

Studying Submission

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Acknowledgements

Mmmm, pleated skirts and thigh-socks. Yummy!

Chapter One: An Isolated Institute

The hangover jangled Madison's head, her skull throbbing as the car drove up the winding mountain roads. She was thankful for the tinted windows, helping to block out the bright sunlight on steep, tree-filled hillsides. How much had she drunk last night? But it had been a great party – dancing from dusk 'till dawn, going through a blurry succession of clubs, her mind filled with the memories of flashing strobes and heavy bass. Groping hands moving over her butt, attractive men pushing themselves against her, sweat heavy in the air. Not that she'd gone all the way with any of them – although she might have blown one of them in the toilets? That had been after slamming down several shots of vodka, so it was hard to remember though. But the way that the men had looked at her, their eyes hot and covetous...

Madison pulled her thighs together, a tired, head-throbbing pulse of lust washing through her. Was she even wearing underwear? A memory flashed up, of her pulling them off, holding the skimpy lace out, before rubbing them onto the face of someone, grinding against them and feeling their cock pushing against their jeans, before leaving them there, frustrated and denied.

'You need to be on your best behavior.'

Madison groaned as her bitch of a stepmother spoke, primly perched on her seat. She was dressed in a close-fitting black dress and pearls, paid for with Daddy's money, of course. Money-grubbing bitch! Why Daddy had married her...

'You've been causing a lot of problems recently, so I convinced your father to take action. This is a chance to make a new start – a finishing school, far away from any... negative influences. And it's costing a lot of money, so I do hope you won't disappoint your father again. You're almost twenty, you should be behaving more like an adult!'

If Madison hadn't been so hung-over, then she would have stuck her tongue out, but her mouth was dry and gungy, and all she wanted to do was sleep, maybe after a good fuck, or at least a session with a vibrator. She was twenty, yet was still treated like a child!

The car turned around a mountain-edge, and a valley opened up – a picturesque mountain village was neatly contained around a sparkling lake, wood-framed houses set around a village square. Madison groaned – the place was *tiny*, and definitely wouldn't have any clubs or bars! Overlooking the village was an odd mixture of a castle and manor. Thick grey walls were softened with flower-covered vines, a blocky central tower rising up from behind it, windows reflecting the sunlight. But next to that was a castle-manor like something from a TV shows, a combination of sturdy grey stone and less military mansion. It was like something from a theme park, except *real*, with splashes of color – more flowers? – visible at the windows.

Madison's stomach lurched as the car dipped down a steep slope, bumping her around in her seat.

'Here. Drink this.' Her stepmother handed over a bottle of water, the stuff looking cloudy, but Madison didn't care, opening it up and gulping it down. She'd need to go for a piss soon, but she needed liquids!

The road through the village was cobblestones, the bumping around making Madison's entire body ache, her head too numb to form thoughts. All that she noticed through the village

was that there seemed to be more young women than expected, all dressed in a uniform – knee-length black skirts and white blouses, with red blazers, most wearing tights. A uniform? She wasn't a kid! Although it did look tighter than most, highlighting their breasts and waists.

The agonizing cobblestones continued, as they drove up towards the castle. The place was surrounded by large, open gardens, old-fashioned statues set amongst greenery, box hedges blocking her vision, with smaller buildings half-hidden amongst the estate.

It was a relief when the vehicle finally stopped, the juddering throbbing no longer running through her bones, the motor clicking off.

The door was opened, warm air and sunlight rushing in, Madison fumbling to put sunglasses on. Outside was stood a young woman, wearing the same uniform, a black choker around her neck, with black leather gloves on her hands. She had wavy and glossy black hair that fell partway down her back, tied at the nape of her neck with a leather band, and smooth brown skin. She looked at Madison, making her feel suddenly self-conscious – she hadn't changed from last night, and was still wearing a tight and short silver party dress, coming barely to her thighs, her heels discarded for the moment, her feet bare. Madison tried to stare back, but was too tired, looking away first.

'Madison, I believe? You are late, but the headmistress is expecting you.' They reached forward, grabbing Madison's arm and pulling her forward, out of the vehicle. She was too weak to resist, the woman stronger than she looked, leather-wrapped hands gripping tightly.

Her bare feet touched onto a gravel floor, the stones spiking her feet. She yelped in pain, trying to shift her balance, but there was no way to get comfortable, as she danced around. Madison tried to jump back into the car, but the woman's grip was too tight.

'Let me go!'

They changed their grip, pulling her closer, the gravel spiking her feet again, before wrapping an arm around her waist and lifting her up, carrying her over a shoulder. It shoved into her stomach, making it hard to breath, and making her head tilt downwards against their chest. Madison's long, blonde hair flowed downwards, getting into her eyes, as she tried to crane her neck to look around, feeling one hand tighten on her bare ass. She almost barfed, the taste of bile rising up in her throat, and then the woman started to move. From the position Madison was in, she could see that they were wearing brown leather flats, black stockings sheathing her legs.

Madison was carried inside, through a grand wooden doorway, grumpy-looking statues glaring at her from both sides. Another schoolgirl was sat behind a desk and nodded at them, before scribbling something into a fat leather book, an inside door then opening with a metallic click. Inside was revealed luxury – a red-and-gold rug covered most of the stone floor of a waiting room, the walls covered with expensive-looking paintings and ornaments.

They lifted Madison off their shoulder, putting her on the floor, the rug beneath her feet, keeping one hand on her shoulder. Their gaze was strong, as they reached out and gently plucked Madison's sunglasses off her face.

'It would be better not to annoy the headmistress on your first day.' She looked down at Madison's clothing. 'More than you're already going to, at least.' They brushed their hand against Madison's face, tidying her hair a little, close enough that her body pressed against Madison's. They were wearing makeup, but it was very restrained, "natural" looking, save for smokey mascara circling her eyes, and her lashes were long and soft.

The door clicked shut just after Madison's stepmother passed through, some device within the thick wood locking into place. There was a skylight, high above them, but only one other door, this one just as sturdy-looking. What was this place? Madison had been drunk when the

bitch had been telling her about it, other than that she was being sent “away” to help with her “problems”.

The inner door opened, and another young woman stepped out. Her skirt was shorter, coming to just above her knee, but her face was red and ugly, with tears running down her cheeks. Her hands were held open, and Madison could see that her palms were covered with red marks, before she twisted them away, turning back to face into the room and bowing, deep enough that the back of her skirt rose up, revealing that her thighs were covered with more thin red marks, some starting to darken into bruises.

After bowing, she turned back, her tear-filled eyes meeting Madison’s for a second, before she scurried away, slamming against the door and having to hammer on it before it opened. The sounds of her footsteps retreated, going silent as the door shut once again.

Madison swallowed, suddenly nervous, her bladder full. Could she go for a toilet break? But her guide took a firm grip and pulled her forward, fingers like iron, digging painfully into the bones of her wrist. She was yanked through the doorway, into the adjoining room.

It was even larger than the waiting room, although the stone floor was cold on her feet – there was a large rug, arabesque patterns of red and blue and white, around an imposing desk. The walls were covered with dark wooden shelves, leatherbound books and ornaments in place.

Wood rattled, drawing Madison’s attention, to where a tall, slender woman was sliding a wooden stick into a pot holding a whole bunch of the things. She was dressed in an ankle-length skirt, her blouse showing off an hour-glass figure, corset wrapped around her waist, black hair scraped up into a bun.

‘Mrs Kitherton? And you must be Madison?’ She turned and walked back to her desk, sitting down on the heavy wooden chair in place behind it, the thing high-backed, like a throne. Of to one side was a strange ornament, what looked like hinged wooden blocks stood up atop a wooden base. Although there were windows, they were only narrow, the room filled with soft shadows, details of what was on the shelves impossible to make up. She wanted to lay down and rest, to sleep off the head-throbbing hangover! The woman dragging her around let go, standing back and out of sight.

Madison’s step-mother walked forward, seeming nervous herself. ‘Yes. I heard about your... establishment from a friend who sent her daughter here. Reiko Ishikawa?’

‘Oh yes, little Reiko. Yes, she took some work to shape, but she got there in the end. And is now happily married. It’s always a delight when one of the students is taken as a wife. Now, this is... Madison, I believe?’ Her voice hardened, any warmth draining away as she addressed Madison, looking her up and down.

Madison stared back, trying to ignore the still-throbbing headache, now shot through with tiredness. She wanted to sleep! But she wasn’t going to be a good girl for this old bitch, although she couldn’t help but tug on the hem of the dress, trying to pull it down a little, to cover more of her thighs, hoping that it wouldn’t be noticed that she had nothing on beneath.

‘Yes.’

‘Yes, *Ma’am*. While you are here, you will behave with respect towards your superiors. It would be a poor start if you were to begin with some demerits.’ Her look was strong and powerful, forcing Madison to look away. ‘Isabella will be your *grande soeur* – it will be up to her to explain how things work here. And to make sure that you are behaving appropriately. It seems as though you have been allowed a little too much freedom – that ends now. Your guardians have determined that this is the best for you. There is no escape from here – the sooner you accept that the better. Now, Isabella, take your *petite souer* in hand.’

Madison heard a tearing sound, taking a moment to realize that it was the sound of fabric getting torn, leather-gloved fingers tearing at the neckline of her dress and ripping downwards, tearing it away from her body.

Cool air suddenly kissed against her skin and she realized she was naked, forcibly stripped. Fierce shame burned through her, the prickling hot-cold flushes of humiliation. Her hands moved to cover herself, one over her crotch, the other over her breasts, as she tried to hunch over protectively.

‘As you command, Headmistress Lehrerin.’ A gloved hand gripped the back of her neck, pushing her forward.

‘Hey! Let go!’ Madison tried to wriggle away, but the grip on her neck was strong, the other student implacable. She didn’t dare move her hands away, not wanting to show herself, as she was shoved forward. The large rug was warmer than the bare stone, but she didn’t want to be naked! She tried fighting free again, kicking backwards, feeling her heel connect against a leg.

A stiff hand chopped into her flank, just beneath her ribs, before she was simply picked up, lifted off the ground and back onto their shoulder. Madison brought her hands down, punching them in the back, but it made no difference, not even stopping their movement. Her senses spun and swam, hangover making her wanting to retch.

As she inhaled to protest again, she got flipped through the air again, the back of her head knocking against the desk, dazing her. Her vision wavered, the dark wood of the ceiling flickering around as she stared up at the headmistress. She reached forward and twisted the wood, bringing it down over Madison’s neck. When she tried to rise up, the wood didn’t move, locking her into place. She couldn’t see what was happening, but her hands were pulled back onto the desk as well, more wood hinging downwards, forcing her into a painfully arched position, feet shuffling awkwardly.

‘Fuck off! What is this! Let me go!’ She flailed with her legs, only stopping when a hand grabbed one of her breasts, squeezing tightly.

‘Isabella was on the disciplinary committee – she is very skilled at keeping her fellow students on the straight and narrow. Now, Madison, I know that you are new, so I am willing to be somewhat merciful. Apologize to your *grande soeur*, or there will be consequences. As she will be in charge of you, I would advise humility.’

‘No! Let me go! Stupid bitch.’

A hand slapped her belly, her tit still getting crushed.

‘Another word from you, and you will lose the privilege of speech.’

‘You can’t do this! Let me grphhhh!’

The headmistress pushed a thick wad of cloth into her mouth, shoving it between her teeth. It immediately started to soak up her spit, more fabric getting pushed in, making her cheeks bulge out.

‘Mpphhh!’

‘Silence. Students that disobey are punished.’

Madison tried pushing with her tongue, wanting to get her mouth free, but the headmistress tutted, before holding up some kind of leather strap, with a thick middle part and a bright buckle. The middle padded bit was placed over her mouth, before the strap was wound around her head. ‘Mpphh! Lphhh!’ There was no way to dislodge the fabric, and it was wicking away all the moisture in her mouth.

‘Not the best of starts. Isabella, I leave the rest of her education to you. I was hoping to have her change into her new uniform, but her behavior shows that she is not yet worthy of it. Perhaps exposure to the alternative will render her more obedient? Now, I need to settle some formalities, and payment, with Mrs Kitherton. You may walk your new *petite souer* to her room.’

She flicked Isabella’s forehead, before touching some part of the restraint device and releasing it from the desk. She was pulled up to a standing position, her arms now locked into the yoke, in line with her head, elbows down. The wooden thing was so tight she couldn’t slide her wrists out, her hands grasping at air. With her head locked into place, she was looking up, her stomach roiling, chest aching from the strikes and blows. Metal clicked, and the wooden block was detached from the upright bar.

She was pulled upwards, bringing her face to face with Isabella. She tried to whimper through the gag, but couldn’t manage more than a desperate whimper, before Isabella hooked fingers through a ring on the front of the wood. There was no way to resist, as she was dragged away, cool air sliding over her naked body.

They dragged her forward, pushing the door open. Shameful prickles flushed through her, hot and cold, her body entirely exposed, her squeezed tit still aching. Isabella was moving fast, never giving Madison the chance to recover herself, pulling her back through the waiting room and the entrance hall, and then outside. The chauffeur saw her, smiling and shocked as he looked at her naked body, and she wanted to curl up and die of shame.

She barely even noticed the biting gravel stabbing at her feet, as she was pulled forward, and then into another building. More young women, all in the uniform, were there, staring at the interruption.

‘Npphh!’ But there was no way to fight back or resist, and her mind was fuzzy and dazed. She lost track of directions, getting hauled through hallways and passageways, up a spiral staircase, knocking her toes against a steep step. Another wooden door was already ajar, leading to a room she barely glimpsed before getting pulled into a tiny, cell-like bedroom, with a small bed, a tiny window and a wooden chest.

She was thrown onto the bed.

‘I was hoping for a nice, polite *petite souer*. But it seems that I’ll have to be rougher with you. Unfortunately, you seemed determined to act up – if you ever shame me like that in front of the headmistress again, then I’ll be punished as well. And if that does happen, then you can be sure that I’ll take it out on you.’

As Madison tried to stand, Isabella straddled her, pinning her in place with her own weight. She reached over to the chest and pulled out some rope and a leather sack.

The rope went through the loop on front of the wood, then around the bed-frame, getting tied short, dragging her head over the pillow.

‘You can think about your future behavior. Afterwards, I’ll be teaching you correct behavior. Harshly, if needed.’ She squeezed a nipple, hard enough to make Madison squeak, then shook out the sack. The opening was wide, and it was then dragged over Madison’s head, plunging her into darkness. It tightened around her neck, locking out the light, before Isabella stood up.

‘Good girls get rewarded. Bad girls get punished. The better you behave, the more likely you are to graduate to a good home.’

‘Mpphhh!’

The rope held steady when Madison tried moving, making the yoke tighten around her neck, choking her. She spiraled down into darkness, giving in to the tiredness the rose up within her.

Chapter Two: Rough Roommates

A hand pushed down against Madison's stomach, making her acutely aware of how full her bladder was. The yoke was still around her neck and wrists, tied into place, but she could feel another weight on the stiff mattress, as a gloved palm pushed down against her belly.

'Mphhh!'

'No tattoos, that's good. And you seem to be in good health.' It was Isabella's voice, although muffled by the hood on Madison's head. Madison wriggled around, wanting to kick out, but fearing what retaliation that might bring, a finger tickling around her navel, before moving downwards, between her legs, lightly tracing over her pussy. 'And you're already shaved, which makes my life easier. One less thing for me to do. But I'm betting you're not a virgin, are you?' Two fingers started to tease her other lips, Madison trying to bend her back to wriggle away, before another hand pressed down against her belly again.

'It's time for you to learn to obey – you may have been a naughty, disobedient girl before, but here, you will learn to be better.' The hand moved away and then slapped down, hard enough that it took focus and will to not piss herself. 'And your education begins today. If you obey, then you will be treated well. If you disobey, then you will be disciplined – by me, and others. Now, are you going to be a good girl and obey, or do you need punishing already?'

The hand pressed down, making the pressure in Madison's bladder increasingly urgent, a flow wanting to release itself.

'Mphhh!' She tried nodding, straining her neck against the yoke.

'Good. Then it's time for you to meet everyone. I'm going to untie you – if you act up, then you will be punished.' The hood was plucked from her head, and Madison could feel that her hair was a mess, all tangled and knotted. Isabella was sat on the bed, still in her uniform, crisp and smart. She reached over Madison's head and undid the rope, before pulling on the yoke, dragging Madison upwards.

Madison couldn't resist, weakly letting herself get dragged from the bed, still naked, feeling miserable. She didn't like the look of the uniform, but even that would be better than nothing!

She was pulled out of the cell-bedroom into the chamber outside, whimpering weakly through her gag when she saw she wasn't alone. There were two other young women there, both in the uniform – one had ash-blonde hair that curled around her face in a magnificent series of braids, her skirt so short that Madison could see the tops of her thighs, wrapped in dark tights. Already tall, high heels added several inches to her height. The other was of average height, with a black bob cut, their lips bright red against their pale skin, their skirt falling to their knees, legs bare. Their hands were bound in front of them, chained to a wide leather belt, like they were a prisoner. Both had thick black chokers around their necks, with a small metal charm hanging over their throats.

The dark-haired girl was sat on a long wooden box, a thing that looked eerily like a coffin, with wheels on screws at regular intervals. One end had a tube coming out.

Both of them bowed at Isabella, dipping their heads in respect, holding the pose for several seconds.

‘This is Leona and Paisley. And there is also Regan, although she is currently... occupied, and hasn’t yet adjusted to her new position. While you are here, then you are all under my charge.’ She pulled on the yoke with enough force to make Madison stagger in front of her, placing hands on her hips to steer her.

Madison flushed with shame, wanting to cover herself up, both the other women looking at her naked body. She squirmed her thighs, trying to at least hide her crotch from view. An arm wrapped around her waist, squashing her belly again, the piss inside of her threatening to leak out at any moment.

‘Would you like to use a toilet?’

‘Mpggh!’ The thick wad of fabric made it impossible to even try and speak, but she nodded her head as she mumbled.

‘Very well. Leona, go and fetch a chamber pot.’

The blonde girl curtsied, lifting her skirt high enough to reveal a metal plate beneath her tights, covering her crotch, before striding away to a rickety set of shelves, holding some old books along with pots and bowls. What had that been? But the prickling of her bladder was increasingly urgent now, threatening to overwhelm her if she didn’t go soon.

Leona returned with a ceramic bowl, a wooden lid flipped open. She placed it on the floor in front of Madison before stepping back.

Isabella’s hand pushed down onto Madison’s shoulders, forcing her to squat above the pot. ‘Thank you, Leona. Madison, relieve yourself.’

She needed to go so badly that she didn’t care she was being watched, it was a relief to relax and let the piss flow out of her, streaming down into the pot, pale yellow against white porcelain. It kept flowing, filling up the bowl, but leaving her relieved and empty.

As soon as her bladder was empty, her sense of shame returned – she wasn’t just naked and exposed, but she’d just pissed herself in front of complete strangers! She could smell the sharp and rancid piss, just in front of her, the other women smiling, looking far too smug. The dark one, Paisley, reached out and twisted one of the dials on the box – was that a whimper she heard from inside it? Was someone *in there*?

‘Now, let me explain a few things. There is a very strict hierarchy here – you, and these two as well, are my *petite souers*, and I am your *grande soeur*. That means I am responsible for you, and for guiding, shaping and protecting you. I have the authority to punish you, should it be needed, and to reward you as well.’ Her grip was tight on Madison’s shoulder, grinding bones together. ‘You might be used to doing what you want, but now you will be trained, into being a good little girl, sweet and obedient. So you will obey me, and, in return, I will protect you. There are those here that are a lot less kind than I am.’

Madison tried to stand, but Isabella’s grip was too strong, keeping her down on the floor, near her piss.

‘You are the lowest one here. You will obey especially me, but also these two, whenever you are told to do anything. Any brattiness or slowness to obey will result in punishment.’

Paisley giggled and twisted a dial again – that had definitely been a pained whimper from inside the box. Who was inside it, and what was being done to them?

‘While there are lessons, most of your education will be supplied by me, or if I loan you to another for training. Given time, you will improve, and then you may be found worthy by an outside sponsor. But while you are here, you will need to show respect to your betters. To start with, you need to prove your obedience, to show that you know your place. A kiss of submission. If I ungag you, then will you be a good girl? And then, as a treat, I will let you eat

and drink. Oh, and give you your uniform. I'm sure you would prefer clothing, rather than being paraded around naked again? A few of the older girls have already expressed an interest after your display – without me to protect you, then you're likely to end up being used by them. So, are you willing to swear yourself to me, as my *petite soeur*?

'Mphh!' Madison nodded, desperate to be out of the yoke, and wanting some clothing at least.

'Good girl.' A gloved hand patted her on the head, tidying her hair slightly. 'Let's get that gag off, so we can use that pretty mouth of yours for something more pleasurable.'

The gag was buckled on tightly enough that it took her several attempts to release it, the leather pad sliding off her face. Fingers pushed between her lips, dragging out the spit-sodden fabric, handing it over to Leona. 'Have that washed and returned to the headmistress. Now, Madison, stay down there.'

She let go of Madison and walked in front of her, sitting down on the box. Paisley pushed herself closely against Isabella, laying a head on her shoulder, Isabella stroking her knee. She spread her legs and pulled her skirt up, revealing that she was wearing stockings and suspenders, her crotch bare.

'Show that you belong to me, Madison. Use your lips and tongue to prove your allegiance. Otherwise I will throw you into the hallways and let you be claimed by whoever wants you. Crawl forward, like a good little puppy.'

Madison tensed up, wanting to resist, but the threat of punishment was too much. Would they really just throw her out? She didn't know anyone else here, didn't have anywhere she could go for protection. She was still naked and in the yoke, her arms bound and useless, meaning she couldn't protect herself.

She crawled forward on her knees, feeling the hard, smooth stone flooring press back against her skin, her gaze focused on Isabella's shaven slit. The woman purred, sounding satisfied, turning her face to kiss Paisley on the lips, Leona tutting in annoyance.

Everything seemed to pass in a trance, Madison dropping her head, Isabella having to lift her legs and hook them over the yoke, dragging Madison's face tightly into the fork of her legs. She smelt clean, the odor of her body sweet and fresh, a light citrus scent surrounding her.

Madison stuck her tongue out, poking it against soft thigh-meat.

'You've never done this before, have you?'

'No...'

Isabella's hand reached forward, grabbing Madison's hair and dragging her close in. 'Time to learn, then. Get your tongue in, nice and deep. Do a good job, or I'll be disappointed, and I'm sure you wouldn't want that, would you?'

Her nose bumped up against Isabella's flesh, her tongue sliding around before finding the cleft of her pussy, sliding into the woman. They were already slightly wet, Madison slobbering her tongue around, wriggling it against their folds, able to taste them fully. She'd never done this with another woman, she only liked men! But the grip on her hair was tight, making it impossible to pull away, the taste of sweat and Isabella's body getting stronger as it fell over her tongue, overpowering her senses.

'Keep working harder! A good girl would have her *grande soeur* fully wet by now.'

Madison tried working harder, but didn't know what she was doing, trying to ignore the skin-prickling bites of shame as she was made to eat the woman out. She started sucking with her lips, pushing her tongue even more deeply into them – she'd barely even watched any lesbian porn, what was she meant to be doing?

Isabella's legs pulled her in closer, crossing over at the ankle, Madison's face now smushed so close in that it was hard to breath at all. She kept twisting her tongue around, trying to find places that provoked a response, keenly attentive to Isabella's increasing gasps and moans. At least she seemed to be reacting now, although she could also hear the sounds of kissing and the rustle of fabric – was she making out with Paisley as well? What was this, some kind of sick lesbian love-nest?

But she couldn't fight back or resist, still trapped in the yoke, wriggling her tongue around as the hand kept her hair tightly held. Then there was a vaguely disappointed sigh, and she was pushed away, now able to see more properly, Paisley's lips locked against Isabella's before they broke apart.

'You need a lot more training, *petite souer*. That is far from satisfactory! Even if you are being trained for male use, a good girl should be able to please everybody. But you have shown your loyalty, for now. I would ask you to pleasure Leona and Paisley, but they are currently prohibited. And Regan, well...'

She twisted around, moving away from a disappointed-looking Paisley and giving a dial a savage twist. A groan came from inside the box, following by a padded thud, but the weight on top of it kept it from moving. 'I'm sure you will meet her soon – and she will hopefully be well-behaved. As it is, she does rank above you, but if you're a good girl, that won't last long. Now, your uniform. Would you like some clothing?'

Madison nodded. 'Yes!'

Isabella slapped her across the face, but not too hard. 'Yes, *please*. A good girl should be respectful and polite at all times, especially to her superiors.'

'I'm sorry! Yes, please.'

'Better. Stand.'

Madison obeyed, the taste of Isabella still strong on her lips. Leona stepped into sight, now holding a small wooden chest, the top open to reveal clothing, a neatly folded uniform.

Isabella reached into her cleavage, tugging on a chain-necklace to pull out a small bundle of keys as she pushed Paisley away and stood up. It was below her line of sight, so Madison couldn't see what was done, but something clicked and the wood released her from it's grip, one end of the yoke opening up. She pulled her arms down, not wanting them to be trapped again, feeling the weight come of her shoulders as it was removed and propped up in a corner.

Leona and Isabella worked together to dress Madison – plain black bra and panties, a knee-length black skirt with a double golden band just above the hem, and then a white blouse. She was too numb to do anything other than let herself be dressed, a tie getting knotted around her neck, a length of red material slashed across with black bars. The blazer was a smart red, with a badge emblazoned over one breast. It was good quality, and fit her well, soft against her skin. Even the shoes – dull, plain brown shoes without a heel – fitted well.

Having clothing again made her feel a little more comfortable, less exposed and vulnerable, although the memories of being made to slide her tongue into someone else's body, made to pleasure them, were still strong and vivid.

'You'll need this as well, to show that you are under my protection.' Isabella shook a strip of dark leather at her, putting her fingers under Madison's chin to tilt her head backwards, before buckling it into place. The leather made her skin crawl, too tight and close around her. Then Isabella held up a little metal badge – it depicted a rosebud, half-bloomed, a delicate pink color – and clipped it onto the front of the collar, the thing dangling against her throat.

'Don't lose it, unless you want others to think that you don't have any allies. That would likely not end well for you.'

Isabella leaned in, kissing her on the lips, close and firm, her breasts squashing against Madison's.

'Good girl. You see how much easier things are if you just obey? Good girls get treats, naughty girls get punished.' She kicked backwards, slamming her foot against the box, hard enough to make it skid slightly. 'Now, let's get you some food and water, and then I can show you your timetable and introduce you to the people you need to know. Don't go wandering too far on your own – that mark will give you some protection, but not much. And a pretty little thing like you, well, there's a lot that might like to claim you.'

It seemed easier, and safer, simply to obey without struggling, although she didn't like the uniform, or what she had been made to do already, as Isabella stepped away and kicked the box again, before picking up the chamber pot. She poured it into the funnel, whoever was inside struggling hard enough to make the wood shake and vibrate. 'Time to come pay your respects. Be polite, and if you embarrass me at all, then I'll shove the biggest dildo I can find up your asshole. Leona, gag her. Oh, and some shoes. Something nice and simple, I think.'

It was Leona's turn to approach, holding up the leather gag. Madison clamped her mouth shut, or tried to, but a combination of nipple-pinches and sheer force resulted in the leather panel going over her lips again, although at least her mouth wasn't stuffed this time.

Chapter Three: The Common Room

The place was a maze, several different buildings that had been connected haphazardly, and without Isabella to lead her, Madison was sure she would get lost. The choker, and the attached token, weighed heavily around her neck and throat, although she wasn't the only one with one – several of the other students she passed seemed to have one, although sometimes the collars were heavier, some thick enough to force the wearer's neck to be high and stiff, or even one that was three inches high and metal, that looked brutally uncomfortable. But the other students seemed to steer clear of Isabella, stepping aside to let her pass, with Leona and Paisley both walking a few steps behind her.

They were walking towards large double-doors, a student nonchalantly leaning on the wall, her skirt short enough to show off a spiked garter-strap, a spiked collar around her neck. One of the rose-charms dangled from her collar. What was this place? But she nodded at Isabella, before opening the door for her. Something was hanging from her belt – a handle attached to a loop of leather, resting on her thigh.

Inside was a... coffee shop? Although that wasn't quite right – there wasn't a menu on the wall, nor was there a bar, or anywhere else to order drinks from. But there was a selection of chairs, couches and tables arranged into loose circles, many of them occupied, and women carrying trays filled with steaming mugs and sweet treats. Those sat down were dressed in their school uniforms, but those walking around and serving had different outfits – short, black dresses with white lace poking out from beneath, showing off their stocking-wrapped legs, the maid outfits fitting in strangely well with the surroundings.

The air was filled with the low buzz of conversation, soft music coming from a string quartet in the corner. There must be several dozen people here – were they all students? Even though they were in uniform (except for the maids) there was a strange amount of variation – two others, with a similar “punk” aesthetic to the one on the door were sat on other side of a woman wearing a longer, more covering version, her own skirt ankle-length, legs stretched out, using another student as a foot-rest. She was talking to a woman with brilliantly bleached blonde hair, her blouse low-cut, showing off the edge of her bra, a red leather collar around her neck, a metal plate over her throat catching the light. On the other side of the room was a brunette, surrounded by a silent semi-circle of... attendants? Hangers-on? Whatever they were, they were knelt on the floor as she took a sip from her cup, before gesturing at one of them to rise.

A hand went up on the far side of the room, Isabella waving back and walking towards them. Several of the others had noticed Madison, and were now staring at her – one, a short girl with an impressively slender waist, made cupping motions over her chest and giggled, making Madison blush in the memory of her forced naked walk. How many people here had already seen her bare everything?

She moved, not wanting to get left behind – she didn't know anyone here, or what they might do to her!

Isabella was striding confidently towards a small group – their uniforms seemed to be marked out by having rose-bud badges on their blazer-breasts, and thin black chokers around

their necks, all of them slender and petite. There was only one exception, sat in the middle of the couch, with auburn hair in a short bob, her neck bare and her blouse open enough to show off a chain necklace holding keys hanging between her breasts, the trim of a lacey bra visible. Her hands were hidden in leather gloves, the same as Isabella's.

Isabella dipped her head, Paisley and Leona both curtsying, lifting their skirts. Everyone stared at Madison, and she made a vague bobbing motion. This wasn't a European thing, was it? This was weird, right?

'So, this is the new girl.' Their voice was lightly-accented English, a slight burr there that Madison couldn't place. 'Not the best of arrivals, although I suppose there's been worse. I remember your first day, Sophia. Your backside was a lovely red after the headmistress was through with you!'

One of the other girls flushed, face blushing furiously.

'We could hear your squeals. And even after that, you took quite some taming! But aren't you happier now, under my charge?'

They kept their head bowed, face still humiliated red. 'Yes, *grande souer* Marianne.'

'So obedient! Almost a shame, you were a delightful screamer, spread over the rack. But you learned to obey soon enough, and now you're good and loyal.'

Isabella moved to sit down, but Marianne shook her head. 'Stay standing. I've heard rumours that you've been having certain *conversations*. I would so hate for you to require any disciplining, or to backslide on your current loyalties. I do hope that you won't require handing over to the disciplinary committee for questioning. Some of them are still a little sore over the manner of your leaving. Perhaps you '

'I... You know I'm loyal!' Isabella looked more annoyed than concerned, but her arms still came up, protectively crossing over her chest.

'Some of the others on the council think your loyalties may be wavering. A sign of your fealty is needed.' She held out a hand to one of her cronies and clicked her fingers, and they handed over a metal bulb, fattening towards the middle, with a round base and a key stuck into a lock on the base.

The rest of the room went silent, all attention now on this conversation.

'It would be easier if you were to do this yourself, or do I need to be more... forceful?' She turned the key, the bulb opening up and splitting into three parts before clicking shut again with another turn.

There was a long pause before Isabella answered, her shoulders tense and rigid, holding her hand out. 'If that is what is required, then I shall obey.'

'Good girl. I want to see your face as it goes in.'

Madison could see that the bulb was shiny, coated with some fluid. Isabella twisted around, lifting up her skirt, the other woman reaching out and grabbing at her panties, tearing them away. Isabella's face was starting to colour, her lips tight, as she placed the tip of the bulb against her anus, having to twist awkwardly to do so.

It started to slide into her, everyone else watching as she ass-fucked herself with the metal bulb. Madison shivered, imagining what it would be like to have cold metal shoved into her ass, filling her up. She'd been fucked before, but not back there!

But it slid in, making steady progress before it passed some tipping point, Isabella's tight asshole spreading wide before the fattest part of the bulb was inside of her, and the rest was consumed. The base of the plug nested between her buttocks, metal bright, the key dangling downwards.

The other woman reached forward and turned the key – Isabella winced, exhaling deeply. Was the metal plug now spread out and expanded inside of her, like a brutally invasive flower? Without the key to close it up again, then Isabella wouldn't be able to remove it, would she?

Marianne pulled the key out, adding it to the bundle around her neck. What were they – was each one a buttplug inside of someone? Or were they for something else, something even worse? Marianne gripped the base of the plug, twisting it around, making Isabella wince and gasp, her ass still on display.

'Well, I suppose that is convincing enough. I will convey word to the council – I'm sure they will be glad to know that you aren't wavering again.' She moved aside, patting the seat. 'Now, sit. And I suppose your followers can kneel.'

Leona and Paisley dropped to their knees, Madison slowly following their example, although the position was stiff and uncomfortable, putting her beneath all the other women, who were comfortably sat on the couch.

From the awkward way that Isabella was moving, the plug was making its presence known, the way she sat very slow and careful.

'So, you've been granted a new one to train? I suppose after you managed to deal with Regan. She seemed so loyal, but betrayed us all. Although I don't see Regan?'

'She is currently considering her previous choices. I'm sure she will be more amenable when she has had time to think. I'm sure she will be obedient when the time comes for her next examination. And I'll make sure she doesn't do anything she shouldn't.'

'See that you do – Regan has a pretty mouth, it would be better if it were to be used for pleasure rather sealed behind a gag.' She turned to look down at Madison, her hip bumping against Isabella's, who winced again from the forced movement. 'I rather preferred you with no clothes – you have a nice body. I wonder how well you will take to the training? Isabella does have a knack for it, despite some of her past mistakes. Although it seems only fair to warn you that her protection may be less absolute than she would like to think – it really would be a shame if you were to be sent for more extensive rehabilitation. That face of yours would make you very popular down there, although you might not be so pretty afterwards.'

Isabella twisted her hips, pushing back at Marianne, then raised a hand. A few moments later, one of the maids approached. Their skirt was short and fluffy, petticoats swaying as they moved, drawing attention to their legs and thighs, the scent of sugar and cake coming with them, making Madison's mouth water.

Isabella made an order, the maid bowing and walking away, their lace petticoats fluffing out. Madison's legs were starting to ache, the kneeling position uncomfortable. Although no-one talked to her, she was attracting attention, sly glances and whispered comments she couldn't hear. What was going on? What was this place? And what power did Marianne have over Isabella to make her do something like that, in public? Isabella's face was still slightly red, and she seemed to be squirming in her seat – if the thing in her ass was fully extended, then it must be stretching her out inside.

It didn't take long for the maid to return, carrying a tray filled with steaming mugs, and several cupcakes. The smells made Madison's mouth water behind her panel-gag, her stomach giving a rumble. Marianne looked down at her, reaching out a leg to poke her with a foot.

'Has she earned herself some involuntary fasting already? She really must be a naughty girl! Or have you forgotten to feed her?'

'She's actually been good so far. At least, after her initial... error. Come.' She crooked two fingers at Madison, who shuffled forward on her knees, not sure what was happening.

Isabella planted one foot onto Madison's thighs, before tilting her head back and unbuckling the gag. Madison swallowed the thick wad of spit that had built up, Isabella patting her on the head.

The maid took the items from her tray and placed them on a table – she was bent over enough that her skirt rose up, letting Madison see the metal locked around their crotch more clearly – metal wires pushed their buttocks apart, connecting to a strong-looking waist-band. Did Marianne have the key for that as well?

Isabella picked up a cupcake and pinched off part of it, gripping Madison's jaw with her other hand, squeezing hard. She opened her mouth, not wanting the pain of resisting, and the cupcake lump was dropped in.

It was soft and fluffy, melting on her tongue in a delicious haze of sugary sweetness. She made an involuntary sighing noise, trying to savour the taste as long as possible.

'Good girls get treats.' She picked up the small plate the cupcake was on and put it on the floor. Both Leona and Paisley started to move forward before she raised a finger, freezing them in place.

Paisley was staring at it, licking her lips, body tense, before Isabella nodded. 'You may eat.'

They bent over, not using their hands, instead leaning forward and biting at it, taking nibbles from the side, breasts squashing against the floor, butts in the air. The cupcake didn't last long, as their tongues both licked against the plate, and each other, their faces kissing together.

One of Marianne's attendants reach forward for a mug, but knocked it with her sleeve. It fell over, splashing dark coffee over the wooden table, the stuff slopping to the floor. Some of it splashed onto Marianne's tights, staining the black material even darker and making her wince in pain.

A gap suddenly developed around the one that had spilled it, without anyone appearing to actually move. Their face was white, arm still outstretched. Marianne's hand flashed, striking them across the cheek in a wicked slap, before hitting them again with the back of her hand, making their head flick about. Before they could say anything she had grabbed their hair and wrenched them from their seat, the rest of the coffee slopping out and splashing to the floor.

They fell to the floor, hair still gripped, Marianne dragging them in closer, hard enough that Madison could see hairs being pulled out of the victim's head.

'And you had been doing so well, you stupid, clumsy bitch! You're fortunate that wasn't hot – what would you have done if my skin had been burned?'

'I'm sorry! Please, don't send me back there!'

'Hmm. Use your tongue to clean up your mess.'

Marianne let go, the other girl dipping her head and kissing at the darkened patches, running her tongue along the tights, soft and gentle. Madison watched in stunned disbelief as they kissed and licked Marianne's legs, snuffling and trying not to cry, Marianne's face tight and furious. Beside her, Paisley and Leona were bent over still, practically making out over the remnants of the cupcake, tongues sliding over the plate and into each other's mouths. Isabella was drinking, having moved slightly away from all the chaos.

'Hmph. That will do. But you can stay down there.' Marianne bought one foot down on the girl's head, pressing it downwards, until they were kissing the floor, body still shaking with fear. 'You should be hoping my skin is unmarred – if there is any damage, then I'll be taking punishment out of your hide.' She pressed down on their back, hard enough to make them squeal and squirm.

The solitary bite of food made Madison hungrier, but asking for more food seemed like it might get her in trouble. Leona and Paisley were now pressing against each other, lost in deep kisses, before Isabella clicked her fingers and they broke apart, looking at each other hungrily as they returned to their kneeling positions.

Isabella finished her coffee, drinking it down hastily, her cheeks reddening from the heat. Marianne arched an eyebrow at her, but didn't speak, still grinding her heel down onto her victim as Isabella stood, brushing her skirt into place, over the plug.

'I think Madison will need some food, and then rest. She will have an early start tomorrow, and I will need to explain everything to her, and make sure she is presentable for classes.'

'As you wish, *petite soeur*. If you wish any assistance, then please ask. It must be hard in that little attic. I'm sure you would be happier in my dormitory, with more company?'

'Thank you for the offer, *grande soeur*, but I will stay in my current position. I have Regan to train, and now little Madison as well – I hope that she will be a good girl, and not end up like Regan.'

'Yes, if any of your charges were to rebel, then you would be in quite some trouble? Dealing with Regan must have been hard – having to punish a friend is always a trial.' Marianne smiled, flat and insincere. 'But I'm sure you will be up to the task. Well, enjoy your rest, then. And remember who you obey.'

'Of course, *grande soeur*. Now, if you will excuse me?'

Marianne nodded, and Isabella turned around, Paisley and Leona already standing up, Madison doing likewise.

More eyes, and murmurs, followed them as they left, Madison being sure to stay close to the others, not sure what was going on, or what might happen if she were to be separated.

They walked back through the halls of the place, rapidly darkening, the sun dropping behind mountains, with only scattered and dim electric bulbs illuminating the hallways, and then back up the spiral staircase into the attic room. Isabella's movements were stiff and awkward, the thing in her ass throwing off her gait. She locked the entrance door behind them, the key going into her cleavage.

'You two – bed. Madison, into your room.'

Madison was too tired to resist, getting shoved into her own tiny room and letting herself be stripped off, her clothing getting folded and going into the chest, leaving her naked. Isabella shoved her onto the bed, pulling out a rope and wrapping it around her limbs, binding her to the posts. There was enough slack that it didn't pinch her flesh, but she couldn't move enough to be able to untie herself, leaving her loosely spread-eagled in position.

Isabella brushed hair out of her eyes, gently rubbing Madison's body.

'Rest, Madison. Tomorrow will be a long day. And if you start screaming, I *will* gag you, so please don't make a fuss.'

She rose, leaving the room and turning the light off, plunging Madison into weary, restrained darkness, in which she rapidly fell asleep.

Chapter Four: Morning Routine

Madison was woken up by sharp nails pinching her stomach. She squealed, trying to wriggle away, feeling ropes snap tight around her limbs, memories flashing back, of yesterday's humiliations. Isabella was standing over her, already in her uniform, hands gloved. The light was low, and Madison could hear loud birdsong from outside.

'Your first day. You need to be on your best behavior.'

Madison tried twisting, feeling the ropes scrape her flesh. Could she get free? Although she was still naked, and Isabella would probably try and fight back. And there was no way she could get out of this crazy, creepy place! The ropes around her ankles seemed just as secure, the bed annoyingly sturdy and unlikely to break.

'You'll have some catching up to do, especially for your poise and posture. You have a good figure though, and it's easier for both of us if I don't have to force you into a corset every day. So stand up straight, keep your shoulders straight and make sure your uniform is neat. And don't speak unless spoken to, or granted permission.'

Madison wrenched on the ropes again, ignoring the twinges of pain as they chafed her skin.

'Let me go! You can't keep me here.'

'Oh, we can. There's nowhere to go – we're miles from anywhere. And you've been signed over into the care of the headmistress. You're not allowed to leave until she deems your behavior acceptable. And believe me, anything I might do to you will be mild compared to what happens if you get sent into the remedial classes.' She shivered. 'You don't want to end up down there. Or in the gardens. A pretty thing like you though, if you're smart then you might be able to graduate without too much damage, and nothing permanent.'

'No! Fuck off! Let me go!' The ropes were starting to prickle and burn now as they scraped against her skin.

Isabella grabbed a tit and squeezed, digging her nails into soft skin. It hurt, but Madison didn't stop, still wriggling and twisting. She wanted to be free! She wasn't going to let herself be tied up and used like this. Especially not by some slut with a plug shoved into her asshole!

'Leona, get in here!'

It only took seconds for the tall girl to appear, already dressed, her makeup crisp and immaculate. She saw what was going on and moved forward, grabbing Madison's head and holding it in place. Madison tried twisting out of her grip, but had no leverage, their hands holding her head.

'If you're going to misbehave, then I'll have to be rougher with you. It'll be a nuisance, but I will gag you and put you into an armbrinder if I have to!' She pinched the nipple even harder, crushing and squeezing the sensitive nub. 'So behave, or you're going to make me hurt you even more.'

It was hard to speak properly, with one of Leona's hands squeezing at her jaw. 'Gepph off me! I'm not going to be here for long, I'll escape!'

Isabella and Leona both laughed, as Leona made her grip on Madison's jaw tighter.

‘Everyone thinks that to start with. But there’s no way out – the worst girls get boxed up and we never see them again. Some are sent to their new husbands or wives, or as employees somewhere. It’s better to do it on your own terms, rather than getting packaged up to be bought! And the queens and those at the highest ranks can even earn something better.’ She slapped at Madison’s belly. ‘So stop being a bitch!’

‘Mphhh!’

‘That’s it, you’re being muzzled.’ Isabella slapped her stomach again, before reaching beneath the bed and pulling out a set of leather straps. She pushed part onto Madison’s chin, working with Leona to wrap it around Madison’s face. It pressed tightly onto her chin, forcing her mouth open, pinching in such a way that she couldn’t close her mouth. All she could do was waggle her tongue, forming mumbling part-words.

‘Stop whining, or I won’t feed you!’

‘Mphh!?’ But she was hungry, her stomach empty, making her feel even weaker. She sagged against the bed in defeat. She needed to eat!

‘Oh? So you’re going to be a good girl?’

‘Gpphhh.’ She huffed through her muzzle, trying to twist her jaw around, feeling how tight the leather was around her face, giving her no slack.

‘If you start acting up again, then I’ll punish you. But I need to dress you and then explain the rules.’ She untied the ropes with practised fingers, freeing Madison’s legs, then her arms. Leona kept a grip of her head until she relaxed. ‘Stand up.’

She couldn’t control her flush of shame, being naked in front of the woman, her nipple still sore from the pinches.

‘Good. Now, you need to be polite and respectful to anyone that outranks you. That’s basically everybody – if you do well enough for that not to be the case, then you’ll have learned enough of who to be polite to. Anyone with the rosebud you can probably trust not to fuck with you too much, but be careful around anyone else. Oh, I guess those with the red collars – they’ve already got a master, they’re just being trained here – tend not to be too bad, although some are quite bitchy. Those with tags are in debt to the school, and hoping to do well enough to get bought out, or sold to someone that’s not too much of a dick. There are other groups and cliques, but they don’t generally advertise. And don’t let yourself get dragged downstairs – a soft little thing like you wouldn’t last five minutes with some of the disciplinary committee. The maids are normally OK, but don’t ever piss them off, unless you want to be fed shit and piss.’

‘Mphhh!?’

‘Yeah, they don’t like being messed with, and have keys to most places. Anyone starting mid-term always has a rough time of it. There’s a lot going on here, and there’s been some recent upsets!’ She absent-mindedly rubbed the back of her hand. ‘But don’t worry, I don’t want to break you, just make you obedient. So if you obey, like Leona and Paisley, then we won’t have any problems. At the moment I’ve got Regan to take my stresses out on as well!’ Her smile was far from reassuring, making Madison think of the box, and how it shook around. ‘You need to clean yourself, then I’ll feed you. Don’t worry, I buy my girls decent food, not slop, although until I can trust you not to be a pain in my ass, it’ll be liquid only.’

Madison let the pair of them shove her out of her cell-room, back across the shared room, and then into a tiny bathroom, crowded with cosmetics, shampoos and similar products, water trickling from an old shower-head into a grimy shower-tray.

‘Stand there.’

Madison let herself be hosed down, the water warm enough not to hurt, wiping herself down, trying to keep her body angled away from Isabella, wanting to try and hide her nudity as much as possible. The room was small enough that Isabella had to stand in the doorway, but could still spray her.

Leona towelled her down, and then started combing and brushing her hair. She was rough and merciless, making Madison mumble in pain through her held-open mouth, as Isabella approached with a bowl of beige paste, powder sprinkled on top. It made Madison's stomach churn, a spoonful getting poured into her mouth. It tasted better than she expected, warm and sweet, filling her up.

'Mhrrrr.'

'Yeah, like I said – I try and get the good stuff. Now, can you dress yourself, without doing anything that will make me punish you?

'Mphhhh...'

'I hope that's a "yes". Leona, help her. I need to feed Regan and get her ready.'

She turned to the box and gave it a kick – this time, Madison was sure she heard a whimper from inside. Maybe if she played along, she might get a better chance to escape later? Or to tie someone else up? So she let Leona gently push her back into her own room, the door getting shut. From outside, she could hear the sounds of a struggle, gagged grunts and gasps and Isabella shouting orders, and then the rough sounds of flesh on flesh.

Leona stroked Madison's now-tidy hair. 'Regan's a bad girl, so Isabella is taking her in hand. But you want to be a good girl, don't you?' She smiled at Madison, leaning in and kissing her, Madison unable to close her mouth as a tongue slid into her mouth. Leona's clothed breasts pressed against her own naked body, still slightly damp from the shower, and she couldn't help but feel her body warm up, unexpectedly aroused.

'Shhh. Just be a good girl, and then maybe we can all be friends?' Her hands started to stroke at Madison's breasts, as she froze in panic and lust, unsure of how to react, her heart racing. 'But you need to be dressed!'

Madison whimpered in frustration as Leona moved away, wanting more, the sounds from outside distracting her, the gagged yells getting louder before suddenly cutting off, getting replaced by the sounds of a lengthy spanking, and softer mewling sounds.

Leona started to dress her, using every opportunity to stroke Madison's skin as she pulled thigh-high socks up Madison's legs, feeling at her thighs. She couldn't properly look down, not without risking spit dribbling out, so she had to endure the groping process. She gulped in surprise as metal touched against her legs, a metal belt suddenly snapping and pinching into place, tight around her waist, pressing against her skin. Before she could resist, a crotch-plate pushed over her slit, snapping into place, a metal cord between her buttocks, rubbing against her asshole.

'Mmmpphh!'

'If you're a good girl, maybe *grand souer* Isabella will let you remove it. But she likes to monitor our pleasure.'

'Grphhh...'

Next, a knee-length skirt was wrapped around Madison's waist. Then a bra, surprisingly fancy, the cups trimmed with black lace, and the perfect size for her, supporting her breasts and pushing them up. The blouse over the top was also well-made, getting tucked into the skirt, a button left undone to show off her cleavage, before a tie was wound around her neck. The pressure against her throat made her feel a little nervous, but Leona's hands moved with swift

skill, tying it into place, over her collar. Last was a blazer, shrugged on over her shoulders, giving her a little more coverage, making her feel less exposed, although it was still snug over her chest and waist.

‘There we go! All set.’ Leona went and put her ear against the door – the sounds had faded away, did that mean Regan was under control? What had they done to deserve their punishment?

Leona nodded and opened the door, letting Madison step outside. The metal locked over her privates was tight and confining, and the cord between her ass-cheeks rubbed her flesh. How would she get that off?

Isabella had another woman over her knee, long brown hair hiding their face, but their bare ass was bright red, the back of a hairbrush being used to hit them, again and again. From their soft whimpers, they were in quite some pain, their arms roped behind their back, skin pinched by the cords. The hair shifted as they looked around, and Madison saw that they were blindfolded and gagged, a harness of black straps holding a leather band over their eyes and a rubber ball in their mouth, plush lips forced around it.

‘It seems as though Regan is still going to be problematic. I think another day in the box might persuade her.’

‘Mpphhhh!’ Spit welled up against the gag, dribbling to the floor.

‘Obey then, you silly bitch.’

‘Nphh!’

The hairbrush smacked against the red ass, making them whimper with each strike – their ass was bright, cherry-red, how many swats had it sustained? Isabella used the nails of her other hand to jab at the woman’s bare back, before lifting them up and carrying them over to the now-open crate. Madison could see that the insides were reinforced, and thick padding would swaddle the occupant, along with leather straps to hold them in place. She shuddered when she remembered her own piss being poured in – had Regan had to spend the night drenched like that?

They tried to fight back, wriggling around in Isabella’s grip, but ended up getting dumped back in the crate, the lid slammed down and locked shut, before Isabella flipped the box over as well. Muted struggle could still be heard, the box even shaking slightly, before Isabella kicked it again.

Despite her struggles, she was only slightly mussed, looking at Madison and nodding in approval. ‘Good enough that you won’t get into trouble. I just need to deal with your hands. In case you get any ideas.’

Leona grabbed her wrists from behind, pinning them in place as Isabella grabbed a thick leather belt with cuffs attached. She stared into Madison’s eyes as she approached, lightly stroking one cheek, making Madison shiver, before wrapping the belt around her waist. It pressed against her stomach and spine, making her feel more constrained, even before the wrist-cuffs went into place. With just a short chain attaching them to her waist, she couldn’t reach anything more than a few inches from where they were tethered. And the leather around her face meant that spit kept flowing into her mouth, and she had to keep her head tilted backwards to avoid it spilling out.

‘Good. Make sure you have good posture. I don’t want you to get in any trouble on your first day!’

A bell rang somewhere, a slow and sonorous clang.

‘Paisley! We’re going.’

The other door opened, Paisley emerging, looking drowsy, but still uniformed and cuffed, and now with a panel-gag over her mouth. Had she done that to herself? She moved over to Isabella, nuzzling her shoulder, and then, apparently, it was time to go.

Madison tried to stay in the middle of the group, not wanting to draw any attention to herself as they moved into more populated passageways, not liking the way that the metal belt scraped at the soft skin of her thighs with every step. Most of the students seemed to be in variants of the same uniform, but there was a lot of variation of skirt length and how much cleavage was on display, and a lot of the students seemed to be restrained in various ways – shackled legs or arms, or mouths sealed behind gags, even a few with metal hooks on head-straps up their nostrils, distorting their features. How many of them had the metal belts on, restricting them from pleasure?

Two students, both with spiked collars and gloved hands, had another pushed up against the wall, lifting their skirt and then tearing away their panties and shoving them into the girl's mouth, silver tape getting wrapped around their head. "Liar" was scribbled onto the tape, before more of it was wound around their hands and arms. Their fists were now sealed into shiny silver balls, wrists taped behind their back. Then the victim was allowed to let go, shoulders drooping as they scampered away.

As they passed them by, both of the attackers looked at Isabella, eyes narrowing. Isabella moved onwards, walking faster, before murmuring at Madison. 'Those are disciplinary committee. Whatever you do, do *not* piss them off. I have some pull with them, but not much, and most of their senior members don't like me. And they will break you.'

What was this place? Her own bare slit tingled, and she drew closer to Isabella, desperate for any protection. She tried to pick out others with the rose-mark, seeing the symbol on a few collars or hanging from wrists – that must be some group here? How could she make sure that she wouldn't be hurt?

Chapter Five: Lessons Start

The “classroom” was a lot larger than she had expected – a large and open space, illuminated by skylights, the walls plastered white. There weren’t desks, although there was a raised podium, occupied by a woman in an ankle-length skirt and a corset, like an old-fashioned governess, right down to a thin cane in her hands, black hair falling all the way to her backside.

The students were gathered into groups, all in similar versions of the uniform. Isabella went towards a group in relatively normal outfits, marked out with the “rose” symbol. A few others, all wearing red collars and with shorter skirts and tighter blouses, had even more immaculate hair and makeup, their nails long and bright, standing with poised grace, backs straight, breasts high and pert. Most of the students had what looked like large ID cards around their necks, double-chain necklaces holding them in place – one loop that was tight around their neck, another loop dangling down with the card on. She could see that the enameled plaques had writing etched on, but couldn’t read it as she moved along – grades, maybe?

And then there were some in heavier restraints – a short, slightly plump girl with her arms bound behind herself in a leather harness, another with her arms bent into a painful looking position, palms pressed together at the top of their neck, held there with ropes, biting into her skin and pushing her breasts forward. They didn’t seem to have any identifying marks, but were fully covered up, with black, shiny tights on their legs. They didn’t seem to have anyone in charge of them, although they were so bound up that they probably couldn’t escape anyway.

One of the girls with the spiked collars was watching, stood a distance away from everyone else. The disciplinary committee – although it sounded like they could do more than give detentions! This one was certainly equipped like a cop, with a belt holding a truncheon and some handcuffs, knee-high black leather boots shining under the light.

There seemed to be a clear line between some of the students, that were in charge, and others that weren’t – even aside from the restraints, most of the students were tidy and quiet, stood demurely with their eyes downcast. Only a few of them were speaking to each other, those ones all in more relaxed poses. Although even they didn’t seem entirely equal – some were laughing a little too forcedly, their smiles too plastic, as they waited for their... superiors? to speak. She needed to try and decipher the pecking order, so she could maybe improve her situation? Or at least not get in any more trouble.

A sharp *thwip* sounded out, the teacher striking her cane through the air, with enough force to make her hair flick about. She had a sharp, pinched face, with dark makeup emphasizing this, making her seem predatory and dangerous. And she looked like a cross between an old-fashioned governess and a dominatrix, with her figure shaped by a tight corset, wearing a long-sleeved and tight blouse, and a long skirt, falling around her legs as she moved. Her neck was bare – although that would make sense, if she was a teacher.

That must be another marker – she glanced around, noticing that the more submissive girls had thicker, more obvious collars, rather than ornamental chokers, worn by those that were ungagged, looking more proud and independent.

‘Places, everyone!’ The teacher had a French accent, her command cutting through the conversation, which immediately went silent. The students started to spread out across the room, with about a meter between them, standing in lines and rows. Those that were more dominant stood several paces behind the others, pushing and pulling them around. Madison moved with Paisley and Leona, taking a place behind them, not sure what she was meant to do.

‘Begin.’

There was no other instruction, but there was an immediate effect – the girl at the front of each line started to walk forward, slow and steady. The way they were walking wasn’t quite normal, their hips swinging more, each foot planted directly in front of the other, like a model on a catwalk.

As soon as there was enough space, Paisley started walking as well – she took smaller steps, her gait made awkward by the wrist-cuffs tethered to her waist, but she was still managing to make her skirt swish out, her gait sexy and alluring.

And then it was Madison’s turn. She tried emulate the sensual, controlled walk of the others. It put strain on her hips though, and she wasn’t sure how to make her body move like that. Every step made her acutely aware of the metal belt, the waist-band pinching into her skin, her thighs starting to chafe from rubbing, her buttocks clenching tightly around the butt-cord. Trying to bring her legs in front of each other for each step was awkward, and she clipped her ankle with her feet a few times, suddenly thankful for the flat-soled shoes. This would be even harder in heels!

As she approached the end of the room, she passed Leona, now coming back the other way. Their neck was straight, eyes fixed dead ahead. Even as Madison stepped aside, their shoulder clipped into her with quite some force, making her stumble. Was this something else to watch out for? Another precedence game? As Paisley approached, she stepped aside, not wanting to risk another collision.

When she reached the other end, she turned and started walking back to where she had started, where everyone else had already assembled. This made it even clearer who was in charge and who was being bossed around, with each of the dominant students having from one to five girls beneath them. How had the girls in charge gotten there? Although even they had their own ranks – Isabella had been forced to ass-fuck herself in public, so she must be subordinate to Marianne? Or did Marianne represent someone else? Other than the headmistress, who was in charge? And how could she try and get some of that power herself?

She stopped, just behind Paisley, trying to stand up straight. The wrist-chains were annoying, making her walk like a t-rex, with her arms bent at the elbow.

Everyone was silent now, even the cop-student. Her truncheon was now out, flicking against her palm. The teacher walked forward, cane held high. Madison had to struggle to swallow enough to keep the spit from overflowing, making her throat ache, her tongue feeling fat and wet in her mouth.

The cane flicked out, thwipping through the air and striking against another student. They made a gagged hiss of pain.

‘Your stoop is worse than before!’ The cane struck against an ass, before she turned and used it to hit another target in the back of their knees. She shoved the tip of the cane into the same area, making them bend, then drop to their knees. ‘Your poise must be *parfait*, not *negligente*!’ They looked around, gaze settling on their keeper, or whatever the term was, the cane flicking against a breast. Their dominant demeanor dropped as they gasped in pain, more

swift strikes following. ‘See that your *petite soeur* has better form, or the both of you will be in leg shackles.’

Leona was next, the teacher giving her a quick pat on the head and a smile. ‘Excellent work, *mon cheri*! A gait that is sure to attract desire and passion. But then...’ She turned to Madison, the cane jabbing into her leg and sliding upwards to scratch off her inner thigh, flicking off the metal of the belt. ‘*Pathetique*! No charm or passion. And the arms – dead and lifeless! Isabella, demonstrate.’

‘*Oui, maitresse.*’

Isabella started to walk forwards, every step graceful and deliberate, her hips rolling, drawing attention to her ass, the outline of the metal plug visible beneath her skirt. Her shoulders and arms moved in synch with the rest of her body, legs moving with deliberate poise, like a model on a catwalk.

‘The pole, to help you focus on your legs, the fundamentals first.’ The teacher snapped her fingers, as the police-student walked over, now holding a long metal pole with leather cuffs at each end, another fatter one in the center.

Isabella had to reach into her cleavage to pull out keys, using one from the bundle to release Madison’s wrists from her waist. Leona immediately grabbed one of Madison’s wrists and stretched it out – Madison tried to resist, but didn’t have the strength, burbling uncertainly from around her forced-open mouth, as Isabella struck her in the belly and grabbed her other wrist, stretching her out. She still couldn’t break free, as the pole-cuffs snapped around her wrists, another going around her neck to keep it all pinned in place.

‘Mphhh!’

The teacher jabbed with the cane, tip poking into soft thigh-meat, making Madison wince.

‘Focus on the legs. Now, *commencer.*’ The cane slapped against Madison’s butt, hard enough to sting and pushing her forward.

She moved, trying to emulate everyone else’s easy grace. But the thing was uncomfortable, and having her arms spread was uncomfortable and awkward, her hands dangling vaguely, stretched out fully. She still couldn’t lower her head to see normally, having to keep it tilted back or risk dribbling everywhere, trying to keep her legs straight and tight, and her ass swaying.

Madison stumbled, her legs wrapping around each other. She tried to put her hands down to save herself, but the bar stopped that, the collar pressing around her neck. Her face slammed into the floor, leaving her dazed and winded, spittle flowing from her mouth and onto her cheek.

She wriggled around, trying to right herself, trying to roll onto her back. Her skirt had flipped up, revealing the metal around her crotch, and she felt her face heat up in shame. She wriggled and scabbled around on the floor, trying to pull herself back upwards but lacked the strength, her belly just getting tired as she strained and tried to get off the floor.

‘Mpphh! Pphhh!’ She kept wriggling around, wanting to get up but unable to do so, spit sticky and wet against her cheek. Footsteps approached, the toes of the teacher’s heeled boot pressing down against her cheek, pinning her in place as she made a disappointed sound.

‘Isabella, assist your *petit soeur.*’

The boot lifted away and she was grabbed from behind, arms wrapping around her waist and hauling her upwards, Isabella’s body pressed closely against her own. Fingers slid beneath her blouse, swiftly pinching her belly as Isabella whispered into her ear, voice sharp and urgent. ‘Do better, or I will hurt you later.’

Madison whined, tilting her head to leave some dribble on Isabella’s shoulder as a petty act of vengeance, before she was pinched again and made to stand on her own.

‘Again!’

A hand slapped against her ass, propelling her forward, and she tried to make the walk sexy, but still didn’t really know what she was doing. Isabella stepped past her, doing it properly, Madison’s eyes focusing on her ass and trying to copy it. Her face and ribs still ached from the impact of the fall, but if she did better, maybe she could avoid more punishment?

She tried to ignore the pain from her body, and the looks from some of the other students, focusing on making her body move smoothly, wanting to emulate their sexual grace. Having her arms held outwards didn’t make things any easier though, and then the cane struck her back, making her stumble again. Spit splashed out from her mouth, soaking over her breasts and falling into her cleavage. The metal and leather around her face pressed against her skin, making it feel sore, but were so tight she couldn’t close her jaw still. She hated the pathetic mewling noises she was making, and how gross and sticky her chest was getting.

Isabella turned around and stalked back towards Madison, grabbing her chin and tilting it upwards. This made the collar feel even tighter around her throat, and then there was an arm around her waist, pulling her hips forward.

‘Lead with the heel, and move with a regular rhythm. Keep your head up, back and shoulders straight.’

The spreader bar made it impossible for her shoulders to be anything but straight! Madison wriggled her wrists, wanting to protest, but that went entirely ignored as Isabella tightened her grip, fingers digging painfully into Madison’s cheeks. ‘Get this right! Now, step forward.’

When she was being pushed from behind, she didn’t have much choice but to go along with it, Isabella’s foot pushing against her ankle to guide her which leg to move first, the other girl’s hips tight against her own. It was like dancing, having to follow another person’s moves! Except that the only dancing that Madison had done before was in a club, grinding against hot dudes, rather than anything more formal. Having an arm around her waist helped her stability though, making it easier to move properly, and at least Isabella could shield her from any more cane-strikes.

She angled her body along with Isabella’s, letting them angle and tilt her, their breasts soft and warm, even through clothing, their arm strong and firm around her waist. She tried to shake off the slight feeling of warmth – she wasn’t attracted to girls! Especially not ones that tied her up, beat people, and locked up her pussy so she couldn’t touch herself, but her breath was still quickening, her cheeks warming.

Now she was moving, it seemed easier to keep up the rhythm, her body flowing through the steps, at least with the right guidance. She could hear the teacher’s steps, slightly behind, fear mingling with the growing warmth, not wanting to be hit again. Even her daddy had never spanked her!

The far wall was getting closer and closer, Isabella’s arm still stiff and firm against Madison’s belly, making her feel somewhat protected. When there were just a few more paces to go, Isabella angled her body, Madison going with the movement, awkwardly pivoting on one heel, glad again to not be wearing heels.

She was face to face with the teacher now, not daring to meet their eyes, the cane flicking against her breasts, accurately catching a nipple with a stinging flare of pain.

‘Mphhh!’

She couldn’t manage anything more coherent, another trail of sticky spit flowing between her breasts, now drenched and dirty. Isabella was still pushing her though, so she had no choice but to keep walking forward, past the teacher. The cane flicked several more times, each *thwip*

making Madison twitch nervously, but none hit her, although there were sounds of impacts against flesh – it must be Isabella getting struck, the only sign soft puffs of air against the back of Madison’s neck. Was Isabella protecting her? Or was this a punishment for Isabella? Madison’s head was a confusion of pain and chaos, the only thing she was sure of being Isabella’s arm around her waist and her body pressed against her own from behind.

‘Hmmm. *Une amelioration*. But still unimpressive. Isabella, you are to see to your *petite souer*’s improvement, unless you wish to be given further training yourself.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’ Isabella’s voice was quiet and respectful, although her arm tightened around Madison’s waist, squashing the air out of her. ‘I will see to it.’

‘Of course. Now, everyone else, *continuez*.’

The rest of the class started moving again, parading up and down, Madison letting herself get dragged along as well. The teacher turned her attention to the other students, showing no mercy, cane flicking and stinging out against soft flesh, making Madison glad it wasn’t her being struck.

‘You’re getting better, but you need a lot of work! And you better improve, or I’ll make sure you get punished.’ Isabella nibbled on Madison’s neck, lightly using her teeth, forcing Madison to pay attention. ‘I’m not going back to being at the bottom! So be good.’

Madison stumbled, the threat and the bite making her lose concentration on her legs, and she would have fallen if it weren’t for Isabella’s tight grip. She was hauled back to standing, a hand striking her buttocks, the impact short and sharp, before fingers dug into her ass, Isabella’s voice getting nastier and more commanding. ‘The better you obey, and the more of a good girl you are, the better it is for both of us. I’ve worked too hard to get to where I am to be screwed over by some silly bitch!’ She kiss-bit Madison again, even harder this time, making Madison mewl and sending another flow of gross and sticky spit downwards into her cleavage. When would she be allowed to clean that off? It made her feel dirty and ashamed, coiling awkwardly with the warmth of Isabella’s body.

‘Mphh!’

‘Good. Now, keep walking, now and smoothly, and then we’ve got free study periods so I can test you out more thoroughly.’

That sounded bad, but there was no choice but to go along with it, being dragged up and down the long chamber, earning occasional flicks from the teacher.

Chapter Six: The New Routine

Madison was still tied into bed each night, ropes binding her to the frame, knots tight enough they wouldn't loosen. Every night, she could hear the others outside, talking amongst themselves, sounding relaxing, before the wet, slurping sounds of Isabella getting eaten out. Having to hear that, night after night, while she was still locked away, made her hornier and hornier. Tied onto her back and locked into the belt, she couldn't even grind and hump against the mattress!

Some nights, she could hear the door open and close again – where were they going? It wasn't fair! Although it was taking a toll on Isabella, makeup not entirely able to disguise the bags under her eyes. It must be the task the President had set her, but what that was Madison couldn't figure out. Some plotting amongst the student body? How was the President even selected?

She tossed and turned in bed, sunlight starting to seep through the window-slit. Madison strained against the ropes, feeling them chafe her skin. Was the one on her ankle starting to give? But she needed her hands free! Although even then, the door was locked, sealing her into the room.

The sounds of life filtered through the door, the others getting up and getting ready. It wasn't long until her door opened, Leona opening it, already fully dressed and made-up. Madison made herself go limp, not wanting to be seen as a threat, Leona nodding in approval, making her hair bob and flow. Her fingers moved with swift skill, unknotting the ropes, letting Madison get up. She dipped her own head, annoyed at having to show respect. Her annoyance grew when Leona produced the arm-spreader, leather straps dangling off the long pole. She hated it, unable to use her hands! But fighting back would just get her hurt, so she had to sit there and let it lock around her neck and wrists.

Then it was a shower – she still wasn't allowed to do so in private, but the others barely seemed to care, eating their breakfast as she washed herself down. With her arms bound, she couldn't properly wash herself, just turning around beneath the water, before being toweled off and dressed by Leona, her hair brushed, makeup applied.

Food was basic – cereal bars, fruit or sweet, flavored paste. It was healthy, but always left her vaguely unsatisfied! She wanted to have what Isabella ate – *real* food, delivered by a maid each morning, fresh-baked croissants and buttered bread, smelling delicious. Leona and Paisley were sometimes allowed the crumbs, asses in the air as they licked the plates clean.

It felt better when she was dressed, the uniform getting increasingly familiar to her. It did feel good, the dirty clothing getting taken away each day, someone doing the washing. Was that another job the maids did? And at least she wasn't muzzled, not like some of the other girls she saw, or the ones dragged around on their leashes.

Most days started with a lesson – the teachers (all female – weren't there *any* men here? No wonder everyone was a desperate lesbian!) giving instruction in how to walk properly, how to talk, or how to suck cock. Failure, or making mistakes, met with swift punishment, canes

slapping against soft skin, jabbing against sensitive points. And Isabella could be even harsher, monitoring the three of them.

The cock-training session had been the worse – dildos mounting on a wall, with inch-markers down the side. After some preparatory licking and kissing (not too bad, although it had made her even hornier!) the *petites soeurs* had to deepthroat them. Isabella had simply shoved Madison's head forward, impaling her throat on the fat, rubber lump, make her gag, struggling to breathe! And even then, she hadn't been able to take more than four inches, no matter how hard she strained.

When Isabella had tried pushing her forward, something inside of Madison had snapped. She'd started to resist, trying to pull back, straining against hand-cuffs. All that had earned her had been slaps and a spanking though, getting put over Isabella's knee, her gloved hand cracking against Madison's ass, again and again. Partway through, she had gone from resisting to simply crying, feeling hot, harsh tears down her face. Even that hadn't stopped the pain though, until she was blubbering, unable to break free. Her ass was still sore from that!

A loud thud jerked Madison from her reverie, Isabella stamping down on the wooden crate. She used one of the keys from around her neck to open it up, revealing Regan inside.

They were unable to rise up, wrapped up in rope, interior panels pressing against them, controlled by the outside screws. Madison could smell their sweat, and worse, as Isabella raised her foot, stamping it down against their belly.

'I never thought you were so masochistic. You would have been more successful at that, wouldn't you? You were an utter bitch as a *grande soeur*. Now, are you going to eat, or do I have to force the tube down your throat? Or maybe just leave you in there? And this is still better than you deserve, for what you did to me.' She stamped down again, leaving a heel-print on the other girl's stomach. 'Maybe some force here?' She moved her foot down, so it was resting between their legs, grinding against their pussy.

The sight of it stirred Madison up, making her twitch her thighs, feeling the chastity belt between them, metal pinching her skin. She was wet *again* – if she didn't get off soon, she'd go mad! She couldn't look away as Isabella's foot ground down, before she nodded at Paisley.

'Let's see if she's any more agreeable today.'

The dials were twisted and spun, interior panels withdrawing, before Leona reached in and dragged Regan up. Her skin was pinched and drawn, damaged where pressure had been applied for too long, oddly dimpled from too long in the same position.

She mumbled from behind a fat ballgag, but was too weak to fight back, getting pulled up into a sitting position. Isabella gave her a slap across the face before removing the ballgag, tossing it into the box. Leona slid into position behind her, wrapping one arm around their neck, the other against the back of their head, ready to tighten up into a choking neck-hold. But they stayed limp and obedient, opening their mouth to let themselves be fed by Isabella, numbly accepting fragments of a cereal bar.

As soon as she had eaten, she regained something of herself, and immediately started to struggle, twisting against Leona's grip, coughing and spluttering as the woman's arms tightened around her neck.

'Be thankful I've not got the facilities we used to have – I always wondered what you would do on the strangle-horse, as you seemed to enjoy using that so much.'

'Nph...'

They couldn't properly talk, their lips strained from being wrapped around a gag-ball for so long, but that had sparked a brief moment of fear. The strangle-horse? What was that? And did she want to find out? Whatever it was, it made Regan obedient enough to be

gotten out of her casket. Now standing, the extent of her injuries was more obvious, dark bruises on her skin, her muscles weakened from her imprisonment.

She flinched whenever she was touched, Isabella roughly shoving her into the shower, hosing her down. The water sluiced over her, washing away sweat and grime. Madison couldn't help but feel some satisfaction in seeing that they were belted as well, they pussy locked away behind metal.

Madison felt useless, barely able to move in the cramped room, her arms forcibly outstretched by the spreader bar. All she could do was keep out of everyone else's way, trying not to knock anything on the walls.

Once Regan had been hosed down, she was dressed, Leona and Isabella working together to get her clothing on – Regan didn't resist, but neither did she help, her limbs limp by her side. She was taller than Leona, especially once her feet were locked into 6-inch heels, pushing her feet almost vertical. Her arms were pulled behind her body, each hand made to grasp the opposite elbow, before leather straps bound them into place. Little leather sacks went over each hand, forcing them into fists.

Regan was gagged again, this time with a padded bit, straps running around her head, reins dangling down her back.

Isabella spun her around and then pulled on the reins. The bit was pulled backwards, digging into the corners of Regan's mouth, pulling her head back, making her grunt in pain. 'That should do. I don't want to hear anything from you!' She stroked a finger against the back of Regan's neck, making them shiver. 'Something to show your new status.' She pinched and twisted the skin, pulling it then releasing. 'Madison, fetch that collar, on the shelf.'

Fortunately, it was at the right level for her to grab, although it was awkward, having to twist half-way around to get it, fumbling her hand along, feeling for it, not able to see. Her fingertips brushed old paper, some leather, a wax candle, before she found the collar – sweat-stained metal, currently hanging open. She managed to pick it up, gripping tightly, feeling it slowly slip from her grip as she walked towards Isabella. With her arms stretched out, there was no way she could try and put it onto Isabella, and even if she could, then the others would ally with Isabella. Except for maybe Regan, but she was in no position to help!

So she handed the collar over to Isabella, who had to pinch and prod at Regan to get her not to hunch her shoulders, yanking on the reins to pull her head back. That was enough to put the front of the collar into place, wrapping the rest into place with a *click*.

'I'm not sure where the key is, but we can find that later. If you're good.'

'Mrpphh...'

The morning bell rang, signaling that it was time to go. They made a large group now, with Isabella dragging Regan by the reins, the woman's balance tottering on the heels, her gait awkward and unbalanced.

The class was already set up – vertical posts had fat rubber dildos in place, measurement-markers penned onto the side. Two of the red-collars were already on their knees, mouths stretched around the shafts, almost all the way up to their base, their throats visibly bulging from the intrusion. Behind them was stood another student, her head lightly resting on each of their heads.

'Whoever takes the most, gets a treat!' She spoke like it was to a child, coddling and gentle, even as her grip tightened, keeping them both in place. One managed to crawl forward slightly, making spluttering sounds, hands twitching against her knees.

They were both wrenched back suddenly, spit flowing from their mouths, the dildos wet and shiny now, gasping for breath. Some of the spit dribbled down, splashing onto their skirts.

‘You three, go and start practicing. This will be useful for when you graduate. And you need a lot of work, Madison! Stop dribbling everywhere, don’t make such a mess. Take those ones. I’ll tend to Regan personally – she’s been out of class for a while, so might need some reminders.’ She pulled on the reins, dragging Regan behind her.

Leona was already on her knees, head rocking back and forth, taking one of the cocks into her mouth. Another student was less eager, their *grande soeur* shoving on their head despite their mumbled protests, slowly forcing them onto it. Hands bound behind their back tensed, fingernails embedding red crescent-marks into palms.

Madison slowly knelt, wanting to delay the start as much as possible, tucking her skirt beneath her butt, feeling the chastity belt pinch and chafe against her body. Beside her, Paisley was the same, looking at the rubbery shaft with distaste, before kissing the tip. Madison did the same, wincing at the cold slipperiness of the cock. She stretched her mouth wide, seeing that there was a belt-strap dangling from the pole – could someone be strapped in place, if they didn’t do well enough? That wouldn’t be a surprise, given how messed up this place was!

She pushed herself further onto the shaft, a little more at a time – it didn’t take long until it had dilled her mouth and was bumping against her throat. She didn’t like deepthroating! She’d done it a few times, but it made her feel sick afterwards. Could she just stay like this, pretending she was doing it properly? Leona was thrusting her head back and forth, lips spread wide, arms crossed behind her back, while Paisley was less enthusiastic, only slowly moving her head.

A murmur went through the class, followed by slurping, popping sounds, as those in the middle of practicing withdrew themselves, everyone turning to look. The student that had entered was collared, the band of leather trimmed with lace, wearing a conservatively long skirt, just below her knees, her legs sheathed in tights. Light brown hair hung to her shoulders, cut into a neat, straight line. Behind her, being dragged on a leash, was another student, their uniform tattered and shredded, whip-welts visible on their skin, arms in a leather armbinder, eyes concealed behind a blindfold.

Despite the collar around her neck, she didn’t behave in a submissive manner, and no-one else met her gaze. She strode forward, calm and confident, brushing away the teacher when she tried to talk, the other student getting pulled along behind her.

‘Everyone else, return to your studies.’ The sounds of cocksucking resumed, although more slowly now, everyone still watching her from the edges of their vision. Compared to the flashiness of the red-collars, or even the overt beauty of some of the other students, she seemed dull, almost dowdy. What did the lace-trimmed collar mean? Was she the *petites soeur* of someone important?

She moved around the class, past the red-collars, grabbing one by the hair and slamming their head forward, the maximum amount their unwilling throat would allow. They glubbered and twitched, trying to breath around the fat cock. They were held there, hands tensing, unable to break free, until she wrenched their head back. Multiple fat ribbons of spit joined their mouth to the cock, and they coughed wetly, their throat ravaged by the shaft. They turned to the leading red-collar.

‘You should be more forceful. They are here to be taught – they don’t need to enjoy it. Their purchaser will be taking them soon – they must be ready by then.’ She rammed her hand forward, impaling the throat again, managing to get the cock even deeper this time. ‘This was a skill that was a specific request. See to it that they are of a sufficient level.’

The other woman blanched, dipping her head. ‘Of course, vice-president! I will be harsher with them in future. And ensure that they are fully trained.’

‘Good. See that you do.’ She let go of their head, and they slid off the cock again, the ribbon-strands of spit even thicker now. As they pulled themselves off the long shaft, the woman turned away, seeing Isabella. ‘Ah, Isabella.’ She marched forward, approaching Isabella with swift strides. ‘The President politely requests your attendance, at the first convenience. *Now.*’ The order was unmistakable.

Isabella looked taken aback, still holding Regan’s reins, jerking their head down. ‘I shouldn’t...’

‘The President will excuse you from this lesson. She merely wishes to speak with you. In her garden.’ She tugged on the leash again, before handing it over to another student. ‘And your *petites soeurs* can enjoy some sunlight, before the season changes.’ Her tone was flat and vaguely hostile, her body stiff and tense. ‘Kindly follow me.’

She stared at Isabella, who met her gaze. It was awkward having to tilt to see them, the cock-tip still in her mouth, Paisley in the same position.

Isabella broke the gaze first, looking away and nodding. ‘Yes, vice-president.’ She bowed to the teacher, before speaking. ‘Everyone, come with me. Although Regan is a little... peaky still. May I be excused to return her to my room?’

‘You may. But move with all haste. The President does not like to be kept waiting.’ She was stood close to Isabella, closer than was needed, the two of them squaring off. She was slightly shorter than Isabella, and skinnier, her frame not as muscled. But Isabella stepped away, gesturing at them.

Madison was only too glad to remove her mouth from the cock, not liking the rubbery taste, or the way it aroused her. Isabella grabbed her, pulling her upwards, the spreader-bar making her balance weak, rubber ball-gag sliding between her lips. As a group, they made their departure.

Chapter Seven: The Student President

The grass was warm and soft against Madison's knees, the sunlight pleasant against her skin. Her legs felt sore from the posture lessons, and her arms were still spread wide by the spreader bar! Even the nice weather and being outside weren't enough to make it pleasant, especially with the soggy stickiness between her breasts, that had now oozed against her skin, making her blouse stick to her stomach.

It seemed dangerous to protest though – Paisley and Leona were both knelt as well, Isabella in a metal garden chair, Paisley close enough to her that Isabella could occasionally scratch her head, making the other woman sigh in pleasure.

They were in a garden, surrounded by walls on all sides, niches in the walls occupied by raised podiums, most of them empty. One, opposite Madison, was occupied – a female form, every inch of their flesh sealed away behind black latex. A shiny steel frame was wrapped around their limbs, holding them in place, like a statue, their limbs stretched out into a stressful-looking pose, just one foot on the ground. Madison could see their eyes, locked behind lenses, the only sign of life, flicking madly about. Who was it, and what had they done?

Of equal concern were the five sets of wooden stocks, finely polished wood gleaming in the sunlight, the tops currently open to contain someone. They were on metal tracks, able to move, each leading to a shut wooden gate – what was on the other side? Whatever it was, then whoever was in the stocks would be completely exposed if they were locked in and then shoved through the gates. A sixth track was present, but didn't have any stocks visible.

That didn't seem quite as important as who Isabella was talking to – although she was wearing the same uniform, her skirt smart and neat, legs sheathed in shiny pantyhose, her blouse and blazer both crisp and neat. Her black hair was tied into neat coils and braids, forming twin loops and a princess braid around her brow. A necklace was around her neck, thin chain dangling between her breasts, whatever it held out of sight beneath her blouse.

The table between them was set out like something from a fancy hotel, with tea and cake, the scents making Madison's mouth water even more, despite her desperate attempts to swallow the flow of spittle. It was being served by the vice-president, moving with silent efficiency. The lace of her collar matched her pale skin, more of the stuff poking from her wrists. Once she was done, she curtsied before standing back, remaining out of sight of... her boss? Her *owner*?

Isabella was closely watching her host, waiting for them to take a sip of their tea before following suit.

'Thank you for inviting me, Student President Regina Guideschi.'

'You have been useful to me before, and I am indebted to you, as you well know. And you seem to have been entrusted with another student. Congratulations.'

'Yes, the headmistress has honored me.'

'You can be honest with me, you need not be quite so polite here. You must find it something of an inconvenience? Regan must still be a problem, she had a strong will. Although it is impressive that you were able to supplant her, and acquire the loyalty of her *petites soeurs*. She wasn't expecting a betrayal – but then, that is always the most effective way to ensure a

quick coup. And why I try and keep my subordinates loyal, and ensure my enemies are divided.’ She reached out a hand, Madison seeing that her fingernails were painted bright red, two on each hand shorter than the others. Was that some special sign? Her attendant stepped in closer, before reaching into their blazer pocket and pulling out a neatly-folded piece of paper, which she handed over.

The President unfolded it before sliding it over to Isabella. ‘It seems that certain groups are mobilizing against me. The weak always seek to cast down the strong – although in sufficient numbers, I suppose they could be a threat. I’ve spent a lot of time changing this place to be just the way I want it to be, and it would be a shame to be denied the pleasure of my garden, now that it is producing such lovely flowers.’

Beneath the table, Madison could see the President stretch her leg out, running her foot against Isabella’s leg, Isabella tensing up, hiding her face behind her teacup.

‘And you are one of my finest flowers. Such a shame you seem unwilling to be protected within my garden. My once-loyal hound, my wound-bearer.’ Her foot rubbed upwards, stroking against Isabella’s thigh. ‘It would be more comfortable within my chambers, rather than that little attic garret. And I’ve missed having your tongue sooth me to sleep – you were a rather lovely bedfellow.’

The vice-president’s face hardened, her hands tensing as she glared at Isabella, unseen by the President. Isabella was squirming awkwardly, unable to escape from the stroking foot.

‘And the way you would make some of the *petites* scream was magnificent! Although you seem rather less passionate now – something of a shame, even if you are still skilled. And you still wear the gloves you earned. Small wonder if the rest of the disciplinary committee find you something of an irritation, wearing their mark without helping them. Although I suppose you would want to wrap your hands.’

Isabella shifted in her seat, pulling the paper towards herself to read it. Her whole body suddenly tensed up, before she slammed it back down.

‘Is this...?’

‘Oh yes. Such a shame that Marianne proved herself disloyal. I suppose she thought there was an opportunity. Although I have yet to identify who put her up to it – she was bratty and impulsive, but rarely a leader, just keen to take advantage when others had made an opening for her to exploit.’

Wood creaked, an out-of-sight mechanism clanking as one of the gates opened. A pillory moved along the rails, this one folded shut, holding Marianne’s bent-over body. Her uniform was ripped and torn, her skirt flipped up to show off her backside. Thick, white smears oozed out of her pussy and asshole – her face was concealed, on the other side of the stocks, but from the sounds she was making, she was gagged as well.

‘It will have decreased her value somewhat, but the boys do need occasional stress relief.’

Madison could smell cum, thick and pungent, making her mouth water even more. Leona reacted as well, biting her lip and squirming in her kneeling place. The restrained Marianne was limp and weak in the stocks, supported by the wood, her socks having sagged down to her ankles.

‘She still refuses to give any information. Regrettable – not that I would have forgiven her, but at least then she could be discarded permanently. She’s attractive enough that finding an owner won’t be that hard, but I was hoping to enjoy her for a little longer. But that leaves you in a rather awkward position – I doubt your claims of neutrality will protect you, and you never did like being detained. And I’m informed that Marianne had taken some liberties with you? If you

resume your position, then that can be resolved. It will do the school good to have the hound back in post. I can remove your intimate intruder, should you desire.'

The smell of cum was doing strange things to Madison, her body flushing hot and cold, sweat and spit mingling down her chest. She just wanted to sleep! And be allowed to maybe touch herself! Marianne was still conscious, her legs moving a bit, more cum oozing out of her cunt. Where were the men that had done that to her, then? She hadn't seen any since getting here, just women. But the amount of cum, a thick creampie oozing out of both Marianne's holes, showed that she'd been used, hard, the sharp scent distracting and arousing.

Fingers pinched against her thigh, jerking her back to awareness, suddenly aware of her own wetness, Leona's hand swiftly withdrawing before she bowed, her face going all the way to the ground. The President was now stood up, looking down at them with a faint smile, Isabella still seated. Madison squeaked before following suit, the spreader-bar unbalancing her and making her topple to the floor, her face sinking into the grass, her ass rising into the air.

'And you.' The President reached out to touch Isabella, who flinched away, but stood and bent over the table, lifting her skirt. The thing in her ass was still there, metal lump protruding from between her buttocks, Isabella's knuckles white, hands tense. The President chuckled, before lightly pinching a buttock, then tweaking the plug, making Isabella shudder.

Madison had to crane her neck awkwardly to see this, thankful that the scent of the grass was displacing the mind-corroding cum-odor. The President twisted and tweaked the plug a few more times – if it was still fully spread inside of Isabella, then what would that feel like? Just the thought made Madison feel queasy at the thought of having something so hard and large inserted into her asshole.

'You never did like things up here, did you? Our dear departed *grande soeur* had to be rather forceful with you, didn't she?' The President pulled on her neck-chain, a key sliding into view, which she gently slid into the device and turned with a swift motion. Isabella exhaled, her body relaxing, the thing now probably shrunk inside of her. The President started pulling it out, the metal bulb shining brightly as it emerged into the sun, before she let go and it slid back inside of Isabella.

'You will be my faithful hound again.' She was toying with the plug, tweaking it about, her other hand sliding around to tickle at Isabella's pussy, the two fingers with shorter nails sliding inside her. 'I suppose you can stay in that horrible little room, if you desire. But you are mine again.' They yanked the plug out in a swift motion, Isabella's asshole gaping wide before starting to close up and shrink. Isabella's body was shaking now, her thighs twitching as she was fingered, making soft gasps and groans. 'I let you slip away once before, but now you are mine again. Should I need to, I will have you belted and collared, but I think you're sensible enough not to need it. I've heard you've been sneaking out after curfew – investigations on my behalf? How adorable of you!'

She tossed the plug aside, her assistant moving to catch it from the air and putting it into a pocket. 'So are you going to be a good girl? Or do I need to be more persuasive?' Her fingers were pumping in and out more vigorously now, Isabella's pussy wet, juices starting to trickle down her thighs. The look on the vice-president's face made Madison wince, her hatred clear and strong, fingers tightly gripping the metal plug.

'Yesssss...'

'You'll need to be a little more specific, my little pup. I respect you enough that I won't take you to the dungeons, but I know it's been months since you've visited the tower, and you must be hungry for some real cock.'

‘Nphhh...’ Isabella was struggling to speak, her thighs twitching and shaking, fingers making wet sounds as they pumped in and out.

‘I still remember all your lovely little sensitive spots. So, will you be my loyal hound once again? The black dog, bringer of screams? Who never lets her prey escape?’

She was keeping Isabella on edge, fingers slower now, slowly withdrawing, making Isabella whimper and shake her hips, trying to get that little bit more stimulation, just enough to drive her over the edge.

‘Yes! I’ll... I’ll serve... again.’

‘Good girl. And for that, you will be rewarded.’ As she continued to finger-fuck the bent-over woman, the President leaned over and kissed her on the back of the neck, before grasping Isabella’s throat and squeezing, making her victim’s breathing harder and more labored, especially with the panting forced upon her by the stroking and touching. Isabella’s thighs were tensing up, her pussy clamping hold of the fingers, groaning and gasping as she was pushed over the edge. The sight of her slit, wide and wet, added to Madison’s own arousal, the sunlight warming her ass up.

Even after Isabella orgasmed, the President didn’t release her grip, leaning in to whisper something into Isabella’s ear, making them wriggle and squirm, their body now slack and limp.

Madison could smell pussy-juice now, fresh and hot, the metal locked over her crotch starting to warm up in the sun. She was wet herself, wanting to grind and rub against something to get off, or actually be penetrated. Being face down in the grass, with her ass in the air, with her arms forcibly spread, made getting off seem a distant dream. Although maybe the President could unlock her?

As Isabella weakly struggled in her post-orgasmic daze, the vice-president approached the three of them, squatting down, tucking her skirt backwards to avoid letting anyone looking up her skirt. She glanced over at the captive Marianne with distaste, wrinkling her nose. Around her neck was a very thick black leather collar, stretching her neck out, and detailed with silver thread used to pick out several roses, a lace trim peeking out around the edge. A metal ring dangled from the front, swinging a little as she looked at each of them in turn, then glanced over her shoulder at the President, still whispering to Isabella, that look of hatred flashing up again.

‘Your *grande soeur* has been adopted by the school President. All of you now need to be aware of your position, and be sure not to bring any shame to her, or the council. Or I will see that you are harshly punished for your transgressions.’ She reached out, grabbing at Leona’s thick hair and using it to pull them upwards. She spat onto their face, white-flecked spittle landing on Leona’s cheek and slowly sliding down. ‘You are as nothing before the President’s glory. If you disappoint her, at all, I will have you belted and destroy the keys. Is this understood?’

She used her grip on Leona’s hair to rag them about, Leona going limp and floppy as she answered. ‘Yes, vice-president.’

‘Good.’ They slapped Leona across the face, smearing the spit around then letting them go, Leona collapsing to the floor. Then she went to Madison, kneeling again, Madison trying to twist around to see what was happening, the spreader bar an impediment still.

‘Hmph, the new girl. It seems unlikely that you will ever be of much value or worth. But you can still be useful.’ She moved around behind Madison, pulling on the back of her neck to drag her upwards, then onto her feet.

Walking backwards, especially with the arm-spreader, was hard, and she squeaked through her forced-open mouth. The musky scents of sweat and cum got more intense, her heart

pounding as she was dragged past the stocks. Was she going to be locked in and passed through the gates, to whatever was on the other side?

Instead, she was spun around, finding that she was now next to the captive Marianne. The vice-president shoved on the back of her head, pushing her down, her face next to Marianne's slit, her folds still slick and wet, cum oozing out.

'Clean her.'

'Mphh?!'

Madison's head was pushed forward, her nose squashing against a buttock. The smell of cum felt like it was corroding her brain, her lips pushing against soft skin, salty-sweet with sweat and other fluids. She couldn't escape the taste, her tongue sliding out of her mouth under its own volition, sliding over an ass-cheek. The tang of sweat got more intense as she moved onto the inner curve of their buttocks, before being pushed down. Their folds were soft and smooth, her tongue sliding into them, thick with cum.

Marianne stirred, making a soft protest and trying to wriggle away, but there was nowhere for her to go.

'You are going to be my eyes.' The vice-president whispered into Madison's ears as she used her tongue to slide into Marianne. 'Anything that Isabella does, I want to know. If she breaks any rules, you will tell me.' One hand gripped the back of Madison's head tightly, pulling it back and forth, the other reached down and started to stroke a spit-stained breast, sliding beneath the bra and caressing a nipple. 'If you are good and help me, maybe I will help you and let you have some fun. Otherwise, I will lock you into one of these stocks and have you used for a full week.'

The cum was overpowering, and she swallowed, feeling it slide down her throat, into her belly. Her tongue probed deeper and deeper, Marianne's heat and her own wetness making Madison feel dazed and woozy – she didn't like girls, or at least, not like this! But her tongue was still buried deep in Marianne's slit, their legs on either side of her head, starting to twist and squirm around her.

'Isabella might command you, but I will *own* you. You will tell me anything and everything she does – do you understand, bitch?' She shoved Madison's face forward, so all that she could taste, smell and see was between Marianne's legs, making Madison gulp and kiss it, licking at the wet pussy. 'If you fail, then I will have you broken, made into less even than a doll.'

'Mppph!' Madison's attempt at talking was incomprehensible, just making Marianne's hips wriggle as her innards were tongue-stroked.

'Good. Now keep going.' The hand kept stroking Madison's breast, fingers lightly cupping and tweaking a now-hard nipple. That at least felt good, and Madison could feel an inner warmth developing between her own legs, still sealed behind the metal. 'Little Marianne has even more punishments to be served after this.'

There was a gagged squeal of protest, which went ignored, as Madison tried to push her tongue deeper and deeper into them – could she earn some pleasure? Or find some way to get the belt off? Maybe if she found some dirt on Isabella, then she could get promoted or something? But for now, she couldn't think, and still had her arms spread, with her tongue deep inside of another girl, as the vice-president continued to threaten her.

By the time she was released, her face was smeared with cum, and it was all she could smell. She tried rubbing her face against Marianne's thigh to clean herself off, but was pulled back too fast. The vice-president was looking at her with disgust and contempt, before pulling her to her feet. She reached into her blazer pocket and pulled out the ass-plug, then shoved it into

Marianne's buttocks. She moaned, her back tensing up, Madison noticing red finger- and grip-marks on her flesh, heavier and thicker than the usual feminine imprints, before she moaned again as the thing was twisted. Then she was pulled away, and hauled back to the others.

At the table, the President and Isabella were both sat down again now, although Isabella's cheeks were now flushed and red, her gloved hand shaking slightly as she raised her teacup to drink from.

'The *petites soeurs* seem obedient.'

'Good. And Isabella and I have finished our conversation. She is agreeable, as I thought she would be.' Beneath the table, her foot was stroking Isabella's leg again. 'Although I have yet to persuade her to rejoin me fully. Although I do expect results – it would be unpleasant for both of us if I were to be replaced. Now, I imagine there are other duties to attend to.'

The vice-president curtsied. 'Yes, mistress President. In your office.'

'Well, it has been a pleasant conversation. And, Isabella, I do hope that you won't have any more... conflicting loyalties. That would be very disappointing. But I will have to leave you now – you may finish off the tea and cake, and then return to your studies for the rest of the day.'

She finished her own drink, then stood, the vice-president walking slightly behind her, already talking about something.

Madison collapsed to her knees, happy to roll out as best she could on the grass and bask in the sunlight, trying to rub off some of the dried cum and sweat from her face.

Chapter Eight: Dominance Play

The room was silent, even Regan quiet in her casket-crate. If she was in there – it was currently sealed, and Madison had no way of knowing if it was occupied, and didn't want to open it up just in case they escaped or attacked. She leaned against the wall, lifting up her skirt, and feeling along the metal frame of the chastity belt. Even when she tried to reach under the crotch-panel, it was so tight that there was no way to get around it! Even the piss-slit wasn't big enough to admit more than the tip of a finger. She tried pushing her hips forward, able to make her nail brush against skin.

Even that light touch sent a thrill through her, making her body heating up, pussy getting slick. She strained, pushing her hips further forward, her finger scraping against the metal. She was willing to hurt herself if it meant getting off! But the metal wouldn't give, her finger-flesh scraping and scratching against it. She wanted more! She *needed* to get off! But there was no way to get through the metal. Even if she pulled down on the hip-band, that just made it push against her hip-flesh.

She growled in frustrated annoyance – it wasn't fair! No wonder everyone here was a psycho-bitch, if most of them couldn't get off, or needed to please a goddam *grande souer* to have any pleasure. Had Isabella once had to serve somebody? Maybe the President?

But she needed to get the belt off. Isabella had the key, but maybe there was a copy? Or something, just in case Isabella lost hers? The thought of being one mistake from being locked away permanently was terrifying – the clasp of the neck-chain falling open, then key lost somewhere, and then the only way to get the thing off would be, like, industrial cutters or something. She didn't want have powered saws or anything like that grinding away near her body!

She tilted her head, listening intently – from outside, some of the sounds of everyday life, or at least what was normal here, filtered through the thick walls, of students going about their business. The main door was locked, sealing her into the room, Isabella and the other two out somewhere. Not that they told her anything! But for once, she was free, rather than tied to her bed.

She'd spent a while exploring the main room, poking through the items on the shelves – some books, most of them in foreign languages, some containing scribbled notes that were also unreadable. Some broken and discarded torture implements – clamps with broken springs, gags with only half a strap, a crop that had split along the hitting-edge, some complicated thing of leather and metal that she didn't even want to touch, still grimy and smeared with some dried fluids.

All the furniture was old and rickety, completely mismatched – it looked like it had been assembled bit-by-bit, collected together from whatever other people had discarded. The only thing that was new-looking was the casket, where the edges weren't battered and dirty, the metal polished and somewhat clean.

There wasn't much of interest other than the casket, and she didn't want to go anywhere near that. Just thinking about being sealed inside, locked into the tiny, cramped space, made her

shiver. And that was before having piss poured in! That was just gross. Even having to eat Isabella out wasn't as bad as that would be! If Regan was in there, she wasn't moving though, or maybe she was asleep?

She went to look inside Isabella's room, carefully turning the handle, wrapping her skirt around her hand to avoid leaving fingermarks on the worn brass.

Inside, everything was neat and tidy, although in scarcely better condition. The bed was made (although probably by one of the others), the desk was mostly bare, the only ornament a framed picture. Madison looked at it – it showed Isabella, the President and several other women, in tattered and ragged uniforms, in a snowy field. In front of them were several sets of stocks, turned the other way so that only the legs and backsides of the occupants were visible, those well-marked with lashes and welts. Isabella and the President were sat atop another woman, stripped entirely naked except for a hood and a collar, fat heavy metal even chunkier than the normal ones. Isabella's hand was wrapped in bandages, stained dark with something. They were smiling, looking pained but relieved – what was that about? Other than showing that she definitely had history with the President!

That wasn't what she was looking for though. The key! There had to be a copy of the key somewhere! She looked under the bed, finding nothing but a chest, too heavy to move out, the top not budging, as well as spare bedsheets and uniforms.

In the bedside table there was a dildo, a nice fat one. She stroked it, feeling herself twinge, wanting to push it into herself and fuck it to orgasm, but she couldn't because of the damn belt. Sets of handcuffs, several spare sets of gloves, a small bullet vibrator... But there weren't even keys for the cuffs, the metal bands locked around a wooden bar. More drawers held clothing – bra, panties, more uniforms, even some non-uniform outfits, right at the bottom, looking very unused.

Madison slammed the drawer shut with a growl. She needed to get off! But there was no key in here, and damaging Isabella's stuff would just get her in trouble.

She went back to the main room, cautiously approaching the casket. Had that been a faint rattle? Maybe Regan was inside it then. She knelt next to it, nervously tucking her skirt under her butt. She gently tapped a knuckle against the wooden lid, speaking softly.

'Regan? Are you in there?' Her heart started to race, ears sharp for any sound that might indicate the return of Isabella. There was a soft knocking sound back, something rattling against the inside of the casket.

Madison laid her palm against the outside of the box, trying to convey her feelings. If Regan could help her with Isabella, then maybe she would be able to get the key! It's not like Paisley or Leona would help, they were both too loyal to Isabella. She tapped her palm against the lid again, hearing a soft thump back.

'Would you like to help me against Isabella?'

There was a quick double-thump – they could hear her, at least.

'If I let you out, would you help me? Maybe we could tie her up?'

More rapid drumming, this time from both ends – that must be her feet flicking against the sides as well.

'Do you know how to hurt her, get her to tell us things?'

A single loud and definite thud.

'If I let you out, will you help me?'

Another thud.

'I'm going to open up the casket then.'

It was sealed with heavy metal clasps, Madison flicking them up, one after another, with heavy rattles. Hopefully the inside wasn't currently filled with gross-smelling piss! She unlocked the last latch, sliding her hands into a niche, ready to open up the lid.

It slammed open, the wood knocking against her forearms. An arm lunged out, grabbing her wrist and bringing it down, smacking it against the rim of the lid. Another hand grabbed the ring of her collar, and she caught a glimpse of Leona, glaring up at her. She tried to pull backwards, but the other woman was too strong, a foot flicking upwards, a shoed toe knocking into her ribs.

She tried to fight back, flailing with her own arms, trying to push them away. She heard the door click open, Isabella striding in, Paisley close behind her.

Madison froze in terror, her body going limp, Leona now dragging her up as she stood up herself.

'I'm disappointed, but I can't say I'm surprised.' Isabella flexed her hands inside her gloves, the leather dark and ominous. 'Loyalty can be hard in this place.' Her hand flashed forward, a back-handed slap catching Madison across the cheek. 'Everyone needs a little breaking in, before learning their place. Maybe, in time, you might be able to improve your station? But for now, you're just a bitch.' Another slap, making Madison's cheek throb from the impact.

Isabella grabbed her jaw and squeezed, slowly forcing Madison's mouth opening, reaching in and grabbing her tongue with the other hand, leather soft, tasting of Isabella. She pulled, forcing the tongue to stretch out, making it ache as it was pulled out.

'I could put this in metal. Or bind it behind leather. Or maybe just break you in some other way.' She pulled harder on the tongue, making Madison's eyes water in pain. 'Or you could prove yourself and loyal. Then you might be allowed some more freedom, rather than more punishment.'

'Mphhh!' Having her tongue gripped made it impossible to speak, and Isabella's grip was painfully tight, crushing her skin. She wanted to apologize but couldn't, unable to properly move her lips with the fingers in the way.

'I'd rather not have another stupid bitch to punish, so I'm going to give you a chance. Paisley, go and get Regan.' She gave Madison's tongue a tug, making her grunt in pain as she was pulled forward. Paisley stepped around them, heading into Isabella's room. There was a heavy scraping, wood-on-stone. Isabella kept her grip of Madison's tongue, letting go of her jaw and grabbing at a tit. 'For as long as you are here, you are mine. Believe me, I'm better than the alternative. But you *will* obey me, unless you want to become another dumb fuck-slut, to be auctioned off to the highest bidder. And at the moment, I don't think you'd even be worth that much.'

Her fingers dug into the breast, squeezing and crushing, as Paisley dragged Regan in. They were chained up, metal chains linking their neck, wrists, waist and ankles, not long enough to let them properly stand up, her mouth forced open with a fat ball-gag, spit staining her chin. She was naked except for the chains and the collar, struggling against the chains and Paisley's grip, a slight dusting of pubic hair around her slit. On her belly, just to the side of her navel, was a sear-scar, a heart-shape burned into her skin at some point.

'Now, you have a choice. You can either lower yourself to Regan's level, become a dumb, tied-up pain-slut...' Regan wriggled and grunted, still trying to throw off Paisley's grip. '...or you can join me. Help me break Regan, torment the only person that might be your ally, and accept that you're going to belong to me while you're here.'

Regan was dragged over to the wall, the chains thrown over a hook on the wall, Regan unable to twist them off, clacking and clinking, more spit bubbling out from beneath her gag.

‘Would you like to be chained up like that? Used and abused? Or would you like to truly be one of my *petite soueres*, with some greater freedoms. But you will be *mine*, obedient and loyal.’ She used the grip on Madison’s tongue to pull her forward, closer to the struggling Regan. ‘Well? Which will it be?’ The fingers on Madison’s breast stopped squeezing, not stroking her through the uniform. ‘Bitches don’t get clothing, they have to go naked. *petite soueres* get to wear clothing, and I might even permit some pleasure. And it’s better to hurt than be hurt, isn’t it?’

Her fingers were strong and warm, Madison’s nipples getting stiff from the light stroking.

‘So – will you be mine, or will you be a bitch?’ She gave Madison’s tongue a final tug before letting go, letting tapping Madison’s cheek with spit-stained fingers.

Regan was twisting against the wall, trying to shield the vulnerable parts of her body, her skin already marked by the lash. The chains were short enough that they couldn’t move their hands to properly protect themselves, their body open and vulnerable.

‘You’re going to be mine, aren’t you? You’re going to be mine. Sweet and obedient. Isn’t that right, little Madison?’

The words made Madison shiver, Isabella’s voice smooth and confident. Madison found it a struggle to respond, her tongue fat and slow, still suffering from being squeezed.

‘I... Please...’

‘I need an answer, Madison. Otherwise you’ll be going into the casket, to help train you.’

Madison turned to look at the now-open casket, cramped and confined, ready to seal around someone, locking them into the darkness, managing to get the strength to murmur back an answer. ‘I’ll do it.’

‘Louder. Let Regan hear you.’

‘I’ll do it! Let me hurt Regan! I want to be your *petite souere!*’

‘Good girl. Now, take this.’

A riding crop was thrust at her, handle-first, and Madison took it, her grip tightening it. Having something in hand made her feel better, a rare sense of power. She flicked it through the air, hearing the crisp *thwip*.

‘Now use it.’ Isabella let go of Madison’s breast and moved around behind her, wrapping one arm around her waist, pressing against her from behind, breasts squashing against Madison’s back. With her other arm, she took hold of Madison’s wrist, holding it up, lifting the crop. ‘Nice and strong and firm!’ She moved Madison’s arm, making the crop flick forward.

It struck against Regan’s breast, deforming the pert mound, making it shake about. Regan moaned, trying to twist away, without success. Madison flicked her wrist again, more forcefully this time, drawing strength from having Isabella behind her. The impact made Regan squeal in pain sent pleasure rippling through her, warmth building up in her core. Another strike to their belly provoked an even louder grunt.

‘Good. If you ever disobey me again, then what I’ve done to Regan will seem gentle in comparison. You will do anything I say, and be loyal to me, until you are taken from here.’ She nuzzled against Madison’s neck, a strong, gentle kiss, still holding her around the waist. Madison leaned back against her, glad of the support, warm against the belt, striking Regan again. ‘Say it.’ Lips stroked up her neck, breaking contact before kissing her ear, tongue sliding out to lick at flesh.

Madison murmured, Isabella's grip tight around her, the arm tightening around her waist. Teeth nibbled her ear, Isabella whispering now, low and sultry. 'Swear it, *petite souere*. Become mine.'

'Mmm... ' She flicked her wrist, Regan squealing from the impact, a red mark appearing on her tit. 'I... I will, *grande souer* Isabella... Let me... serve...' Isabella's leg was between hers, pushing her thighs apart.

'Good. Now you need to prove yourself. You need to make sure Regan knows her place.'

Madison swung the crop forward again, this time knocking it against the brand-mark, right on the hip-bone, leather slapping on skin.

'That's good. But not enough. Paisley, warm her up.'

Isabella continued to kiss Madison, sweet, gentle kisses on her ear, back down to her neck, letting go of her hand and stroking her breasts, hand dropping between Madison's legs and pulling on the belt. Madison whimpered as it pulled against her slit, making her even hornier. 'Please...'

'Shhh. Regan first, and then maybe a treat for my new *petite souer*.'

Paisley had dropped to her knees, and was licking and fingering Regan, pulling them around whenever they tried to wriggle away, pinching and prodding them. They snarled from behind their gag, as Isabella kept stroking Madison's body. She relaxed against them, taking refuge from Regan's gagged snarls, although she was fighting her own arousal, pleasure soon glistening between her thighs, along with Paisley's spit.

'You're going to hurt Regan. Show her where she is, and that she's at the very bottom of the pile. She's your bitch, to hurt and command.'

Isabella let go of Madison, who had to struggle to stay standing, her legs weak and wobbly. What was she meant to do? Just hit her with the crop again?

'Take this.' A dildo was produced, already slicked with something, giving off an acrid and peppery smell. 'Don't get it in your eyes!'

Regan's eyes went wide, fixing on the cock, her shoulders pushing against the wall, trying to grind through it, chains clattering. Her hands went into tight fists, pulling on the chains, trying to shove Paisley away, but without enough reach.

'Npphhh! Npphhh!'

Madison held the thing out, seeing desperate spit ooze out from behind Regan's gag. Paisley shuffled aside, opening up access to Regan.

'Show her fear and pain. Make her suffer. And then I'll give you a treat.'

Madison advanced, kneeling between Regan's legs. They tried to close them, but she slapped and pinched a thigh, making them squeal in pain. The sound shot through her, making her heart race, her focus narrowing on the slit ahead of her. As well as the bitter scent of whatever coated the dildo, she could smell Regan's desire. She slapped their cunt, making them grunt in pain, before parting the folds with her fingers.

'*Suffer!*' Madison spat the word with as much venom as she could manage, pushing the dildo into them. They were already so wet that it slid in with ease, aided by whatever slicked the prong.

Regan tensed up, her sounds changing to a high-pitched keening whine, her chest now moving in brief gasps and pants. Madison twisted the cock inside of them, leaning forward and carefully touching it with her tongue.

Searing heat assaulted her, making her eyes sting, a bitter acrid taste overlaid with an intense burning sensation. It made her cheeks heat up, her mouth filling with spit.

‘I suppose you should try and come, to make it hurt less.’ She eased it back and forth, twisting and spinning it, making sure to smear the juice all over their walls and folds, pushing it deeper and deeper into them.

Something splashed onto Madison’s head – a thick splat of spit, falling down from behind Regan’s gag.

‘Dirty bitch!’

She gave the cock a savage wrench, Regan moaning into her gag, still struggling against her chains. Her body was starting to shine with sweat now, forced into a fever by the burning-hot juice now smeared all over her insides. Even with the gross spit in her hair, having Regan squirm and twist in agony, unable to escape, was powerful, making her brain fuzz. If she couldn’t touch herself, then at least she could have power over others! Making Regan suffer pain and agony was a pleasure by itself, even if her own pussy was still locked behind metal.

‘You deserve this!’ Another twist, Regan now moaning in agony, her legs dancing about, out of control.

‘Good. Now this.’ A hand touched her shoulder, Isabella’s voice smooth and commanding. She passed over a metal bulb with a lump on one end, well-coated with more of the same substance. Although Isabella was wearing gloves, Madison wasn’t, and couldn’t evade getting some of the stuff onto her fingers. ‘You’ll need to shove it into her arse.’

Regan’s whimpered were desperate and pathetic now, not even an attempt at words, just empty mewling. With one hand still keeping the dildo held in, Madison reached between Regan’s legs, pushing the metal lump between their buttocks and sliding it around until she found the tight pucker of their asshole. Regan tried to resist, but Madison kept pushing, forcing it against the ring, slowly pushing it into them.

It passed a point, suddenly getting sucked into them. Regan was now hanging limply, only supported by her wrists, body wracked with pants, gleaming with sweat. Madison pinched their thighs, trying to draw out more satisfying gasps and groans, reaching up to poke and prod their belly, twisting at the flesh of the heart-brand.

She stood up, staring at Regan’s barely-open eyes, grabbing their breasts and squeezing the nipples, crushing them between her fingers. Their eyes were barely open, empty of any coherence, tears trickling from her eyes, snot oozing from her nose.

Isabella embraced her from behind, taking her in a tight hug, pinning her arms in place. ‘Good girl. Good *petite souer*. Now for your reward.’

She was pulled away from the suffering Regan, the dildo slowly sliding out of their body, their pussy red and inflamed. She was pulled and twisted around, then shoved down into a chair, her legs dragged up to rest on the arm-chairs, her crotch now fully presented, feeling hot and wet behind the belt. She wanted to be touched down there!

All three of them looked down at her, potent and powerful, with Isabella at the front, tightening her gloves. She reached into her cleavage, pulling out the key, Madison whimpering in desperate desire. ‘Please! Please... Please...’ She didn’t care that she was begging, she just wanted to get off!

‘Say my name and beg. Know your place, *petite souer*.’

‘*Grande souer* Isabella! Please...’

Isabella moved between her legs, holding the key up. It was the only thing Madison could see, focusing on the shiny metal nub, pulling her skirt back to enable full access to her belt.

‘Please! I... I’ll obey. I’ll do anything... Please?’

The key moved forward, Madison focusing on it, willing it forward as it slid into the lock. It turned, metal clicking and unlocking, some of the pressure against her body lessening, as Isabella pulled away the crotch plate.

The scent of herself made her feel woozy, her desire now starkly apparent. She started to move her arms, wanting to stroke herself, but Isabella shook her head.

‘...Please...?’

Isabella placed a possessive hand on Madison’s soft, wet pussy, gloved fingers lightly tracing around the edge of Madison’s mound. She pushed her hips forward, wanting those warm fingers inside of her, rubbing and stroking.

‘Beg, my *petite souere*.’

‘Please! Just let me... please touch me, please, please...’ Her thoughts were a scrambled, chaotic mess, her legs spread, her body desperately yearning for more stimulation. ‘I’ll be good, I’ll obey you! Just, please...’

A finger slid into her, her insides clenching up around it, trying to drag it further into her.

‘Yeesssssss...’

‘I’ll treat my girls well, but if you ever disobey, then I will break you.’

Madison barely heard Isabella, pulsing and twitching her hips, trying to get more of the finger inside of herself. She’d rather have a fat cock, but this was the first stimulation since coming here! She was on the edge of cumming already, just from the light penetration.

The finger slid out of her, leather dark with Madison’s juices. Isabella held it up to Madison’s face, and the scent of her own juices made her even more dazed. Her tongue slid from her mouth, licking at the leather, tasting the salt-sweet flavor. The finger moved back, Isabella putting a finger-tip between her teeth, biting down to pull the glove back, revealing Isabella’s hand. On the back was a messy burn-scar, a vague and imprecise heart-mark, smeared across the skin.

When Isabella’s bare hand touched her skin, she whimpered and mewled, the contact electric and hot, fingers melting into her, gently massaging her skin. Two fingers slid into her, and her back arched, pulling them deeper into her pussy, wet and ready.

‘Are you going to come for me, my *petite souere*?’

‘Mphhhh... Yes!’

The fingers twirled into her, twisting around, pushing against her walls. She was beyond making any coherent words now, just panting and mewling. They touched against her soft, sensitive nub, and then a third finger pushed into her.

‘Euphhhhh...’

‘While you’re in such a compliant mood, the headmistress has some paperwork I need you to sign.’ The fingers slowed, making her whine in desperation, wanting them to continue, wanting to get off.

‘Mphhh...’ She couldn’t speak, her focus entirely between her legs, gently twitching her hips in the hopes of further stimulation.

‘Sign, and then I might let you have what you want.’

Papers, covered with tiny and dense legal writing, appeared in front of her face, words vaguely readable. “Power of attorney”. “Waiving legal rights”. “Complete control”.

‘Looks pretty serious stuff – I guess someone wants to make sure you’re not independent when you get out of here?’

‘Ah!’ Isabella spread her fingers, pushing them against Madison’s walls, making her squirm about. Someone grabbed her hand and pushed a pen into place, closing her fingers around it. An

image of her step-mother flashed through her mind – would this allow her more control? But she couldn't think, not with the orgasm so close, needing just a little more, just a little...

Isabella pulled her hand out, leaving Madison's pussy throbbing and empty.

'Ple...'

'Sign.' A hand pulled her arm up, moving it towards the paper, her fingers weak, just barely holding the pen. A finger lightly tapped against her slit, lightly sliding in, but then not moving.

She found the strength somehow to move her hand, scribbling the ink against the page, leaving a set of squiggles that bore some loose resemblance to her name.

'Good girl.'

The finger slid in, then two more, thrusting easily in and out. Just a small amount more stroking and rubbing and she was at her peak, hot and desperate. Her pussy gripped the fingers, keeping them there as the orgasm slammed into her. Her vision blurred, hands gripping onto the arm-rest, tightly enough to make her fingers ache. It felt *so good!* Her consciousness wavered, losing track of whatever Isabella was saying and Regan's pained whimpers, the fingers still stroking inside of her, keeping her warm and relaxed as she slipped away into a dull haze.

Chapter Nine: Helping Out

‘Everyone know what to do?’ Isabella slapped Leona on the back, before shaking Paisley off her other arm, ignoring the disappointed sigh the woman made. ‘Madison, you just need to get her alone, and then we’ll do the rest.’

Madison nodded, before remembering that her mouth, for once, was unblocked, without a gag-ball between her lips. It felt strange to be able to breath freely for once, and to actually be able to speak, stood in a quiet corner, other students walking about, everyone between lessons.

‘Y... yes.’

Isabella’s hand flashed out, a finger flicking against Madison’s cheek with enough force to sting.

‘Yes, *grande souer*.’

‘Better! Always remember your manners.’ She looked over Madison’s shoulder, lowering her voice. ‘There she is. Now go, Madison. Just get her somewhere alone. She’s not too bright, so it shouldn’t be that hard. And don’t fuck this up, unless you want me to punish you.’ She lightly slapped Madison’s cheek with her gloved hand, staring her down, Madison’s eyes dropping to the band around Isabella’s neck – it was a thicker choker now, the black material marked with a barely-perceptible rose-and-thorn pattern.

‘Just for this, I’m going to remove your collar. But don’t get any ideas!’ She used one hand to grip Madison’s chin, the other sliding around the back of her neck and unbuckling the collar. Without it, Madison’s neck felt suddenly bare and cold, exposed and vulnerable.

She didn’t trust herself to say anything, so just nodded, her cheek stinging slightly from the slap, before turning around. As she twisted, she felt the pressure of the belt against her crotch, the waistband pinching around her hips, reminding her of how long it had been since she’d been allowed been able to climax. She didn’t want to be locked away! But Isabella was too guarded to take the key from, and Leona and Paisley both seemed too loyal to help her. For now, if she was a good girl, maybe she might get rewarded? Eventually?

The target she had been sent after was another student – Asian, slender and dark-haired, they were currently getting books from a locker, loading up a leather satchel. They didn’t seem to have any obvious marks of affiliation – around their neck was a choker, braided leather set into twists, their blazer hiding their wrists. Their skirt was short enough to show off their thighs, their bare legs smooth and appealing. Madison winced, trying to suppress the sudden flush of desire – she wanted men! But that just made her think of when she had to lick cum off Marianne’s bound body, the taste mingling with sweat, and making her even more turned-on! This damn belt, not letting her get off!

She tensed her thighs, the action making the crotch-band press more tightly against her slit, but still without any hope of release. Maybe if she helped with this, then she might be allowed some pleasure? Getting the girl alone couldn’t be that hard, surely? She looked wide-eyed and innocent – hopefully she would be naive, or at least gullible.

Madison approached them, watching as they tried to shove more books into the leather satchel than would fit – although her task wasn’t helped by the satchel being cuffed to her wrist.

They didn't seem to have any flunkies or a *grande souer* themselves – were they independent somehow?

She tapped her knuckles against the lockers, softly at first then with more force when there was no sign of acknowledgment. They jumped, looking startled, several books falling to the floor. Madison smiled at them and then knelt down, careful to tuck her skirt back to avoid showing off her chastity belt, and picking them up.

The books were all porn – the writing was Japanese or Chinese, chunky characters she couldn't read, but with pictures of female bodies wrapped in rope making the subject matter clear. What were they going to be used for? Training references? Or were they going to be done to someone? Her eyes settled on a crotch rope, rough cord buried deep into a soft snatch, the thought making her thighs tense up, wanting *something* inside of herself. But she had to stay focused! She made her voice flustered and nervous (not that it took much work, with how her heart was pounding, her body hot and sweaty, her crotch desperate for any touch at all).

'I'm sorry, I'm new here. I need to know where the toilets are, and don't really want to try and find them on my own.'

They had bent over as well, the motion making their blouse tighten over their chest as they leaned down to pick up a pick. They had small breasts, even their bra unable to give them much of a cleavage, but had cute lips, red and soft looking, Madison trying to ignore the thought of them sucking at her clit. They picked up a book and looked at it, the cover showing skin marked up with the aftermath of tight ropes, red lines on pale flesh, before sliding it into their satchel.

They gave Madison a nervous look, their hands brushing as Madison handed the book over. Everything about them screamed twitchy nervousness – she was like a rabbit or mouse, poised to flee, sprinting for safety somewhere. Although if she did, that would probably draw attention from a predator – how had she managed to avoid being made into someone's pet?

'Um, yes, it can be a little... startling here.' Her eyes skimmed over Madison, flicking onto the collar, staring at it. It felt odd not having a collar, but now she looked like she wasn't linked to anyone.

'Could you... come with me, please? I don't want to go on my own. I've heard that things happen in there sometimes...' She trailed off, letting her eyes water slightly – that trick had always worked so well on Daddy! A shame it hadn't worked so well on her bitch of a step-mother, otherwise she wouldn't be here. 'Please?'

She took their hand and gave it a slight squeeze – their skin was delicate and dry, their nails neat and uncolored. They didn't have much jewelry or ornamentation at all, in fact – just the leather-twist choker, bright red cupid's bow lips, and that seemed to be it. Madison couldn't see if there was a chastity belt beneath their skirt, the fabric too thick. It wasn't fair if there wasn't though!

Madison squeezed their hand harder, feeling them give a timorous squeeze back, keeping hold as she stood up. It was a small thing, but it was nice to be able to look down on someone as well – they were about a hand shorter than she was, and small enough that Madison might be able to just pick her up if she had to.

'I...'

'Please? I'll be quick, but I really need to go, and don't want to go alone. I don't think it's far, is it? I'm Madison – won't you please help me?'

'I'm Kagami.' As Madison started pulling on her hand, she followed, unable to let go. 'I... it's this way.' Her voice was soft and quiet – was she normally gagged as well, or did she just prefer staying quiet?

Kagami had to keep one hand on the satchel, the chain jangling on her wrist with every step – it was like she was carrying money to a bank, except it was a satchel full of weird porn! But she led the way, around several corners and into a dark passageway, without any windows to admit light, an open doorway into the toilet.

Madison wanted to turn around to see if Isabella was following, but that might give the game away if Kagami saw. So she entered the toilet, tensing up herself in case of sudden assault, if there was someone else in there.

Dirty white tiles were lit by old and flickering bulbs, a creepily institutional shower area along one wall, with toilet cubicles along the other side, all the doors currently open. It looked like something from a horror movie – even without the danger of being assaulted here, Madison wouldn't want to come in. The ceiling looked about to collapse, and there was grimy black mold in the corners.

She moved towards one of the cubicles, Kagami suddenly stopping, trying to pull her hand from Madison's grip.

'I'll keep watch from here...'

 Even in the small room, her voice was soft and quiet, a ghostlike presence, her pale flesh making her look ethereal.

Madison turned around, wanting to get her closer to the cubicles, seeing Isabella grab her from behind, one arm wrapping around her waist, a gloved hand sliding over her mouth. Isabella easily picked up the smaller woman, moving forward and into a cubicle, Leona opening the door for her, Madison following. Paisley stood by the door, already putting up a "do not enter" sign to make sure they weren't interrupted.

After a moment of shock, Kagami started to wriggle around, making muted sounds of protest from behind Isabella's hand. The toilet seat was already up, and there was the start of a scream before Kagami's face was pushed into the water, bubbles of air streaming to the surface.

Isabella let her up, just for a moment, water streaming down her face, and then dunked her again, as Paisley locked the cubicle door.

The cubicle was larger than needed, but at least it meant it could fit all of them inside, as Kagami twisted and wriggled, Isabella's grip on her hair tight, holding her under the water until the bubbles stopped, only then pulling the woman's head up.

They managed to gasp something out, their head slicked to their forehead, before getting plunged forward again, Isabella pulling Kagami's wrists behind her, getting a tight and secure grip. Leona stepped forward, pulling the cord to make it flush, water streaming down onto Kagami's head.

Isabella dragged Kagami up again, letting her breathe. 'It's been a while, hasn't it? Now, I've been hearing a lot of rumors, and you were always very good when it came to being ahead of things. I hear that the lights are on in your rope studio after curfew. I've been hearing a lot of things, and I think I want to hear you tell me about them.'

She nodded at Madison, who lifted up Kagami's skirt, revealing pert, quivering buttocks, without any panties. Just the sight of the bare pussy, neatly shaved, reminded Madison of her own belt, and she slapped her hand against their ass.

Isabella growled at her, making her flinch in fear. 'No marks! This is going to be a conversation no-one else needs to know about, Kagami-chan. So I'll be careful not to leave any marks on your pretty skin. But I'm sure I can think of other ways to make you talk.' She pushed their head down, their ragged breathing making the surface of the water ripple. 'But I have something that might be a little bit more persuasive. Now, Madison, do what you were told to.' Her voice was harsh and rough, and Madison dropped to her knees, the tiled floor cold and hard

against her knees. She pushed her face forward, kissing their skin, smooth and sweet-smelling, before kissing against their pussy, remembering Isabella's instructions.

Her tongue slid inside of them, her view now limited to Kagami's ass. Their legs were tense, trying to keep themselves out of the toilet bowl, from being drowned again, as Isabella continued to speak.

'You've been getting mail.'

They tensed up, but were unable to break free. Their cunt was starting to respond to Madison's tongue, warming up, making her own tingle in denied frustration. She took grip of their backside, having to resist the urge to dig her nails in, not wanting to get in trouble with Isabella.

'You used to have a *grande souer*, didn't you? Before she graduated. I wonder what she's been saying?'

'No! You can't... Those are for blurph, mphhh!' Her words were cut off in a wet gurgle as she was dunked again.

'Leona.'

There was the crinkle of paper. Madison had to grip on more tightly, as Kagami tried to wriggle free, despite the increasing wetness of her slit. She could see Leona's legs walk past, paper getting folded as Kagami was pulled up again. Something was shoved into her mouth, making her squeak and squeal.

'Don't dribble too much, otherwise it might be unreadable.'

'Whph? Npphh!'

'Oh? Maybe I should dunk you again? That would probably destroy it.'

'Nphhh!' Kagami was panting now, her body driven into a fear reaction. Madison pushed her tongue in deeper, using her lips as well, trying to take some pleasure in the small amount of control she had – it seemed better like this than the other way around!

'So, from today, you're going to be mine. I want to know everything you know. And if you tell anyone about our little arrangement, then all these lovely notes are going to be destroyed.'

Madison twisted her head, pulling Kagami's buttocks apart, making it easier to slide her tongue into the moist slit, licking at the woman's juices.

'So, who else do I need to question? Or do I need to take you downstairs, so I can use the rest of the equipment?'

'Npphhh! I dophh knoph. Nophs. Theyph leph noph!' She was tilted forward, making a muted scream as her head was dropped down, her words now interspersed with sobs.

Isabella lifted Kagami up, water streaming down from her face, down her shoulders. The smaller woman was shaking and trembling, Madison withdrawing with a final kiss. She could feel her own arousal, her nipples hard against her bra and bouse. Isabella was holding Kagami from behind, one arm holding Kagami's crossed wrists, the other around Kagami's throat. There was a folded-up envelope in her mouth, white paper darkening with spit.

Isabella plucked it out and flicked it away, the thing falling to the floor. Kagami tried to break free, but lacked the strength, tears mingling with the water streaming down her face.

'Hands behind your head.' Isabella let go of Kagami's wrists, and they slowly obeyed, the motion making her blouse cling, black bra clearly visible beneath. 'A shame I can't leave any marks, but I can manage.'

'No, please... I don't know who it is! They leave notes behind. The first time, they kidnapped me, and... hurt me. I don't know anything! Just let me go!' Her eyes flicked around, looking for escape, but not finding it.

‘The next time you get a note, you’re going to change your pretty little choker, for something thick, in leather. And then I’ll take action. And if your information pays off, then maybe I’ll let you have some of your letters. Am I understood?’

Kagami didn’t answer, simply sobbing, hands still on her head. Isabella held one hand out, the leather glove dark and dull in the low light. Leona produced a small red bottle and carefully poured out a blob onto Isabella’s middle finger. It smelt acrid and peppery, Kagami’s eyes flicking to it, going even wider with fear.

She shook her head, making water flick around.

‘Please! I’ll do it, but...’

‘Think of this as a warning – if you don’t do what I ask, then I’ll be a lot harsher with you. Madison, lift her skirt up and spread her pussy wide.’

Madison obeyed, careful to stay out of the way as Isabella stepped forward, her finger extended. Kagami’s lips were wet and warm, making Madison feel jealous. The extended digit slid in, and Kagami’s whole body tensed up, the trembling getting even worse. Her pupils were tiny, eyes mostly white, her thighs squirming together as Isabella twisted her finger around, smearing whatever the red stuff was within the woman.

When the finger withdrew, Kagami sank back against the wall, her hands still on her head, babbling to herself in some language Madison didn’t recognise.

‘You’re mine now, little Kagami. I was gentle to you before, out of consideration for your *grande souer*. But now there’s no-one to protect you now.’ She pulled her fingers out and held it up by Madison’s mouth. Madison licked it, tasting more pussy juice, and then a bitter, flaming hot taste seared Madison’s tongue, her spit making it flowing around her mouth. It burned, and she couldn’t swill it out!

From the way Kagami was reacting, it must have been even more intense for her, smeared around her pussy.

‘I think today might be a good day for you to be sick. And remember our little arrangement.’ She gently tapped Kagami on the cheek. ‘Leona, dry her off and clean her up, then escort her back to her room. As a concerned fellow student, of course.’

She shoved her hand against Kagami’s shoulder, making her stumble backwards, before she turned away and trod on the wet letter, twisting her foot on it.

‘Madison, good work.’

The praise was nice, but her mouth was on fire, no matter how she swallowed!

When they stepped out of the toilet cubicle, Paisley was still stood by the door, waving away anyone wanting to enter. They left Kagami, still softly sobbing to herself.

Chapter Ten: Extra Credit Classes

Madison stretched out her arms, the freedom to do so a palpable sweetness, after having been locked into it all the time for weeks. Her shoulders ached just from being *free*, able to freely flex and bend for the first time in far too long! She gave Leona a nudge, the woman nodding off on her shoulder – there had been more and more night-time excursions, the other women getting increasingly tired. What were they doing? Work for the President? And now they were in a cold, dark underground chamber, sat on an uncomfortable wooden bench, the stone wall jabbing into her back whenever she moved, sat facing a wooden door. It had a vision-slot, but that was blocked by a panel, impossible to slide apart. The only other door, the one they had come through, was locked, without even a handle on the inside.

She tensed her thighs, feeling the warmth between her legs, still wanting to get off, the damn belt in the way. It was a constant delirium, desire to get off blocked by metal – on the rare occasions she wasn't watched, she'd tried rubbing and humping things, but to no avail. She was so horny that even just the light presence of Leona was enough to set her off. She wasn't a lesbian! But the thought of having someone between her legs, lapping away, sucking and kissing... She shivered, feeling herself get wet.

A low moan resonated from somewhere, a low and distorted echo. Had that been a cry of pleasure or pain? Given this place, possibly both? Leona started, her hair tickling against Madison's face, Paisley looking around nervously.

The door opened, Isabella walking through. She had more of a swagger now, her gait more determined, eyes harder. She wasn't alone – behind her was someone not in the school uniform, instead wearing a sleek pencil skirt and silk blouse, a metal collar around their neck, bulky with electronics, their eyes hidden behind mirror-shades. The smart, professional appearance was slightly undercut by the inkstains on their fingers, a small splodge of black ink halfway down their chest, just beneath a breast pocket.

Her face turned to scrutinize them, Paisley surreptitiously poking at Leona to try and bring her to full wakefulness.

'I've arranged for some extra lessons, as it looks like you might need them. You especially, Madison.'

The woman approached them, leaning over Madison, suddenly grabbing her chin and leaning in, kissing her on the lips. Her mouth tasted of peppermint, her tongue sliding into Madison's mouth, hand tightly gripping her skin. With the stone wall behind her, there was nowhere to retreat to, and the touch of their lips was soft and warm. She felt herself melting into the kiss, her hands sliding between her thighs, fingers touching against the metal belt.

They broke the contact, Madison only able to see herself reflected in their shades. A stinging pain exploded on her cheek, and it took her a second to realize that she'd been slapped, their fingers cracking against her cheek.

'Surprise and shock are always the best openers. If they don't know what's going to happen, or if anything is going to happen, then they can't prepare for it.' She raised her hand to

slap Madison again, and she winced and tensed up, anticipating the strike. ‘You see?’ her hand moved forward, but only slowly, now stroking at Madison’s cheek. ‘Now where’s the class?’

‘This way.’ Isabella moved to the other door, rapping her knuckles against in a complicated beat. ‘Thank you for agreeing to come and teach us.’

The woman moved away from Madison, her cheek still warm from the slap-impact. Her eyes were drawn to the woman’s ass – her skirt was tight enough that she could make out the lines of her thong beneath it – *she* didn’t have to wear a chastity belt! That wasn’t fair!

The door opened, cold air flowing out, making Madison shiver, before helping Leona up, following along with everyone, down a long, stone basement, space filled with wooden crates, barrels and boxes.

‘This is J-3, a Data Extraction Specialist, and an alumnus. She’s been sent to help with some training.’

‘You can call me Miss Jay. When One and Two aren’t around, that’s easier.’ Her accent wavered slightly, occasional twitches of a broad, mid-west twang audible. ‘And this place hasn’t changed much, has it? Always happy to help. Although just don’t get better than me, otherwise I might need to arrange an accident.’ She laughed, but not very convincingly. ‘Just like the accident that Two is going to have soon...’ She walked up to a metal bracket on the wall and pulled on it, part of the wall opening up. ‘Yes, I used to spend a lot of time down here.’

They moved through, from a crappy old basement, into a torture chamber. Well-polished wood and steel made Madison wince – there was a rack opposite her, ropes currently empty, but no amount of polishing had been able to entirely remove the sweat-marks left by past occupants. An iron maiden stared at her, face cold and impassive, currently closed. Cages dangled from the ceiling, most unoccupied, one holding someone wrapped about with latex and tape, hooded and forced into a ball, moisture visible beneath their nostrils, only sign they were alive. An open doorway led away, currently dark.

They weren’t alone. Ten other students were already there – the vice-president, looking annoying, four were cop-students, spiked collars gleaming in the light. One was a red-collar, preened and perfect, lips bright and glossy. Another was a maid, looking nervous, arms wrapped around herself. The other three had the tags on metal chains, Madison unable to make out the writing.

The cop-students glared at Isabella, with enough force that Madison flinched. She’d never seen so many of them in the same place – different builds, but all with gloved hands, leathery loops hanging from their waists.

Jay removed her glasses, folding them up and tucking them into her cleavage. ‘Ah, I remember down here! Good times! It looks like some of the equipment has been replaced – although I suppose it did get used a lot.’ She drew herself up, squaring her shoulders. ‘Anyway, I’m here to give some training in information extraction. A few volunteers have been prepared, just through here.’

She walked away, and Madison could see that there was a large power-pack on the back of her collar, visible beneath her hair. What could that do? And who was controlling it? She walked up to the three with the tags, taking one and reading it, eyeing up the wearer. ‘Hmm. You’ve got good numbers. Might see if Master wants to put in an offer. Anyway, this way, everyone.’

She walked down the dark passageway, lights clicking on as she did so. They illuminated a larger space, filled with even more torture equipment. Stretched out in a variety of poses were six hooded and naked “volunteers”, making mumbled and weak gasps from behind their leather

hoods, obviously able to hear but not see. Each was tied into a different position – one was on a chair, legs stretched out, strapped down at the thigh, wooden blocks pushing up and forcing her legs painfully straight, ankles bound together. Two were tied to X-frames, limbs spread. One was suspended by her wrists and ankles, her every twitch making them rattle, her torso dangling down. Another was tied upside-down to an X-frame, their cunt fully on display, while the last had a rope around her neck, her feet on wooden blocks, a wooden plank holding her arms outstretched, palms outwards.

Madison couldn't help but stare, feeling a twinge of jealousy at the unbound cunts, even if they were otherwise restrained. Something brushed against her hand, the vice-president brushing against her, shoulder-to-shoulder, her hand pressing into Madison's, leaving behind a note.

'All of you are skilled at using pain to punish. But sometimes, you need to use pain to get an answer. You can just hurt them, but then they might tell you anything in order to make you stop. So there is a careful line to tread between hurting them and letting them know that if they give you what they need, they can have something nice. All of these victims have been in chastity for quite some time, so that should give some leverage.'

Madison glanced around – everyone else was looking at Jay, as she walked towards the woman tied into the chair, grabbing a foot and pulling upwards. They moaned from behind the hood, the bindings around their legs not letting them bend.

Madison opened her hand, looking at the note. In neat handwriting was a short message. 'Meet me in the undercroft tomorrow evening. Inform me of any updates. Tell anyone and suffer.'

She scrunched it into a ball and dropped it, kicking it into a corner, along with other dust and debris. She'd have to try and slip away!

'Pressure on the joints can be particularly effective. There are certain ways the body is meant to bend...' Jay pulled the ankles higher up, the "volunteer" groaning, shaking against their restraints. '...and certain ways it won't.' Jay kept the pressure, easily able to hold their legs in the raised position. 'And, of course, it will weaken them and make it harder to escape, if you're sloppy with your bindings. You, fetch that leather pouch.' She gestured at the maid, who scuttled to obey, coming back with a small leather pouch.

This was promptly unzipped, the inside bright red, holding a number of bright metal needles. 'You're all familiar with whips and canes, and I see that loopy joes are apparently in fashion now. But some other tools are a little harsher.' She took out a needle – longer than one of Madison's fingers, gleaming evilly. 'Just a little force in the right – or wrong – place can be remarkably persuasive?'

She turned over, next to their forcibly-lifted feet, grabbing at one of them. 'No wriggling, little piggy!' Jay bent their toes back, before poking the needle at the soft, fleshy underpart. The toes immediately wriggled and twisted, unable to break free. 'Just a little pressure can bring surprising results.' The needle jabbed next to the big toe, provoking a shudder. 'It's like acupuncture, but meaner. If you combine sensations, then that can often be powerful as well.'

She tickled her hand against their sole, making them shiver and whimper. When she kept tickling them, they started to convulse and laugh, sounding forced and pained. A swift jab of the needle, between two toes, made the tone change suddenly, before returning to forced laughter.

'Each of these girls has been given a code. If you get them to spill the code, that's a passing grade. If they keep it secret, or give you the wrong code, then they're given a pass for whatever made them volunteer. You're not allowed to do anything that leaves a visible mark, this is for *secret* punishments, but you can be a bit rougher than normal within those constraints. I've

brought enough needles for everyone, and there's some electricity as well. Or you can get inventive.' Her tabs and tickles were building up – her victim was now torn between paroxysms of shaking laughter, and whimpers of pain.

Jay jabbed her again, before leaving the needle there, stuck between two toes, and walking to their head. 'You – a can of water and some clothes.' The maid scurried to obey, as Jay rolled up their hood, enough to reveal firm, red-painted lips, currently spread around a white ball-gag, and their nostrils, pressing down on their head to bend it back. The maid came back with some dusters and a mop-bucket full of water.

One of the dusters went over the revealed parts of their face, before the bucket was lifted a trickle of water splashing out. It soaked into the fabric, slicking it into place. More water bound it into place, cutting off their breathing.

'Good little piggy. I wonder how long you can hold your breath for?' They were trying to tilt their head, but Jay held it in place, as more water was poured over their face, flowing around the ballgag and down their nose. They tried to twist and wriggle, but couldn't break free.

'There, there, little piggy. Just enjoy it. Or maybe tell me what I need to know?' They blubbered something from behind the gag, but it was too wet and weak to be audible. 'Now, each of you group up and pick someone to work on.'

Isabella strode towards the upside-down figure, their hooded head twisting around frantically. The maid stayed close to Jay, murmuring to her, Jay reacting with surprise. 'Are you here for training? I thought you were spare practice material. Didn't think your kind needed to learn this stuff, aren't you normally at the other end?' The maid growled and muttered something. 'Well, fair enough. You want this one then?' The maid nodded, pressing her hand down on the now-wet cloth, cutting off even more of the air-flow.

Isabella stroked her gloved hand against their slit, their thighs spread wide. It didn't take long before it started to moisten, their folds getting wet. The smell of their pussy-juice sent a tingle through Madison, her own pussy reacting. It wasn't long before Isabella slid a finger into them, then two, their head shaking about, making whimpering sounds.

'Madison, remove their gag. Make sure not to get bitten.'

She bent over, finding the edge of their hood and rolling it downwards, revealing soft lips, kissed around a red gag-ball. They grunted and wriggled, head shaking, as she eased it from between their lips. As Isabella continued to finger-fuck them, she couldn't resist slapping at the revealed cheek, fingers knocking against their skin, taking pleasure in their grunt of pain, before she slid the gag out from between their teeth, spit dribbling from their mouth.

Madison pinched their nose shut, a tiny thrill of power running through her. They tried to twist their head, but couldn't, neck not strong enough.

'Good girl. Paisley, go and get some needles.'

A tremor ran through the captive's body, as they attempted to break free of Madison's grasp. She pressed her hand against their mouth, ignoring the wetness of their lips and tongue. Having power was a delicious thrill, making her warm up with pleasure. Other sounds of pain were starting to get pulled forth, the "volunteers" getting poked and prodded, unable to break free.

A gloved hand touched her head, gripping her hair and pulling upwards. She had to let go of their face, not liking the loss of power.

'You can have a turn. Eat them out, and then use these, while I question them.'

The needles were bright and sharp and cruel against the black leather of her glove, Madison carefully taking them, not wanting to jab herself.

The victim's thighs were tensing up, trying to protect herself, but unable to close her legs. The scent of her pussy was stimulating, lips spread open, clit engorged. They could only shake about a tiny amount, desperate meows coming from down below.

Madison leaned forward, planting a kiss on their cunt, sucking at their pussy-juice – salt-sweet, hot and fresh. Their reaction was immediate, legs twitching against their restraints. Madison rolled her tongue around inside of them, probing deeply, putting her hands on their thighs to steady them. They must have been in chastity, from how eager they were! She could feel their walls tensing around her tongue, as she used her lips to suck and massage their cunt.

The needles were sharp and hard in her hand, as she withdrew her lips, hearing them whine. A line of spit and pussy-juice joined them for a moment, before splashing downwards, falling over their crotch.

She took a needle, then pinched at a plump pussy-lip, stretching it out. Having someone entirely at her power was exhilarating – her body was warm now, her breath getting faster. Whatever Isabella was saying to them, she only barely heard, as she took a needle between her thumb and finger, still pinching the pussy-lip, slowly moving it forward.

It pushed into the skin, poking it, and they moaned, trying to shake free again. Madison kept applying force, feeling the skin start to yield, the needle gently penetrating into them. The tone of their cries changed, getting sharper and more intense, while Isabella crooned comfortingly at them.

The needle slid in, and then through, their skin, coming out the other side. She gave it a tap, taking pleasure in the forced reaction, the body in front of her twitching and juddering. Another needle went against the opposite pussy-lip, and this time she was harsher, pulling harder at the skin, stretching it out.

The scent of their pussy-juice was seeping into her brain, but she focused, slowly easing another needle into place, feeling the resistance build, then fade as the needle slid through. Tremors were running through their body as she leaned in for another kiss, placing a hand on their belly, feeling how fast they were breathing. Behind her own belt, she was hot and wet, wanting desperately to be fucked. Maybe if she did well then she might get a reward? Although just having power, rather than being at the bottom, was a thrill by itself!

‘Hmm, she’s stubborn!’

Madison looked down to see that Isabella was grabbing at their face, her gloved hands better able to limit air-flow, cheeks now a bright, flushed red.

‘Use a few more. Make her suffer.’ She clamped a hand over their mouth and pinched their nostrils shut, silencing a pained squeak.

Madison peeled their pussy wider open, giving it a kiss again, rolling her tongue around their clit. Then she started to slide another needle in, as their struggles weakened, Isabella controlling their airflow. Madison could feel them weakening, their strength getting drained, before they were allowed a single convulsive breath, and no more. What would the needles feel like? Sharp and cruel, sliding into soft, wet skin, through the most sensitive parts... She shivered, hoping she would never find out!

By the time she ran out of needles, their lips were penetrated and pierced, the needles twitching in time with their movements. She reached out and flicked one as Isabella uncovered their mouth, robbing them of the chance to inhale by making them gasp and whimper.

‘Tell me what I need, and then the pain will stop.’ Isabella’s voice was warm and comforting, even as her hand pressed against their mouth. ‘You don’t want to be hurt more, do

you?’ She released their nose, before pinching it shut again. ‘Be a good girl, and we won’t have to hurt you even more. I don’t want to hurt you, but I have to, until I get what I want.’

Madison tapped the needles again, fascinated by the way they moved, how they caught the light, along with the slickness of their pussy walls. She slipped a finger into them, feeling them tighten up around her, gently twisting it around, the needles twitching about. Madison gently stroked and teased inside of them, feeling the hot nub of their clit, before withdrawing her finger and tweaking a needle. Their pussy-juice scent was even stronger now, mingling with their sweat, Isabella feeling giddy, working with Isabella to torment and torture them, their juices heavy on her tongue.

Chapter Eleven: Inside Woman

Walking around the place by herself felt dangerous, every other student a potential threat, their eyes hard and sharp. Keeping herself looking relaxed, not wanting to draw even more attention to herself, was a challenge! She walked past a room, hearing the echoing slaps of flesh-on-flesh – two of the cop-students had another woman bent over a desk, one of them sitting on her, the other assaulting her ass with one of the leather loops.

The victim looked up, makeup running from tear-filled eyes, rope tying their wrists to the legs of the desk, body shaking every time they were struck. The plaque around her neck shook as she twisted around, unable to escape. She mumbled protest from behind silver duct-tape, their mouth sealed, eyes of desperate fear staring at Madison, as she walked hurriedly by, not wanting to draw attention to herself. And what the hell position did she hold? Isabella seemed to have some kind of previous beef with the student council, although the President wanted her back? Were they exes? Or the President had been her *grande souer*? She'd managed to find out what that meant, at least, by asking Paisley. Who had found it funny that she didn't know, but explained that it meant "big sister", and was used for the one that was in charge. Bloody Europeans, making things so complicated with multiple languages! Just say so, rather than doing it in French!

Whatever had been going on between the President and Isabella, the President didn't seem to want to let her go. Awkward exes maybe? Or Isabella had been her bitch – although imagining the proud and fierce Isabella tied up and getting punished seemed unlikely. Allies, maybe? And then Isabella had managed to break away or something?

Whatever was going on, the place was getting tense. The groups and clusters of people were getting bigger and more obvious, the signs of affiliation more overt. Even the red-collars moved in groups, like zebra on the prairie, fearful of getting attacked and dragged away for punishment.

The passageways were filled with evening sunlight, everything cast into amber shades. She ignored the whimpering cries from the room, walking faster, as quietly as she could. She'd never been thankful for the flat-soled schoolgirl shoes before, but they were a lot easier to move in than heels.

That bitch of a vice-president! Slipping that note into her hand, to go to the undercroft! It was a good thing that Isabella seemed to trust her now, and had actually let her have some freedom, otherwise she'd probably be getting punished for that. What would happen if the vice-president and Isabella clashed? It was pretty obvious that the vice-president had a crush on the President, although whether the President knew, Madison had no idea. Could Isabella protect her against them if something happened? Or would it be better to shift allegiances? Although the two of them seemed to be on the same side, at least sort of?

She turned down a narrow passageway, paintings on the wall showing graceful and stylized female forms, limbs stretched into ballerina poses, strong and supple. As soon as she stepped out of the evening sunshine, the shadows were cooler, making her shiver in her blouse and blazer. This area was old stone, cold to the touch, and the rooms looked small and uncomfortable, with

manacles hanging from the ceiling, the air permeated with old sweat. But disobeying the vice-president seemed like it would be unwise!

A narrow stairway twisted downwards, a tight spiral going downwards, stone steps heavily worn down in the middle, steep and treacherous. These would be a nightmare in high heels! There was no handrail, so she had to trail her hand along the wall to stabilize herself, wincing with every step, from the sounds she was making.

At the bottom was a dark space, the nearby space lit by a single bulb, the rest in darkness. She took a step forward. 'Hello? You called me here, so I hope you're around!'

Footsteps from behind, and then a bad was thrown over her head, rough hemp blocking out the light.

'Hey!'

A hand went over her mouth and she was dragged backwards, her feet pulled off the floor, arms tight around her waist. She tried to fight back, but her arms were pinned, sharp nails pinching against her skin. A door opened, wood scraping against stone.

'Mpphhh!' Her shout was more of a whimper, a slap hitting her in the belly, knocking the wind from her, whoever was dragging her doing it with enough force that she couldn't get her feet back beneath herself. Was this an ambush? How could she have been so stupid?

She got hauled backwards, sack still in place, spun around. Were they trying to disorientate her? A hand chopped into her kidneys, making it harder to focus, a hand gripping both her wrists. They twisted them upwards, forcing her to bend over, cuffs snapping over her wrists, forcing her into a strappado position, still bent over, her shoulders straining.

She tried twisting around, but could only wriggle her elbows and shoulders a little bit, not enough to take the strain away. The hand let go of her mouth, letting her breathe properly, although the sack smelt rancid and foul.

Madison tried to shake her head free, wanting to at least be able to see, but it was heavy enough she couldn't shift it.

A hand, small and female, brushed up her front, squeezing a breast, before moving away. Her right ankle was grabbed, the foot getting yanked up and bent backwards. A strap wrapped around her ankle, binding it against her leg, forcing her to balance on one leg.

They moved away, coming around in front of her, a hand grabbing the top of the bag and then plucking it away.

The vice-president was staring down at her, Madison having to strain her neck to look up at them, feeling the strain in her shoulders and in the single leg that was touching the floor.

'Good. You came.. That saves me the trouble of having to track you down. I didn't want you forgetting our arrangement.' She bent over, putting her face close to Madison's, meeting her eyes. 'I was expecting to have heard from you before. But I suppose you are new.' Her fingers stroked down Madison's face, making her shudder and try to move away, just hurting her shoulders more. 'So, what news?'

She reached down and stroked Madison's breast. 'I suppose I shouldn't leave a mark, otherwise Isabella would get suspicious. It would be better if she didn't know that you are helping me. Now, who is she working for? She's annoyingly good at evading detection, and the rest of her girls are too loyal.'

The girl was creepily close, her body too close, fingers roaming over Madison's body. On a shelf behind her was a single fat candle, shedding a little light, along with some shining metal implements she couldn't properly see, but didn't want to.

‘I will protect the President. Even if she doesn’t think she needs it, she is sometimes overly naïve. Isabella may once have been her hound, but she betrayed the President’s expectations.’ A hand came up, caressing her face, before a thumb pressed against her eye. Half of Madison’s vision vanished, the thumb pressing harder. An unnerving undertone was present in the vice-president’s voice now, her control slipping.

‘She was looking for the shadow council! She’s laying an ambush!’

The thumb moved away, Madison able to open her eye again, heart starting to pound. All she could do was twist and wriggle on one foot, her bent-back leg unable to break free of the strap.

‘Hmmm. I suppose I will have to verify this information.’ She moved around behind Madison, who tried to twist to keep her in sight, feeling her shoulders strain as she moved. Her shoe was removed, her sock peeled off, leaving her foot bare. When a finger tickled along the sole, it made her shiver, then yelp in pain as her shoulders were wrenched again.

She couldn’t properly see the vice-president, as they moved around, something thwapping through the air. It smacked against her sole, a sharp and vicious stinging.

‘Ow! Hey!’

‘You might be lying. The easiest way is to make you tell the truth.’

Another vicious *thwip*, rubbery straps flicking painfully against the bare skin.

‘And without leaving a mark. Unfortunately I don’t have a master key and so cannot give you a reward.’

Another strike, and then a hand reached between her thighs, fingers tapping against the belt, pressing it up against Madison’s pussy. She sighed and twisted her hips, wanting more stimulation, at least for the metal to be pressed against her!

‘But pain brings more accurate answers.’ The slap was harder this time, making her foot curl upwards, toe bending painfully as a reflexive response to the strike. She couldn’t twist away, the strains in her leg and across her back started to get worse. ‘So, what has the hound been doing?’

Another slap made Madison whimper, her shoulders aching. ‘Kagami! It was her. She was being used to create a meeting place.’

Every impact hurt more, each atop the previous ones, her sole flaring with pain.

‘I’m telling the truth! Let me go!’ She twisted around, hopping on one foot, hearing the chains behind her clink.

The vice-president grabbed her foot and dug a sharp nail into the skin.

‘Owww!’

‘She said that they leave her notes! I don’t know anything else!’ The vice-president let her go, Madison able to hop around to face her. She shook her arms, still trying to break free. ‘Let me go! I’m not hiding anything.’

They had picked up the candle, the flame drawing Madison’s attention, a shining well of molten wax around it. They moved it closer to Madison’s face, close enough that she could feel the sting of the heat, flinching away, trying to keep her hair away from the flickering light, not wanting it to get burned.

‘And Regan?’

‘Regan? She’s locked in that box!’ She had to lean awkwardly backwards as the candle was pushed forward, towards her face, hot and stinging. It was all she could see, the light stinging her eyes.

The vice-president grabbed her hair, using it to tilt her head back, forcing Madison to stare up into her eyes, still acutely aware of the closeness of the candle. The vice-president's gaze was disconcertingly flat, eyes boring into Madison's. The heat from the candle was starting to make Madison's face heat up, but she couldn't move away without risking tearing her hair out.

'What has Isabella done to her?'

'I don't know! She's normally locked into a box! Isabella poured my piss into there!' The candle was getting closer, the heat building – so much for not marking her! 'She's always tied up and restrained!'

'And so she is not working with Isabella?'

The candle was a bright, painful light, far too close, the vice-president's eyes holding her, one of Madison's eyes watering from the brightness.

'No! She's locked away!'

They let go of Madison's hair, and she pulled her head back, trying to get away from the heat, feeling the sweat on her face. The vice-president bent over, moving the candle close to Madison's thighs, the prickling heat attacking her there, starting to conduct itself into the chastity belt. She couldn't move away, at least without putting more pressure and pain onto her shoulders. She couldn't protect herself!

'If I find that you are lying, then I will hurt you more.'

'I'm not lying! I've barely even seen Regan!'

The candle darted forward for a moment, leaving painful prickle-scorches on her thighs, before withdrawing, the air of the room seeming cool in comparison. Madison's head was ragged around, her neck too weak to resist, a few strands getting ripped from her skull. 'You might be Isabella's *petite souvere*, but I will destroy you if any harm comes to the President.'

'Let me go!' Madison managed to twist around, butting her head against them, hitting them in the arm, but without much force. Their palm swung down, a rush of air preceding it, Madison closing her eyes in anticipation, but it stopped just short of a slap, the air rushing over her face.

'She hasn't tamed you yet. Well, perhaps I will have the chance to punish her for that later.' She stroked her fingers against Madison's face, the touch making Madison's skin crawl. Isabella might be rough, but this woman was crazy! She twisted Madison around, Madison unable to resist, finding herself facing away, staring at an empty wall.

She had a second of warning, feeling heat near her foot, and then droplets of wax splattered against the sole of her foot. She couldn't twist away – all she could do was groan in pain, her toes twitching and tensing.

'And Paisley and Leona?'

'I don't really know! They like Isabella and are obedient!' What did she have to say to get out of this? She hadn't lied! More wax droplets hit her sole, swiftly drying into a thin film, stretching and twisting as she wriggled around.

'And neither wishes to return Regan to her previous position?'

'I don't even know what that was! She's in that fucking box!'

There was an increase in the flow of wax. 'Language! You should be ladylike and graceful at all times.'

Fingers bent her toes backwards, wax dropping down onto sensitive flesh between her toes. 'Owww! I'm telling you the truth! Let me go!'

'You are in no position to be making demands.'

'Please! I'm not lying! I've barely seen Regan and never heard her speak! And we're going to launch an ambush once Kagami says when!'

A nail jabbed into the gap between two of her toes, shoving hard into skin and making her yelp. ‘Good. I expect you to play your part. Give Isabella all your assistance, and see that any threat to the President is dealt with.’

The nail continued to jab and squirm, scraping at soft flesh, as wax dribbled and trickled. ‘Yes! I will!’

The heat moved away, the flowing of wax ceasing, Madison going limp in her restraints. She heard a *chink*, and then a hand lightly stroked against her neck, before sliding around to her front, fingers slipping between the buttons of her blouse, sliding beneath her bra.

Lips, hot and slightly moist, pressed against the back of her neck, a warm and soft kiss as her chest was stroked.

She squirmed uncertainly, feeling the vice-president’s breasts press against her back, their legs close against her one leg, as they helped support her body.

‘Good girls get rewarded.’ The kisses were soft and gentle, dextrous fingers unbuttoning her blouse, her breasts and belly getting stroked.

Despite the pain and strain of the position, it felt good, nice to have touches that weren’t painful, even with the pain from her foot.

‘Even with your attitude, you are attractive. When the auctions come around, I’m sure you’ll be popular. And Isabella is a good trainer, despite her questionable loyalty.’ The woman’s voice had changed, now honey-sweet and unctuous, fingers light and teasing, lightly pinching at nipples with one hand, the other trailing around Madison’s navel. She could feel their crotch rubbing at her, grinding against her thigh, a stiff metal plate beneath their pleated skirt. Were they belted as well? Their body was soft and warm, fingers swift and skilled, Madison’s insides melting and warming.

The belt felt tight and restrictive, her pussy now wet, as the wax dried on her foot. Her shoulders were aching now, the vice-president moving around, putting more strain onto them as she pressed down onto Madison. And what had that been about an auction?

‘You will play your part, then. Be a bitch for Isabella, and help discover the threat against the President. And then we will talk again.’ A hand moved down between Madison’s legs, stroking against her thighs, tapping against the belt.

And then there was a swift, sharp strike to her butt, nails scraping against her sole, scratching away the wax and hurting her again.

‘If you tell Isabella, I will arrange for something *deeply* unpleasant – maybe you could be married to some old pervert? Or perhaps just have your belt welded onto you?’

That thought made Madison whimper – never to be able to touch herself again! Or to be fucked!

‘So do be a good girl. And keep our meetings nice and private.’

A nail jabbed into her foot, making Madison hiss in pain. ‘Yes! Yes, vice-president.’

‘Good. And remember your courtesies.’

The leg-strap was released, and she was glad to put her foot back on the ground, now better able to distribute her weight. A key clinked, and her wrists were released, letting her stand up.

‘Tidy yourself up, and then you may leave.’

Madison suppressed a momentary urge to attack, unable to bring herself to even look them in the face. All she could do was put her sock back on, then her shoe, wincing slightly whenever she put weight onto the foot.

‘Remember – no-one must know.’ Their voice was soft and threatening now, the candle flickering and guttering. ‘And if any harm comes to the President, then you will suffer.’

Madison started retreating to the door, walking backwards, just in case the vice-president attacked her again, mumbling a vague response. Those sharp, flat eyes stared at her, and she moved faster, ignoring the pain in her foot, glad to be making her escape. The woman was crazy, and far worse than Isabella!

Chapter Twelve: Sting Operation

The locker was tiny and cramped, especially with Paisley pushed up against her, the air hot and stuffy. Paisley's leg was between Madison's thighs, rubbing and teasing, making her wet beneath her chastity belt, their breasts pushed together. It took an effort of will from Madison to keep herself silent, as the room outside steadily darkened, the sun dropping from view. The woman's scent was a tease by itself, the tang of her pussy juice detectable within the cramped space, adding to Madison's daze. She wanted to get laid! By a *man*! Even Paisley's neck, the collar wrapped around it, made Madison want to nuzzle and kiss the soft skin, to taste them.

Paisley poked her in the belly, digging a finger into Madison's skin. 'Shhh!'

How much longer would they have to wait? Through the slits in the locker, all she could see was a small studio room, with some metal rings hanging from the ceiling, rope dangling down, more loops of rope coiled on the walls, along with lots of tacked-up polaroids of women bound in ropes, most of them in the school uniform, at least partially. Was this what Kagami did? In one corner was a heavy wooden chair, that Madison would have called a "throne", if it wasn't for the way that it was securely bolted to the floor and had rope already in place on the arms and around the legs, the arms, back and seat covered in countless small holes. Several waist-high wooden benches were along the wall as well, each bearing fat metal rings. What went on in here?

And *damn* she was horny! She'd never been particularly interested in women, but how long had it been since she had been allowed to touch herself? The metal between her legs felt drenched, and having Paisley, soft and warm, pressed against her, as they waited in ambush, was agonizing. Isabella was waiting somewhere outside, and Leona was hidden within another locker, but no-one was watching now.

She moved her face forward, kissing Paisley on the cheek, lightly rubbing her tongue against their soft flesh. They twitched, trying to pull away, but there was no space within the locker, her leg coming up, rubbing between Madison's thighs, pressing her belt against her sex. She was so damn horny!

Before Madison could continue, she heard the door open, and the sounds of protest. Two students entered, carrying another between them. The one being carried was weakly struggling, being hauled around by their arms and legs, their head covered with a hemp sack.

They were carried over to the dangling ropes and dumped onto the floor, with enough force to make them grunt in pain. Both the women doing the carrying were faceless, black fabric masks covering their heads, with dark hair trailing out over shoulders as they both stamped on their captive a few times to keep them passive.

Skilled hands wound rope around limbs, and suddenly the prisoner was airborne, suspended in the air. They struggled, twisting their limbs, but had no leverage, their body shaking and juddering around. Their backside was facing towards Madison, and she could see that their crotch was bare, not sealed away behind metal. Hands tore away their skirt, leaving their backside bare, long legs white and bright in the twilight.

Hands slapped at buttocks, before nails dug into yielding meat, a grunt of pain sounding out.

‘I thought we had an arrangement.’ The speaker’s voice was cold, a west-coast accent, as they pinched and slapped. ‘But now you seem to have changed your mind. That’s making the shadow President very upset.’

The captive had been raised up to just below head height, their sack-wrapped head looking around, a darker patch visible where their mouth was.

‘Leph mph gph! Youph wonph OWPHH!’

Whatever they were saying was cut off by a gasp of pain, nails digging deep into soft skin. The sight and sounds of this made Madison even more aroused, and she tensed her thighs around Paisley’s leg, starting to rock herself back and forth. She wanted to get off!

‘The President’s allies are falling, one by one. Soon she will fall, and she’ll be tied up in her precious garden. And won’t it be better to be on the winning side?’ The hand slid up down their buttocks, lightly stroking upwards. From how the suspended body twitched, it looked as though they had been penetrated, just the thought making Madison’s head swim in desire.

Paisley poked her again, harder this time, the action helping to clear her head a little, although her desire was still strong and fervent. Paisley nodded her head towards them, the motion making her hair flick against Madison’s face.

The strands tickled her nose and she sneezed, body knocking backwards against the locker walls. Both the hooded women froze, the one that hadn’t spoken yet walking towards the locker. There was a thick metal collar around her neck, chafe-marks visible where it had rubbed her skin.

Paisley squirmed against Madison, hands rubbing and squashing her out of the way, shoving the door open. It smacked into their leg, making them hop backwards in pain, as Paisley exploded out of the locker and grabbed them, wrapping her arms around their body, pinning their arms into place.

It took Madison longer to react, still dazed from arousal, following Paisley and grabbing at the woman, trying to keep her pinned in place. The other one immediately bolted for the door, but it opened, slamming into her face, Isabella entering. Electricity crackled, the fleeing woman dropping to the floor in a series of spasms, Isabella holding out a taser, a satchel slung over her shoulder.

‘You two, get her under control. Leona, this one’s going into the chair.’ Isabella dropped to one knee in a smooth motion, jamming her taser into her victim’s stomach and discharging it, making them moan in pain and go limp, and then Isabella started dragging her towards the wooden chair. The suspended figure was still twisting and groaning, unsure about what was happening.

Madison tightened her arms, grabbing their skin as they tried to break free. A half-free arm slapped against one of her breasts, a whimper of fear coming from beneath the hood. She and Paisley worked together to drag-push the woman closer towards one of the benches, Madison tightening her grip and making it more secure, her breasts pushing against their back.

Paisley was even rougher, using her legs to shove against their knees, stopping them ever getting their feet underneath themselves. An arm suddenly wriggled free, twisting awkwardly to grab at Madison’s hip. Their fingers grabbed at the waistband of her skirt, strong enough to pull on the material, before Madison gave her a shove, knocking her against the bench, the top on level with their belly.

As they bent over with an expulsion of air, Paisley grabbed their wrists and pulled upwards, pulling their arms vertically upwards. ‘Get the rope!’

A fat loop of rough hemp was hanging close by, and Madison grabbed it off the wall, dropping it over their back, trying to unspool it and wrap it around their body, binding it to the bench. She pulled it tight, using the slack in the ends to wrap around their legs. Her fingers fumbled through fat, bulky knots, pulling their legs and body down against the wood.

It was ugly ropework, but it was keeping her contained, especially with Paisley yanking on their arms, her shoulders twisted at a painful angle.

By the time they were done, the other woman was also confined, tied to the “throne”, trying to break free before Isabella tased her again, then dumped her bag and plucked the hood off. Long, black hair tumbled out, falling almost to the captive’s waist. Sun-bronzed skin, and dark eyes flashed fire at Isabella.

‘Cassandra? You always were a duplicitous bitch. But you’ve been a good girl up until now, so I’ve never been able to get my hands on you. Guess I finally get to have some fun with you.’ She cracked her knuckles, then tightened her gloves.

‘Let me go! You don’t have the authority!’

Leona was already working to restrain them, straps snapping around their arms, pinning them in place.

‘I have whatever authority I want. And I’m the one asking questions. The President doesn’t like traitors, and I’ve been given full authority to seek them out.’ She slapped them across the face, as they struggled against their bindings, unable to free themselves. ‘I never had the chance to use this before.’ There was a heavy clunk, and needles poked out of the throne, sharp and bright, jabbing into the captive’s flesh. Her body went tense, unable to escape their poking violations. ‘So I guess your brought your pet bitch along then? Take that hood off her.’

Madison moved to obey, ripping it away from their face. A narrow face, framed by brunette hair, appeared, eyes already watering with tears.

‘Ah, sweet, dumb, little Wendy. Useless, dumb slut. You two – hurt her. She won’t know anything, but she does make nice screams.’

‘No! Please! Let me go!’

Madison slapped her across the face, hard enough to make her head turn, the thrill of power making her heart race.

‘You don’t need to worry about marking her up or anything. Just make her regret her choices.’

When Wendy opened her mouth to protest, Madison shoved another bundle of rope in, making their eyes bulge out, Madison pushing it deep in, their cheeks bulging. She tried to beg and plead, whimpering and crying, but couldn’t speak, her mouth filled with rope. Madison took a loop and used it to tie the bundle in place, making it impossible to spit it out.

Then she paused – what was she meant to do? She’d never punished anyone before! Although it was nice to be dominant for once, without fear of being hurt herself. She looked at Paisley, who was already pinching at their victim’s body, making her squeal. Were they just allowed to do whatever they wanted?

Wendy whimpered, her body limp, not even fighting back. Madison stepped away and went to Isabella’s bag – some of the items in there made her wince, savage-looking spiked metal, and a whole plastic case of pins. But there was a fat and shiny cock attached to some straps – could she use that?

Isabella’s attentions were elsewhere, using the taser and her hands to torment her own victim, who was also pressed onto the spikes, tortured by their own weight. Whenever they tried to speak, Isabella tased them again, their words turning into incomprehensible mush.

Madison took the strap-on and awkwardly put it on, tightening it up around her waist, fumbling between her legs to tighten everything up. The weight of it was strange, poking out in front of her, fat and bulbous.

Wendy was still blubbering, her skirt now on the floor, her arms bent upwards, tied to a ring on the wall, putting strain onto her shoulders, making it even harder for her to break free. Paisley was ripping at her blouse, buttons scattering to the floor as the fabric was slowly destroyed, revealing more and more skin.

Lacey black panties were still in place, pulled tight over firm buttocks, the bench keeping her legs spread. With slow, deliberate movements, Madison ran her hand over their butt, feeling how they tried to wriggle away, their gasps getting louder. Their skin was hot and dry, their movements restricted to nothing more than pathetic little wriggles, and then she hooked a finger underneath the waist-band of the panties, stretching it towards herself. The material stretched out, digging into their skin. She grabbed it with her other hand and ripped, the lace tearing easily. Another rip, and then she could pull it away from their body, dropping it to the floor.

‘Npphhh! Npphhh!’ She was trying to twist her head to see what was going on, but Paisley grabbed her hair with one hand, using the other to keep ripping away their blouse, the seams giving up and tearing apart.

Madison pressed a finger against their slit – they were only slightly wet, then used both of her hands to stroke and tease them, feeling as they yielded, their folds moistening. She pinched one of their lips, twisting the skin between her nails, smiling when she heard them yelp in pain. It wasn’t fair that other people didn’t have to be bound into chastity, so it was only right for her to take her vengeance now!

She put the tip of the cock against them, gently guiding it in, feeling their body start to yield to it. It felt powerful, being in control of something that was penetrating them, although she had to ease it back and forth, only able to get it a little further in each time. She reached between their legs, stroking around their pussy-lips as she slid further and further in.

The base of the strap-on was bumping against her chastity belt, knocking it against her own pussy. The stimulation was arousing, but the sheer frustration of having any pleasure locked away made her shove her hips forward with more force, the body in front of her pulling the cock inwards.

Wendy’s groans were louder now, incoherent through the improvised gag, her fingers twisting around. Paisley had managed to strip them fully now, ripping their bra off as well, her sharp fingers finding their nipples and pinching and pulling.

Madison took a firm grip of their hips, pounding away at them. Her own pleasure was mounting, the plate of the chastity belt rubbing against her. But there wasn’t enough pressure, enough stimulation, to get her over the edge. She dug her nails in, ignoring Wendy’s increasingly-pained yowls, feeling their insides get looser and looser, the cock sliding back and forth more easily now. It was sliding all the way in now, completely consumed by Wendy’s slit, Madison’s own hips bumping against her victim’s butt. The growing pressure, and desire for release, drove her into a deeper frenzy, her own juices starting to trickle from behind the belt.

She wanted to come! But no matter how much she shoved the cock in and out, how much Wendy mewled and writhed, there wasn’t enough there to get her all the way. Even when Wendy tensed up, letting out a warbling scream as an orgasm was forced onto her, that wasn’t enough!

Another scream, even louder, echoed around the room, jolting Madison from her lustful frenzy. Isabella was still torturing her own victim, bound to the spike-covered throne. They had

been stripped as well, their skin now unprotected from the thin needles, Isabella carefully sliding another metal pin through their nipple. Despite the fat ballgag between their lips, they were making a lot of noise, senseless bellows of pain.

The needle slid all the way through, shining brightly on each side of their nipple. Isabella tapped it, then took another one out, using it to poke the erect nipple-nub.

‘You’re going to tell me everything. But first I’m going to have some fun. I never did like you, so now you’re going to suffer. And if you keep screaming, then I’m going to start putting these into other places.’ She turned towards Madison, her expression harsh. ‘Make that bitch suffer! She’s barely even useful as a cunt, but she deserves to be *hurt*. And badly.’

Madison kept grinding away, feeling Wendy convulse and twitch as she was made to orgasm. Her torso was shaking, ribs shaking as she tried to inhale through her stuffed mouth. Paisley was now slapping their face and breasts, leaving impact-marks. Madison gave into her frustration, continuing to fuck them, enjoying the wet slapping sounds, Wendy’s pussy now easy to violate, offering no resistance. Stroking her breasts felt good, but didn’t get her any closer to release!

She stabbed her nails into their back, just beneath their collar, then raked them down, leaving long, pale furrows, smiling to herself as she heard them gasp in pain. Their skin was starting to shine with sweat, as their body was forced towards another wave of pleasure. Madison kept fucking them, scratching their skin, barely able to hear Isabella’s work as she extracted information from her own victim.

Chapter Thirteen: Scheming and Relaxing

Madison shifted, her knees aching, legs prickly and numb. Next to her, Paisley was prim and proper, keeping her posture perfect, even though they had been here for what felt like *ages*! Isabella, of course, got to sit down on the couch, comfortable and at ease. It made Madison grit her teeth in frustration – that wasn't fair! Why did she have to kneel?

Isabella reached forward and absent-mindedly pinched off part of a muffin. Paisley made an interested squeak, mouth opening in anticipation, but Isabella turned towards Madison, holding out the fat lump of sugary dough.

'You've been adjusting well. I've not had to discipline you too badly. From what I'm told, your tuition had been paid for the rest of this term, so at least you'll be spared the grading. Not like this one.' She stamped her leg foot down, onto a woman curled up in front of her, leaving another foot-print on the back of her jacket. The chain around her neck jangled, the white plaque scraping along the ground.

'Open wide.'

The muffin-chunk was dropped into Madison's mouth, and she let it melt, savoring the sugary-sweetness of it. Far better than the mush she was normally fed! She ground her foot around, rucking up the fabric of their blazer. She leaned over, grabbing their hair and using it to pull them upwards. Madison could see tears in their eyes from the pain, Isabella grabbing at their plaque and pulling on it. The chain tug into their neck, biting into soft skin, dragging them forward.

She looked at it, running her fingers over the surface. 'Hmm, not very good grades in obedience? But better than you were at cock-sucking, and I don't remember you being so good at enduring pain. You've toughened up since getting tagged. Are you hoping for a kindly master?'

They whimpered as Isabella ragged them about by the hair and the chain, not answering.

'Well, you've not got anyone here to protect you. You're pretty enough that you could find a protector if you wanted one. Maybe this is what you like? Are you a pain-slut?' She twisted her fingers around the chain, tightening it around their neck. They grunted and whined in pain.

'I asked you a question!'

'Yess... Please...'

'Well, that didn't take much.' She gave the chain another tug before letting go, shoving down on the woman's head to return her to the fetal position, stamping on them again. Every time she lifted her legs, Madison could see up her skirt, along her smooth thighs, her crotch wrapped in nothing more than panties. She couldn't help but stare, enticed by Isabella's soft, smooth skin, and the thought of what lay between those thighs, before she shook her head, trying to dissipate those thoughts. She wasn't a lesbian! She was just so damned horny, that even getting fucked by one of the dykes here seemed appealing. As long as she wasn't tied down for it!

Isabella made herself comfortable, settling into the leather couch. 'Madison, I need you to go and fetch something for me.' Madison straightened up, trying not to slump. 'I want you to go

to my locker, and get the leather pouch of needles and the handcuffs.’ The other girl twitched nervously. ‘Do you know where to go?’

Madison nodded, trying to trace the path in her head – back through the main hallway, then down and around a narrow and cramped area.

‘Very good. Open.’

Madison obeyed, getting rewarded with another muffin-chunk.

‘Now go. Be quick – I have other things to attend to, and I’m sure Naomi has others things to do.’ Another stamp bought out another whimper as Isabella handed over her locker key. ‘You are not to let anyone else know what number locker this is for – 547, but I keep private things in there. Understand?’

Madison nodded and rose, glad to be off her knees, walking briskly for the doors. There was a strange surge of freedom – she’d spent so long virtually glued to the others that even this was freedom by comparison! And it was good to stretch her legs for once. Although dawdling too long seemed like it might be dangerous – even aside from getting punished by Isabella, then being without her protection was risky. She walked past one of the cop-students, flinching away when they looked at her, eyes uninterested. A maid bustled past, arms laden with a laundry basket, before stopping and having to wait for a group of students to walk past, all of them clustered together, seeking protection in numbers.

Some of the red-collars were even associating with those with the tags, forming a larger group – although there was still a visual difference, with the red-collars being fully made-up, hair artfully styled and coiffed, while the rest were pretty, but not quite as ostentatious about it. Madison glared at one of them, feeling gratification when they looked back and flinched, only holding her gaze for a moment before looking away. Even that tiny amount of power made her smile, feeling her confidence return, just a little bit. Either because she was Isabella’s *petite souvere*, or maybe the girl was just that timid? Either way, it was better than being the bitch herself all the time!

She summoned up her courage, walking towards the group, squaring her shoulders and striding forward, staring at a red-collar, all soft tits and red lips, practically spilling out of her blouse. They stared back, more confident, long lashes surrounding bright blue eyes. Madison didn’t stop, walking straight towards them, squaring up her shoulders for an impact.

At the last moment, just before they would have crashed together, the woman stepped aside, letting her walk past. Madison nodded to herself in satisfaction, feeling better now, still hating the feeling of the damn belt between her legs.

She walked through the passageways, trying to keep her wits about herself, in case anyone tried to assault her. The other students, at least, seemed content to leave her alone, despite the sharp looks of some of them.

There was probably another route, if she went outside and looped around somehow, but she hadn’t been allowed to explore fully, and being late would result in getting punished, so she had to go through narrow, twisty passageways, pockmarked with old doors. A few had glass panels in, letting her see inside – mostly in empty rooms, but one was a lesson, or possibly intense bullying, with a student wrapping into a tight hogtie and suspended from the ceiling, twisting about in the air, unable to escape. Although they were fully clothed, clamps had been attached to their breasts and thighs, metal weights twitching about. They were spun around by another student, seeing Madison through the window, opening their mouth.

She backed away and hurried off, not wanting to get drawn into whatever was going on, able to get around several corners before hearing the door open, breaking into a trot. She didn't dare look backwards, but pressed on, fearful of feeling a hand on her shoulder.

The feeling of oppression, and of being chased, faded, as she emerged from the narrow passages, through doors into a more open area – still oppressive and poorly lit, and divided by racks of metal lockers and low benches, but better than the cramped and twisting passages. She looked at the key she had been given – plain and featureless. Locker 547 - where was that? The air here reeked of sweat, the tiled floor muddy, a doorway leading outside, another showing a gym, weights shifting up and down.

The lockers were all worn and battered, many of the numbers no longer readable. Towels and other bits and pieces were scattered about, as well as weights, resistance bands and other exercise gear. Did the maids not clean down here?

And she wasn't alone – she could hear the sounds of movement from close by, but out of sight, soft, wet gasps and moans. She tried to drown them out, but couldn't, the sounds drilling into her. Was everyone at this crazy place horny all the time? Although if most of them were wrapped into chastity, then no wonder! She was starting to go crazy herself.

As she walked along a line of lockers, she reached underneath her skirt, feeling along the crotch-panel, sliding her fingers along the body-warm metal. There had to be some way to get it off! Having her pussy there, wet and ready, but on the other side of a thin sheet of impenetrable metal, was a burning frustration. She couldn't even squeeze a finger in down one side, the thing too tight.

The wet gasps got louder, along with a satisfied-sounding low moan. She peered through a crack between a block of lockers – on the other side, she could see a student, stroking her breasts through her blouse, her other hand on the head of another student, between her legs, long, black hair shaking around, lips sucking, tongue twisting. The one being eaten out was wearing just a sports bra and tight gym shorts, currently down around her waist, letting her partner kiss and lick at her.

Madison couldn't tear herself away, looking through the narrow crack, caressing her own breasts, still trying to push through the chastity belt. She was *so horny!* Even watching these two was enough to get her going.

The woman on her knees moved her mouth away from the pussy, leaning upwards to kiss at their belly, leaving a faint trail of spit along their toned abs. Madison's fingers scratched against her thighs, the pain barely noticed as she tried to get through the damn belt, without success.

A cord snapped around Madison's neck, digging into her skin, cutting off her air. She fumbled behind herself, feeling a uniform, a warm body, hot and sweaty, wearing only exercise gear, behind her. The cord tightened, cutting off her air, her strength fading. She managed to rake at skin with her nails, feeling their belly-muscles and the cleft of their navel, as her vision started to spark and fade. They pulled backwards, and she dropped that way, her legs starting to give way beneath herself.

She slammed onto the bench, the slatted surface digging into her back. The cord loosened slightly, and she tried to flail around, seeing someone standing above her, a sweaty girl in gym clothing, hands holding a knotted cord. Madison punched at them, her limbs feeling slow and heavy, managing to connect with their bent-over shoulder.

When she tried to roll over on the bench, wanting to stand up again, hands grabbed at thighs, pinning them in place, two more girls holding her down. The one with the cord let go, before grabbing both her wrists, pulling them over her head and then downwards. Her grip was strong,

fingers like iron digging into Madison's wrists, as her forearms were banged against the legs of the bench.

'Get off!' Her voice was wounded and raspy, still sore from the near-strangulation. The two gripping her legs had strong grips, fingers pressing painfully, as something snagged around her ankles, tying them to the bench, rope now prickling through her socks.

Even shaking her body around wasn't enough to dislodge her attackers, the strength too much to fight of. A hand slapped her belly, knocking the wind from her, and that moment of weakness was enough for her wrists to be bound as well, the rope rough hemp, scratching her wrists.

She strained against it, making it bite deeper, stretched out on her back. 'Let me go!' From down here, she couldn't properly see anyone's faces, just a smirk beneath brown hair. The key had slid into her fist, metal biting into her skin.

'Well, a visitor. And without introducing herself!' She settled herself on the bench, between Madison's legs – her legs were smooth and hot and sweaty, keeping Madison's spread awkwardly wide. She flipped up Madison's skirt. 'Oh, a belted bitch?' Her fingers probed against the metal, pressing it down against Madison's skin. 'So, what were you doing down here?'

Her fingers crawled up Madison's body, sliding beneath her blouse. There was a collar around her neck, the metal covered with uneven red paint and stained with sweat, a panel on the front beeping and showing her pulse-rate, flashing fast.

'Hmm, you could do with working this out a bit.' She pinched at the *tiny* amount of belly fat Madison had, squishing it between her fingers. 'You don't look the type to work hard.'

More hands rubbed along her arms, feeling her closed fists, trying to pull them open.

'Oh? Are you hiding something?' Hands continued to stroke her belly, up to her breasts, the woman practically laying on top of her – Madison could feel the taut leanness of their body, their small breasts pressing against her body. 'Is someone hiding something in here?'

The fingers probed harder, slowing prying her hands open, finding the key.

'She was holding this.' One of the others tossed the key over, the woman whipping her hand out from beneath Madison's clothing and snatching it from the air.

'A locker key? So, there is something hidden here. So, belt-bitch, where is it?' They took a grip of the key and jabbed it downwards, poking it into a thigh. 'Definitely not for that belt of yours.' She lifted herself up, before sitting herself back down on top of Madison, squashing the air out of her, placing one hand on each breast. 'Courtney, tease her a little.'

It was making her neck ache, trying to keep looking up, wanting to keep the one in charge in sight, as they groped at her breasts.

'Hmm, you'd need a good bra if you want to work out with these!' Her own breasts were much smaller, a tight sports top enough to keep them under control. Her fingers groped Madison's breasts, strong and harsh, mauling them through her blouse. Madison could smell their sweaty body, seeing how it shone, feeling their skin, hot against hers. There was a heart-shaped brand-mark, seared onto their upper arm. The cords still dangled around her neck, still a threat, even without anyone squeezing it.

She clamped her mouth shut, trying not to show weakness, despite the throbbing pain from having her breasts squeezed and mauled,

Hands touched against her thighs, keeping them spread wide, before feeling something wet slide through the piss-slit of her chastity belt, just about long enough to reach her slit – a tongue,

sliding against the metal. It took only the lightest of touches to set her off, her folds immediately slicking themselves.

‘So, why don’t you tell me what you were here for? You’re new, aren’t you? Definitely not anyone important. So someone else has sent you.’ She kept groping at Madison with one hand, using the other to look at the key, turning it over. ‘So, which locker is it for?’

‘Mpphh!’ Madison kept her mouth tightly shut, trying to resist the pain, and the frustratingly light touches of the tongue through her belt, just against her outer lips.

‘Oh? Are you too used to being gagged? Maybe there’s normally a cock in your throat? You’re not a red, so you need to train up to impress someone, unless you want to end up sucking cock in a back-alley somewhere.’ They shifted their hips, pressing down on her with more weight, sliding her clothing further back. Their tight little gym-shorts made it obvious they weren’t belted, the material showing off their body, toned and honed abs visible on their bare stomach. ‘Must be new or from a rich family, you’re not tagged yet.’ The key traced along Madison’s neck, sharp and hard.

She started to rock back and forth, grinding herself against Madison, slowly leaning herself down, her hair falling downwards.

‘I do like having a soft little plaything. Maybe I should wire you up to one of the jogging machines? Although all you fancy bitches normally squeal and whine, but I always say no pain, no gain.’ She jabbed with the key, poking it into Madison’s neck. ‘And you’re always clean and fussy.’ She pursed her lips, then spat, a fat gobbet of wet spit landing on her cheek.

There was a sharp, stinging pain, hand slapping against the spit-stained skin, key biting into flesh.

‘Hphh!’ That had hurt, the key impressing itself against her cheek.

‘You could tell me, you know. And then I might stop hurting you.’ Another slap, this one even harder, before they strongly grabbed at Madison’s jaw, squeezing, slowly forcing her mouth open, the key now tapping against her lips. ‘Open wide!’

The grip was powerfully strong, her mouth slowly getting forced open. The key was pushed in, metallic and hard against her tongue, making her mouth flow with spit.

‘Don’t swallow! Otherwise your *grande soeur* will not be happy.’

‘Leph me gphh!’ The key clattered uncomfortably against her teeth, as she tried to free herself, straining against the ropes. The belt had been pushed back as far as it could go, the tongue giving more stimulation, but still only teasing and light.

They continued to stroke and grind against her – was that their sweat she could feel on her belly, or something more? The material of their gym-shorts was already dark, making it impossible to see if they were getting wetter. She didn’t want to be used as a sex toy, and they were clearly enjoying it too much, their body even hotter and sweatier now. She could see the small nubs of their nipples, tight and hard against their top, their eyes boring into her own.

‘Well? Are you going to be a good girl and tell me what I want to know?’ She spat down onto Madison’s face, another gobbet of spit splatting onto her forehead. Another stinging slap against her cheek rattled the key around, the thing jabbing against her tongue and the roof of her mouth. ‘Your *grande soeur* doesn’t need to know, just you and me.’

Slap.

‘So stop being a dumb bitch and tell me what I asked.’ This was followed by a double-slap, front-hand then back-hand against each cheek, her face now heating up from the impacts. Her hips were moving on their own, grinding forward, trying to get the tongue deeper into herself,

the slight stimulation just making her tense and twitchy, not enough to actually get off by, mingling with the stinging sensations of the slaps, filling her head with jagged fuzz.

They ground themselves against her, using one hand to grip her throat, the other slapping at her cheeks repeatedly. Their breathing was getting hotter and faster, puffing against Madison's cheek, the light on the front of her collar flashing faster and faster.

They slapped her again, then moved the hand away, starting to finger themselves through their tight shorts, material soft enough that she could slide a finger into herself. Madison grunted in protest, her cheeks both throbbing with pain. Their other hand stayed tight around her throat, squeezing harder and harder, denying Madison the air she needed. With the tongue still shoving through the slit, lightly stroking her cunt, she felt herself starting to float away, her body soft and empty.

'Last chance, bitch. Or I'll have to think of something else... to do with... you afterwards...'

Madison was only barely aware of it when they came, their hand tightening even more around her throat, squeezing it hard, forcing her to rasp for any air, barely allowed to breathe, before their hand slackened, their gaze vague and distant for a moment.

She was too drained to respond, trying to suck in air, hoping that the hand wouldn't start squeezing again.

Clapping echoed around the room. Madison tried to blink away the choking-inspired weakness, pulling her head up, to see Isabella stepping into view.

The woman shifted around, pulling her weight off, leaving a clammy patch of pussy-juice and sweat on Madison's belly as she stood and turned, revealing perfectly toned buttocks.

'Looks like you won't have to punish her more – she didn't reveal anything. Didn't even spill she's yours. Almost a shame – I like watching the fancy bitches scream. Like some of the reds, when they're made to run!'

What was going on? She couldn't even swallow properly, with the key in her mouth, still rattling against her teeth.

'I wasn't sure, but it's nice to know she's got some loyalty.' Isabella walked closer, smiling down at Madison. She sagged back, unable to hold her neck up, her whole body weak. Isabella grabbed the other girl by the scruff of the neck and pulled her back, the tongue sliding out of her pussy. She whined in disappointment, wanting more, as Isabella shook her head. 'Not yet! Maybe later. But you've done well. Good girl. Now give me the key.'

Madison used her tongue to push it up, the thing sliding between her teeth. Isabella rolled her eyes and took it, wiping it against Madison's skirt. She turned to the woman.

'Thanks, Ally. It's always nice to test someone and not have it be a disappointment. And it looked like you had fun.'

'Not as rough as I'd like! She's a bit of a wriggler as well. Nice breasts though – want to put them into a nice, tight harness, make them squeeze out, go red.'

Madison squirmed against the ropes, wanting to get free before they started doing that to her!

Isabella approached, stroking a gloved hand against her thigh, before reaching down and untying the ankle-ropes.

'You did well. I don't like those that would betray their betters.'

'Heh, ironic.'

Isabella glared at them, before continuing to untie Madison. ‘I had my reasons!’ She rubbed her hands against each other, leather-wrapped palms rasping together before releasing Madison’s wrists.

‘So, wanna join me in the showers?’ They pulled their top off and tossed it aside, the sweat-soaked top splatting against a locker. Her nipples both had piercings through them, small brassy barbells highlighting her small, pert breasts.

‘No! Too damn busy. Still breaking Regan in.’

‘Yeah, you two never did get on, even before she was your *grande soeur*. And then everything happened, so no wonder she’s a bit pissed. Maybe the strangle-horse?’

‘I’m not exactly welcome down there at the moment.’

‘Yeah, you burned a lot of bridges. Well, I guess you’ll have to sort that out.’ She kicked her sneakers off, before peeling away her gym-shorts, revealing her still-wet pussy, the scent kicking Madison’s desire even higher. They stroked their chest, bending off to show their flat tummy. ‘Sure you don’t want this? I know you like to get nice and wet!’

‘Maybe some other time?’ She grabbed at Madison, pulling her up. ‘Get yourself cleaned up.’

She lacked the strength to resist, finding it easier to obey rather than risk punishment, trying to button herself up again, tweaking her skirt back into place.

Chapter Fourteen: False Pretenses

Madison leaned against the sofa, Isabella's legs on either side of her, one of her hands idly resting on Madison's hand. Her other hand slid down, fingers sliding against Madison's face, pulling her mouth open and sliding in part of a cake. It was sweet and soft, Isabella's fingers dropping it in before withdrawing.

Paisley made a quiet growl of disapproval, currently sat next to Madison, Leona somewhere else. The café was currently quiet, only attended by a few of the cop-students, their spiked collars bright and obvious. And, of course, the maids, although they seemed to be bustling around without much to do, wiping the tables over and over again, bending over to show off their stockings, and the chastity belts wrapped around their crotches.

Madison kept a careful grip of her coffee-cup, glad of the warmth of it, the intense flavor, and the *caffeine* – the first she had consumed since getting here, it burned into her brain, slamming her into a full consciousness, more awake than she had felt for months! And even more aware of the tightness of the chastity belt, but Isabella's touches no longer felt threatening, and being nestled between her legs was strangely comforting. But coffee and cake was relatively mundane, even if she was now collared and being stroked.

Sat on the couch with Madison was the athletic, red-collared bitch that had assaulted Madison in the locker room. She was in her school uniform now, although Madison could see up her skirt, her crotch wrapped in tight exercise shorts, feet bent under herself, wearing sneakers rather than the usual leather shoes, her tie sloppily knotted and her blazer askew, showing off her red-painted metal collar. A couple of her followers were around, squatting or sitting untidily on the floor.

One of the maids walked over, holding a tray in each hand, smoothly dropping to her knees, offering up the contents, the white plaque chained to her neck falling between her breasts. Neat braids framed a thin, pale face, lips painted bright red. Everyone else waited until Madison and the bitch had reached out to take their choices from the offerings, did everyone else descend, reaching up to grab more cookies for themselves.

'Just like old times, huh?' Crumbs were falling from her mouth, down into her cleavage, as she gobbled at the cookie. Isabella was more reserved, taking small and deliberate bites, carefully chewing before swallowing. 'Although we weren't allowed on the couches back then. That was before I got this as well.' She stroked her collar, looking smug, her heart-beat getting faster. Did she like the heavy metal thing, sealed in place? She really was a freak! 'Wasn't expecting stuff like this again though. Guess the pres has you back on board? You two always were tight, even before that night.' She rubbed the heart brand on her upper-arm without seeming to notice, as Isabella glared at her.

'Fine! So, this time me and my girls are the muscle? Shame you couldn't keep any of your old hounds, these ones look a bit weedy, and the current crop aren't your bitches anymore. And I'm not up for anything that rough – you enjoy all that kinky torture shit, but that's not really my thing. I don't mind a bit, but you're waaaaaay more into it than I am. Hah, I remember that

time, with at blonde bitch? The loud American? I thought I'd go deaf from her screaming, all that shit you put her through! You pumped her full of...'

'Are you ready to start?' Isabella cut through the other woman's recollections – what had they done? They all had the heart-brands, had they been together or something? Even the President? Had they done something to end up in charge?

'Sure. Never did like that bitch anyway. Keeps telling me off for my uniform being messy! This is the way my master likes it though.' She puffed out her small breasts, shaking out crumbs. 'So, hard and fast, kick the door in then bag and tag? You always did like the plastic-bag-over-the-head.'

'Clean and simple, and it stops them making too much noise. We don't want anyone else to know.'

'And your sure she'll be alone?'

'Just her and her loyalists. Maybe an assistant and some hangers-on, no more than that. And I've arranged access already, and made sure she'll be busy.'

The maid slid the trays together, holding them against her chest as she curtsyed. 'The Head Maid has instructed me to lead you. You may enter the staff passages.' She looked at the athletic woman. 'I have also been told to ensure that you and your followers wipe their feet before entering.'

'Cheeky bitch! Surprised she doesn't bathe you all in bleach, keep you clean. But I guess those were good cookies, so I'll obey. This time!'

'As a pretext, I will make an error and then you can drag me off for punishment.'

The maid picked up another cup of coffee, looking down at the sporty girl, then pouring it onto them. It struck them on the leg, staining their already sun-browned skin darker, making them yelp and curse, hopping upwards out of splashing range, flipping over the back of the sofa. It shifted from the sudden yanking movement, scraping back slightly, the maid putting on a not-very-convincing expression of shock, dropping the trays with a clang.

Isabella pulled on the back of Madison's collar as the maid dropped to her knees, dragging her away as the maid pulled a cleaning cloth from her cleavage, dabbing at the coffee stain on the couch.

'Stupid frilly bitch!'

Isabella raised her hands to grab at the arms of the athletic woman, as she tried to grab at the maid. Everyone else was turning to look at them, the noise drawing attention.

'You need more training, clearly. But first, I think a little punishment. To encourage you not to do it again.'

'Oh no, please not that!'

The maid's protests might have been more convincing if her face wasn't starting to flush already, as she bit her lips, looking far too excited. Did she *want* to be punished and hurt? Was everyone here some kind of crazy lesbian? They made a token attempt at escaping, before one of the sporty girls grabbed them, wrapping arms around their waist, pinning their arms into place. The maid squirmed against them, the movement tugging at the frilled border of her dress, her breasts threatening to spill out of the maid outfit.

Isabella stepped in front of her, raising her hand and striking them across the face in an over-dramatic slap, pulling the blow at the last moment. The maid seemed to relish the impact, biting her lip again, happily wriggling against her captor.

'I'm sure the Head Maid won't object to a swift lesson. And my girls could do with some education. Madison, come here. This can be a lesson for you as well.'

Madison approached, unsure what to do, trying to ignore the enthusiastic wriggling of the maid. What would she have to do?

‘Slap her. Across the face. Use your fingers against her cheek, put your weight behind it.’ She lowered her voice, whispering. ‘Not full force though.’

Madison raised a hand, before bringing it down across the woman’s face, feeling the sting of impact run up her arm. Her fingers tingled from the strike, the maid’s eyes faintly glazed, strike-marks visible on her cheek.

‘Good. Again.’

Madison swung her hips this time, putting more force behind the hit, the maid’s head twisting from the force of the hit, braids flicking about. They made a grunt, pain and satisfaction. Madison could feel herself warming up, arm tingling, excitement starting to ripple through her body. She stood up straighter, raising her hand again.

‘No.’ Isabella issued the command, Madison freeing into place, hand raised. ‘Gag her. Use this.’ She handed over a ballgag, fat red rubber ball on a leather strap. Where on earth had she been carrying that? But it felt good holding the strap, stepping towards the maid, their eyes flicking down towards the gag, their mouth closing shut.

Isabella reached past Madison, standing by her side, grabbing the woman by the jaw and squeezing, tightly enough to leave white marks on their cheeks, slowly forcing their mouth open. Madison smiled at them, feeling even more powerful, stepping forward and shoving the red ball between equally red lips. It slid into place, forcing their lips to kiss the ball as it went into their mouth, behind their teeth.

Reaching around their head to buckle it felt awkward, their eyes meeting, although the maid was looking a little dazed, eyes misty and distant. Having to stand so close to them as she fumbled for the buckle, feeding the strap through and tightening it. She heard them grunt as she pulled it tight, the strap biting into the corners of their mouth, spreading their lips wider.

‘Mphhh...’ They mumbled something incomprehensible from behind the gag, happily wriggling around.

‘Spank her, while I fetch some equipment. Put her over your knee. You, release her.’

The other woman let go of the maid, shoving her forward, knocking into Madison. The physical contact, smooth and frilled dress brushing against Madison. Spank her? She’d never done that before! But it was better to spank someone rather than be punished herself, right?

Madison grabbed the hemline of their dress, feeling their skin, warm and slightly sweaty, using it to pull them forward, back towards the couch. She twisted around, sitting down, feeling the fabric stretch as she pulled them over. Mercifully, they didn’t resist, bending themselves over her knees – she could feel their belly, their breathing rapid, hands resting on the floor.

She flipped their skirt up, fluffy petticoats as well, revealing the soft, pert skin of the buttocks. It was a relief to see the metal wrapped around their waist and crotch, a chastity belt locked in place, although hers split apart between her buttocks, allowing access to her butthole.

Madison raised her hand and then brought it down, palm smacking against the curve of flesh. The sound of the smack sounded out, the maid grunting into her gag, head rising up slightly. Madison spanked them again, slapping their ass, distending from the force of the impact. They made a sound of pleasure, squirming against her knees, Madison putting a hand against their back to hold them in place, spanking them several more times, spreading the strikes over both buttocks. She could feel their flesh warming up, starting to redden.

‘This will teach her not to spill anything.’ Isabella returned, caring a flexible tube that ended with a nozzle, the other end a bag full of brown fluid. ‘A nice coffee enema.’

They squeaked, trying to raise themselves up, Madison grabbing the back of their neck and pushing down, feeling the muscles tighten beneath her grip, slapping their ass again, making them squeal through the gag.

Isabella reached down, parting their buttocks with a gloved hand, shoving the nozzle into them. Madison could feel them tense up, but kept hold of them. This was far better than being punished and restrained! As the nozzle was shoved into them, she pushed down on their back, feeling how their body tensed up, pushing back slightly against her.

Isabella gave the bag to Paisley. ‘Squeeze this. Gently!’

The hose was now filled with the brown fluid, Paisley slowly squeezing the bag, pushing it into them. The maid’s belly tensed up on top of Madison’s knees, slowly filling with... cold coffee? What would that die?’

‘Once that’s all inside of you, then we’ll take you to see the Head Maid. I’m sure she’ll want to know about your error.’

‘Mppphhh...’

The bag was slowly drained into them, their body relaxing, belly full and solid. When the bag was empty, Madison reached down and plucked out the nozzle, shoving a metal butt-plug in – would that stop any leakage? The maid’s breathing was still faster, their body soft and warm on Madison’s knees.

Isabella grabbed them by the scruff of the neck, pulling them to their feet. They pressed a hand against their belly – was it Madison’s imagination, or was it visibly bulging against their uniform?

‘Now, let’s go see the head maid.’

‘Mppphhh...’ The maid moved slowly, eyes wide, face flushed. She led them towards a small doorway, which opened as they approached, another maid holding it open, revealing a narrow and twisty stone passageway, pipes and wires running along the wall, smelling of freshly-cooked sweet things and cleaning products. The maid turned and coughed at them, sound distorted by the gag until the sporty girls ostentatiously wiped their feet before being allowed in.

They were led along, through the service tunnels. Despite the walls and floor being old stone, they were clean, polished where possible, and with various rooms coming off it, maids at work. A laundry room, hot and steamy, and a kitchen, flour and steam puffing into the air. Maids bustled around, some of them chatting to each other. They seemed strangely happy and relaxed, although they went silent as they saw the group.

The passageway twisted and turned, before opening up into a dormitory, triple-stacked bunks filling the space, all with polished leather cuffs attached to the corner. The empty beds were precisely made, bedding smooth and tidy, a few of them occupied. Row upon row of maid uniforms were hanging up, all pressed and ironed. Some small cages dangled from the ceiling, pitiful-looking women trapped within, mouths filled with gags, wrists trapped by slots within the bars.

As they passed, the maid gave one of the cages a shove, making it sway, sliding the woman around inside her, the cage bars pressing against their skin, making them groan. Isabella moved up close and unbuckled the gag with a simple, smooth movement, the maid tilting her head to avoid dripping dribble anywhere.

‘I’ve... never had that before! It’s making me feel a little... funny inside. Phew. I will let you into a side-passage within the detention block. I would advise you to be swift – there are normally other people around.’ Her eyes were wide, head moving with a faintly manic energy – could you absorb caffeine through the butt?

Isabella looked at the sporty woman, who nodded. ‘Don’t worry, we can take a few of them. Although we’re bailing if this goes tits-up! Don’t want a repeat of that one time...’

‘Just buy me some time. Take them down, tie them up and drag them away through the tunnels. It’s only the loyalists here - no witnesses, no evidence, just get them in the vaults.’

‘That’ll really set them off! Gonna upset a lot of people.’

‘Just do it.’

‘Hey, I’m doing it, but just saying.’

They went up a staircase, their footsteps echoing around the narrow, cramped space, before their passage was blocked by wooden panel. The maid put her face up against it, looking through an eye-hole, before nodding and pushing it open. Isabella tweaked her gloves and stepped outwards, Madison following behind Paisley, before the athletic girls spilled through. There was the sounds of a commotion, before Isabella moved as well, Madison following as well.

They were in a dark and narrow stone hallway, manacles hanging at regular gaps on the walls. From her right came a shout of surprise, the sporty girls wrestling with a smaller number of women in spiked collars. Isabella went left, moving with swift, certain steps past the prison cells, metal bars running floor to ceiling. Two of the cells were occupied, one captive dangling from the ceiling, feet just barely touching the floor, arms held up by chains, prisoner looking at them with surprise. The other captive was hooded and hogtied, bound on the floor, wriggling in uncertainty.

Isabella moved to the door on the end, a heavy wooden thing, that looked capable of seeing of an actual attack. She raised a hand, signaling a stop. ‘On three. One, two...’

Chapter Fifteen: Private Punishment

‘Three!’ Isabella slammed the door open and barreled through, Madison and Paisley following, Madison still unsure what was happening. As soon as the door opened, she could smell fuck-sweat and a thick musk of fear, as they stepped into a large stone chamber, without any windows. Torture devices covered the walls, two students ahead of them turning around, looking shocked – one had the spiked collar of a guard-student, the other was bare-necked, holding a crop in her hands.

Isabella growled, then charged, blocking a strike from the crop and then grabbing and twisting an arm, easily bending it backwards and wrapping her other arm around their neck, squeezing them into a choke.

‘Get the other one!’

Madison followed behind Paisley, the two of them trying to tackle the other woman. They looked unsure, as Paisley grabbed them, Madison throwing her arms out and wrapping them around her, trying to stop them moving.

Isabella was methodically tightening her forearm over the throat of her target, their face changing color. As their strength left them, Isabella spun them around, twisting them to the floor, pulling out a plastic zip-tie and cuffing their wrists together.

Without less elegance, and a lot more effort, Madison worked with Paisley to pull their victim down, settling for just falling onto them, letting weight do the work, all three of them sinking to the floor, Madison trying to keep on top of them to keep them pinned, despite their wriggling. In the chaotic scramble, it was all she could do to fumble for a zip-tie of her own, dropping her butt onto them to force their breath out, then yanking their wrists together and snapping the tie into place, plastic pinching the flesh. Paisley grabbed their ankles, pulling them together to bind them.

With the two of them working together, it was possible to push wrists and a’nkles together, another zip-tie connecting them together, creating a crude hogtie. As they opened their mouth to protest, Madison slapped her hand over their mouth, feeling their lips against her palm, and the hardness of their teeth behind it.

‘Mpphh!’

‘Get a proper gag!’ Isabella had pulled out a clear plastic bag and pulled it over the head of her target, pulling it tight around their neck. Madison looked around, trying to see what was available from the panoply of items hung on the walls, most looking dirty and grimy, before spotting a long and rubbery shaft attached to a strap. She strained to reach up for it, grabbing it with one hand as they strained and wriggled beneath her, managing to get it off the wall.

She moved her hand away from their face, feeling them inhale in preparation for a shout. As they opened their mouth, she shoved it into the face, feeling it slide over their lips, then into their mouth. They spasmed and tensed up beneath her as their throat was penetrated, making coughing and spluttering noises. Madison kept pushing, before buckling the strap around their head, catching some strands in the buckle. They were still wriggling beneath her, only stopping

when Madison lifted her butt and then dropped back down, squashing more air out of them, stopping their wriggling for a moment, their body soft and warm beneath her.

With that done, Madison was able to look around the room more – it was dank and dark, the only light coming from a single bulb suspended high on the ceiling, illuminating the centre of the room, where Leona was restrained..

She was tied up, her arms bent chicken-winged into a painful-looking bend behind herself, cords pulling up on her elbows, red ropes pulling her palms together and tying them to her waist. Most of her uniform had been ripped away, her body covered with lash-marks, but rope had been bound around her breasts, digging into them, making them swell up, their skin an ugly and cruel purple. Thin metal needles shone, penetrating her breast-meat, more gleaming in her back and penetrating into her thighs, even into the lips of her pussy.

Even her position was brutal-looking – the ropes around her elbows pulled her up onto her toes, her feet balanced on wooden blocks, legs shaking from the strain. A thick stream of spittle oozed from her gagged mouth, her head slowly moving as she heard the noise, eyes hidden behind a blindfold.

She twisted around on the blocks, feet and legs straining, able to hear what was happening but not see anything, trying to form words around her gag. Isabella twisted the plastic bag, tightening it around their neck. Their attempts to escape were getting weaker and weaker, their face visible through the bag, mouth wide and gasping, trying to wriggle out of Isabella's grip, without success.

As they relaxed, Isabella stood up, using more cuffs to bend their floppy body into a hogtie, before walking over to Leona, making comforting sounds as she approached, Leona still twisting around.

'Shhh. Good girl, I'm here now!' She started to pluck out the needles, tossing them to the floor. 'Madison, get the bitch into one of the wheeled boxes so we can get her out of here, the ones over there. Paisley, come and help me with Leona.'

Madison stood up and cautiously approached the downed woman, still unmoving, although the bag was now looser around their neck. Along one wall were several metal wheeled crates, almost like the things used to move stuff around hotels, but a little smaller, and with little hoops to padlock the door shut, and a circular hole in the top.

She opened one up – inside, cuff-chains were welded to the corners, and part of the top could hinge open, leaving it fully open to the hole, the bottom covered with sharp-topped ridges. She turned back to the woman, then grabbed them under the armpits, trying to drag them closer to the box. They weren't that large, but it was still hard work hauling them over the floor! And they were starting to wake up, recovering from being asphyxiated by Isabella, sluggish life returning to their limbs.

Madison dragged them over the floor, the effort making her limbs and back ache. They were squirming against her now, their hair twisting about inside the bag, making the plastic rustle. She grabbed the plastic and twisted, feeling it tighten around their neck, hearing them moan from inside it. They bucked, twisting away from her, neck turning as they tried to shuck the bag off.

Madison kept one hand on the bag, shaking it to let some air in, her other hand finding the clasp of the woman's skirt and unhooking it, then flipping the material aside. Beneath, they were wearing pantyhose, material making their legs dark and shiny. She ran her nails along it, feeling how smooth it was, before pinching and ripping, easily tearing a hole straight through, just beneath their buttocks. She felt them tense up, taking pleasure in being able to force a reaction

from someone, hooking a finger into the hole she had made and tearing further, ripping a hole over their ass-cheeks, only covered by lacy panties. Madison kept pulling, tearing asunder the pantyhose, then slapping her hand against their backside.

They grunted and tensed up, bending into an even tighter curve, cursing through the bag. Madison reached through the gap she had made, hooking a finger under the lace of their panties, slowly pulling, feeling the material pull away from their body, before she released and it snapped back against them. Then she twisted it, feeling the material snap and start to fray, their wriggling intensifying, even as she tightened the bag around their neck. How did Isabella make this look so easy?

But the position of power, of being the one in charge of once, was potent and intoxicating, her cunt slickening behind her chastity belt. She tightened the bag until their body went limp, then resumed pulling them over towards the crate. How was she going to get them in?

She put her arms around their waist, straining and managing to lift them up, feeling sweat bead over her body as she got them off the ground. She was wildly unbalanced, their weight pulling her around, barely able to control herself as she lurched-fell towards the box, dropping them into place. Their knees struck the base of the box with a loud *clang*, their body shaking in reflexive pain. Then she shoved their head into the slot, sliding the lid back to support them.

Isabella now had Leona mostly untied, and was rubbing at her arms, stroking her body, Madison suppressing a sting of jealousy. She wasn't into girls! And she definitely didn't want to have to endure the sort of torture that Leona had been in – just the thought of having needles shoved into her tits was horrific, before the strict restraints. But being stroked and cuddled looked nice.

'Madison, you can play with her a little while I tend to Leona. Paisley, bag up the other one. Make her nice and anonymous – shove her into one of the body bags.'

The other woman squealed through her gag, trying to wriggle away, still hogtied. Madison turned her attentions back to the one in the box, pulling it out and spinning it so they were face-to-face. The bag had gotten misty from condensation, doing something to hide their face, especially combined with the mess of brown hair that had fallen over their features. A dark eye gleamed out, staring balefully at Madison.

But they were powerless to do anything! She could see them shake, trying to pull apart the metal cuffs holding them in position, their weight all on their knees or neck, squirming to try and spread the pressure over their knees from the ridges.

Madison reached out and grabbed their breast, through their clothing. Having *power*, being able to hurt someone else, rather than be the victim, was exhilarating, a rush of energy and pleasure coursing through her. She squeezed them, feeling the tit-meat deform under the pressure, twisting her fingers in and wrenching at them. She saw the bag deform with a puff of air as the captive exhaled, scabbling and rattling against the box.

'What should I do to you?'

They growled, the sound deep enough to make Madison's hair stand on end. 'Let me go, or...'

Madison reached around and pulled on the bag from the bag, pulling it tight around their face, cutting off their air and their speech. 'Bitches aren't allowed to speak!' She could feel a manic grin spreading over her face as they tried to pull away, lips and tongue flapping against the clear plastic. A slap made them grunt in pain, making Madison's palm sting slightly, the plastic wrinkling and sticking. A box of dirty and used bondage-gear was close at hand – she picked up a ballgag, the ball grimy with dried spit, and pushed it into their mouth.

They resisted, clamping their lips together, but she kept pushing forward, squeezing their jaw with her other hand, forcing them to open their mouth, the ball pushing the bag into their mouth as it slid into place. She was far too familiar with being on the other end of such an action! Buckling it into place was harder than she expected, her hands shaking from pleasure and stress, but she managed it, metal clicking into place. Madison loosened it around their neck, making sure they could breathe, their face reddening.

She glanced over her shoulder – Isabella was still tending to Leona, gently rubbing at her wounds, putting lotion and plasters onto her body, as Paisley hovered around, looking concerned.

As they seemed occupied, Madison turned back to her victim. They were breathing fast, breasts moving in and out, before Madison reached out, grabbing between their buttons and ripping, tearing their blouse open, revealing the skin beneath, and their lacey bra. Between her breasts was a heart-shaped brand-burn, another just above her navel, Madison tensing her fingers and poking them into soft skin, before slapping their belly, hard enough to leave a red imprint-mark. It wasn't fair that she had to be belted and frustrated and horny and desperate, and bitches like this could do whatever they wanted to!

She dug her fingers in, twisting her skin, pinching and drawing it out, soft flesh distending as she applied pressure before letting go. Then she ran a hand around their hips, sliding over the bone, feeling the silky-smooth pantyhose, hooking her fingers over it and pulling.

The material ripped easily, revealing their skin beneath. She kept tearing, using both hands now, reveling in her power. She wanted to get off! But if she couldn't, then she could at least make others suffer! She ripped sideways, tearing the nylon off their body, revealing black lace panties.

Held upright by the hogtie, supported by their neck, they couldn't do much to avoid her fingers, impotently squirming about, driving their knees further onto the metal ridges. Madison pulled their panties away on one side, the waistband stretching out. Having them try, and fail, to pull away, the shock in their eyes becoming fear, made Madison's whole body tingle, an inner fire dancing through her.

With a twist, she snapped the waistband. They kept their thighs clamped together, trying to shield themselves, but Madison simply pulled, the fabric slithering between their legs, stretching out as she pulled it towards herself. It didn't take long before yielding completely. She ripped them off, taking a second to examine them – delicate lace, black and expensive, and impregnated with their scent and their juices – before holding them up.

It took some wriggling of her fingers, but she was able to push them up into the bag, shoving them against the woman's face. They moaned, sucking in the greater flow of fresh ash, but still looking at Madison with fear and shock, before she tucked the plastic edges back around the edge of the neck-hole.

'Dirty slut!'

She could see their pussy, neatly shaved, with another heart-brand just above it. Three of them? What did that mean? But there were more important things to worry about – she slapped their now-bare pussy, making their body convulse in a gasp, more weight coming into their knees.

She wanted them to *suffer*, to be hurt for the crime of being allowed to touch themselves! If she wasn't allowed her own pleasure, then it was only right to hurt those that could. Madison started to stroke their slit, watching their chest pant with rapid, panicked breathing. She stroked her own breast with her other hand, able to take at least some pleasure from that – her own pussy was wet now, ready and waiting for penetration, despite being locked behind steel. The

frustration made her growl, and she shoved her fingers into them, feeling their pussy tighten around it, hot and ready.

‘You are slutty, aren’t you? Enjoying this?’ Her own pussy twitched in time with theirs, as she squirmed her fingers inside of them, enjoying the reaction they made, despite her seething frustration. Was there anything else she could use? She wanted to hurt them more, make them *suffer*, to work off her frustration.

In the box was a set of wooden pegs, all joined by a string. She pulled it out, clicking a peg a few times, before attaching it onto their belly, squishing their flesh beneath it. With each peg she attached, they made a whimper, quieter each time, their shaking doing nothing to get them off, just making them shake about.

Madison hooked a finger underneath their bra-strap, lifting it off their breasts, giving her access to puffy nipples. When she attached a peg to each, that drew out more pathetic whimpers, the sound repeating when she gave them a twist, making the skin spiral for a moment before she let go.

The whole thing made a warped pattern over their torso, the pegs pinching at skin, little red marks around each. Madison started to tug on the string, watching as their skin stretched out, the pegs strong enough not to let go just yet.

‘This is what you deserve, isn’t it?’ Not that she knew what had happened, or why they had been punishing Leona, but just having the power to hurt someone else was making her head feel hot and woozy. The final pegs, she attached to their pussy-lips, making them gasp and groan again.

Then she moved in close, able to smell the scent of their skin – a light perfume, starting to be lost underneath sweat and sex-musk, sliding two fingers into them again, finding them wet and ready, making the pegs flick about. Their eyes were still glaring at her, or at least looking at her from beneath the bag, expression impossible to see.

With one hand, she finger-fucked them, spreading them wide, feeling them envelop her fingers, sliding a third in, their walls wet and soft. With her other, she tugged on the string, feeling the resistance build as their skin was stretched, the force conducted all over their body. This would be even more fun with a whip, or a cane – she just wanted to *hit* someone, make them moan and scream! But the bag and the gag largely muted them, keeping their sounds to low whimpers and groans, their pussy tightening around her fingers.

She could feel heat coursing through them, as well as an intense pressure between her own legs. Madison tensed her thighs, tightly enough to make the crotch-band of the belt pinch at her skin, feeling her juices ooze out onto the metal, smearing down her thighs. With a grunt of frustration, Madison shoved her fingers forward, wondering if she could get her whole fist into them – they certainly seemed loose enough! But they were squirming and shaking already, their hogtied body twisting around.

Madison yanked with her other hand, ripping the pegs away from them. That made them moan, loud enough to be heard through the gag, their head rocking backwards, knees shifting about on the ridges, pressure marks appearing on their skin. Where the pegs had been there were now red pinch-marks, throbbing marks all over their skin. The last to be ripped off were those on their pussy-lips, dragging out the sensitive skin, making them moan again, even more loudly, as they came.

A flow of hot, wet fluids came down over Madison’s fingers. She twisted her fingers again, finding the nub of their clit, currently engorged, and squeezing it between her finger tips. Their grunts got more desperate, as they tried to shift about and escape, unable to get any traction.

A hand touched Madison on her shoulder, startling her.

‘We’ll shove another box on her head and take her away. There’s normally enough prisoners coming and going that another two won’t be noticed. And it looks like you’re having fun?’ Isabella squeezed her shoulder before letting go, slapping the woman across the face. ‘She always was loyal to the old guard. Heart-branded bitch - we should never have trusted her. But I thought I could step down – guess that was a dream. Paisley, get that other one boxed up.’

‘Yes, *grande souer*.’ Paisley obeyed, dragging a leather body-bag around, the shape twisting and squirming, fighting against the restraining material, without success.

‘Leona, get dressed.’

She slapped the woman again, before picking up a box and shoving it over their head, hiding from sight, then shut the case. Vague sounds could be heard from beneath, but nothing intelligible.

‘Bloody Regina, guess I’m back in now. Although you did well.’ She patted Madison on the head, gloved hand warm, the little taps of contact sending ripples of pleasure through Madison’s head, down into her body. She wanted to melt against Isabella, to be embraced by her, and to be fucked! If it wasn’t for the damn belt! Madison shook her head, trying to control herself – she wasn’t gay! She was just horny because of that damn belt.

Paisley had managed to get the squirming body-bag into another of the crates, bending them around, wrapped head poking through the hole, still making noises of muted protest as the front was locked shut.

Isabella nodded in satisfaction, patting Madison’s head again. ‘Good girls. And you, especially Leona – she takes far too much pleasure in hurting others! Now let’s get out of here. Heads down, move fast. The others should have provided enough of a distraction.’

Isabella pushed Madison away, the lack of contact suddenly feeling cold. But she obeyed, finding the foot-pedal that controlled the brake on the crate, take a grip on it and finding it easy to move.

Chapter Sixteen: Public Judgement

The belt chafed between Madison's thighs, metal rubbing her skin, making it sore and irritated beneath her skirt. Couldn't she at least be allowed pantyhose or stockings, something to help with the rubbing? And she was gagged again, now with a leather panel that covered all of her mouth, straps running around her head, a rubber ball in her mouth. Which was better than dribbling everywhere, but she'd still rather be able to talk! And not have her hands shackled to her waist, giving her no reach. Although Isabella had apologized when she'd put the restraints on. Maybe she'd get a treat later?

She relaxed, leaning back against the couch, wishing she didn't have to sit on the floor. Isabella's hand was resting on her shoulder, not quite gripping but tighter than it needed to be. What would she need to do to at least be allowed onto the couch? She wasn't a naughty dog! Even with Leona and Paisley in the same position, it still grated. She wanted to be in a position punishing others again, not submissive all the damn time!

The hand moved around the back of her head, snagging some hairs and making her grunt in pain, before finding the buckles and opening that up.

'You've been a good girl, so you deserve a treat.'

Isabella had been in a much better mode the last few days, less free with her strikes and punishments, except with Regan, who was back in her casket-box again. A marshmallow moved into view, pink and soft and sugary, just the sight of it making Madison's mouth water, her tongue sliding forward, around the rubber ball on the back of the panel gag.

The gag was removed, Madison tilting her head to avoid dribbling down her cleavage, feeling the air of the coffee room brush over her lips.

'Open wide!'

Madison obeyed, and the marshmallow was dropped in. It immediately started to melt into sugary paste, the sweetness fresh and vivid.

'Mmm...'

'You see? There are rewards for good behavior. Just don't *ever* behave badly. It looks like you're getting used to here though – and enjoying punishing others?'

Madison didn't chew, wanting the treat to last as long as possible, glad of something that wasn't the porridge or sludgy gruel she had to eat the rest of the time. Isabella looked away, Madison following her gaze to see Marianne's attendants walking in, as a group, huddled closely together and looking slightly fearful. Isabella smiled, reaching out to stroke Paisley, dropping a sweet into her expectant mouth.

'We should get moving, I want to get good seats in the grand hall.' She shoved the gag back into Madison's mouth, pulling it into place and snapping the buckles into position, snagging some hairs in the process, making Madison squeak in protest.

What was going on? What was the grand hall? But Isabella was already moving, not bothering to command anyone else, Madison raising to her feet and following along.

They were just outside the doors when the bell started to peal, soon joined by other bells, all ringing with loud clangs, discordant and without any rhythm. The other students she could see

all froze, confusion on their faces before starting to move in the same direction. Other doorways opened, letting more women out, all in the same uniform, although some were restrained.

It was getting harder and harder to keep up with Isabella, the hallways getting cramped, before they spilled outside.

It was an area that Madison had never been in before – there was a small, squat castle-keep, with a medieval hall built next to it, barn-sized doors currently open. Cop-students were out in force, holding truncheons or whips, slowly herding any stragglers forward.

Inside was a large, open space, with chairs stacked up at the back, and a stage at the front, currently concealed by curtains. A raised balcony ran along one wall, where a few of the teachers were currently sitting down, faces expressionless.

Isabella strode forward, standing firmly in an empty place near the front, before gesturing at Leona, who nodded and strode for the stacks of chairs, getting rapidly diminished by now, and clearly not anywhere near enough for everyone.

As she waited for Leona to return, Isabella spoke, voice low. ‘This might get ugly. Stick close to me.’

Leona returned with a chair, having to use it to fend off other students that were trying to grab it for themselves, and put it down, Isabella promptly sitting down, Madison kneeling on the ground. The expected clusters and groupings were emerging again, with affiliated groups making sure to sit together, each senior student surrounded by those they looked after. Was this everyone? The place was larger than she’d thought! And stood at the back, quiet and obedient, were the students that didn’t even have an “owner”, filing in and lining up, most of them with the white plaques chained around their necks.

The air was heavy with whispers and murmurs, lots of impossible-to-hear conversations echoing around the place. There must be hundreds of people here! And a lot of the cop-students, mostly clustered at the door, giving the latecomers slaps or spanks before letting them in.

And then they shut the doors, the main source of light blinking out, making everything low and gloomy. A murmur of unease ran through the crowd, and Madison drew closer to Isabella, wanting at least the hope of protection. The curtains in front of the stage slide aside, a spotlight blinking on, to reveal the President. Her uniform was crisp and perfect, hair tied into neat braids, her neck bare save for the key-chain.

Behind her, hard to see through the glare of the spotlight, were three female figures, suspended by their wrists from the ceiling, feet not touching the ground, their uniforms tattered and ragged. Each had a hemp sack over their head, held in place by a leather collar.

Unseen speakers clicked on and then the President started to speak. A few soft whimpers and squeaks could be heard as some students were urged to stop making sounds, countless perfumes all mingling together, making the air heavy and cloying.

‘Good afternoon.’

From down on the floor, Madison’s view was slightly limited, although she was close enough to the front that it wasn’t too bad. She could make out more details on the suspended captives – their bodies were reddened with lash-marks, bellies covered with thin welts. The tattered remnants of lacey panties dangled from an ankle, a pussy surrounded by impact-marks, the shaved skin looking exposed and vulnerable.

‘It seems that a poison is present, even amongst the members of my council. We must be ever vigilant against those that would undo the fine work of this establishment. Ever since I established myself as President, I have faced resistance, but thought my foes defeated.’

She turned towards the central suspended figure, conscious enough to wriggle around, their feet twisting, likely desperate for support. The ragged panties dropped, falling from an ankle and wetly landing on the stage floor.

The President reached out and ripped away the remnants of their blouse, leaving their breasts bare, making it even more obvious that they had been tormented, their soft tits covered with thin red welts.

‘One of my own sworn followers betrayed me.’ She squeezed a nipple, hard enough to make the hemp sack suck inwards, before she unbuckled the strap holding it on. ‘She had been colluding with those that sought the return of the previous President, should she be found.’ The hood was plucked away and discarded, revealing Marianne’s face, lips stretched around a huge, fat ball-gag. Tears shone, streaming from her eyes, mingling with the dribble from her mouth.

As she saw where she was, she twisted around, trying to hide her face, but someone grabbed her from behind and held her in place. Her mewling squeals and groans were picked up by the microphone, sounding around the darkness.

‘Even under questioning, she refused to give up her co-conspirators. Her *petite souers* will be apprehended and questioned.’

There was the sounds of commotion from near the door, Madison turning to see some of the cop-students flashing torches, moving through the crowd and grabbing students, cuffing their hands and feet to hogtie them. Two tried to break away, pressing through the crowd, but were dragged down to the floor, starting to scream their innocence.

The sharp smell of piss mingled with the haze of perfumes, sounds of disgust starting as well, people shuffling away, everyone else squashing closer together.

‘When their innocence or guilt has been determined, then they will be reallocated.’

‘Nooo!’

‘I didn’t know anytmphhhh!’ A cry was cut off into a wet gurgle, something getting shoved into a mouth. The bound-up women were dragged forward, getting dumped onto the stage, metal cuffs linking their wrists and ankles. They rolled and wriggled around, trying to break their bonds, without success. Their own faces were now tear-lined, making their makeup run, long eyelashes desperately fluttering, red lips clamped around gag-balls. The President stamped on one of them, making them squeal in pain.

‘Any of them found guilty of collusion will face additional punishments. Those that knew nothing of their keeper’s malfeasance will be given to another, to better see to their education.’ She stamped down again, grinding her sole of her shoe against their back. ‘This treachery wasn’t limited to just Marianne.’ She went to each of the other hooded figures in turn and ripped their hood off, her followers working through the crowd to restrain people, even a few of the cop students getting grabbed by their fellows.

Large gaps were opening up in the crowd now, everyone desperate not to be seen as being close to those being apprehended. They were dragged up and dumped on stage, forming a squealing, wriggling heap, those at the bottom having to twist around to clear breathing space.

‘As my former secretary, arts councilor and chief interrogator have been found untrustworthy, then I will be electing new students to those posts.’

The squirming mound of captives was loud enough that, even with the PA system, it was hard to hear the President.

‘Isabella Munoz will be the new interrogator, effective immediately.’ Everyone nearby turned to look at Isabella, then, just as quickly looked away. ‘Other students will be elected to the remaining posts in the following days. The criminals will be displayed in the central quad if

anyone else wishes to express their opinions on their sins as well. Now, Isabella Munoz – attend me.’

Isabella stood up and started to walk towards the stage, Madison pulling herself up and following along with the others. A path opened up towards the stage, Isabella walking with slow and steady steps. Having everyone else stare at them with wide eyes was a little unnerving, but this meant they wouldn’t get punished, right? Although the punished figures of the three women, dangling from the ceiling, exposed and vulnerable, were unsettling, all trying to plead for mercy through sealed mouths.

Isabella mounted the stage, another spotlight illuminating her. The President reached out her hand, someone in the shadows giving her something that shone brightly, a gleaming curve of metal. It was a collar, bright steel, thick and high, currently open. Isabella approached the President, using her hand to hold her hair up.

The collar was pushed against her neck, the metal wrapping and sealing into place. Madison saw Isabella shudder as the collar locked around soft skin – Isabella probably couldn’t take it off by herself. She knelt down, like a knight before their leader.

The President’s fingers slid around Isabella’s face, before two fingers slid into Isabella’s mouth. Isabella coughed, the fingers sliding deep into the her throat and staying there, making it impossible for her to talk.

‘The Inquisitor-Hound will be resuming her position.’

From the sounds Isabella was making, her throat was being violated, her head forced backwards, made to look up and at the President. When the President removed her fingers, they were slick and wet, and then she shoved her hand forward, spearing them into Isabella’s throat. She made a pained hacking noise, her neck arched painfully upwards.

‘A good, devoted hound. Obedient and collared.’ The President withdrew her hand, wiping her fingers on Isabella’s cheek, leaving it shiny with spit. ‘It will be a delight to see you at work again. I do hope that you haven’t lost your purity of spirit while free of an owner. I look forward to the delightful sounds you will produce from your subject.’

Isabella’s voice was flat and toneless, made raw by the violation of her throat. ‘I will serve, my mistress.’

She stood, the ring on her collar jangling, knocking against the ring with a chiming sound, turning around to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the President. Madison dropped to knees, bowing, along with the other two.

Chapter Seventeen: The President's Gift

Madison walked through the halls, the other students giving her a wide berth. When she looked at a gossiping cluster, their conversation went silent and they looked away, not meeting her eyes. It would have been better if she hadn't still been gagged, but it was better than being invisible and ignored. And much of the fear probably came from Isabella, walking a few steps ahead of her, her uniform now different – knee-high black leather boots, bright and shiny, clicked against the floor, while her neck bore a leather collar, set with metal spikes, the points sharp enough to hurt Madison's flesh when she was pulled in for a kiss. A crop was in her gloved hand, flicking through the air.

The hallway was utterly silent, all eyes watching them, air thick with fear, even the *grande souers* looking away, a few of them stepping protectively in front of their charges. A few, mostly those with prominent rose emblems around their necks or with badges sewn onto their blazers, dipped into curtsies, some even lifting their skirts high enough to show off their crotches, wrapped in either metal or lace.

Isabella didn't acknowledge their presence, and Madison tried to emulate her icy demeanor, keeping her expression flat.

They walked out of the main school hallway, into the quadrangle. A crowd had gathered there, the focus of their attention easy to see – three women were tied to wooden crosses, rope wrapped around their arms and legs to bind them to the wooden bars, massive gags strapped into their mouths. Three more were locked into stocks, their flesh reddened from pinches and slaps, left to the mercies of the crowd. Two of the cop-students were there, doing nothing to intervene as “punishment” was delivered. Both of them saw Isabella and saluted, standing up straight. She acknowledged them, before sweeping on past.

Despite the gag, and the belt, this was definitely better than being a basic bitch. She wasn't even leashed! And definitely better than being one of those tied up for punishment – those on the cross had been whipped, their uniforms stripped away completely, skin entirely exposed and then punished.

Madison followed behind her, enjoying the aura of power, as they wound upwards through old hallways and through thick doors, that looked capable of fending off a siege, before stepping out into the quiet and calm of the President's garden. All of the stocks were currently out-of-sight, the gates sealed tightly shut – was there some private little harem of boys here? Madison strained her ears, but couldn't make out any sounds of fucking. The walls they tracked went into were very thick stone though, the building on the other side looking old and tough.

The President was sat at her table, the vice-president behind her. She smiled, calm and cool.

‘Good afternoon. Your regime as head of the disciplinary committee seems to be going well. The display in the quadrangle is rather pleasing, although it's not easier for quite some time. And I think those that would oppose me have mostly been rooted out.’ She held out her hand, blood-red fingernails stark and bright in the sunlight, Isabella approaching and dropping to her knees. The hand caressed her chin, thumb sliding along Isabella's lips before pushing into her mouth.

‘I do so appreciate obedience.’ She twisted her hand, sliding three of her fingers into Isabella’s mouth, making them splutter and gag. ‘And I hope you won’t have any further thoughts of leaving? That was rather aggravating – after all the work I put into training you.’ She was staring down at Isabella, pushing her fingers deeper in, Isabella’s hands tensing. ‘But you have done well, my sweet, little Isabella. So you may go and enjoy yourself, along with your *petite souers*. If you wish, there are a few reserved for your use.’

With her spare hand, she elegantly sliced off part of her cake, before pulling her fingers from Isabella’s mouth, a chain of spittle joining them before splatting to the floor. Isabella’s mouth hung open, letting the President feed her the cake.

‘A little treat for you. Now go and enjoy yourselves. All of you – you have earned it.’

Isabella’s movements were slow and slightly dazed as she rose to her feet. ‘Thank you, President.’

‘Of course. You do live to serve, after all. One of my carefully tended flowers.’ She held her spit-covered fingers out, the vice-president wiping them clean with a white cloth. ‘Now, go and sate yourself on your rewards.’ On the table was an old and ornate metal key, heavy iron, all complicated twists and swirls, half the length of Madison’s arm.

Isabella bowed, Madison curtsying, lifting her skirt high and showing off her chastity belt, feeling her face flush as she exposed herself.

And then she followed Isabella, past the President, the vice-president’s look sharp as she took the key and handed it over to Isabella. Isabella walked towards a small door, set into a thick stone wall and inserted the key. It took several attempts and all her strength to open it, pushing it open.

The scent that came out made Madison’s mouth water, a quiver of lust spiking through her. Sweat, heavy and masculine, and cum, thick and creamy. She couldn’t see inside, the space dark, but could hear sounds, an echoed, wet slapping, along with whimpers and groans. Both Paisley and Leona were starting to flush as well, their eyes getting wide and dreamy. Isabella ushered them inside then locked the door and flicked the lights on.

It was a large, circular tower, with steps winding up and down. Cells lined the walls, each occupied by a man, all naked except for collars. A few were chained to the walls, but most were unrestrained other than being in the cells. Madison felt lust wash through her, the sight of so many cocks, ready and waiting, making her want to be used.

In the center of the room, bound to a post, was the latex-wrapped figure that had been in the President’s garden before. They were supported by a post running up into their cunt, their skin entirely hidden except for dead-looking eyes, arms weakly straining against their suit. There was no sign of any mouth-holes, just two faint wet marks beneath their nose.

‘Hmmm, Paisley, I think you need some anal training. Number eight is nice and large. This way.’

She grabbed Paisley’s collar and dragged her towards one of the cells, before twisting her around. There were cuffs already in place on the bars, Isabella locking them into place around Paisley’s wrists. She was now bound facing outwards, arms spread – the man in the cell behind here was already partially erect, his cock looking huge, just the thought of it making Madison hot and wet. Was she going to be fucked? She tensed her thighs, feeling the metal there, hard and unbreakable.

Isabella reached around Paisley’s waist, unclipping her skirt and letting it drop to the ground, revealing the belt. She pulled the key out from her cleavage, kissing Paisley on the lips.

The man was stroking his cock, pumping it up to full size, the thing huge and fat, even bigger than the strap-on that Madison had used. She couldn't look at anything else, the thing absorbing all her focus, as her lust intensified. Her skin prickled with heat, making her want to strip off, her breasts feeling full and heavy.

Metal clicked, Paisley's belt getting removed. Isabella stepped swiftly back, the man's arms coming around Paisley, reaching through the bars, groping at her breasts. She mewled in pleasure, her cunt visibly wet, getting pulled against the bars.

'Madison, this way.'

It took Madison a moment to respond, distracted by the sight of Paisley, arms spread side, getting ass-fucked, her tits getting squeezed and groped. She was even hornier now! Who was she going to be fucked by? There was a surprising variety – not just buff and musclebound men, but slender ones, and all different ethnicities. They were all staring at her hungrily, and she tried to walk like she had been taught, making herself as sexy as possible, swaying her hips. Cocks were already half-erect, fattening under her gaze.

'I think 37 for you. He has good stamina. Mouth and pussy for you.'

She was pulled towards a cell containing a tall and slender man, close-cropped blonde fuzz on his head, his hands cuffed in front of him, a leather panel covering his mouth.

'He likes to talk, so he's kept gagged. But he's a good size.'

Madison could see, the cock staring back at her full and fat already. Isabella shoved her against the cage, the bars partially squashing her breasts, before cuffing her collar to a bar.

'You can use her mouth as well. Understand? I want you to train her throat first.'

Isabella jammed a foot into the back of Madison's knee, pushing her downwards, the neck-cuff rattling downwards as she was made to kneel, now on eye-level with the cock, the thing staring back. Behind her panel-gag, her mouth was filling with saliva, a struggle to swallow fast enough to clear her mouth, as Isabella unbuckled her gag. Behind the belt, she could feel her juices making the metal sticky, before flowing down her thighs.

'Mouth first!'

She beckoned the man forward, holding Madison's head in place. Madison held her mouth open as the gag was removed and discarded, the cock bumping against her lips – it tasted sweaty, but she rolled her tongue over it, the taste making her woozy, before his hands came through the bars, taking grip of her head, the chains linking his wrists making it awkward.

She whined, wanting to be fucked between her legs, where she was already hot and ready, but she took it into her mouth, kissing it with her lips.

'Good girl.' The scent of the cock was intoxicating, and she shoved her head forward, taking it all in, hearing herself gag and splutter, her throat deforming around it. The man's hands wound through her hair, taking a tight grip, and she had to breathe through her nose.

'You can use her as much as you like.'

The chain attached to her collar clinked whenever she moved her hand, a reminder of the constraints on her, as Isabella patted her on the head.

'Let me just make sure you can't use your hands, and then I'll get the belt off.'

'Mphhh!' There was no way to talk, and the man was starting to drag her head back and forth, cock half-sliding out of her mouth. The faster she obeyed, the faster she might be allowed to actually come though, so she put her arms behind her, feeling handcuffs lock into place around her wrists.

'Try not to get your uniform too dirty.'

‘Mphhh!’ Dribble was splashing from her mouth and down her chin, and she sucked her cheeks and lips against the shaft, feeling the heat from it, how hard it was. All she could see was his crotch, in front of her, pube-stubble and his stomach.

‘Stop moving, and I’ll get the belt off.’

Madison tried to lift her ass to make it easier, but with the man’s grip tight on her head, it was hard to move, at least without unbalancing herself. Her body was hot now, clothing feeling tight and restrictive. She wanted to be naked, to feel the air against her body! But with her head grasped and her wrists cuffed, there was no way for that to happen.

Paisley’s moans echoed off the stone, along with the wet slapping of flesh-on-flesh, making Isabella tense up, tightening her asshole protectively – she wanted to be fucked, but would rather have it in the pussy! A hand lifted her skirt, the air cool against her hot flesh, reaching around to the front and tapping against metal.

She mewled around the cock, feeling her frustration and lust mingle and peak – she *needed* to be fucked, to have something shoved into her! And not just her mouth! From down on her knees, even if she looked up, then all she could see was an unflattering angle of his face, rapt with his own lust, before he pumped his hips, driving himself deeper into her mouth, making her throat bulge.

Isabella kissed her on the neck. ‘Be a good girl, and keep him entertained. And be thankful – not many are allowed in here, at least without being locked into the stocks and left to the mercies of the ferals. These ones are a little more housebroken.’

Tears were starting to trickle down Madison’s face from the throat-fucking, but she managed to twist her lips and tongue into almost-words: ‘phank phou, graph sourph’.

‘Good girl. A lot more obedient than I thought you would be.’ Metal clicked, and there was sudden air, blessedly cool and sweet, against her slit, the crotch-plate dropping away. She immediately clamped her thighs together, rubbing them against each other, trying to get off, as Isabella squirmed her hand between them, gloved hand smooth, pinching at the sensitive skin of her inner thigh.

‘Let him do that. After you’ve swallowed his cum! It’s been a while since he was used, so he should be good for a while. I’ve reserved a few for myself, so I may be some time – have fun!’ Her hand slid upwards, knuckles teasing at Madison’s slit, spreading it open and making Madison gasp around the cock in her mouth. ‘Although I need to get Leona set up as well.’ A finger shoved into Madison, just for a second, making her head spin. Between that and the continuing deep-throat, she was in a feverish daze, struggling to focus on anything but the taste and scent of the cock. The grip on her head was so tight that she couldn’t withdraw her head, entirely at his mercy as she was dragged back and forth, going limp and letting herself be used as a fuck-hole.

Isabella patted her head again, Madison mewling in response, feeling spit dribble into her cleavage. She walked away, footsteps mingling with the sound of Paisley’s ass-fucking, leaving Madison to be used.

When she tried to rise, the hands on her head were too strong, keeping her on her knees. She twisted her arms, trying to move them around so that she could touch herself, but there wasn’t enough slack in the wrist-cuffs – the most she could do was rub against her legs. She tried to beg, but there was no way to talk with the cock ravaging her throat.

It erupted, her mouth suddenly full of cum. The taste was overpowering, her head fuzzing, the stuff spilling from her mouth. There was no escape from it, the scent and taste overwhelming her, making her twist in her restraints, wanting something to touch her pussy. She spread her

legs as wide open as she could, still trying to reach around and touch herself, frustrated at her inability to do so.

He kept a tight grip on her head, his cock softening in her mouth, enough that she could actually swallow again, cum and sweat mingling on her tongue, flowing down her throat and into her belly. As it shrank, she licked and suckled at it, wanting it to harden again, to fuck her properly. It couldn't take that much to get him going again, could it? The sooner she got him hard again, then the sooner he could fuck her in the pussy!

She suppressed a sting of jealousy as she heard Paisley or Leona moan in pleasure. Come on! Stupid cock, get hard again!

It was slippery with her spit, but started to respond to her sucking, the shrinking ceasing, the shaft starting to harden again. When it was hard enough, Madison started trying to pull her head away, wanting to stand and let him use her fully.

She kept grunting in annoyance, twisting her shoulders back and forth, managing to get her hands against one of the cell-bars to push against it, until he noticed and let go of her head. As soon as he did, she moved back, the cock springing from her mouth and knocking against her face, leaving a wet and sticky smear.

The neck-chain pulled taut, limiting how much she could move away. Standing up was awkward and ungainly, pushing up from her knees, then pushing her hips forward, presenting her slit to him. Now she could look him in the face, rather than up at him, he wasn't bad-looking, if a little scruffy.

She stepped forward as his arms withdrew through the bars, then he stretched up and bought them over her head and behind her, his own wrists still cuffed, forcing him to take her in an awkward embrace. He pulled her in, his cock sliding between her thighs, sliding through them, her skin slicked by her own pussy-juice.

He withdrew, then pushed his hips forward again, trying to guide his cock into her slit. The two of them awkwardly maneuvered before his tip bumped against her lower lips, and she thrust her hips forward, taking it into herself. She was so wet and loose that she didn't need to ease it in, the full length sliding into her in a single thrust, fat and full. It felt so huge that it was like it filled her own belly, satisfying and solid. His arms were strong and firm around her, the bars pushing against her front, squashing and deforming her breasts.

Their mouths pressed against each other, his face slightly stubbled, their hips grinding and thrusting together. The fever within her was fire-hot now, all reason gone as she was fucked, her pussy tight against the shaft, seeking her own pleasure. It rose up, swift and powerful, washing away everything else as it blasted through her, leaving her supported only by the man's arms, her body moving on its own.

Chapter Eighteen: Council Meeting

Madison tried not to feel dizzy. She could see a faint reflection of herself in the window, but behind it there was just darkness, stretching up and away – far above her, the night stars twinkled, bright and crisp. A few scattered lights could be seen lower down, showing other mountain villages, but they looked impossibly remote, like models. Between them were the mountains, currently dark and unlit, visible only as snowy shadows, reflecting the moonlight. In her reflection, she could see her new collar – spiked leather, little nubby metal lumps poking out.

A hand lightly touched against Madison's shoulder, startling her. In the glass, she could see Leona, standing behind her, and she turned around.

The room they were in was dominated by a raised, U-shaped table, sturdy wooden chairs behind it. The ceiling was high above them, the windows going all the way up, several chandeliers dangling down. On the far side of the room was a wide curtain, like the one in front of a stage. All the chairs but three were currently filled, with various... faction heads? Department bosses? Gang leaders? The leaders of those that were loyal to the President, anyway.

All were young women, attractive, mostly in variants of the school uniform. The closest was tall and busty, blouse unbuttoned half-way down her chest to further draw attention to her breasts, blazer hanging open. Her skirt was tiny, tight and short, with thigh-high leather boots, lacey stocking-tops visible above. Dangling from one wrist, like an oversized charm bracelet, was a key, old fashioned dark iron. On one breast was a bright red lipstick mark, tattooed there. Resting on the table in front of her was a heavy-duty prod, looking well-used.

The next had elaborately-braided black hair with small metal charms woven into it. A wide leather bracelet, dyed blood-red, was on her wrist. She had her blouse unbuttoned enough to show her cleavage and the edge of her bra. Behind her were two attendants, two leggy blondes, hard to tell apart, both with fat red collars around their necks. Their uniforms were artfully sloppy – blouses untucked to show off trim, flat tummies, unbuttoned to show off their cleavage, their lips plumped, nails long and sharp.

“Sat” next to her, without one of the chairs, was a student in a wheelchair, her hands steepled on the table. She was wearing a high-necked sweater-vest, making it impossible to see if she was collared or not. Stood behind her, their hands on the grips of the wheelchair, was another woman. Their lower face was covered with ridged leather, their mouth sealed behind the black curve, a metal rod pushing up against their chin, further restricting the movements. While they wore a uniform, beneath it they wore a latex bodysuit, shining in the light. Metal shone on their wrists, chains binding them to the chair.

Isabella had a seat of her own, with space behind her, where Leona and Paisley were stood, along with Madison herself. Isabella had changed her schoolgirl-shoes for knee-high leather boots, smart and shiny, and with a crop hanging from her belt, the leather tip studded through with metal.

The vice-president was already there, stood by the central chair, clearly waiting for the President herself. She turned to face another of the “leaders” – the sports-bitch, the red paint on

her collar even more faded and worn than before, the metal grimy and uncleaned. Her blouse was untucked, showing off her toned belly, her feet up on the chair, feet in sneakers. The collar around her neck beeped and pulsed, the light indicating the speed of her pulse, currently slow and steady.

‘Ally McKenzie, Show some respect! Even if you are the fitness officer, that is no excuse for being slovenly.’

‘Indeed. I would prefer it if you were to not make more work for my girls.’ The other speaker was the only one not dressed in the school uniform – she was dressed as a maid, although her skirt was ankle-length, her ash-blonde hair tied into elaborate crown-braids, topped with lacey head-dress. Four of the other maids were stood behind her, their heads bent down in bowing positions, the same pose they had been in ever since Madison had come into the room, motionless and still. ‘You create quite enough laundry as it is, without also scuffing the furniture.’

Sneaker-heels squeaked against the table-top, before the sporty girl twisted her legs off the table, curling up in the chair. She only had one attendant – they had exercise shorts visible from beneath their pleated mini-skirt, hair tied back into a neat ponytail, hands bound inside leather fist-mittens, partway between “bondage equipment” and “exercise gear”.

‘Sure, whatever. Like I’m scared of the *cleaners*.’

‘Perhaps we should let you do your own work then?’ The maid’s voice was polite and courteous, despite her words. ‘The amount of sweat and grime you produce is quite impressive.’

‘Got to put the hours in to keep up to scratch!’ Although she did lean forward, wiping at the mark she’d left with her hand, trying to tidy it up. ‘I suppose you at least make nice food. Just not enough of it! Maybe you should ask our honored President for more money to help with that?’

‘Perhaps. Although everyone else seems to find it sufficient. Maybe you should eat less?’ She turned to smile at them.

‘This is no time to bicker!’ The vice-president tried to intervene, but was ignored, as they started to argue, the head maid smiling and courteously barbed, the other one starting to show irritation, her collar flashing faster as they got more into it.

A door opened, sending a chill breeze into the room, Madison shivering. The President strolled in, shoulders straight and proud. In one hand was a leash, connected to the neck of a female figure, swathed head-to-toe in black latex, feet forced onto their toes by staggeringly high heels, their arms bound behind their back. They were corseted as well, their waist tightly compressed. There were no signs of their humanity, even their eyes sealed away beneath the hood. A single key dangled around their neck, between their breasts.

‘Good evening, ladies.’ Her gaze swept over them, calm and amused as she walked around the table. When she passed the maids, she hooked the leash over a hook on the wall, then whispered something to one of them. The maid giggled and nodded, as Regina walked on. The latex-clad figure kept trying to walk forward, before the leash tightened, snapping around the neck and dragging them back. Their mouth must be blocked somehow, as there wasn’t even a whimper, just their body teetering slightly, trying to support themselves before falling back against the wall.

The President moved to the central throne-seat, but didn’t sit down, the vice-president taking up a position by her side, standing primly, ready and waiting.

‘After recent events, I felt it was deemed to have a council meeting. After all, it is better for us all if everything runs smoothly, is it not? We do all enjoy our positions at the top and it would be a shame if anything were to change that.’

There were low murmurs of agreement, everyone else turning in their seats to see her better. From her position, behind the chairs, the voices were a little muffled and distorted, the high ceiling of the chamber distorting the acoustics.

‘Sadly, the engineering officer and the mistress of the beauty society have other engagements, but I have spoken to them already. It seems that there is a group that dislikes some of my decisions. There appear to be calling themselves the “shadow council.”’ She walked over to Isabella, stroking her head. ‘While I have my loyal hound at my side once again, this may not be enough. After the sudden disappearance of the last council President, we cannot be too careful – no-one has seen here for almost a year now.’

The maid was now cleaning the latex-wrapped body, flicking a duster over their shiny curves.

‘All of your positions, of course, depend on mine. All of you probably remember the chaos that happened during those dark times. But from it, we created this – our little shared garden.’ She was walking along behind the chairs now, everyone else shifting awkwardly, trying to keep her in vision. ‘And with the chaos, those that sponsored this place grew concerned. The whippings and beatings, the arrival of outside agents to try and keep matters under control. Cabals and scheming in the shadows, with any figure of power getting dragged into the dungeons, their screams echoing into the night. I’m sure none of us want to return to those days, and those dark nights, do we?’

She was behind the sporty one now, leaning over her, running a hand down her face and under her chin, tilting their face towards her. When she kissed them on the lips, the blinking light on their collar got faster. Her hand slipped under their chin, grabbing their throat and squeezing, as she leaned into the kiss, then withdrew, still squeezing tightly.

‘We worked together, forging our followers into one. From the chaos, came peace.’ The sporty woman’s eyes were fluttering, pupils tiny, her chest heaving for breath until Regina let go, and inhaled convulsively.

‘Never forget, ladies, what we have faced together, and what happens should we be weak. The examiners will be here soon, and take their toll, but I can offer some protection. A thumb on the scales, a nudge towards a more favorable outcome for those that are selected.’ She was next to the head maid now, who nuzzled her head against Regina’s hand, like a pet, smiling and happy. ‘All of us will one day be taken, but until then, better to reign than serve. And here, you will serve me.’

Regina moved away from the maid, who made a disappointed sigh. The woman in the wheelchair was next, tensing up but unable to move away. ‘You were a sad little thing, barely able to fend for yourself, waiting to be claimed. But you were given the chance to improve you, which you seized. Even your *grande souvere* now recognizes your supremacy.’ She flicked the woman cuffed to the chair, who didn’t respond. ‘A most impressive achievement, considering where you began. To become the Life Guidance Officer – how many girls have you graduated to new lives?’

She tapped her fingers against their cheek, making dry, almost-slap sounds.

‘You are truly a creature of this place, as much as any of us. Never forget that. Unless you want to go back to what you once were – I remember seeing you, crying and pathetic in your chair, strapped in, your head shaved, skin lashed raw. And now look at you! Would you like to

be that weak, miserable thing again?’ She gripped their chin, forcing them to look up at her, her nails bright against their pale skin, pressing hard enough to leave pale marks.

‘No, President Regina! No, not... not that.’

‘Excellent, I thought that’s what you would say. For now, you have power and influence. But should things change, then you will become nothing but meat – if you are fortunate, traded off to become someone’s pleasure toy. If you are not, then taken into the dungeons, to be broken and used.’

She moved away from the wheelchair, towards the thigh-booted woman, whose long fingers were nervously tapping against the shaft of the prod. She flinched away when the President touched her, the bangs of her dark hair shaking about. ‘And you. My loyal liaison officer, keeping the boys under control. They’re much calmer now. I can sometimes hear their cries from my garden – very soothing.’ She grabbed at their bun, yanking their head backwards. ‘I would be most upset if you were to throw away everything you’ve been given for another.’ Her fingers had dug deeply into the bun, pulling the woman’s head back, as she stroked a hand between their breasts, squeezing at one of them. ‘You have your pleasures, to hurt those that once hurt you. And in exchange, you serve me, and me alone.’ She was mauling the breast now, fingers distorting the flesh, the woman twisting, somewhere between pleasure and pain.

‘Of... of course!’

‘Good.’ Fingers pinched a nipple, crushing the flesh, fingers pressing back against the already-tight blouse material. ‘With all you’ve put them through, I’m sure the boys know your scent, and would enjoy the chance to take their pleasure with you.’ The woman paled, writhing in the chair as she was molested, her own fingers flexing and tensing against the table. ‘You were almost completely gone before, I wonder if your mind could take that?’

‘Ple...ase, no...’

The fingers gave the nipple a wrench before letting go, the hand sliding out from beneath the blouse.

‘Good. I do so appreciate loyalty.’

She returned back to her place in the centre, reaching underneath the table and pulling out a remote control. Metal rattled, something dropping down from above, long chains stretching down.

Marianne screamed as the chains tensed, digging into her flesh when they reached full extension, biting into her skin. Her skin was mottled and bruised, covered with whip-welts and other injuries, her mouth held shut with silvery tape, a chastity belt locked around their crotch.

Regina turned to the vice-president. ‘Go and release her.’ She turned her head from side-to-side to address the others. ‘One of you can adopt her – she is in need of a *grande souer* to show her correct behavior. But first I have a gift for her.’

There was a yelp as the chains were unlocked, with Marianne dropping to the floor and moaning in pain. She tried to rise, but was too weak, her limbs marked with deep indentations from chains. The vice-president bent over and ripped the tape off, then slapped Marianne across the face.

The President leaned over to get something from beneath the table – a frame of metal wires, shaped like a head, with a ring for the mouth and sliding panels for the eyes, hinged with a front and back half. Marianne saw it and froze, her body shaking with fear.

The President had to walk around the table, holding the thing up, the vice-president dragging Marianne upwards, onto her knees, pinning her arms, as the other woman blubbered.

‘This is the penalty for those that would disturb the beauty of my garden. You are going to be a good girl now, Marianne, because you won’t be allowed to do anything else.’ As she approached Marianne, they tried to struggle free, wincing and hissing in pain as the vice-president grabbed their jaw, forcing their mouth open. ‘This may lower your value somewhat, little Marianne, but perhaps you will be more obedient afterwards? Or at least less protective of your throat?’

She leaned over them, cooing gently, stroking their hair with one hand, before pushing the headpiece forward. The vice-president held Marianne’s mouth open, letting the metal ring push behind their teeth, forcing their mouth open.

‘Custom made, just for you. So it’ll be a nice fit, nice and snug and secure.’

Tears rolled down Marianne’s face, fat and ugly, her tongue flapping around the metal ring, trying to speak, her teeth biting at the metal. The panels next to her eyes limited her vision, her hair now in untidy tufts between some of the wires.

The President held it in place, sliding one of the eye-panels across. ‘Maybe I should lock these as well?’

‘Mphhh!’

‘I suppose I should have had you shaved first. Oh well.’

The rear frame hinged backwards with a slight squeak, the whole thing clicking together, a metal ring around her neck sealing together. Metal tabs jutted out, one on each side, and the President pulled out padlocks from her pocket, sliding the top bars through the holes, clicking them shut.

‘If you’re good, I won’t throw the keys into the lake. It’s a shame, but there’s a market for you, even like this.’ She slid the other eye-panel across, before standing up, drawing her foot back and kicking at them. They couldn’t evade, couldn’t even see it coming, just whimpering in pain, spittle dribbling out of their mouth. It splashed downwards, landing on the President’s leg, soaking into her pantyhose. The President kicked at them again, before stamping down on an exposed thigh. ‘Disgusting, dirty *thing*. Perhaps you’ll need a new name? Or maybe just a number?’

She stamped down again, then stretched her leg out. The vice-president leaned forward, keeping hold of Marianne, licking at the dribble-marks, cleaning them up.

‘Now, one of you can have her. Show her what it means to be obedient.’

Marianne mewled in desperate fear, still unable to break away.

‘And if any of you should ever betray me, then, rest assured, a similar fate will await you. I give you power and status – should you reach above your station, then you will be destroyed.’ She smiled. ‘But I have prepared some entertainment for you all.’

The heavy curtain on the other side of the room swished back, scraping the floor. Behind it, illuminated by bright spotlights, their bodies shiny with sweat, were eight hooded women, all bound in rope – squeezing their breasts tightly, toes and ankles bound together, nooses around their necks forcing them onto their toes, faces hidden by leather hoods. Even at this distance, that they had been tormented was obvious, lashes and welt-marks distinct on their skin.

‘Various traitors and would-be usurpers from amongst your followers. They will be secured in the vaults for transportation shortly, but they need to be disciplined first.’ They groaned in pain, bodies weakly fighting against the ropes, without any success.

She slapped at Marianne, raking at vulnerable breast-skin with her nails. All of the bound figures were naked, except for the ropes, their crotches not shielded by chastity belts.

‘I hope you will demonstrate your loyalty with some appropriate punishments. And one of you can take this *thing* away.’ She kicked at Marianne, who was now whimpering and mewling from beneath the metal-framed headgear, her teeth wedged around metal bars, unable to make it move. ‘I think she will make a good object lesson. Her *petite souers* are currently being questioned – I will inform you if they raise any actionable information.’

The vice-president was tormenting Marianne herself now, pinching at welt-marks to cause more pain.

After a pause, chairs screeched against the floor. The sporty woman didn’t even bother with that, instead just jumping onto the table, the head-maid glaring at her, looking annoyed. The bound, half-hung, figures, writhed and struggled, the ropes not yielding, groaning from beneath their hoods.

The others were slower, but no less predatory, keen to show their loyalty. Wet, muted groans started to echo around, as hard fingers probed against injuries, hands slapping against breasts and pussies.

Isabella moved to follow them, as the President stamped on Marianne again. ‘Excellent work. You are an excellent hound, as always. Tonight, you may tend to me in my chambers.’ Behind her, the vice-president scratched even harder at Marianne’s skin, leaving angry red furrows in their skin. ‘I wonder if you sound the same? You always did have the cutest moans.’ Marianne was moaning in agony now, fingers sinking deep into her tits. The President didn’t turn around as she addressed the vice-president. ‘Have your fun with her, but don’t damage her too badly. Then pass her onto someone else.’

‘Yes, President.’ She bit at Marianne’s shoulder, leaving a love-bite on the skin.

The President approached Isabella, wrapping an arm around her waist, and kissing her on the lips, keeping her off-balance. Paisley made a soft growl, Leona knocking a shoulder against her, as they made out, the President groping at Isabella, exchanging a slow and domineering kiss. Isabella managed to break away, her face red, the President squeezing her breasts as Isabella managed to speak.

‘You three... Go help hurt them, have some fun. Then go and put yourselves to bed. I won’t be back...’ She was distracted by a slow, deep kiss on her neck, fingers slipping beneath her blouse. ‘...be back for some time.’

Moans became screams as the torments intensified, the captives unable to move away, or even see what was being done to them. Madison could feel herself stirring, despite the belt locking her away. Maybe she could look in Isabella’s rooms for a key? At least if the others wouldn’t tell on her? She felt her fingers twitch, her inability to seek her own pleasure transferring into a desire to cause pain. At least now she could do that!

Chapter Nineteen: Enforced Tuition

Whimpers came from the darkness, metal clinking as someone pulled on their chains. Madison could smell fear-sweat in the air, as a gagged scream echoed against stone, from somewhere out of sight. Isabella tapped a crop against her palm, the glove absorbing the strike, before flicking it through the air. Her uniform was crisp and immaculate, her collar stark and black around her neck, boots shiny leather in the low light.

‘It’s been a while since I’ve been down here. But it’s time to start making people pay for their poor choices. And making them ready for sale! Which is why Renee is here.’ She gestured at a young woman with a large, old-fashioned looking camera, a chunky flash-bulb poking out the top. ‘She’s from the photography club. They like to have up-to-date pictures of anyone that might be on the way out. And this will be a good opportunity for you to get some practice. All of you.’

She reached out and patted Paisley on the head, making her purr in pleasure.

‘You should be able to deliver punishment as needed. And it’s a lot better to be doing the punishing than to be the one punished!’ She walked across the room, boot heels clicking against the stone floor. Although there wasn’t much light, Madison could see several empty cages, manacles hanging from the ceiling, as well as all sorts of metal implements piled up in crates, all sharp and cruel edges, many of them things Madison couldn’t work out how they should be used.

Isabella stopped next to a raised wooden wedge, coming to a long-edged point. A square wooden bar projected upwards from one end, a rope noose coming out horizontally, rough hemp. Another wooden block came out horizontally about halfway down – both the block and the noose were attached to turnable shafts, that could move them back and forth or tighten the noose.

‘Go and fetch one of the prisoners. Ideally a tough one.’

Madison moved closer – she could see that the wooden wedge-block was stained, sweat and other fluids having left a mark on the wood, seeped in to deeply to clean off. The top wedge looked brutal and cruel – how was it used?

Leona touched her on the shoulder, jerking her from her contemplation, before walking over to the cells. All the captives looked away, pressing themselves back against the walls, not wanting to draw attention to themselves. Most were in their school uniforms, but were now ragged and tattered, with metal cuffs on their wrists, one even in a full hogtie on the floor, their skirt twisted up to reveal a bare backside, buttocks well-marked with lash- and spank-marks.

‘Her?’ Leona pointed at a slight Asian woman, arms bent around into a reverse-prayer, a ring-gag wedging her mouth open. Her skirt was tattered, barely hanging on around her waist, her chastity belt visible beneath it. She shook her head, black hair flicking over her eyes, backing away and grinding herself against the wall.

Seeing their fear sent a thrill of fear through Madison, making her stand up straighter, staring at them. Everyone else backed away as she moved forward, grabbing at their collar-ring. They tried pulling away, but it was easy just to pull backwards with her own weight, pulling the small, slight woman forward. Their feet scuffed against the floor, Leona moving behind them to push them around.

Between the two of them, they were able to get the woman out of the cell, Paisley clanging the cell-door shut and locking it.

The woman saw the device and tensed up, Madison leaning in and kissing them, sliding her tongue into their forced-open mouth. They whimpered, the sound sending another stab of pleasure through Madison, as she groped at their small breasts, their clothing dirty with sweat. She must have been an early captive, kept down here for several days. Their makeup was a mess, dark tear-smears running down their cheeks, their face pale and drawn.

‘This is the choke-horse. It’s a bit more brutal than we need for most people, but it can be useful sometimes. If someone is being stubborn, or just to make a point.’

The flashbulb erupted, sending green-purple images smearing over Madison’s vision for a second.

‘Could you move her so I can get a front picture? Maybe make her cry a little?’

Madison slapped them across the face, before grabbing a nipple and squeezing as hard as she could. Through the ring-gag, she could see their tongue wagging around as they groaned in pain, unable to voice any actual words.

‘Mpphhh!’

Madison twisted their nipple, making them whimper again, tears starting to sparkle in their eyes.

‘That’s good!’

The flashbulb burst again, before Isabella spoke.

‘First, you have to mount the... subject. Let’s get that belt off, so it will work properly.’

Isabella approached with a key, just the sight of it making Madison’s own pussy twitch, wanting to be freed from the confinement. She wanted to touch herself! Or be fucked! Instead, she gave the nipple another squeeze, before stepping aside to let Isabella lean over and remove the belt.

Madison could smell their sweat and lust, the belt getting tossed aside. They were gibbering in fear, eyes wide, flicking about crazily, desperate for escape.

‘Leona, lift her up.’

‘Npphhh! Pleapphh!’

Leona wrapped her arms around them, hoisting them off the floor, Paisley grabbing a leg, as it suddenly kicked out. The two of them managed to get her over the wedge, dropping her onto it.

Their own weight started to torment them, pressing them down onto the wooden wedge, making them tense up in pain. The thought of that, of her own body pressing her onto a sharp-edged length, made Madison tense her thighs.

Madison stepped in, grabbing another ankle and twisting it, pushing it against a thigh, holding it against the wooden block.

‘Good. Hold them there.’

They were wriggling around in place, probably hurting themselves more, as Isabella tied their ankles together with a rope, connected to the noose. Then she untied their arms from the reverse-prayer, instead taking their wrists and tying them behind the vertical bar. Thick patterns were embossed into their skin, a slightly unhealthy-looking color from being bound up for too long, Isabella drawing the noose over their neck.

Their legs wriggled around, their head getting pulled backwards, now joined by the rope, a choking, spluttering sound coming from the woman’s throat.

‘You’ll want to keep your ankles high, unless you like choking.’

Their back was painfully arched, the horizontal wedge pushing into the small of their back, the noose pulling their head back.

‘Madison, twist this.’ She pointed at the lever attached to the wedge. Madison obeyed, twisting it around, hearing it move, the thing pushing forward, making the position even more painful. Their legs kept twitching, but less now, as they tried to avoid choking themselves, their fingers shaking around.

‘We can leave you here for quite some time. In a while, we’ll be asking you some questions, but for now we’re just going to hurt you. And so my *petite souers* can get some practice.’

‘Mphhh!’

Thick strands of spit were oozing from behind the ring-gag, as they tried to shake their head, the rope digging into their throat, their collar not thick enough to protect them.

‘It’s best to be careful, and rougher than I would normally use, but it can be quite effective for tougher people. Or those that think themselves tough, at least. Madison, strip her now.’

Madison moved around in front of them, looking at their sweat-stained skin, grime sticking to their body, blouse already partially open. They looked at her, eyes wide in pain and fear, trying to speak, tongue flapping, but the metal ring behind their teeth made it impossible. Their hips shook, grinding themselves deeper against the wooden wedge, their pussy forced open, the wood rubbing against them as they shook around.

She smiled, reaching out and grabbing their blouse, tearing it apart, buttons falling to the ground as she ripped the material from their body. Beneath, they were wearing a cute bra, white with pink ribbons, Madison hooking a finger between the cups and pulling it away from them. They whimpered again, before Madison twisted and tore at the strap, tearing it, letting the cups fall away to fully reveal their small breasts. It took her a little longer to finish tearing away their blouse, making sure to strip off as much of it as possible.

All she was wearing now was her skirt, the dark pleats hiding their legs. Madison leaned in, savoring their feel, feeling their breath on her face, short, fearful bursts of air. She ran a hand over their body, cupping their small breasts, before tickling down their flat belly, running a finger around their navel, then coming down to their slender waist. She rolled a hand around their body, finding the clasp of the skirt and opening it up.

She yanked it away from their body, leaving them entirely naked as she tossed it aside. They shook and twitched, Madison now able to see their spread and impaled pussy properly.

‘There is another one that has a metal strip along the top, to shock the pussy as well, but I think this is harsh enough for now.’

The victim’s eyes were wide with terror and pain, Madison smiling at them, trying not to lose themselves in their delicious fear.

Isabella tightened the neck-noose a little more, forcing their head to pull backwards, making the back-wedge even more brutally painful. Their hands scrabbled and twisted, unable to break free of the rope – Madison could see their pussy-juice oozing down between their legs, staining the wood even darker, stoking Madison’s own arousal.

‘It also leaves them nice and exposed to whatever other punishments you may want to deliver. Madison, get a whip and use it, on those lovely little tits.’

Madison turned away to look for one, as two leather-gloved hands reached around from behind, squeezing the small mounds, stroking and rubbing. She could feel her own body heating up, warmth and wetness starting to blossom between her thighs – she wanted to be fucked *so bad!* But if she couldn’t do that, then she could at least enjoy herself by hurting others.

She found a coiled-up whip, picking it up and unwrapping it with a single motion. Isabella squeezed them again, before taking up a position behind them, ropes creaking as she slowly tightened the noose, her victim's eyes starting to bulge.

Madison flicked her wrist, pushing the thing forward, the tip smacking against their stomach, leaving a thin red weal. They sobbed in sudden pain, wriggling around and grinding themselves against the wedge. Madison whipped them again, aiming higher this time, leaving a red line across one of their small tits, just above the nipple. Having the handle of the whip in her hand made her feel strong and powerful, able to dominate, despite the belt between her legs.

She tried to alternate where she hit, leaving welts over both breasts, and over their belly. Each hit made them whimper and twist, trying to evade the strikes, but only succeeding in tormenting their pussy. Their eyes were wide and bright, staring at Madison, silently pleading with her to stop this.

Another strike was right on a nipple, making them twitch even more vigorously. There was a liquid sound, and a sudden rank stench, as they pissed themselves, staining the wood even more.

Isabella tightened the neck-noose again – they were now gasping for breath, eyes starting to roll back in their head, skin gleaming with a faint sheen of sweat, glowing for a moment when a flash-bulb burst. 'That happens sometimes. But it's a good reason to punish them further. And why we have drains down here.'

Madison whipped them again, enjoying how the flick made them tense up against the noose, choking themselves further, even as their pussy was spread wide open, their weight all on their crotch.

Isabella loosened it off slightly, allowing them a sudden inhalation of air. They were sagging already, mostly supported only by the restraints. The smell of their pussy-juice, and their piss, was sharp, Madison's grip tightening around the whip, before flicking it forward again, making a small breast shake about.

'Good girl! You're getting it now.' One of Isabella's hands came around their head, pushing forward to block their mouth and nose. They tried to wriggle free, but lacked the strength, the camera flashing again. Madison was careful to aim low, not wanting to hit Isabella or the camera-woman, as she started moving around for another shot.

'This is the pleasure of dominating another. You should be thankful you were assigned to me, not anyone else. Come over here.'

Madison whipped them again, before obeying, approaching close. Isabella's lips and cheeks were flushed, her excitement obvious, and she drew Madison close, kissing her, tongue invading Madison's mouth. Madison felt herself melt, leaning into the kiss, her cunt now drenched, thighs tightening around the crotch-band of her belt. Their breasts pushed together, Isabella reaching down to grope her buttocks, squeezing soft flesh.

'If you're a good girl this term, maybe I'll let you have a little fun.' She started to grind against Madison, slow and gentle, Madison unable to speak, her brain fuzzy with lust. 'But there's punishments to deliver first.' Another kiss, slow and gentle, fingers squeezing at buttocks, Madison barely able to stand, leaning against Isabella for support. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad? If she was allowed to come, and allowed to hurt people?

Epilogue: Promotion and Harvesting

Madison knelt, the stone flagstones rough against her bare knees, arms crossed behind her back, looking up at Isabella. The group around them were hushed in reverent silence, with Paisley and Leona on either side of Isabella, their necks now ringed with spiked collars, the metal nubs bright and shiny. Madison tilted her head back, baring her throat, feeling exposed. Isabella smiled, then patted her on the forehead, before holding up a spiked collar.

‘My *petite souer*, now you are one of us. I expect your full loyalty.’

The leather wrapped around Madison’s neck, bending into place, buckling shut before a padlock clicked shut, locking it into place.

‘You will be my hands, an extension of my will.’

Madison twisted her neck and shoulders, twisting the collar into a more comfortable position, feeling it’s weight, the strangely reassuring toughness solidity of the leather. She bent over, dipping her head and kissing at Isabella’s shoe, leaving a faint mark on the brown leather, then rising up.

‘I will obey.’

‘Good girl. Now stand, and show your obedience.’ She hooked her fingers around the collar-ring, using it to help Madison stand, before twisting her to the side. A X-cross was firmly bolted into place there, the wooden bars holding a naked woman in place, a wooden box locked onto their head. They were wearing nothing but the tattered remnants of the uniform, the fabric mostly torn away, the skin beneath daubed with graffiti – “traitor”, “slut”, “meat”, “cop bitch”. They were tugging on their restraints, cuffs around their wrists and ankles, another band around their waist, bare butt visible through the remnants of their skirt.

Isabella pressed a whip into Madison’s hand, the handle rough, easy to grip, lash uncoiled. Everyone else stood back, making sure there was space to swing it without hitting them by accident. She tightened her grip and smiled, before raising her arm, feeling the length of the thing, how it twitched when she moved.

And then she cracked her wrist, making it flick through the air, hissing as it sliced. It impacted against a shoulder, tearing through a bra strap, leaving a deep red welt on their flesh. She heard their whimper through the head-box, the thing moving around, resting heavily on their shoulders. Madison grinned, enjoying the power, whipping them again, against their back this time, fragments of their red blazer ripping away from their skin and falling to the ground. Even as her pulse raced, she tried to keep in control, wanting to savour the moment as much as possible, feeling the impacts surge back through the whip, up her arm, making her delirious with the suffering she was causing.

A strike against their buttocks sliced at the waist-band of their skirt, the material falling away, revealing bare buttocks, “anal slut” written with thick, black writing across them. She reddened them, every impact making them squeal, loud enough to be heard through the wood locked around their head. More attacks against the backs of their thighs made them squirm and twist, arms tugging at restraints, the chains too short to let them do more than uselessly twist.

It took a touch from Isabella to shake her from her sadistic trance, the woman touching her on the shoulder, and then pulling her close, kissing her on the lips, tongue sliding into her mouth, wet and warm.

‘Mmpphhh...’ She melted against Isabella, arms going limp, dropping the whip, their breasts pushing together, letting herself fade against them, her pussy ever more desperate for contact, still sealed behind metal.

‘Good. I wouldn’t have thought you would enjoy such things, but it makes you useful.’

Madison had to fight to focus herself as Isabella withdrew, barely able to think, wanting more touches, more kisses. And now she had to fight to remember that she wanted cock! Or at least a strap-on!

Isabella gave her another kiss, this one swift, before turning around, presenting Madison to everyone else – several dozen of the cop-students, the remnant that hadn’t been purged, looking back at her.

‘Madison is now one of us. She is my *petite souer*, and will be treated as such.’ She stroked a hand down Madison’s back then patted her butt, making her shiver. ‘Today is a harvest day. For many of you, this will be your first – this is when all students are gathered up, so that their progress and status can be judged. The red-collars have their progress sent to their owners, those with white tags are graded and their prices set. Collection orders have been set for some students – Paisley, Leona, you’re leading groups to grab them.’ She pointed at body-length metal boxes, laid out on the floor, some of them open to reveal padding, and open cuffs welded into the corners. ‘Drag them here, box them up and they can be shipped out. Try and be more gentle with the red-collars, as their owners prefer them undamaged.’

They answered in unison. ‘Yes, *grande souer* Isabella.’ Each of them was stood in front of five other students, having been given their own squads to command.

‘If anyone gives you shit, you have authorisation to be forceful. It’s time to make our presence known – don’t feel like you need to be gentle. Madison, you’re with me. Take a prod, it’s easier to use in close confines than a whip.’ She gestured at a rack on the wall, festooned with prods, paddles, electric prods and other weapons. ‘The maids are sweeping in behind as follow-up, to do any clean-up, but they’ll help if you need more bodies. Don’t underestimate them because of the outfits – they spend all day working, a lot of them are stronger than they look. Try to avoid breaking any furniture though! Ally has loaned us some of her girls as well – make sure they don’t get too rowdy, or start anything with the maids.’

As she spoke, she was lightly running a hand up and down Madison’s back, before reaching beneath her skirt and squeezing one of her buttocks, sending a thrill of pleasure through Madison. If she was good, would she be able to go back to the President’s tower and have sex with a man again? Or at least have the belt removed so that she could touch herself? Although it was nice to be stood so close to Isabella, shoulder-to-shoulder with them, feeling protected by their presence.

‘If you encounter resistance, go hard – this is a show of strength. Anyone gives you shit, rough them up, drag any leaders away for “questioning”. I’ll be showing you a few techniques as well, so even if everyone is polite, then drag back a few anyway. I’m in the mood for a blonde today, maybe short and busty?’

Madison tried to stand up and straight.

‘Everyone know what to do? Paisley, you’re taking the main dorms, bottom first and working up, Leona, you start at the top, meet in the middle. I’ll be working through the old house. It’s a bit of a warren, so we’ll need to stick together or we might be overwhelmed.’

Everyone ready?’ She raised a hand, the leather of her glove catching the light, before she made it into a fist. ‘We are the discipline committee, the fist of the council! Anyone that opposes us will be crushed!’

The others cheered, shaking their fists in response, before slipping on gloves themselves, gearing up for combat. Isabella squeezed Madison’s ass again, before pulling out another pair of gloves.

‘For you. You’re one of us now. I’ve seen your face – you’re going to be good at punishing others. And if you’re a good girl, you might be allowed to become a cocksleeve again. Would you like that?’

She stared into Madison’s eyes, fingers squeezing and twisting tightly into Madison’s ass. The thought of a cock pounding into her, cum spurting and filling her, the scent, the feeling... Madison’s knees shook and wavered, her desire overflowing. ‘There’s a good market for women like that. You’d like to have some little sluts at your command, wouldn’t you, while being fucked by your master? Do well, and I’ll put in some recommendations. And someone will have to lead if I’m sold off. You might be a good apprentice. Now go get a prod, and let’s go. I want to hear some screams.’

She shoved her hand against Madison’s backside, pushing her towards the weapon-rack, before moving over towards the other groups, encouraging them, stirring them up. Madison felt her heart start to race as she pulled the gloves on, the leather crackling slightly, still fresh and new, then took a prod, the grip heavy and secure. She could already imagine the screams and groans, squealing victims, pleading for mercy! Hopefully someone would resist, and then maybe they could be dragged back here, tied down and “questioned”?

Leona’s squad was the first to leave, walking outside, a group of maids already waiting there, looking meaner and less fluffy than usual, several carrying mops without buckets – were they armed for combat? Even with their mouths covered by fabric masks, they weren’t exactly stormtroopers, but as Leona marched off, they took up formation behind them, mops and brushes poking outwards.

Madison rounded up her own team, checking their equipment was all in order, delivering a swift, eye-watering slap to one student that hadn’t equipped themselves fully.

‘Quick, fast, hard. Let’s go!’

They set off at a trot, Madison’s hand tightening around the grip of her prod, ready and willing to hurt anyone that got in her way...

THE END

About the Author and Artist

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking. Her writing can be found at www.deviantart.com/mduvant.

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink, and their works can be seen at www.deviantart.com/0formant0. If you want to see more of the adventures of Tiffany, as she is trained into a ponygirl, you can find them in his artbooks, available here: [Formant \(gumroad.com\)](http://Formant.gumroad.com)

Connect with the Writer and the Artist

This is my first “short”, rather than a full smut novella, I hope you enjoyed it! If you want more, then you can find me on Smashwords at

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/MelissaDuVant>

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Digital Slave Preview Chapter: A New Life Starts

Present Day

The pressure on her shoulders was intense, wrists cuffed together behind her back, a chain running to the ceiling and pulling them up. This forced her into a painful strappado position, unable to properly stand without wrenching her shoulders out of position. Her mouth was full, a large sphere of black rubber strapped between her lips, slow trickles of spittle flowing over her red-painted lips, down her chin. Around her neck was a collar, a chunky band of bright metal, chunky metal bracelets of the same material on her wrists. Ever since she had started wearing it, she had become intimately familiar with the devices it contained – at the moment it was as loose as it got, although it could tighten without notice to choke her, or shock her.

She had lost track of how long she'd been held in this position – the apartment had no clocks, and the windows were blacked out, the time of day impossible to tell. Her slender body, something that she had always been proud of, even used to draw attention to herself, was dressed in a silk blouse and black pencil skirt. In the pale glow of emergency lighting, the fringe of a lacey bra could be seen beneath the blouse, her skirt short enough to show the patterns on her stockings around her thighs. If it wasn't for the collar, gag, and position, she could have been any office worker.

She whimpered, trying to shift, find some element of comfort. How long had it been since she had been here? Days, weeks, months? She was kept here, every element of her life controlled, only allowed out in what the owner permitted. She had nothing of her own, everything she had, everything she had become, was what the owner desired.

But she had never seen the owner, her owner. She had been shaped and moulded, without ever even being touched by him. She twisted in her bonds, thoughts of her previous life bubbling upwards. She had had a name then. Been able to go out. Had control of herself, been able to choose her own clothing. What had her name been? Her twisting strengthened as she twisted, the chain softly clinking.

Her collar beeped, and she froze in fear. It tightened, not even to choke her, but a warning. Was her owner watching? She knew there must be cameras, watching her, knowing when she was bad or good. But he couldn't read her mind, could he? The AC whirred into life, cold air beating down on her, her clothing doing little to protect her. The memories died within her as the cold air blew, until her stirring stopped.

The thing between her legs briefly stirred into life, an empty promise of warmth. Not long enough to give her any relief or pleasure, simply a reminder that she lacked even the control to pleasure herself. She shuffled awkwardly, stilettos clicking on the floor. If she was good, if she managed to maintain this position for long enough, maybe she would be allowed to sleep on the floor, rather than restrained. Maybe she would be allowed out – her clothing chosen for her, her mouth sealed behind a gag, but outside, where she could pretend to be a person.

The pressure in the air changed, the AC shutting down. The door, path to the outside world, always locked to her, clicked open, light spilling in. She was bound facing away from the door, unable to see who was standing there. Was it the owner? Or someone else? She didn't dare

twist to see, in case she was punished for it. The shadow moved closer, footsteps seemingly as loud as thunder. A hand reached out, slapping her ass in a possessive way, and she couldn't restrain herself from squeaking. Had her owner finally come to claim her, or was this someone else to service? Either way, she had to please them. She parted her legs slightly, hoping they would find her pleasing.

Days, Weeks or Months ago...

Sophia's heart sank, blood turning cold. She pressed refresh, in the desperate hope that things would be different. They couldn't have dropped that fast. The screen reloaded – everything was in the red. *Deep* into the red. Could she move money from anywhere else? No, everywhere was tapped out. Everything had been riding on this. But how could everything have dropped like that? The market shouldn't move like that, something should have gone up. She refreshed again. It was even worse. She'd bet her apartment on this, everything she owned!

She felt a presence, before a hand touched her shoulder, nails pressing against her flesh through her thin blouse. 'Go home for the rest of the week, Sophia. We'll talk about this soon.' The woman squeezed her shoulder, red-painted nails digging in harder, just for a moment. Then she turned and left, heels clicking against the trading room floor.

Sophia glanced around, seeing rumours already spreading amongst her colleagues, looking at her with pity or contempt. She ignored the sting of pride, trying to look calm and collected, picking up her handbag and left the office.

She went to get drunk. A fancy bar, piano playing, no shortage of people willing to buy drinks for her – even without getting changed, her silk blouse, unbuttoned to show the edge of her bra beneath, tight pencil-skirt short enough that the tops of her stockings flashed into view as she walked, or crossed her legs were enticement enough. She might have lost big today, lost everything she owned, but all she needed was some seed money to get started again.

Who could she hit up for a loan? Stephen was normally a sucker, especially if she wore something tight and black. And he wasn't even pushy enough to demand sex, just a quick handjob was normally enough. Although he was out of town, having taken a new job in Hong Kong. Maybe Ken? Although his latest wife was a pushy bitch. Another drink appeared, the spirits burning into her stomach, her thoughts turning into alcohol-infused mush as night fell.

She awoke, in sunlight. Crisp sheets wrinkled beneath her hands, discreet buzz of a phone alarm vibrating nearby. Where was she? She blinked sleep from her eyes and looked around – not a place she recognised, but it oozed wealth. Sunlight streamed in from full-height windows, showing views over a park. The bed was massive, what looked to be a walk-in wardrobe opposite, floor-length mirrors, grey and chrome drawers and cupboards. And she was naked. Well, if it was whoever owned this place, then she had done well – she rolled over, finding the bed empty. She didn't feel satisfied, so they must have been too drunk to have sex.

The rest of the apartment was small, but the view outside the window showed that it was right in the heart of the city, worth several million, at the least. The whole place shared the same chrome-and-steel colouring, probably designed by some tech-bro nerd, everything electronically controlled, both austere and massively expensive. A screen blinked on, displaying a message.

Had to go to work, but last night was great. This place was my ex's, feel free to crash here. She was about the same size as you, use her clothes if you want.

Well, this seemed to be quite fortunate. She had no recollection of who the mysterious owner was, but they were clearly wealthy, which was what she needed right now. Everything

was chrome and metal, custom-fitted and expensive. Near the entrance was a strange piece of modern art, dangling from a chain on the ceiling— a roughly female shape of solid black plastic, a head, the swell of breasts and curve of hips, a hole for a mouth and another between the legs, edges stained slightly. She'd always preferred more classical art and sculpture but having such a thing on casual display showed vast wealth. She looked at more closely – there was a tiny hairline crack around the edge, the thing cast in two halves. She gave it a gentle shove, setting it swinging. Something tickled the edge of her hearing; was that a moan? She must have imagined it, an apartment like this would be fully sound-proofed.

She returned to the walk-in wardrobe, the door sliding open with an electronic beep. Inside was a carousel device filled with clothing, so only a single outfit was accessible at any given time, like a giant vending machine. More sealed lockers lined the walls, all currently shut. The current outfit was very much in line with her own preferences - sleek and sexy office-wear, a skirt, tight and black and short, a silk blouse, along with a lace thong and bra. One of the lockers popped open, revealing a pair of very high heels and some stockings. The ex must have been about the same size as her, conveniently. Before dressing she had a shower, luxuriating in the steaming hot water, rubbing herself down, feeling the fug of last night retreating under the steam and heat.

When she was done, she applied her makeup – this ex had similar coloration as well; the owner must have a distinct 'type'. Well, that would make him easier to butter up for some money. With her lips tinted red, mascara around her eyes, hair pulled back into a ponytail, she felt decidedly more in control, more like herself, especially when she dressed as well. She admired herself in the mirror, blowing herself a kiss.

Another message blinked onto the screen in the main room, accompanied by a faint chiming noise.

You lost your phone last night, here's a replacement. I loaded my number onto it.

A drawer opened with a pneumatic pop. Inside was a smartphone, sleek, black and unbranded, the sort of prestigious item normally seen in the hands of millionaires. She pressed her thumb against it, as it unlocked for her - even the programming was something she didn't recognize, although most of the functionality appeared to be locked. There was only one number listed: 'Owner', with no other details listed.

Well, he had been so nice, he deserved a treat, and something to keep him keen and friendly. She found the camera function and posed for a selfie, tweaking her blouse to make sure it showed her cleavage, making a seductive face.

Thanks for last night "owner", you were great. See you soon!

She took several pictures, making sure to find the best one before hitting 'send'. Then she explored the rest of the apartment. It was small, little more than the bathroom, a kitchen-diner, and a box room, with the colossal bedroom and walk-in wardrobe taking the largest amount of space. This close to the center though, it must have cost a fortune – she took her new phone out and tried to access the internet, to look up the value, but couldn't find any way to access it.

All the draws in the kitchen had an RFID scanner, remaining stubbornly locked, surfaces too smooth to pull open. Denied there, she went to the wardrobe – it would have been a decent-sized room by itself, but the carousel device took most of the space, leaving only a small space to get changed. She rotated through the other outfits – beyond a variety of office-wear and gorgeous (and expensive!) evening gowns, there was a variety of more 'special' outfits - a latex nurse's outfit, several skin-tight catsuits, a schoolgirl outfit, a shiny nun's habit with holes at the crotch... Well, those wouldn't be getting used, at least not on her. She liked to be in charge,

not the one being dominated. She smiled at past memories – keeping someone on the edge, just shy of climax, could be a powerful incentive when negotiating. Although she hated the feel, taste and scent of cum, so always tried to slip a condom on first.

Her stomach rumbled – she hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday. She went to the front door, running her hand against the card reader – there was no handle, nothing to force it open. When she tapped it, a prompt appeared; “Present Owner authentication”. Without that, it wouldn't open.

Another bell chimed, message appearing. *Nice pic, you're a doll. Have some food.*

A drawer popped open, revealing a bowl full of powder. She grimaced. *Of course* a techbro would be into food-substitute powder. She gave it a sniff. Flavourless food substitute, to boot. Enough of that, and even the taste of cum would be a welcome change. She turned to the tap, trying to figure out how to turn it on – there was nothing to twist or turn. She waved the bowl beneath the tap, water rushing out. Just enough to turn the powder into a paste, nutritional enough to keep her alive, but bland and tasteless. She'd have to convince him to take her out somewhere proper, or this relationship wouldn't last long. She ate the paste, then put the bowl back into the drawer which slid shut and locked itself.

Unable to leave, she explored the apartment – everything was sealed away, the place spartan and barren, no pictures or any other touches of life. In the bathroom were fresh toiletries, a sealed toothbrush and paste, the cabinet locking shut once she had cleaned her teeth. There was a TV in each room, but no remote control, nor any buttons on the units themselves.

She bent over to look under the bed, finding what she expected – a large box, filled with more ‘toys’, those for obviously female use. She pulled it out, having to strain to shift the weight; if she was stuck here while some dickless techbro was spending his time hacking code, she may as well enjoy herself. The ex must have been feeling frustrated, if the amount of stuff present was any indication, and most of it still unopened.

At the bottom of the box, and the reason it was so heavy, was a heavy block, a vibrating pad at the top – a sybian. She'd seen one used at a party before, an unwilling escort made to mount it only when threatened with being stripped and forcibly ejected onto the streets. From the sounds the girl had made, it had been quite intense, although that might just have been to try and please whoever had hired her or hoping to get them to let her go.

She managed to find a plug socket (even that was behind a metal panel, although at least it was open rather than locked) and plugged it in. This one looked pretty heavy-duty, with straps to ensure the occupant didn't fall off, the controls on the front of the box where they would be hard to access when in use. She straddled it, then took another picture.

Think I should go for a ride?

It didn't take long until there was a response.

Strap yourself in, it's a hell of a thing!

She squirted lube over the dildo, shimmying her thong off, playing with herself to get herself ready. This was how she wanted to live, surrounded by luxury, although with rather more control herself. She played with herself, loosening herself up, then slowly eased herself onto the prong. The thing was cold inside her, although was a comfortable size, satisfyingly solid. She strapped the bands around her thighs, then reached forward, fumbling along the front of the device for the ‘on’ switch.

It buzzed to life. She immediately grabbed her phone, trying to concentrate through the vibrations and stimulation, pressure swiftly building inside of her. This selfie wouldn't be very

well focused, but... Her thoughts went white as the vibrations rumbled through her, bringing her to a peak. If it hadn't been for the straps, she would have fallen off already.

The phone fell from her hand as she was shoved into another orgasm, hands covering her mouth as she tried not to yell. She came again, the buzzing seeming louder. Oh god, was it getting faster? A cry tore itself from her lips, audible even through her hands, and then she sagged forward as the buzzing slowed slightly. Her hands scrabbled over the front of the panel, fumbling for the controls.

It started to vibrate again, her nails scraping against knobs and dials, flicking a switch and the thing powering down. It took her a long moment to collect herself, head swimming as she slowly pulled herself off it, the dildo now slick with her juices. She could understand now why that escort had started to beg after the sixth orgasm had been ripped from her, the onlookers only turning it up higher and laughing.

She climbed off, needing to collect herself. That thing was powerful! Her pussy was drenched, thighs moist with her own juices, as she wiped herself down on the bedsheets. She didn't have any other clothing, and the device in the closet seemed to have jammed, leaving her reeking of sex as she put the thong back on, taking a moment to rearrange her own clothing as the message bell chimed again.

Nice look, doll, suits you. Wonder how long you can go for if it wasn't turned off? Called in a favour, got you a job. Close by, phone will tell you the way.

It had fallen against the wall, fortunately undamaged. A map had appeared, showing her current location, a destination not far away. Who was this guy? The place shown was an office building, filled with super-expensive lawyers and consultants. For a one-night stand she couldn't even remember, he was very generous. Even when drunk, she wouldn't have been picked someone ugly so he must be a looker, and wealthy as well.

The bathroom door had sealed itself, so she couldn't shower again. The door to outside opened, allowing her to leave, hissing shut as soon as she passed through.