms and on her knees, her buttocks throbbing with whip-welts as she crawled forward.

Steps made her flinch, drawing backwards and choking herself, rope still pulling her forward and tightening painfully, as she fumbled around before finding the step, crawling upwards, and then the next, and the next. Having to do all this blind was disorientating, especially with the constant choking pressure of the noose-leash around her neck, but somehow she managed. Aria felt a sense of relief as she made it off the top step, onto wooden floors, smooth and polished.

It was impossible to think or resist – Aria couldn't do anything other than crawl along, pulled by the noose, over several thresholds. And then the noose pulled her upwards, tightening over her throat, making it impossible to breath until she stood, her legs shaking and weak, arms dangling by her sides.

She had to stand up on her tiptoes, getting choked whenever she relaxed. Hands grabbed her wrists, more rope looping around them and drawing them upwards, making it a little easier to stand as she could grab the ropes, holding herself up.

And then she was left there, her legs soon tiring – but she couldn't relax without facing the biting pain of being choked, spark-flares of pain bursting in her lungs and her eyes. Time passed, impossible to tell how much, her body weakening more and more.

The hood was plucked off, low light making her eyes sting, a female shape stood in front of her. Soft, sultry scents washed over her, as she saw a huge bed, a heavy metal bed-frame with thick corner-posts, chains and ropes dangling there, ready to restrain someone in place. Even the board at the foot of the bed had holes in, ready to be used as stocks, while the space beneath the bed was ringed with metal bars, forming a cage. Several candles glowed, shining off gilt decoration, leather and latex outfits just about visible in a walk-in closet.

Aria shuffled her feet, desperately seeking a more comfortable position, but was unable to find one. Her buttocks and breasts kept aching, still sore from the earlier whipping, before a hand

slapped against her backside. She yelped, jumping forward, before coughing and spluttering as she choked herself.

A feminine chuckle sounded out, far too close, making Aria shiver. Hands continued to stroke and glide over her buttocks and back, making her shiver more, hurting her more, as another woman walked in front of her. This one was tall and powerful-looking as well, with black hair, sleek and straight, tall enough to look down at Aria, before reaching out and squeezing a breast, her fingers digging into the soft mound. And, just like the one from before, wearing skin-tight latex, making her seem more than human, her body perfectly smooth and sleek, like a goddess made flesh.

The pressure made the pain flare, Aria's breasts still tender from the ropes that had been wound there, Aria gasping in pain, feeling dribble flow from her mouth, over where more spittle had dried from before.

'You really are a lovely thing, aren't you? And so nice and desperate. Eleanor's been having fun, while I've had to tend to business. But now I'm here, so I can play with you as well.' The hand drifted down, moving between Aria's legs, lightly brushing against her slit. Aria moaned again, her hips bucking, desperate for more stimulation. 'That's cute – your training is certainly progressing well.' The fingers kept teasing and sliding, making Aria squirm and twist, her eyes twitching around, barely able to focus. 'You're becoming a good little pain-slut, which is just what we want. But we need to train you further – make you into a good pussy-licker. And you want to be a good girl, don't you?'

Hands continued to grope and stroke her from behind, adding to her delirious excitement, despite the forced violation and her complete inability to resist.

'I am Mistress Aisling – and I now own you, as does Eleanor. Soon you will be collared – but only once you beg for it. And then you will be owned by both of us, body and soul.' Her sheer power was alluring, stoking the heat that was starting to burn with Aria again, as she gibbered into her gag, turned into something less-than-human – unable to talk, or even move properly, entirely at the mercy of these two women.

The other woman – Mistress Eleanor – spoke from behind her, digging her fingers into Aria's buttocks and squeezing, hard enough to make Aria gasp and pant.

'I hope you learn how to use that tongue of yours well! Otherwise you're going to suffer even more – there's so many ways to cause suffering, especially to something as soft and sensitive as you.' A finger traced up her spine, making her shiver, before a hand wrapped around her throat, tight and constrictive, even without squeezing hard.

'First, you will honor us with your tongue – we are now the gods of your life, and you will worship us.'

The squeezing tightness increased, making it harder and harder to breathe, Aria's focus narrowing, entirely on Mistress Aisling's eyes, which were hard and bright. A finger teased along her slit, coming away wet with her juices.

'Are you ready to give worship? You will start off as fuck-meat, and may eventually be able to rise to the position of earning a name, and becoming a cunt-slave, pleasing with your tongue.'

The stroking was making lust-fever burn through Aria's body, teasing and stimulating her, the grip still tight on her throat.

'Yphhhh...'

The fingers withdrew, then slapped forward, making Aria gasp in pain and pleasure.

'Good – it's nice to have such a lovely piece of fuck-meat to train. And then you will be used to *acquire* your mother as well, as she is rather inconvenient. But now, it's time to deflower you.' Another slap, and then Aisling stepped away, lifting up a fat dildo on a waist-harness, holding it so that Aria could see it, before she buckled it into place around her waist. The dark material it was made from shone and gleamed in the low light, the thing fat and huge, covered with bulbous lumps and bumps. But just the sight of it made Aria's heart race, her lips tightening around the gag.

Something bumped against her backside, a hand guiding another fat shaft, the thing resting between her buttocks, a slippery cock-head resting against the tight knot of her asshole. She squirmed, blushing deeply at the thought of being penetrated *there*, but couldn't move away. It started to push the tight hole open, the shaft covered with enough lube to help it slide into place.

Aria gasped as her asshole was violated, the shaft stretching out the ring of muscle. A hand grabbed her leg from behind, lifting it at the knee, leaving her wobbling on just one foot, the cock continuing to push into her.

As she was taken from behind, Mistress Aisling started to fuck her as well. The cock easily parted Aria's lower lips, a fat shaft sliding into her, making her gasp with pleasure. Her vision blurred even more, and she felt dribble splash from her mouth, around the gag. Hands took firm grasp of her hips, the cocks pushing deeper and deeper into her. She'd never been fucked before – she'd only ever stroked herself, before being captured and teased here! And now she was being fucked in both holes at once, front and back, her body so loose that it could take the shafts.

They compressed her insides, pushing deep into her pussy as her asshole was also violated. The cock was huge back there, feeling like it was filling her bowels completely, thrusting deep into her body! The hands grabbed hard at her, compressing the skin of her hips, hard enough to hurt, adding even more to the swirl of sensations twisting and swirling through her.

Her pussy was drenched, wet from the constant teasing, making it easy for the strap-on to penetrate all the way in. Her walls clamped tightly around it, and she let the two cocks take

more and more of her weight, lifting her upwards, both shafts buried deep within her body. Her breathing was fast and shallow, barely providing enough air to keep her conscious. But the pleasure was strong and vivid, a powerful heat between her legs, buzzing all the way through her body.

'We will be your goddesses – you will worship us both – with your body and soul. And that sweet little mouth of yours will learn how to give pleasure.' A sharp bite-kiss, against Aria's shoulder blade, teeth sinking into her soft skin, making her yelp in pain before Aisling withdrew. Her hips kept slamming back and forth, as her hands moved up to Aria's breasts, lightly running over her nipples, teasing and light.

All Aria could do was hang there, one leg being held high to make it even easier to fuck her deeply, the shafts feeling like they were almost touching inside of her. Nails pinched against the soft skin inside her knee, her leg twitching, out of her control.

Mistress Eleanor kept hold of her leg with one hand, the other sliding around Aria's neck against, fingers squeezing from both sides. Her breathing was even harder now, bright and painful sparks of light bursting in her eyes as she was choked, utterly powerless and fully dominated by the women. Mistress Aisling stared into her eyes, holding her gaze, the sense of her will forcing itself onto Aria's spirit, trapping and binding her. She could feel the orgasm, hot and wet inside her, but couldn't force herself to succumb to it.

The mental force kept her sealed, her asshole now spread wide, her belly full of the dildo, as she felt herself falling into Aisling's gaze. She made soft gibbering noises around the gag, tasting the rubber of the ball. Eleanor drew her hips back, Aria feeling her asshole tighten around the shaft, every bump and lump along the length feeling massive and fat, stretching out her tight hole in all sorts of ways she'd never experienced before.

She was allowed a breath, the hand loosening for just a moment, long enough to let her slake some of her desperate need for air before it tightened again. She still couldn't come, no matter how she writhed and moaned, her head bobbing back and forth, more dribble oozing from her mouth.

'Pleaphhhh!' She managed to form a wet, vague plea, her lips pressing tightly against the ball. She *needed* to come, desperately, the heat still searing her from the inside, filling her up and up and up, but without any way to spill out. Aisling smiled at her, before grabbing both nipples and pinching them hard, using them to pull Aria towards herself, sending fierce pain throbbing into her chest.

'I suppose you should be allowed to come – just once, before your training begins. To make you aware of what you might be allowed, if you're a good girl.'

The mental barrier suddenly vanished, and the orgasm immediately slammed into Aria. It was strong, far more intense than anything she had ever felt before when pleasuring herself, utterly consuming all her senses. The pleasure filled her to her core, her juices spraying and gushing out of her. And then another, and another, the orgasms all flowing together, impossible to tell

each apart, just endless heat burning away all of her thoughts, as she stayed there, both her holes filled, sagging into an unconscious stupor, darkness rushing over her.

Chapter 3: Act of Worship

Blunt spikes poked into Aria, making it impossible for her to rest. The air was thick and hot, making her pant and gasp, her body bent into a hogtie, wrists and ankles all cuffed together. She wasn't blindfolded, but there was no light anyway, except for a tiny chink of the keyhole. There was a pool of sticky dribble beneath her mouth, the ballgag between her lips making it impossible to still the flow.

Soft whispers caressed her ears, words she couldn't understand, the strange language worming into her brain. She couldn't understand it, but phrases kept repeating, burning themselves into her memory, the only thing to distract her from the discomfort of the spikes. She had to wriggle and twist every so often, when the pain and discomfort got too much, finding another position, just as tortuous for her body.

A sound – or has she imagined it? Something outside, maybe? The tiny dot of light from the keyhole blinked out, followed by a gentle scrape of metal-on-metal, a lock clicking open. And then the chest was opened up, light pouring in, Aria gratefully sucking down the fresher air, the aching of her lungs fading, just a little.

It was the one that had been called “Nue”, red-blond hair tied into a braid, but still naked except for her collar. She looked down at Aria, holding up a leash, reaching in and clipping it around Aria's neck, and then pulling on it.

‘Come. The Mistresses have requested your attendance. Your training will continue.’

The woman reached in, unlocking the cuffs that held Aria in her hogtie, her limbs flopping loose. Then the leash pulled Aria upwards, and she tried to rise up onto her knees. This movement put more of her weight onto the spikes, making her gasp, dribble splashing and smearing down her breasts. She had to strain to get out of the box, feeling all her aches, both of her body and mind. She was exhausted, desperate for rest, needing time without pain to try and recover!

But Nue pulled on the leash, making Aria step forward, feet slapping against the floor. It seemed she was allowed to walk, for now at least, the leash short enough that she had to stay close to Nue. She couldn't help but admire the woman's body – full, lush hips and generous buttocks, skin soft and smooth, hair glossy and bright. And the way she walked – up on her toes, graceful and elegant, like she was wearing high heels, despite her bare feet.

The surroundings matched her elegance – everything looked expensive and immaculate, finely-polished ornaments and antiques on the walls and shelves. Her collar pressed into her neck, tight and firm, as the leash pulled tightly, Aria hurrying to avoid being choked.

Nue came to a wooden door, itself a thing of art and beauty – wood polished to an almost golden sheen, the panels carved with elaborate leaf swirls and branches. The taller woman

pushed it open, a rich and floral scent billowing out, a riot of bright flowers and verdant greenery filling Aria's senses. Warm, humid air strokes her skin, helping her aches and pains fade, just a little. Glass panels above focused the sunlight – was this a huge greenhouse? That would explain the warmth of the place!

'This is Ka'rya. You are to follow her example – do as she does.'

Aria had to turn to see the other woman, feeling her collar rub against her neck. Ka'rya was shorter than Nue, but had a similar grace and poise, standing on her toes seemingly without any effort. Unlike Aria and Nue, she was dressed, if barely – wearing an outfit that was partway between lingerie and a maid's outfit, with a tiny, frilly apron that allowed her body to be seen through it, the black dress beneath closer to a negligee. And around her neck was a collar – hers wasn't as nice-looking as Nue's, being of plainer steel, with just a single vertical band of shining gold, just to the right of the dangling O-ring. And around her waist and covering her crotch was a metal panel, padded metal cords around her waist, locking her pussy away.

The woman curtsied, bending fully from the waist, the action pulling the gauzy lace of her outfit even tighter against her skin, the black-and-white showing off her pale skin well.

'The Mistresses are bathing.' She looked at Aria, wincing as she looked her over, Aria feeling a flush of shame – compared to both of the other women, she must look a mess, with dribble all over her chest, her skin marred with pressure-marks from the spikes. And she was staggering with exhaustion, her mind constantly fighting off falling into a drained stupor – she wanted nothing more than simply to curl up and *sleep*!

But she wasn't allowed any rest – instead, she was pulled forward, feeling soft grass beneath her feet. Nue spoke in a low, urgent tone.

'You are to service the Mistresses. Follow the example Ka'rya – should you err, then I will correct you.' Amongst the greenery was a partially-hidden chest, which Nue opened up, taking out a flogger. Each of the heads was a leather ball, rough-edged, making Aria shudder when it slapped through the air. 'The heads have been soaked in the extract of some special plants – I would advise not doing anything to require punishment. And that goes for you as well, Ka'rya!'

A barely-perceptible shudder ran through Ka'rya, making Aria shudder herself – she didn't know how much more pain she could take! Trying to resist or fight back would just lead to even more punishment though – and there was the warmth starting to spread through her body, emanating from her crotch, the sweet, floral scents making her feel strangely aroused, her head swimming.

'You will pleasure the mistresses however they wish. Disobedience will not be permitted. Should you do well, then they may choose to reward you.'

Nue pulled Aria close, unbuckling the gag and letting it fall around Aria's neck where it was buckled again, the ball wet and sticky, forming a rough necklace.

'You will speak only if commanded, but your mouth may be required for pleasure. Should it be requested of you, that is a service you will provide, and be thankful to give. Any delay or hesitation will result in punishment.'

Somewhere nearby, but veiled by the greenery, Aria could hear the gentle flow of water, interrupted with splashes and the sounds of movement. A narrow path led through the greenery, thorned bushes close on either side, Aria careful to avoid touching them, not wanting to get her skin scratched.

Emerging from the thick bushes, Aria inhaled another deep draught of the sweet-scented air, glad to have her mouth unplugged, but not daring to speak, for fear of being punished. It was like a glade in a forest – bushes, even trees surrounded her on all sides, with a few shadowed paths leading outwards. Moss-covered statues were half-visible in the shadows along the edge – although were they statues? She had to look at them again to be sure they weren't real women, the dim light playing tricks with her eyes. The stone was exquisitely shaped and carved, and bound about itself with golden rope, a bright collar around the neck.

Movement drew her eye – the center of the space was a stone bowl filled with water, flowing in at one end, trickling out of the other. A few leaves and petals floated on the surface of the crystal-clear water, letting her see how deep it was – and also that there were heavy metal rings beneath the surface, chains still attached, ready to lock people into place! Flesh, shadows and light mingling as it moved, a woman swimming with powerful strokes, water sliding over her skin, her muscles toned and powerful. Long, black hair drifted out behind her in a cloud, flowing and streaming, as she swam over to the edge and stood. On the far side of the pool was another swimmer, harder to see through the glares of light and flowing water.

Aria gasped, her eyes drinking in the sight, Mistress Eleanor stood in front of her, the only thing covering her body was her hair, long and slick. She was like a goddess, perfect and powerful, somehow more *real* than everything else, drawing all of Aria's attention. The image etched itself into her eyes, sending a warmth rippling through her body, powerful enough to dispel some of her exhaustion and pain. Her crotch throbbed, her legs shivering with sudden weakness, and she was even more acutely aware of how weak and pathetic she was, compared to the sheer power, grace and beauty of Mistress Eleanor!

Ka'rya dropped to her knees, spreading her legs, Aria only too glad to follow the movement, feeling the grass prickle at her skin, some of it teasing between her legs. She had to glance awkwardly to watch Ka'rya, not wanting to turn her gaze from Eleanor, seeing that Ka'rya had put her hands behind her head, exposing herself utterly.

Aria followed her example, returning her gaze to the glory that was Eleanor. Her hair was so long and thick that it actually covered her, at least partially, seductively slick against her breasts, flowing along the lines of her body.

She spoke, Aria gasping, unable to restrain herself as the words sounded out, over the splashing of the water.

'Ah, two lovely little slaves to play with! Thank you, Nue. And I'm sure you have prepared breakfast?'

'Yes, Mistress.'

'Excellent. Some pleasure first, and then food.'

She stared at Aria, who felt her thoughts scatter and fade, falling into the powerful gaze, her breath catching in her throat. Eleanor walked towards her, water dripping from her body, steps light and graceful, sweeping her hair back to reveal more of her body, her flesh firm, muscles tensing as she moved.

When she stood in front of Aria, she blocked out the light, tall enough that it was hard to look up and take her all in. And her scent – it crawled into Aria's nose, setting her body aflame with desire and passion. She squirmed her thighs, rubbing herself against the grass, feeling the strands tickle and tease her, as Eleanor reached out and grabbed her hair.

The shock of contact made Aria gasp, followed by pain in her scalp as some of her hair was pulled out. She kept her lips tightly closed though, managing not to gasp in pain, before Eleanor drew her leg back and kicked forward, colliding right with Aria's cunt. Pain, fierce and intense, slammed into her, shooting up her spine, her vision blurring with tears.

Her head was dragged around, the foot kicking her again, straight into her cunt again, the pain of the two strikes mingling together. She couldn't hold back a moan of pain, getting dragged by her hair.

'It seems you are learning your place – that's good. Now you've been broken down, you can be remade.' Another head-drag, before she was yanked forward, her face pulled up against Eleanor's crotch. The smell of the woman's pussy was intense, helping to combat the pain coming from her crotch, as her face was moved into position.

Acting on instinct, she slid her tongue out, kissing with her lips, letting Eleanor guide her, until her mouth was over Eleanor's pussy. She started to lick and kiss, gulping desperately, inhaling the scent, the taste vivid on her tongue. Droplets of the water, warm and clean, trickled off Eleanor's body, rolling into Aria's mouth which she swallowed.

She swirled her tongue deeper, easily pushing it deep into Eleanor, who made a sigh of pleasure, her hand not letting go of Aria's hair.

'That's it, my lovely little slave. It seems you know what to do – fortunate, or it would be another whipping, or worse.' She thrust her hips forward, Aria pushing deeper and deeper into her, her head getting fuzzy, any thoughts impossible. Eleanor leaned over her, nails digging into Aria's back, scratching deeply, making her gasp and groan, drinking and breathing in Eleanor, feeling the woman's essence seeping into her.

Her own body was fever-hot, a desperate heat between her legs. She wanted to stroke and touch herself, to be filled and to reach a pleasurable release, but she kept her hands on her head and her legs spread, feeling the tingling after-glow of the cunt-kicks.

'I think you're going to be obedient now, aren't you?'

Aria's head was dragged backwards and forced to look up, staring into Eleanor's eyes again, feeling her tattered will melt and fade away.

'Will you be submissive? Accept your collar and not even think about rebelling?'

The woman's power was overwhelming, impossible to resist, her foot flicking forward again in another cunt-kick, Aria gasping in pleasure-pain. Eleanor kept her leg there, Aria able to keep her pussy in contact with it, gently starting to rub herself there.

'Desperate little thing, aren't you? Well, that isn't allowed yet.' The leg withdrew before kicking forward again, even harder than before. A moan escaped Aria's lips, the pain more than she could endure. 'A slave pleasures her mistress first! Only after, might the slave be permitted pleasure herself. Does the slave understand?' She twisted her hand, making pain burst in Aria's scalp again. But she managed to force herself to speak, forcing her lips to work, her tongue slow to obey her.

'Ah... Yes, Mistress... Please... Let me...'

Her head was dragged forward again, and she eagerly started to lick and kiss at Eleanor's slit, quickly finding the woman's clitoris, licking and pleasuring it with her tongue. She could hear the woman's gasp of pleasure, matching her licking to how her head was pulled back and forth.

'I have plans for you – your mother is being *inconvenient*, and you will provide a useful tool to deal with her. And you're a sweet little thing by yourself, aren't you?'

Aria couldn't see anything, but felt Eleanor's hair drape over her as the woman leaned over scratching even harder at Aria's back, the pain vicious and stinging, but making her feel warm and flushed, desperate pleasure starting to flow between her legs.

'You are going to be a lovely addition to the household – another collared slave to play with, nice and docile. I think it might be some time before you are allowed clothing though, so you can be fully admired. Ka'rya will be your main trainer, she knows how to behave. And you'll need a new name as well, won't you?'

The nails scratched from side-to-side, hard enough that Aria could feel the hot furrows in her skin, as Eleanor started to gasp with pleasure.

'And Aisling will want to have some fun with you as well – she's got some new toys, I wonder if your body can endure them? That tight little slit of yours is going to need to learn to take more.'

Aria could barely understand what was being said, lost in a confused daze of denied lust and pain, the feelings all blurring together into a powerful swirl, sucking her in, the only thing that seemed real. The taste of Eleanor's juices got stronger and stronger before she climaxed, Aria gratefully sucking and kissing.

And then her head was pushed back, Aria falling to the side, unable to support herself anymore. Eleanor stamped down on her, planting a foot securely onto Aria's hip.

From down here, she could see Ka'rya, Mistress Aisling using the woman as a sex toy, body shining and wet.

'Such a lovely little thing! And you'll look even nicer with a collar around your neck. But your next task is a very special one – and I'm sure you'll obey, won't you?'

The grass made the scratch-marks down Aria's back ache and throb, her pussy desperate for more stimulation, but she could barely move, caught by Eleanor's presence, as strong as any restraints.

'Yes, Mistress...'

'Good. Ka'rya will accompany you – and I'm sure you'll be glad to see your mother again. And she'll be fun to break, in her own way. It's been a while since I've had a senator under my control.' Eleanor's foot moved, spreading Aria's legs, before stamping down hard, right onto her cunt. Aria squirmed against the pressure, feeling delight spread through her body, the shame and pain feeling *right* somehow, having Eleanor dominate her filling her with desperate heat.

'Maybe you'll be allowed another taste soon. But only after the job is done!'

Another stamp, then another, Aria hearing her own moans and gasps sound out. And then something within her broke, her last vestige of self-control snapping loose, and she came. Heat gushed up through her body, a desperate release and a moaning gasp, all her focus on her crotch, her strength utterly gone, a heel grinding into her pussy, forcing the sensation onto her, before she collapsed, unable to even retain consciousness.

Chapter 4: Doctor's Orders

Aria wriggled her shoulders, giggling slightly at the feeling of the straitjacket, the thing flexing as she moved, nice and snug and tight, her arms bound behind her back, a crotch-strap running between her legs. The walls and floor of the room were padded, nice and soft and squishy, making it feel like a giant playroom. The muzzle over her mouth was less restrictive than a gag as well – she could speak, mostly, her jaw and cheeks a little compressed, but it was far less dehumanizing than a gag, and she wasn't forced to dribble for once! She could see stretchy cords attached to the ceiling, ready to restrain someone more tightly, but they were currently not in use. They could be fun though, maybe? To bounce around with, like a tiny bouncy castle?

Ka'rya looked down at her, rolling her eyes, Aria trying to force herself to be serious. The more senior slave was dressed in a sensible, conservative skirt-suit, her legs sheathed in opaque stockings, the buttons of her blouse fully buttoned, her own collar just barely visible. A bag of equipment was in the corner, ominous bulges and lumps visible through the canvas.

'Pay attention! This is a complicated matter.'

Aria bowed her head, but couldn't help but smile in pleasure, enjoying the way the straitjacket hugged her, and made her hug herself, nice and tight and close. And she wanted to bounce and roll around the room, to throw herself against the padded walls! But there was work to be done, as commanded by the mistresses. And then, maybe, she could have some fun here?

She heard a commotion outside, part of the padding folding aside to reveal the door, a woman she recognized walking in.

'Aria! What do you think you're doing? I know that I've been busy, but there's no excuse for this sort of behavior.'

She glared down at Aria, her hair long and perfectly arranged, nails exquisitely manicured, fresh from a campaign event, making some speech or other.

'For my own daughter to reveal herself as some kind of... *pervert*, especially when I'm in the middle of trying to get re-elected! It's fortunate that this facility offered itself for use, so at least I can keep you contained for a while. And I suppose I'm going to have to pay for all the therapy needed, to make you normal again. Find some token boyfriend for you to have, to pretend to be dating. This is the last thing that I need!' She turned to Ka'rya, snapping her fingers in a commanding way.

'Sedate her. Now! We'll take her back to the house in the country. That's nice and isolated – she can be kept there, confined and treated. Aria, I'm very disappointed in you – my polls have already dropped, just because of you!'

Ka'rya took out a syringe, filling it with fluid from a vial, squirting a little into the air, and then stepping towards the woman.

'Senator Angelica Doves – I will do what I can to help you.'

'Of course you will. For the "donation" I'm making to this facility, you should be on your hands and knees, begging me for more!' The look in her eyes when she looked at Aria was disgust, Aria wriggling herself against the walls, using them to stand herself up. The way the straitjacket kissed and touched against her skin was distracting, arousing and pleasing her – and she could tighten her fingers over a cord, holding the thing on, slowly pulling on it, making the outfit start to loosen.

Ka'rya dipped her head in a slight curtsey, then jabbed the needle forward, pushing the tip into Angelica's neck, pressing it down, forcing the contents into Angelica's body. The effect was swift, Angelica sagging with a gasp of surprise, Ka'rya catching her and guiding her to the floor.

Aria twisted her shoulders, feeling the straitjacket loosen from her body – the thing was actually a little too big for her, but should be the perfect fit for her mother! It was a little disappointing to be out of it, the lack of restraints feeling strange, but soon her mother would know the same pleasure as she felt, after being trained.

It fell to the floor of the cell as well, surprisingly heavy with all the straps and buckles, and then she removed the muzzle as well, now naked except for her collar.

'Mrrr... Ghhh...'

Angelica could only make vague whimpers, her body paralyzed, but she was still conscious, rage and confusion in her eyes, as Aria approached.

'Shhhh – don't worry, Mother. My new owners want to play with you! And they're going to train you, and it'll be so much fun.' It was strange seeing Mother in a position where she *wasn't* powerful and dominant, bossing her staff (and Aria!) about, always trying to project the perfect image. She reached down, patting her mother on the cheek, before rolling the woman over, pulling the suit-jacket from her body.

With Ka'rya's help, it didn't take long to strip Angelica completely. The paralyzed body was strange as well – the skin was warm and soft, but utterly motionless, despite the increasing fear in Angelica's eyes. Aria leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. 'Soon the Mistresses will be training you! And I'm sure you'll be a good girl, just like you always told me to be!'

She'd never seen her mother naked before – despite her age, and having had Aria, she still had a trim, firm body, honed by all the hours at the gym (normally multi-tasking with phone-calls as well, speaking while jogging or on the elliptical), her belly only having a slight bulge, her breasts larger and fuller than Aria's.

Aria couldn't resist squeezing them, sinking her fingers into the softness, feeling the nipples against her palms, giving them a twist. Her mother's heart was racing, pounding in her chest, hard enough that Aria could feel it, before Ka'rya spoke.

'Senator Doves, you are now property. When Mistress Elanor or Mistress Aisling gives their permission, you will be granted greater freedom. Until then, you will be detained here and trained.'

Ka'rya pushed a wad of cloth into Angelica's mouth, stuffing it firmly in, making the woman's cheeks bulge outwards, and then strapping the muzzle into place.

'The sooner you are obedient, the sooner you will be released. Money will be channeled into your campaign – it would be convenient if you were to win, as that would increase the influence of the mistresses. But your obedience and submission is my primary objective.'

The two of them dragged Angelica's body upright, Aria holding her there as Ka'rya got the ceiling straps, looping them around Angelica's waist and shoulders, tightening them to suspend the woman off the floor. Although they were thick and padded, they still put pressure onto Angelica's skin, paling as it was compressed.

'Fetch the tape and set the camera up. Her training will begin now, and the mistresses always like to see a beginning.'

Aria nodded, going to the bag and pulling out thick black tape, a tough fabric infused with glue and peeled a strip off, the stuff sticking to her fingers, tugging at her own skin before she handed it over to Ka'rya. As the other woman started to wrap it around Angelica's legs, starting from the ankles and moving upwards, Aria got the camera – it was a small, blocky one, with a sticky back, making it possible to simply press it against the wall, where it could see everything. The mistresses really did think of everything!

When she turned back around, her mother was now wrapped up from the ankles to just above her knees, her calves wrapped in a slightly flexible shell of the tape, her bare feet dangling beneath. More twists of the tape, and soon it ran up to Angelica's thighs, before Ka'rya tore it off, tucking the end over into itself.

'You will become an honored slave of the household, once you are suitably broken.' She slapped her hands against Angelica's belly, before digging her nails in and scraping them down, leaving red marks in the soft skin. 'You are still young enough that the mistresses may honor you by allowing you to be bred with a suitable partner.' Ka'rya felt at Angelica's slit, pulling the lips apart, Angelica gasping as she was violated. 'I have been instructed to be rough and harsh, so that you may know the reality of the situation.'

Aria went through the bag, looking at everything in there – whips, stun-guns, a cattle-prod, various bottles of oils and lotions, dildos, butt-plugs and more. It made her own body tingle, pleasure wetting her lower lips, making her want to touch and stroke herself. But then Ka'rya would report her to the mistresses, and she'd be harshly punished!

So, instead, she obeyed, getting out the items she was instructed to, attaching metal clamps onto her mother's pussy-lips, connecting them up to a small but heavy battery-block, a large switch on the top. More wires were connected onto Angelica's bare feet, taped into place.

Angelica's body started to move more, the drug wearing off, Ka'rya getting sturdy metal cuffs and using them to attach Angelica's wrists, behind her body. The whines from behind the muzzle got louder and louder, Angelica trying to protest, shaking her shoulders, desperately attempting to escape the restraints, without any success.

Aria flicked the switch for the pussy-wires, Angelica spasming in pain, bound legs rising upwards. Although the cloth wadded into her mouth soaked up most of the noise, Aria could tell from the tension of her mother's body how much it had hurt, the woman's arms shaking and twitching behind her back. She flicked the switch again, enjoying the sense of power, all the memories of having to endure countless times of being paraded on stage as the "perfect" daughter, pristine and pure, smiling and waving for the crowd, all flooded back.

'Good. Keep doing that, and I'll start to soften her up further.'

Aria flicked the switch off and on, enjoying the muted whines and gasps, the way the lines of her mother's body changed from the forced muscular tension, legs cramping, every time the pain was applied. When Aria used the switch attached to the wires on her mother's feet, that made her yelp and whine in a different way, toes wriggling around, making her sway from her restraints. Using them both at once produced a delightful sound, that would probably have been a deafening scream, if it hadn't been for the thick wad of cloth in the woman's mouth.

A whip cracked – just a short one, given the size of the room, but it still bit into Angelica's skin, leaving a bright red welt. Ka'rya kept the thing moving, with swift and regular strikes, marking up Angelica's breasts and belly, the welts becoming bright red as Ka'rya struck with greater and greater force. Aria could see tears forming in Angelica's eyes, her own body aching in sympathy, remembering the brutal stinging and lashing from her own previous whippings. But it was much better to *not* be the one getting punished! And if Mother obeyed, then she would know the delight and pleasure of submission!

She held the switch on for several seconds, hearing Angelica's increasingly labored breathing as her cunt was electrocuted, the lips getting tortured and shocked, combining with the pain of the whipping.

'You will submit and obey. This is only the beginning of your suffering – unless you wish this recording to be leaked to the press, then you will become an obedient slave-slut, just like your daughter.' More whip-cracks lashed out, bright red welts now etched deep into Angelica's skin, her body starting to shine with sweat, provoked by the torture, as Ka'rya moved around her, now whipping Angelica's buttocks and back. 'A large donation has been made to your campaign, to help secure your loyalty. This could be fruitful, should you cooperate.'

Aria jammed both of the switches on, holding them in place, watching as Mother's entire body cramped and spasmed, eyes rolling back in her head. Her own pleasure was increasing, her body starting to descend into a feverish heat, as she tensed her thighs, rubbing them against each other. If she did well here, then perhaps one of the mistresses would permit her pleasure? She didn't dare touch herself, not with Ka'rya so close, but she could feel her wetness increasing.

The whipcracks got louder as Ka'rya struck harder, before casting the whip aside.

'I hope that the arrangement is understood? Normally, a slave would undergo extensive training before being allowed out into public, but in your position, that is not feasible. And so you are

going to be marked. You are now property – and property obeys, or faces consequences. If you are obedient, then you will be allowed some measure of freedom. If you are disobedient, then you will be punished harshly.'

Ka'rya went to the bag, and pulled out a metal block, the end shaped into a complicated curve of wires, a pattern Aria couldn't quite make out. She plugged it into the battery-block, the wires starting to glow – firstly a dull red, and then brighter and brighter, emitting enough heat that Aria could feel it, instinctively moving away from it.

When it was glowing a bright, cherry-red color, Aria could see that it was the household symbol of the mistresses, the same one she had seen on their walls and other decorations.

'Go and turn her around. And hold her still!'

Aria went to grab her mother, who whimpered in pain and fear as she was touched, her body damp with fear-sweat. Aria turned her around, watching in fascinated terror as the branding-block was pushed forward against a plump buttock. Tremors ran through Angelica's body, the metal burning her skin as the brand was applied, tensing up in Aria's grip. The smell was awful, making Aria shudder, but she kept her grip strong, letting the brand get pressed into place, leaving a burn-scar marked onto her buttock.

'That should suffice for now. Should you fail, then the punishments will begin.'

The mark was seared onto skin, making it swell up, details hard to see. Aria sent a shock into her mother's cunt, enjoying the feeling of power, as Ka'rya went and got cream from the bag, rubbing it over the seared skin.

'Several of your staff are already property of the mistresses. They will tend to your needs – and you are to obey them completely.'

It was hard to tell if Angelica was even conscious any more, her eyes rolled all the way back into her head, her body only twitching or moving when she was shocked again. Ka'rya turned away from her, approaching Aria and pulling her upwards, before drawing her into a long, slow kiss, tongue pushing into Aria's mouth, hands sliding over Aria's body.

'Good girl! I will report your cooperation to the mistresses. They may chose to reward you.' A hand slid between Aria's thighs, teasing at her slit, making her gasp in pleasure, twisting and thrusting, wanting more touches and more stimulation, whining when the hand was moved away. 'She can be left here – others will deal with her. I suppose you'll have to wear her clothing to leave.'

Aria dressed herself, letting Ka'rya stroke and caress her as she did so, both hating and loving the stimulation she could feel, wanting to get off, but knowing that wasn't allowed.

Chapter 5: Breaking Her In

'Impressive spirit, but I can tell how weak you are.' A whip cracked against soft flesh, embedding another red welt into Angelica's skin, making her moan in pain. Her jaw was stretched wide by a fat red ballgag, making her cheeks bulge, her chest and breasts both shiny with smears of her own spit. Her back, breasts, belly and buttocks were a mass of welts and bruises, her skin stripped away by countless whip-strikes.

Aria shuddered, glad that she wasn't being punished or trained herself. She was currently in a cage, forced onto all fours by the small size of it, with her hands cuffed behind her back, otherwise naked except for her collar and cuffs. Her mother was stood on a small, wobbling box, with her arms spread and held up by wrist-chains, constantly shaking and in danger of falling off, and putting all her weight onto the chains.

Mistress Eleanor's whip-work was constant, Angelica moaning in agony, shuddering from each impact, and entirely naked except for gauze over her buttock-brand. Tears streamed freely from her eyes, down her face before splashing to the floor.

'You will be broken – once we are assured of your obedience, then you will be allowed a return to your previous life. But under our control, of course.' Another brutal whip-strike, hard enough to make Angelica shudder and twitch, slicing into the bottom of her spine, leaving a vicious red mark, atop all the other welts.

Eleanor put the whip aside, leaving Angelica to gasp and whine, as she walked over to Aria's cage. She reached inside, patting Aria on the head, prompting Aria to lean into the contact, enjoying the touch, purring through her own gag, able to taste the rubber lump between her teeth.

'You are a good girl, aren't you? Nice and dedicated and loyal.' Her hand tidied up Aria's hair, bundling it up and then pushing it to one side, then stroked down Aria's back. The touch made her gasp, warmth shooting through her body, her nerves flaring with sensation, a tingling between her legs. 'Time for you to help.' The hand withdrew, making Aria feel cold for a moment, before the cage was opened up, and she crawled out.

Eleanor gestured at her, and she stood up. There was still a faint flush of shame from being naked and exposed, her shoulders pulled backwards by her cuffs so that her breasts were thrust forward, but it was far less than it had been, the whole thing seeming strangely normal now. The pained gasps of her mother still sounded out, Angelica's eyes vague and unfocused, staring into the middle distance.

'Ka'rya, attend me.'

Eleanor had barely finished speaking when Ka'rya entered, striding in with a smooth, high-heeled gait, dressed in her maid-servant's uniform again, her neckline deep, showing off

the metal collar around her neck. She curtsied, keeping her eyes downcast, not meeting Eleanor's gaze.

'Time for you to have some fun with little Aria – so that her mother can see what sort of person her daughter is. And while you're doing that, I'll be playing with Angelica. We need to return her soon, before her campaign fails – a sickness can only be stretched for so long. Take Aria and have some fun with her, I'm sure you know what to do.'

'Yes, Mistress.' She curtsied again, before leaning over to hook her fingers into Aria's collar, stooping slightly as she walked, leaving Aria with no choice but to crawl forward or be choked. The collar felt natural though, part of her body, warmed by her heat, solid and comfortable around her neck, letting her know her place. Still down on all fours, she crawled forward, letting herself be guided by Ka'rya, her hands and knees slapping against the floor, her butt in the air.

The room they were in was large and airy, with wide windows letting in lots of natural light, finely polished wood gleaming with an inner light. Every wall was covered with "training equipment", all sorts of whips, canes, paddles and more neatly racked up and ready for use, with harsher and crueler metal implements shining as well, spiked and curved metal making Aria shudder. Just the look of them was bad enough – she could all-too-easily imagine the metal locking around her body, sealed into place, spikes pressuring her skin, a constant and inescapable pain, until one of the mistresses saw fit to release her!

That brought a secondary shiver of pleasure, the thought of the pain and suffering serving to arouse her further – she could feel dampness between her thighs, and a tightness in her chest, her heart starting to pound and race. She wanted to be touched and stroked and kissed and spanked, to have sensations forced onto her, to make her come fully alive with suffering, and be made to scream and moan.

She was pulled around fully in front of her mother and then dragged up onto her feet. Her balance was still weak and wobbly, the time in the cage making it feel strange to stand up again, her body falling against Ka'rya, letting her feel the crisp, clean material of the maid uniform, soft against her skin. With her bare feet, she was shorter than Ka'rya in her heels, and let herself be held and supported, inhaling the sweet scent of her, feeling strands of hair against her shoulders.

A hand reached around her head, unbuckling the gag and pulling it out. Aria tilted her head backwards, swallowing down the thick wad of spit, not wanting to cover herself with dribble and make a mess. Her whole body felt fever-hot, desperate lust washing through her, and she had to control herself otherwise she'd start humping Ka'rya's leg!

Ka'rya smiled at her, and then kissed her, fully on the lips, tongue sliding into place. She must only have recently had a drink, Aria able to dimly taste tea, the tongue dominating her mouth. Aria sagged against Ka'rya, hands sliding up and down her back, becoming a passive thing, capable only of feeling pleasure and pain. A stroking hand suddenly tensed, nails scratching

down her skin, a long and hard rake, that made Aria hiss in pain, pushing herself closer against Ka'rya.

'This is what your daughter now is – a lovely pet slut, slave to her own desires. When she's sweet and obedient, she will be rewarded with a good hard fucking. And when she's naughty, then she is punished.' Eleanor's voice was firm and confident, Aria relaxing into the sounds, wanting nothing more than to be obedient, and maybe to be fucked, to finally ease the pressure between her legs.

Ka'rya held her close, kissing her again, long and slow, before slowly raking her nails down Aria's back, all the way from the bottom to the top.

'She's going to be renamed as well – Py'ra. We might let her out sometimes, but she's our cute little house-pet now. You won't have that luxury though.' Another whip-crack sounded out, followed by a gagged whimper-scream, desperate and pained. 'We have uses for you – you're going to promote our causes now, and push for laws we want. Otherwise I'm sure you can imagine what might happen to you.' Another whip-crack, Aria shuddering, all-too-easily able to think of what that felt like, her skin getting assaulted by the lash, stripped raw under the strikes.

A hand moved between her legs and she spread them, all-too-eager to be groped and stroked. She was desperate, hot and wet already, Ka'rya teasing her, another long and slow kiss, and then a swift, sharp pussy-slap. The pain rippled through Aria, making her gasp and shudder, sparks bursting inside her head, before Ka'rya pushed her away, keeping hold of her collar to move her around.

Without Ka'rya supporting her, she felt weak and pathetic, her legs wobbling, feeling the aftermath of the pussy-strike. As she spun, she saw her mother, still dribbling around her gag, makeup oozing down her face from her crying, body covered in brutal welts. She'd be sore for days afterwards, it looked like!

Aria was pulled towards a wooden bench, securely bolted to the floor, a narrow wooden bar between four slanted legs, the bar at waist height. When she was shoved into it, she bent at the waist, shifting her legs to push them against the back legs. Ka'rya let her go, and then a moment later ropes started to wind around her ankles, rough hemp prickling and biting into her skin. It looped around and around, the pressure tightening as her ankle was dragged against the leg, and then the same on the other side.

Her weight pressed down against the bar, compressing her belly, making it harder to breathe. Here, she was directly in front of her mother, able to see her shuddering, pained breaths, body stretched tight, some of the welts bright red, fresh and glossy, others fading into bruises already. It must have been a long and brutal torture session, from the number of wounds visible!

Soft warmth touched against her buttocks, a touch Aria recognized as being a kiss, lips pressing against her backside, a tongue lightly sliding over. The touch shifted over, her buttocks getting pulled apart, the tongue sliding against the tight knot of Aria's asshole.

She squirmed in pleasure, feeling the wet warmth push against her, trying to relax, letting it into her. It made her eyes roll in pleasure, her vision blurring, her legs tensing up, making the ropes tighten as they took the strain.

'Your daughter, who you tried to keep pure and virginal, is now one of our beloved slave-sluts. Look at how much she enjoys having her ass eaten out – you might once have wanted her to become a wife and mother but now she's just a slave-slut, dedicated to her owner's pleasure.'

The tongue squirmed deeper and deeper into Aria, making her heart flutter, her thighs tightening against the legs of the bench, Ka'rya tightening her grip on Aria's buttocks as she kissed harder against Aria's asshole.

'I don't have the time to break you quite as thoroughly, but I can ensure your obedience. But it seems you might be drifting off – I suppose I'll have to force you to pay attention.' Another whip-strike, the cord wrapping around Angelica's chest, biting into skin, deforming a breast before withdrawing. Eleanor stalked forward, the sunlight rippling off her latex-sheathed body as she took out a syringe and loaded it up, jabbing the thing into Angelica's neck. A moment later, she gasped, eyes fully open, body tensing up, looking around in desperate fear and confusion.

'You won't be escaping into unconsciousness! Now look at what a slut your daughter is.'

Eleanor reached around Angelica's body, one arm wrapping around the woman's waist, the other reaching between her legs, and starting to tease and stroke there, gloved fingers teasing the tight slit.

'And you're starting to respond just like her!'

Angelica whimpered as her body was violated, fingers pushing into her. Aria started to tense up, trying to push herself backwards, wanting the tongue to reach deeper into her, trying to rub her cunt against the bench. Ka'rya pushed her back down, the tongue sliding out of her, fingers lightly slapping against her buttocks. Her cuffs were released, one of her wrists getting dragged down and roped against another leg of the bench, rope prickling her skin. Again on the other wrist and now she was fully bent over, her backside and cunt completely exposed, a desire to be fucked rising up, that she couldn't do anything about herself.

'Please... Please use me...'

Eleanor chuckled, still fingering Angelica. 'Do you hear that? Your precious, pure daughter, begging to be used like a common whore. Lower than a whore – she's not even charging! Just desperate to be used. Like you.' Her fingers started to push deeper into Angelica, coming out slightly shiny and sticky. 'Whenever you have spare time, I'm going to bring you here, and make you suffer. Until you're mine, in every way, just a hollowed out pain-slut.' She kissed Angelica hard on the side, leaving teeth-marks in already-welted flesh.

Aria whined herself, her own lust running wildly out of control. Ka'rya spanked her, just lightly, before stepping away, leaving Aria to stare at her mother being teased by Mistress Eleanor. Angelica's body was covered with a shiny sheen of sweat, atop the brutal whip-welts, probably making them sting and burn. Eleanor kept finger-fucking her, three fingers forcing Angelica's cunt wide, spearing and penetrating the woman deeply, more dribble splashing down Angelica's chest.

A fat and thick shaft pressed against Aria's asshole, slippery with lube. It started to force her asshole wide, far bigger and more intrusive than the tongue. But it felt *good*, filling her up in a deep and satisfying fashion. If she could have moved, she would have rocked her hips back and forth, wanting to take it deeper and deeper, but all she could do was strain against the ropes, feeling them scratch-burn against her wrists and ankles, her cuffs giving her only scant protection.

It pushed into her, deeper and deeper, her vision starting to blur from the sensations swirling through her. She could feel her insides deforming around the intrusion, her pleasure-juices flowing onto the bar between her legs, trying to grind herself against it. In front of her, her mother was gasping and whining, held in place, the fingers twisting and writhing, keeping her on the edge of release, as Mistress Eleanor kept teasing her, as well as planting more harsh kiss-bites onto Angelica's body, layering them atop the welts.

'You will learn to obey and submit. To the rest of the world, I will permit you to pretend that you have power – but you will learn that you are nothing but fuck-meat. As long as you are useful to me, you will be permitted some freedom, but if you fail or become useless, then you will retire into my permanent care. And I will enjoy that – but I don't think you will!'

She pushed her fingers into Angelica, all the way up to the knuckle, making Angelica gasp and tense up, eyes wide, staring at Aria.

The cock in her ass was pushing deep into her, making it hard to breathe, her heart pounding in her chest. She knew this shouldn't be turning her on, but it felt *so good*, an intense delirium swirling through her. It penetrated deeply, hands tightening on Aria's hips as Ka'rya took a firm hold, using it to push the thing deeper and deeper. She tensed up, enjoying the feeling of being filled and used, her hands tensing up, fingertips scrabbling against the smooth wood, her feet twisting and wriggling.

'See how much she enjoys it? A perfect slut – taking a cock up her tight ass. And you want to cum yourself, don't you?'

Angelica made a faint murmur, too quiet to tell if it was agreement or denial, but she looked exhausted, yelping in pain as one of her breasts was squeezed hard by Eleanor. 'Outside, you might pretend to power and influence, but we'll both know the truth of it – that you're my lovely little fuck-slut, here to please me.'

Eleanor started to push her entire hand into Angelica, fisting her, making her gasp and shudder, unable to move as the hand was forced into her, lightly twisting, making Angelica twitch and gasp.

‘You see? I can *feel* you, your pussy tight around my fist. Nothing but a cunt yourself. And you’ve already got my brand on you!’

The speed of Angelica’s shivering got faster and faster, Aria feeling herself respond, heating up as she was ass-fucked. She lacked the strength to speak, or make sounds beyond desperate whines and gasps, but let herself savor the feeling, sagging in place, becoming nothing more than fuck-meat.

Pleasure hovered on the edge of her awareness, and she didn’t bother trying to hold it off, the sensation slamming through her, washing away any hope of clear thought. She moaned, loud and passionate, fear sparking in her mother’s eyes as the fist started to pump back and forth, stretching the cunt to its limits. There was nothing Angelica could do except endure it, juices flowing down Mistress Eleanor’s arm, more dribble splashing out of Angelica’s mouth as she lost control, twitching and jerking around, body stretched painfully tight.

‘This will be the last orgasm I allow you for a long time – you’re going to have this lovely cunt sealed and locked away. I will control when you are allowed any pleasure, and you will have to work hard for it.’

The jerking spasms continued until Eleanor withdrew her fist, the latex now dripping with sticky fluids. Then she kicked away the box, leaving Angelica to dangle from her arms, making her chest strain to breathe, as Eleanor pinched and squeezed at whip-welts.

‘Of course, if you have any attractive underlings, then perhaps I might accept them as tribute – but I leave that to your discretion.’ A hand wrapped around Angelica’s neck, lightly squeezing, making Angelica’s eyes bulge out.

The cock was still deep within Aria’s asshole, forcing the tight hole to be widened and stretched, her body getting altered and reshaped, although she was in no state to object.

‘You’re going to be washed, dressed and returned to your normal life – but don’t ever forget that you are now a possession, not a person. I will be in touch, and I expect complete obedience.’ Her hand tightened, Angelica’s eyes starting to roll back in her head, her feet flailing, but without much force. ‘And while you’re gone, then I’ll be having fun with the body of your daughter.’

Aria whined in pleasure, enjoying the sensation of the cock in her ass, as her mother slumped into unconsciousness, dangling there. Hopefully Mother would learn to be obedient soon, and then she could feel just as good as Aria did!

Chapter 6: Pleasurable Punishment

Xyah put her hands on her hips and smiled to herself, inhaling deeply, taking in the scents of sweat and denied lust as she looked over the “training session”. Being able to break and mold her property without needing to tire herself out with all the physical labor of swinging a whip or spanking her slaves was so much easier!

A whimper drew her attention, coming from one of her bound and restrained slaves – Xyah stalked towards her, unable to resist from stroking her own body, feeling the sleek silk dress that clung tightly to her lean, taut body, before she reached out and touched the bound woman. It was “S”, her letter-name branded onto her hip (and that had been a *delightful* day, hearing the screams as the hot metal had been stamped onto soft flesh, leaving a vicious and black burn-scar!).

She was in a complicated-looking metal chair, similar to a medical gynecological one, but with heavier restraints built in. Her arms were bound behind her body, held there with leather straps, neatly out of the way, fingers individually locked into place. Her ankles rested in stirrups, bound as well, her legs spread wide, fully exposing her shaved slit, with more straps over her waist, a metal band around her throat. The woman’s eyes were concealed behind a VR headset, strapped into place, while a breathing mask covered her mouth, a bulb pushed between her lips, visible through the translucent curve of the mask. Thin plastic tubes run into her collar, connecting into unseen needles buried in neck-veins, keeping her dosed up with brain-fogging chemicals.

Xyah pulled on thin surgical gloves, before reaching out and lightly fingering the bare and exposed pussy. The bound woman shivered, fully conscious, but kept dazed and paralyzed by the drugs. She was so wet that it was easy to slide a finger into her, forcing a change in breathing, the woman’s breasts shifting, the suction-pumps on the nipples well-secured and in no danger of falling off. Electrical pads were stuck over her body as well, so her body could be forced to cramp and tense as needed. Each chair had accompanying dildos as well, aligned with the captive’s bottom holes, currently turned off, but ready to slide forward at any moment.

‘That’s it – nice and obedient! And this is far easier than the old-fashioned way, with all the whips and chains and everything. That’s just a lot of *work*.’ And it meant not having to go into cold, damp dungeons, all stuff and unpleasant – sunlight was streaming through large, open windows, pleasant on Xyah’s skin, and letting her see the view over her estate, the grounds carefully unkempt, the nearby town visible outside the high walls. She leaned in close, sniffing in the scent of the desperate pussy, kept from release for months. That, combined with the drugs and the prolonged sensory deprivation, was turning all of the women into fuck-sluts, desperate for any stimulation, for anything other than darkness.

She walked between them, lightly stroking her hands over their bodies – kept soft and lean through forced exercise, limited food and regular electric shocks, each with a name-letter branded onto them. “L”, “U”, “S” and “T” – a little obvious, perhaps, but it made them a nice set. And their screams had been *delicious*! She sighed in memory of that pleasure, remembering

their desperate struggles against the bonds, trying to evade the branding-iron, faces contorted and ugly with tears, screaming into their gags. A suitable punishment for their bullying of her, when they held the upper hand.

‘Four lovely cunt-slaves! Well, you will be when I’ve finished with you.’ There was no reaction, but none of the women could hear her, their ears plugged with ear-buds, currently playing white noise, keeping them even more isolated from the world. But they looked lovely, all of them bound into the chairs, with their legs spread, cunts visibly wet, kept in their sensory deprivation, for several days now. Just enough movement to keep them from developing sores, and then back into the darkness!

A huge TV screen on one wall flickered between images, showing what each of the four could see – not complete darkness, but a flickering, grainy shadow. She picked up an earbud and slid it into place, wincing at the mind-dulling hiss of white noise, then clipping a microphone onto the neck of her dress. The last drug-dose had been long enough ago that they should be recovering some awareness, about now.

She watched the images – carefully designed to trigger terror, each of the women was being shown nothing more than half-glimpsed stone walls, flickering and distant lights illuminating it, along with shifting shadows, someone always close by. She reached out to T, pinching at a thigh, hearing a stifled gasp-scream. The controls for all of the women were easy to access, Xyah pulling up the options on a tablet, propping it up against T’s chair.

She adjusted the sound, adding in some background screams, shrill and acute, before feeding in her own voice, keeping it low and sultry.

‘Your mistress has commands for you.’

All four women tensed up, shifting in their bonds, gasping as they tried to suck in air, the flow restricted enough to keep them in a choking panic. Xyah checked their vitals, allowing a little more air to flow to them, before sending shocks into their bodies, just to make sure they were paying attention.

‘You have been exiled into the darkness to train you.’

All of their vitals were spiking, their hearts racing as they reacted to the stimulation – she shocked them again, enjoying the quartet of pained gasps. She set the shocks to trigger on a random timer – just light, little nips, but enough to make the four women focus.

‘You will obey, or I will cast you back into the night!’ She stroked herself again, feeling the sheer *power* run through her, along with a powerful sting of arousal, making her squirm and rub her thighs against each other. ‘The pit is where *bad* girls go, until they learn to behave!’ She changed the sounds again, making the screams louder, the shifting-shadows getting more sharp-edged, flickering into people-shapes. All four of the women were starting to panic, their bodies twisting against their restraints without any success, adrenaline letting them move, just a little, shaking off the drugs.

'Your bodies belong to me, and any resistance will be crushed.' More stifled gasps of pain – but no attempts at protest or denial. Those had been tortured out of the women long ago! 'You are going to become pleasure-slaves – each in specialized ways. I will be sending you to be modified and trained, according to my desires. But I want to see how well you can obey.' She tapped the tablet again, and the arm-restraints were released. L was the first to move, raising her arms, slowly and uncertainly fumbling through the air – that made sense, given her leaner, more athletic body, showing off all the training she had done, prior to her capture.

'You may touch yourselves. But you are not allowed to climax.'

She heard fingers plunge into slits without delay, the sharp reek of pussy-juice getting even stronger. How long had they been denied release? Weeks, or had it been months? That explained their desperation, as they stroked their bodies, Xyah moving between them, and inspecting them. Slender and soft, with only slight pressure-marks from their confinement, and constant electrical shocks had kept their muscle-tone. Their minds, of course, were broken and shaped, but their bodies had endured well.

The sounds of their desperate self-pleasure got louder, their pussies wet and loose. Given how long they'd been kept in darkness, teased with the dildos but denied any release, it was scarcely a surprise how desperately they were touching themselves!

She approached T, enjoying the faint sheen of sweat on the woman's skin, body starting to gleam in the sunlight, muscles tensing and relaxing, legs held spread wide. She had to resist the urge to *dominate*, wanting to reach out and scratch and slap and *hurt*, just to prove that the woman was hers, truly and utterly. She stroked herself again, feeling the desire fade slightly as she ran hands over her breasts, reaching between her own legs and lightly fingering her pussy.

All of the women were stroking themselves, holding themselves wide and reaching deep into themselves, so desperately wet that they could get their fingers all the way in without resistance. Their chests strained to suck in enough air against the resistance of the breathing masks, the flow of air less than they needed. The sheer power she had over them was intensely arousing – with just a few presses, she could trigger pain, cut off their air entirely, make the dildos plunge forward to penetrate them, and all sorts of other toys!

T was the first to fail, her body spasming, loud gasps sounding out as she reached her limit, unable to resist the lure of an orgasm, fingers still stroking and teasing herself. Xyah approached, no longer needing to restrain herself as she grabbed at the woman's wrist, yanking a hand away from a drenched cunt, and then slapping there with her own hand. She could feel the soft wetness beneath her gloved fingers, putting considerable force behind the hit.

The woman whined in pain, loudly enough to be heard through the mask, but Xyah just hit her again, before pushing her own fist into the slit. The folds parted, T too weak to resist as she was fisted, loose enough to take the violation, her cunt tensing and tightening around the intruder. Xyah could feel every breath the woman took, the tremors running through her body,

Xyah lightly twisting her hand. T whined and moaned, writhing against her bonds, making desperate and pathetic whimpers.

'So weak! Well, you're going to be a tongue-slut – you're going to have to get used to the taste of my pussy. And perhaps, if you show yourself worthy, then I'll let others have use of you.' She twisted her fist again, reveling in the way that the woman's insides tensed around her, slowly flexing her fingers and pushing against the slick folds, before withdrawing her hand, now slippery with juices. She flicked her fingers, sending little droplets shining through the air, before turning away to her next victim. Watching S, she activated the shocks, forcing pain onto the slut-bitch, the woman's arms flailing.

U was the next to come, her willpower a little more than T, but not enough to hold her for long. Her scream was loud enough to be heard through the mask, as her chest strained for air, nipples hard and erect. Even after the orgasm, she kept finger-fucking herself, chasing another, desperate for further stimulation. Xyah grabbed at the woman's wrists, yanking them aside and then slapping at the exposed cunt, pinching at a lip and pulling and stretching the skin.

'You will have the honor of worshipping my ass, with your lips and tongue. Any failure, and I will have you returned to the darkness. You will have no pride or dignity – you exist to serve me, and me alone.' Was U even able to comprehend her? After so long in the device, her senses were likely scrambled, but she shrieked again, or at least tried to, apparently able to comprehend what was going on. 'Your body is going to be modified to better suit my needs – your own choices are now irrelevant. You are *mine*, and will serve me until I grow bored of you. And should that happen, then your fate will be even worse, so I would advise obedience. The darkness you have experienced is more mercy than you deserve!'

As the electrical shocks resumed, Xyah took a moment to watch youthful muscles tense and shudder, forced into tightness and moments of relaxation by the electricity. She really should record some of this for future reference – but there would be plenty of time for that later! The four of them weren't going to escape, after all, already too mind-broken to function.

Just L and S were left – their fingers desperately pumping into themselves, as U and T moaned in enforced pain, arms limp except for shiver-shock twitches. L moaned, loud and passionate, fingers setting a steady rhythm, one hand holding her lips spread, the other deep inside of herself. S was more frantic, fingers moving with urgent speed, chest heaving with desperate breaths.

Xyah positioned herself to watch both of them, gently stroking herself. When she was done here, she'd need a personal session, to relieve her own tension! She could smell the sweat and juices of all four women, sharp and sweet, U and T both having sprayed some of their juices onto the floor.

S climaxed, just as wet as the first two, but too weak to continue, slumping into a limp state.

'Such a disappointment - I was hoping you'd be stronger. Well, I still have a purpose for you. You're going to serve me with your mouth, kissing and licking to make me feel good, worshipping

my feet. Maybe I'll let you worship the rest of my body, if you do well - but that will take time and effort from you!

That left just L, Xyah turning towards her, speaking in a low and crooning voice.

'Good girl! That makes you deserving of special training.' She grabbed at L's wrists, pulling them away, the woman whining, still not having climaxed yet. With her other hand, she stroked and flicked at L's clit, the bud swollen and wet, lightly teasing it. 'You will be responsible for the others – to punish and reward them. And that means I'll be spending more time with you. If you fail, then you will be punished – the brand made you scream, but that's *nothing* compared to what I will do if you screw up.'

L didn't have enough air to be able to scream, but there was a desperate whimper from behind the mask.

'You will be my favored slave – do well, and you will be rewarded with greater freedom, and pleasure denied to your friends. But disappoint me and you will know pain greater than anything you've ever experienced.' She pinched the erect clit, feeling a shudder run through L, running her thumb over the nub, pressing hard. L's arms tensed, but the woman was far too weak to be able to break out of Xyah's grasp, having to endure being molested and teased, Xyah drawing out the moment as long as she could.

And then she started to flick her thumb back and forth, quickly bringing her captive to a peak, watching as L's chest strained and panted, unable to suck in enough air. Whatever thoughts the woman had were likely of nothing more than desperate lust and desire, her brain forced into survival mode, higher thoughts impossible to achieve. The orgasm was obvious and unmissable, full-body tremors slamming through the bound body, legs shaking against the restraints, taking a long time to settle down.

'Impressive. You will need to remember your will in order to serve me better – and this will be the last orgasm any of you are allowed until your training is complete.' She pinched the clit as hard as she could, squashing it between her fingers, L tensing up and gasping in pain. 'I am sending you away to a special facility, to be altered to better serve me. Perhaps you will be able to earn something closer to a real name? Or, if you screw up, you might lose even that. I could just seal you into darkness, to serve my guests without having any pleasure yourselves. It's not like you need to be able to see, or hear, or touch, to give pleasure, after all.'

The thought thrilled her – a head, wrapped in a latex hood, poking up from a plinth, all features concealed behind the latex, except for a mouth held open by a gag, a fat pink tongue lolling out, ready to give pleasure. She'd prefer a more mobile and useful slave, but one that was nothing more than a tongue, ready to lick and give pleasure, did have a certain charm.

'It's time to get you caged up for delivery.'

L shivered, but it was impossible to tell if that was a response to what Xyah had said, or the aftermath of the orgasm, or from the continual lack of air. Whichever it was, she didn't resist as

Xyah freed her from the chair, picking up her sweaty, shivering body and putting her into a transport crate – the padded insides had tether-points, to keep limbs contained and controlled. When she pushed a button, the padded insides inflated, acting to protect and restrain the occupant, trapping them in puffed-up rubber, the sides hinging shut with impressive silence.

She repeated this for each of them, taking the chance to grope and squeeze their bodies, ignoring their pathetic whimpers and gasps. None of them had any strength left, unable to even try and resist as she threw them into the transport-cages, watching as the rubber inflated and trapped them, before the side-panels rose up, locking them out of sight. There was long enough before they were taken away for some self-pleasure before then – she started to stroke herself, reaching beneath her dress, wet enough that her own finger easily slid into place, stirring up her own heat. Xyah slumped against a wall, stroking her breasts as she fingered herself, closing her eyes and falling into a fuck-trance, remembering the screams and whimpers of her slaves as she bought herself to an orgasm.

Chapter 7: Upgrades and New Features

Xyah wrinkled her nose, disliking the antiseptic scent in the air, all the walls and floors stark white tiles – probably easy to clean, but not very nice to look at, and it made her feel enclosed and claustrophobic. The staff here were at least pleasant to see, with perfectly-sculpted bodies, sealed into latex to give them the appearance of shiny and perfect skin. Most of them had surgical masks on, giving them a not-entirely-human appearance, with just the upper halves of their faces visible.

Other “patients” were being modified – as Xyah walked down the hallway, she could see into the rooms, with slaves bound to medical beds, restrained to keep themselves from causing any harm to themselves as they healed from their modifications and surgeries. Some had more complicated devices attached, cocks twisting and thrusting into teased holes, or automated floggers flicking around, cords biting into soft skin. Each room was sealed, sound not escaping, making it like watching a series of screens, the “patients” just passive lumps forced to submit.

Well, any slave sent here should be relatively obedient already – this wasn’t a place for breaking meat, but for shaping them into a more beautiful form. She passed another window, this one showing a woman on a treadmill, feet forced into brutally high ballet heels, needing to trot along at a steady pace, otherwise she’d risk running into the metal wires behind her and getting shocked. The woman’s buttocks were deliciously taut, Xyah tensing her hands, imagining being able to squeeze and molest the taut curves – or take a whip to them, carving delicious red welts into the skin.

She stayed there for a few moments, enjoying the sight, wondering who owned the slave. Was this one being trained as a pony-girl? That would explain the heels, and the tight leather box-binder that held the woman’s arms behind her back. She had a strong-looking physique, just the type that would do well pulling a cart, or in a line with other pony-girls to pull a heavier

carriage. The sight of the buttocks, tensing and flexing in a regular rhythm as the woman jogged, was hypnotic, sending a thrill of pleasure through Xyah. Maybe she should get some for herself? But they were a lot of work to look after, and she didn't really have much need to travel by pony-cart.

She tore herself away from the window, carrying on down the passageway – her own slaves had been finished, and were now available to take back home! Xyah started to walk faster, excited to see the results of the surgeries, a slave-nurse stepping aside to let her pass.

A heavy metal door opened at her approach, leading into a small waiting room. Several pleasure-slaves were here, ready for use in the case of bored owners waiting for something – three queening chairs were there, latex-sheathed heads poking up, soft wet mouths gaping open, tongues licking at air. Two more women, entirely naked except for collars and cuffs, were kneeling in the corner, ready to give pleasure on command. From the welts and scratches on their bodies, others had been enjoying them!

'Ah, Xyah!' Another door opened, heels clicking on the tiled floor, a woman stepping into view. She was wearing a lab coat, the studious look somewhat undercut by a bright red silk dress beneath, stocking-sheathed legs visible. A nurse-slave was on a leash behind her, this one completely sealed in latex except for large, brown eyes, staring demurely downwards. 'Your four are ready. It was fun to work on them – and there was only a little resistance to scrape away, to make them entirely obedient.' She walked closer to Xyah, who tried not to lean back, wishing she'd worn higher heels – she was short for an Amazon, and didn't like having to look up all the time! And there was an unsettling smell of anesthetic coming from the doctor, making spit thicken in the back of Xyah's mouth.

'If you ever want any modifications yourself, then consider my services as well.' A gloved hand came up to try and grasp Xyah's chin before she stepped backwards, out of reach.

'I don't need any changes!'

'If you insist.' The woman's polite tones were somehow insulting, but she spun around, coat flicking outwards before she walked away, dragging the slave-nurse behind her on the leash. 'Follow.' The command rankled Xyah even more, a brief fantasy of dragging the woman to the floor and ass-fucking her flashing into mind, that too-perfect face contorted around a fat gag, the biggest dildo forced between her no-doubt perfect buttocks, straight into her body. The screams would be delightful!

But the woman was another amazon, and so off-limits. Getting in trouble with the Dodekathara wouldn't be worth it, no matter how much she wanted to make the bitch *scream* in pain! All she could do was follow along behind, into a ward, with her four slaves all restrained and ready for examination.

Each was suspended in place, held in a vertical X-shape, with their arms and legs spread by tight chains, unable to touch the floor. Their eyes were a worrying milky white, blind and unseeing, while their ears were plugged with earbuds, looped around and tethered into

ear-piercings to hold them in place. All were gagged, breathing masks over their faces, tubes linked together into a single bubbler, limiting their oxygen intake.

Xyah inspected them, seeing the small tweaks and changes – little adjustments to breasts, hips and thighs, a little nip here, a little tuck there, all four of the slaves now more perfect and beautiful than before. She reached out, lightly tapping a finger against the brand-mark of T, sliding her fingertip over the skin, watching as the captive woman shivered, the chains so tight that she couldn't do more than that.

'As requested, her tongue has been modified – it is now longer, and the texture will be more pleasurable. Her body is now more sensitive, especially around her erogenous zones.'

Xyah didn't notice the woman coming up behind her until it was too late, arms reaching around her from each side, hemming her in. Having to resist the urge to kick backwards took actual effort, the anesthesia-scent roiling around her, thick and cloying. A hand stroked above T's legs, just a few light touches bringing a visible shine of desire to the exposed slit.

'U has had the same treatment, while L has had her tongue altered to be softer.'

'I want to talk to them.'

A hand wrapped around her waist, Xyah growling as a small microphone was clipped to the neckline of her dress. This much contact wasn't needed! Her hands tensed into claws, her instinct to fight getting harder and harder to resist, before the doctor withdrew.

'If you wish, they can be granted vision as well. They have been kept blinded for several days now, so will be grateful for the sight. And it will help with their mental conditioning as well.'

Xyah slapped T in the belly, enjoying the gasp of pain before she scraped downwards with her nails. Sadistic pleasure tingled through her, fresh and powerful, and helping to combat the unease she felt from the doctor being so close.

'Yes. I think they should see me again.' She tapped at the microphone, turning it on, little green lights blinking into life on the earbuds. 'Your physical modifications have been completed.' All four of the women started to squirm and twist, now able to hear her. 'There are now mental modifications as well, in line with your requests.'

The nurse walked up to L, holding one eye open by pulling on the eyelids, her other hand pinching at the eyeball and removing a contact lens, repeating this on the other eye. With the milky-white barrier gone, L could see now, staring at Xyah and making a faint whining sound.

'I want all of you to be aware of how you are being changed – and that there will be no going back. You are *mine*, now and forever, and there will be no escape for you. You might once have been free, but those days are never returning. You are my property, and I will be altering you to better suit my needs and desires. If you are good, obedient little fuck-pets, then I won't need to change you too much, but if you ever disobey, then I will break you into something more

obedient. For now, you have names – even if simple ones. Irritate me, and you might lose even those. Anger me, and you will be turned into nothing more than a sex-toy, chained in my dungeon for guests to use, denied even the slightest freedom to move.

U whimpered, twitching and making her chains whisper against each other, Xyah moving towards her.

‘You will be pleasuring me with your tongue. If you are good, I may allow you pleasure yourself – *maybe*. Or perhaps I’ll see how large a cock you can take and stretch out your pussy and asshole. Or some other torment – I’m sure you’ve seen how creative I can be.’ She slapped the woman in the belly, enjoying the meaty feeling of impact and the accompanying *whoosh* of breath.

‘The next stage is to shape your minds – even more than they have already been shaped. I’m going to make it so that you can’t imagine life without me. Your memories of who you were before will seem like dreams, and even those, you will forget in time, just as anyone who remembers you will forget you. You will not be saved or rescued – you are forgotten by everyone except me.’ She slapped at the exposed cunt, putting force behind the blow, enjoying the gasp of pain, able to feel the wet pussy against her fingertips.

She leaned in, kissing at a breast before biting at the nipple, sinking her teeth in and crushing the tender bud between her teeth, pulling back to draw the breast out. She started to massage the exposed cunt, feeling it heat up, desperate for stimulation.

‘That’s it – be my sweet, loyal fuck-toy, and you might get some treats.’ Another cunt-slap, this one even harder. ‘But first, you need to drink of me – you will become addicted to my *eshvala*, my taste and scent.’

Wheels squeaked behind her, and she half-turned to see the nurse pulling a sybian into place, cock-prong already glistening with lube. As Xyah watched, the breathing tubes were disconnected from the bubbler and plugged into the base of the sybian, the women’s airflows now all piped through that.

Trying to hide any indignation or annoyance she felt at having to do this with the doctor watching, Xyah twisted her skirt upwards and pulled her panties to the side, straddling the sybian and slowly lowering herself onto the cock. It was slippery enough that it slid into her easily, her own slit loose enough with excitement as she felt it fill her up, flooding her with pleasure. Her feet were just barely on the floor, the thing built for someone taller, but she wriggled and twisted her hips, the top curve of the sybian comfortable against her thighs.

The controls were just below her, easy to reach, and she twisted the thing on. It immediately buzzed into life, a strong vibration pouring into her, making her gasp in pleasure. She could feel her nipples harden beneath her dress, twisting her hips again to make the cock twist around inside of her, buzzing and twitching against her most sensitive parts. She twisted the dial, turning it up a notch, trying to control herself from gasping.

To focus herself better, she stared at each of her slaves in turn. She could feel a slight whisper of air against her pussy, the sybian made to suck away her scent, along with the dildo forming a channel for her juices, to force the slave-sluts to inhale the taste of her. As she rode the sybian, the nurse moved between each of the slaves, sliding a vibrator into each in turn.

'You're going to end up... hah... addicted to my taste. Even the... hmmm... thought of me will turn you on.' The vibrations of the sybian ran through her, throbbing and powerful, making it hard to think. But it felt so *good*, that she didn't want to stop until she'd had her fill. Instead, she tried to stare at each of the women in charge, watching as they inhaled, able to taste the air filled with her own juices, as they were teased and stimulated, chests heaving as they gasped for air.

Even though she wasn't soul-bonded to them, she had spent enough time training the four of them to be to see them reacting as they teased, the vibrators easily sliding into place, clutched tight by desperate cunts. She could hear all four of them gasping for air, their chains clicking and sliding against each other, their bodies still suspended off the ground. Xyah stroked her own breasts through her dress, squeezing them, taking pleasure in her own body. The sybian moved with enough power that she barely needed to move her own hips, just letting the device pleasure her - not as good as a slave, but it was still effective enough!

Despite her wariness of the doctor (who, mercifully, stayed on the other side of the room), it didn't take long for Xyah to orgasm, feeling her fluids gush out of her, the sybian shaped to catch the juices and mingle them with the air-flow. All four of the slave-sluts were now blushing, deep and crimson red spreading onto their chests. Their hips bucked, at least the tiny amount that was permitted, chains clicking again.

She dialed the sybian down, to just a low buzz, teasing her without pushing all the way into orgasm, enjoying the feeling of being stuffed and filled by the protruding cock. All four of the slaves were whimpering and gasping now, going limp in their bonds, their resistance utterly broken.

Xyah let the pleasure tingle through her, taking a moment to collect her thoughts again, having to force herself to focus. There had been something else? What had that been? She rocked her hips, lifting herself up and then dropping back down onto the cock-shaft before remembering, staring at L, managing to point at the woman without her arm shaking.

'That one - the special training. She is to be allowed to command the others. I want them to fear her - all four of them will need to become addicted to my taste, but she will be allowed a little more freedom.' She started at L, smiling at the captive woman, enjoying the mingled look of fear and hope, the woman's shuddering decreasing. 'And it will save me trouble if you can train her in the basics of how to use a whip, ropes and so forth.'

The nurse looked away, then over at the doctor, who nodded. 'Of course, Xyah. Now that they have your taste, the mental indoctrination can begin. If you could visit regularly for more doses, then that should be sufficient to keep them fully trained, until they can be returned to you.'

Xyah flicked the sybian on again, wanting to feel more pleasure, twisting it higher this time. The cock obeyed, slamming into her with powerful vibrations, the thing already well-lubricated with her juices, her hips rocking back and forth on it. The next orgasm came quickly, more of her juices flowing downwards, adding into what the slaves were inhaling, the eyes going distant and vague. By the time their conditioning was complete, then they would be even more mind-broken and obedient! Even if it did mean having to come back here and be watched by the doctor, as she writhed in her own pleasure – but having the four trained would be worth it!

Chapter 8: Altered Perceptions

Darkness pressed in around her, tight pressure over every inch of her skin. Something throbbed between her legs, sending a urgent, desperate desire through her, brilliant sparks shooting across her vision. Her thoughts fumbled towards consciousness, feeling air flow over her face, letting her gulp it down, slaking the burning and desperate need of her lungs. It was humid – a taste there she craved, flicking her tongue through the air, trying to savor it.

The taste... the taste of her owner. An image started to form in her mind of the woman, petite but powerful, with perfect rosebud lips, a bright and vivid red against her pale skin, hair a stark black. Her mouth watered, as she remembered the taste of the woman, pussy-lips against her face, riding her with groans of pleasure. She tensed up, feeling whatever was around her resist her movements, keeping her contained, electric shocks zapping into her crotch and making her tense up.

‘Who do you serve?’ The voice was disembodied, seeming to come from nowhere and everywhere, echoing around the darkness. She shivered, not liking being bound like this, wanting to be able to at least see.

More shocks stung her crotch, making her gasp, torn between pleasure and pain.

‘Mistress Xyah!’

She winced, waiting for another shock, but none came. As her senses started to return, her awareness grew – she was upright, dangling in the air, held securely in a harness-web of straps, pressure spread over her body.

‘What is your name?’

Her mind lurched, memories flashing past – vague and repressed, seen through twisting shadows of pain. She had a name, didn’t she? The memories were strange and distant, like they belonged to someone else, like a TV show, when she had been free, not bound and tormented. But she couldn’t remember much – names and faces slipped out of her recollection, melting away.

'L... That is the name Mistress Xyah gave me.' Her hip throbbed in pain, and she could remember the agony of the brand, scorching metal biting into her skin, leaving a permanent scar. Fear started to swell – why couldn't she see? What was going on, and what had been done to her?

'Excellent. Your mistress has a task for you.' Another shock to her crotch, this one softer, almost comforting compared to the earlier, more brutal shocks. Her feet touched against a solid surface, or at least her toes did – her feet were bent on high heels, forcing her onto her toes, and she would have fallen if she wasn't still supported by the strap-harness.

'For service, you will be granted the taste of her *eshvala*.' She felt mist again, slightly damp against her face, a flavor there that made her heart race and pound. Hands touched her, loosening off the straps, forcing her to support herself. Her body was sheathed in something tight and slightly stretchy, restraining her even as it kissed against her skin. It numbed her sense of touch, making it harder to detect the hands as they touched against her, freeing her from the harness, making her feel even more like a prisoner, captive in her own skin.

A hand touched her cheek, making her flinch, before it slid upwards, something over her eyes getting pulled away, and brutally blinding light flowing in. It hurt, even through tightly-closed eyes, vague blurs and shadows all around her, still moving and touching her.

'You have been honored with a special role from your mistress. And if you disappoint her, then she will punish you.' The voice still sounded directly into L's ears, as her vision started to return – she was in a medical facility, everything gleaming white, being fussed over by latex-wrapped nurses, bodies shining white, the stuff clinging to their every curve.

'You are to be in charge of the other slaves. Your conditioning is now complete – so now is the time to test it.'

A hand squeezed her backside, fingers digging into the meat of her buttocks.

'I doubt you can even remember it, but I made sure that you went through a lot of physical training! So you're stronger and tougher than you were – and your mind has been thoroughly altered. Who were you before you became L?'

The memory flashes again – a large house in suburbia, smiling family, athletic training, sports, friends, but everything was vague and blurry, no faces, just soft impressions, nothing specific. But Mistress Xyah was hard and sharp in her head, a mental presence dominating her, making her mouth water for the taste of her owner's cunt.

'I... I...' She stuttered, mind frozen, struggling to speak, the memory-shards rough-edged, letting her know that there had once been *something* there, but it was now forever gone. 'I... don't... know... I serve Mistress Xyah...'

'Excellent. You know your place.' The hand slid around her body, squeezing her breasts, a dull throb rippling through her body. 'And your body has been improved. How old are you?'

Another question, another headache starting to pound inside L's head, as she struggled to think of anything other than Mistress Xyah. More than twenty, but otherwise... She could remember, just, that there had been a time before the woman had taken her, before the dungeons, and the screaming, the whippings, shocks, forced submersions, brutal impacts of canes against her body, before the darkness, but it hurt to even try and remember.

'Even better than I expected! Xyah will be pleased.' She was pushed forward, trying to keep her balance in the heels, her body feeling different than she remembered – denser, more powerful, stronger. And now her vision had adjusted better to the blindingly bright surgical lights, she could see more – ahead of her, supported by their wrists, blinded by black latex hoods, were women she recognized. Each had a brand-scar on their hip – “U”, “S” and “T”. They were completely naked except for the hoods, and clearly conscious, occasionally twitching and shuddering.

'You are responsible for these three. When they err, then you are to punish them. Do you understand?'

The three bodies, all tight, lean and beautiful, hair coiling out from beneath the hoods, sparked a lust within L, her pussy twitching and leaking. Almost as if able to sense her, S shuddered, leaning back like she was trying to get away.

'That is... what Mistress Xyah wants?'

'It is. If you please her, she will honor you with her presence.'

'And I can... taste her?'

'If she so wishes. Do you recognize these three?'

Memory flashes – parties, celebrations, being together, friendship, along with awkward fumbles, touching and stroking each other, and the desire to *dominate*, to *hurt*, and to force them to kiss and stroke her back. A distant anger started to stoke itself within her – they had refused her desires before, teasing and cruel! But now she could hurt them, do what she wanted, as long as it pleased Mistress Xyah.

'They belong to your mistress, but you are permitted to hurt them. Show off your skills.' Another push, this one gentle, making her step towards the bound women. Their wrists were held in stiff metal bonds above their head, fingers twisting, seeking an impossible escape.

She couldn't tear her eyes off their naked bodies, feeling herself salivate, wiping the back of her hand on her mouth, the sensation strangely numb and dry thanks to the body-hugging latex suit. L moved towards T, drinking in the softness of her skin, the cute little dip of the woman's navel, the divots of her hips, the cleft between her legs, and the swell of her breasts.

L reached forward, touching her fingers against a breast, groaning a little from the numbness. She wanted to feel the warmth of the skin against her hand, to have flesh-to-flesh contact!

Irritation flashed through her, becoming righteous anger. She would prove herself to Mistress Xyah, and be allowed to suck at her owner's pussy!

She ran her hands over the body of T, noting every little shiver and shudder, the hooded head twitching around, desperate and pathetic whines and gasps coming from beneath it. She'd never been allowed to play like this before! She leaned over, lightly kissing at a nipple, flicking her tongue over the nib of skin, savoring the taste of T's skin, clean and sweet, before sinking her teeth into the tit, crushing it between her teeth.

She couldn't see, but T immediately tensed up, trying to pull away, L wrapping an arm around the woman to keep her close. She twisted her head, wrenching on the nipple, feeling pleasure surge through her, taking the chance to squeeze a buttock, as hard as she could.

When she let go, she could see the teeth-marks on the soft skin of the breast, red marks imprinted around the base of the nipple. She reached out and pinched it, hard, then pulled her hand back, dragging T towards herself, stretching out the tit. With her other hand, she slapped the woman in the belly, taking a deep pleasure in the impact of skin-on-skin, the hood puffing out a little from a forced expulsion of breath. She twisted the nipple between her fingers, wrenching the skin around in a vicious tweak, then letting it go and slapping at T again.

Then she reached between T's legs, stroking over the inside of a thigh, the woman shivering, before L started to finger her. It was easy to slide a finger into place, the cunt loose and warm, folds tightening up around her probes. She started to move more aggressively, forcing her finger back and forth, fascinated by the way it felt, the pussy gripping around her finger, responding to her movements.

'Your mistress requires you to hurt them. They need to fear you, so that you may guide them. That will please your mistress.'

L gave her finger another shove before withdrawing it and stepping back. The captive body, stretched upwards, exposed and vulnerable, breathing getting faster, the breasts soft and begging to be hurt, L grabbing them both and using them to pull the woman forward, dragging her onto her toes.

An audible whine sounded out from behind the hood, before one of the latex-nurses stepped around behind T and pulled it off. Eyes, wide, fearful and panicked, stared at L, soft lips stretched around a fat rubber ball.

'Nuh!' The desperate plea stoked a deep fire within L, making her want to hurt the woman even more. She smiled back, reaching out and stroking at the woman's face, sliding her latex-coated fingers over the skin, feeling an inner ache at the lack of true contact. Frustration seethed within her, as she reached back and struck the woman in the belly, forcing them to gasp in pain.

'Hnnnn!'

'Mistress Xyah has ordered me to hurt you. And then she might praise me.'

The look of terror in the woman's eyes sent an intense thrill into L's body, making her shiver, stroking at her own body, the numbness of the latex-on-latex frustrating her again.

'Use this.' A handle was shoved into her hand – she stepped back to hold the thing up, looking at the cane she was holding, a thin and springy shaft. It thrummed when she sliced it through the air, T whimpering through her gag.

She stepped back to get some space, before flicking her wrist, making the cane strike against exposed skin, slicing at a bare thigh. She felt the shock of impact through her arm and shoulder, a red mark appearing on her victim's skin. T shook her head, hair flicking around, before L struck her again. The next impact was against a breast, making the mound of flesh deform and jiggle, bringing her wrist back the other way to strike it again.

She started hitting harder and harder, enjoying the growing whines and moans. The sense of pleasure between her legs grew, as did her confidence in delivering the blows, leaving more and more welt-marks all over her victim. Would Mistress Xyah praise her for this?

T started to wriggle and twist, the motions making her body move in ways that L found fascinating, her eyes drinking in the sight of bound and captive skin, welts turning to bruises. She stepped around behind, seeing the divot of flesh above her victim's buttocks, shoulders standing out from the position of her arms.

A strike of the cane across buttocks made them deform around the impact, T yelping in pain. L struck with as much force as she could, slapping the cane hard into exposed skin, marks turning darker red from the force of the impacts. She struck again, and the cane broke, the length of it shattering, shards of it embedding themselves into T's skin.

'Very good! But remember the others. All of them are under your control.'

She let the cane drop to the floor, this time being handed a flogger, multiple leather strands ending with hard little knots. L tested the weight of it in her hand, before walking over to S, immediately launching an assault on the woman's back and buttocks. The multiple cords made it harder to control, but the way it bit into skin, knots impacting hard, wrapping around as well, made it satisfying to use, S starting to yelp and whine herself.

Only when she had satisfied herself that S had suitably reddened buttocks did she stop in close, leaning in and licking at the ear of her fresh victim before whispering. 'Spread your legs, or I'll hurt you even more.'

She moved around to stand in front, S now de-hooded as well, tears forming in her large and beautiful eyes. She shook her head in desperate fear, L ignoring her and then bringing the flogger up between her target's legs. It impacted against her cunt and inner thighs, making her scream with pain, the sound only partially swallowed up by the gag, the flow of tears getting even faster. Another cunt-strike, and S was now fully weeping, lips tight around a fat gag. Each strike made her shudder and tense up, but she was obedient and kept her legs spread wide, despite the bruises starting to appear all up her thighs.

L started to amuse herself by alternating by pussy-strikes and targeting the woman's breasts, layering in deeper and deeper welts, stripping away skin, the flogger biting deeper and deeper. This was Mistress Xyah's will, and she would do anything for that! The memory of her owner's taste was vivid in her mouth, making her feel fever-hot with desperate desire, needing to experience that again, wanting the honor of licking the pussy of her owner.

When S closed her legs, desperately trying to protect herself, L struck her breasts instead, before moving back around behind her. The way that S shivered was delicious and delightful, before L pushed her victim's buttocks apart, and started to push the flogger hand against the tight knot of the woman's buttocks. There was resistance, but she kept pushing, forcing the rough leather-wrapped rod into the tight gap, the asshole starting to yield, the thing forcing the anus open.

S was gasping and panting, unable to even scream as L violated her body, pushing the flogger deep inwards, leaving it in place, the cords twitching a little as S shifted her hips, unable to force the thing out.

'Excellent work! Mistress Xyah will be very pleased with you – such a delightfully cruel pet. But now it's time for you to be shipped back.' A hand grabbed her hair from behind, tilting her head to the side, a needle jabbing into her neck.

Smooth, chemical coolness flooded through her, darkness flowing into her vision, her legs weakening before she toppled, arms catching her and lowering her to the floor. She couldn't resist, as she fell into unconsciousness, darkness rushing into her, hoping that soon she would be reunited with Mistress Xyah...

Chapter 9: A Pleasant Awakening

Xyah rolled over in bed, enjoying the feeling of the sheets against her naked skin, her body supple and warm as she lightly stroked herself. The warmth between her legs demanded attention, and she eagerly supplied it, stroking herself there and stoking her own heat. The sluts had been returned yesterday, heavy metal crates with the women restrained inside, and it had been a delight getting them out and playing with them!

With her eyes still closed, she reached out, trying to find one of the warm bodies that should be close by, chained to the bed, ready for use. Their scent was still in the air, and she could feel their warmth, but where were they? The fingers of one hand continued to tease herself as she fumbled through emptiness, sheets twisting around her body, before she opened her eyes.

A faint moan sounded out from close by, muted and warped by something. Xyah removed her fingers from herself, rolling over and stretching out, sheets sliding off her body, the air outside them still warm enough to be comfortable.

Morning sunlight crept through the curtains, a golden glow cast over her room, easy to adjust to. Something moved, another low and passionate moan sounding out, Xyah turning to look.

Two of the sluts, U and T, were on their knees, legs spread over the curved saddles of sybians, the motors thrumming away on low power. Xyah inhaled, able to detect the scent of their pleasure as they gasped, thick leather straps around their thighs holding them in place, keeping them atop the vibrating sybian. A short chain linked their collars, making them face each other, more chains linking their breasts. They kissed, the chains barely long enough to allow them anything else, their hands cuffed behind their back.

Both their bodies twitched and shook in slow, sultry passion, the sybians keeping them on edge, but denying them the stimulation they needed to reach a climax. T had a few marks down her back, not yet fully healed from yesterday, Xyah smiling at the recent memories of testing how soft and sensitive her slaves were.

The two of them writhed together, muscles slowly tensing and shifting beneath their soft skin, Xyah lost for a moment in admiration of their bodies, as her own desire started to rise again. Now she had her slaves back she had options other than having to pleasure herself!

She crawled forward on the bed, licking her lips in anticipation of pleasure to come, when she saw that S was kneeling on the floor, forehead against the ground, butt up in the air. Xyah smiled – the girl must have prepared this as a morning treat!

‘Good girl. Now you may worship your mistress.’ She reached the end of the bed, lightly stroking her own breast, enjoying the sights, sounds and scents of T and U bound onto the sybians, bound in the forced kiss. She stretched her leg out, tapping her foot against the back of S, the woman shivering, and then slowly rising up from her kneeling position.

‘Worship me.’

S was kneeling now, her legs slightly spread so that Xyah could see the dark slit there, her arms crossing behind her back. There was a momentary shiver and a pause, Xyah wondering if she would need to reach for a whip, but then S leaned forward and kissed at the top of Xyah’s foot. Her lips were soft and warm, placing a long and slow kiss onto Xyah’s skin, and then a series of kisses over her foot.

‘That’s it. Good girl – you know your place now, don’t you? Serving and worshipping.’ The touch of the lips against her body made her shiver again with pleasure, letting the sensation build and grow within her, as the kisses went from the arch of her foot onto her ankle.

‘Lick.’

A pink, wet tongue slid out from between red lips, S starting to lean into the foot-worship even more, Xyah smiling down at her. As this went on, she turned her attention back to T and U, still writhing atop their sybians, bound and trapped, wrapped up in each other. The alterations had been expensive, but had been worth it, the women’s bodies now refined and improved, and their

minds broken beyond fixing, into mentalities far more pleasing to play with. Even just asking about their previous lives provoked tears and anguish, their memories fractured and broken!

That would make them far better suited for their positions as pleasure-slaves – after all, they would never be returning home, they were now just Xyah's personal fuck-slaves, meat for her to use. She let herself be licked and worshipped, the tongue sliding over her body, licking off the slight sweat of sleep.

'Good girl.'

The praise made S emit a faint whine, the woman's cheeks turning pink – was that shame, pleasure or both? Well, as long as the woman served as an extension of Xyah's will, then it didn't really matter. And, in time, her obedience would deepen, scoring itself into the woman's soul, making it impossible for her to even think of rebelling.

T and U whimpered again, the sounds muted by each other. Xyah twisted, extending her other leg for the attention of S, seeing L stood in the corner. She had adopted the proper pose of readiness, with her legs slightly spread to allow access to her cunt, hands on her head, offering no protection or defense if she were to be struck, with her eyes downcast.

Xyah stood up, pushing S away with her foot, the woman returning to her bowing position. The stance made her buttocks stand out, the curves of her hips and waist prominent, ready and waiting to be abused. But Xyah wanted her own pleasure – she walked towards T and U, unclipping their neck-chains and breasts, then placing a hand on each of their heads, pulling them apart and then stepping between them.

'I have other uses for your tongues. You know what to do.'

She didn't have to pull either of them in, both of them already leaning into her. A tongue licked against her asshole, rimming her, as she pulled her buttocks apart for easier access. Another tongue licked against her slit, easily sliding into her, the woman making a sound of rapture, starting to suck and lick with greater enthusiasm.

'That's it – serve your mistress. Prove your worth, and I may be less harsh with you.'

She didn't even have to roll her hips, the slave-sluts knowing how to serve, one tongue flicking over the sensitive spots of her asshole, another teasing at her cunt. She reached forward, resting her hands on the head of the one in front of her, enjoying the soft, warm hair, before tightening her grip, taking a firm hold. As the tonguing continued, her grip tightened, the tongue pausing for a moment before continuing with greater vigor.

'The surgery was good – your tongue never used to feel like this! And you don't really need to talk, so it doesn't matter if you mumble a bit. If nothing else, I can always just gag you.'

The tongue probed into her slit, finding her clit and flicking against it, making Xyah gasp in pleasure. She let herself be pleased, then wrenched the woman's head back, looking down at

her. There were a few tears streaking their way down her slave's cheeks, Xyah smiling at the sight of them.

'Tears of pleasure? Or is this because you know what you are now – one of my dedicated and personal tongue-slaves. I might let others use you, but I'm never going to sell you. You all belong to me – and if you disappoint me, then I'll have to punish you more.' The tongue in her ass started to move with greater vigor, Xyah dragging the slave in front of her forward, letting her eat out her pussy again.

As the pleasure rose within her, she raised an arm and gestured at L, who immediately snapped to attention.

'Prepare S – I think she should be in a bitchesuit today. Prepare her.'

The woman ducked her head in acknowledgement, stepping forward with admirable grace, swooping down onto S and grabbing her collar. S choked and spluttered as the collar pulled against her throat, but she didn't resist, letting herself be dragged across the floor, trying to move to keep up to ease the pain.

Xyah let the pleasure flow through her as she watched S get turned into a bitch, her body getting wrapped in tight leather, with plugs inserted into her ass and pussy, the suit clinging to her curves, straps forcing her onto all fours.

It was getting harder and harder to think, the tongues moving faster and faster, Xyah barely aware of the little gasps and groans she was making as she was pleased. Being able to wake up to this, every single day? Well worth the cost! She yanked at hair again, feeling the tongue tense up before continuing to lick and slide and kiss.

She didn't resist the orgasm, letting the two women kiss and worship her until she came, having her juices licked from her, her thoughts turning to slow, lazy mush, impossible to focus. Even after she came, she let the tongues continue to writhe, before pushing the heads away, stepping out from between the women.

The scents of their own denied pleasure were even more overt now, their eyes glazed, hips tight around the sybians. She grabbed the one that had been kissing her ass by the throat, tilting the woman's head back and squeezing her jaw, forcing the mouth open and then spitting into the wet hole.

'You can enjoy my taste.' She spat again, before pulling the woman's head forward, making the two slave-sluts kiss. 'Share it between yourselves.' It took her just a moment to attach the neck-chain again, drawing it more tightly through their collars so they couldn't pull away from each other. Not that they wanted to, it seemed – their shared kiss was deep and passionate, the two women leaning into each other, nipples visibly hard, breathing fast and shallow.

S was now fully sheathed within her bitchesuit, her skin all hidden except for her face and her cunt, on her elbows and knees, with padded blocks to help support her. The leather supported

and shaped her body, giving her an even narrower waist, a tail sprouting from her backside, connected to a fat anal-plug. She shuffled around, the suit making it hard for her to look up, as L dragged her hair into a tie, pulling it from her eyes.

‘Good work.’

L dipped her head in acknowledgement, but didn’t say anything. S twisted around, testing the limits of her movement, the suit tight and restrictive, raising and then lowering a forcibly-bent leg.

‘I think a morning walk would be pleasant. But first I need to dress – and I need to reach something from the top shelf.’ She didn’t even have to attach a leash, S crawling towards the walk-in closet, Xyah reaching down to stroke at the leather-wrapped skin, pushing hard enough that the woman inside would be able to feel the touch. The corset around the woman’s waist was rigid and hard, shaping the body inside, a mobile prison for her.

What to wear? She didn’t have anything to do today other than pleasure herself, so didn’t need to be too fancy. Her eyes skimmed over the hangers and the mirrored cabinets of jewelry and ornaments, before she stepped up onto S, using the woman as a stool. She could feel the cords and stays of the corset beneath her feet, but the woman was a strong and stable platform, not shaking or shuddering beneath Xyah. She took a long box from the top shelf, careful not to drop it as she stepped off her bitch-slave. Yes, those would do. And a tight, sleek dress, tailored just for her.

She slipped that on, enjoying the feeling of the material against her skin, a deep black, embossed with her personal symbol, and with golden braid on one shoulder, coming to mid-thigh.

Inside the box were black leather thigh-length boots, long laces all the way from the ankle to the thigh, crisscrossed between metal tabs. She returned to her bedroom, pulling S into position and sitting on her, twisting her backside to make herself comfortable, and then gesturing L over, passing the boots over.

There was a barely-perceptible shudder that ran through L as she took them, leaning in close, desire on her face. Xyah stretched her leg out, letting the boot get slid into place, savoring the feeling of the leather against her skin, tight against her foot and loose elsewhere.

L started to tighten the laces, starting at the bottom, making the leather tighten itself around Xyah’s leg. It was like a long, slow embrace, the leather tightening into place, the boots perfectly made to fit her, close and perfect all the way up to the knee, and then looser above to allow some flexibility.

The look of increasing arousal on L’s face, as she served Xyah, was another source of pleasure. There was a faint sheen of pleasure between the woman’s legs, her lower lips begging for the strike of a paddle, but that could wait for later. Instead, Xyah lightly stroked and teased herself, feeling her breasts through her dress, as she extended her other leg to be booted.

'You're much better now, aren't you? No rebellion, no brattiness – just obedience. And you even get to punish the others, if you're good.'

She let the leather slide into place, kissing against her foot and ankle, lovingly close, able to still hear the soft moans and gasps of T and U on their sybians. And S was beneath her, providing a stable and comfortable seat, her buttocks firm beneath the leather.

'All four of you – what a perfect set! It's going to be nice to show you off.' She stroked the body of S again, waiting until her boot was fully laced before standing up. The heels made her taller, helping her to feel more powerful and dominant. Xyah moved around behind S, pulling on the tail, hard enough that the butt-plug started to slide out, stretching the tight asshole of the bitch-slave. When she let go, it started to slide back in, disappearing from view.

'A morning walk, then. L, you may punish T and U – I want you to practice your crop-work. Don't be too brutal, but you may mark them if you wish. They are not allowed to come, and you all will be punished should that happen.'

She found a leash and clipped it into place around her pet's collar, pulling on it hard, enjoying the choked gasp and whine.

'Time for your walk, slut. And keep up, unless you want to be down on all fours until you learn to keep up!' Not that she wanted to move too fast herself – it was warm and pleasant, a day for idle pleasures rather than hard work.

Chapter 10: Games, Part 1

Xyah threw herself to the side, stretching her arm out as she swung the racquet, managing to make the connection with the ball, flicking it back over the net, before trying to regain her balance. Her opponent was fast, but not quite fast enough, just barely missing the ball as it bounced, before rolling out of the court.

She could feel the heat of her own body, now sweaty enough that her top was clinging to her small breasts, glad that the tennis skirt was keeping her legs cool. It was annoyingly close – they'd been back and forth for almost an hour now, neither able to gain a conclusive lead. But at least her opponent was starting to show the strain as well, with Amunhet's darker face now shining with sweat, her toned arms bright as she went to get the ball, bouncing it against the court floor a few times.

Amunhet was stronger than Xyah, but also heavier, relying on her strength more than skill – receiving a serve was brutal, but when she managed that, then it was often possible to keep the woman off-balance. But those serves! Xyah's arms were aching and straining, just from the effort of hitting hard enough to knock the balls back. A direct hit would *hurt!* The ball-girl had suffered a few such impacts, bruises staining her soft and creamy skin, her eyes downcast, mouth sealed with tape as she waited to be useful again.

Xyah inhaled, readying herself to move, as Amunhet bounced the ball again, then tossed it up into the air, racquet coming back. She couldn't entirely suppress the sting of fear, at the sheer power the woman had, throwing herself towards the back corner of the court as the ball shot forward, faster than her eyes could track, moving on pure instinct.

She felt the shock of impact, managing to knock the ball back, although it wasn't as precise as she would have liked. Why had Amunhet invited her to a game? The woman had a reputation, even by Amazon standards, for being haughty and temperamental, and with the power her mother held, it was better to respect her, at least in public.

The ball came back, Xyah just about able to receive and hit it back. She could keep going, but her smaller size was starting to tell against her, her arms weakening – perhaps it might be better to let Amunhet win? From the savage grunts she was making, she was going all-out, putting her full strength into each swing, her face focused and intent.

She'd have to make it look good though – she darted across the court, managing a backhand lob, forcing Amunhet to dart with sudden speed. Xyah slowed, letting Amunhet return the ball, stretching out towards it... and just barely making contact, the swing sending the ball askew, a high arc that took it out of bounds.

Amunhet wasn't subtle in her victory, raising her racquet, then grabbing another ball and pelting it towards the ball-girl, who yelped in pain.

'Match point is mine! You were more of a challenge than I expected.' The way she stared at Xyah was a little unsettling, too close to the way Xyah regarded her slaves, but Xyah made herself stand up straight and look back, running her eyes over Amunhet's body, dressed only in the short tennis skirt and thin t-shirt, showing herself off.

'After that, I think it's time for some food. I've reserved one of the boxes – if you would care to join me, Xyah?'

This place was public enough that even Amunhet wouldn't dare anything untoward – the country club was owned by Amazons, and so used to having slaves around, but wouldn't want to deal with the hassle of an Amazon going missing on their property.

Xyah nodded, glad to take a break – and she could show off her own slaves as well, and how well-trained they were! She was just about to raise her hand to summon a house-slave when L entered, leading U, S and T. Those three were all in transparent bitch-suits, forcing them onto all fours, L leading them on leashes, the slaves blindfolded and with earplugs in, conveniently isolated from the world. L was wearing the same transparent latex suit, showing off her toned body beneath, her eyes downcast as she approached.

L bowed, passing the leashes over to Xyah, who yanked on them, enjoying the slight splutters and choking gasps, before she followed behind Amunhet, into one of the boxes around the court, a large table at the ready, overlooking the court. Amunhet's own slave was already there, dropping down to all fours to let her mistress sit on her. L was quick to step around and drop

down as well, making her back straight and flat, Xyah taking a seat. She was sweaty enough that she stuck slightly, her skin clinging to the slave's suit, as she made herself comfortable.

'You need to keep them blinded and deafened? That seems excessive – unless you cannot control them.'

'It is part of their training – they are perfectly obedient, but I wish to hone their other senses. They need to be able to tell the difference between slave-cunt and the taste of an Amazon, between *Eshvala* and *Dynna*. And a good slave should have no need of vision to perform their duties – I've had all of them modified to better suit my preferences, and they are all very well suited to their purposes.'

She dragged them closer, yanking deliberately hard on the leashes, making them gasp again as they were choked, until she could reach out her hand and grab S by the head. She could feel the woman shivering, making delicious little mewls and whines, tongue flicking at the air.

'You see? They can sense our bodies, and with the sweat we've built up, it's making them nice and worked up.' She wrenched at S, before slapping at her side, pushing upwards. S obeyed, rolling over onto her back, her bent-back arms and legs wagging around, firmly strapped into place. Xyah twisted around, stamping down onto the exposed belly, making S gasp in pain, mouth opening wide.

Her piercings could be seen through the latex, shining under the lights. Between her legs, her pussy rings were visible, holding a dildo inside the spread cunt, impaling the slave.

She stamped down again, Amunhet making her slave move closer so she could see. Other slaves, owned by the club, were now entering with food and drink, moving with silent grace.

'I find it pleasurable to keep them nice and stimulated, but without letting them have release. It makes them wonderfully soft!' She stretched her leg out, bringing her foot down onto the cunt of her slave, the bound-back limbs tensing and wriggling, a wet groan sounding out. She ground downwards, feeling the dildo through the sole of her shoe. 'So soft and desperate. And this one doesn't even need a gag – she's capable of speech, but knows that she is not permitted such a thing. Eventually, I might let her be a little more human, but that will take time.'

She tossed the leash of T towards Amunhet, letting the woman drag the slave closer. A few prods and touches, and T was on her back as well, blindly looking upwards. Her pleasure was clearly visible, with dampness around her impaled pussy, starting to gasp and shudder as Amunhet stamped down.

'You see? They could attempt to be human again, but they know the consequences. L is allowed to train them, but she has to endure my own personal touch.' The shiver that ran through L, currently serving as a chair, made Xyah sigh in pleasure, before giving the woman a swift, sharp spank. 'S could talk – but I doubt she wishes to endure the consequences, and any more damage to her spirit. All of them are fully aware of how degraded and broken they are,

but are unable to fight back. Their spirits are already crushed, but this erodes them away to nothing. And is much less labor than having to physically beat them!

Amunhet was grinding her foot back and forth over T's crotch, making the woman writhe and gasp. The latex suits sealed away any scent, but it was still obvious how desperate and tormented T was.

'I prefer a more... direct approach. My Co'ra took months of hard work to shape by hand. She knows, intimately, what will happen if she ever disappoints me – and I know just how to make her scream. The bastinado is something she particularly fears – and is so easy to deliver. Just a few, quick strikes, and she's weeping and begging for me to stop. At least, as best she can through a gag. Such a delight to mark her up! Isn't that right, Co'ra?'

She grabbed at her slave's backside, obviously squeezing hard, if the woman's expression was anything to judge by, head coming up.

'Yes, Mistress. I serve and obey, at your will.' There was a faint tremor beneath her speech, suppressed emotions there. 'Would you like to try her? She is very skilled – although I don't normally share.'

Xyah looked down at the woman – she was very attractive, showing little strain from having Amunhet mounted on her, a faint blush on her cheeks, probably from the spank.

'You may try T, then. To see how she compares.'

This also forced Amunhet to stand, as her slave crawled forward, mouth wide open, tongue extended. Xyah moved into position, twisting around and pulling her panties down, then spreading her legs wide. The sweat-stained underwear she held up in front of S, before pushing them into the woman's mouth. A shiver ran through her, Xyah slapping at the butt again, before reaching out and grabbing at Co'ra by the hair, pulling her in close, ignoring the little gasp of pain.

Co'ra showed enthusiasm, at least leaning into her task, kissing and sucking at Xyah's pussy, her tongue warm and wet as it pushed into Xyah. She kept her grip tight, taking her other hand and sliding it beneath the woman's top, digging her nails into skin and scraping, as hard as she could.

She gasped in pleasure as the tongue flicked and twisted around, the tempo shifting as she started to hurt the woman. Opposite her, Amunhet was riding T's face, straddling it, squeezing at breasts through the latex outfit, between twisting and wrenching at the impaling dildo.

From the noises Amunhet was making, she was enjoying it, rocking her hips back and forth with a faster and faster rhythm, her eyelids flickering, her breathing getting more and more rapid. T's face was hidden, but her body wriggled around as she tried to pleasure the woman riding her face. Xyah let herself relax into the sensations, Co'ra skilled at her work, Xyah pulling harder

and harder on the woman's hair, using that to control the speed and intensity of the pleasure. She didn't want to reach a climax too fast!

'Hmmm, I suppose she is... hahhhh... rather skilled...' From the look on her face, Amunhet was holding back as well, the two of them staring each other down, neither wanting to be the first to come. 'A welcome, hmmm... trade.'

'Your Co'ra is quite, hah... talented... as well.'

They were both gasping now, Xyah digging her nails harder into Co'ra, a gasp from the woman transmitting itself into her, the pulse of air rippling against her sensitive folds. It was hard to talk, so they fell into silence, staring at each other. The pleasure increased, more and more, harder and harder to hold back. Amunhet's gaze was increasingly distant, Xyah falling into herself, before it was too much to resist, and she came, a warm blurriness descending over her. She couldn't tell if Amunhet had orgasmed as well, too wrapped up in her own pleasures, Co'ra continuing to lick and suck, giving her a pleasurable after-glow.

It took her a few moments to collect herself again, vision returning, to see that Amunhet had come as well, juices stained against T's face.

'I trust my T meet your standards?'

'She does! I've never experienced a modified slave before. Perhaps I should have my Co'ra altered as well – although I would rather not go without her while she heals. Her tongue certainly has a different feel.'

'Having one on the front and one on the back is quite delightful!'

'That does sound... enticing. Perhaps I should visit?'

Xyah narrowed her eyes, sudden suspicion flaring. Was the woman trying to show off, to make Xyah into a subordinate? Amunhet had more power and influence, but Xyah didn't want to become her client, serving at the other woman's whim.

'Purely as a guest – no debt will be incurred, no price will need paying. But I have noticed your ambition. You have already managed to ensure powers for yourself, even if you're a long way from a seat on the Amazon council, the *Dodekathara*. You have power and influence amongst the lower ranks in the A'Vala'Sekhmet. Nothing compared to what I wield, but impressive, especially given where you started from.'

Xyah glared at her – her bloodline was far, far beneath that of Amunhet, but there was no call to be so blunt about it! It had taken favors greater than she liked to think about to secure that post, but it was still more than she had ever expected to have.

'I seek allies – those of the same generation as myself, that are more likely to take me seriously than the elders. But this can be of utility for both of us.' She shoved T away, the slave

sprawling to the side, still blindfolded, twisting her head, desperately licking around, for every droplet of pussy-juice. 'There are those that dislike my *Vala*, the Sekhmet, and take every chance to deny me the respect I am due. If you were to give me no more than a fair judgement, then that would be deeply appreciated. And any information from council meetings that it might be useful for me to know. And, in exchange, there is much I can do for you – I have many contacts and much wealth, that could be made available to you.'

'I will not bow my neck to you.' Xyah made herself stare back at Amunhet, trying to keep her expression even, despite the racing of her heart. An alliance with the *Vala*'Sekhmet could boost her status a lot, but the danger of being caught in a snare of those more powerful than herself would complicate matters!

'Of course. I would expect nothing less – but I have need of allies. Those willing to support me, rather than treat me as a child. To show my appreciation for your help, I would be willing to give you the slaves to award as prizes for a wild hunt. One such as hasn't been seen in a century or more – a prize of twenty of the finest slaves to go to the winner. To be awarded by yourself, as the organizer, of course. That should certainly boost your status, should it not?'

Xyah tried to hide her shock. She'd seen wild hunts in the past, but never for more than a double-handful of slaves, and that a rarity. To give away twenty of the finest slaves, as simply a prize, was a cost that most households couldn't bear!

'It... certainly would, yes. That would be something that would draw attention.' Her mind whirled through the possibilities – if she could arrange a Wild Hunt, then the status that would accrue to herself would be significant! Enough to draw acclamation to promote herself within the council. 'It is risky though, if the Hunt itself should go awry.'

'I have faith in your ability to organize that much. That you have broken your slaves so well is a good sign. While I may not be able to lend open support, I will channel what resources I can your way. Is that sufficient?'

'I would need to see the meat first.'

'Of course – that can be arranged. But you will aid me, and, in return, you will ensure I am kept informed of council business.'

Xyah weighed the matter quickly in her head, then nodded. 'Yes. That is... agreeable.'

'Excellent. I think that this will be a useful alliance. And your slave certainly seems most skilled! I wouldn't object if you were to permit me further access to them. Perhaps a group session some day?'

'That can likely be arranged. Although I will request your *Co'ra* again – her tongue is quite skilled. And it will be interesting to see what her endurance is like.'

'She's quite tough – but has a delightful scream once pushed beyond her endurance. I will bring her along, should you honor me with an invitation.'

That seemed to settle matters, at least for now. The details would be a lot harder to organize, but that could be managed, in time. A Wild Hunt! With 20 slaves as the prize – that would *definitely* increase her status.

Chapter 11: Games, Part 2

Xyah tightened the straps around her waist, feeling the weight of the strap-on against her body, the base of the oversized cock firmly secured against her body. It wasn't a thing designed for pleasure – the shaft was fat, long and rough, making her hand prickle when she rubbed it.

'You. Turn around.' She gestured at one of the slaves, the woman having the temerity to meet her eyes, just for a second, before obeying. Xyah felt a surge of irritation wash through her, hands tensing, before she took hold of the cock-shaft. For that, the woman had earned taking it raw, without any lube!

'All my property is quite tough – I punish them regularly, to make sure there's no chance for them to grow weak.' The speaker was Xendra, another Amazon; sat down at the gaming table, turned in her seat to watch. 'But you won the round, so she is yours to hurt – and, if you make her break, then I suppose it will be your win. This won't be the first time that she's had a harsh ass-fucking though.'

The woman sounded confident, but Xyah could see the slight tremors through the slave's body, as she put her arms up against the wall, thrusting her ass out and parting her legs, making herself accessible, body taut and exposed.

Xyah approached, slapping her hand against the buttocks, enjoying their warmth, able to feel the muscles beneath. The woman had clearly undergone a lot of training, to shape and mold her body into this perfect, beautiful shape! Another spank, and then Xyah parted the buttocks, putting the cock-head between them, starting to force the cock into place. She had to push hard, forcing the rough shaft against soft skin, hearing the slave start to gasp and pant, the muscles of her back shivering and tensing up. Xyah stroked a hand over the dimples at the base of the woman's spine, taking pleasure in how they twitched, as she kept forcing the cock in, further and further. The tight little asshole was forced wide, the shaft over an inch wide, abrading the skin.

'You can stop this – simply beg for mercy, and it will all be over.'

The slave whimpered, Xyah reaching around and cupping a breast, digging her hand into the curve of flesh, grabbing it and squeezing hard.

'Just one word, and I'll stop.'

She was having to push quite hard, forcing her hips forward, to push the shaft in deeper and deeper. The asshole was fully spread now, the cock pushed in, stretching it wide. When she withdrew and then thrust in deeper, it was a little easier, the passage partially opened. She could hear the pitch and speed of the woman's breathing change, getting faster and shallower as her body reacted, forced into instinctive reactions.

Xyah kept mauling one breast, her other hand moving down to the woman's cunt, pinching at the lips, causing as much pain as she could. Her hips moved with greater force as it got easier and easier, until most of the length of the shaft was buried within the woman's body. When she pushed her hand against the woman's belly, she could feel the fast breaths, pushing back with her palm, forcing even more air from the woman's lungs.

Getting the last inch or so into the woman's ass was harder, stretching her body beyond what it was used to. Soft gasps and whines sounded out, the whimper making Xyah feel warm with pleasure.

'Beg for mercy, and the pain will stop.'

The only response was more pained gasps, Xyah slamming the cock back and forth, imagining it scraping and chafing against tender skin. The slave would certainly be feeling this for a while!

A chime rang out, a light tone interrupting Xyah, making her groan in annoyance.

'I told you they were well trained.'

Xyah unstrapped the cock, leaving it buried deep within the woman's asshole, the harness now dangling downwards, as the woman turned back around. Although at least she was now moving slowly, her expression betraying pain as she returned to her previous position. Xyah groped her breast again, before returning to the gaming table.

The table had several lines of cards – tarot-sized, larger than regular cards – all showing the same stylized art of woman, dominant or submissive, bound or free, each drawing unique. Most were in stark black and white, with only occasional vivid splashes of red or gold. Between the cards, the table-top was transparent, letting Xyah see the woman inside, down on all fours, impaled in the ass, mouth and pussy by ridged metal shafts, marked with thick black lines. Currently, the slave's mouth was penetrated up to the fourth line, her ass empty, and her pussy only up to the second.

A thick stream of dribble was pouring from the woman's mouth, the metal shaft making it impossible for her to contain it. The small spotlights built into the table showcased her body, making the welts on her pale skin obvious, recent abuse that hadn't yet healed. She was staff here, owned by the club though – being penetrated in all three holes was probably mild compared to what she was used to!

Xendra looked over her cards, before placing one down with deliberate care, partially overlapping two others. 'The Leashed Beauty. I'm looking forward to earning another point, and

then I'll have my chance to play with one of your slaves. The blonde doesn't look far from breaking – she seemed very responsive to the breast clamps.'

Xyah didn't bother turning to look at her own slaves, lined up ready for punishment. The amount of drugs she'd dosed them with, carefully measured to ensure they wouldn't betray their numbness, should keep them from breaking under torture! That, and their knowledge of what would await them back home if they did break.

'I've been working on these four for a while, so I know they can take quite some punishment. They're even starting to enjoy it, or at least their bodies do.' She looked over the arrangement of cards and what was overlaid onto what, before picking her own card. A weak play, but it should buy her time. 'Weeping Virgin atop Maiden.'

'Hmm.' Xendra's tone was carefully neutral. 'I must confess I'm surprised that you're challenging me again. I won a slave off you last time – and I know you're not wealthy enough to simply discard one.'

'You're scarcely wealthier yourself! And I have larger real estate holdings than you do.'

The faint grunt of response seemed mildly derisive, but Xyah ignored it, waiting for the woman to take her turn.

'I suppose. We're both in the lower tiers of power, it seems. A somewhat... uncomfortable place to be, now that those greater than ourselves are stirring. While we won't be collared, we may well end up pressured by others, and with less independence than is ideal. Although maybe I could take over your possessions? You're certainly cute enough we could have fun together.'

Xyah couldn't quite restrain her growl – she was no-one's bitch! But at least the woman seemed aware of the situation, and how dangerous matters were for those on the lower rungs of Amazon society. She forced herself to be calmer before responding.

'Others of similar power to ourselves are already moving into position – behind one or another of those with the most power. And I have no desire to end up subservient to that degree! So yes, this game is more than an idle challenge. Consider it a test, to see if you were worthy of my further regard.'

'Oh? And what if I should say I don't want your regard?'

'Then you will be lapping from a bowl beneath the table of one of the great powers within a few years. I suppose you'd make a nice little kitten for them – they might even give you a jeweled collar, if you ask nicely, and a bowl of cream.'

She could see Xendra tense up, enjoying the sight of the other woman's annoyance and anger, feeling her own desire to dominate rise up within herself. She tried to suppress it, at least a little – this matter required delicacy, not brute force!

'The two of us are both weak, but together we have power enough to hold steady through whatever storm arises.'

Xendra stared at her, eyes narrowed, before placing a card down. 'The Veiled Prize.' It went down onto the end of one of the extended trailing lines of cards, half-covering another. 'An alliance? An interesting proposition. And I suppose you're right, in that I lack the power to subsume your household – and you mine. But we are scarcely partners, which may complicate matters. Whose to say that you will not try and cage me in your home? Or I you – I have a cage just the right size for you, and it would be pleasant to hear you scream as your lovely small breasts are pierced.'

A phantom ache ran through Xyah's nipples, and she had to restrain herself from crossing an arm over her chest.

'Although we are both minor players, we have enough allies that a disappearance would be missed. So such an action would be foolish – on either of our parts. Neither of us have remotely enough power to brush such a thing out of sight! Although you may be permitted to play with my slaves – and I hope that you will extend the same courtesy to me.'

'You get ahead of yourself – I could simply win another from you, and mess up that cute little naming system of yours.'

'Your victory will not be that easy. Golden chains.' She placed the card down, right at the center of the pattern, making sure to tidy and align five other cards beneath it, shrouding them from sight. 'And such a win would be short-lived, wouldn't it? I've seen the ways others look at you – the same way they look at me. A tasty morsel, protected only by social conventions, while we have to be wary of giving offense.'

Xendra sighed. 'You raise annoyingly good points. A few others have made... invitations... that are rather irksome. Nothing I cannot deal with, but I suspect they would only grow more forceful with time. I suppose I must ally with someone – and we are of similar enough power to make an arrangement functional. Oh, and hmmm... sealed mouth.'

That capped off one of the lines, but without granting Xendra a point.

'We can talk over precise terms later. But I'm glad you've been having fun with *my* A – she was one of the first of my slaves, so I'd rather she not be entirely broken.' She looked through her cards, spreading them out to see them all, before picking one. 'Shackled maiden. Making it my point.' She placed the card down with deliberate firmness, before taking the mouth-shaft and shoving it in, so the shaft slid all the way into the woman's mouth, enjoying her sputtering groans and the increased flow of spit.

Xendra grimaced, tossing the rest of her cards aside, scattering the pattern. 'A victory, I suppose. Very well – who are you going to play with, and try to break? See if you can get a full win - although if any of my slaves do break, I'll be punishing them myself!'

‘Actually, I was thinking of that one. A’na, was it?’ Xyah gestured at one of the women – a well-featured brunette, relatively unmarked, with only a collar around her neck and metal cuffs on her wrists and ankles. ‘You should consider A as a pledge between us, and the same for A’na.’

Without waiting for an answer, she crossed the room, enjoying the flash of fear in her prey’s eyes, reaching out and grabbing the collar-ring, letting the irritation that the woman was taller than her fuel her. The slave had the sense not to resist or fight back, moving with the force of the pull, Xyah shifting her around and then shoving her into a set of stocks, twisted around so that she was facing upwards, belly deliciously tight, feet shifting around, trying to find a comfortable position.

Xyah reached out, making her hand into a claw and scratching it down the woman’s belly, leaving bright red furrow-marks, hearing gasps coming, although she couldn’t see the woman’s face. She leaned over, licking at the clean, sweet-tasting skin, before her lips found a nipple, and she bit, sinking her teeth into the skin, crushing it, then stretching it out. As she did this, she reached between the woman’s legs, fingering her, finding the soft cunt wet and receptive, already starting to loosen enough to admit a finger.

She didn’t hesitate, thrusting all the way in, enjoying the gasp of pleasure-pain, watching as a ripple of tension ran through the woman’s body. Another harsh nipple-bite as she forced another finger into them, past the faint tightness and resistance. More bites, each one drawing out a faint whine of pain. She needed the woman to *break*, to show her own superiority! She could feel the nipple getting crushed between her teeth, as the woman started to pant, between fear and arousal.

She let go with her teeth, sliding her fingers out of the tight cunt, twisting them to cause more discomfort as she did so.

‘Hmm, I was expecting you to be rather... slower and more technical.’

‘When I have the luxury of time, I take advantage of it. But sometimes, it’s required to strike swiftly, and leave a lasting impression.’ She scraped her nails down the exposed belly again, a finger pushing into the cleft of the woman’s navel, letting her feel the swift, shallow pants of air the woman was making. So, does that mean that you agree to this arrangement?’

‘I think more precise terms will need discussing – and I think it will be useful to visit you, and what facilities and equipment you have. I prefer doing as much as possible by hand, but I’ve heard that you tend towards technology? Could be interesting to see, although it seems a little tiresome.’

Xyan flicked her fingers forwards, slapping at the exposed and wet cunt, full force, striking to cause pain, getting a whimper in response, feeling her own body respond, heating up.

‘It can be used to create some wonderful responses – it’s lovely when the triggers all set in. And I can demonstrate a few of the ways that I’ve shaped my property.’

She leaned over the woman, alternating between stroking and slapping, able to see the woman's ribs beneath her skin, the position putting strain onto her. Xyah made sure to stand between her legs, preventing them from closing up, making the position even more uncomfortable, as she made her hand into a fist, pushing it against the bare slit and starting to push it in.

The slit started to stretch, but only slowly, Xyah putting her weight and strength behind her fist, feeling the cunt slowly stretch to accommodate her fist. The woman whimpered as she was forced to stretch to take the fist, Xyah feeling the tight heat of the woman, pushing herself in, bit-by-bit. With her other hand, she kept slapping and pinching at the exposed breasts and belly, disrupting the woman's breathing, keeping her weaker and sensitive.

The whimpers were getting louder and louder, the pain building up within the woman's body as she was forced to gape wider and wider, the fist slowly sliding deeper and deeper in, getting swallowed up. Xyah twisted her fist, just a little, feeling the tight resistance, the wet folds embracing her, pushing back, but she powered through, enjoying the increasing groans and gasps of pain, until her fist was fully inserted.

With that in place, the woman's movement was limited, her legs straining to keep her in position, not wanting to put on any extra onto her pussy. When Xyah kissed down against the woman's body, below her navel, she could feel the tight muscles, reacting with shivers every time she moved her fist, even the slightest amount.

The whimpers were getting louder and louder, becoming more and more pain-filled as Xyah continued to slap, pinch and scrape. The woman's cunt was wetter now, a little looser now, before she screamed, unable to bear the pain anymore.

Xyah turned towards Xendra, waiting until the scream had finished, wincing from the loud noise so close. 'I think that is my victory. I'll be taking this one home with me – but now we can arrange a meeting to discuss terms more fully.' She twisted her fist, enjoying the quieter groan of pain as she withdrew it, savoring her victory – and her new ally.

Chapter 12: A Loyal Hound

She floated, feeling herself supported in liquid, her arms wrapped tightly around her body, legs strapped to each other. Her gentle, twitching movements were slowed and contained by the fluid, and there was nothing else she could touch, her own senses cut off. Sharp little electrical bites nibbled at her muscles, making her twitch and shudder, her body a thing outside of her control, darkness over her eyes. Soft, mind-melting noises kept washing against her ears, impossible to tell quite what, but she could barely think.

She tried to remember who she was, but that had melted away, into the darkness. There had been shouting, violence, anger and pain, and she had fled. Away, onto the road, traveling, and then a small town. A cop, more pain, and then the darkness – her clothing stripped, before she had been pushed into the darkness and isolation. Was this hell? She was barely even aware of

herself, and there was nothing else outside, feeling her mind being eroded by the soft, numbing whispers.

Desperate desire throbbed between her legs, a soft shaft twitching and stirring into life inside of herself. Her lips tightened around another shaft in her mouth, a dribble of sweet paste flowing into her throat. Was she just a cunt and a mouth? She could barely sense anything else, just drifting in the darkness.

And then movement, a change in the currents that flowed around and over her. Or was this another dream? She shuddered, hoping that it wouldn't be one of the nightmares, with the powerful, domineering women, leering at her, before hurting her, cruel and strong.

Another strange shift in the pressure on her body, the strain of gravity returning, no longer beneath the liquid, a vague sense of movement. Her lungs eased, no longer having to strain quite as much to breathe, some of the pain of her existence fading. Something touched against her body, and then the pressure of whatever was keeping her contained started to ease, as it was opened up, the pressure on her lessening.

She fell, slithering out of it and dropping downwards, hands grabbing and guiding her. She was too weak and pathetic to even try and fight back, her body soft and outside of her control, bitterly cold metal touching against her skin. Blindingly bright lights made her eyes hurt, gloved hands touching and poking at her, while a heavy chemical tang assaulted her nose.

Vague shapes around her slowly formed into human bodies as her vision returned – looming over her, stripping away her bindings, warm air sliding over her skin. She gasped as the plugs inside of her were pulled out, rubbing against her internal walls, sending shivers of delight through her body, her other senses slowly returning. Her scalp tingled as a hood was pulled away, blinding her for a moment, and she could feel that she had been completely shaved, all her hair removed, now utterly bald.

'You're going to be a good girl, aren't you? Otherwise you're going back in.' The voice was stern and feminine, making her shiver, control of her body slowly returning. And thoughts as well – the voice was... Su'rya? How did she know that name? A feeling of obedience, memory-flashes of past pain and training rippling through her, impossible to tell which were real, and which had been forced into her consciousness while she was within the sensory deprivation tank.

'Down.'

She had to force her body to move, her muscles slow to obey, rolling off the table, falling onto all fours. It ached a little when she hit the ground, the ground clean and smooth under her palms, neat square tiles, slight dips between them.

From here, she could see legs in front of herself – sheathed in light stockings beneath a dark skirt, fluffy petticoats poking out from beneath. Shiny black high heel stilettos, with brassy padlocks on the ankles, stepping closer, the woman's scent making her feeling obedient,

somehow burrowing into her brain. A hand pressed onto her head, pushing it down, and then leather was bent around her neck, making her shudder as it pressed around her throat.

She tried to protest, her mouth forming into shapes, but she couldn't make her tongue obey, the thing fat and heavy. Weak and pathetic mewls escaped her lips, dribble splashing out, fear creeping through her as she fumbled and gasped, unable to speak.

'The mental conditioning has worked, it seems – excellent. You no longer have any need to speak, so your ability to do so has been removed.'

'Mhnn! Nuhhhh!'

'Shhh, shhh. No complaints – this is what you are now.' The collar was pulled upwards, pulling tightly against her throat and making her choke and gasp. 'It'll be much easier if you relax – you can be a good hound that way. Certainly better than you were as a person, I'm sure! And you know who to obey as well. For now, me – I am Su'rya, your trainer. Now, follow.'

A strap appeared in front of her for a moment before getting clipped onto her collar, making her realize that it was a leash, quickly tightening as Su'rya walked away. She crawled forward, hearing her hands slap against the floor, strangely comfortable down on all fours, not daring to rise up onto her feet. It was weirdly normal though, despite how degrading it should have felt. She could feel the slight movement of her breasts, shifting as she crawled forward, her butt swaying as well.

Words started to run through her head – another voice, not her own, that was somehow familiar, an echo sounding out from her isolation. *Obey. Submit. Worship.* She shuddered, unable to repress the thoughts, still fumbling for any memories of who she was, or how she had ended up here.

She had only a vague impression of her surroundings – terrifying-looking equipment, all surgical-steel and polished leather, everything designed to hurt, bind and control. The air had a worrying scent, a combination of lust, blood and sterile cleanliness, the sense that something terrible had occurred here and been cleaned away. Bright white lights burned away any shadows as well, removing anywhere that someone might try and hide, everything exposed and vulnerable. A cage, too small to stand up in, was ahead of her, the bottom of it stained with something, not yet cleaned.

The leash pulled her forward, always tight, the collar pulling and pressing around her neck. Su'rya spoke again, as she opened a thick and heavy door.

'The mistresses wish to see you. You are to behave, or else you will be punished, harshly.'

She whimpered, fearful of any pain, not wanting to experience any of the vicious-looking tools on her skin, or even be locked into the cage! The bars had been far thicker than she would be able to break, and so she would be entirely at the mercy of someone on the outside, for food, water and any hope of freedom.

As she crawled, she could feel her senses returning, her hearing sharpening, able to better feel the hard floor beneath her palms, the slight bumps of grit and the gaps between the tiles. From somewhere out of sight, she could hear the steady thrumming of pumps and air-conditioning, working away. There were no windows, or any sign of passage to the outside world – the whole place was entirely isolated and locked away.

She was led down a hallway, trying to stay away from what looked like cell-doors down one side, all sturdy metal with small flaps at the bottom. They seemed at least better than the cage, less dehumanizing, but still controlling and worrying. Another thick metal door, and she was in another room, this one at least less filled with torture-implements, but two women were stood there, watching and waiting.

Both were tall and powerful-looking, bodies wrapped in leather, sleek and dark. She wanted to flinch away, hating the appraising look both of them regarded her with, a strong surge of fear rising up through her, freezing her into place. Su'rya pulled on the leash, making the collar tighten until it was choking her, forcing her to keep moving forward. Part of her mind was screaming at her, trying to get her to stop, to fight back, but she felt herself move forward, caught in a half-dreaming state, as she was made to crawl onto a raised platform, being presented for inspection.

As soon as one of the women touched her, she felt warmth spreading through her body, biting her lip to prevent from gasping in pleasure, feeling a tingle run down her spine. The two of them poked and squeezed at her, feeling her muscles, groping her breasts, before she was pushed down onto all fours, and fingers probed between her legs. They penetrated into her, just lightly, but still enough to make her head spin, as she was casually violated, feeling herself get wet and loose.

'Excellent work, Su'rya.'

'Thank you, Mistress Victoria. All the modifications you requested are complete.'

'Paws.' The command was clear, and she raised her... paws? She glanced down to check, confirming to herself that she did still have hands, but her nails were now jet black, which she hadn't noticed before. One of the women took her hand, stretching her fingers out, tapping her nails.

'The modifications were all completed, mistresses.'

She gasped as she was fingered more deeply, tremors rippling through her body, a delicious warmth growing in her belly. A sense of violation grew along with the pleasure, increasing as a finger brushed against her asshole, starting to push into her there. That stung, stretching out the tight muscles, but she didn't resist, the hands continuing to grope and molest her.

The woman inspecting her hands stretched out her middle finger, carefully examining the nail.

'Talons.'

A faint pain rippled through her fingertip, her nail changing, extending outwards into a sharp and savage claw. Each of her fingers was examined in turn, the same transformation forced onto her, always accompanied by the same unnerving pain-prickles, the changes happening not just to her nails but inside her fingers as well. Afterwards, the nails reverted, shrinking back into her, causing her to shiver as they did so.

There was no chance to think about what was going on as her head was yanked backwards, her jaw squeezed to force her mouth to open, fingers probing into her there.

‘Nice sharp fangs – just what a hound needs.’

‘Mhhh...’

She didn’t dare tense her jaws or try to bite, even as the fingers pushed deeper into her mouth, squeezing her tongue. She could taste the leather gloves, and a faint taste of pleasure-juices there – this woman must have been finger-fucking someone else! She spluttered as her throat was roughly violated, feeling dribble well up over her chin, two fingers shoving down into her.

The other woman was now finger-fucking her pussy and asshole, two fingers in each, stretching her out, pushing deeper and deeper. It was hard to breathe with her throat blocked as well, the pleasure-warmth spreading faster and faster, as she felt juices starting to flow onto her thighs.

Then they withdrew, leaving her empty and disappointed, denied any climax, her hips faintly rocking, still wanting more.

‘And you’ve even put our mark onto her already, excellent.’

A hand pushed between her legs, palm pressing just about her slit, an unexpected flare of stinging pain, her body sore and sensitive there. A vague memory of the buzzing whine of a tattoo-gun, needle prickling her skin, again and again, made her whine, unable to tell if it was a dream or something that had happened – was she marked now? What had been done to her?

‘Good work. It looks like another fine addition to the household. As long as she’s obedient.’

‘The conditioning is complete, Mistress Victoria. She will obey.’

Her throat ached from having the fingers shoved down there, her tongue licking over the palm, feeling the smoothness of the leather, able to taste it, her senses sharpened somehow. When the fingers withdrew, she coughed and spluttered, but at least it was easier to breathe now.

With effort, it was possible to force her lips and tongue to move as she wished to, as she dredged up memories, having to force herself to remember how to speak, slowly forcing words out.

‘Whhaatt ammm liiii...’

A hand slapped against her cheek, with enough force that her head was turned.

'It looks like more work is needed. A bitch-pet doesn't need to talk, just obey!' Another slap, her cheek now burning from the impact. 'But you're almost there – and then a new name can be given. *Saba*.'

Despite not recognizing the word, she knew what to do, dipping her face down and raising her ass into the air. A few moments later, she felt something much larger than fingers push against her asshole, forcing itself into her. This *hurt*, stretching her wider and wider, her asshole painfully gaping, a lubed-up shaft shoving deep into her.

She gasped, eyes rolling back in her head, feeling more dribble spill from her mouth. She could feel her insides getting warped by the sheer size of the intruder, forcing itself deeper and deeper into her as she was ass-fucked, hands firmly gripping her hips. She tried to whine in protest, but that just earned her another slap to the face, before her head was grabbed and dragged forward.

The leather-wrapped belly was in front of her, the woman having now unsealed her crotch, the scent of pussy-juice alluring. Her tongue slid forward from her mouth as her head was dragged forward, and she let herself be pulled into position to lick at the now-exposed crotch. The taste flowed over her tongue, rich and potent, wiping away her thoughts, even helping her ignore the pain of being ass-fucked, as tears prickled her eyes.

She lost herself in licking and sucking, able to hear increasing sounds of pleasure from above herself, supported between the two women, as she was used as a fuck-toy, squashed between them, the cock impaling her up the asshole, while her mouth was used as a sex-toy.

Chapter 13: A Feisty Pony

The chill of the morning was only pushed away by Dawn's constant movements, her muscles hot and aching. Blinkers strapped to her face limited her vision to directly in front of herself. The pony-girl equipment restricted and restrained her – tight leather around her waist, hoof-boots pushing her onto her toes, a hard bit between her teeth, her hands forced into hoof-mittens and bound to her waist. Like this, she was useless as anything but a highly-specialized pet, unable to speak, or even move normally!

And, for now, her movements were even more restricted than that – long reins were attached to her head and waist, the other end being held by Su'rya. Dawn could feel the slight twitches and movements of the reins, keeping her moving in wide circles around the woman, her hoof-boots kicking down against the sandy floor of paddock, glad at least that it was a covered ceiling. She could only see Su'rya if she turned her head, otherwise the woman was obscured behind the blinkers – dressed in full riding gear, in tight, white trousers and a bright red jacket, gloves on her hands as she controlled the reins. There was a long whip in her other hand, the cord currently slack, Dawn nervous whenever she couldn't see it, expecting to be struck at any moment.

Her body was hot and straining, every stride jarring her ankles and hips, forcing her to keep her gait steady. And every step sent out a little metallic chiming sound, as the bells attached to her nipples and her clit rang out, pulling on her most sensitive parts, loud in the early morning.

‘Excellent, Ka’sara! Your stamina has improved.’

Dawn’s teeth tightened on the bit between her teeth, making her jaw ache. The round bar made it impossible to breathe normally, never mind talk! And the metal was only wrapped in a thin layer of leather, her teeth firmly embedded into it, scratching against the harder, inner core. But she could feel how much she had changed since being kidnapped and sent here – her body was far stronger and tougher, the constant training having burned away any flab and fat, her legs now sleek and powerful.

A divot in the ground made her stumble, a pain jarring her ankle as it took all her weight at a strange angle. She managed to recover her balance, before the whip cracked against her backside, sending another surge of pain through her body, but she kept running, feeling the pleasurable ache of stretching out her muscles, and using the power of her body.

‘You will serve the mistresses well, now you bear their mark.’

Dawn managed to stifle a whimper, hearing the whip crack just behind her. She could still feel the aching throb of the tattoo-needle, some complicated pattern inked just above her pussy, a torment she had been forced to endure while strapped down and made to watch. That hadn’t been as bad as the branding – held down while burning metal had been pushed against her buttock, some design seared into her skin, now permanently marked onto her body. She still didn’t know where she was, but the constant torments forced on her body made it obvious that she would never be allowed to leave. Even the tattoo she had from before, the rose-marks, had been modified against her will, showing that her body wasn’t her own anymore.

As she ran, her backside tensed, making her acutely aware of the plug forced into her asshole. The metal was warmed by her body, but it was yet another violation – and the “tail” had been formed from her own hair, carefully sliced off and turned into a tail.

She picked up speed, letting the reins guide her in a wide circle, hooves thudding against the ground, leaning forward to help get more speed. Another whip-crack, striking against the ground behind her, spurring her to greater speed, feeling the strain and effort, sweat starting to shine her body. Every part of herself had been transformed – her body from constant exercise, and the tattoos and brands, before the other, more insidious changes that had occurred. She couldn’t remember the last time she had been allowed to talk – she was gagged constantly, mostly with a bit between her teeth, but sometimes it was hard, harsh metal, forcing her jaw wide, so her tongue could be inspected. Or a fat rubber ball, designed to keep her silent.

The gags weren’t as bad as the hoods though – her training had started with her being kept in forced darkness constantly, thick leather over her face, making her breathing strained, forced to trust only to her sense of balance. The stifling claustrophobia had been terrifying, especially with the blindness and her legs being forced up onto her toes, leather shaping her body. A

constant haze of pain and fear, her back getting whipped raw, her sweat making her wounds sting and ache.

At least that part of training seemed to be over – the blinkers limited her vision, but didn't blind her, and the bit-gag was far easier to breathe through than a hood. She was stronger and tougher now, her body quicker to respond to thoughts, her legs more powerful, able to withstand long periods of forced movement.

'Excellent! The mistresses will be pleased when I report on your progress. Perhaps they might honor you with a ride.'

The reins started to tighten, the woman pulling them inwards, Dawn moving in slowly-decreasing circles, orbiting around Su'rya, still wary of whip-strikes. It didn't take long until she was only a few strides from Su'rya, a swift tug on the reins signaling her to a stop. She obeyed, feeling herself pant, trying to recover her energies, feeling the sweat course down her body.

Su'rya approached, patting her down, checking over her body. Skilled, firm fingers squeezed and stroked her muscles, a quick and rough massage, easing out a few aches and pains.

'Good work, good work!' She spoke in slow and soothing tones, like she would to an actual animal, giving Dawn's buttocks a comforting squeeze, tweaking the ass-plug. 'For a random find, you're performing well.' Her hand moved around between Dawn's legs, leather-wrapped fingers touching against the bell attached to her clit, making it ring and chime. That sent a soft surge of pleasure coursing up Dawn's spine, making her whinny through her gag, lightly stamping on the ground with her hoof-boots.

Su'rya chuckled, lightly fingering Dawn again, teasing her without penetration. 'That's it! Nice and lusty, just like a good steed should be. I doubt the mistresses will want to breed you, but they might let you have pleasure, if you're obedient.' The fingers teased against her lips, pressing with greater force, making Dawn's breathing waver even more. 'And they've even blessed you with a name! Ka'sara – "Blood Red Sunset". Appropriate for you.'

The woman pulled on the reins, Dawn following the pull, towards the edge of the internal space. Her heart was still pounding, lungs sucking in air to try and replenish her energy, body cooling now she wasn't being forced to move. With the boots on though, she was still forced onto her toes, her legs kept tense and taut, unable to properly relax, the rest of her outfit compressing her body into a fixed shape, compressing her waist and hips, forcing her to stand tall.

Fingers reached for her bit-gag, releasing it from her mouth, the rest of the head-harness no longer compressing her skin, making her face ache. A water bottle was pushed into her mouth, clean and crisp water flowing into her mouth. She swallowed it down, grateful for the fluids, replenishing her reserves.

'Time to take you for a proper run. I'm sure you'd like to go all-out, wouldn't you? Let's get you saddled up.' Some food pellets were dropped into her mouth, mealy taste making Dawn wince,

but at least the water helped to wash it away fast. After the reins were tied around a post, Su'rya picked up Dawn's riding gear – a specially-made saddle, made to tie over a person's back and shoulders, which Su'rya strapped into place. Dawn wriggled her shoulders, helping it settle into place, the inside smooth and padded, made to be worn for long periods without chafing.

She didn't dare speak, even with her ungagged mouth – any pleas for mercy or release she knew would be met with brutal punishment. And if she behaved, maybe she would be rewarded? She could feel a soft, fluttering warmth between her legs, twisting her thighs against each other. The bell chimed softly as she moved, her nipple-bells dragging on her breasts, sliding over her skin.

'Shhh, shhh. Good girl!' A leather-wrapped hand stroked over her skin, calming her down, before the bit-gag was re-inserted, Dawn opening her mouth wide to let it settle into place. Having the metal and leather around her jaw felt strangely natural now, guiding her movements, her teeth biting down.

'I want to see what you're capable of – we'll keep to the open paths, but I want you to go as fast as you can.' Lips brushed her ears, a swift and sweet kiss that made Dawn's heart race in a way totally different to when she was made to exercise, before she was pulled towards a mounting block. Su'rya had to stand up onto the large wooden block so that she could reach Dawn's saddle, her weight pressing down onto Dawn. Even with the saddle, she was still a noticeable extra burden, her legs dangling down, metal spurs resting above Dawn's hips, a worrying threat.

Dawn could feel every movement Su'rya made, every time the woman tensed her hips or leaned, the reins tightening on one side, indicating how Dawn should move. She followed the command, wheeling around, before starting to trot out of the covered space, towards the outside – the morning mist was starting to burn away, revealing the large, grassy spaces of the wherever this was.

The manor-house loomed ahead of her, dominating the space, windows starting to reflect the dawn light, slabs of molten gold that hurt to look at. The reins cracked, and Dawn accelerated, leaning forward, the ground hard beneath her hoof-boots, grass frozen into white strands, crunching beneath her. The strain started to build, but she knew she could manage it, her head getting guided by the reins, following the slight twitches to the left or right as she was guided along the paths.

Moving at full speed was exhilarating – her long stride ate up distance, moving along the grassy paths with speed, her gaze focused ahead of herself, the darkness of the blinkers limiting her vision. Whenever she slowed, she felt spurs dig into her, sharp little pains in her hips until she increased her speed. Su'rya's weight shifted, leaning down, Dawn changing her own stance to accommodate this.

Being able to move at full pace was exhilarating, pleasure coursing through her, chest pushing against the tight leather outfit, her arms straining against the restraints. If she tripped or stumbled now, it would hurt her, even before she was punished, but being able to move like this felt so good, despite the bells dragging on her body!

It was rare to be permitted to see this much as well – how long had she been kept inside for, being trained? The mansion was even larger than she had suspected, with several wings and extensions, and there were probably a lot of underground rooms, the torture-chambers and cells she had been kept in, where she had been pierced, branded and tattooed.

She was steered around a large rosebush, noticing a post amongst the thorns, made to hold someone in place. Someone there wouldn't be able to escape, or do anything except be pricked and tormented by the thorns!

Ahead of her was a pair of slaves, carrying food from the stores, jumping aside as she raced by, making startled noises. There was a sound of amused pleasure from above her, before Su'rya cracked the reins, Dawn now moving as fast as she could, down a long and straight path. Feeling the cool morning air slide over her body, at least the few parts not covered by leather, was a delicious sensation, as was being able to push herself to her limit, no longer cooped up in the small and enclosed space. She could stretch herself here, a pleasurable burn and ache starting in her legs, Su'rya holding herself steady, spurs an unused threat.

She left the more manicured grounds around the main house, now running through forest, the path less maintained, greenery streaking past. The reins twitched, guiding her left or right whenever there was a branch in the path, Su'rya keeping her controlled. Her heart was pounding, jaw tight on the bit, keen to the slightest rein-twitch, a wooden bridge thudding as her hoof-boots slammed onto it. A sudden sharp turn made her body protest as she leaned into it, all her weight on one leg for a painful moment, but she recovered herself without toppling, picking up speed again.

Above her, through the trees, sunlight was starting to spread, casting a golden haze down into the forest, a warmth seeping through the air. She burst out of the forest, into full-fledged light, feeling it kiss against her face, her hair streaming behind her, ass tight around the plug. The track was uphill now, heading towards a small cabin, overlooking the slate-grey ocean, clouds retreating, the view opening up, wider and wider.

The distance vanished, the cabin soon close up, situated on the top of a cliff. She grunted in pain as the reins were yanked, the bit getting pulled back into her mouth, chafing her lips, as the spurs dug into her flanks, spiked and cruel. Dawn slowed, then stopped, just outside the cabin.

Now she wasn't moving, a dull ache quickly formed in her legs, before Su'rya dismounted, letting her stand up straighter.

'Good girl, good girl!' She patted at Dawn, pulling her into the cabin – it was just a single room, with riding tack and punishment gear hanging on the walls, and a raised saddle in the middle,

with two cock-prongs poking upwards, the whole device at knee-height. 'You have done well, Ka'sara – and so have earned a reward.'

Dawn let herself be pulled inside, Su'rya tugging her over to the saddle. A yank on her tail made the butt-plug slide out, the lump big enough that Dawn gasped as her asshole was stretched out. She could feel it slowly straining to close up, the muscles abused and sore. Dawn knew better than to resist as she was pulled into place, made to straddle it and then guided into place, both her lower holes getting penetrated.

The cocks were large, filling her in a satisfying way, and she wriggled her hips to sit herself fully down. A motor whined and the saddle started to rise up, until she was barely touching the floor, all her weight on her crotch. She was now utterly stuffed and impaled, able to feel the twin cocks filling her, stretching out her insides.

Just their presence was enough to excite her, sending a warm pleasure throbbing through her body, before it started to thrum and vibrate, just lightly. She mewled into the bit, enjoying the sensations, as Su'rya walked in front of her.

'You've become a good pony-slut. Your body is now what it needs to be, and the mistresses may honor you themselves, by using you.' She stroked Dawn's forehead, fingers light and gentle, before carefully removing the bit and hanging it on the wall.

Having her mouth clear felt strange, the corners of her mouth aching now that the bit wasn't pressing against them. She knew better than to talk though, instead just rocking herself back and forth slightly, to make the most of the cocks twisting inside of her body. Su'rya leaned in, kissing her on the lips, long and slow, before taking out a small glass vial and uncorking it.

Dawn could smell the contents, strong and musky, making her head reel, a powerful surge of lust blazing into life between her legs. Her ability to think started to fade as she rode the saddle, shifting herself up and down, fully impaled, the things still vibrating.

'Mistress Victoria has donated her own juices as a reward.'

Dawn opened her mouth wide, the vial getting tipped in, the fluid dropped onto her tongue. The flavor hit hard, impossible to describe but overwhelming her senses almost entirely. When Su'rya leaned in for another kiss, Dawn tried to pull back, not wanting to share any of the stuff, or to have it watered down with Su'rya's spit, but couldn't escape being dragged forward into a long, breath-stealing kiss, a hand squeezing at her breast.

Then the device started to pleasure her, with greater and greater intensity. She was powerless to do anything other than gasp and writhe, her own weight holding her in place, Su'rya giving her another kiss. Mistress Victoria's juices burned down her throat and into her belly, mingling with the oncoming forced pleasure of the twin cocks, as they shuddered and twisted inside her body, feeling fat and massive.

A low, strangled groan sounded out, Dawn taking a moment to realize that she had been the one who had made it, as sensation was forced onto her. There was no holding it back, her legs twitching and kicking, hoof-boots just about able to hit against the floor in an irregular drumming. Her panting was even faster than when she had been running, her self-control eroded away... and then she climaxed. A loud, high-pitched moan, white-hot pleasure slamming through her, as her own fluids squirted out, her thighs clamping tightly onto the saddle.

The vibrations didn't stop, giving her no chance to relax before she was being forced into the next orgasm already, her vision growing hazy, focusing her eyes more than she could manage. All she could do was stand there, impaled in her pussy and her asshole, getting forced into another strong orgasm, moaning and groaning, dribbling down herself, nothing more than a fuckmeat-pony, stimulated and pleased, again and again.

Chapter 14: A Shameless Slut

The car vibrated, seat soft beneath and behind Syn – it felt strange being sat down in a normal, regular car, after so long being kept within the manor! And the seatbelt seemed incredibly loose, compared to the restraints she was used to. The harness on her body was a snug fit though, little metal teeth biting into her soft skin, and she was wearing her usual collar, heavy metal locked around her neck. Other than that, all she was wearing was a long coat and high-heeled shoes. Out of the window, she could see lightly-populated countryside, a few small houses along the road, a town visible up ahead.

The motor surged, car suddenly accelerating with an uncomfortable lurch before slowing down, Miss Su'rya muttering a swearword under her breath. From how she was hunched over the steering wheel, she didn't seem to be entirely comfortable driving – perhaps because she spent so much time in the manor, training and punishing Syn, as well as Ryn and Lyn.

'So do you know how to excite Ryn?' The car started drifting towards the middle of the road, only a sudden lurching shift twitching them back into the proper lane, hard enough that Syn lurched in her seat.

'She has particularly sensitive feet. Uh, that's probably a bit strange?' She couldn't help but tense up, Miss Su'rya's erratic driving more terrifying than most of the torments of the last... however long it had been.

'That's useful to know – it will be useful to punish or reward her. I suppose the three of you had quite a lot of time to explore each other's body in prison together?'

'Yes, Miss. She likes it when someone nibbles her feet – the heels and arches especially. The sounds she makes can be quite cute! When the wardens weren't watching, we would pleasure each other. She liked to make us lick and kiss and worship her feet.'

'And she was always the dominant?'

'Yes, Miss Su'rya. At least, other than the wardens, and the Mistresses. Mistress Victoria and Mistress Morrigan are both in charge.'

Syn tensed up, eyes going wide, wincing as a horn blared from a lorry, the huge vehicle having to veer itself or crash. Miss Su'rya didn't seem to notice, continuing her conversation as she took a far-too-wide turn off the highway onto a smaller side road.

'Little Ryn has needed quite some training to mold her into being more appropriately submissive. And she's not quite there yet, but is definitely improved.'

This road at least was smaller and quieter, without incoming traffic, Syn relaxing a little, the danger of accidental death seeming to recede.

'Perhaps I should have you play with Lyn, to show her that she's not always allowed to be in charge of your little trio? Or just for my own entertainment – the way she gasps and whines is rather cute. Would you like that?'

Syn considered, watching the houses streak by, her concern growing as the car got faster and faster – surely this was too fast for a road like this?

She grunted in pain, an electrical shock snapping through her body, through the sharp metal points on the inside of the harness. Syn still wasn't sure where they were even going, or why they had left the mansion, but was increasingly sure that she didn't want to be driven by Miss Su'rya again – it was bad enough being able to see, having to endure this if she was tied up in the boot would be terrifying!

'I... That would be entertaining. She is nice and soft in certain ways. Ow!' She hated the way she yelped from another shock, not daring to look after and see how Su'rya was doing it, shuddering from another sudden veer across the road.

'I think you need more training, in order to learn to appreciate pain. You should learn to embrace it, and find pleasure within it. That will come with time though – you will be shaped further, to serve the mistresses.'

Syn whimpered. She'd rather have pleasure than pain – even being tied down and restrained wasn't too bad, as long as she was allowed to feel good, and not teased beyond endurance! She squirmed her thighs, feeling the harness-straps chafe at her skin, a warmth between her legs. When had been the last orgasm she had been allowed? Far too long ago – it was more common for her to be used to pleasure others, strapped into place and made to eat out the Mistresses, or some of the other slaves. The only one she hadn't been made to pleasure had been Miss Su'rya – she'd seen the heavy metal chastity belt locked around the woman's crotch, the thought of it making Syn shiver.

She slammed against the car door as it was wrenched into a sudden, vicious turn, brakes screeching. They were now driving down a dark and bumpy road, the car feeling as though it was leaving the road as it moved, getting even faster. Syn tensed up, gripping onto the

dashboard, hoping that the journey, wherever they were going, would be over soon – this was terrifying, even compared to the usual sexual torments she had to endure.

It was a relief when they came to a stop, Miss Su'rya slamming on the brakes, the stop sudden enough that Syn was slammed forward, the seatbelt snapping around her body, squashing the air from her lungs.

Her heart was still pounding as she was led from the car, glad to be out of the car, led by her leash towards a small house, small, dark windows giving no indication of what happened here. Another place to train and torment women? But surely that wouldn't need leaving the mansion?

Su'rya approached the door without fear, taking out a key and unlocking the door. Was it her house? Syn let herself be pulled inside – the place looked mostly normal, although she could see restraint-points on the walls, between blandly mundane paintings, a tablecloth not entirely hiding a cage that was being used as a table in front of a couch, a huge TV dominating a wall.

'Hands up!'

Movement, a woman stepping into view, a long, black baton in hand, dressed in a sheriff's uniform. She raised the weapon, ready to attack, before seeing Sur'ya and relaxing.

'Oh, it's you.'

'Excellent, you're here. Now, strip.' Su'rya spoke, command crisp and sharp. The sheriff froze in place, confusion on her face becoming annoyance, then resignation, the baton getting stowed onto her belt. She froze in place, before obeying, her fingers moving down her crisp, brown shirt, unbuttoning it, to reveal the bra beneath, and her otherwise bare skin. Syn could see a tattoo-mark over the woman's heart, the same crest that was tattooed onto her own body, marking her as property of Mistress Victoria and Mistress Morigan.

Despite her obedience, the look on her face was anything but submissive, expression becoming a scowl as she removed her clothing, neatly folding it up and putting it onto a table. Her belt was heavy, laden with equipment – cuffs, baton, pepper spray. As her clothing was removed, Syn could see her toned, muscular body, with a few dark bruises marked into her skin, not yet healed.

When she was down to just her underwear, the sheriff hesitated, before Miss Su'rya gestured at her to strip off entirely. The scowl deepened, the sheriff pulling her panties down, revealing her shaven slit, and then moving towards a wooden cabinet. With stiff, uncomfortable-seeming movements, she opened it up, pulling out a set of thick leather cuffs and a collar, sealing them around her wrists, ankle and neck, the collar thick enough that it made her stretch out her neck.

'Good – your obedience is a credit to our mistresses. Are there any security concerns to report?'

Su'rya gestured at the floor, the woman dropping to her knees, arms crossed behind her back, submissive and obedient, Su'rya looking down at her as she responded.

'No, Miss Su'rya. The locals are unconcerned, and well-used to the peculiarities of the mistresses. The buffer zone between the mansion and the rest of the town is large enough that anyone that escapes is likely to be caught.'

'Good. I will pass that back to them, I'm sure they will be pleased.'

Su'rya moved closer, pulling Syn by the leash. The sheriff shivered, her face showing nervousness and irritation, not meeting Su'rya's eyes.

'And any possible new acquisitions?'

'As we move into summer, it is likely there will be a few vagrants and travelers that will be easy to acquire.'

Su'rya patted her on the head, before using the collar to turn the woman's head, pulling her into a long, deep kiss, groping at a breast. The sheriff went rigid, her fingers pressing deep into her elbows, but didn't break away, her body getting squeezed and stroked by Su'rya. When her fingers stroked over a bruise, there was a sharp hissing intake of breath, Su'rya continuing her probing before breaking the kiss.

'Excellent work. I've read the reports you've submitted, but it seemed prudent to come and check in person. Even the most dedicated servant can sometimes be disloyal, after all.'

The sheriff opened her mouth to respond, before being silenced by a gentle slap to the face, fingers impacting against her cheek. Then they slid back down to the collar, which was used to pull the woman to her feet – her body was more toned and muscular than Su'rya, but she still submitted without resistance.

Su'rya then dragged her towards the center of the room, beneath a metal hook. Syn had no choice but to move with her, still attached by the leash, but it was nice and easy to admire the sheriff's body, feeling her mouth water, wondering what the woman's pussy tasted like.

When she snapped out of her private fantasy, the sheriff was restrained, a rope tied around her cuffs and looped over the hook, holding her arms above her head, forcing her onto her toes, making her whole body tense and tight. Su'rya kissed her again, harder this time, while stroking at her body. The sheriff's arousal was increasingly obvious, her breathing getting faster, a blush coming to her cheeks.

'The mistresses do like to reward their followers – at least, those that are obedient and have proven themselves. Little Syn here will be rewarding you, while I will be providing some pain. You enjoy both though, don't you?' She squeezed a breast, digging her fingers in while kissing the sheriff again, one of her legs between the other woman's, forcing them apart.

'Syn, coat off and on your knees.'

Syn obeyed, feeling air kiss against her suddenly-bare skin, dropping her coat onto the floor. The harness seemed to tighten around her skin as she dropped to her knees, crawling forward, enjoying the way it felt against her body, her nipples getting hard.

She crawled towards the sheriff, eyes feasting on the sight of the woman's naked body – taller and harder than most of the staff of the mansion, muscles more obvious, even if she didn't look as strong as the Mistresses, and definitely wasn't as tall. And they would never let themselves be restrained like this!

'Tease her, Syn, but she is not allowed to cum.'

'Yes, Miss Su'rya.'

Syn crawled forward as Su'rya stepped away. Above her, the sheriff grunted, but kept her legs spread, allowing Syn to rise up and plant a kiss on the woman's slit. She pressed her lips against the shaven cleft, licking her tongue over it, able to taste the woman, slightly sweaty. The shivering sigh of pleasure made Syn smile, glad that she was having an effect.

'You are allowed a long leash, but you are not to forget that you are the property of the mistresses.'

Syn rose up, kissing against the tattoo-mark, lightly nibbling with her teeth, feeling the tight muscles of the sheriff's belly, before flicking her tongue around the dip of her navel.

She couldn't see, but could hear Su'rya moving, something opening up, as she kept licking and teasing at the sheriff, not using her hands, just her tongue. The sheriff was responsive, starting to gasp and shudder, hips moving with a slow and steady rhythm. Syn didn't slide her tongue into the woman's cunt, but just licked and kissed at her outer lips, getting her warm and wet. Her own body was responding as well, desire starting to grow between her legs, but she didn't dare touch herself, instead keeping her arms behind her back, each hand grabbing the opposite elbow.

'Syn is becoming quite the little tease, isn't she? An entertaining talent.'

Leather cracked against skin, the sheriff gasping in pain. Another impact, the strike sounding strong, the sheriff grunting again as she rocked forward. Syn pulled her head back, just about able to see a flogger, the leather cords ending with hard little knots, designed to bite hard into skin. Su'rya wielded it with expert, precise skill, each flicking strike making the cords bite hard into the woman's back or across her buttocks.

Syn turned her attentions back to the sheriff's cunt, now soft and wet in contrast to her tight, lean body, teasing and licking and kissing. The sheriff was panting and gasping, a combination of pained gasps and sighs of pleasure, her skin getting stripped away by repeated strikes.

The taste of the sheriff's pleasure started to get stronger, as Syn's tongue licked away, and she flicked it between the pussy-lips, kissing with her lips. The scent made her mind start to fuzz and melt, her training taking over.

'I will be leaving little Syn with you – you can be rough with her, if you want. She needs to be kept functional for when she is returned, but I'm sure you know the limits – or you can push them, and suffer the consequences. She is a pleasurable shameless slut, so if you make her beg and cry, that will all be part of her training. Let her cum if you feel she deserves it, or keep her locked down and whip her – she is yours to play with, however you desire.'

The flogger-strikes were getting louder, Su'rya putting greater and greater force behind her strikes, making Syn flinch in sympathy. The sheriff's pussy was now wet and loose though, Syn tickling her tongue over the woman's clit, before sliding it deeper, twisting and curling it.

The sheriff's moans got louder, as she managed to force out strangled words.

'Yes... Augh... Miss Su'rya... Mphhhh...'

'It's so convenient that your uniform covers your entire body. It makes it nice and easy to punish you and no-one else can ever tell! Syn, withdraw.'

Syn drew back, just in time, the flogger striking upwards between the sheriff's legs, the knotted cords hitting against her pussy-lips. The tone of the groans and whines changed, becoming more acutely pained. The scent of the woman's desire crawled into Syn's nose, making her own desire increase, as the flogger punished the woman's cunt. Tears were starting to trickle down her face, the pain more than she could take, before the flogger twisted again, wrapping around to strike at the woman's flanks, knots impacting against breasts.

Syn squirmed her thighs, her excitement building, wanting to stroke and touch herself, enjoying the way her harness hugged her, close and tight, even the metal contact-spikes adding to her pleasure.

'Syn, you may get her off.'

The sheriff sighed and shivered, Syn leaning into her task, sucking, kissing and licking. Despite her strength, the woman's cunt was wet and warm in all the right ways, and she thrust her tongue in deep, savoring the taste – somehow rougher than that of the other slaves, but still delicious to taste.

Her groans were starting to become low screams, her back probably stripped raw from repeated strikes now, each strike hitting harder and harder. Syn sucked at the woman's clit, rolling her tongue over and around it, the sheriff's thighs quivering and tensing, before an orgasm crashed through her, making her body spasm and twitch, her scream becoming an utterly incoherent groan.

Another whip-crack, brutally loud, and then the flogger was tossed aside.

'The mistresses are impressed with your devotion. Mistress Morigan has honored you with a vial of her *sedril*, the juices of her pussy. You may enjoy it at your leisure.'

The sheriff groaned again, sagging in her bonds, all her weight on the supporting rope and her wrists.

'Yes... Miss Su'rya...'

'Very good. Your obedience is noted – I will tell the Mistresses how dedicated you are to your service. I will leave the controller for Syn's harness as well. The way she screams is delightful, and you've already experienced her tongue skills. Leave her mostly intact, but you may punish her if you want – or simply to practice your own skills.'

She walked around the sheriff's dangling body, pulling Syn by the leash again, dragging her forward and then lashing it to a wall-hook, tying her into place.

'Be a good girl, little Syn – or else I will punish you when you are returned. Obey the sheriff, and show her what you are capable of. Who knows, she might even reward you?'

She squeezed Syn's backside, giving her a sharp, hard kiss on a shoulder, teeth pressing hard enough to hurt before she walked away. Syn relaxed a little – the sheriff might be rough, but that would be less terrifying than Su'rya's own driving!

Chapter 15: A Graceful Maid

Cho had to force herself to move with slow, steady movements, not wanting to upset the mistresses. Even normally, that would be a hard requirement, but there was extra weight on her body – too-short chains joined her wrists to the chastity belt around her waist and to her ankles. The chains themselves were heavy, swaying with every movement she made, limiting her movements, and also threatening to click and clank against each other, something that would get her punished.

She was waiting upon both of the mistresses, who were sat in comfortable leather-cushioned chairs, talking between themselves. Cho approached, trying to balance speed, grace and silence, feeling the drag and weight of the chains on her body, needing to keep them taut so that they didn't make too much noise.

The tray in her hands was weighed down with a heavy glass decanter, filled with amber scotch, something else she had to be careful not to jostle. Close by her side was Lyn, carrying two glasses, dressed just the same as Cho was – chains, cuffs, chastity belt and collar, along with a tight and skimpy maid's outfit, the skirt just barely long enough to cover her butt, the sleeves and bust trimmed with lace.

The two of them approached, Cho feeling the strain building within her muscles from the weight and careful movement required by the chains. Even the short walk was exhausting, both mentally and physically! It didn't help that Miss Su'rya was stood close by, in her own maid uniform, hers less slutty and revealing, with a crop in hand, the thing making idle little sweeps through the air, ready to strike.

Having to support the tray, and the chains, was sapping her strength, but she managed to make it across the room without drawing any punishment. The mistresses ignored them both, talking between themselves as Lyn placed a glass in front of each of them, moving with the same slow grace as Cho, enforced by the chains, and then taking the decanter, lightening Cho's load.

There was a blurring flicker, the crop slicing forward and impacting against Lyn's buttocks. Cho could hear Lyn's gasping intake of breath, but the other maid's body didn't shift, as she poured an even two fingers of scotch into one glass, managing that without any uneven flow or splatters, even as she was struck again.

Cho licked her lips, feeling a slight surge of desire surge through her, making her tense her thighs together. This made her feel the hard metal of the chastity belt between her legs, sealing her pussy away, the metal tight enough that it indented itself into her skin, warm with her own heat. It was impossible to deny the arousal she felt from seeing Lyn be submissive and obedient, leaning over to pour, the motion making her fluffy skirt rise up, showing off her pert buttocks, a little red lash-mark now visible from the impact of the crop.

The close proximity of the mistresses was another distraction as well – although both were fully dressed, in their usual tight, dark and shiny clothing, the scent, and pure sense of their presence, pressed in on Cho. Her breathing was faster than it should have been, her heart starting to pound faster, a futile sense of desire washing through her body as her eyes danced between Lyn's body, her legs sheathed in dark stockings, and the sleek and powerful mistresses.

Her own body ached, in a warm and satisfying way, memories of punishments and pleasures rolling through her mind. All the times she'd been restrained and played with, dangling from her wrists or tied to a bed, spreadeagled wide, slapped with a belt or covered with sharp bite-kisses. She bit her lip harder, trying to force herself to concentrate, even as she felt her nipples tighten against her uniform, the sense of submission thrilling her.

Lyn turned, presenting the decanter to Cho, who took it, trying to hold herself straight and even, wanting to move as gracefully and easily as Lyn did. She could hear, and feel, the movements of the chains, trying to keep them from getting too loud, as she approached the mistresses. The sense of their presence got even stronger, the decanter feeling heavy in her hands. She leaned forward, acutely aware of the chains, and the way her dress moved on her body, soft material contrasting with the metal of her cuffs and chastity belt.

The scent of the mistresses assaulted her senses, making her eyes spin, and she almost staggered. She had to force herself to stay standing, feeling herself get loose behind the metal

plates of her chastity belt, before dipping the decanter. The liquid flowed, sliding into the glass, and she managed to keep it smooth and even, before tilting the decanter back. She could barely think now, desire consuming all of her thoughts, before managing to step backwards without incident.

The crop impacted against her own buttocks, a sharp crack, the hit rippling through her, a warm flush flowing behind it, desire tingling through her body. Being forced to be hurt, having to accept it without complaint, overtly being made into a *thing* that could be tormented and abused – all of this combined into a heady fog of lust, threatening to distract her from her task, her cunt responding without her having any say in the matter.

Cho somehow managed to keep the decanter steady, with barely a tremor in her hands. The thick, cloying aroma of the scotch helped distract her from the scent of the mistresses, making it a little easier to firm up her grip and finish the pouring.

The crop struck again, Cho's backside tensing against the impact, and she could feel her desperate desire increasing, the chastity belt pressing against her body, reminding her of her place. The leather head slid across her buttocks before withdrawing, Cho able to feel her wetness increasing, making the inside of the belt clammy and hot.

Mistress Victoria made a slight gesture with her hand, dismissing Cho for the moment. Relief and regret mingled within her – she wanted to worship and adore the mistresses, to taste them, let them use and abuse her. But her senses were already soft and fuzzy, and she could only control herself from collapsing for a little longer!

She curtsied, lifting her skirt to reveal her chastity belt, then stepping backwards, taking a place along the wall, stood next to Lyn. From here, she was far enough away that her thoughts cleared a little bit, letting her admire the mistresses from a distance, drinking in the sight of them, their tall and powerful bodies sheathed in latex and leather. Lyn's shoulder brushed up against her own, warm and soft, just that light touch sending more tingles coursing through Cho. Maybe she would be allowed pleasure with the other maid? Or to be restrained and struck? The thought of having fingers pinch and squeeze and tease at her was a distracting one, that was hard to wrench her mind away from!

Mistress Morrigan moved, Cho tensing up in preparation of needing to move, but it was a gesture to Lei'ra and Ama'ra. The other two women crawled forward, down on all fours, before they were close enough to be stroked and petted. Cho couldn't help but feel jealous – those two were the favorites, getting played with far more than any of the maids! And they didn't have to do much work, either.

'Your work with the maids is excellent, Su'rya. They have come far under your guidance.' Morrigan spoke, petting both of the crawling women.

Sur'ra curtsied. 'Thank you, mistress. They were mostly willing – after a little bit of pressure was applied. Little Cho has come the furthest, given her lack of prior training.'

The praise made Cho smile, although she tried to keep her expression clear.

'Yes, she is a lovely little thing, isn't she? It's something of a distraction when she's working – I have to fight the temptation to have some fun with her every time!' Victoria spoke while staring straight at Cho, who felt a deep, hot blush soak into her cheeks, her wetness increasing, starting to dampen her thighs. If Mistress Victoria wanted to use her, then she would gladly accept! 'I think a change of name is in order though – as we already have Lyn, Ryn and Syn, then "Cho" is a little too distinct. So she will now be known as "Dyn". I trust that is acceptable, Dyn?'

Having her name stripped away and changed so casually... Cho's chains made soft noises as she shivered, her lips dry, before she nodded her head. 'Yes, Mistress. Dyn thanks you for her new name.'

'Very good! Your obedience does you credit – and Su'rya as well, as your trainer.'

Both of the slave-girls were staring at Cho now, their eyes bright and hungry. Victoria kept stroking Lei'ra, before tensing her fingers, scratching at the woman's bare skin. 'Little Lei'ra here likes you as well. Maybe I should let her have fun with you? So many options! After so long in that belt, I'm sure your body is getting desperate.'

Cho didn't dare respond, just feeling the oppressive tightness of the belt around her skin, including the parts where it had indented itself into her, leaving long-term marks. She'd never gone this long without any form of sexual release! And she didn't even know who had the key for the belt – was it Miss Su'rya, or only the mistresses themselves?

Victoria rose, approaching with her scotch in hand, smiling down at Cho. Cho didn't dare meet her eyes, feeling her thoughts start to swirl into a haze again as the woman got closer. A leather-wrapped hand touched against her chest, where her dress didn't cover her, and she couldn't entirely hold back a squeak. As Mistress Victoria leaned in, her hair swayed, draping itself partially over Cho, bathing her in the scent, making her struggle to regain any thoughts, able to feel the soft strands on her skin.

'Yes, you were made for this, weren't you? A truly submissive soul, in an exquisite body.' She groped at a breast, reaching beneath Cho's dress. 'Perfect for a maid-slave. Although we need to recruit some more staff – some with a more martial disposition.'

'Yes, Mistress Victoria. The stray may be of help there, when her training and modifications are complete.'

'She has some of the strength needed – and that will increase with time. Some more conventional guardians may also be useful though. Other than the sheriff, of course! And then there's the matter of the wild hunt. I wasn't expecting Xyah to be so bold!'

Cho had no idea what any of this meant, listening for any command, trying not to lose herself entirely as the hand squeezed her breast, fingers smooth and strong.

'Su'rya, prepare the stray for that – it won't be long until she finishes her training and modifications, but she is the best suited for such things. And she may even surprise us.'

'Yes, Mistress. I will ensure that she is ready for any challenges.'

Mistress Victoria's other hand reached between Cho's legs, pressing against the belt. The panel pressed against her dripping cunt, her vision blurring, forcing her to suck in a deep breath, to keep herself conscious.

'Oh, taking this belt off will be delightful! I wonder how much we can make you beg?'

Victoria kissed Cho, soft lips pressing tightly against Cho's face, making it even harder to breathe, the taste and scent of the Mistress dominating her world, along with the groping hands. When the kiss was broken, Cho would have collapsed if it hadn't been for Victoria's presence, the woman holding her up.

'You have done well, little Dyn. And so you may have a treat – Su'rya, you may put the maids to rest, in the arrangement we discussed before?' The hand slid up and away from Cho's breast, coming to her throat and wrapping around the skin there, starting to squeeze, enough that Cho's head became light and dizzy, her knees threatening to buckle.

She was barely aware of being moved around, letting herself be moved, hauled by the throat to a gleaming latex vacbed. Another kiss sucked her lungs empty of air, sparks bursting and flaring on the edge of her vision, someone stripping off her uniform, leaving her naked except for her restraints.

'You have not yet earned a release, Dyn. But you may pleasure your companion.' The squeezing hand on her throat let go, slapping her across the face, helping to clear her head, as she was pushed down onto the bed, on her back. Her chains were used to tie her into place, giving her just a little amount of clearance, her wrists and ankles shackled to the frame.

She lay there, trying to recover her strength, tensing her thighs, able to squirm against the chastity belt. Even that movement sent a powerful surge of lust through her, but there was no way to actually get off, even if she hadn't been restrained.

From down here, she watched as Lyn was pulled over as well, and also stripped bare. The woman's naked body made Cho feel even more desperately horny, the flowing curves of her hips and breasts etching themselves into Cho's vision. And then the other woman's chastity belt was removed, Su'rya pulling it away, showing where the tight metal had left dent-marks into soft skin. And her shaved slit, visibly wet, Lyn showing no apparent shame at this.

Cho bit her lip, the faint pain arousing her even more, as Lyn was pushed closer and then downwards, the opposite way around to Cho – the woman's pussy was now directly above her face, the scent wafting over her, and Lyn's head was between Cho's legs.

'Lyn, you are allowed to try and get Dyn off. You might be able to squeeze your tongue through the gaps – *maybe*. And Dyn, you may pleasure Lyn.'

The latex sheet was placed over the top of them, before a pump started up, the sheet sucking down into place. It sealed the two of them together, Cho extending her tongue and starting to lick and kiss at Lyn's cunt. The taste was sweet, flooding her mouth, the air soon getting stiflingly hot, making it harder and harder to think.

Lyn's body pressed down against hers, tight and close. And she could feel the other woman's face pressed down between her legs – a tongue probed against the metal chastity belt, maddeningly close to her cunt, but it was too large to fit through the gaps. She tried pushing with her hips, wanting to force the thing through, as she continued to lick at Lyn's own cunt. The heat was building up fast, leaving her body sweaty and sticky, just the same as Lyn's – there was no light, so all she was aware of was her own desperate desire, and the pleasure she was inflicting onto Lyn.

Her own frustration grew and grew, a desire that was impossible to slake. Above her, she felt Lyn waver, before tensing up. She could just barely hear the woman, the latex swallowing up whatever noise they were making. Despite that, the orgasm was still obvious, Lyn's thighs clamping tightly around her, the cunt hot and desperately wet, baptizing Cho with pleasure-juices.

Her own orgasm was still sealed away behind cruel metal, the tip of Lyn's tongue able to penetrate but no more. She could feel it, wet and warm, just about able to touch her body, but not able to reach far enough to give her what she wanted. But the fever was burning through her now, making her hips move of their own accord, stirring her up, her thighs tightening around Lyn's head, trying to pull her closer and closer.

The lack of air made her head ache, her skin slippery with sweat, time beginning to fade and slip away, as she fell into pained, panting lust. She could force pleasure onto Lyn, and did, again and again, but was denied it herself, her cunt locked away, no matter her desperation!

Chapter 16: A Just Reward

Su'rya looked down at Lyn and Cho, their bodies bound and sealed together, slowly writhing, trapped and bound beneath the latex. She couldn't resist reaching a hand out and stroking them, feeling their heat even through the tight covering, pressing down onto their soft bodies. A swift and stabbing surge of lust ran through her, making her heart race, a heat in her loins.

She inhaled, keeping her head clear. The metal between her legs pressed against her skin – when she was so sensitive, it was impossible not to be aware of it, the tightness and the pressure, and how wet she was beneath it. Another quick squeeze, the latex-wrapped women shifting beneath her touch, and then she left. If she was to serve the mistresses properly, she needed her own rest!

Her room wasn't far – close enough to the rooms of the maids she supervised to make it easy to keep an eye on them, ensuring they couldn't get into too much trouble. None of them were allowed doors, and she looked into each room as she walked by, seeing each of the women bound to their beds, cunts sealed behind metal.

She opened the door to her own room, immediately freezing in place, aware that something was out-of-place, a warm and arousing scent in the air. She flicked the light on, smiling at what she saw.

On her bed was Ryn – her body sheathed in a tight latex straitjacket, her arms crossed behind her back. The straitjacket had breast cut-outs, exposing even more of her flesh, while her face was covered by a leather hood. Her legs were spread wide, a spreader-bar holding them apart, and up in the air, a chain running from the middle of the spreader-bar to a hook on the ceiling. As expected, her crotch was sealed away behind a chastity belt.

Ryn didn't move as Su'rya approached, or even when Su'rya squeezed a breast. Scribbled onto her belly, just above her navel, was a short message, Su'rya recognized Morigan's handwriting: *A just reward, for your hard work.*

The constant faint haze of lust spiked, Su'rya sucking in a deep breath, clutching at her chest and trying to calm herself. For the mistresses to reward her with such a thing filled her with pride, a smile spreading over her face. But there were things to do before she could pleasure herself! She stripped off, making sure to neatly hang her maid uniform up, making sure it wouldn't be creased in the morning, giving her shoes a quick polish, and putting her undergarments into the laundry basket in the hallway.

When she was done, she was naked except for her chastity belt and collar, running her fingers along the metal, enjoying the feel of it against her skin. It made her feel warm and secure, content in her service to the mistresses, sure of her place. She just needed to ensure that Ryn felt the same way, so that she could improve in her service!

Su'rya approached, stroking her breasts with one hand, before reaching out and running her fingers over Ryn's leg, from the ankle down to the inner thigh. The constant work had given her nice, firm thighs, any fat long-since burned away. Ryn stirred, whatever the mistresses had dosed her with to knock her unconscious now wearing off. Su'rya tickled her fingers along the soft skin, before pinching and stretching at the skin, seeing Ryn gasp.

The woman probably didn't even know where she was – the thought of that disorientated confusion amused and aroused Su'rya, as she continued to stroke at the captive woman. Ryn's legs tensed up, tugging on the spreader-bar, making the chains softly clatter and tinkle. Fondling a breast produced the same reaction, Su'rya able to feel Ryn's heartbeat and breathing.

She slapped it, Ryn grunting – she must be gagged beneath the hood. Su'rya confirmed her suspicions by pushing her fingers down against Ryn's mouth, feeling the lump of a ball, strapped into place.

Time to have some fun! And also to train Ryn a little more, in the manners and behavior of an *A'dma'le*, one born and raised under the collar and lash. She moved onto the bed, kneeling and looking down at the woman's body, consciousness slowly returning. She licked her tongue up Ryn's leg, enjoying the taste of the woman's flesh, before her head was on level with the woman's foot, the toes starting to wriggle. She used her hand to hold it in place, and then bit down, just gently, sinking her teeth into the sensitive sole.

'Mhrhhh!' Ryn's body tensed up, shaking off the drugs all at once, rising at the waist as she protested through her gag. Su'rya bit again, harder this time, enjoying the powerless writhing of her subordinate, imagining the lustful confusion that must be running through the woman's mind. Each nibble and bite made Ryn writhe and wriggle even more, stretching against the straitjacket without any chance of breaking free, her gagged squeals and groans getting louder and louder.

'Now you're awake, it's time for more training.'

'Nphhh!' The hooded head shook about.

'You are in no position to decline. And now that the household has little Cho to assist with maid-work, then you can be repurposed for other uses.' She reached out and dug her fingers into a breast, using her other hand to pull the hood off. Ryn's hair spilled out, messy and loose, eyes squinting up at her. There was already dribble on her chin, a fat and black ball between her lips, making soft, wet gasps from behind it.

'Your endurance and stamina need work. You have the makings of a fine maid, but are not yet fully disciplined. I have seen you slacking off or getting the other maids to do your work – and so I will punish you for that.'

Ryn tensed up, struggling against her bonds, making the spreader-bar shake around, her torso squirming against the straitjacket.

'The mistresses have been kind enough to allow me more time training you. The others are capable of filling in for you – but you are going to be shaped into something greater.'

Ignoring the grunting whines, she turned away and opened up a cupboard – filled with more maid uniforms on one side, and training equipment on the other. She stroked her hand over grips and handles, before taking a cane, light and slightly flexible. It was easy to flick her wrist and bring it down against Ryn's sole.

'Hnnnn!' Ryn gasped in pain, the movement shaking the bar again.

'A good maid must be on her best behavior at all times. No slacking, no breaks – nothing less than *perfection*.' She kept striking with the cane, alternating between the woman's feet, enjoying the woman's gasps, the pain starting to turn to shamed desire.

'I would never have suspected that you were so sensitive on your feet! But it certainly makes this more entertaining.' The cane vibrated in her hand each time she struck, Ryn's whines

getting louder and louder. Red welt-marks were starting to form on the woman's soles, Su'rya unrelenting in her strikes. 'You are now assigned to me directly – I will be training you myself. If you do well, then I may allow you to punish the others. If you do badly, then you can expect more of this.' She changed the angle of her strikes, now slicing red marks into Ryn's legs and her buttocks.

The heat flowing through her own body was increasing, the sensation behind her chastity belt sending a pleasant buzz through her body. She rubbed her thighs together, striking the cane against Ryn's buttocks until the welts started to bruise. Ryn was sobbing now, tears trickling down her face, her struggles weakening.

Su'rya put the cane back, before getting a metal roller out. She used this to continue the assault on Ryn's feet, rolling it over the bare feet, the movement causing more shivers and twitches from Ryn, tormented groans escaping her lips, along with a lot of dribble. With her other hand, Su'rya reached between Ryn's legs, pressing down on the chastity belt, making it compress into Ryn's skin. The tone of Ryn's moans changed, the arousal more overt now.

The way that Ryn's body was tensing and twitching was a delight to see, Su'rya licking her lips as she took it in, along with the gagged whines. She pressed the metal down hard, spiking it into skin, before reaching out and grabbing a breast, squeezing the nipple as hard as she could.

'So soft and sweet! And that is just how a maid should be – but a good maid must remember she is here to serve, not to please herself.' Another tit-squeeze, and then she withdrew, looking through the pockets of her uniform for her keys, taking out the metallic bundle. 'Time to see how good you are at enduring.'

The key slid into Ryn's chastity belt with a soft *click*, Ryn's eyes going wide, her lips tightening around the gag-ball. As Su'rya released the lock and pulled the crotch-panel away from Ryn's body, there was another whine and the deep, rich scent of Ryn's arousal. Behind the metal, she was already wet and visibly desperate, her shaved slit begging for use.

When Su'rya stroked her fingers against the cunt, Ryn whined, eyes desperately wide and unfocused, her legs barely twitching.

'You should focus yourself on giving service, rather than your own desires.' She leaned over, inhaling the scent, feeling it feed her own lust, her own belt snug and secure. Just a little further, and she was able to use her tongue, licking it over Ryn's lower lips.

'Mrhhhh!' Ryn's legs tensed up, the bar keeping them spread aside. As Su'rya's tongue pushed deeper, into the wet warmth, Ryn's moans got louder and louder. It was easy to feel the increasing desire that throbbed inside Ryn, especially when Su'rya kissed the woman's clit, tightening her own lips around it and sucking.

Just a single kiss there, and Ryn was already on the edge of release! Su'rya withdrew, smiling at Ryn's groan of disappointment.

‘Pleaphhh...’ Her begging was wet and dribbling, more tears trickling from her eyes.

‘A good maid should endure pain, without needing the promise of pleasure. We exist to please the mistresses, and to improve their lives. And *not* in the hopes of reward! What can be done with such a sweet and tender cunt?’

She teased and stroked it again, staring into Ryn’s eyes, using pinches whenever the other woman closed her eyes or looked away. When the woman was fever-hot and on the edge of release, she withdrew her hand, the woman lifting her hips up, trying to get more contact, but unable to force it. Su’rya went to her cupboard again, this time taking out a bag of pegs, taking one out and letting Ryn see it. The insides were covered with little metal nubs, pressed together by the springs. She clicked it a few times, watching as fear starting to creep into Ryn’s eyes.

There was no way for the woman to escape, Su’rya stretching out a pussy-lip and attaching a peg. One by itself looked untidy, so she attached more, careful to keep them symmetrical and even, giving each a little twist after putting it into place. As each was attached, Ryn whined, the pain increasing with each.

Once there were four on each side, she spread the lips wide, stroking another peg over the engorged clit.

‘Nphhh! Pleaph, nphhhh...’

Su’rya made sure as much of the nub was between the teeth of the peg before letting it go. Ryn bucked and shivered, the pegs shaking around, but they were tight enough that they stayed in place. The scent of Ryn’s lust was flooding the room, Su’rya permitting herself a smile, before standing up and biting at Ryn’s foot again, the tone of her voice deeper and sultrier.

‘Such a good maid-slut! You just need more training. You should be thankful that the mistresses have taken as much time with you as they have – my own training was less direct, and I had to prove myself again and again to earn my position.’ Scraping her nails down Ryn’s thighs made them tense up and made the pegs all shake and shiver, Ryn’s chest now shiny and sticky with dribble. After more scratches and teasing, and several twists of the pegs, Ryn’s eyes were fluttering, needing more pain applied to keep her conscious. More stamina training would be needed, if this was all the woman could take!

‘Even if you are not allowed release, there are still other things that can be done. Your body must be able to serve in every way.’

From her cupboard she took out a large strap-on, the shaft fat and ridged. It was large enough that it affected her balance, dragging on her hips, extending out in front of her. She made sure that Ryn could see it, trying to wriggle backwards, shaking her head.

Su’rya crawled onto the bed, the cock knocking against the mattress before she grabbed at it and put the tip against Ryn’s asshole. The woman whined again, trying to wriggle away, but it

was easy for Su'rya to keep on top of her, the cock-crown pressing against the woman's asshole.

When Ryn reached the limits of her movement, Su'rya kept pushing, starting to force the cock into the woman's body. There was resistance, Ryn tensing up, but Su'rya kept pushing leaning into it, using her own weight to start driving the fat rod into place. She had to lick her fingers and transfer the spit onto the shaft, several times, using that to ease her passage, the tight asshole getting spread wider and wider.

She was between Ryn's legs, on top of her, supporting herself with one arm, the cock being forced in, deeper with each push of Su'rya's hips. Ryn's forehead was shiny with sweat now, the only sound escaping from her lips a long, low groan, her gaze fixed on Su'rya.

'You see? Your body is built for obedience, you simply need to accept your place.'

She could feel the base of the dildo knocking against her chastity belt, making the metal strike against her pussy. The desire she felt was strong, threatening to rob her of thought, and she had to focus on the image of Mistress Victoria, strong and dominant, to keep her self-control. The cock was only half-way into Ryn, but the woman was still fighting it, tensing up, forcing Su'rya to push harder to make progress. As her body was so close atop Ryn's, she knocked against the pegs, making Ryn whine and moan even more.

'I am devoted entirely to the mistresses – I am theirs, utterly and completely.' She stretched forward, ignoring Ryn's whimpers to lick at a tear, enjoying the salty taste. She pulled her hips back and then shoved further forward, getting more of the length into place. With the cock now firmly in place, she didn't need her hand to guide it, instead stroking Ryn's face and then releasing the gag.

'With time, your own desires will change. I have not been permitted release for a long time – and do not expect it any time soon. Even though I am honored to possess the key to my own belt, I would never use it without permission.'

'But... Why...'

Su'rya silenced Ryn with a kiss, long and slow, letting her body settle into position, most of the dildo now buried inside of the other woman's body.

'I am *A'dma'le* – born to the collar. This is what my soul has been shaped into. I would be less sharp, less skilled, if I were to indulge my own desires. And so I choose to remain locked into chastity, to ensure that I am truly dedicated to the mistresses.'

Another kiss, Ryn whimpering as her asshole was violated. Another kiss did nothing to calm her, a long moan sounding out as Su'rya reached backwards and grabbed one of the pegs, twisting and yanking it off Ryn's body. Her own mouth sealed Ryn's, letting her feel the gasp ripple through Ryn's body. The release of each peg produced another moan, Su'rya starting to pump her hips back and forth, the asshole forced wide as Su'rya kept violating the soft hole.

'You see? You are bound in service – you are here to be used, as your superiors wish. You are not here for your own pleasure, but to give pleasure to others.'

She let herself press down fully onto Ryn, keeping her hips grinding away, stroking at the captive body, silencing the woman as needed with more kisses. Ryn seemed incapable of speech, instead just moaning, her sounds low and soft, more tears rolling down her face.

'I exist for the pleasure of the mistresses, and you exist to serve me. You will be shaped into a maid that deserves to serve our mistresses, to the best of your abilities.' She twisted, the cock sliding all the way out, before she slammed forward, getting the full length of the dildo into place, Ryn's eyes bulging outwards.

'Your body is mine, until you have proven yourself. I'm going to work you hard.'

She wriggled into a comfortable position, the cock fully inserted as she made herself comfortable, using the woman as a cushion.

'I expect full obedience. You have greater responsibilities, and so will bear greater punishment should you fail.'

Ryn gurgled and groaned, barely conscious, Su'rya settling down to sleep, enjoying the trapped, captive warmth beneath her.

Chapter 17: Lowest Ranked

The smooth, marble floor was cold against Sheila's palms as she bent over, thrusting her ass up into the air, her legs spread wide. She could hear heeled steps against the floor, able to look back behind herself, through her own legs, to see long, toned legs sheathed in leather boots moving. Each time they approached, she had to resist a shiver, anticipating pain being forced onto her.

Other women were in the same pose – degrading and exposed, unable to protect themselves. One of them whimpered, the heel-clicks moving with swift speed before a flogger cracked against skin, the sound of the impact hard enough to make Sheila wince. Out of reflex, she counted the strikes, her own backside and pussy warming with sympathetic heat. Five, six, seven, eight...

The strikes continued, Sheila hearing the whimpers of pain, until the twentieth strike and then silence. Strain was starting to build in Sheila's legs from the stretched-out pressure position, but she forced herself to stay as still as possible, not wanting to give any excuse to be punished. The shame of this still stung her, along with the physical pains of being beaten! And the betrayal of her daughter as well, that had ended up with her being here.

Footsteps approached, distracting her from her thoughts, getting closer and closer, until the trainer was stood behind her. Sheila could see the flogger-cords, tied into hard leather knots, trailing along the floor, next to the leather boots of the woman. Breath hitched in her throat, just

before a hand reached out and stroked against her buttocks, stroking and sliding over her skin. The hand was wrapped in a leather glove, hard metal nails on the fingertips, scratching over Sheila's skin, making her stifle a gasp from the prickling pain.

When it slid down, between her legs and over her pussy, she couldn't refrain from a little twitching spasm, the pressure too much.

'D-137. One of the two new sluts.' The hard nails scratched over her lower lips, constant needling pain, Sheila biting her lip and trying to focus. 'I have been tasked to train you – and there is much that you lack. The mistresses have given me some special requirements for you.'

The fingers tensed, reaching further down and scratching against her belly, pressing against her tense muscles.

'Your body is improving, but needs more work. You would not survive the mistresses playing with you in one of their moods.' They scratched, digging into her belly, the pressure-position making it impossible to relax and make the pain less. She hissed in pain, immediately regretting it and trying to keep her mouth shut.

'Is there something you want to say, D-137?' The flogger-cords were stroked over her buttocks, leather sliding and rubbing.

'No, Mistress Ti'ys!' She just wanted to be let go, at least to rest, even if she couldn't get out of here. She could feel the movement of the woman behind her, Ti'ys dropping to her knees, spreading apart Sheila's buttocks with her hands. The act made her shiver again – she didn't want to be sodomized again, to have something fat and rough forced into her asshole! Or to be spanked or beaten or hurt at all – but that was something she was forced to endure, far too often.

A finger pushed against her asshole, and she reflexively tensed up, Ti'ys making a disappointed noise.

'Useless slut! Your body should be accessible at all times to your superiors – which is *everybody*.' The hand withdrew, and then slapped against her buttocks, a hard spank that made her skin throb. Then a hand scratched down each of her legs, following the lines of her body, leaving bright red pain-marks down her skin, pushing into the soft spot on the backs of her knees. She managed to tense up, to keep the pose, but it hurt, even without the extra humiliation of being entirely naked and exposed!

'You smell like a desperate cunt. Is that what you are, D-137?' A tongue licked against her backside, before teeth bit into her, nibbling at her buttock-meat. 'I expect a response!'

'Yes, Mistress!' Having to speak was even more pathetically shaming, but better than being punished. 'D-137 is cunt-meat.' Saying the words hurt her spirit, crushing her will a little more, as did being denied her own name. Another sharp little spank, and another bite against her buttocks, before the soft lips slid downwards, the tongue probing against Sheila's pussy. The

rush of pleasure slammed through her, making her gasp as it licked into her, fire surging around her pelvis.

'So eager!' Another cunt-kiss, tongue probing deeper. 'But you're a long, long way from earning yourself any pleasure.' Teeth bit into a pussy-lip and then pulled back, stretching the sensitive skin out, Sheila gasping in pain, her feet shifting against the floor. This shouldn't be making her feel good, but there was pleasure that she couldn't deny, roiling through her, her body wanting more touches and kisses down there, even if there was pain as well!

Ti'ys withdrew and then stood up, spanking Sheila again.

'Put your belt on, D-137.'

As gracefully as she could, Sheila rose to her feet, feeling the aches throughout her body, trying to stay loose and supple, not wanting to be punished even more. The belt was on the floor, currently open, having been off her body long enough to cool. She hated even the sight of it – having her own body locked away, a constant sign of how under control she was! The belt was even worse than the collar, which she could at least forget about sometimes, before the tightness around her throat surged into her consciousness again, often triggering a chest-tightening panic attack.

She picked the belt up, wrapping it around her waist – it was tight, compressing her already-trim waist further, her heartrate increasing from the sense of confinement. It clicked shut, locked into place, impossible to remove without assistance. Next was the part between her buttocks, stiff metal pushing them apart and exposing her asshole, so she could be cleaned out with enemas, viciously cold water pumped into her. That wasn't the worst part though – she had to stifle a sob as she raised the crotch-panel, pressing it against her body. There were indentations in her skin from where the thing pressed, leaving semi-permanent marks on her skin, never allowed to heal. And she could feel her own desire – she hadn't been allowed release in weeks, if not months!

Around her, other women, all "property" of this place, were in the same position she had just been in – palms flat against the floor, legs spread, butts high, all fully exposed. Some showed signs of punishment, with red welts and dark bruises on their naked skin, while others were unmarked. All were beautiful though, with soft skin and honed bodies, all here to service the mistresses.

Just the act of pulling the belt into place stimulated her, the dampness between her legs showing a pathetic desperation. She couldn't entirely suppress a whimper as she locked the thing into place, the *click* seeming far too loud, for such a small thing. It pressed into her body, already making her skin prickle and itch where it touched her, a constant reminder of her place.

'Submission stance eight!'

Ti'ys gave the order, and Sheila immediately moved to obey – spreading her legs wide, putting her hands on her head, exposing herself and making it impossible to defend herself. At least

she had been permitted to keep her hair, the strands soft and silky, but that was one of the few “luxuries” she was permitted.

The cords of the flogger stroked over her body, Ti'ys stepping in close, using the handle of the flogger to poke and prod with. As a trainer, she was permitted clothing – a sleek, tight dress, fitted to her slender body, as well as makeup, and lovingly-curved blonde hair falling past her shoulders. Just looking at her made Sheila feel pathetic and inadequate, with her hair simply loose and no makeup. She could remember when she had dressed like that, picking her own clothing and being free and independent, rather than being owned property!

A hand squeezed her breasts, tweaking each nipple in turn, before pressing against her belly. She tensed up against it, Ti'ys making a sound of approval, her palm flat against Sheila's toned and flat stomach.

'Excellent. The diet you have been put on and the exercises have improved your body.' Nails scratched into her tummy as Ti'ys bent her fingers, sliding them over the skin with enough force to make Sheila hiss in pain – she still couldn't get used to being hurt all the time! But resistance would get her hurt even more, sent down into the deep dungeons. She'd managed to avoid that so far, but she'd seen the way that changed the other women sent down there, a haunted look in their eyes, as well as brutal-looking marks on their bodies. Sometimes, she could even hear the screams, echoing off the stone walls, wordless moans of agony and suffering.

The hand stroked down, tapping against the metal of the belt, checking that it was snug and tight on Sheila's body. It was hard to suppress the sting of fear and frustration she felt, Ti'ys trying to slip a finger behind the waist-band of the belt, the device too close-fitted to permit any intrusion.

'Excellent. Only our owners may grant us release.' The pressed her body against Sheila's, the dress smooth and warm against Sheila's skin, making her miss the days when she had been free, and able to dress herself each day, before being kidnapped and taken here. And she was so horny! The belt denied her any way to touch herself, and the constant training, exercise and beatings kept her stimulated, making her so horny that it was hard to think. Even just having Ti'ys pressing against her was making her lust surge, her pussy wanting to be used.

When Ti'ys kissed her, she didn't resist or struggle, letting the other woman dominate her mouth, tongue sliding over her own. Hands stroked over her belly again, before sliding around to her back, sharpened nails just lightly scratching down her skin. The woman knew all of Sheila's most sensitive points, pressing them harder, making Sheila shiver.

'Good girl. You've come far, in the time you've been here.' Another kiss, this one longer, before Ti'ys broke the contact and took hold of Sheila's collar, using it to push her down. She dropped to her knees, feeling her breasts swing as she moved on her hands and knees.

'Everyone else – return to your work. Swiftly.'

As Sheila crawled away, all the other women stood up from their spread-legged positions, reattaching their chastity belts, some of them putting maid's uniforms on, most not even permitted that, having to stay naked. Sheila wasn't sure if it was better or worse that she wasn't included with them – she didn't want to have to do housework, but it might be better than the constant training as a sex toy!

She crawled along behind Ti'ys, feeling the hard floor against her knees, trying to keep her palms from slapping against the marble. They moved past the dark stone passageway that went down into the deeper dungeon, Sheila shivering again as she glanced down it – in contrast to the finely polished marble, the steps down were rough, barely-worked stone, the middle of each step noticeably worn. Whatever happened down there, she didn't want to know!

It was a relief to move on – she didn't want to even be close to the stairway. Instead, she kept moving behind Ti'ys, through more of the chambers. She thought most of them were underground, but it was hard to tell – this place, wherever it was, seemed to be a bit of a sprawl, with subterranean chambers to “train” the women, and to keep them locked up, and a manor above-ground. She'd only seen that a few times, and it seemed luxurious beyond belief, except with far too many cages and chains everywhere.

Ti'ys moved fast, Sheila struggling to keep up, crawling as fast as she could. The slap of leather-on-skin sounded out, and she turned her head to see a punishment in progress. Another woman was bent over a wooden block, tender buttocks high in the air. Another senior slave was using a whip, her victim's backside covered with red welts, some already turning into grey-black bruises. From the desperate whimpers and moans, the punishment had been going on for quite some time – or it was just for sadistic pleasure? Either way, it was better not to be involved!

They moved onwards, Sheila hoping that she wouldn't be taken into one of the other “training” rooms, to be beaten, whipped or something else. The constant training and lack of proper rest, along with the chastity belt, was melting her brain, making it virtually impossible to focus. At least when she was being commanded, then it was obvious what she had to do! Each crawling step made her thighs tighten, forcing her to feel the metal of the chastity belt, making it impossible to forget her status.

All she could see in front of herself was black boot-leather, moving behind Ti'ys through the passageways, the floor changing from marble to cold tile, just as hard. Scents of sweat, blood and lust wafted through the air, making her shiver with nervousness, suppressing memory-flashes of the humiliations and pain she had been subjected to, more than she could remember. Whips, clamps, needles, spankings, all this and more!

'You are getting skilled at giving pleasure – but you are not good enough yet. It is time to continue training your tongue.'

A metal frame held another woman with her legs spread wide, arms tucked beneath herself – it was virtually a hogtie, except held in place with metal bars and poles rather than rope. The

woman's head was covered in a hemp sack, making it impossible to recognize her, while her flat belly and small breasts were already covered with thin cane-welts. Her breathing was rough and uneven, the position stressing her body, forcing her to be constantly tense, and there was a basin beneath her head – like at a hairstylists, but it probably wasn't for anything as kind as a hair wash. There was already a plug in her ass, a fat metal lump poking out from between her buttocks.

Ti'ys advanced on her before reaching down and yanking the plug out, the thing several inches out, making the woman groan as it was removed. The asshole was slow to close up, darkly gaping at Sheila.

'Pleasure her with your tongue. Keep her teased – should she have an orgasm, then you will take her place.' Ti'ys moved around to the woman's side and pushed the hemp sack down, so that the bump of the captive's nose appeared. There was a tap above the covered face, Ti'ys turning it. Water started to flow down, over the hood. It darkened the material, making it stick and cling, the captive squirming, fighting against her restraints, without any success. When it went over her mouth, the head tried to turn, Ti'ys using a hand to keep it in place.

Sheila crawled forward, her eyes fixating onto the woman's cunt. It was moving as the woman shook, the bindings tight but not completely sealing movement. The captive gasped into her sack-hood, making it puff out. Sheila stretched her tongue forward, licking at the crotch, feeling a disturbing twinge of pleasure herself as she tasted the woman's sweat and juices. The coughing, gasping splutters got worse as the water-torture began, Sheila leaning into her task.

'That's it. You're becoming a well-trained tongue-slut, despite your lack of experience.'

Sheila didn't respond, just using her tongue, sliding it deeper in. She could taste sweat, showing that the woman had been restrained in place for quite some time, and likely tortured here. When she turned her head and lightly nibbled at a well-welted thigh, there was a gratifying squeal of pain, the thighs tensing up, straining against the metal. Being able to inflict pain, even in such a minor way, gave a boost to Sheila's confidence, and she settled in between her victim's legs, beginning to kiss and lick at the exposed cunt.

The water-torture continued, droplets splashing out, a few of them landing on Sheila. Ti'ys was skilled, allowing her victim just enough air to stay conscious, but so little that the woman's chest was straining for air, forced into desperate, sucking pants, trying to inhale enough air to stay conscious. When the hood was lifted, there was an audibly loud breath, before it was allowed to drop back down again.

Sheila probed with her tongue, trying to find where the woman was most sensitive – with her face covered, it was hard to tell. But her cunt was hot and wet already, her clit engorged, Sheila flicking her tongue over that. She could taste the woman's juices, sweet and fresh, slicking over her tongue. As the taste got more intense, she slowed, not wanting to push the woman too hard and get herself punished.

Her own pussy was reacting, warming behind the cruel, hard metal of the chastity belt. She couldn't refrain from squirming her thighs, feeling her body yearning for more touches and the release of orgasm, but that was impossible for her to achieve. All that she could do was focus on her victim, teasing her, alternating between slow, teasing twists of her tongue, and harsh little bites. The thighs on either side of her head were spasming and twitching, the whines and moans sounding more and more desperate.

Ti'ys kept playing with the hood, allowing her victim just enough air to endure. From on the floor, Sheila could see up the woman's body, the pained whines making it glad that it wasn't her being tormented! She leaned into her tongue, pushing her tongue fully into place, feeling the way the cunt tightened, the woman on the edge of release. She was careful to be slow, not wanting to force orgasm, trying to sense through the forced drowning-spasms. At least if she did well, then she might escape punishment herself... And maybe even be allowed an orgasm?

Chapter 18: Stress Tested

Cindy gasped and panted, feeling the strain in her body. Her feet slapped against the treadmill, the whine of the motor a constant pressure on her ears. Sweat was running down her body, her lungs straining to keep her moving, arms moving up and down in a constant rhythm. Her breasts ached, clamps attached from her nipples to the front of it, forcing her to keep pace or have her tits stretched out. The controls were all locked down, denying her any capacity to turn the speed down, forcing her to accept the constant running.

Her buttocks were sore, a cane behind her flicking forward if she ever dropped back, even slightly, the thing automated, swishing through the air. There was no chance to prepare herself for each strike, her buttocks softened with sweat, making the impacts bite even harder, both her cheeks already throbbing and sore.

All she was wearing was her chastity belt, the metal scraping and chafing her skin, and her collar, feeling chokingly tight now that she was gasping for breath. Other slaves were training as well – running on machines, or doing stretches, forced into contorted pressure poses. The modern exercise machines jarred with the stone walls, ancient carvings cut into the walls, alongside holes drilled through to provide power.

Sweaty hair flopped into her eyes, sticking to her forehead and making it hard to see. She shook her head, trying to clear her vision, lungs burning, not wanting to attract any punishment. Mirrors on the walls let her see herself and the other women here, everyone working hard. It was possible to see the distinctions between the different categories – smaller, daintier women were more likely to be serving maids, allowed upstairs to work. A few women were doing more intense weights, visibly more toned and muscled – those were more senior, allowed to punish other women, and maintaining the strength needed to do so. And some, tall, graceful and lithe, had to contort and twist themselves into bodily knots and pretzels – they seemed to be the personal pleasure-slaves of the mistresses, with the most freedom. But, judging from the bruises, welts and bite-marks on them, also attracting the most punishments and hurt.

Most of the women were naked except for restraints, soft and toned flesh on display. The muscled women were the main exception, dressed in more normal work-out gear. Cindy had to focus not to get distracted, knowing that any slowing would get her punished.

On the next treadmill was Sheila, also on a treadmill, but laboring with greater effort, her cheeks red and puffing. The semi-constant flicking sound of the punishment-cane and Sheila's whines of pain were distracting, the woman's breasts stretched out far by the clamps.

The cane flicked forward, Cindy hissing in pain as it sliced into her buttocks, adding a flare of pain, and she accelerated, leaning forward and taking some of the strain of her breasts, adding slack to the clamp-chain.

In the mirror, she could see Ti'ys approach – dressed in tight exercise gear, slightly shining with sweat, her hair tied into a long braid and carrying a shock prod. Cindy whimpered, leaning into her exercise, not wanting to be punished, or attract any attention. Ti'ys walked towards her, shocking another woman on the way, the pain causing a yelp.

'D-136 – your progress is impressive. You are destined to be a breeding-slave, and so you need to be strong and healthy.' Her tone was conversational, despite the tortuous circumstances. 'You are doing better than D-137.' Ti'ys jabbed the prod against Cindy's back, scraping the metal contacts up sweaty skin, leaving little gouge marks. 'Perhaps I should schedule a personal session with you both? The mistresses are very intent on making you functional as soon as possible. Your bodies will be of use to them.'

Cindy could hear Sheila whimper again, feeling a sting of sympathy – the prod stung, and the way the electricity tore away self-control was another level of viciousness! And on the treadmills, there was the added threat of the cane and the clamps. At least the other woman being punished meant that it wasn't her getting hurt though!

The mirror let her see the instructor's body, sleek and powerful, the sight of it sending a sting of arousal through Cindy's body. Ever since getting kidnapped, she'd only seen women, and being locked behind the belt, and forced to eat other women out, was eroding her mind, making her desperate for any sexual stimulation, even if it was from another woman! The way that her muscles moved, her movements powerful and precise, was far more distracting than it should have been.

There was another electrical crackle and a yelp of pain from Sheila, before Ti'ys moved turned towards Cindy. The prongs of the prod jabbed into her buttock, making her wince and speed up, trying to get away from it. Her lungs were straining for air, but she still had more stamina, and was able to twist away from it, at least for a second. Then it was simply pushed forward, poking into her buttock.

There wasn't the expected burst of pain and forced muscle-cramps, but it slid over to the base of her spine, before scratch-sliding upwards. It made her arch her back, tightening the breast-clamps, sending little flaring pain-stabs through her chest, her nipples crushed and

aching. A shock directly into her spine would probably make her lose control entirely, her breasts getting stretched out to their limit by the chains.

Instead, it kept sliding over her back, scraping away sweaty skin. The nervousness she felt kept building and building, disrupting the rhythm of her movement, making her stagger, earning herself another stinging strike across her buttocks.

When it withdrew, she sighed in relief, before the woman walked around in front of her. Her hand stretched out, gently touching against Cindy's belly, sliding over the sweaty skin.

'Excellent! The mistresses will be very pleased with you. Perhaps you might be sent to the breeding stables earlier than expected.' The hand withdrew, before going to the control panel of the treadmill and reducing the speed. The sudden drop almost made Cindy stumble, but she kept herself stable and gulped in air, now she wasn't being forced to run.

Her arms dropped to her sides – she wanted to rest, trying to recover from the forced exercise, feeling herself panting still. Ti'ys kept stroking her hands over Cindy's body, releasing the breast-clamps, the sudden rush of blood making Cindy shiver with pain. As her breathing steadied itself, she could feel the rubbing of the chastity belt, wearing away her skin.

Nails scratched down her belly, easily scraping away skin, pressing harder and harder. She tried to squirm away, but another hand slapped against her backside and then squeezed hard, pinning her in place. The touches sent equal pleasure and pain through her, her hands tensing in frustration.

'It's going to be a shame when you're sent to be bred. It means I won't be able to have fun with you!' The buttock-squeeze got stronger, compressing her skin, until Cindy was forced to gasp in pain. A sudden surge of anger flashed through her, and she twisted, slapping the hand away, hearing the woman respond. Fear immediately ran through her, replacing the anger, and she had to restrain the urge to flinch, or beg for mercy.

'You have spirit – that will make for stronger children. But the obedience is not yet complete.' Cindy was grabbed by the collar-ring and pulled off the treadmill, her feet slapping against the floor. 'Perhaps you think yourself up to a more intense challenge? You may be adapting well, but you are still new here.'

Cindy tried to resist, but she was off-balance and couldn't stop herself being dragged forward, towards an area with several padded mats.

'It will be a delight to teach you to submit personally.'

Ti'ys turned and slapped Cindy across the face, too fast for her to react, feeling the shock of impact, her cheek burning, head turned.

'You may fight back. If you can pin me down, then you will be rewarded.' Her hand whipped forward for another slap, Cindy managing to step back and avoid this one, feeling the rush of air

just in front of her. She growled, stretching herself out, ignoring the throb of her breasts as best she could. Another slap, and she managed to block it with a forearm, with a sting from the impact, but it was better than being hit across the face!

The woman was strong, but Cindy stepped towards her, rising towards the challenge, trying to fight back. She was tired from all the time on the treadmill, her legs heavy and dragging, but she put her weight behind a punch, aiming her fist straight at the woman's chest. Ti'ys danced backwards, Cindy trying to follow up and stay close, despite the aching of her legs. A roundhouse punch of her own was blocked making her inner arm throb from the hit.

Adrenaline started to surge, washing away some of the tiredness, making it easier to move. She kept attacking, trying to remember self-defense classes from years ago, wanting to hit through the woman's guard. Each attack was blocked, little counter-hits starting to bruise on Cindy's skin.

'You lack grace – if you were trained as a fighter, you would bring shame to the house!' A strike broke through her own guard, slapping against one of her breasts in an open-palmed slap. This broke her momentum, and she had to back-pedal to defend against more attacks. She was being toyed with! The sense of her own inadequacies was hard to bear, but Cindy didn't want to admit defeat. Even after another harsh tit-slap, she kept going, pushing through the pain and humiliation, managing to land a punch on her opponent's shoulder.

It didn't seem to have any effect, a leg kicking out and hooking behind her own, dragging her off-balance. She swayed, needing to use her arms to keep her balance, before a palm smacked into her opposite shoulder, twisting her off balance and making her fall.

The impact against the mat knocked the wind from her, her body freezing for a moment. Weight pressed down against her, Ti'ys pinning her down with her weight. She tried to twist away, but the weight was too much, squashing the air from her lungs. Her wrists were grabbed, arms stretched out above her head, the trainer leaning over her. Cindy kicked with her legs, able to drum her heels against the padded floor but nothing else.

'You would be disappointing as a fighter. But that strength will be helpful when you are bred.'

Cindy struggled again, but was too weak to achieve anything. All she could do was powerlessly wriggle and twist against the wait, as the woman leaned over her, making sure that Cindy was securely held in place.

'Admirable, and entertaining.' Lips pressed against hers, Cindy getting forcefully kissed, a tongue forcing its way into her mouth. Ti'ys was grinding her hips against Cindy's crotch, making the chastity belt press down onto Cindy's pussy. Being used for pleasure, while held in place, made the shame and self-disgust within her spike. She couldn't even voice a protest though, with her mouth blocked by the kiss!

'A punishment is needed for your disobedience.' Her wrists were moved, both being grabbed in one hand, as the other moved over her throat. It started to squeeze, cutting off Cindy's air, Ti'ys

still grinding and riding her, her own breathing getting faster and faster. She tried to fight back, but had no leverage, unable to force Ti's off at all. She couldn't breathe, the burning ache of her lungs rapidly increasing, her arms tensing up as she tried to twist free, without success.

The look on her face was one of lust and triumph, another kiss stealing away even more of Cindy's dwindling air. Her limbs twitched, then went limp, the grip on her throat relaxing just enough that she could stay conscious, but not regain her strength. One hand stayed on her throat, the other went to Cindy's breasts, slapping at them, fingers pinching, twisting and squeezing.

'Such a desperate, pathetic slut!'

Her breasts were aching now, the pain making her gasp and squeal, with the scant air she was allowed, as they were tormented and mauled. Ti's was still grinding against her, clearly taking sadistic pleasure in her actions. She kept her face above Cindy's, sucking her lips in and then spitting, a sticky and wet blob landing on Cindy's cheek and slowly oozing downwards. Further shame poured through Cindy, strong enough to overpower the pain of the choking and the tit-slaps.

'You're here to be used – soon, you're going to be bred. Your resistance is amusing, but do not think that you will ever be allowed a superior position.' The strangling squeeze got stronger, Cindy's throat aching with pain, her eyes bulging, before she was allowed to breathe again, just once, and then more crushing squeezing. 'And while you are here, I am allowed to make use of you.' The squeezing continued, Cindy's body starting to go limp, her vision blurring, before she was released again.

She was just barely aware of Ti's standing up, pulling off her exercise shorts and then straddling herself over Cindy's mouth. The scent of her body was overwhelming, Cindy reacting on instinct, her tongue sliding out, over the woman's skin.

'Mmm. That's it. Good slut!'

Her face was being ridden, Cindy pushing her tongue deep into the woman's pussy, able to taste her sweat and juices. At least she could breathe now, even if the air was heavy with her scent! It made it impossible to regain her strength, thighs tight on either side of her side, the woman's hips rocking back and forth.

Cindy had to resign herself to being used as a fuck-toy, twisting her tongue, trying to get the woman off as quickly as possible. Fingers continued to assault her breasts, pinching and squeezing, continually tormenting her nipples, pinching and squeezing them hard.

The taste got stronger and stronger, as the woman's arousal increased. At least she wasn't making this hard by drawing away, forcing Cindy to work for it, but being used like this made her feel pathetic and useless, her tongue buried deep in a woman's cunt, licking away.

It wasn't long until there was an orgasm, without any attempt to disguise it. A loud, almost delirious moan, juices gushing out, Cindy swallowing them on reflex. After that, Ti'ys sank down onto Cindy's face, cutting off her air again. At least the breast-torments had stopped, as the woman relaxed into a post-orgasm daze.

Cindy tried to recover as best as she could, before the woman stirred herself out of the daze, rising up, the weight no longer pressing down onto Cindy.

'After that, I think you need some time in the cages. A training session to remind you of your place here should help your attitude!' A foot stamped down onto her belly, before her collar was dragged upwards, hauling her to her feet and shoving her forward.

She tried to resist, but was too weak, the woman easily moving her around.

'Such a soft body you have! I'm going to enjoy your screams.'

There was no way to fight back, as she was simply pushed around, towards the cages in one corner of the training room. None of the other women even attempted to help, none of them wanting to draw attention to themselves, as Cindy was shoved into a cramped metal cage, the thing locking shut behind her.

Chapter 19: Theory and Practice

'A rather unusual outfit, but the mistresses requested it.' Ti'ys stroked her hands down Sheila's body, her touch groping and intrusive, tweaking at the scant latex outfit. A mirror let Sheila see herself, wearing the perverted parody of a schoolgirl outfit, with a tiny, pleated skirt that barely hid her ass and a top that left her belly bare, while also pushing her breasts up. And no actual schoolgirl would be permitted to wear heels so high, or latex stockings! 'Still, it looks good on you.'

She hated the feeling of the stuff against her skin – at least it wasn't a full bodysuit, stiflingly tight and restrictive, but it was still tight and clinging, as well as making her look like a stripper. The skirt was so short that her chastity belt could be seen, the metal bright between her legs! It made her feel desperately pathetic and slutty, her body fully on display.

Ti'ys squeezed a breast before pulling on Sheila's leash, dragging her forward. She didn't dare resist, not wanting to face whatever punishment would be inflicted if she did. It wasn't even possible to mouth any protests – a fat ballgag had been pushed into her mouth and strapped into place, making it harder to breathe, and meaning that there was a sticky trail of dribble between her breasts as well. Being dirty like that made her feel gross, just as bad as whenever she could feel the chastity belt between her thighs. There was no way to stop the flow though – the gag held her mouth open, her tongue just rubbing against the fat lump of it.

'Time for more lessons. If you had been an *A'dma'le*, then all of this you would already know. But, instead, you must be taught everything.' She pushed open a door, into yet another room that Sheila had never seen before – several heavy wooden chairs with high backs were

securely bolted to the floor, each with a hole beneath the crotch and thick leather straps to hold someone in place. A blackboard covered the wall, dust-trails over it, the outline of a female shape still faintly visible, arrows pointing to the most sensitive parts.

There was a whimper from one side, Sheila involuntarily turning to see who had made it. A hooded woman was tied there, hands tied above her head, legs spread with a metal pole, her breasts and belly covered with vicious welt-marks, face pressed against the wall. From how she was whimpering, she was in quite some pain – had she been used for caning practice? Her body was covered with countless impact-marks, over every inch of skin, making Sheila shiver in pain, all-too-easily able to imagine how much that would hurt.

‘Ignore her, unless you want to be used in the same way. There’s always a need for practice targets, and a lack of volunteers.’

‘Mhh...’ Sheila turned away, the leash tightening as she was pulled forwards, towards one of the chairs. When she was closer, she could see that the seat was spiked, with little metal points poking up from the wood. They had high backs with a metal block on the back, little cogs inside, designed to pull on something, probably some torture device.

‘Sit.’

Disobeying would get her in even more trouble, and so Sheila sat down. The pins poked into her buttocks, enough of them that there wasn’t any way to wriggle into a comfortable position. She could rise up on her legs a little into an awkward squatting position, but that made her legs ache and throb with tension, the position impossible to hold for long before she had to drop down, stabbing her buttocks more with the spikes.

Ti’ys wasted no time in buckling the arm-straps into place over Sheila’s wrists, making them nice and tight. Then she pushed on Sheila’s chest, shoving her back, and Sheila realized that there were more pins on the back of the chair, stabbing into her, before a leather cord went over her throat. Ti’ys made sure that it was above her collar, pressing against her throat. It was tight – not cutting off her breathing, but making it slightly harder, triggering a faint panic response, which she had to fight to quash.

It meant that she couldn’t turn her head, only able to look directly ahead. Aside from the board, there were several canes hanging on the wall, and the obligatory hooks to attach victims from, making Sheila twitch in fear.

Something clicked beneath her, and then hard, cold metal pushed up against her asshole – it was slippery with lube, and she made herself relax so that it could slide into place, forcing her asshole wide. It slipped into her, a fat lump nestled inside of her body, with a mercifully narrow stem through her asshole, letting the hole close up again.

The pins were making her buttocks hurt, and she managed to rise up a little, feeling the cord tighten around her neck. The metal points made it impossible to get even slightly comfortable – every time she moved her back or her butt, she jabbed and poked herself. They weren’t sharp

enough to break her skin, but did create a constant wave of little pains and prickles, pain washing through her body.

A hand stroked over her head, before delicately wiping hair from her eyes, ensuring her vision was clear. Cogs clicked against each other, the neck-cord tightening further, making her choke. More dribble oozed out, and she could feel it splashing down her chest, adding to the stick slime on her body. It was starting to flow off her body, making some of the pins sticky when she twisted her butt to try and get comfortable again.

'Wait and stay silent, D-137, while I fetch your companion. I wouldn't want to have to give this lesson twice!'

Sheila was left there as Ti'ys walked off. Even in the short time that it took her to return, the jabbing pins got worse and worse, every wriggling movement making her butt and thighs ache. Trying to push herself against the back to support herself made pins poke into her back instead, just shifting where she was being hurt.

She heard Ti'ys return, heels clicking, along with a less regular set of steps. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Cindy being pushed into another chair, in the same slutty latex schoolgirl outfit. She didn't resist either, letting herself be strapped down. From the look on her face and the gasps she was making, she was being anally violated as well, spluttering into her gag, dribbling down herself.

Once that was done, Ti'ys moved in front of them both. She was wearing a tight leather skirt and a silk blouse, a metal collar around her neck. The outfit emphasized her long legs, sheathed in stockings, her manicured fingernails arousing a sting of jealousy in Sheila. Her hair was cared for, but her nails were just trimmed sometimes, otherwise left ragged and plain. She wanted to be pampered and cared for! But, as it was, all that she could do was tap her fingers against the wooden armrests – at least those weren't spiked as well.

Ti'ys leaned over, letting Sheila see down her blouse, at the generous cleavage on display. The sight of that made her feel aroused – she tried to focus on something else, trying to remember the last time she had fucked a man, but that seemed vague and distant. All she could think of was women's bodies – breasts and hips and cunt, the taste of pussy-juice in her mouth.

'There is much that I need to teach both of you. Your bodies are developing well, but a true slave should know enough to anticipate the needs of the mistresses, as well as what they mean. Teaching you the full language would take too long, but there are some words and phrases that would be useful.' She leaned closer in, stroking her hand over Sheila's forehead. 'Your tongues may be permitted to speak, as well as to give pleasure. And knowing what the mistresses speak of can be useful as well.' Her other hand curved into the skimpy top, squeezing at Sheila's breast. 'And a chance to play with you is always welcome.' Her fingers were warm and skilled, stroking at Sheila, making her shiver and gasp. Even those small movements increased her pain, as her own weight tormented her again!

'I am *A'dma'le* – I was born to the collar. You are *Dma'ne* – property of the mistresses, of no particular distinction, at least yet. You wear their collar and your body is owned by them.' As she spoke, Ti'ys stroked her own body, reaching between her legs, Sheila feeling jealousy at the woman's obvious lack of a chastity belt. 'You are D-137 – you may earn a name, eventually, but that isn't worth the trouble yet. The "D" stands for *Dynna* – slave-cunt, in words you would understand. You are the 137th piece of meat to be trained here. I was D-79, before earning my place – the mistresses acquire only the finest for their use. Many do not progress beyond being *Dynna*.'

Her eyelids were fluttering, her hands stroking and sliding over her own body and between her legs, a blush coming over her cheeks. The sight of her, clearly aroused, made Sheila feel a deep frustration at how she was locked away, tensing her backside, then regretting it as that made the pins jab harder into her buttocks.

'You are destined for the breeding pens, once you have been trained enough. Should you do well, then you will be permitted *Sedril*, the water of life.' Her masturbation was getting faster, her skirt getting pulled up to expose her pussy, two fingers hooking into herself, sliding back and forth. 'That is a rare honor – *Sedril* is the juice of an Amazon, showing that they are willing to bless you with their own essence. As you are being trained to give pleasure with your tongues, then perhaps you will be granted that boon.'

Her breathing was getting faster and faster, leaving Sheila to squirm in increasingly aroused pain. The cord around her throat felt as though it was getting tighter, making it harder to breathe, and the flow of dribble from her mouth was getting heavier and thicker. Her breasts were slimy and damp, the stuff flowing into her navel and between her thighs, flowing beneath her. Whenever she tensed up, she could feel the fat metal plug inside her ass, violating her body against her will.

When she continued, her voice was ragged and panting, her eyes now barely open. 'You were once *Un'Dma'ne* – uncollared and wild. It is an honor to be chosen by an Amazon, to be taken for training, and to have the chance to taste *Eshvala*, the pussy of an Amazon.' Her head tilted back, her words becoming a low moan. Sheila could smell her pleasure, feeling her own head fuzz from it. Her back and butt were both aching now, prickled and hurt by the spikes.

When she withdrew her fingers, Sheila could see that they were damp and sticky. It took her a few moments to recover herself, before she walked over to Sheila, fingers held out. The scent was overwhelming, threatening to wipe away her thoughts, wafting into her nose.

'This is far weaker than *Sedril*, but it is good to see how effective it is.' It was rubbed against her lips and beneath her nose, making it impossible to escape. 'You and D-136 have both adjusted well to the mentality required of you! Perhaps you will earn a name sooner than expected.'

She turned away, wiping more of her juices onto Cindy's face. From the wet gasp that Cindy made, it was having the same effect on her as on Sheila! All Sheila could do was squirm in

place, the pains in her back and buttocks fading into the penetration of the ass-plug and the soft pleasure of her own pussy, which she could do nothing about.

‘The two of you must remember these – I will be testing you later. But now there are other things to work on. While you are intended for use as breeding-meat, you are still here to give pleasure.’

The scent of the pussy-juice was invading Sheila’s senses, her hips starting to rock, making for more prickling stab-pains, but her own pussy was wet and loose, wanting to be used. The pain was somehow making her feel even better, her lust increasing, out of her control.

Ti’ys walked around, out of sight, Sheila unable to turn her head to keep the woman in sight. The cord around her neck started to tighten, pressing harder against her throat, making it harder to breathe. It hurt, biting against her skin, and pressing herself backwards against the chair just increased the pain from the spikes. Her buttocks were tense, making them get stabbed harder.

‘Now, time to practice. While I am training you, I have been permitted to use you for pleasure. When you succeed, then I will permit you to breathe freely. Otherwise, the cord will keep tightening. The position is a little ungainly, but I will manage. While D-136 attempts to please me, this will keep you distracted, D-137.’

The metal plug in her ass started to buzz, squirming around inside of her body. It emitted small shocks, making her gasp and shudder. It felt as though the pins were starting to impale her skin now, her weight pushing them into herself. Her crotch was a wet and sticky mess, her dribble messing with her pussy-juice, as she writhed and twisted in place.

There was a wet gulping and a faint splash, before Ti’ys took a position on the arms of Cindy’s chair, pushing her crotch forward against the woman’s face. The sounds of licking and sucking began, Sheila able to hear it, being tormented by the spikes and her own lust.

The cord was slowly tightening around her throat, her lungs starting to burn as her airflow was restricted more and more. She could turn her head, just a little, which eased the pressure, but not much, the thing still choking her.

From the sounds that Cindy was making, she was in just as much pain, and also having to eat out Ti’ys, the woman balanced on the arms of the chair. After several minutes, with the cord getting tighter and tighter, Ti’ys moved backwards, gracefully stepping off the chair.

‘Hmm. That was disappointing. D-137, time to see if you are any better.’

Ti’ys moved onto the arms of Sheila’s chair, taking hold of her hair and dragging her head forward before releasing the gag. This choked her even more tightly, the spasmodic inhalation forcing her to suck in the scent of Ti’ys, as a thick flow of spittle gushed from her mouth. All she could see was the woman’s crotch and belly, her pussy already wet. On sheer instinct, her tongue slid out, wanting to taste the juices, Ti’ys moving herself forward. Sheila tried to lean further forward, the cord making that impossible.

Ti'ys made a sigh of pleasure as Sheila licked at her. She could taste Cindy's spit, but the pussy-taste was far stronger, flowing over her tongue. She sucked, trying to get as much of it as possible over her tongue, wanting more and more. The taste made it possible to forget the sharp pains of the pins jabbing into her, as she swirled and twisted her tongue against Ti'ys, able to hear the quickening of the woman's breathing. The hand on her hair tightened, dragging her further in, making it virtually impossible to breathe. She tried to kiss and lick and suck as well as she could, feeling pain burst in her chest, sparks bursting in front of her eyes.

Her body started to sag, her strength all fading, the last thing she could feel being her tongue and lips, and the softness of Ti'ys. And then a gasp of pleasure, and more wet warmth over her face, as the woman came. Her head was shoved back, letting her suck air in, relieving the pressure in her chest. She swallowed down more of the woman's juices, feeling her own heat spike upwards.

'Excellent work, 137. You may relax, while I punish 136 for her errors.'

Sheila sagged in place, only too happy to obey, despite the extra pain that caused her.

Chapter 20: Examination

Cindy pushed a hand against the wall, feeling the cold, hard tile beneath her hand. She didn't like this place – at least the underground passageways of the mansion were familiar to her, but she'd never seen this place before, and there was no sign of Ti'ys or anyone else, other than Sheila. For once, she wasn't restrained, but she was still gagged, a huge ball stretching her jaw wide. She ran her fingers along the strap, finding a padlock there, holding it securely in place. She still hated the feeling of the wet, sticky dribble down her front, trying to keep her head tilted backwards to avoid it splashing down, but that made her feel as though she were drowning and choking.

There was no sign of any door – some of the tiles must hinge in some way to allow access, but she couldn't find them. In one corner, high up and out of reach, there was a camera, a black and beady eye gazing down. She glanced up at it, wondering who, if anyone, was watching.

Other than the gag, all she was wearing was her chastity belt, the metal tight around her waist and between her legs. She didn't bother trying to get it off, knowing from past experience that the metal was impossible to break or shift, and she might be punished if anyone saw her.

She rubbed herself, the air slightly chill, her skin covered with goosebumps. The training had been getting more and more brutal – she could feel how her body had changed, getting stronger and tougher, while having to eat food-paste that made her feel strange, hot flushes of desire running through her body. The teasing sessions had been getting harsher and harsher, fever forced onto her, until she had begged and cried. Those had been even worse than the beatings – she could endure punishment, but the teasing and loss of control made her feel weak and pathetic!

Something hissed, low and liquid – a moment later, fluid gushed down from the ceiling, spraying out of small nozzles. It was a sticky oil, slicking her hair down, coating her body. When she moved, she could feel it on her feet, forming strands and webs, slicking over the floor. The spray was thick enough that it oozed between her arms and her body – when she moved her arms, she could see the way that it was pulled into a bubble, before snapping and popping, more splashing to the floor. It even slid beneath her collar, against skin rubbed raw by the metal, and behind her chastity belt.

When it flowed down there, it made her shiver, gasping through her gag, able to feel the oil against her pussy. She squirmed her thighs, feeling the stuff stick and slide all over her. Dribble flowed from her mouth as well, as she ducked her head, not wanting to get the stuff in her mouth or eyes.

It keep flowing, until she was thoroughly coated in the stuff. The way it clung made her feel uncomfortable – not as stifling as latex, but still slicking over her body, making her feel trapped. And she didn't know what it was – some strange drug, or some new training method?

Once she was fully coated, the spray cut off, leaving her stood there, shiny and oiled up, the stuff making her skin look bronzed. Whenever she moved, the stuff stretched out – it wasn't trapping her, but it made her feel greasy and sticky, making her skin tingle. And the warm feeling in her crotch was even more intense than usual! She couldn't resist reaching down and pulling on her belt, trying to squeeze a finger between her skin and the metal, so desperate that she didn't care that the camera was watching her. Not that she could get behind the belt anyway – no matter how much she sucked in her belly, the metal was so tight, impossible to squeeze even a finger behind it. And the slot on the front wasn't big enough to fit anything through either – she could squirm and twist and push against it, but the most she could manage was to touch the tip of her little finger against a pussy lip.

She hears something whir, pumps gulping and surging, and then a white foam sprayed over her body. It had a sharp, antiseptic scent, making her nose wrinkle, and she kept her face downcast, not wanting to get it into her eyes or mouth. The oil and whatever this stuff was made a slick on the floor, gurgling into unseen drains. What was this stuff? It didn't seem painful, at least not yet, but nothing was ever done to her that wasn't for a reason!

With both the oil and the other fluid on her skin, she felt even colder, wrapping her arms around herself, feeling them stick to the oil. It was doing strange things to her hair, making it form into clumps and strands, and she tried to tidy it, just in case the mistresses, or anyone else, was watching her.

She heard something click, turning to see part of the wall open up, above the floor-level, to keep the fluid from spilling out. A female form appeared, a bright white light coming from behind her, shining off her tight, white latex bodysuit. Her bodily proportions were exaggerated, even by the standards Cindy had become used to, with a tiny waist, long legs and perfectly-proportioned breasts, a red cross on one of them. Her face was covered with a gasmask, dark-tinted glass

hiding her eyes, a lumpy breathing valve poking out in front of her face. There was no skin on display – the mask became a hood, sealing the woman's body completely.

She stepped down into the room, a heel splashing slightly on the mingled fluids. Her gaze was fixed on Cindy, or at least those two dark eyes stared at her, the woman approaching with slow, careful movements. She was holding more latex in her hands, a floppy and empty bodysuit, the material dark and translucent.

'The decontamination process has been completed. Allow the nurse to dress you – I've been told you should be obedient. If not, then you will be punished.'

The voice was female and sounded tinny and slightly bored, a small speaker on the woman's waist. Cindy tensed up, not liking the way the nurse was sealed up in latex, but rebellion would only bring more pain. The woman moved next to her, shaking out the body-suit she was carrying, then staring at Cindy expectantly.

There was nothing for it but to put the thing on – the oil on her skin made it easier to slide into the thing, her leg going in, the oil squelching and sliming over her body. It compressed her lower leg, her foot sliding down, and then she had to start pulling it up. The nurse helped her, both supporting her as she pulled the suit over her legs. It numbed her nerves, now she was partially dressed, a floppy arm getting presented, the latex smokey and translucent.

She squidged into the rest of the suit, her arms first, that making the front of it start to compress her breasts and belly. It was tight, but not corsetted, not restricting her breathing at all, but making her feel trapped and bound again.

It didn't take long to get fully on, getting zipped up her back, all of her body now trapped within it. Next was a hood – her hair was drawn into a ponytail, and then it was slid over her face and zipped up, the edge tucked into her collar. It had transparent plastic lenses to let her see, although there was an odd sheen as light refracted through them. It covered her mouth, forcing her to breathe through her nose instead.

'Follow the nurse.'

The voice was even more muffled now, the hood covering Cindy's ears, the nurse turning and leading the way. It was impossible not to stare at the nurse's backside, perfect curves sheathed in white latex, a throb of desire running through Cindy. The oil was still on her skin, sticking and shifting with every movement, some of it already pooling beneath her feet, squidging beneath her steps.

Outside there was a stark, white hallway, no sign of doors or windows, just a heavy wheelchair facing towards her, with leather straps on the arm- and foot-rests, ready to use. She shivered, the nurse giving her a shove into the chair, then quickly putting the straps into place. There was only a brief pause before the nurse moved behind her and then started pushing, the chair rolling forward, smooth and silent.

Cindy tested the straps, but without much force – even if she could wriggle out, then where would she go? She had no idea where she was, and this place would likely have protectors. And maybe she might be rewarded, eventually? If the mistresses thought her worthy, then she might be allowed to orgasm, maybe?

A set of double-doors swung open, revealing a medical examination room, a gyn-chair sparkling under surgical lights. Another chair was there, already filled, with Sheila strapped into place. A speculum was inserted into her body, the metal spreading her body wide, her body otherwise sheathed in translucent latex. Her body was tight and tense, muscles standing out even through the latex, making grunting noises into a gag.

Between her legs was a woman, leaning over, some probe extended deep into Sheila's body. From the gagged whimpers Sheila was making, it was an uncomfortable violation. It pushed deeper and deeper, Sheila's gasps and whines getting more pronounced as it was twisted deep inside of her and then withdrawn, the residue scraped into a plastic vial.

'Get her prepped.' The voice sounded in stereo, both from the woman and from the nurse's waist, as Cindy was wheeled towards the other chair. A hand grabbed and squeezed her throat, stopping her breathing, her body going limp. Her arms tensed against the straps, as another hand squeezed her nostrils shut. The pain increased rapidly, until sparks were bursting in her eyes, and she sagged in the chair.

The nurse moved with swift efficiency and speed, lifting Cindy up and moving her into the chair as she struggled to get her breath back. More restraints, around her wrists and ankles, before her legs were spread wide. A zip over her crotch was opened up, fingers tapping against the metal of the chastity. A key slid into place, her heart starting to race as it clicked and turned, the pressure of the crotch-panel releasing itself. Just that movement started to turn her on, along with the kiss of air against her now-exposed crotch.

The chair clicked as the stirrups were spread wide, her legs getting pulled wide, straining her hips. Latex-wrapped fingers poked at her skin, still sticky and slick with the oil, before metal clips were attached, spreading her wide and holding her there, a harsh pressure on her sensitive parts.

Cindy whimpered herself, not liking the pain, the way the clips were crushing her skin, as well as exposing her folds. She could feel desire increasing, just from the simple act of being exposed, and *anything* touching her down there. It was impossible to stay still, her hips rising up, the clamps shifting around and dragging on her pussy-lips even more. Why was the pain making her feel good? The hood pushed against her lips as well, making it feel like she was being kissed on her lips and cheeks, the oil sliding and stroking over her skin. It was making her breasts feel warm as well, sliming and squidging whenever she moved.

A finger shoved into her, pushing deep with a single motion, not bothering to warm her up first. She grunted in humiliated pain and arousal, feeling the finger violate her, twisting around before

sliding back out. As soon as it slid out, she sagged, feeling deflated and weak, her lips tightening around the gag.

Next, the nurse held up a metal device, curved and hinged, looking a little like a duck's beak, Cindy recognizing it as a speculum. Lube was smeared over the metal, and then it was placed against her pussy. The metal was cold, the lubricant at least helping it to slide into place. It wasn't as big as a fist, but it was brutally hard metal, forcing her wide. It stretched deep into her, a constant force inside of her body, impossible to remove. Tensing her hips at all made the thing ache even more.

From her position, looking down, she could just about see the end of the thing, curving out from her body. The nurse glanced at her, before starting to turn a dial on the speculum. This made the metal spread wider, opening up within her body, spreading wider and wider. The throbbing ache got stronger and stronger, as her cunt was opened up.

When it was extended as far as it would go, making Cindy feel like she was being impaled, the nurse withdrew. There was no way to see through the tinted lenses of the woman's mask, making her into a faceless *thing* rather than a person. Was that what the mistresses were going to turn her into?

The nurse retreated to a corner of the room, standing there, as immobile as a statue. Cindy heard Sheila grunt and gasp, before heel-clicks approached, as the other woman approached. She had a lean, severe build, hair cut into sleek black bangs, razor-sharp lines angled across her face. A surgical mask covered her mouth, the rest of her body sheathed in black latex.

'D-136. You are here so that I can assess your fertility.' She reached out and groped a breast, squeezing at the lump of flesh through the latex, giving it a twist. 'Your companion's body is fine and healthy – a little beyond peak child-bearing age, but in a state where she can still be used. Hopefully, you are the same.' Her voice was vaguely disinterested, giving Cindy's breast another squeeze, before both hands moved down to her crotch. The speculum was twisted, making Cindy gasp as it rubbed against her inner walls.

'You're fully functional at least – that's good.'

She probed with a finger, Cindy only able to feel it as it made the metal move. Cindy's eyes started to roll back into her head, the constant force against her pussy-walls impossible to ignore. It ached, but in a way that was turning her on, making her feel increasingly desperate.

A hand pushed down against her belly, squashing the air from her lungs, as the woman stretched back and picked up a long, thin dildo, covered with frills and lumps. This was pushed into Cindy's pussy, and she could feel when it emerged from the speculum, going painfully deep into her body.

'Mrhhh!' It hurt, the dildo scraping and rubbing, barely providing any pleasure, seemingly designed just to hurt.

'Let's get a nice, deep sample. Your owners have been keeping you specially fed, which has increased your fertility.' She gave the dildo-probe a twist, shoving it all the way inside, Cindy feeling painfully fat and stuffed, her innards all stretched out. Her hands clenched, pain and pleasure coiling through her, a deep and queasy feeling in her belly.

'Your body is healthy enough for childbirth.' The hand was removed from her belly, before going down to her pussy, fingers twisting on the speculum. Every time it moved, it made her cunt ache even more, stretched so wide that it felt like she would break open. 'I'm sure you will be able to endure many births.'

The dildo was twisted around, the frills rubbing against her insides, before it was withdrawn, visibly damp with her fluids. The woman sniffed it, then shoved it back into Cindy. Was it deeper this time, or was she just more sensitive? The shame, pain, humiliation and arousal all combined together, waves of hot and cold flushing through her, as her body was violated and penetrated.

Her vision blurred as tears filled them, hot and bitter. She was nothing more than a body, a thing to be fucked and used!

Chapter 21: Bred

Sheila tensed up, feeling the cuffs and restraints press back against her. The examination seemed to have gone on for hours, with her body being poked and prodded, the oil beneath the suit still squishing around, without anywhere else to go. She felt soft beneath it, almost like her body was melting, her nerves all sensitized. Her wriggling had made more of it flow downwards, creating little blobby pockets in the small of her back and on her butt, compressing and blobbing whenever she moved.

She tried to stay relaxed, as that made the metal speculum in her pussy less painful. The last time she'd had anything so large inside of herself had been when giving birth, and she'd been unconscious for most of that! The metal was warm now, but every breath, every little movement of her hips, made her pussy ache and throb from the forced violation. Having the hood on made her feel even more cut off from the world, more of the oil soaking into her skin. It was like a beauty treatment, to revitalize her skin – at least, if it wasn't for the deep penetration into her body!

Her hearing was muffled by the hood, and her vision limited, but she could hear the doctor moving, just about visible on the edge of her vision as she groped and molested Cindy, probably doing the same "tests" on her that Sheila had endured. The dildo-probe was still deep within her body, pushing her internal passages wide open, making it uncomfortable to even breathe.

Through the oil and the tears in her eyes, it was hard to see, but the chair at least supported her head, giving her something of a view of the examination room. The instruments on the walls were even more terrifying than the ones she was used to – medical and metal, all polished and shiny, their purposes impossible to tell, but probably involving pain for the unfortunate subject.

Ahead of her there was a glass panel, an observation screen for letting onlookers see what was happening, without risking any contamination of the insides. As she twisted, trying to make the stretched-out pain of her hips less uncomfortable, she saw movement through it – a pale smear resolved itself into the face of Mistress Aisling, staring through the glass.

She looked at Sheila, who suppressed a whimper, feeling all the aches and pains in her body, the sensation of being trapped and constrained surging through her, all at once. Her hips throbbed, her legs bent and stretched at a painful angle, the suit seeming to tighten around her body. But there was also a warmth there, seething deep within her body, the promise of later pleasure, if she was ever allowed a release. She would have licked her lips if she could, but all she could do was waggle her tongue against the gag-ball that sealed her mouth, getting a faint taste of disinfectant.

Mistress Elanor moved up behind Aisling, the two of them embracing, that sight sending a desperate and pathetic surge of desire through Sheila. The oil flowed as she tensed up, turning itself into stroking, seductive fingers as it was pressed against and made to move.

‘Both the patients are healthy and fertile. A little past peak child-bearing age, but nothing that can’t be overcome.’

The woman moved to stand in front of Cindy and Sheila, addressing the mistresses through the observation panel.

‘They can endure all the necessary procedures, and will likely bear healthy children. There are no genetic issues either.’

Sheila could see both the mistresses nod, before Elanor’s voice spoke from hidden speakers.

‘Excellent. A relief that there are no hidden defects. Then you may proceed, as we have already provided all required material. And you will shape their minds further as well?’

‘They will be here until I have confirmed their pregnancies, which will be a suitable time for further mental conditioning. Although both have been quite obedient to start with! Your house is skilled at training, it’s always nice to have such obedient patients. I didn’t even need to drug them, and they’ve been fun to play with.’ She reached out, resting a latex-gloved hand onto Sheila’s foot and giving it a squeeze. This made the oil slide around, stroking against her sole and forcing an involuntary shiver onto her.

‘They were acquired later in life than most *Dynna*, but adapted well enough, at least once they were broken in.’ Mistress Aisling spoke, before kissing Elanor, the two of them stroking at each other’s bodies. ‘If you would like to begin the process? The last time I witnessed it, the matter was done the traditional way, I’m interested in seeing how things have changed.’

The hand gripped her foot more tightly, before the woman let go and walked away to a complicated-looking device, all twisting coils and wires, with a phallic protrusion attached to a long, narrow hose.

'Oh yes, that's *very* outdated. This is far more efficient, and allows for the material to be cycled around until it takes effect – much less strain for the donors! Atop the device were several plastic cylinders each filled with milky white fluids. they seethed slightly, kept moving by internal blades, smearing against the top of the cylinder before flowing down.

The nurse suddenly moved, animated again, coming to help her mistress, rolling the machine around, until it was between Sheila's legs. She had to look around it now to see the viewing-window, the mistresses looking on with obvious interest. The thing started to beep, a motor thrumming into life, the fluid moving with greater speed.

'I have mixed it with several more drugs, to force the patient's metabolism to be more suitable for breeding.' She turned, eyes bright as she stared down at Sheila, face hidden behind her surgical mask. 'I do so love this part! Although it's more entertaining with a subject that doesn't want it, even if that is troublesome in other ways.'

She reached out, pulling on the dildo-probe and yanking it out with a single pull, the sensation making Sheila gasp. Her internal passages tried to shrink, now they weren't being forced wide, an intense flush of heat washing through her.

The white fluid was swirling and washing around, showing itself as a thick gel when it splashed against the edge of the cylinder it was in before flowing back down. The speculum was removed from her body, tugged out without a care, making her gasp into her gag again, feeling the pain from the violation. Her pussy slowly closed up, some of the oil seeping out around the edge.

'With your body, this probably will only take a few weeks. For some of my patients, it's taken much longer to force their bodies into pregnancy.' The long prong, ridged and rubbery, and with a cup around the base, was pushed against her slit, easily sliding into her. The cup sucked at her skin, sealing itself shut. This pulled on her pussy-lips, making them plump up under the constant sucking pressure, a constant, throbbing, teasing.

The rest of it was less brutally invasive than the speculum had been, but still pushed uncomfortably far into her body, vibrating slightly. She couldn't tense up to force it out, a spasm in her hips just making it even more uncomfortable. The vibrations were conducted through the hose, starting to tease and stimulate her, against her will, blurring her vision even more.

'Your mistresses have been generous enough to donate their own *sedril*, which you will be dosed with. That has the effect of increasing fertility – as well as creating something of an addiction.'

She flicked hair from Sheila's eyes, before yanking on the gag-strap, making Sheila grunt in pain, the thing getting wrenched around and then loosened, then sliding free, along with a torrent of dribble. Thanks to the latex suit, she couldn't feel it, and there was no chance to say anything before fingers were shoved into her mouth, rough and deep, making her gag and splutter. The sudden and harsh intrusion hurt, her mouth and throat just another hole to be spread and hurt.

When the fingers withdrew, she coughed again, unable to even feel dribble down her own chin. The woman pulled out something else, a black rubber mouthpiece, shoving it into Shelia's mouth. It slid behind her teeth, making her bite down on a rigid rubber lump, the thing large enough that it filled her mouth.

The pump-sounds surged, a few bubbles rising up into the murky liquid. A few seconds later, some of the fluid was squirted into her mouth. It made her salivate, and she twisted her tongue, getting the full taste of it. It tasted of both of the mistresses, musky-rich velvet, setting a deep yearning coursing through her body. It made it hard to think, forcing her to remember the times she had been allowed to serve either mistress with her tongue, kissing and licking their cunts.

The heat within her body quickly built up, until she could feel her own sweat rubbing against the insides of the restraining cuffs and straps, sapping her strength even more. The taste of the stuff was overpowering, just that little squirt driving all other tastes out of her mouth. She wanted more, to drink it down, and to lose herself in it!

But there was no more than that little squirt allowed, as her tongue probed over the rubber, trying to find every little droplet she could. Through the glass, she could see the mistresses still, as they leaned into a mutual kiss, hands stroking over each other's bodies. She tensed her hips, feeling the deep intrusion of the prong, the thing still thrumming away inside of her body. The sight of the mistresses enjoying each other, bodies rubbing together, faces pressed together in a tight kiss, made past memories of their teasing and training rise up. All the times she had been forced to the very edge of her endurance, and even beyond that, restrained and punished, etched into her memories!

The taste dominated her mouth, the doctor moving around her, stroking at her body, every touch making the oil bulge and slide around. The constant warm, squeezing, liquid pressure, along with the sucking on her cunt, was driving her into a delirium, her body hot and damp. All her focus was on her pussy and deeper within her body, impossible to ignore.

'Excellent, your body has been well-prepared for this. Maybe your mistresses will even permit you pleasure after you have been impregnated? Let me finish setting you up though.'

She tapped a hand against the suction-cup affixed onto Sheila's cunt, making it pull on Sheila's body. Just that slight change of pressure made her head spin!

'Your mistresses have been kind enough to prepare some messages for you.'

Headphones were paced on her head, squashing her ears through the hood. The sound was slightly distorted by the hood, but she could hear the sounds of both of the mistresses, speaking in tones of command. Beneath their words, she could hear desperate whining and squealing, and the slap of skin-on-skin. The sound of fucking added to her desperate arousal, her hips starting to slide back and forth. Every movement caused the thing inside her to shake, adding to her desire, even though there was nothing she could do to finish getting herself off.

'This will likely take some time, and I wouldn't want my patients to get bored! And so here's something to look at as well.'

She felt a wet warmth inside of herself, the fluid-cylinders bubbling away, some of it being pumped into her.

'I'm sure your womb is going to get nice and full. Aren't you a lucky slave-cunt, to be so blessed?'

'Mrhhhh...'

All she could do was moan pathetically into the face-mask, desperate for another taste of her mistresses. A bulky headset was put over her eyes, everything going dark, before there was a sudden flare of light. And then she was watching Mistress Eleanor fucking another slave she didn't recognize, a strap-on pounding in and out of a wet cunt, the woman squealing and moaning through her gag. She was bent over a bench, her limbs tied in place with rope, red welts visible where she had struggled against them, scraping and rubbing her skin.

From the other marks on her skin, this was part of a longer punishment session – she'd been whipped, spanked, caned, even tormented with wax and electricity. Despite the clear moans of pain, the sight of suffering keeping Sheila turned on. And the sound of her mistress' voice stroked her ears, abusing and commanding the woman, but making Sheila feel as though it was her!

Maybe if she did become pregnant, then she would be rewarded? She wriggled her hips, glad of the pressure and tightness, despite the discomfort of the impaling shaft. The liquid warmth of the fluid pumped into her made her feel hot, as the process continued, an endless cycle, pumping her full of cum, keeping her teased and stimulated.

Epilogue

The flickering, shivering darkness around Nue seemed almost physical, the way it was pressing in on her, an oppressive, constrictive force. The flickering torches did little to hold it back, and made the once-familiar hallways of the manor feel threatening and ominous. Even the air itself was charged with their presence, a thick and mind-fogging scent wafting out from the torches. She mentally reached out for the link to Mistress Aisling, the soul-leash feeling weak and feeble, denying Nue the solace it should grant.

She could hear Mother Echate and her... acolytes? Underlings? They walked close behind, latex habits making soft noises in time with their steps, as she tried to maintain her own poise, not wanting to do anything that might bring shame to her own mistress, glad to reach the door to the gardens, opening it and holding it open, letting the nuns walk outside.

The sounds of fucking were a relief – the slapping of flesh-on-flesh, with D-136 and D-137 both tied, face-up, onto tables, their legs spread. Their pregnancies were showing, bellies starting to

swell, as the Mistresses fucked them with enough vigor to make their bodies shake, eyes vague and distant.

Nue had to raise her voice to be heard over the moans and gasps. 'Mother Echate of the Church of Nyx, and Sisters Eris and Mavrosa.' The sounds of fucking got louder and louder, but without the women being forced over the edge. Finally, the bound and pregnant slaves moaned in unity before slumping down, the mistresses withdrawing their strap-ons. As they turned away, two other slaves approached them, removing the shafts with appropriate deference, before giving them to the fresh meat to lick clean – little Aria, now Py'ra, and her mother, both down on all fours, started to lick and suck on the cocks, making pleased whining sounds.

Mother Echate and her followers waited patiently, although Nue could see tension starting to form in the shapes of the two sister-nuns, obviously unused to being kept waiting. Well, if they were going to show up unannounced! It was scarcely a surprise if the mistresses wanted to keep them waiting, just as a show of power.

Mistress Aisling walked over, cheeks slightly blushed, showing the vigor she'd been fucking D-136 with. 'Reverend Mother Echate, an unexpected honor. We were not expecting a visit.' Despite the casual words, her tone was guarded, eyes wary.

Mother Echate dipped her head, showing at least some level of respect, the movement making her latex habit shimmer in the flickering fire-light.

'Sisters Eris and Mavrosa have been in my charge for long enough that I wanted them to be exposed to the world they left behind – to remind them how others of our kind live, those not in holy orders. And, as you are both such exemplary daughters of our dark lady, it seemed only natural to let them see you, and your exquisite house, and your slaves.'

A force pressed itself upon the slave-bond Nue felt to Mistress Aisling, and she stifled a gasp at the brief flash of mental darkness, staring at Aisling to reassure herself that the woman was still there.

'Hmm. I am... honored... to be thought of in such a way. Although holy orders hold little appeal for me, or my daughter!'

'I had also heard that you now possess the mothers of the slaves so recently soul-bonded by your own daughters. An interesting arrangement! But those two were fascinating to study – I must confess to a certain interest in them. It is rare to find a bloodline that intrigues me such, that has not been claimed long ago by our kind. Perhaps their ancestors were an abandoned breeding experiment?'

'Well, they belong to us now – and soon there's going to be more. A wonderful addition to our property! And Morrigan and Victoria have done well with their own property.'

Mistress Aisling moved over to a low couch, making a barely perceptible gesture, Nue walking over to kneel next to her, glad to be closer to her mistress. The sense of her presence made

Nue smile, the darkness seeming less oppressive now. When Aisling extended a leg, Nue held it up, relishing the physical contact, lowering her head to kiss the skin. The scent filled her senses, making her head reel, threatening to drown out everything else, making it hard to pay attention to what was being said.

The sense of connection weakened, Mother Echate advancing, her outfit drinking in the light, making her seem to be made of liquid night. Her voice took on sweet tones, cloying and placating.

'I was hoping to examine them – to see how they compare to their daughters.'

D-136 and D-137 were now on their knees, bellies visibly swollen, faces blank and expressionless. Nue nodded in satisfaction, enjoying the sight of well-trained slaves.

'It is unlike the Church of Nyx to make requests – you normally try and command.'

A jet-black arm reached out, fingers stroking over the face of D-136, who shuddered, making a desperate whimper.

'The night can yield, as much as it can dominate. And in the end... the darkness will consume all. But, for now, I am curious. So, if I may?'

'Hmmm... I must admit, I am curious to see one of your skills at work. Very well – but be mindful of their state. If you harm them, then you will be held responsible.'

'Of course.' Mother Echate smiled, stroking D-136 again, before using the woman's collar to pull her up to standing. Her own clothing rippled, somehow altering and distorting itself, until the woman's torso was bare, just her arms and legs now sheathed in shining black. Her skin was smooth and flawless, and she pulled D-136 into a kiss, tight and close.

A knot of lust formed between Nue's legs, the woman somehow able to affect her, making her twitch nervously, leaning in and missing her mistress' legs again. D-136 started to whine, as the air was drawn from her lungs, making her pant and gasp. Nails scratched down the woman's body, leaving little white furrows, D-136 sagging against Echate.

The waves of desire were getting stronger and stronger, Nue's concentration getting steadily shredded away. This was as bad as being teased by Mistress Aisling directly! How was the woman doing this? She'd heard rumors of the Cult of Nyx, but never experienced it directly. Her whole body was engulfed with waves of lust and desire, her clothing too tight against her body, and it was taking conscious will to not touch herself!

D-136 was released from the kiss and allowed to drop to her knees, already leaning forward and kissing against the woman's cunt, licking away with desperate fervor. Just the sound of it increased the lustful delirium Nue felt, Echate letting her own head loll backwards, raven-black hair spilling out, her perfect red lips making a crimson "O".

'She has talent! And an exceptionally yielding spirit – such an aptitude for being shaped! And, of course, the skill of the trainers.' She let D-136 pleasure her, directing the woman with just the lightest of head-taps. Nue managed to gather her strength, glancing around – the other slaves were all just as afflicted as she was, all trying to hide their lust, and failing. Beta's nipples were visible through her clothing, while one of the maids was barely able to stand, her legs spread wide, hands twitching and shaking.

Throughout this all, Echate managed to maintain her composure, although a hot flush was stealing over her body, her breathing getting faster and faster. When she climaxed, Nue could feel it, the pleasure echoing through her, an enticing shadow of a real orgasm. It was still enough that Nue could feel stickiness between her thighs though, pleasure forced onto her!

It took several moments for Echate to regain her breath, head coming back forward. Her eyes were now solid black, her smile turning harsh and predatory. Her voice somehow echoed in the air, sonorous tones hammering into Nue's ears.

'The daughter is certainly more refined, but this is excellent raw material. I suspect she will produce excellent quality offspring. She lacks the stamina of the daughter, but I suppose she is older – and know that she is trained, her vigor is less required. This is a line that Lady Nyx will be pleased with, and that will bring great blessings to your own blood.'

She fingered herself, curling fingers into herself and then withdrawing them, a different sheen present on her digits. When she held them up, Nue felt her mouth water, the scent making her head fuzzy, along with a sense of betrayal, of feeling arousal from someone other than Mistress Aisling. Echate then reached down, sketching her fingers against the forehead of D-136, a barely-visible shimmer appearing there, some arcane glyph that Nue couldn't properly see.

'Not as pleasurable as when I had the pleasure of training the daughters, but worthy of training still.'

A sting of anger and... concern? Suddenly burned through the link, helping Nue to clear her head a little, as Mistress Aisling rose from her seat in a smooth motion, body rigid and tense, shoulders squared up like she was readying for combat. Would she fight Echate? She'd never seen Mistress Aisling like this before, and tried to burn the image into her eyes, reveling in the glory of her mistress.

'You need not be concerned for your own daughters – Lady Nyx has not yet called for them, despite the power they both bear.'

Nue could see Mistress Aisling force herself to relax, although she was still moving lightly, on the balls of her feet, ready to move. Mistress Eleanor was much the same, standing warily by, ready to lunge.

'They came to me of their own accord, and asked for a boon from my lady. They now have perfected their soul-leashes to their slaves, but in exchange... Once they are bred, then the

progeny will be educated in the ways of the night. I'm sure Lady Nyx will take a keen interest in such excellent flesh, when they are of age!

Anger seeped through the link, barely controlled.

'Should you harm them...'

'They will not be hurt, I can assure you of that. Lady Nyx has no desire to damage such a promising bloodline. But I will instill the teachings of my mistress into them – as has been promised! Unless your daughters would break a sworn pact? It has been decades since anyone has been foolish enough to do that – and *that* sinner still labors, deep beneath the temple. I let my acolytes play with her, to prove their worth. Over the years, it's been getting harder and harder to make her scream, but she does, every time, eventually. It took three days last time – and it was such exquisite torment, beyond even what you could imagine!'

Her eyes were still spheres of solid black, her clothing seething over her body, reforming into her full regalia, her skin hidden again. She stroked her own body, slow and sultry, meeting Mistress Aisling's gaze, the two of them staring each other down.

Nue had to force herself to breathe, the tension in the air paralyzing her, eyes glancing nervously between the two women. Surely neither of them would truly fight? This wasn't a dueling ground – if it came to blows, it would be brutal and vicious, with both aiming for utter dominance.

'They will be trained in the traditional manner – it may be harsh, but I'm sure they will flourish. If you wish, you can always raise it with the A'Vala'Deianira. That is one of the reasons for which it was made, after all.'

'That will not be necessary.' Aisling's voice was tight and hard, a pressure visible through her body.

'Well, when you do meet, give my sister my regards – Isabel worked hard to achieve her position, just as I did. Although I rather prefer the calm of the temple rather than the constant politicking of the A'Vala'Deianira. At least my nuns know to obey, and make such lovely little toys to play with when I'm bored! Far more interesting than having to wrangle the council into doing, well... anything.'

Echate lowered her stance, the tension fading from the room, Aisling and Elanor slowly relaxing as well.

'Worry not – I will keep my oath, just as your daughters and their slaves will keep theirs. And I will be interested in seeing the results of this particular breeding as well – these slaves may lack the refinement of their daughters, but are of interest still.'

Echate stepped back, giving D-136 a pat on the head, murmuring something to her that Nue couldn't hear. D-136 gasped, her body shuddering, forced into a full-body orgasm somehow, gasping and twitching, her control torn away entirely.

'I thank you for your hospitality – and may Lady Nyx bless your house, and all who live here.'

'Perhaps a little more notice next time? So that you can be entertained in better fashion?'

'Perhaps. It seems you are unlikely to visit me, but it would be an honor to visit again, should you wish it so. And the chance to spend a little more time with these two would be entertaining. But I wouldn't wish to overstay my welcome, so I will take my leave for now.'

She spun, light rippling off her clothing as she left, her attendants following close behind, the sense of darkness and chill fading as she left, Nue slowly letting herself relax.

THE END