

Chapter 1: Moving In

'Ah, right on time, very good! Promptness is so rare these days!' A woman approached Thomas, smiling widely, an attractive housewife dress coming to just above her knees, a wide leather belt tight around her waist. She looked every inch the perfect 50's housewife, complete with delicate gloves on her hands! 'I'm Mrs. Greene – unfortunately Doctor Halmet has other business, but I can do everything required and show you around. I'm the head of the beautification committee, making sure that the neighborhood retains its unique character. Please, come in.'

Thomas stepped into the building – from the sun into deep shadow, struggling to see anything except the woman, as she curtsied at him with a smile, teeth bright white, blonde hair clean and shiny. A metal ring was around her neck, a small ring dangling from it – just like an animal's collar, easy to attach to something else.

'Thomas Bedford, I believe? We've finished the modification requested, and your new home is ready for you. There's just a few things you need to choose, but everything is ready and prepared for you to move in.' She strode away, pulling curtains open, light streaming into the room – a large living room, one wall dominated by a large TV screen, empty of furniture.

'I've heard a lot about this place, but it was quite hard to get in.'

'Oh yes – we're very exclusive. Can't have just anyone living here, can we? We need to screen for the right sort of people, those with the correct personalities. And your wife required even more extensive vetting and a few modifications. But I'm happy to report that she has managed to achieve the required standards and is now happy to be here.'

Mrs. Greene's kitten heels sank a little into the plush carpets, as she swept around the room, opening more curtains. Every surface was fresh and clean and sparkling, a mirror above the mantelpiece reflecting everything, hooks on the ceiling ready to attach things to.

'Once you're moved in, then you can change the decorations if you desire – but please do check with me for anything external. It would be a shame if there were to be any disputes about what is within acceptable boundaries – much easier to settle things before work is done! Now, come this way, as there are a few selections to make still.'

A wide doorway led from the living room into a dining room, although without a dining table yet. Mrs. Greene snapped her fingers, the sound loud against the mostly-bare walls, and another woman stepped into sight. This one was a redhead, vividly bright curls twisting against a black cocktail dress, contrasting with soft, white skin. A thick leather collar was around her neck, forcing her to keep her head upright, her curtsy somewhat stiff.

'This is my Tania – she helps with training, and has been putting the finishing touches onto Mrs. Bedford. A little spirited, but regular whippings keep her in line. But first off, you are entitled to choose a live-in maid. There are currently three to choose from. Tania, if you would fetch them.'

The redhead nodded, reaching out of sight and then pulling on a rope. This dragged first one, then two, then three young women into view. All were naked except for heavy metal collars, cuffs, and chastity belts, along with stiletto heels. Metal rings were in their mouths, rubber plugs screwed into place to keep them silent.

Thomas looked at them, all three of them keeping their faces downcast. Even without makeup, all of them were attractive, bodies soft and appealing, easy to grope and squeeze.

'Whichever you can choose, you can dress as you wish – or keep them naked, to remind them of their place. Please, touch them, so you know what they're like.'

Thomas smiled and walked towards the first – a tall, slender brunette, with small breasts. He stroked her body, feeling her shiver from the touch, a little gasp from behind her gag. A nametag dangled from the collar – "Abigail".

'So she'll be helping my wife around the house?'

'Of course. Cooking, cleaning, all the gardening work, anything that is required. All of them will be completely obedient – at least if they know what's good for them. Should they be disobedient, then you can discipline them as you see fit. Although we do have some noise rules, so please try to avoid punishing them outside after 7 PM. The basement is fully sound-proof, if you wish some rough play.'

He stroked Abigail's body again, enjoying the feeling of her soft flesh, starting to warm up from the light stimulation, then tapping the chastity belt, making her shudder.

'They are not permitted release during training – Abigail was particularly stubborn, so hasn't experienced pleasure for two months. That could be a nice housewarming, perhaps? Although she was a bit of a screamer, so it might be wise to keep her gagged – or at least warn the neighbors first.'

He moved onto the next – shorter, with larger breasts and a natural hourglass figure, his hand following the flowing lines of her body. Thick, black curls cascaded from her head, all the way down to her hips. She wasn't as lean as Abigail, a little band of soft pudginess around her waist. When he squeezed that, she gasped, a blush coming over her face.

'Evelyn? Hmm, you might do.' He reached around, slapping her butt, enjoying the feeling of impact against the soft mound, her muscles tight beneath. Another spank, and then he moved onto the third.

This one was darker-skinned, sleek and straight black hair coming to just below her shoulders. She glanced up, just for a second, meeting his eyes, before glancing away. She stood with her legs slightly parted, a slight sheen on her inner thighs – when Thomas tapped the chastity belt, she audibly gasped, her nipples already hard.

'Maria is especially sensitive. She used to be rebellious, but a few sessions in one of Doctor Halmet's special training rooms cured that. She is now very polite and obedient. There have been a few requests for her, but you have first choice.'

Thomas stroked a nipple, feeling the warmth of it, moving his other hand down the woman's belly. She was nice and firm and toned, her body soft and warm beneath his touch, as he pulled on her to make her turn around.

At the base of her spine, just above her buttocks, was a small mark, a little icon of a mouth. Above it was a hand.

'Those show her talents. Maria is skilled with both her mouth and her hands. Tania, show her your marks.'

The redhead turned around – her dress was backless, and there was a whole line of symbols up her spine, as well as some painful-looking whip-welts, red and raw.

'She is good at entertaining guests, and I sometimes permit her to assist me in disciplining troublemakers.'

Thomas ground himself against Maria, feeling himself harden, cupping her breasts. She was just the right height to press himself against, his body falling against hers.

‘You may try her, if you like.’ Mrs. Greene released the neck-robe from Maria’s collar. ‘Maria, on your knees.’

A moment of hesitation, and then Maria obeyed, dropping to her knees and then shuffling around, her head now on level with his crotch. She looked up at him and he nodded, granting her permission to continue. She opened up his trousers, hands delicate and warm against his cock, stroking him to full hardness, as he reached out and pulled the plug from her gag. A short chain attached it to the gag, letting it dangle there, turning her mouth into a soft, wet fuck-hole. Her tongue stretched out, sliding over the underside of his cock, from the base to the tip, before flicking over his cock-head.

She was looking up at him now, eyes soft and brown, without a hint of rebellion. Mrs. Greene smiled at him.

‘All the girls are extensively trained. If they do well, some even manage to earn advancement – Tania used to be nothing but a silly little toy slut, and now I even allow her to speak sometimes! There’s even been an offer to take her as a wife, but she’s far too valuable to me. Perhaps in a few years.’

It was hard to respond with the tongue teasing him, hands stroking against his balls. She took the tip into her mouth, swirling her tongue around, the ring-gag making it impossible for her to tighten her lips around it. Thomas rested his hand on her head, her hair nice and soft, letting her set the pace.

She started to thrust her head back and forth, taking more of his length into her mouth, until he felt himself bump against the top of her throat. Her eyes kept staring up at him, as he started to thrust his hips in time with her movements, her tongue wrapping around him. His hand tightened, before he shot his load, filling her mouth with cum.

Disengagement was delightfully slow, her head slowly withdrawing, sucking off her own dribble, kissing him clean. She turned her head upwards, showing the mixture of spit and cum in her mouth.

‘You can swallow.’

She obeyed, the mixture vanishing as she swallowed it down.

‘Hmmm, I think I’ll take this one. At least for a while, see how she does.’

‘An excellent choice, Mr Bedford. She’s certain to be dedicated and obedient – if she doesn’t, you may discipline her as you see fit. She is particularly sensitive to being whipped across the back or on her feet. A few strikes there, and she’ll repent of any errors, I’m sure.’

He pushed the gag-plug into place, sealing her mouth away, before she dropped onto all fours, rubbing her head against his legs, just like an affectionate pet.

‘She certainly seems eager.’

‘A side-effect of the Doctor’s training – the subjects protest at first, but they always come out perfectly sweet and obedient when it’s completed. The house does have a kennel, if you want to keep her there, or you can be generous and keep her in the house. The pantry is large enough for a cage. I don’t like to keep them in the bedroom – Tania has one cage in the front room, so she can be used by guests, and another in the kitchen, for when I want to keep her quiet..’

Maria nuzzled him again, placing her hands behind her back, Mrs. Greene clipping the wrist-cuffs together. ‘Tania, return the others to the medical facility. Perhaps another resident will want them, but until then, they can be trained.’

The redhead curtsied, before shooting a flirtatious glance at Thomas, twisting her hips and shoulders to make her dress cling tightly to her body, licking her lips. Then she pulled on the rope, starting to move the other two women away.

‘Why don’t we secure her in the pantry, and then I can show you around the rest of the house. And I’m sure you’ll want to see your wife again – it must have been frustrating being without her for the last two months! But she’s been very receptive to all of the training. Bring Maria this way.’

The ring on Maria’s collar made it easy to pull her to her feet and then drag her forward, the woman graceful enough to not stagger around, Thomas following Mrs. Greene into a large kitchen. A marble-topped island was next to a massive fridge-freezer and a large oven, everything all set up and ready to use.

‘Maria is quite skilled at cooking, although she does like spicy food. You may need to make sure that she tones it down, unless you share her tastes.’

Another door led to a pantry – empty shelves on the wall, waiting to be filled with food. Hooks on one wall could be used for coats, but Thomas pulled Maria in, pushing her upwards and putting her collar-ring over a hook. This forced her onto her toes, her butt deliciously tight, unable to get herself high enough to move away.

‘Very good! Yes, that’s just the sort of treatment that Maria needs to keep her in line. She’s a little high-spirited, and gets carried away sometimes. You should be quite rough with her, make sure that she knows her place.’

Thomas spanked her, hard enough to leave red handprints on her tanned buttocks, making her gasp and twitch. Her bound wrists tensed up against the restraints, fingers wriggling, unable to break free. Another spank, her moan louder, the sound echoing off the bare walls of the small room.

‘Could you show me the rest, then? I saw the plans and pictures, but that’s quite different from experiencing it for real.’

‘Of course. Follow me.’

Thomas spanked Maria again, savoring the impact, before leaving her there, up on her toes, straining to stay in place.

The downstairs was all large, open rooms – especially without furniture. But it was easy to imagine where things would go – the couches could go here, table here, he could make a den there. Mrs. Greene then led him upstairs, walking ahead of him, letting him see her slender, stocking-clad legs beneath her dress.

‘Sally took a little persuading, but she is now trained to an acceptable standard. She was excellent material – you were smart to choose a woman like her as a wife. I think the two of you are going to be a good fit here.’

Upstairs was a wide hallway, doors coming off it, a window overlooking the street outside. A young woman, wearing tight, black hotpants and a matching top, walked by with a brisk stride, pulling a naked woman behind her by a leash. Mrs. Greene made a sound of annoyance.

‘Hmph. Young Clea – she has no owner, and she is free to flaunt herself like that. Something of an eyesore, but unfortunately not one that I have any power to resolve. But I’m sure you want to see the rest of the rooms? There’s two bedrooms here, a nice large bathroom, a box room or study this way.’

Thomas looked into each of the rooms – all empty and white at the moment, but more than enough space for everything.

‘And lastly, of course, the master bedroom.’

An even larger room, with mirrored closet-doors, the windows overlooking the back garden. Even a double bed would go in with plenty of room to spare! And there were sturdy hooks on the ceiling, nice and convenient for keeping someone restrained.

‘It will look better with furnishings, but I trust everything is to your satisfaction?’

‘There should be one more thing?’

‘Mrs. Sally Bedford? Of course, she has been trained – she was most receptive to the training, I’m sure the Doctor will provide a full report. She is waiting in the en-suite, through here.’ She approached part of the wall, a barely-perceptible straight crack, pushing on it to reveal a bathroom, everything white and shiny. Naked pink flesh stood out from the white tile, a naked young woman stood there, arms held above her head by wrist-cuffs looped over a ceiling hook, a blindfold covering her eyes.

Laid out on a cabinet was a chastity belt, a collar and a neatly-folded dress and accessories. He picked up the belt, feeling the weight of it, looking at the twin dildos inside – one for each hole, both already lubed up. It had a surprising heft, the metal thin enough that it could be worn beneath clothing without being obvious, but tough enough that it wouldn’t be easy to remove.

‘I feel that yourself and Mrs. Bedford will fit in well here. She adjusted well, at least after a few sessions in the training chambers – I’m sure the Doctor will show you the videos if you wish.’

He approached his wife, enjoying the little wriggle she made, showing she could hear. When he touched the metal of the belt against her, she shivered, trying to draw back, but there was no slack in the chain, forcing her to stay in place.

‘It looks like you’ve adjusted well.’ He moved the belt down, before pushing it through her legs, and then starting to pull it upwards. She gasped as one of the dildos pushed against her asshole, relaxing to help him ease it in, her body swallowing it up. The one for her pussy was even easier, sliding into a well-lubricated pussy. The waistband was just the right size to lock around her waist, the lock clicking tightly closed.

‘Your wife is certainly refined and elegant. Quite a difference from a piece like Maria!’

He leaned in, kissing his wife on the lips, enjoying the enthusiasm with which she returned the kiss, pushing her head forward. His fingers stroked over her body – he still remembered every curve, and where she was most sensitive. Just a few strokes and her nipples were tight and erect, a flush covering her face and chest.

Thomas reached up, pulling her cuffed wrists over the hook so that she fell against him, enjoying the soft weight of her body, squeezing one of her buttocks.

‘It looks like two of your holes are sealed, but there’s another you can still use.’ He squeezed each of her breasts, before pushing her to her knees on the floor. Her cuffed wrists reached up to his trousers, opening them up, massaging his half-hard cock before she started to use her mouth.

There was an unexpected hardness there – her tongue was skilled and quick, but he drew back, watching as her tongue poked out, licking at his cock-head.

‘I believe you requested some modifications? The gentleman’s pleasure, I think that’s called. My own husband hasn’t ordered it done to me yet.’

There were two studs through her tongue, adding extra pleasure and stimulation to the licking, as she dipped her head forward, kissing the underside of his cock, her tongue stirring up his excitement.

'I will leave you to enjoy your new house – and the training of your wife. Please remember to collar her before letting her outside, it would be a shame if she were to get in trouble after such little time here. And please ensure that she is appropriately dressed as well, there are standards to uphold!'

The licking, sucking sensations got stronger, her mouth tight and wet around his cock – it seemed that she hadn't forgotten anywhere that he was sensitive either! He barely noticed as Mrs. Greene let herself out, taking a tight grip on his wife's head, pulling her in, tight and close against himself, forcing her to deepthroat his cock, enjoying the hardness of the piercings against his body.

Chapter 2: Meeting the Neighbors

'Well, I think that's the last of the furniture. There's probably going to be a bit of rearrangement, but it will do for now.' Thomas looked around the lounge – with all the furniture in, the room wasn't as large-looking, but it was a lot nicer, as a space! He wrapped his arms around his wife, pulling her into a tight hug. She pushed herself against him, close enough that he could feel the hardness of the chastity belt around her crotch, her futile attempt to grind against his leg.

'You've done a good job with it all.'

Sally's warmth through her dress was slightly distracting, along with the softness of her body, her breasts squashing up against him. She flushed at the praise, before running a finger along the metal collar-band securely locked around her neck, skin a little red beneath it, body still adjusting.

'Thank you! It was easier than I expected. Maria helped as well – she's been very obedient. I think she deserves a little treat, maybe a few sweets or something? The food she's allowed looks awfully bland. I even tried a little, and it has barely any flavor or taste! No wonder she always looks so drained. I think a few treats would help encourage her good behavior. Oh, we've been invited to see Mr. and Mrs. Greene as well.'

'It would be good to see the neighborhood a little, I suppose. And it is a lovely afternoon! We could take Maria as well, show her off.'

Sally rose up on her toes, and they kissed, Thomas enjoying the feeling of his wife's body. She'd certainly been a lot more attentive recently, soft and warm, but without begging to have her belt released. Being able to use the dildos on the inside of it to tease her was entertaining as well – watching her order Maria around, before suddenly blushing, vivid and red, eyes going vacant until he flicked it off again.

'I'll go and get Maria ready, she'll need her muzzle. And you can choose if you want a gag or anything for me.'

She stepped away, and he slapped her ass before she was out of reach, enjoying the yelping gasp. Sally twisted her hips, making her dress sway, her heels sinking into the soft carpet. The green sundress she was wearing looked good against her pale skin, pulling attention to her slender waist and the sway of her hips.

Should he gag her? They hadn't been here long, and he'd seen a few women walk by outside – the distinctions were mostly obvious, between wives and others. The wives were tidy and elegant, in dresses and gloves, metal bands around their necks, sometimes being led by their

husbands. The helpers and assistants were more scantily-dressed or naked, mouths sealed with gags or muzzles, often with their wrists shackled to their waists or with hobble-chains limiting their steps. And then there was that one woman in her tight shorts and top, neck bare, sometimes with a few other women of the same age. She seemed to be something of an outlier, not owned by anyone.

Perhaps a bitgag for Sally? Something that wasn't too rough, and wouldn't make her dribble too much. Maria could be more securely gagged, just in case she tried to protest. She wore a ring-gag most of the time, so maybe a muzzle would be a nice change for her? There were a few pet-sluts around, he'd seen them being taken for walks in the early morning, before the sun got too bright for their leathers, crawling around on all fours.

It wasn't long before Sally returned, pulling Maria behind her on a leash. She was wearing an apron, short enough that her own chastity belt was visible beneath it, her wrists shackled to a leather band around her waist, ankles connected by another short chain. In contrast to the metal band around Sally's neck, Maria's collar was a three-inch high metal band, keeping her head high.

'Good girl. Open wide.'

Sally obeyed, letting him strap the bit between her teeth, biting into the leather padding as he swept her hair aside to buckle it into place.

'You look good – you'll meet all the regulations, I think.' He couldn't resist squeezing her ass, enjoying the plump softness of her body, contrasting with the hard metal band of the belt between her buttocks. 'Now, Maria, I hope you know how to behave in public. You've been good so far, and it would be a shame to have to discipline you.' He grabbed one of her bare breasts, giving it a hard squeeze, enjoying the grunt of pain she made. 'It would be nice to show you off, but if you're naughty, then there's not much reason to let you out.'

He took the muzzle off a hook on the wall, shaking out the straps and holding it up. Maria winced, but then opened her mouth, letting him slide it into place – it had a gag-cock built in, plugging her mouth, with a metal cage jutting out from her face.

'There we go. Good girls – both of you!' He clipped leashes onto their collars – a longer one for Maria, letting her stay further behind, before leading them outside, Sally grabbing a bottle of whisky in an ornamental bag as she left.

It was a beautiful day, sun bright and warm, just enough breeze to cool everything off. Thomas rolled his sleeves up, before pulling on the leash, setting the women moving. On the house opposite, a man was working a grill, waving at him before flipping a burger into a bowl on the floor. A naked woman, collared to a heavy metal stake in the ground, dropped her head into the bowl, starting to eat, whip-welts visible on her skin. Thomas waved back, before starting to walk.

'The Greene's aren't far, are they?'

'Nphhh.' Sally's face contorted in effort as she tried to talk around the gag without making a dribbly mess down her dress, head tilted backwards. 'Juph arounph thph horror.'

It was a nice, relaxed walk – a few other people were out and about, taking their pets and bitches for a walk. They had to stand aside for a trio of pet-girls, all of them slowly crawling around on their knees and elbows, tails wagging, perspiring in the heat. The one leading them was another woman, wearing a sleek black dress, a wide-brimmed hat and large sunglasses covering her face.

Thomas turned to look at them as they went past, admiring their butts – both those of the pet-sluts, but also of the woman leading them, her dress tight against her body. He kept looking until Sally elbowed him, glaring at him and then using her neck to pull on the leash.

‘Maybe I should get you some more dresses. Something nice and sleek, for evening entertainment.’

She made a happy purring noise, rubbing herself against him, seemingly placated, before tugging on the leash again.

‘OK, OK, let’s go.’

He kept a firm grip on the leashes, able to feel Sally and Maria moving, little tugs and twists on the cords. Sally seemed a lot more relaxed and happy since coming here! And having Maria around to do all the housework was a major benefit.

The Greene’s house was a similar style to his own, although the garage had been converted into more rooms, and their garden was a brilliant blaze of colors, flowers vivid against the green lawn. A car was parked up, red and brilliantly clean, while a wooden post was securely hammered into the middle of the lawn, chains hanging down from a cross-piece.

‘Maybe we should get one of those? It might be useful to have somewhere to put Maria or anyone else if needed.’

Sally nodded, before tilting her head to look upwards, a little string of dribble escaping her mouth. Thomas leaned forward, wiping it away before it splashed onto her dress – it was important to make a good impression! Especially as the Greene’s seemed to have quite a bit of power and influence in the neighborhood.

He knocked on the door, which opened just a few moments later. A man, dressed in a casual shirt and trousers, looked at him, before smiling and reaching out his hand.

‘Thomas, isn’t it? Veronica was telling me about you. And this must be Sally? You’re a lucky man! Anyway, come in, come in. We’re all friends here, we like to have guests around. I’m sure we’ll get on fine.’ His grip was strong, Thomas squeezing back before they both let go, the man letting him into the house.

‘I’m Patrick – was one of the first to move into this place, so we’ve seen it develop and grow. We like it a certain way here.’ The sounds of leather slapping against flesh, and gagged gasps and moans, was sounding out from the front room, just around the corner. The walls were covered with neatly-framed pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Greene – Patrick and Veronica, apparently – about half of them showing the couple on various holidays, and the other half showing Veronica along with other women, in various stages of restraint and punishment.

The gasps and moans got louder, before Thomas stepped into the living room, pulling harder on the leashes, dragging Sally and Maria closer to himself.

A belt flicked through the air, a naked woman stood there with her arms held raised by chains, forcing her into a “Y” position, up on her toes. She was naked except for her collar, her butt almost as bright red as her hair, even more welts down her back. She was being lashed by Mrs. Greene – without her belt on, her dress billowed a little loosely around her hips, but she still had an admirable figure.

The belt slapped against the buttocks again, Mrs. Greene then turning. As soon as she saw Thomas, she tensed up, a smile appearing on her face.

‘You should have said it was guests! I would have made myself presentable.’ Another hard slap of the belt against skin, hard enough to make Tania shudder in pain, before Mrs. Greene

wrapped the belt around her body again. 'And now I need to get Bobbi from the cellar so she can serve. I'm sure the two of you can entertain yourselves while I get her and powder my nose though! Oh, and is that a gift? How polite!'

She brushed past in a billow of scent, her skirt fluffing out, heels tapping against the hardwood floor of the hallway. Tania sagged in her restraints, clearly attempting to recover from the punishment.

'Don't mind her – she likes to pretend she's run off her feet, but she's on top of everything. Even helps the Doc up at the facility! There's some fresh meat coming in soon, so we might have something to play with them, break them in a little. And you got Maria, didn't you? I know a few others that had their eyes on her, but it's only fair that you got the choice – we don't want just a few people hogging all the best! I might have a go myself with her though, if you don't object? And you can have some fun with Tania – although she's a little high-spirited.'

A grunt came from Tania, as she twisted around, shaking hair from her face. A massively fat ballgag was in her mouth, distorting her cheeks and jaw, her makeup ruined from tears and dribble.

'Tania is allowed to help punish the other girls, but sometimes forgets her place. She was being too rough with Bobbi, so now she's being punished. Bobbi's our new girl – sweet little thing, nice and tight, but she's still getting used to this place. Doc's given her some training, but she's still under orders to stay restrained.' He looked into the bag, Sally holding it open. 'A Macallan? You have good taste. Why don't we break it open and have a little?'

Thomas pulled the whisky bottle from the bag, cracking the seal as Patrick fetched glasses, pouring a generous finger into each, then chinking the glasses together.

'It can be fun to splash some onto a slut's wounds after a whipping – but not with something this fine!' He gave it an appreciative sniff. 'I think you're going to fit in well here. And your Sally certainly has the right look. Apparently she took to the training well? I'm sure you've noticed she's a lot more eager now, and a lot more responsive. I had to keep Vonnie in her belt for almost a month until she calmed down! She's allowed some fun these days, but only when I've had mine. And of course she's allowed to keep Tania and Bobbi in line – I spend a lot of time away for work, so she keeps the sluts obedient the rest of the time. I imagine it's the same for you?'

'Yes – I work in sales, so I have to be in the city most weeks, or visiting clients.'

'Well, it just makes being at home that much sweeter!' He took another sip, before walking over to Tania and spanking her ass, hard and strong. The woman yelped, pulling herself up by her wrists in a reflexive twitch.

'Have you had them long?'

'Tania a few years now – despite her problems, she's a good girl. Mostly. Bobbi is new – nice and fresh, still needs breaking in. Ah, and here she is!'

Mrs. Greene re-entered, now pulling on a leash. Behind her was a young woman, naked except for stockings, heels, a short apron, and a tray around her waist, supported by chains clamped to her nipples. Two glasses and a bottle of whisky were balanced there, putting obvious strain on her breasts, stretching them out. Her soft lips kissed around a ballgag, soft brown hair tied into a plait.

‘This is Bobbi – she’s free to use, should you be interested. She’s a little new, but a tight little ride. Squeals in the cutest way whenever you spank her! But Tania bullies her whenever they’re together, I think she might be jealous.’

Bobbi was pulled into the room, a vivid red blush on her face, keeping herself turned away. Veronica yanked hard on the leash, forcing Bobbi deeper into the room, showing that her hands were cuffed behind her back, making it impossible for her to support the tray with her arms, but making her thrust her small, perky tits forward.

‘Well, as the two of you are getting acquainted, why don’t I take Sally and we can discuss women’s matters? There’s a few events coming up she needs to know about – as long as I have permission to remove her gag? And we can teach your girl as well, she’ll need some training.’

Thomas nodded. ‘Of course.’ It sounded like Sally was going to be given a rundown on all the neighborhood gossip! Although it was more interesting to look at Bobbi’s naked body, her obvious embarrassment making it even more enticing.

‘Then I will leave you gentlemen to your pleasures. And if there’s any mess, Bobbi can clean it up afterwards.’

Thomas handed the leash over to Mrs. Greene, Sally grumbling once before she was pulled away, Mrs. Greene dragging her and Maria off somewhere.

‘Vonnie can be a little pushy, but don’t mind her – I make sure to keep her in line. If she ever gets annoying, I just put her over my knee, a good spanking sorts her out. Feel free to use Bobbi – she’s nice and soft, I’ll be lending her out to anyone that wants her soon, once she’s properly housebroken.’ He spanked Tania again, a brutally hard impact that made her moan and shudder. ‘I hope you’ve learned not to beg anymore! You’ve got a nice, soft mouth, it would be a shame to muzzle you permanently. I’m leaving again soon, and I want to hear that you’re a good girl when I come back – if you disobey my wife again, then I’m going to have to send you back to the Doctor again.’

Tania whined, body going limp.

‘That’s it. Be nice and obedient, or I’ll have to see about having some intensive therapy – some time getting special treatment will make you obedient, but you won’t like it.’

While Patrick threatened Tania, Thomas went over to Bobbi. She really did have a lovely body – even more slender than Sally, the tray strapped around the narrowest part of her hips. There was a faint whimper as he touched her, eyes glancing up for a moment and then looking away. Her skin was softer than Sally’s as well, although there were welts on her buttocks and thighs already.

She responded to his touches, warming up, her arms twitching a little behind her back. She wasn’t belted, although there was a metal plug poking out from her ass, bright and hard. He gripped it, feeling the tightness of her body resist his attempt to pull it out, the bulb slowly stretching out her tight asshole.

When Thomas reached between her legs, he could feel the wetness of her cunt, hot and ready to use. Patrick was now starting to fuck Tania, taking her roughly from behind, slapping her unprotected body. Well, it would be rude not to take up the offer!

He slid a finger into her, enjoying the yielding resistance, before grinding up against her from before, already getting stiff and hard. It was easy to bend her over, although he had to reach around and take the bottle and glasses off her tray first, to stop them getting knocked off. It was

entertaining putting his hand on the tray and pushing down, stretching out her breasts even more, hearing her grunt in pain.

Thomas bent her over more, and she spread her legs as much as the ankle-chains allowed, guiding his cock into her body. She was deliciously tight, easy to slide into, her pussy tightening around him, drawing him deeper in.

He bent her over more, starting to thrust his hips back and forth, driving deeper and deeper into her. She moaned, pushing back against him, caught up in her own passion, moaning through her gag. A spank made her tighten further, sending a strong surge of pleasure through Thomas. Another, harder spank, before he reached around and grabbed a tit, feeling the clamp and the chain attached there, using that to torment her with more pain.

His cock was fully sheathed in her body now, her body soft and submissive beneath his, without any resistance. He felt her climax, just before he came himself, shooting into her, hot and thick. It was another pleasure slowly withdrawing from her, cum and her own juices dribbling down her thighs. He had to hold her up, spanking her until her knees tightened and she was able to stand by herself. Patrick was deep inside Tania, slapping and spanking her, making her grunt and whine through her own gag.

As he recovered his stamina, he groped and stroked Bobbi, enjoying the feeling of her body, her breathing fast and shallow. This definitely seemed a good neighborhood!

Chapter 3: Local Bad Girl

Clea raised her hand and slapped Daria across the face, an open-palmed strike that made a loud and satisfying noise, as well as leaving a bright red impact-mark on Daria's cheek. The other woman gasped in pain, struggling against the two women holding her arms, stopping her moving.

'You have been failing your tasks, as well as being disobedient. Even though you know that you're on a restricted-calorie diet, you've been observed stealing food. You've also tried to remove your belt on several occasions.'

Daria opened her mouth to protest, Clea slapping her again, harder this time, enjoying the moment of impact and the sharp sting against her own palm. A backhand slap with her fingers put red marks onto Daria's other cheek, and then she grabbed Daria's jaw and squeezed, slowly forcing it open.

'It's clear that you need some intensive training. You're not fit to be with us – you're going to be sent for remedial training, and someone more appropriate will be found for your position.' She squeezed harder, taking pleasure in Daria's whines of protest, staring into the woman's dark eyes, before spitting, right into Daria's forced-open mouth. That made her tense up, trying to fight back, but she was too securely held, unable to wriggle free.

Clea held up a ballgag, savoring the fear in Daria's eyes, pushing it into place. It squeezed behind Daria's teeth, Clea buckling it behind the woman's head before letting go of her jaw.

'Your mouth is a thing for others to use for pleasure – if you refuse to use it that way, then it can be sealed. No one wants to hear you speak.'

Daria was trying to talk, but the gag-ball was large enough to turn her words into incomprehensible mush, dribble starting to leak onto her chin. From there, it started to soak into her dress, the light cotton beginning to turn transparent, showing off the bra beneath. Her

moans got louder as Clea grabbed the front of the dress and started to tear, ripping the housewife off, revealing Daria's body beneath.

It took several rough yanks and pulls, each one ripping the fabric more and more, until Clea was able to strip it completely off Daria's body. She was still struggling, with her arms outstretched and held by two other women, both dressed in similar dresses, light and airy. They were having to strain to hold her in places, but with two against one, they were managing.

'You've been warned before! You're pretty enough that you won't be turned into a hooded fuck-hole, but you might become a pet. I'm certain that the doctor will want to spend some time with you as well.'

Daria's eyes went even wider, fear showing, a few tears trickling down her face, her once-neat makeup starting to run.

'I've even got your new collar – as you don't deserve the one you're currently wearing.' She tapped the thin metal band around the woman's neck, the thing subtle enough to pass unnoticed. 'You might be able to earn it back – if you're able to think straight after a few training sessions!' She let the dress go, material fluttering to the floor of the room, Daria now only in bra, chastity belt and stockings. 'Although I don't think you've got what it takes to earn your way back. You're pretty enough, but not very obedient.' She reached out, scratching her nails down Daria's stomach, leaving red furrow-marks there, making Daria whine in pain again. Then she squeezed a little roll of tummy-pudge between her fingers, giving it a hard pinch. 'And this needs to go. Well, the Doctor will take care of that. Get her down so that I can cuff her.'

The other women shoved Daria downwards, forcing her onto the floor, dragging her arms behind her back. Clea took a pair of handcuffs out, wrapping the metal bands around Daria's wrists and clicking them until they were nice and tight, pinching against Daria's skin.

'You should make the most of walking while you can – you might be in a bitchesuit soon! Or in one of the Doctor's special training environments.'

'Nphhh! Plephhh!' Daria was rolling and twisting around before Clea stomped down onto her back, her heeled boot heavy enough to leave an impact-mark. She leaned forward, using her weight to further pin Daria into place.

'You knew the rules! You need to keep your body in perfect shape to be used by others. Otherwise you might start thinking above your place. You're not free, are you? You're something to be owned and used.' She stamped down again, before signaling to her assistant to roll Daria over. 'And you've lost the rights to that collar.'

She dropped down, straddling Daria, able to feel the soft warmth of the woman's body through her own clothing – unlike the others, she was allowed to choose her own outfits, and liked to wear tight clothing, flaunting her difference from the other women here. Her hotpants clung to her body as she rubbed herself against her victim, pulling on her necklace to get a key from her cleavage. She leaned further down, her face not far from Daria's her own dark hair tumbling down as she slid it into the lock of the collar and turned.

The metal band clicked open, Clea pulling it away from Daria's body. It had been so tight, and worn for so long, that it had left an imprint-mark, sensitive enough that it made Daria shudder when Clea touched it. Her own neck was unbound – she wasn't property like the others!

The replacement was a much thicker, heavier metal collar, two inches high and set with multiple tether-rings, and impossible to pretend that it was anything other than a collar. It took some

wriggling, as well as pulling Daria's hair to make sure that it wasn't caught, but soon it was securely wrapped around Daria's neck, impossible to remove without the key.

Daria was fully sobbing now, her makeup turning into dark lines down her face, no longer trying to resist.

'You always were too soft. If you'd come to me, maybe we could have worked something out. But you refused to eat me out, and you were disobedient on top of that!' She tightened her thighs, squeezing more air from Daria's body, before tearing away the bra. Large breasts flopped out, Clea pinching one, hard enough to draw out a pained gasp. 'I can see why someone might want you and your cow-tits. But they're not going to need you to talk!' Her own desire was increasing, her nipples getting hard against her tight latex top, and she ground her hips against the woman beneath her.

'It's almost time for the new bitches to arrive as well – I'm sure one of them will happily take your place.' She twisted around, now sitting on Daria's face, squeezing the woman's head between her thighs, enjoying the puffs of hot air, making her pussy tingle. She signaled to the other women, who each grabbed an ankle and pulled, spreading Daria's legs wide, Clea then leaning over Daria's crotch, using her key to unlock the chastity belt.

'Dumb bitches like you need to be locked away.' She pulled the crotch-panel up, revealing the neatly-shaved slit beneath, giving it a slap. That made Daria gasp, the pulse of air making Clea shiver with her own pleasure, slowly starting to grind her crotch against Daria's face.

'Trying to sneak your own orgasms isn't allowed, at least not for someone like you.' Another pussy-slap, and then she started to tease the naked cunt, moving her fingers with cruel slowness. 'Only good girls are allowed to cum – although I can touch myself whenever I want, as I'm not owned like you are.'

She could smell Daria's lust, thick and rich, the woman's body responding to Clea's touches.

'If you'd just been more obedient to me, then this wouldn't have been a problem. You could have joined up with my other little pets, and we could have had some fun together. But you decided to be a bitch about it, and so now you get to have some special treatment.' She teased a finger into Daria's body, and it came out visibly damp, Daria gasping and shuddering beneath her.

'If you're allowed back, then you're going to be nice and obedient, aren't you? Just like these two – just a single visit, and now they barely ever talk back or disobey! I'm sure neither of them would want another session with the Doctor, isn't that right?'

She smiled at both of them, enjoying their faint shudders. Not really a surprise considering what had been done to them! It had done wonders for their obedience though, as well as their figures, shaping them into perfectly obedient, hourglass-shaped sluts.

'But maybe if you make me feel good, then you won't need to be sent there.' She made her voice soft, rocking her hips back and forth, enjoying the wet gasps from beneath her. It was easy to reach out and slap the bare pussy again, making Daria tense up beneath her. 'A shame you refused before, we could have avoided all this unpleasantness.'

She lifted herself up, hearing pathetic pleading coming from below, reaching between her legs to find the gagball. She was able to squash it between her fingers, ignoring the sticky wetness of the dribble as she pulled it out and twisted it aside, before unzipping her tight shorts and lowering herself again. She didn't give Daria the chance to say anything, but felt the woman's tongue twisting around, finding her pussy.

Her grinding was more focused now, having to work around the shorts, unable to pull them fully down. Still, there was enough for the wet, hot tongue to slide against her, sending a strong wave of pleasure through her body. She sighed in pleasure, feeling the tongue squirm deeper and deeper, settling herself into position.

‘That’s it – what a good little slut you are! Was this all it took to make you obedient?’ Daria wasn’t very skilled, but it still felt good to have the tongue sliding and flicking deeper into her, steadily working up her passions. From here, she had easy access to all of Daria’s body, her breasts and pussy both easy to grope and molest. As she started to move towards an orgasm, she squeezed and pinched at the ample flesh, leaving red marks over the woman’s body, using that to control the pace of the writhing tongue.

She kept abusing Daria as the pleasure steadily mounted, her head dipping backwards, her hair tickling against her back. She was panting now, unable to keep talking, close to her limit, the tongue now deep within her, twisting against her insides. The heat surged through her, and she closed her eyes, letting it overtake her senses, before sagging down onto Daria’s face. She had to gasp a few more times to get her breath back, leaning forward onto Daria and squeezing and pinching again.

‘Good girl! But I think you still need to spend some time with the Doctor. To make sure that you’re fully obedient, and you could stand to lose a few pounds as well.’ She tensed her thighs as she heard a protest from beneath her, cutting off the woman’s airflow.

She kept herself tense until the movement beneath her stopped, and then she lifted herself up again, coming back to her feet and shoving the gag back into place. When she placed a foot onto Daria’s chest and pressed down, squeezing more air from the woman’s lungs.

‘When you’re allowed back, then you’re going to be lovely and obedient, aren’t you? No more resistance or speaking back – just a perfect, beautiful doll.’ She put more of her weight onto Daria, before tossing a pair of cuffs at the other women. ‘Do her ankles as well, and then we can take her up to see the Doctor.’

Daria whimpered again, now trying to keep her legs spread, but Clea lifted her foot and then stamped down onto her victim’s exposed pussy, grinding her boot-heel into soft and sensitive skin. That broke Daria’s resistance, her legs getting moved together, metal rings clicking around her ankles, with just a short chain between them. Even if she could get back to her feet, she would only be capable of tiny, hobbled footsteps.

‘It’s no use whimpering now! You should have been obedient before, but now you’re going to be sent for training. I hope it’s nice and brutal – just to make sure that you don’t even think of disobeying again.’

Another stamp, Daria weeping now, before Clea found a hood. Only a loose one, but enough to cover the now-ugly, tear-stained face, tucking it into the top of the collar.

‘Time to take you to your new home. You two, pick her up and carry her. A bit of exercise will do you good.’ She stood back to let them obey, one taking Daria’s shoulders, the other her ankles, Daria herself going limp. She could still feel the aftermath of her pleasure tingling through her, and a slight stickiness on the inside of her shorts. Well, she could always shower and clean herself up afterwards!

First, it was time to take Daria up to see the Doctor – and maybe she could stay and watch! Just as long as it wasn’t her getting tied to one of the Doctor’s creepy devices, then it was fun to watch.

Chapter 4: The Doctor is IN

The medical facility was quiet and cool, the doors sliding shut behind Clea. She ignored the receptionist – an example of the Doctor's work, perky, perfect and beautiful, and also attached to the front desk with an ankle-chain, unable to leave. She kept moving, her minions hauling Daria. Despite herself, she couldn't help but feel a faint twitch of fear coming here – she didn't want to be subjected to any of the "treatments" the Doctor offered, no matter how useful it was to help deal with others!

Behind the gleaming brightness of the reception area, the place quickly got darker and more industrial – large tanks holding barely-moving forms, other women undergoing "mental rehabilitation", isolated in the tanks, unable to communicate with the outside world until they were removed. Another room held more "training" equipment – heavy metal racks and crosses, to keep someone securely restrained while being whipped or shocked. An assistant, face covered by a surgical mask, turned to look at her, before pointing deeper into the building. The Doctor must be in the back, probably working on some of the fresh meat. Clea had seen the truck yesterday – big and black, without any signs on, carrying a cargo of flesh to be trained. Maybe there would be someone in there that could be trained into being her own personal bitch-slut?

Near the door were several wheelchairs, each covered with thick straps, Daria getting shoved into one. She was smart enough not to try and fight back as she was yanked out of the hogtie and shoved into the chair, leather straps pinching over her arms and legs, firmly holding her down.

Clea could hear distant and muted moans and groans, smiling in satisfaction. Definitely fresh meat getting their first taste of discipline – they were always useless sluts until they'd been shown what happened to anyone that disobeyed. After that, some might show themselves worthy and earn higher rank and more privileges, while others would never progress, and stay as the lowest, least valued, slave-sluts.

As she continued, the noises got louder and louder. Pained screams, warped by gags, and the sounds of struggles against chains, broken up with the sounds of impacts, soft flesh assaulted by a whip. That seemed lower-tech than the Doctor usually preferred – or perhaps she had outsourced her tasks to one of her assistants?

The prep room reeked of disinfectant and piss, the fresh meat having soiled themselves, the mess not yet cleaned up. Small cages were mostly filled, naked flesh in various shades squashed up against the bars, most of them cuffed into hogties. Pathetic whines and moans sounded from gagged mouths, before a whip cracked against flesh again. The blur of motion was easy to follow – a woman was dangling by her wrists from the ceiling, feet unable to touch the floor, already stripped naked.

Vicious red welts marred her flesh, tears sparkling from her eyes as she was assaulted by the whip, her body jerking and shuddering in pain. The one wielding the whip was an older woman – tall and slender, wearing a tight pencil skirt, waistcoat and blouse, shoulder-length black hair moving as she flicked the whip, again and again.

She turned to look at Clea, light gleaming off her glasses, before her gaze moved to Daria.

When she spoke, her voice was firm and precise, every sound perfectly enunciated.

'Cleopatra Laker – and someone in need of training? Ah, little Daria. I wondered when I'd be seeing you.' She flicked the whip again, slicing another red slash into her target's body. 'None

of these are suitable for use yet, but I think a few days and then it will be time for the selection. And some girls that should be more naturally obedient as well, for those that like to play with their meat first. I believe that you are due an assessment as well? To make sure that you still have the right to be free – I hope that your papers are all in order? I doubt you would appreciate the loss of your position, and having to follow the rules most other women here are bound by.’ ‘They’re secure, Doctor Halmet.’ She made sure that no one knew where they were – if someone were to steal them, then she’d be treated the same as the slaves, getting traded around and having to face brutal training.

‘Very good.’ Her eyes flickered over Clea, making it hard for Clea not to want to cover up. The appraising glare was far too piercing, making her feel uncomfortable and exposed. ‘You have a good body already, so at least there would be no need for calorie-controlled diets. Some girls need force in order to improve their bodies to what is required. And some are unable to meet even that level, and so are useless as anything other than fuckmeat.’ Another whip-strike, before she coiled the lash up and looped it over a wall-hook. ‘A new device has recently been completed, Daria will make a fine test-subject for it. Follow me.’

The sharply-phrased order rankled, but Clea obeyed, walking behind the Doctor. The caged-up bitches groaned and whined, some of them trying to plead through their gags, bodies tight with terror. In this state, none of them seemed particularly attractive – maybe after they’d started to accept their place, and been washed and cleaned, then they might be better looking.

Behind the cages were smaller rooms, each designed for brutal tortures. Clea could feel a faint warmth start in her body, remembering the sensations of being able to etch pain into flesh, forcing compliance from disobedient brats. The place might be creepy, but some of the equipment was a delight to use!

‘This is designed for longer-term treatment. The patient will be made fully obedient.’ The Doctor gestured through a small, thick glass window. Inside, lights shone off a heavy metal chair, eerily similar to an electric chair, especially with all of the straps on it.

‘Go and put Daria in it. You should be able to manage that alone – if you want to retain your position, then you need to manage without as much assistance.’ The Doctor moved in close to Clea, just slightly taller, pressing herself close. It was hard to tell if it was flirtation or aggression, the woman’s hands soft and warm, probing against Clea’s bare skin. ‘Hmm, your body really is excellent. Free-range does seem to offer some benefits. Now, get to work.’

‘Yes, Doctor Halmet.’

‘You can call me Mary – at least while you retain your freedom.’ Another lingering stroke, before Clea was shoved towards the wheelchair. She pushed it forward, into the room – the door was heavily reinforced, bolts visible on the innards of it, along with a rubber seal.

The chair was positioned so that the occupant would be staring at a large screen. Some kind of mental conditioning? And the chair had spikes built into it, able to retract, but designed to make it as uncomfortable as possible. With all the wires connected into it, it was probably set up to shock them as well, adding more and more torment to them.

Daria didn’t resist as she was moved, a dead weight for Clea to drop into the chair, securely strapping down. The collar was studded with more electrodes, cruel little spikes to make them bite harder, thigh-straps holding the legs a little spread. A vibrating pad was between the legs, a built-in sybian, ready to tease and stimulate. Just for fun, she slapped Daria a few times, adding redness to the bitch’s cheeks, before starting to attach all the straps. They were thick and

heavy enough that even someone strong would probably struggle to escape, Clea drawing them nice and tight, making sure they were snug against Daria's skin.

Metal scraped, and she turned just in time to see the door swing shut. Through the view-pane, she could see the Doctor, observing with a faint smile.

'Hey!' She tried to pull on the door, but there was no handle, nothing to grip on the inside, and hammering on the door just produced a series of dull thuds. The lights in the room started to blink and strobe, confusing and distracting her, bright enough to leave afterimages burning through her vision.

Daria started to moan, her body spasming against her bonds, muscles tightening before relaxing. She moaned, her hips bucking, the thing between her legs buzzing into life and starting to forcibly stimulate her. Clea slammed a fist against the view-pane again, but the thing was solid and thick, and she couldn't hear the Doctor at all, as the woman's lips moved.

The air pressure was changing – her lungs started to ache, unable to gulp in enough air to sustain herself. She could feel herself weakening, more sparks bursting behind her eyes. She staggered over to Daria, who was now being forced towards an orgasm, gasping and moaning, body tensing up against the restraints.

Clea staggered, her legs weak, and she slumped against the bondage-chair, using it to support herself. The screen was now showing swirling patterns, entrancing and hypnotic, hard to look away from. And there was sound as well – beyond her gasping, and the whines of Daria, there was a sultry, passionate moaning, coming from hidden speakers. Darkness started to throb at the edge of her vision, and she would have fallen if not for the chair.

Daria seemed to be suffering even more badly, with the stimulation and shocks making it harder for her to control her own breathing. Her hands spasmed against the arm-rests, legs straining at ankle-straps, unable to free herself. Anger surged, lending Clea strength, and she managed to force herself to her feet and walk back across the door, hoping she wasn't showing the weakness she felt. She wanted to breathe more deeply, to try and suck air into her lungs, but that would just make her look weak!

She stared through the small panel in the door, at the Doctor, trying to seem commanding and powerful – not that she could command the woman, but if she was going down, she wanted to go down fighting! Although it felt as though she was close to her limit, her lungs burning, a roaring in her ears, where it was impossible to tell if that was from air being sucked out of the room, or just her body reacting.

The door-seals popped, the metal sliding open, agonizingly slow. As soon as fresh air slid in, Clea gulped it down, the weakness in her body quickly fading. Trying not to look rushed, she stepped outside, body tight with pain and anger.

'The seal timer still isn't working. Unfortunate – but you're in good enough health to have endured. It's a vacuum chamber. I developed it for long-term training so that mischievous women can be conditioned into something more useful. The struggle to breathe, combined with lack of sleep, forced stimulation and electrical shocks can break even the strongest spirit. Or that's the theory, at least – unfortunately, I've not had the chance to test it on anyone with much stamina yet.'

The door shut again, the locking sound brutally loud. Whatever noises Daria was making were now sealed away, as she continued to struggle and strain, securely strapped into place. The

sight of her suffering helped Clea to forget some of her own pain, as the fresh air helped wipe away the burning of her lungs, her anger surging, sharp and fierce.

‘Don’t you dare lock me in! I’m free, you’re not allowed to do that to me!’

The Doctor stepped in close, Clea pressed up against the wall. Her eyes were sharp now, her fingers stroking against Clea’s cheek, Clea able to feel the fabric of the woman’s outfit against her skin. ‘That was a mistake – the timing circuit needs fixing. But I would prefer you not to raise your voice here, and not to me. That is a mistake you should not repeat.’ Her fingers slid beneath Clea’s chin, tilting her head upwards, before the Doctor kissed her on the lips, brief and soft. ‘You are free, and of use. But I will not abide discourtesy – only weak and pathetic sluts feel the need to indulge in such things.’

She pushed herself closer against Clea, a hand squeezing at Clea’s ass, a leg pushing her own apart. ‘You need to be careful – even with your freedom, there is much that can be done you would find unpleasant. I could order you belted, which I doubt you would enjoy, with how strong your sex drive is. And you have made few friends amongst the other women here, many of whom would enjoy the chance to discipline you, to say nothing of the men.’ The butt-squeezing got harder, before another kiss, this one even longer. ‘So perhaps you should try and remember to be a little more courteous? Or even find a husband, that would make things much easier for you.’

A final ass-squeeze and then the Doctor stepped backwards, Clea having to gasp in air again, drained by the kiss, and not liking how she was turned on. Her body was tight with tension and barely-suppressed anger, hands tensing into fists, but she managed to keep herself under control, just about.

‘Why don’t you come and play with one of the new girls? That might calm you down. And you could do with someone to clean the house – Mrs. Greene was complaining about the state of your lawn, and she does have the power to discipline you.’ She turned and walked away, not giving Clea the chance to respond, and she had to hurry to catch up. ‘There’s a few you might like – soft and pliable, needing just a touch of the lash to get them working. Once they’re collared and muzzled, I’m sure they’ll be good members of our community, and they may even be able to earn themselves advancement.’

The smell of piss and fear was stronger now, feeding Clea’s irritation. She looked over the caged women, eyes settling on a tall, curvy one, waves of lustrous black hair long enough to partially cover her nudity. She was already gagged, her teeth biting into a leather-wrapped bar, her hands tied behind her back, ankles tethered with a short chain. The woman met her eyes for a moment, Clea stalking over.

‘This one. She looks like she needs to learn her place.’

‘Her father was a wealthy man, but fell on hard times. She’s unused to labor, but might be able to earn advancement with her body – normally, she’d be with the other high-value ones, but, unfortunately for her, she’s no longer allowed that privilege. I assume you will be attending?’

‘Of course.’ It was always entertaining to watch the new sluts, reacting with fear and shock as their new position became obvious to them!

The woman was pushing herself back against the cage, fear on her face, as the Doctor opened it up before reaching in and snapping a leash onto the heavy metal collar on the woman’s neck. It took both of them pulling to drag her out, Clea scratching and pinching at exposed skin, using pain to force compliance. Prompting gasps of pain made Clea feel better and more

self-confident, the Doctor helping to drag the bitch towards a metal bench with cuffs and chains in place. With just a few movements, those were snapped into place, the woman now locked there – she could move around, just a little, already testing the limits of the restraints.

Clea leaned over, grabbing the woman's hair and using it to pull on, forcing the bitch to look up. Letters and numbers were scribbled onto her forehead – HV8+, with "angry bitch" beneath it. High value was obvious, but grade 8 before being assessed? Well, she was very attractive, despite the anger and fear contorting her features, and if she was from a rich family, then she'd know how to behave – although she'd have to learn to submit and obey first!

Clea spat, a thick wad of spittle splashing onto the woman's face, before grabbing a breast, giving it a good squeeze.

'You're meat now. Just property – but if you're a good girl, then you can be well-treated property. You're never going to be free again, but perhaps you might have a kindly owner?' She squeezed harder, stroking her own body, trying to chase away the memories of being choked of air, of being weak and pathetic, unable to fight back. The bitch grunted angrily, the chains clinking and clattering as she struggled, before Clea slapped her hard across the face. That made long hair flick across the woman's face, hiding her eyes.

'You're pretty enough you might attract attention when displayed – I'm sure a lot of people would like to play with you.' Another slap, before Clea wrenched at the woman's hair, forcing her head painfully upwards, forcing the bitch to look up. 'But if you act up, then I'll make you go out in a hood, turning you into nothing more than a living fuck-hole. Think about that – unable to see, until someone grabs your head and shoves their cock in. How much cum do you want to swallow?'

The woman whined, still fighting the chains, Clea letting her head drop and then going around behind her. Hard spansks and slaps to the woman's soft ass dragged out more groans and gasps, getting even louder when Clea started to slap at the bare pussy, feeling the soft, vulnerable skin. Being able to dominate and hurt someone else made her feel better, dispelling her own pain and fear! Perhaps this one could be turned into a suitable house-slut, to keep everything tidy?

Chapter 5: The Display

Sounds of fear surrounded Carmen, gagged gasps and moans. She shuddered, feeling the cuffs around her wrists, metal rubbing her skin raw. The same metal bands were around her ankles as well, although at least her socks offered some protection there. She was on her belly, her dress having ridden up during her struggles, a metal surface beneath her. There were bars around her, and she tried hard not to think about cages.

A chain connected her wrists to her ankles, keeping her in a hogtie position, unable to get comfortable, or do anything else other than wriggle onto her side. She could hear other people moving around – both the sounds of confined twists and writhing, but also more normal footsteps, vague conversations which the hood blocked the details of. The hood made it hard to breathe as well – it covered her mouth, forcing her to breathe through her nose, inhaling the scents of fear with every inhalation.

There was the sound of a spank, harsh and hard, and far too close. Carmen flinched, pressing herself against the metal bars, fingers scrabbling and twisting against them, unable to make them move.

‘This one needs displaying?’ A male voice, close enough that Carmen could clearly hear it, a second before a hand touched against her thigh, stroking over her leg and then pressing against her stomach. ‘Nice body – just the type I like, tight, tanned and lean. Good breasts as well.’ The hand squeezed one of her breasts, Carmen now able to tell it was gloved – smooth and slippery, easily reaching beneath her messed-up dress.

‘Might see what she goes for. That hair is impressive as well – that must be most of the way down her back.’

Carmen tried to protest, but the hood was so tight that she couldn’t open her mouth, the hood too tight. Her hair was one of her prides – black, glossy and sleek, falling most of the way to her ass. And now she could feel it, pressed against her neck by the neck of the hood and flicking around, catching beneath her and hurting if she moved too much.

‘She’s going to get a good price I think. Even if she’s a brat, she looks soft enough that she can be trained.’ The breast-squeeze tightened, Carmen’s heart starting to pound from the pressure and the violation. ‘Well, time to get you out.’ Metal scraped, and then she was dragged along it, the hogtie-chains being used to pick her up. This put even more pressure onto her spine, making it even harder to breathe. Carmen tried to protest, and to fight, but she had no leverage, no way to do anything except wriggle her fingers and feet around.

Wherever she was, it was warm and dry – and either outside, or quite a large space, to judge by the sounds she could hear. Movement, vague conversations, and the frequent too-harsh sound of impacts against skin, along with moans and whines of pain.

‘Let’s get you up and displayed. I think a piece like you is going to attract attention! Lovely body, and you wouldn’t be here if you didn’t have a good face as well.’

Carmen wriggled, trying to make her protest obvious, despite the pain in her back – but whoever was carrying her ignored her. The heat started to build – was she in direct sunlight? It was hard to concentrate through the pain in her wrists and ankles, her own weight making the cuffs bite hard into her skin. Then she was put down onto a wooden surface, rough and prickly, blood rushing back into her hands and feet.

‘Hey, what am I doing with this one?’

A woman’s voice responded, sounding about the same age as Carmen. ‘String her up and spread her out. Make sure she can’t break free and that everyone can see what they’re getting.’ Another hand, this one softer, with longer nails, pinched at her ribs. ‘The high-value meat needs to be properly displayed, and I expect this one to fetch a high price.’ The words sent a chill through Carmen, making her twist and struggle against the hogtie. The pinching got more intense, pain steadily building. There was no escape, and it was getting hotter and hotter beneath the hood, Carmen struggling to breathe.

Strong hands grabbed her ankles, the cuffs getting released. She tried to kick out, but the grip was too strong, her legs getting pulled apart, heavier cuffs getting applied, holding her legs spread. Next she was lifted up by the shoulders, held in the air, her wrists getting released before her arms were spread wide, padded cuffs wrapping around her wrists and holding her there. She could barely move, held up in a suspended spreadeagle, her dress at least falling back down and covering her a little.

She tried to move, but that just made her shoulders ache, all her weight on them. She could barely move, and still had no idea what was going on, blinded by the hood. The woman’s voice spoke again, just before fingers pinched her thigh.

‘Fresh meat – behave, and you might do well here, you’re pretty enough. But if you act up, then you’ll be turned into a fuckslut, not allowed to do anything except be fucked in every hole.’ Her thigh was pinched and twisted, the pressure harsh and cruel. ‘I’m going to take the hood off, as everyone will need to see your face. Kick up a fuss and I’ll hurt you.’ Another pinch, and then the hand let go, before the hood was loosened from around her neck and pulled upwards. Light stabbed her eyes, making her scrunch them tightly shut, only able to see vague shapes and blobs until her vision adjusted. Pain burst on her cheek, a hand slapping her, forcing her eyes open.

She was looking into the dark eyes of a young woman, short black hair framing a pale face, wearing a tight black top and hotpants. Other people were more normally dressed – older women in slightly old-fashioned dresses and smartly-dressed men. But between them were other women... entirely naked except for collars, or in tight and restrictive clothing. Leather, latex and buckles shone in the bright sunlight.

‘You’re fortunate you’re so pretty – those without that are going cheap.’ Another slap, before the woman grabbed Carmen’s chin and forced her to look to one side. A group of young women were connected together by neck-chains, all of them in just ragged tatters of clothing, fat leather bit-gags in their mouths. ‘They’ll be fun little playthings for a while, but barely worth the effort. Something like you though, you’re more valuable.’ The woman stroked her face, over the stinging impact of the slap. ‘Good girls are worth more and get treated better – but everyone needs to see what you look like first. And no screaming or protesting, unless you want me to hurt you.’

The eyes stabbed into her, hard and cruel, one hand moving to her throat, the other plucking and yanking at her dress. It took a few more pulls before it started to give, the thin material unable to resist the force of the pull. It tore away, leaving her in just her bra and panties, hot shame and anger boiling through her. The stroking fingers on her cheek were mocking her, but she couldn’t break free!

‘Good, you’re able to understand basic instructions.’ Her dress was dropped to the floor, her chest now getting groped. ‘Hmm, these are cheap.’ Her bra was stretched and then released, snapping back against her body, another stinging humiliation. ‘If you’re used as an inside slut, then I suppose at least you’ll have better clothing.’ Her bra was pulled down, exposing her breasts, the woman then pushing a hand against Carmen’s belly. ‘Nice and firm, that’s good. And I’m sure that everything down here works.’

Carmen shuddered at the feeling of violation as her panties were stretched, the material pressing against her before yielding and snapping, leaving her pussy uncovered. A sharp flicking tap made her gasp and shudder, tensing up and pulling on the chains that held her spread.

‘Good. Be a shame if someone as pretty as you wasn’t fully functional. And your hair is magnificent. Of course, if you’re not a house-slut, it’ll have to be cut, as it’ll just get in the way. So make sure to look nice and obedient, unless you want a shaved head. Be a good girl and this will go better for you.’ Another pussy-flick, this one hurting more than before, Carmen struggling to hold back a stream of curses. She didn’t want to get punished – she didn’t want to be here at all!

‘Say “yes, Miss Clea”. You should get used to obedience – even with your looks, it’s going to be a long time until you’re allowed to give any orders.’ The fingers rested on her crotch, invasive and predatory. ‘Speak, or I’ll shove something you won’t like into your pretty mouth.’

‘...yes, Miss Clea...’

‘Good girl – see how easy obedience is? Let me just get your details in place.’ A marker pen was used to scribble onto Carmen’s belly, slightly wet, making her shiver. ‘You’re a grade 10 – but you’ll be expected to work to maintain that. Fit and healthy, and obedient.’ She jabbed harder with the pen, flicking letters onto Carmen’s body, and then an arrow down to her pussy. ‘Not a virgin, apparently, but a little experience goes a long way.’

‘What’s... what is this?’ She tried to keep calm, despite the fear and rage she felt.

‘You’re property now. You don’t really need to know the details – but, if you smile enough, and use your mouth for other things, then you might end up as a pretty and pampered fuck-pet. Otherwise you’re going to just be used, rough and hard, and you’re not going to be allowed to speak at all. So smile, or else!’ The pen was pushed against her slit, the dry plastic being forced into her, making her shudder at the violation. ‘That’s it – you need to get used to taking it, whenever your owner wants to. And you should say thank you.’

The pen pushed deeper, Carmen trying to pull herself upwards to escape it, Clea easily able to just move the pen up. This painful humiliation continued until Carmen gasped out a “thanks”, the pen being removed from her body.

‘See? Obedience is less painful. Nice and simple. I think I might try and get you myself, I need someone to do the cleaning, and you seem smart enough to know to shut up and take orders.’ Clea moved her hand as though to slap Carmen’s face, making her flinch backwards. ‘And you don’t enjoy pain. Good – that makes training easier. For now though – just smile, that’s all a bitch like you needs to do.’

The slap turned into another caress, Clea’s fingers warm and soft, Carmen wanting to flinch away, but not wanting to get hurt. What was the bitch talking about? She wasn’t property! And she definitely didn’t want to be violated again – even the light penetration of that pen had been painful and brutally humiliating!

Other people started to come over to look at her, Carmen trying to not show how ashamed and pathetic she felt. She didn’t bother trying to talk, not wanting to get slapped by any of them, instead having to suffer through being groped and molested. Their hands were hard and strong, not giving her any mercy as they squeezed at her, making her breasts ache and her skin throb. A few even squeezed between her legs, feeling her pussy, stroking down there. She didn’t dare shake her hips to try and evade the probing fingers, instead just keeping a pathetic smile on her face. At least she seemed to have it better than some of the others – she could see a wooden frame with several hooded women leashed to it, feet just barely touching wooden posts, forced to spread their legs or the neck-ropes would tighten. They were being whipped, front and back, shuddering with pain as the lash struck their defenseless bodies. Several of them had been fucked as well, smears of cum and lube visible on their bodies.

What was this place? Most of the women she could see were leashed, naked, tied up or some combination of those. She’d heard rumors of a weird compound-town where that sort of thing happened, but had assumed it was just lies and exaggerations!

More of the people came over, groping and squeezing her, feeling between her legs, teasing and stroking there. She hated it, but could feel the stimulation having an effect, against her will,

slowly turning her on. Hearing them all openly discuss what they might do with her, what they thought of her body, how she might be restrained and then fucked, was alarming, especially as she still couldn't get free, and didn't dare object, or even speak!

A hand slapped against her ass, a savage spank that made her grunt in pain, smile slipping from her face. A hand grabbed and squeezed, hard enough to hurt even more, before something metal was pushed between her buttocks. It was hard and smooth, getting pushed against her asshole. It started to penetrate into her, even as she tightened up, trying to resist it. It was forced in, sliding deeper and deeper, chafing against her sensitive skin as it went deeper and deeper. The metal was cold and hard, forcing her asshole wider and wider. She tried to pull herself around in order to avoid it, despite the aching in her arms, but the thing moved with her, still getting forced in. And then it was sucked into her, getting swallowed into her body, a fat base keeping it from going all the way in.

It hurt less now that it was inside of her, but she could still feel a hard stem connected the fat bulb to the circular base between her buttocks. And when she tensed up, it didn't move – there was no way for her to force the thing out, she'd have to wait for someone else to remove it, or to be freed!

'There's been a few offers for you.' It was the woman from before, Clea, her nails scratching up and down Carmen's back, not quite hard enough to hurt, but definitely a threat. 'Some think that you might even be able to be more than just a fuck-slave, or at least that you're worth the effort. But I've decided that you're going to be mine – I need someone to do the work, before Mrs. Greene raises a complaint. You should be thankful.'

The thing in her ass was twisted around, adding more pain and humiliation to Carmen's body. An arm reached around her waist, stroking between her legs, fingers sliding over her lips and then lightly sliding into her.

'Naughty bitch! You like this, don't you? Well, I suppose that's not really a surprise. Outside trash like you is always the same.' The finger started to slide deeper inside of her, Carmen's body tensing up around it. It stimulated her, more and more, bringing her close to the edge of a forced release, before sliding out. Her own juices were wiped against her back, before metal was wrapped around her waist.

She looked down, able to see a metal band, tight and snug on her hips. The hand teased her pussy again, before withdrawing, something more solid getting pushed into her. A wide, solid dildo, forced into her, spreading her wide. She could feel the full length as it penetrated deeply into her, making her gasp as she was stuffed. Next was another metal band, between her legs, sealing the plug and dildo into her body as everything was locked into place.

'You belong to me now – I think you're smart enough to realize what might happen if you disobey. No one knows you're here, you're not going to be saved. Do what I say and it might not even be that bad! But all property needs to be marked, and so you're going to be collared.' Clea was pushed up close against Carmen's back, Clea able to feel the woman's heat, and even where she was clothed or not. Every touch was another humiliating sting, something else that she couldn't control, forced onto her. The touch of metal against her neck made her flinch and yelp, Clea softly chuckling, sliding Carmen's hair aside to keep it from snagging beneath the metal band.

It was cold and heavy – weighing down onto her collarbones, forcing her to keep her neck tense and stiff. It would be impossible to ignore while it was on, and from the way that it had clicked, it was probably locked on and impossible to remove without a key.

‘Please, let me go...’ Her voice was quiet and weak, Clea pushing a fat rubber ball against her lips, forcing it into Carmen’s mouth, gagging and silencing her.

‘Your voice is not your own – I don’t need to hear it now, and probably never will, so you can keep that on. Your mouth is something I might use for pleasure, but you won’t need to talk. Actually, you don’t need to see either.’ Padded leather was pushed against her eyes, stealing her vision again, a blindfold securely locked into place. ‘You’re going to have to get used to being walked on a leash – you can just follow along behind me.’

Another spank, Carmen tensing up around the plug in her ass, forcefully reminded of the harsh intrusion. What was going on? She still had no idea where she was, or what this bitch was going to do with her, and no way to fight back, not yet!

Chapter 6: The New Girl

‘Don’t you dare do anything to embarrass me!’ Clea pressed herself up against Carmen, her hands squeezing and pinching. ‘Not unless you want me to dunk you again.’

Carmen shuddered, trying to suppress the memories of that torture – Clea shoving her head into a bucket of ice-cold water between rough spanks, until she was gulping and gasping, trying to get the stuff out of her lungs. She was so weak! Clea barely fed her, and kept her chained up most of the time, only letting her go to do closely-monitored work. She’d been sleeping in a kennel outside, and had to eat from a bowl of slop on the ground!

It was hard to track how long since she’d been kidnapped, the days and nights blurring together in pain and humiliation. The plug in her ass and dildo in her pussy were both permanent fixtures, leaving her pathetically aroused and stuffed, only removed for rare breaks to let her piss in a corner of the garden – she had to crawl there and lift a leg, as though she were a dog. This morning she’d been washed – a hose flicked over her body, blasting away sweat and grime, and even given a brush to run through her hair, the snarls painful to untangle. She wanted nothing more than to attack Clea, to strip the bitch naked and beat her, do the same to Clea as Clea did to her! But with her hands cuffed behind her back and her ankles fettered to each other, there was nothing she could do except endure, and hope for a chance to escape somehow.

Clea squeezed Carmen’s breasts, rough and possessive, before pulling on the leash. At least she was allowed to walk for once, rather than crawl like a dog! And seeing outside of the garden she was usually confined to might give her information she could use to escape. It was a sprawling suburban area, with large houses each on their own neat little plots of land.

At first glance, it looked normal, but far too many of the houses had cages in the gardens, a few of them occupied, soft flesh pressed up against bars. One even had a naked woman spreadeagled in a wooden frame, back covered with whip-welts, apparently just left there!

There seemed to be some internal division, with some of the women she saw naked except for restraints, others wearing old-fashioned dresses, poodle-skirts loose and wide, looking like 50’s housewives. The ones in clothes were often leading the naked ones around, dragging them by leashes.

‘You need to show what a lovely and obedient bitch you are.’ Clea pulled on the collar, forced Carmen to walk forward, the sidewalk hot on her bare feet. Quite what Clea was, Carmen still didn’t know – she dressed differently from all the other women here, in her tight shorts and top, flaunting her body. But there was nothing around her neck, not even the thin metal bands that the other women wore!

Carmen was pulled towards a house, barely distinguishable from the others except for being a slightly different shade of grey, a slightly different arrangement of flowers in the garden. At least this one didn’t have a whipping-post set up, ready to use! After pressing a doorbell, it was only a few seconds before the door was opened – a tall woman, vividly red hair falling to her waist in impressive twists and swirls, and wearing a sleek black dress that emphasized her hourglass figure. A thick collar was around her neck, elbow-length gloves on her arms. She looked at Clea, before turning to study Carmen, taking her time, Carmen feeling herself blush.

After what felt like a shameful eternity, the woman nodded and stepped back, allowing them inside, and then spinning on a high-heel and leading them inside. The place was luxurious – everything was gleaming and clean, a glimpse of a kitchen filled with new and shiny-looking stuff, a large couch in the lounge making Carmen want to just curl up and sleep.

Another woman was waiting for them there – wearing a knee-length blue dress and white calfskin gloves, a wide leather belt shaping her waist, looking like she’d stepped out of an old TV show, especially with her perfect makeup and perfect blonde hair. She smiled at Clea, although it was cold.

‘Thank you for coming, Miss Laker. And your newest acquisition.’ The woman stepped in close, before Carmen could act. A hand grabbed her chin, forcing her head around, the woman’s grip strong. Carmen didn’t dare protest though, not wanting to be punished again!

‘You should take better care of her – she has great potential, but needs work to make it shine. Just like I did with my Tania.’ The grip tightened, Carmen’s face aching now, as the woman groped her breasts, casually violating her body. ‘And your yard work is still sloppy.’

Clea hissed in annoyance, slapping at Carmen’s ass from behind. That made her tense up, still not used to the fat plug forced into her, hating the feeling of it.

‘It will improve – I’m sure this bitch will get better, unless she wants to face punishment.’

‘For your sake, I hope so. You already exist in a rather strange position, being one of the few women here with your own freedom – at least as long as you the papers. If those were to go astray, then you would be subject to the same rules as the rest of us.’ The woman stroked the metal band around her neck – it didn’t seem to have any clasp, locked into place. ‘It would be much easier if you were to find a partner to submit to. That would make your place much tidier – and they would then be responsible for ensuring your appearance, and that of your house, is acceptable.’

Carmen was being groped from the front and the back now, both the women squeezing and pinching her.

‘I have the right to do as I wish – I was granted that freedom by my father.’

‘Hmmm, yes. A shame he passed so soon afterwards.’

The pressure was getting more and more painful, the dislike the women had for each other getting pushed onto Carmen. She couldn’t hold back from a pained whimper, the older woman narrowing her eyes.

‘And your training is incomplete. Well, that’s one of the reasons I asked you to come. Firstly, your garden still isn’t up to the required standards – should it not be remedied within the next month, then further steps will be taken. And even one in your unusual position isn’t above the requirement to maintain your house in accordance with the housing regulations, or from ensuring your girls know how to behave. It falls to me, as head of the Local Beauty Committee, to show you how to keep your girl in her best shape. And, really, you are wasting her as a working bitch – she is beautiful, and her hair is magnificent, even in this state. Remove her belt.’

A hiss of dislike from Clea – she obviously hated being ordered around! But she did obey, taking the key from her necklace and using it to remove the crotch-plate from Carmen’s body. The dildo was removed, Carmen shuddering as the ridged shaft rubbed against her innards, stimulating her against her will, slicked with her own juices.

‘She is obviously functional – a good start. I just hope she is obedient.’

The older woman squeezed at Carmen’s body again, flicking a nipple. When she spoke, her voice was warmer, speaking slowly, like to a child. ‘I’m sure you’re going to be a good girl – and maybe Clea will let you have a wash afterwards. You must want to wash your hair as well – get all those snarls out.’ The gentle words contrasted with the humiliation of being molested, Carmen trying not to show any tension, in case it led to further pain. ‘It took me quite some time to get my Tania fully trained, but now she’s utterly obedient. I even let her have an orgasm, oh, maybe a few months ago. If she’s good, I might let her have another one this year. Bend over.’ Sharp nails touched against the top of her spine, threatening to hurt more if she didn’t follow their movement. Bending over might her ass tighten up, the plug even more humiliating, and with her wrists cuffed, she felt wobbly, about to fall over.

‘Spread your legs – at least as much as you can.’

The ankle-fetters dug into her ankles, but she obeyed, the collar digging into her neck even more, now she was bent over. Her hair kept falling in her eyes as well, half-blinding her, impossible to wipe away.

‘It seems that she’s obedient. Good. That means she can be told the rules.’ Fingers tangled in her hair, holding her bent over and in place. ‘In this place, you will obey. You are here to serve and follow orders. You are owned by Miss Laker here, who will be responsible for you. She can do what she wants with you – this community is isolated enough that you won’t escape if you are foolish enough to try and flee. And whatever she may do to you, rest assured that the Doctor will do worse if you are ever in need of punishment.’

The grip tightened, making Carmen wince as her hair was pulled. The ass-plug was pulled, stretching out her tight hole, a further shame adding to her sense of humiliation.

‘Little Clea is something of an... aberration... here. I am the property of Mr Greene, as is Tania, although her daily care is left to me, and we both tend to his needs when he is present. And you are the same for Clea. You will do everything she says – any delay will result in punishment. If you do well, then Clea may well permit you greater freedoms, just as I allow Tania to dress herself. But that is something that must be earned!’

Clea’s voice spoke, cold and contemptuous. ‘You’re my personal bitch – you do what I say, and nothing else. I don’t need you to speak, or even think. You’re just my pet slut, and I hope you understand that. Otherwise, you’re going to hurt.’ Her tone of voice suggested she wouldn’t have any problems with that as an outcome.

'We have a unique and beautiful neighborhood here, and I would prefer that you do not disrupt it. So if you make the place uglier in some fashion, then steps will be taken to ensure it doesn't happen again. And Miss Laker may need some discipline as well, although I am limited in what can be done there, while she has her freedom.'

Carmen's hair was pulled, dragging her back up to standing, forced to stare into the woman's eyes. Her face was neat and clean, makeup perfectly applied, making Carmen feel like dirty garbage in comparison. Clea's hands stroked down Carmen's legs, before the ankle-fetters were released, followed by sharp slaps against her inner thighs, making her spread her legs wider.

'Good. Time for your first lesson – that you may be hurt at any time. You have no right to protest or object.' The woman stepped back, loosening the thick belt from around her waist, bending it back on itself to form a fat leather loop. Even without it, her dress still pinched in tightly around her waist, as she tapped the thing against Carmen's breasts, letting her feel how solid it was. 'Turn around and raise your arms.'

Fear was making Carmen's heart pound, her thoughts slow and sluggish. Surely, even here, they wouldn't...

Turning around brought her face-to-face with Clea, who wasted no time in starting to lightly slap and squeeze at Carmen's breasts. An unpleasant smile was on her face as she spoke. 'Good girls don't protest – so I'm sure you'll stay nice and quiet!'

There was no warning as the belt slapped against her ass, the way it was curved back on itself making the impact even harder. Carmen gasped in pain, feeling her butt redden from the first hit, unable to prepare herself for the second, and then more. She had to resist the urge to move her hands to protect herself, not wanting her fingers to get hit.

Her buttocks got hotter with each strike, pain building up, making her strangely thankful that the plug had been removed – having that hit by the belt would have made it even more painful! The heavy impacts made her shake from the force of them, rocking forward with each hit.

'Who owns you?'

Carmen grit her teeth, not wanting to surrender, preferring the pain to speaking. That would be a defeat! Although her ass was on fire now, her skin spanked raw.

'It seems you might need to work to train her, Clea. I expect you to do so – I would be very disappointed if you were to slack off.' The next strike wasn't against her ass, but upwards, striking between her legs, curving around to hit against her pussy. Bright and vicious sparks of pain burst across her eyes, a yelp of pain escaping her lips. Another hit, and she tried to close her legs to protect herself. As soon as she started to move, Clea shook her head and grabbed at her throat, smiling as she started to squeeze.

'You need to learn your place, and what happens if you ever disobey.' Her other hand grabbed a breast and squeezed, twisting the soft flesh, making Carmen whimper. 'You are mine, and I can do whatever I want with you. Keep your legs spread, like the slut you are.'

The belt struck again, and again, the thick leather strap knocking against itself in a brutal double-strike. Carmen was panting now, unable to control herself, panic settling in. She wanted to scream, but no one would come to help – and these two bitches would just punish her more!

Clea slapped her across the face. 'Who owns you, you stupid slut?'

Carmen was hit again, the strike hard enough to force her lips apart, more painful than anything she'd experienced before, along with brutal shame, from having to endure this and being unable to fight back. She tried to pull her arms apart, the cuffs biting into her wrists, adding even more pain to the sensations assaulting her.

'Last chance – if you're not going to obey, then I may as well seal that mouth of yours. You don't need it to serve me.' Another slap, the urge to obey strong, just to evade the pain. But Carmen clamped her mouth shut, lips tightly pressed together, determined not to surrender. Tears were starting to flow, hot and bitter down her face, her pussy aching from the strikes of the belt.

'It looks like she needs more work, Clea. I hope you're up to it – there are penalties for having an insubordinate slave.'

Clea slapped Carmen again, full-force across the face, turning her head, hair flicking around. Her face was squeezed, mouth forced open, Clea staring at her with cold, hard contempt.

'You will obey me! If not, then I'm going to be even harsher.' She held up a gag, a long dildo-prong on the inside of the leather panel. Carmen tried to close her mouth, but the grip was too strong, and she couldn't resist the thing getting forced into her mouth. It was long enough that it touched against the back of her throat, making her feel queasy. It also filled her mouth with saliva, her tongue rolling along the length of it, feeling every little bump along it.

All she could do was grunt now, as it was buckled around her head, snagging twists of her hair and pulling on them, making her scalp ache. Turning her head made it bump against her throat even more, adding to her sense of nausea, while also making it hard to breathe.

'I'll remove it when you learn your place. Until then, no clothing and you're sleeping in the garden. Dumb, stupid bitches aren't allowed in the house!'

She grabbed both of Carmen's breasts, stretching them out, and then kneeling her in the crotch. The pain was even worse than the belt, making Carmen weaken dropping downwards. Clea then grabbed her hair, using that to force her all the way to the floor, even as the belt kept slapping against her ass. She was weeping now, face-down on the carpet, unable to hold back the tears.

A foot stamped down onto her back, her ankles grabbed and legs bent back – the leg-fetters were applied again, before she was bent into a hogtie. She whined, darkness overcoming her as a blindfold was applied, plunging her into darkness.

'I'll have to be even harsher with you then. Dumb slut.' A boot stamped down onto her back, grinding down harshly. 'I'll break you soon, but I'll have fun doing it.'

Chapter 7: Forced Labor

The heat was oppressive, Carmen feeling sweaty and drained. It didn't help that she was naked except for fetters and cuffs, the metal rubbing and chafing against her skin, adding even more pain to her humiliation. With a heavy muzzle over her mouth, she couldn't protest though, and it was hard to even breathe, the inside of the leather damp with condensation from her breathing. 'Keep working!'

Clea's voice was loud and sharp, the bitch relaxing on a sun lounger, in the shade of the house. She was dressed in tight shorts and a latex vest, large sunglasses covering her eyes. The large glass of chill water next to her drew Carmen's attention – she could imagine the sheer bliss of that down her throat, cooling her from the inside, but she couldn't drink at all with the muzzle in

place! And the whip in Clea's hand was a constant threat, the long cord capable of lashing out and striking Carmen, or popping the air and making her flinch.

Having to do menial work was degrading and hard – the bitch had only given her a push mower, the bladed tube slicing through the overgrown lawn. It took a lot of effort to push it back and forth, slowly cutting the grass down to an acceptable length, like that of the other surrounding houses. And there were weeds and nettles scattered amongst the grass, prickling at Carmen's legs! That helped to distract her from the buttplug and dildo forced into her though, held in place by the chastity belt, teasing and stimulating her. She'd been at this for hours, through the morning and the peak noon sun, into the afternoon.

Turning her back on Clea to keep working made her feel exposed and vulnerable, unable to even see the whip if it were to be flicked through the air. And she still had no idea where she was – some creepy suburban hell! She wasn't the only woman in her position either – she had seen a few other women, collared and cuffed, walking along behind people in more normal clothing. Each house she could see seemed to have at least one, some several, most of them meeting her eyes with quiet despair.

The house over the road had a wooden stake in the front yard, a woman tied to it, a cross-piece holding her legs spread. Tape had been wound around her head and mouth, turning her into a thing, a creepy-as-hell garden ornament, left to bake and suffer under the sun. A few of the people walking by stopped to look at her, some even approaching to molest and grope the captive flesh.

Carmen tried to tune it out, not wanting to see more torment, or to think about what that might feel like. She just wanted to take a break, and drink some water before she passed out! But with that bitch Clea watching her, she didn't dare stop, for fear of getting whipped again, adding to the pains she had already endured. She forced herself to keep walking, trying to ignore how sweaty she was, and the growing pains from her ankles, wrists and neck where metal was rubbing away at her skin.

'Good girl. Isn't obedience just so much easier?'

Carmen shivered, Clea speaking from close behind her. The whip stroked over her back, making the places it had already lashed her ache with pain.

'A good girl is allowed to sleep indoors – and I might even let you have clothing.' The whip poked against Carmen's ass. When she tensed up, she was forced to be aware of the fat plug buried in her butt, as well as the dildo constantly rubbing against her insides.

'Would you like a drink? You're all sweaty and gross.'

'Mphhh!' It was impossible to talk, but Carmen whined through the muzzle, her throat painfully dry. Another touch against her butt – something wet, cold and hard, ice sliding across her skin. It made the welts sting and throb, Carmen stifling a moan of pain, not wanting to show any weakness. Cool water trickled down her skin, following the curve of her body before splashing off, the cold of it refreshing her, despite the pain.

'Turn around.'

Being commanded so casually rankled, but it wasn't worth any pain that might come from resisting. At least she was only barely shorter than Clea, able to look the bitch in the eye. A large, slippery cube of ice was pressed against her chest, between her breasts. It was already melting, cool water trickling down her naked body, cleaning away her sweat. It made her heart skip a beat from the sudden cold, even as it cooled her down. Clea wiped it down

Carmen's body, pushing on it hard, running it along the top of the chastity belt, some of the blissfully cold water seeping beneath the metal.

'It's useful having someone to do the work. Maybe Mrs. Greene will finally get off my case about it, once you've cut it all back! And maybe then I'll let you come inside, I'm sure you'd prefer a cage inside to the kennel out here.'

The ice was virtually gone now, melting away to nothing, Clea's fingertips now sliding over Carmen's skin.

'You must be getting thirsty. And I suppose you have done quite a lot of work. As long as you're going to be obedient – and you are, aren't you? A good girl for me.'

Carmen's throat was parched – she tried to look obedient, willing to play the part if it meant being allowed to drink, dropping her eyes. Clea nodded in approval, taking a dog bowl and putting it on the freshly-cut lawn, and then pouring water into it. It sparkled in the sunlight, drawing Carmen's eyes to it.

'Down.'

Carmen grumbled, but dropped to her hands and knees, the muzzle still preventing her from drinking, or opening her mouth at all. The thing was even secured with a padlock, so it was impossible to remove herself! She turned her head, trying to present the lock to Clea. Instead, the woman grabbed her hair, rough and harsh, using that to drag Carmen's head around, squatting so that she was at the same level as Carmen.

'The more obedient you are, then the easier this will be.' The drag on her hair wasn't released as Clea slid a key into the lock, the pressure of the muzzle fading, before it was pulled away from her face. She could feel where it had pressed, damp sweat starting to spread, Clea slapping her across the face before pushing her head down. The pain of the slap wasn't as bad as the shame of having to accept the hit!

'Drink. Like the bitch you are.' Her head was shoved further down, lips touching against the cool water, Carmen lapping it down. At least the bowl was shallow enough that there was no danger of drowning in it! And she desperately needed the fluid, feeling it fill her stomach, energizing her. It was gone far too fast, the coldness of it making her teeth ache. 'See? If you cooperate, then you get treated better. I might even let you have a little more food tonight.' Her grip on Carmen's head was strong, bitter bile rising up in Carmen's throat. She wanted to fight back, but Clea would just hurt her if she did anything!

'A good bitch knows her place. I suppose you have been working hard all day – and haven't tried to escape. Not that there's anywhere for you to go!' Clea poured water onto Carmen's head, some of it splashing into the bowl, where she gulped it down. Carmen didn't even care that it made her hair damp, just the sheer feeling of being cooled off was bliss by itself!

'I've prepared something for you inside. I'm sure you'd like to get out of the sun, wouldn't you?' Carmen's face was being pressed down into the bowl, her nose squashed against the metal. She growled, but the noise was barely audible, Clea stamping onto her with a sneaker-wrapped foot.

'Come with me. And you can stay down there, no need for you to walk.'

Clea moved away, forcing Carmen to crawl, fighting back against the hatred and humiliation that boiled inside of her. If she was inside, then she might be able to fight Clea somehow, tie the bitch up! At least she'd be out of the brutal sun, if nothing else. Although the entrance to the house was ominously dark, the sunlight outside was too bright to let her see inside.

As she crawled, the grass prickled against her palms and shins, more weeds jabbing her, adding to her pains. Clea didn't notice or care, pulling Carmen inside, into a large and open hallway. Despite the large size though, the paint on the walls was chipped and cracked, surfaces looking dusty and dirty.

A strange wooden platform was in the middle of the hall, a steep-sided pyramid, the wood just as grimy as everything else, a large wheel on one end letting it be raised or lowered. She could see more unpleasant-looking bondage equipment scattered around the place as well – ropes, whips, canes, even a small cage! She tensed up, resisting for a moment before Clea pulled harder, and the pain in her scalp increased. It was impossible to suppress a moan of pain, Clea turning and giving her a kick to force her to move.

'Still have some spirit then? Well, I'm just going to have to break that down.' Another kick to Carmen's ribs, and then a stamp to her back forced her onto the floor – she could feel dust and grit sticking to her stomach and breasts, before another stamp knocked the air from her. Clea grabbed one of her wrists, metal clicking around sweaty skin, Carmen's hands getting cuffed behind her back.

'That should keep you under control. Don't want you thinking you have any chance of getting free, after all. I'm already being generous enough letting you be inside. And I'm kind enough I'm even going to take this off.' Metal clicked, the pressure of the belt around Carmen's crotch releasing itself. The crotch-panel was pulled away, air sliding over her sensitive pussy, the dildo getting yanked out.

Carmen gasped, blacking out for a moment from the sheer rush of stimulation, writhing in a small puddle of her own juices. Her body went limp, impossible to control, her chest panting for air.

'Pathetic slut. Well, as long as you learn that you belong to me, it doesn't matter. Now stand up.' There was barely any time to obey before Clea pulled on Carmen's hair again, pain flaring along her scalp, forcing her to stand or be hurt more.

As she was pulled up, she was shoved around, until she bumped up against the wooden block-thing, the top in line with her hips. It pushed into her soft skin, making her gasp again. Clea pushed against her from behind, one hand on the cuff-chain, the other on Carmen's head. 'Up you get.'

The pain from her scalp was excruciating, forcing her up onto her toes, the top of the wedge now between her legs. A shove, and she was on top of it, her legs awkwardly spread, the wedge rubbing against her thighs. She tried to keep walking forward, not liking the hardness of it against her body, but Carmen held her in place.

It was high enough that she had to stand on her tiptoes, her calves rapidly starting to ache. She tried to twist her hands, wanting to take some of the strain off, pushing down onto the wedge.

The top was hard and pointed enough that it made her palms ache as she pressed down, adding more pain to the sensations assaulting her.

'You can rest here. A slut like you might even enjoy it.' A hand slapped her butt, making her hips twitch forward, her crotch sliding over the wedge. Clea then pulled Carmen's wrists back, clipping the wrist-chain to a loop. Carmen was starting to pant from the effort of keeping herself up on her toes, her body slowly dropping down. This made the wedge put more pressure onto her pussy, her own weight torturing her!

It penetrated her, the shape of her body making it slide into her body, her thighs tightening against the wood in a desperate attempt to reduce the pain. She was so wet from the constant teasing of the dildo that it hurt even more, her body soft and sensitive.

'Get me off! It hurts!' She hated the weakness in her voice, but the pressure in her crotch was steadily building, pain building on pain as her weight dragged on her. Fingers, strong and cruel, grabbed her breast and squeezed, sinking into the soft mound.

'Bitches only speak when commanded to. You haven't earned that right yet.' Her breast was crushed and twisted, another source of pain sinking into her body. 'I suppose I need to seal that mouth of yours.'

'Get off me! Crazy bitch!' Fear and pain lent Carmen strength, as she twisted around, trying to pull herself off the wedge. It was high enough that she couldn't step off to either side though, and with her wrists pinned back behind her, she couldn't move off the other end! Every moment just made her cunt hurt more and more, nerves aching from the constant pressure, the pain from her breast just another source of agony and humiliation. The arousal she felt was even worse, her body betraying her, a hot flush of shame and desire running through her body.

'Let me go! Let me go!' It was hard to think, as she yelled, louder and louder, Clea stepping around in front of her. There was a cruel smile on her pretty face, before she punched Carmen in the stomach, stopping her from shouting as she gasped for air.

'Dumb bitches need training. And you've just lost your right to have a voice.' Another punch, Clea forcing a rubbery ball into Carmen's mouth. It settled behind her teeth and made her cheeks bulge out, turning her protests into pathetic whines.

'Mphhhppphh! Nmmmmmmmm!'

Her ankles were aching now, from being up on her toes for so long, the cuffs biting into her wrists as she twisted her arms.

'Maybe just a little higher.'

'Nnnnnnnmmmmmmmm!'

Clea turned the wheel, metal squeaking as the wedge started to rise. This put even more weight onto Carmen's pussy, increasing the strain on her legs, her toes just barely touching the floor. She tried tightening her thighs, wanting to raise herself up on the wedge, but the sides were too steep, impossible to grip onto. Her fingers slapped against the wood, trying to find purchase, to do anything to prevent the pain between her legs getting more and more intense. It hurt, more than anything Carmen had ever experienced before! The agony spread up through her hips, into her the rest of her body, every little twitch and shudder making the pressure shift, constantly getting more and more intense. It was impossible to adjust to, as every movement made it change, the agonies always slightly different.

Clea smiled at her, before leaning in and gently kissing a nipple, her tongue flicking over the hard nub.

'It looks like you're getting off on this. I suppose you are a slut at heart, even if you protest!' She kissed again, before biting, her teeth crushing Carmen's skin, making her yelp in pain. Dribble oozed around the gag, splashing down on Clea's head.

'You dirty, gross bitch! If you ever do that again, you'll regret it.'

The anger on Clea's face fueled Carmen's resistance – she might be in agony, but making Clea angry, doing something to the bitch that was torturing her, was worthwhile! She relaxed her

stomach, feeling warm liquid flow between her legs. It was shameful, but the look of disgust on Clea's face as she stepped back was worth it, even as piss trickled down Carmen's legs.

'You, you...' Clea stuttered, so full of rage she couldn't even speak, hands tensing into fists.

'I'm going to break you. Make sure you can't even think of disobeying!' She stepped in, slapping Carmen against the breasts before moving behind her. Trying to twist to keep her in view was too painful, Carmen's lungs heaving for air, struggling to breathe around the fat gag-ball in her mouth.

She heard rummaging, tensing up in case she was about to be whipped. Instead, it wasn't long before Clea's footsteps approached again, a hand grabbing Carmen's hair and pulling her head back, making her neck strain against the collar. A thick, heavy blindfold went over her eyes, plunging her into darkness, and then metal pressed against her nipples. The pressure was constant and impossible to escape, jangling pain stabbing into her chest.

'You can stay there for the night. When I let you down tomorrow, maybe you'll have learned how to be obedient! Disgusting, ugly cunt.' A hard backhand slap to her stomach, and then Clea's footsteps moved away, leaving Carmen alone with her suffering.

Chapter 8: Another New Girl

'This place is weird.' Harper tensed her limbs, feeling the tightness of the cuffs and ropes holding her spreadeagled on the bed. There was slack, but only a little, keeping her spread out, face-up on the bed, looking up at the ceiling.

'Oh? I would have thought you'd have more immediate things to think about.' Barbara sat down on the mattress, compressing it beneath her weight, before reaching out and stroking her fingers over Harper's naked body. The touch made Harper shiver, streaks of warmth spreading through her, a sigh escaping her lips.

'Hmmm... Well, it is! Most of the women dress strangely, and... mmmm....' She was distracted by another stroking brush of Barbara's fingers. They went lower this time, over her thong, pulling on the scant fabric and then letting it flick back against Harper's body.

'Shhh. You don't need to worry about anything else. We can have some fun together.' She leaned over, tongue sliding over Harper's toned stomach, licking around her bellybutton. 'All that swimming has given you a wonderful body!' The firm, slightly damp, touch circled around, making Harper shiver, struggling not to make more noise from the stimulation. Barbara was far too good at turning her on, able to get her going with just a few touches!

'But it's really, hahhhh... strange! And I got up early to go jogging and heard, hmmm... gagged screaming.'

'Well, some people have unusual tastes. Like this!' The licking became a kiss, lips softly sucking on Harper's chest, between her breasts, fingers gently rubbing against Harper's crotch. Warm, soft fuzz was seeping into her head, making it hard to think, her body feeling like it was melting against the soft bed.

'But it sounded bad – like real pain, not just, hmmm, a cute spanking.'

'Well, you shouldn't be going outside. After all, you have me to distract you.' The fingers moved beneath the thong, stroking around her lower lips, making Harper gasp with pleasure.

'I told you that I'd be keeping you inside to play with! And I meant it.' Barbara moved position, straddling herself over Harper's body, her weight squashing air from Harper's lungs. All Barbara

was wearing was her own underwear – cute pink panties and a lacey bra, highlighting her curves, making it hard not to stare.

‘A nice relaxing summer break – after winning the swimming championship, you deserve that!’ Barbara wriggled her hips, making Harper moan, enjoying the heat and pressure of the woman’s weight. ‘I think that naughty little mouth of yours needs something else to do.’ She leaned over, tightening her thighs around Harper’s body, then kissing her on the mouth. Her long, dark hair stroked over Harper’s face, bathing her in Barbara’s scent and blocking the light. Harper didn’t resist, letting herself be kissed, the taste and smell of Barbara overwhelming her, as the woman started to gently grind her hips back and forth, using Harper to rub against for her own pleasure. ‘It’s nice seeing you, but you have to admit that... hphhhh... this place is strange!’ It was getting harder to breathe as Barbara’s closeness dominated her, turning her on even more acutely. ‘If you can talk, then I think I can find other uses for your tongue.’ Barbara moved, shifting herself up and mounting Harper’s face. It was a familiar position, and she kissed and licked, able to feel when her tongue slid against a wet pussy. Barbara smiled at her, sliding fingers through Harper’s hair, cheeks turning red.

It was impossible to talk with Barbara’s weight on her face, and she had to breathe through her nose. Every inhalation was heavy with Barbara’s scent, Harper’s hips pulsing up and down, grinding on empty air.

‘So cute when you’re like this! Such a needy little thing.’ Barbara was starting to pant now, her taste changing as arousal flowed, the woman leaning back and pressing a hand down against Harper’s pussy, pinning her in place. ‘You only need a little more training.’

Harper whined into Barbara’s pussy – she didn’t like being referred to in such terms! She tried to show some sign of protest, moving her arms, but the ropes on her wrists were too tight, only allowing a small degree of movement.

Barbara was panting and gasping now, not talking as she bit her lip, deep inner focus on her face. Her hand tightened on Harper’s hair as she moaned, back arching as an orgasm ran through her. Barbara’s weight pressed down even more onto Harper’s face, pressing her into the cushion. Juices flowed into Harper’s mouth, and she had to swallow them down, the taste intense.

The sigh of pleasure was loud, Barbara wriggling herself around, sagging in post-orgasmic bliss before moving aside, letting Harper breathe freely again. The taste of Barbara was intense on her lips and tongue, impossible to ignore, just making her desperately turned on. She wriggled against the ropes, feeling them tighten, barely able to move, the cuffs snug against her body and impossible to remove.

‘Mmmm, what a lovely girl you are!’ Barbara’s fingers stroked over Harper’s body, teasing her more, light and soft. She tried to spread her legs, wanting to get off, feeling her own needs. It wasn’t fair that Barbara was always the one getting off, always the one dominating!

‘Next time why don’t I tie you up?’ Harper grunted in pain as Barbara pinched her, before resting a hand on Harper’s crotch, another teasing touch.

‘I like things this way around.’ She leaned in, kissing Harper again, the sound of a draw opening. ‘If you’re going to stop objecting, then your pretty little mouth isn’t really needed.’

‘Hey, what do you mepphhh!’

As she spoke, Barbara held up a fat rubber ball, forcing it into Harper’s mouth, squashing it behind her teeth. It was so large that it was impossible to push out with her tongue, making her

cheeks bulge out. A strap came out from either side, Barbara lifting Harper's head up to buckle it into place, ensuring the ball stayed there.

'Mphhhhh!' Harper hated being gagged – not being able to talk, as well as how they made it hard to breathe. She tried to push it out, but it was too large, even without the strap.

'Shhh, shhhh. You don't need to worry, you can just let me look after you.' Her fingers stroked and teased, Harper shivering in place, struggling to focus. She wanted the gag removed, but there was no way for her to talk anymore! And she couldn't move her own limbs to free herself, making her entirely dependent on Barbara. 'This is a lovely neighborhood, it just has some specific rules.'

She stroked against between Harper's legs, making Harper shiver and gasp, toes curling from the intense wave of pleasure.

'You're going to fit in perfectly, I think. You'll just need some training first. To make sure that you're a good girl, and that you behave properly. You'll need to get used to dressing differently, but I'm sure you'll adjust soon enough.' More teasing, making Harper gasp and pant, completely powerless to resist or protest.

'You can be my cute pet – although I think I'll keep you on two legs, rather than four. You need this first.' The teasing stopped, and then there was a harsh, sharp pussy-slap, the pain making Harper grunt and shudder. She didn't like being hurt!

'Nphhh! Phhhh!' She tried to protest, but couldn't speak, or do anything other than wriggle herself around a little. Her eyes went wide when she saw that Barbara was now holding up a wide leather band, a metal ring dangling down. She shook her head again, before Barbara grabbed her hair, hard enough to make her scalp ache, the collar being moved into position. It was pushed against her neck, hard and cold, wrapping into place, rubbing and chafing her skin. There was no way for her to escape it, fear spreading through her as it was firmly buckled shut. Next, Barbara held up a padlock, letting Harper see it before sliding it through part of the collar, clicking it shut.

'Mphhhhh!' Fear and rage coursed through Harper, making her throw herself against her bonds, shaking her body around. Being tied up was fun, but she wasn't a bitch, and the feeling of anything so tight around her neck was already making her gasp for air, made worse by the gag. 'This is how this place works – you need to be owned by somebody. I didn't have to show it when I was away, but now I'm home, I need to follow the rules.' Her fingers resumed their teasing, Harper caught between confusion, rage and desire, still unable to free herself. 'You're going to be very popular, I know it! And I'm sure you can get used to having some male admirers as well.'

Harper whined in protest again – she didn't want that! Her protest was met with another pussy-slap there, pain shooting through her, and impossible to defend against. She was getting so hot down there that her thoughts were starting to fuzz, her energy draining away.

'We can even have some fun together, but you're going to need to be trained. I was tempted to make you into a cute little pet, as I was never allowed one as a child.'

Harper tried to throw herself around even more, not liking this turn of conversation. But she was so drained and weak that she couldn't make any headway, her strength sapped.

'But Mother thinks you'd be better as an indoor slut – you've got nice legs, so she thinks you'd make a good maid and fuckslut. It's going to be a lovely summer together, as we make sure that you're nice and obedient!'

Harper's moans got louder, the collar feeling brutally constrictive, breathing hard. She liked being teased and tied up, but had no idea what Barbara was talking about! Then Barbara started to slap at her pussy, full-force impacts that sent brutal pain through Harper's body, until she was unable to keep moving, whining into her gag.

'Shhh, shhh. You need to learn a lot of things! Including how to behave. Don't worry, if you're nice and polite, then it won't be too rough. But if you're not, then things might be a little rougher for you. It's... unpleasant, but easier if you accept it.' Another slap, and then more gentle fingering, ripples of pleasure doing something to dispel the pain. 'You should learn to accept whatever clothing you're given as well. You're going to have to get used to that – or being naked.'

'Nphhh!' The stroking continued, Barbara smiling at her, before planting a long and slow kiss onto Harper's pussy, tongue sliding deep into her. 'You should appreciate this – it's going to be quite a while before you're allowed an orgasm.'

'Oh good, you have her contained. That certainly makes things easier.' Another woman's voice – older than Barbara, footsteps walking closer. She leaned in, perfectly-coiffured blonde hair framing her pale face, a metal band around her own neck. 'I hope you enjoyed your time away? And you've brought back such a delightful-looking woman! I'm sure she will learn to adjust – and if she does, then that will pay for your tuition fees and then some, I'd imagine.'

She moved closer, Harper trying to shuffle away, still spreadeagled on the bed.

'Yes, you'll do nicely. A lovely, sporty physique – a swimmer, I think Barbara said? Well, you won't be able to swim much here, but we'll be sure to keep you nice and trim. Your build is sure to draw attention, you have such a lovely figure.' She was wearing a neat and pretty dress, matching her perfect makeup, her nails neat and red, as she reached out and gently poked a breast.

'Lovely, yes. Although I do hope you won't be too much of a problem to train – Barbara here was quite an irksome brat! I lost count of the number of times I had to take my belt to her before she learned to accept her place. But now both of us are going to work on you.' Her hand bent into a claw, scratching down Harper's belly.

She whined again, in pain and confusion, still unsure what was happening, who this woman was, and what was going to happen to her.

'I am Mrs. Greene, and I will be responsible for your training. Unless you prove quite savage, then there should be no need to trouble the Doctor with you. That does depend on you though – the more agreeable you are, the less unpleasant the process will be.' The nails scratched harder, pain adding to the sensory overload roiling through Harper. Barbara's fingers kept teasing at Harper's pussy, the warmth stirring up through her body, bringing her to the edge of release.

It was hard for her to make herself move, as she mewed into the gag, body going limp.

'That's it – accept that you are here to be trained, and this will be much easier to accept. Now, Barbara – have you started her anal training? It's important to keep new girls plugged, to prevent any messes.'

'I, uh... She didn't like it.'

'Well, she doesn't have a say. Fortunately, we can be a little more forceful now, especially as she's gagged. I do despise screamers, they make everything so loud!' The woman stopped

scratching at Harper, producing a fat metal buttplug from somewhere, the thing already shiny with lube.

Harper's eyes went wide, and she managed to find the strength to shake her head – she didn't want anything going into her butt! But she was powerless to resist as the woman reached between her legs, pushing her around and then forcing the plug into her body. It slid into place, Harper's own weight impaling her, forcing the bulb into her body, stretching her out and violating her. The thing felt huge, stretching her out as it was forced into her, making her pant and gasp. She wanted to escape, to get the thing out of her body, but the ropes were too tight, refusing to let her go, her fingers unable to reach any of the knots. The fat lump was firmly nestled inside of her body, impossible to force out even as she tensed up, trying to raise her hips. She was panting now, body fever-hot, sweat soaking into the bedding beneath her.

'Gagged, collared and plugged, that's a good start. You will need to prove yourself able to keep her in line, Barbara. She is going to be yours, so you will need to be able to dominate her. If not, then you clearly need more training yourself.'

Harper's eyes rolled backwards as two fingers slid deep into her, pushing her close to her limit, her nerves overloaded with sensation.

'Barbara will explain all of the rules to you – but as you're going to be leashed and gagged, it shouldn't be a problem for you to obey. If you're a good girl, you'll be allowed to clean yourself as well. You're pretty enough it would be better if you could be properly presented, but staking you out in the garden for anyone to use is an option.'

The fingers teased back and forth, forcing more sensation onto Harper, impossible to resist. She wasn't even sure who was fingering her, her eyes fluttering closed, everything going grey. It took just a few more stroking touches before she was forced to climax, her body tensing up, a loud moan sounding out even through the gag.

After that, she sagged back down, body limp, unable to bring herself to move again, as the older woman spoke.

'Barbara is being kind – that is the last orgasm you will be allowed until you are properly house-broken. I hope you enjoyed it. But now it's time to accept your place. You are here to work, look pretty, and be used. The more you resist, the more likely it is that you will end up as nothing more than a toy, which I doubt you would enjoy.'

Mrs. Greene walked around the bed, coming into view as Harper stared upwards, unable to muster the strength to even turn her head. Fingers brushed hair from her sweaty forehead, before a thick padded blindfold covered her eyes, everything going black. She was too weak to resist, as it was buckled into place around her head, leaving her blinded.

'Just like your mouth, your eyes are a privilege that you will have to earn. I'm sure that you are going to be a quick learner though, unless you enjoy pain! We may as well begin.'

Fingers stroked and roamed over her body, poking and pressing, finding her most sensitive points, as she faded into darkness, unable to resist, or even think...

Chapter 9: Training

The cane thwipped, slapping into Harper's butt with a vicious impact, making her shudder in pain. Her ankles and calves were stiff and sore, ballet heels on her feet forcing her onto her toes, a hobble-skirt limiting her to shuffling steps, but also leaving her ass and butt bare and unprotected.

The tray she was holding shook, the glasses of water shivering, droplets splashing over the side. Another cane-strike, her ass on fire from the repeated impacts, the buttplug inside of her something else she could feel – both the base of it between her buttocks, but also the large lump inside her body.

‘Hmmm, she’s improving, I suppose. And you managed to keep her under control.’ Mrs. Greene was sitting on a couch, perched primly with her legs crossed, as neat and perfect as she always seemed to be, delicately sipping from a cup of coffee. ‘But she is still a little sloppy.’ She gestured where water had splashed onto the tray, before finishing her coffee and putting the cup to one side, picking up a flogger.

Harper whined, not wanting to feel the knotted cords impacting against her body. Her hands were in front of her, but her wrists were cuffed, and the hobble-skirt and ballet-heels crippled her movement, and she was still gagged, dribble oozing down her mouth.

‘You’re being too gentle with her. I know that you were lovers once, but you need to put that behind you, and treat her roughly. She needs to learn her place.’ Mrs. Greene moved around, Harper struggling to turn her head to keep the woman in sight, the thick collar limiting her movements. The flogger assaulted her, the heavy knotted cords impacting against the already-sore skin, making her grunt with pain and shake again.

‘At least she has good stamina – I hope you’re not spoiling her with any treats?’

‘No, I’m keeping her on a controlled diet.’

Harper could feel the gnawing ache of her stomach, denied anything but a small amount of food-paste, making her even weaker. And she had to watch Barbara cook and eat normally, feeling her own jealousy and hunger grow while she was chained into a corner of the kitchen as an additional torture!

‘That’s good. And she’s plugged, I see. She does have a lovely body. No orgasms?’

‘Of course not! She’s getting nice and frustrated; I’ve been teasing her every day. She’s been a struggle to put down a few times, but is quite responsive to pain.’

Harper whined through her gag – Barbara was brutal with a cane or paddle, leaving bruises over Harper’s body whenever she tried to resist. Each night she was tied to, fully restrained, unable to move until freed, and she’d been almost constantly gagged since getting brought here, unable to talk. She wasn’t even allowed to use the bathroom – she’d had to piss herself in a corner of the garden, or given enemas until she felt stuffed and then allowed to empty herself into the garden.

‘Good. It sounds like the training is progressing, but she needs to be pushed harder.’ The flogger struck again, a loud crack as it impacted against Harper’s butt, making her rock forward, more water spilling onto the tray. ‘It seems she isn’t yet entirely willing.’

Harper whined. Of course she wasn’t! She didn’t want to be tied up and caned, especially not by her lover! She wanted to escape, but was restrained virtually all the time, giving no chance to try and break free.

‘I think it might be time to escalate matters. We can show little Harper what some of the alternatives are, so that she knows how much more unpleasant matters can become for her.’ She moved in, pressing herself against Harper from behind, a soft and sweet scent wafting from her. ‘Barbara has been pampering you so far – it’s rather rude of you not to behave!’ Her empty hand reached around and squeezed one of Harper’s breasts. ‘I was hoping that you’d be more responsive, but it seems that Barbara may have misjudged your obedience.’

'Mmmmmpphhhh!' Harper tried to protest, but couldn't manage anything more than a pathetic whine, hating the feeling of dribble down her chin.

'I trust the basement is fully equipped? You are responsible for maintaining the property to an acceptable standard.'

'Everything works.'

'Good, then shall we take her down? Show her the consequences of her choices.'

That didn't sound good! Harper shook her head, at least the small amount that she could manage, water slopping out of the glass, spilling down her body and onto the carpet. Mrs. Greene sighed and shook her own head sadly. 'A shame there's no one to clean that up – you're making Barbara do extra work herself, which is the precise opposite of what someone in your position should be doing!' The breast squeeze got harder, Mrs. Greene using that to pull Harper around, starting to lead her away.

The heels made it hard to resist, at least without bringing more pain onto herself – she had to totter forward, her balance gone as she was pulled forward. Barbara followed behind, tapping the cane against Harper's ass, sending more sharp little twitches of pain into her body.

She was pulled towards a door she'd never been through, which was opened to reveal bare concrete steps, leading into a cool and dark space. She whined uncertainly, not liking where this was going, the place seeming even more isolated than the rest of the house. That just earned her more cane-strikes until she started to go downwards, struggling not to fall down the stairs.

The basement was a single, large space, with breezeblock walls and a concrete floor. And far too many cruel-looking implements and tools – a chair covered with spikes, a tiny-looking cage that someone would just barely fit into, several racks and frames, all designed to cause pain and suffering. She tried to pull back, not wanting to go any further into the room, but Mrs. Greene turned and slapped her other tit, causing movement of weakness and dragging Harper further into the room.

'A swimmer, isn't she? That does explain her lovely body. And means that she's probably good at holding her breath.' Mrs. Greene let go of Harper's breasts before slapping her chest, knocking the tray aside, the cup splashing and rolling away. Harper tried to protect herself, raising her arms against her chest, the chain so short she couldn't move her arms from each other.

'Bad girl! Bad! You need to accept your punishment.'

Harper whined, pushing with her arms, managing to grab at Mrs. Greene's dress and pulling on it, wanting to hurt the woman, to do something to show that she wasn't cowed. She twisted her fingers, gripping at the neckline, pulling on it, and seeing more of the woman's breasts.

A hand slapped her face, a brutally hard impact that tossed her head to the side, sparks dancing across her eyes. She fell backwards, unable to keep her grip through the pain, getting caned from behind again.

'You need to train her in obedience.' Mrs. Greene's voice was cold and harsh now, before she grabbed the chain between the handcuffs, using that to pull Harper forward, towards a padded block, the sides covered with metal rings. 'I thought she was more advanced than this, but I suppose this is the danger with free-range sluts.' She turned, another brutal face-slap, and then twisted Harper around, dragging her onto the block, face-up.

Harper squirmed and twisted, trying to get off the block, her movements getting stopped as Mrs. Greene simply sat on her, squashing air from her lungs. She couldn't kick out, not with the hobble-skirt in place, as her left arm was grabbed, and the wrist-cuff unlocked. Adrenaline surged, but she could barely breathe, her flailing arms lacking any power, as they were grabbed, bent back and cuffed against the metal rings. Then a chain went over her legs, tight enough that it pressed into her skin, crisscrossing and pinning her down even more.

'Naughty girl! Behaving like this, you are in sore need of a harsh lesson, young lady.' Mrs. Greene raised herself up and then dropped, her butt squashing more air from Harper's lungs. The position was putting more strain onto her body as well, the chains rattling a little whenever she moved her legs.

'Barbara, be a dear and fill a tub with water. Little Harper needs a sharp, harsh lesson in what happens to disobedient brats.' She flicked a nipple before standing up, looking down onto Harper with a cruel smile, readjusting her clothing. 'I dislike being accosted! And Barbara is clearly spoiling you – but that ends now.'

'Nphhh!' Harper could feel tears welling up, frustration and fear mingling inside of her, water splashing close by, somewhere out of sight. With the gag in place, she couldn't even beg, her words reduced to nothing more than wet and pathetic mumbles. When Mrs. Greene touched her crotch, that sent a vivid warmth flushing through her body, making her hate her own weakness, and how easy to stimulate she was.

The splashing sound got closer, Barbara coming back into sight with a large bucket, heavy enough that she was straining to carry it. Harper struggled against her restraints, feeling cuffs bite into her wrists, narrow bands of hard metal pinching into her skin.

'A sharp shock is sometimes needed – just to show what can happen to the disobedient. You still have potential, and I hope it won't be required to send you to the Doctor.' She rested a hand on Harper's crotch, fingers lightly gripping. 'We haven't even sealed this away! Barbara is being far too kind.' She started to stroke Harper, touches light and gentle, sending unwanted stirrings of warmth through Harper's body. With her legs chained down, she couldn't do anything to keep the woman away, and she hadn't had any release since coming here, making her desperately sensitive.

Just a little light fingering, and she was panting, struggling to focus and see anything. She felt fingers brush against her face, flinching away. The pressure on the gag-ball in her mouth lessened, the straps getting pulled from her face, letting her breathe freely.

'Please! Let me go!'

'This is for your own good. You'll be much happier when you accept that.' Barbara grabbed Harper's hair and pulled, using that to keep control of Harper's head, and then putting a cloth down. It covered her face, making her gasp in a sudden breath of panic, the thing fluttering out as she exhaled.

Throughout this, Mrs. Greene's fingers kept stroking and teasing her, not even needing to penetrate into her to make her hot and horny. A wet splash near her head made her twitch, trying to breathe out hard enough to make the sheet lift off her face, wanting to breathe freely again, and to regain her vision.

Cold water splashed over her face, soaking into the cloth and making it stick and cling. It stuck in place, cold water making her gasp, before it started to get in the way of her breathing. With

the wet fabric over her mouth and nose, it was harder to breathe, the fabric dropping into her mouth as she gaped.

Throbbing pain quickly started in her lungs, a panic reaction starting as she choked and spluttered. The water was cold against her face, more getting poured over her head, trickling down, soaking the cloth deeply.

Brutally bright sparks started to gather at the edges of her vision, the pain spreading from her lungs. The forced pleasure between her legs was making it even harder to think or focus, a finger sliding into her, as the cloth was lifted.

She gasped in air, a deep sucking, allowed to see for a moment. Barbara was standing over her, the cloth in one hand, a jug of water in the other. Mrs. Greene was leaning over her, a smile on her face as she stimulated Harper's captive body. A breath, then another, before the sheet was pressed back down, sticking close to her face.

'Nphhhhh!' The sound came out wet and pathetic as she moaned into it, more water getting poured onto her face. It went into her mouth and nose, starting to drown her, a deep-seated fear burning through her. She knew how to breathe when swimming, how to push herself and streamline her body to cut through the water, taking quick, sharp breaths and then submerging herself again, but in this torture, she had no say in when she was allowed to breathe, and when she was denied air!

The constant teasing made it even worse as well – without the waterboarding, she would be panting from the forced desire, her hips starting to buck and twist, making the chain clatter and clink as it tightened around her legs. One finger, then another, slid into her, little strokes against her clitoris spiking her desire, her hips grinding upwards. Through her suffering, she could dimly make out Mrs. Greene's chuckle of amusement, fingers thrusting even deeper. She was acutely aware of the plug inside her ass now, her body tight enough that she could feel the stem through her asshole.

The sheet was lifted again, letting her breathe, but not enough to dispel the pain of her lungs. A too-quick glance around, and then it was dropped back into place, cutting off the air supply again. It was pressed down, water soaking through the fabric and into her mouth, as she struggled to swallow it down to avoid further pain. Some of it went into her throat, prompting a vicious burst of coughing, the water impossible to dislodge.

She wanted to scream, to beg for mercy, but she couldn't talk, her lips spread wide in a desperate attempt to get as much air into her lungs as possible. Her body cramped up, hands slapping against the bench in a pathetic attempt to beg for mercy. The forced pleasure was getting more and more intense, the heat of that contrasting with the viciously cold water and the agony of her lungs.

Another lifting, and she spluttered and coughed, managing to clear some air from her throat and lungs, feeling weak and pathetic. Barely even a single breath now before it was dropped back down into place, cutting off her air again.

Her strength was fading fast, the slapping of her hands against the bench getting quieter and weaker, her arms going limp. Thoughts were fading, the twitching of her feet slowing, her consciousness flickering and fading.

The cloth was pulled aside, and she coughed again, body sagging, looking up into Barbara's eyes, desperate for an absent mercy.

'You want to be a good girl, don't you? Then you can stay here with me, and be my special good girl. You can do all the cleaning and housework, and I'll look after you. I don't want to have to make you into a pet-slut – that's far less fun! So please, be a good little girl for me?' She moved like she was about to press the cloth back down, Harper whimpering in fear, not wanting to face the desperate choking, drowning sensation again.

'Barbara owns you now. You're not escaping – you will only be permitted to leave under tight control, when we're sure that you're obedient. How intact you are is up to you.' Mrs. Greene thrust her fingers in deep, Harper's body tightening around them, her back arching as far as possible. 'If necessary, you will be turned into an obedient doll – although I think Barbara would rather have you more intact.'

The sheet was pressed back down, blinding and choking Harper again, forcing her back into a desperate, gasping paroxysm, body desperate for air. It hurt, in a way that was far more brutal than being whipped or caned, a hurt deep inside her body, more than just physical. The pain was part of her, something that couldn't be ignored or escaped, as she fluttered on the edge of consciousness, her lungs burning for air.

When the orgasm came, it hurt her even more, as she couldn't breathe properly, gulping water down into her throat. The choking spasms hurt, brutal torture soaking into her bones as cold water dripped into her nose, impossible to blow out. She just wanted it to end, but was suspended on the edge of consciousness, as her thoughts spluttered and faded.

'Will you be a good girl, just for me? A nice, tame house-slut?'

Barbara lifted the sheet again, looking down at Harper with a hopeful smile. Harper couldn't speak, too weak and pathetic, before Mrs. Greene's fingers slid out of her body and there was a hard slap onto her stomach. She spluttered and coughed, managing to clear some of the water from her throat, able to breathe a little easier now.

'Are you going to be obedient now? If not, then you're going to spend a lot of time down here – and this is the least of what might be done to you. You have a lovely body, and I don't want to cause any serious damage, but there are still a lot of things that you probably don't want to experience.'

'Please...' Harper's voice was small and pathetic, and it took more coughs and splutters to clear water from her throat and nose. 'No more... Please... I'll be good, just don't do...'

She yelped in fear as the cloth was splatted back down onto her face, cutting off the airflow again. Harper lacked the strength to turn her head, unable to even try and dislodge the thing.

'Another few minutes, I think, just to make sure she's nice and sincere.'

Harper screamed, or at least tried to, her spirit broken, body weak as more water poured onto the cloth, the torture continuing.

Chapter 10: An Evening at Home

Thomas relaxed on the couch, enjoying the view – Sally and Maria were both keen and attentive, with Maria down on her knees, entirely naked except for collar, cuffs and chastity belt, her arms raised up to hold a tray. Her eyes were downcast, her breathing light and shallow, a ballgag in her mouth.

Sally was wearing a sleek evening dress, accentuating her slender figure, a deep cleavage hinting at the lingerie she was wearing beneath. There was a slight bulge around her hips, the metal of her chastity belt thick enough to be seen. She walked across the room, a seductive sway to her hips, carrying a bottle of expensive whisky.

‘You seem to be settling in well, have you met the neighbors?’

Sally nodded as she leaned over, letting him see down her dress, showing herself off, pouring drink into the glass on Maria’s tray. Maria was having to strain a little to hold the position, body tight with tension, her own legs parted to allow full access, if her belt was removed.

‘They all seem nice. And they’ve been helping me train Maria – a few little tricks and tips.

Although she’s been quite a good girl, to be honest. Has been very helpful doing all the housework, so I don’t have to! And once I put the gag on her, she goes very quiet.’

She dropped down onto her knees, looking up at him through long eyelashes, giving him a seductive smile. Just like Maria, she knelt with her legs spread, offering herself up as she put the whisky bottle down, safely out of reach. She even crossed her arms behind her back, making herself even more exposed, pulling her dress tightly across her body.

Thomas reached out, taking the glass off the tray, enjoying the sight of Maria relaxing, just a little, as the weight decreased. From this position, it was easy to stretch a leg out, pushing his foot up between her thighs, her face starting to flush as the crotch-plate of the chastity belt put pressure on her cunt.

‘So she’s been obedient?’

‘Very. I’ve had to spank her a few times, but after that she got the idea. And she doesn’t scream or protest when I take the gag off to feed her, and seems entirely happy pissing in the corner of the garden. Even when I take her to other people’s houses, she’s well-behaved!’

Sally was slowly shifting herself closer, her nipples hard enough to be visible through her dress. She’d clearly put a lot of effort into her appearance – it would be a shame to let that go to waste!

‘I’ve been training her throat as well. If you feel it, that’s a penis-gag she’s wearing.’

That would explain why she was panting and gasping so much – Thomas reached forward, gently feeling Maria’s throat, pushing on it, a solid shaft easy to feel through her skin. When he squeezed, just a little, she gasped and whined, shifting uncomfortably on her knees, the tray shaking.

‘I had to force it in a few times, but she got the idea fast enough. And I’ve been training myself, to get better at it.’

‘You never used to like it.’

Sally shuddered herself, a shadow passing over her lovely face. ‘I was... persuaded to. Some of the Doctor’s treatments, where the alternatives were...’ She trailed off, before a beautiful smile covered her face, a faint blush on her cheeks. ‘It feels good now. May we give you pleasure? Please?’

He downed the glass, putting it on the floor, before taking the tray from Maria’s arms and putting that aside as well. She immediately moved her arms behind her back, the same submissive position as his wife, offering herself up to his looks and touches. That let him see her naked body fully, able to compare her to his wife. Both had good shapes, although Sally had a better figure, her waist more slender, breasts pushed forward by her submissive position.

Thomas reached out, taking one of Maria’s breasts into his hand, feeling the weight and warmth of it, lightly squeezing it as he ran his thumb over the nipple. She shivered again, gasping for air, the cock in her throat limiting her breathing. When he tapped his foot against her chastity belt, she shuddered, but started to rock her hips in response, obviously desperate for release. With his other hand, he gently stroked her throat, able to feel the penetrating shaft there, and then he pinched her nose.

She tensed up, eyes going wide, a fringe of bubbly dribble appearing around the edge of the gag-ball. Her heart was already pounding fast, her breasts now moving as she strained for air, a long squeak sounding out from behind the gag. He slowly counted to ten before letting go, allowing her to gulp down air, a trickle of spit splashing from her mouth to the carpet.

Her eyes were wide open, staring up at him, shoulders squirming a little. Pushing on the gag-ball made her choke and gasp, her throat getting violated even more by the shaft forced into her.

‘Shall we please you? I’m sure Maria knows what she’s expected to do.’ Sally was starting to breathe faster as well, not bothering to hide her own arousal, crawling a little closer, staring at him and licking her lips.

‘Show me how well you’ve trained her.’ Thomas reached around Maria’s head, finding the buckle of the gag and tugging on it. This tightened it up at first, pushing the shaft deeper, Maria tensing and coughing before he released it, taking hold of the gag-ball and pulling it out.

On the inside of the ball was a long, rubbery shaft, thickly coated with a sheen of spittle, Maria coughing as it was pulled out of her. The size of it was impressive – no wonder she had been panting and gasping so much, with that lodged in her throat! More spit fell from her mouth to the floor, Sally hissing in annoyance.

‘I’ll have her clean that up afterwards.’ She crawled in close, the movement pulling her dress tighter around her body, reaching between his legs. Her nails flashed red, as he leaned back and she opened up his fly, guiding his cock out. Sally pulled Maria forward as well, dragging on her collar-ring, both of them between his legs.

Sally leaned all the way in, kissing his balls, her hair sliding over his shaft. Maria needed another pull on her collar until she moved in as well, the two women squashing together. Sally’s scent was rolling off her, seductive and sweet, as her lips brushed against his balls, tongue tickling and teasing, Maria doing the same from the other side. Wherever Sally kissed harder, she was leaving damp red lipstick-kisses.

She looked up at him, smile getting even wider as her tongue flicked out, Maria licking and kissing as well. Both of them were gentle and soft, rapidly stirring him to hardness. As that happened, the range of their licking and sucking changed, tongues now sliding up and down the length of his shaft, Sally leaving more red smears. He stroked Sally’s head, showing approval of her skills, as she stared back at him, all her attention focused on giving him pleasure.

When she lifted her head up and kissed the tip of his shaft, Maria ducked lower, twisting to kiss his balls, massaging them with her tongue. Sally took the tip into her mouth, sucking her lips around it, flicking her tongue against it, looking up to keep staring at him, her eyes wide and beautiful. Then she started to dip her head, just a little at a time, taking him deeper and deeper, worshipping him with her mouth.

He stroked Sally’s head, enjoying the smooth silkiness of her hair, not needing to guide her. Soft and wet noises came from her mouth as she forced herself deeper, taking his length into her throat, eyes watering a little but still maintaining eye contact, all while Maria kept kissing his testicles. Each bob of her head put more and more of his cock into her, before she lifted her head off, a long, thick ribbon of spit joining her mouth to his cock, the shaft shiny with her dribble. And then she dropped her head again, taking his full length in a single motion, all the way to the base, holding it there, her throat tight and wet around him.

She was making gagging and spluttering noises now, but didn't stop, forcing herself to keep going down on him, holding his cock in her mouth. Thomas was twitching and shaking, on the edge of release, feeling it overwhelm him, before Sally tightened her lips again and pushed him all the way.

He shot his load into her mouth as she drew back, his wet cock sliding from her mouth, more dribble splashing down. She opened her mouth wide, letting him see the milky cum on her tongue, before she turned and grabbed Marie by the throat and pulled her close. She kissed the other woman on the lips, spitting the cum into the woman's mouth before kissing her again, their tongues sliding together, soft bodies pressing against each other.

It took Thomas a few moments to recover, the sight of Sally making Maria swallow the cum distracting and enticing. Sally kissed Maria again, before starting to play with the woman's breasts, turning to look at him.

'May I undress? If that would please you?'

He nodded, and she stood up as Maria returned to gently kissing his cock, slowly getting him hard again. Sally started to sway her hips seductively, turning around to show herself off, thrusting her ass out and pulling her dress against her body, highlighting her slender waist. Then she released one of the shoulder-straps, then the other, her dress falling to her hips. Beneath, she was wearing a red lace bra, the perfect size for her, and she stroked herself, still slowly turning, before pulling her dress all the way down. Her suspender belt drew attention to her trim waist and the curve of her hips, stockings tight and sultry on her legs, smart red stilettos on her feet. The metal chastity belt around her pussy was shiny and bright, the metal finely polished.

'I hope you like what you see?' She played with her breasts again, plumping them out, then unhooking her bra, letting it drop to the floor. Her body was soft and clean, fully displayed, and fully his.

Another half-turn, and this time she bent over, making her buttocks go tight, showing off her legs and ass, spreading her butt-cheeks wide, letting him see the metal line of the belt rising up, a ring over her asshole.

'You can take me there, Master. But I'm sure you would rather use me somewhere else, wouldn't you?' She stood up and completed the turn, before moving onto all fours and crawling forward again, sexy and submissive. 'Please, Master? I have been a good girl while you've been away.'

He was starting to get hard again, Maria's licking having an effect, Sally staring at him with desire and lust in her eyes. When she leaned back, stroking her smooth belly, playing with her breasts, he could see a slight sheen on her inner thighs, showing her desperate filled with desire she was!

'Please?'

He beckoned her closer, and she stood, before straddling him, her body light and soft, her breasts against his face. He licked her body, savoring the sweet taste, reaching around and squeezing her ass. She squeaked with pleasure wriggling close against him, folding her arms behind her back in a position of submission.

'I suppose you do deserve a little treat, now and again.' He squeezed her ass, hard enough to make her gasp, keeping the pressure on as he reached around his neck, pulling out the key for

her belt. As soon as she saw it, she shuddered, wriggling her hips again, until he gave her a little spank, and she went still.

It slid into a lock with ease, the key catching and turning, padlock popping open. Sally's hips were slowly pulsing now, grinding back and forth on air, her mouth slack and wide. It was easy to fold the crotch-plate back, and then unclip it from the back, exposing her naked slit beneath. Despite being on top, she still let him set the pace. With an arm around her waist, he steered her body downwards, his other hand on his cock, guiding it into place. She gasped with pleasure as it started to enter her, her body tight and hot and wet, her pussy gripping and squeezing him. Maria continued to suck and kiss as well, having to drop lower down as Sally started to ride him.

'Thank you, Master!' Her voice was low and gasping as she squeezed tighter, dropping her weight and starting to roll her hips back and forth. Thomas didn't respond, instead groping her ass with one hand, her breasts with the other, enjoying the warm softness of her body. Her eyes were fluttering, her breathing fast and shallow.

He made her take it slow, tightening his grip and hurting her every time that she tried to ride him faster, enjoying her little gasps of disappointment. She was already too far gone to be able to talk, happily gasping and whining, his full length slamming into her.

Thomas slapped her breasts, able to feel her tighten around him, the pain obviously turning her on. Another slap, and she gasped, trying to increase her speed again, before he squeezed her ass, forcing her to slow. She whined but obeyed, as Thomas shoved his hips up, enjoying the feeling of her body around his cock, Maria still licking away beneath Sally.

As his own excitement surged, he released the pressure, letting her start to rock with more and more vigor, her mouth gaping open with pleasure, her eyes starting to roll back in her head, moaning in ecstasy. This was far better than the dull, passionless sex they'd used to have! Sally's own weight made the feeling even better, her hips sliding against his, her breasts soft against his chest. She was the first to come, her climax obvious, her eyes slowly closing, head sagging a little before she was able to recover herself a little. She tightened her hips, still riding him, managing to keep herself moving again, deliciously tight around him.

His own orgasm was long and powerful, several spurts of hot cum shooting into her, filling her up. Her arms drooped as she couldn't hold them cross behind herself, sagging against him with a sigh of pleasure, nestling herself against his chest. His cock was still inside of her, Maria still licking away, a pleasurable sensation after shooting his load.

'Good girl, good girl.' He stroked her head, enjoying the softness of her hair, inhaling her sweet scent, kissing her forehead. She purred, vibrating gently against him, starting to rock her hips again. The waistband of her chastity belt dug into him, a sharp contrast to her body.

'Don't get greedy!' A soft sound of disappointment, but she slowed to just a slight rolling of her hips, starting to get him hard again. 'I suppose you have been good. And fitting in well, you seem to be making friends with the neighbors.'

'Hmmmm... Yes... I like it here. Everyone's very, mmmm... friendly.' She responded to his kisses and stroking, starting to recover, obviously ready to go again. 'But I'd like a different house-slut. Maria's nice, but very dull.'

He was hard again already, thanks to Sally's movements and Maria's licking, his own hips starting to throb and twitch, his cock buried deep within Sally's body.

‘Someone a little more, hah, exciting! I’m sure there must be some that are a bit less...’ She trailed off, responding to his movements and matching them, head lolling backwards. He took it slowly again, enjoying the buildup, and the tightness of his wife around his cock. Maybe he should trade Maria in for someone else? She was attractive, but someone else could be an interesting change, and if it kept Sally happy...

It was getting hard to think though, as he lost himself in the sensations, Maria’s soft little tongue licking against his balls as Sally rode his cock, letting him set the pace. This was certainly much better than the tiny, cramped apartment in the city!

Chapter 11: Group Approval

The sun beat down, harsh and merciless, Harper unable to protect herself against it. The most she could manage was to close her eyes, but even then she could see bright blobs dancing across her vision. Her body was stretched out on the grass, rough ropes around her wrists and ankles, connected to stakes hammered into the lawn, holding her spreadeagled in place.

Her jaw ached, mouth dry, an oversized rubber ball forced into her mouth. Her skin was hot, baked by the sun, her sweat not enough to protect her. Being outside and exposed like this spurred a deep sense of shame and humiliation, especially whenever people walked by. A few had stopped to look at her – none had come to touch her, at least not yet, but she could hear their comments, admiring her body.

She was too drained and exhausted to try and break free – the stakes were hammered too deeply into the ground for her to have any hope of pulling them out, especially without any leverage! And she had nowhere to go – all she could see from here was more suburbia, more houses stretching both ways that she could see. Some of them had instruments of restraint and suffering in their gardens – another woman had been tied to a cross on the house opposite, squirming and unable to find any comfortable position.

Harper squirmed, her body brushing up against something prickly, some weed jabbing at her, making her wince with pain. She felt so desperately weak and pathetic! In this position, all she could do was wait until someone released her, but she couldn’t even plead with people, just pathetically whine and mumble.

A shadow fell over her face, a blissful darkness blocking out the sun. After so long staring up into the light, her eyes couldn’t adjust, staring blankly at someone, before Barbara’s voice spoke.

‘You’re going to be a good girl, aren’t you?’ The shadow dropped down, kneeling over Harper, now just about able to see the large sunhat protecting Barbara from the brightness of the sun.

‘If you show off how well-trained you are, then I will be permitted to keep you as property.

Otherwise, you’re going to need more rigorous training.’

A hand stroked Harper’s chest, the exposure to the sun making her sensitive, the touch aching. Harper twitched, mewling into her gag.

‘Shhh, shhh. I’m going to give you some water, but you need to be a good girl, OK?’

The gag-strap was loosened, ball popping out of Harper’s mouth. A trickle of water was poured in – a small enough amount that she could swallow, thankful not to be undergoing more water-torture. She gulped it down, taking the edge off her thirst.

'You're going to need to obey – if you don't, then you will be punished. Are you going to be my good girl?'

Harper swallowed more water, desperately dependent on Barbara, her body weak and useless. Fingers tightened on her nipple, giving it a sharp little pinch, Harper hissing with pain.

'You need to answer when I speak to you. Will you be my good girl?'

Her nipple was twisted, pain jabbing into Harper.

'I will! Yes!' At this point, she just wanted the pain to stop, to be given the chance to rest!

'Good girl.' The pinch stopped, Barbara leaning over and kissing Harper on the lips. Her body fell cool and soft, her tongue gently sliding into Harper's mouth, the brim of the hat poking against Harper's chest. 'I need to show how obedient you are, so just do whatever I say.'

Fingers traced over her arm, before pulling on the rope around her wrist. It made her skin ache and throb, her own sweat tenderizing her skin, making her hiss with pain as the rope was untied. She was so weak she couldn't move, flopping against the grass while her other limbs were untied, freeing her from being staked out. Even without those in place, she was so weak that she could barely move, trying to force her muscles to obey her.

'Mrhhhhhhh...'

'Shhhh, shhhh.... You don't need to talk, you just need to do whatever I say. And you can do that, can't you? I remember seeing how hard you trained as a swimmer, so I know you've got the stamina. Be a good girl and get up, or at least crawl. Unless you want me to hurt you?'

Harper whimpered, managing to force herself to roll over, her sunburnt chest aching as the grass tickled and jabbed at her. But she could move now, at least a little, and forced herself upwards, pushing her palms down against the ground, feeling her limbs shake. Next were her legs – she was too weak to stand, but she managed to rise to a crawling position, Barbara making a sound of approval.

'Good girl, good girl.' Barbara made more soothing noises, running her hands over Harper's body, stroking her gently. 'You see? No need to disobey, just do what I say, and I'll look over you.' She reached behind herself, picking up a metal hook, one end topped with a fat ball, the other a ring. When she touched that against Barbara's body, the coolness of it felt good, draining off some of her body heat.

'This might hurt, but just a little. So be strong, OK?'

She ran the metal ball down Harper's body, her other hand resting between Harper's shoulders, keeping a firm pressure on her body. The fat ball pressed against her butt, before it was moved between her buttocks, pushing them apart. And then it started to press against her asshole, the metal forcing her tight hole to spread. She started to pant, feeling the violation, already whimpering and panting. It hurt, even with Barbara's soothing touches, her asshole getting stretched wider and wider.

And then it was in, swallowed up inside of her body, a fat and heavy lump, her asshole tightening around the stiff metal of the hook. The shivering tremors ran through her, threatening to make her collapse to the ground, but she managed to stiffen and tense enough to stay on all fours. Tears blurred her vision, Barbara giving her a quick kiss on her back, and then tying a rope through the ring, which she then ran through a ring on the back of Harper's collar.

'That's it – you need to get used to this sort of behavior. You belong to me now – at least, until I'm married, when you'll belong to my husband.' She moved behind Harper, giving the rope a

little pull. This made the collar tighten around her neck, but also pulled the anal hook more tightly, the ball starting to penetrate her more deeply.

'More interesting than a leash! Now start moving.' She flicked the rope, just a little, and Harper started to crawl forward. Every movement made her asshole tighten around the hard metal, a constant violation that was impossible to get rid of – but as long as she kept moving, at least Barbara wouldn't pull on the rope and make it even worse!

More flicks of the rope guided her around the side of the house, towards the back garden. The paving slabs leading there were hot enough to sting Harper's palms, sweat rubbing off her hands onto the stone. What was going to be done to her now? She couldn't endure much more of this – she could already feel her mind fraying, her resistance melting away.

'There's just a few people to meet, to make sure that you're fully obedient. So be a good girl, otherwise I'm going to have to be rough with you. And don't speak without permission – remember that you're not really a person, you're just my cute little pet.'

Harper whined, but only gently, not wanting the ball to be pulled deeper into her body. All she could do was keep crawling, just like a leashed dog, denied clothing and even speech. At least the narrow path to the back garden was in shadow, giving her some relief from the merciless sun!

Other people were already in the back garden, although it was hard for Harper to move her head without making the anal hook shudder and violate her even more. She was made to move towards them, crawling over grass again.

'Be a good girl and do whatever you're told. Then things might be a little easier, OK?' She pulled on the rope-leash, Harper gasping from the forced anal violation, unable to evade it, trying not to cry.

Ahead, she could see a woman's legs, wearing stockings, a poodle skirt coming down beneath knees, smart little kitten heels. It was easier to look up now, so she could see perfectly-shaped blonde hair as the woman stepped forward, white fabric gloves on her hands.

'My, what a pretty little thing you are! Even after training.' Mrs. Greene knelt down, demurely tucking her skirt beneath her knees, stroking fingers over Harper's cheek. Harper shuddered, flinching away from the touch, the grip tightening, forcing her to look at Mrs. Greene. Her jaw was squeezed, making her mouth open.

'She certainly seems obedient, much better than some others.' One hand stayed tight on her face, the other reaching down, grabbing one of her breasts and giving it a squeeze. She nodded in approval, Harper feeling pain from the squeezing of her sunburnt skin. 'It's good that she isn't too spirited. But she needs testing. Unfortunately my husband is away, so is unable to do so personally, but I'm sure we can manage.'

She looked into Harper's eyes, a smile on her perfect red lips. 'I do hope you're going to be a good little slut? It would be nice if Barbara were to have her own pet, and make it much nicer for her future husband. I was worried that letting her go to university might cause problems, but she's returned with you – a good outcome for all involved.' The hand gave her breast another squeeze before letting go, stroking over her chest. 'I suppose you're probably going to be a little rough, without the full training the Doctor supplies, but this seems adequate.'

Her fingers pushed into Harper's mouth, and she reflexively started to suck and kiss, able to taste and feel the fabric, a clean and fresh taste, Mrs. Greene nodding in approval. 'Time to test you a little harder. But you're going to be a good girl for your owner, aren't you?'

Another of the people moved, stepping around behind Harper, more hands squeezing at her buttocks. She shivered – she was already penetrated back there, being molested just made her feel even more pathetic! And having soft, gentle touches on her thighs and against her pussy made her flush with shameful heat, but she didn't dare try to close her legs, having to accept the humiliation of being groped and molested.

The fingers pushed deeper, saliva flooding Harper's mouth, Mrs. Greene probing hard, using her other hand to take a firm grip of Harper's head.

'I hope that Barbara has impressed your position upon you – you're a pet here, something to be played with. You might be treated well, if you behave, but it can take some adjustment. I'm sure that she will treat you well if you prove yourself worthy though. And if you're a naughty girl, then you will be punished harshly.'

She withdrew her fingers, wiping them against Harper's chest, leaving sticky spit-smears on her skin. Harper was feeling delirious now, barely able to think, just wanting this to be over – even if it meant sleeping in a cage, at least it would be somewhere away from the probing fingers and harsh pain coming from her asshole!

'Time to test your throat.' She held out her hand, one of the other women handing her a long, fat dildo, complete with lumpy testicles on the base. 'Open wide. You're going to be required to service real ones soon enough, so I hope you can adjust.' She pushed it against Harper's lip, part of the tip sliding in before Harper managed to tighten her jaw.

A slap impacted her cheek, hard and fierce, making her squeak with pain, and giving an opening for more of the length of the shaft to enter into her mouth.

'Disobedience will not be permitted. Remember what you are!'

Harper whined, her tongue sliding over the cock, rolling around it, able to feel every lump and ridge of the textured length.

'That's it, take it all.' Mrs. Greene started to pull the thing back and forth, pushing it a little deeper each time. As this was going on, fingers were still stroking at her crotch, light and delicate. The scent of multiple perfumes was overwhelming, each of the women here bearing their own scent, along with the quiet little rustles of their dresses whenever they moved. She spluttered on the cock-length, struggling to breathe as she was fingered, unwanted pleasure swelling inside of her. A spank to her ass made her rock forward, the movement causing a burst of stretching, aching pain from the anal hook, the dildo pushing deeper into her throat. Even if she had the strength to, it was now impossible to talk, her mouth just a wet hole for the cock, Mrs. Greene's hand firmly grasping her head, a faint smile on her face.

Harper whined, trying to pull her head back, but the grip was too strong. Where was Barbara? She could feel the leash-robe, but couldn't see her – she needed at least some comfort amongst this assault, otherwise she'd break entirely!

The probing fingers slid deeper, Harper now spreading her legs, caught up in her instincts, panting and gasping. Dribble splashed from her mouth onto the grass, swallowing impossible while her throat was filled with the cock.

'You're going to be a good girl for your new owner, aren't you?' Mrs. Greene released her grip on Harper's head, stroking her forehead, before squeezing Harper's throat. She must be able to feel the solid length of the dildo there, as Harper coughed and spluttered, reduced to less than a person, made into a fucktoy.

The pressure on the leash, and on the metal in her ass, started to increase, the rope getting tugged. It was pulled deeper and deeper into her, her body hot and tight around it. She stared back at Mrs. Greene, trying to plead with her eyes, wanting all of this to just be over, but the woman just kept smiling at her, polite and demure even as she violated Harper's throat. When it came, the orgasm was wrenching and brutal. Her body tightened, making the hook even more of a vicious, pained imposition, and she couldn't breathe properly with her mouth blocked. Her throat hurt, getting distorted around the cock-shaft, the rubbery balls slapping against her chin, Mrs. Greene's hand on her throat starting to choke her. Painful darkness began to spread from the corners of her vision, along with burning-bright sparks, her lungs aching.

Her arms and legs shivered, starting to weaken, and it was getting hard to hold herself up. She felt herself gush, a splash of fluids soaking into the grass, some staining down her thighs, Mrs. Greene giving her throat a tight squeeze. She wanted to cough to get the shaft out of her throat, but couldn't do that, lacking the strength to even protest at all!

Another thrust, fully skewering her mouth and throat, and then it was pulled back, thick ropes of spittle connecting Harper's mouth to the cock, before splattering and snapping, splashing to the ground. She groaned, coughing up more wads of thick spit, trying to clear her mouth.

'Impressive work, Barbara. She seems suitably obedient, and well-suited to be a pet. Please bring her to the next barbeque, she will be suitable for entertainment there. Some nice fresh meat, to go along with the burgers and pulled pork.'

Harper was allowed to collapse to the floor, unable to hold herself up any more, barely feeling the strain from the anal hook. The grass felt fresh and cool against her belly and breasts, and she barely even noticed fingers pinching her ass.

A hand stroked down her back, the faint rustle of a dress, and a familiar scent. 'Good girl! You did well. I'll give you a treat later.'

Harper was too drained to respond to Barbara, as she slumped into a post-fuck stupor, sagging onto the lawn.

Chapter 12: Punishment and Revenge

'Work faster! Stupid bitch.' Clea's hand sliced through the air, spanking against Carmen's bare butt, making her hiss with pain, biting down on the leather bit between her teeth. Her body went tense with anger, elbows straining against the chains binding them to her waist, a hobble-chain between her ankles clanking with every step. She was stuffed in both her holes as well – a brutally fat dildo forced into her asshole, stretching her painfully wide, along with a dildo forced into her pussy as well. There was no pleasure from either, both of them forced into her and then sealed into place with the chastity belt, and they made every movement unpleasant.

She swept a cloth over a table, wiping away dust and grime – Clea hadn't kept her house very clean! She'd already taken out several bags of garbage, and was hot, sweaty and tired, the work made even harder thanks to the heels strapped onto her feet. She wanted nothing more than to fight back, or at least to stop working, but Clea was working her hard, alternating between open-handed spanks and hitting her with a leather loop, her ass sore from repeated hits.

'It took you long enough to do the garden – and that still looks like a mess! It's not long until the Doctor and Mrs. Greene are going to visit, and the place is a mess.'

Carmen growled through her gag – that was entirely Clea’s own fault! If the bitch had just cleaned up after herself, then it wouldn’t be anything like as bad. But she must have just made more and more mess, resulting in a house that looked untidy and unkempt from outside, and the inside was even worse!

The loop slapped against her butt, making her hiss with pain, tensing up and shuffling forward. That made the dildo in her ass hurt her, as she tightened around it, unable to close her asshole, able to feel the fat shaft in her body.

‘I can’t believe that bitch Mrs. Greene wants to inspect this place. Just because I’m free and she’s owned by her husband! Bet he never even fucks her, probably keeps her belted all the time.’ Another slap of the loop, Carmen managing to step forward and avoid the worst of the impact this time. She’d been working for hours, with sweat and dust sticking to her mostly-naked body, her restraints chafing at her skin, and she wanted nothing more than to rest, but Clea wouldn’t allow that!

All she could do, for now at least, was to keep working, sweeping some empty cans of food into a trashcan, hating how hungry and weak she was, and how it was impossible for her to fight back. If she ever got the chance, she’d love to see Clea treated how the bitch was treating her – forced to sleep in a cage, getting whipped and punished for every mistake, or even no reason at all, and also forced into chastity. When she wasn’t bullying and beating Carmen, she was using her as a fuck-doll – Carmen had lost count of how often she’d been made to eat the woman out, her tongue stretched deep into the hot pussy of her “owner”! Or a double-ended strap-on, one end slamming into the back of Carmen’s throat, hard enough that it made her want to gag, the other end giving Clea pleasure.

And throughout this all, Carmen hadn’t been allowed any orgasms herself. Behind the metal of the belt, she was desperately hot and horny, the only thing other than pain that she could feel. The belt was tight enough that it was impossible to reach through – she’d tried, at night when locked into her cage, but that had just resulted in self-inflicted pain, as she squashed and compressed her skin. The only time that it was removed was when she had to piss, spreading her legs and spraying into a corner of the garden. She wanted to do that to Clea, treating the bitch like a dog, making her crawl and piss herself in public!

Another impact broke her from her fantasies of vengeance, this time a hand slapping against her butt, and then squeezing hard, becoming a savage pinch, forcing her to pay attention.

‘Keep working!’

Carmen whined, but obeyed, not wanting to get hurt any more than she had to. If she stayed strong, she might be able to escape somehow! Not that she knew where she was still, beyond some suburban hell, where apparently it was normal to keep women collared and tied up – she’d seen a few being taken for a walk, like docile fuck-pets, and even the fully-dressed women all had metal bands around their necks, seeming to show that they were owned. Clea was one of the few exceptions – she was allowed to be “free”, whatever that meant here.

After the pinch, Clea at least left her alone for a little while, keeping an eye on her but letting her clean without constant assaults, allowing her to get more done. The place was still a mess, but it was slightly less of a mess! And the painful stinging of her ass was starting to fade away without constant fresh hits, helping her to feel stronger.

She halfheartedly wiped down the side of a kitchen island, the paint on the wood chipped and flaking. It creaked as she pushed on it, one of the planks falling aside, to reveal a cavity within.

Something gleamed at her, the light shining off a metal tube, about the length of her forearm. She reached in, surprised at the lack of cobwebs inside the space, having to strain against the chains on her elbows, only able to reach a short distance.

'Get away from there!' She was grabbed by the back of her neck and savagely pulled backwards, falling onto her back. Clea stood over her, seething with anger, stamping down onto Carmen's unprotected belly and pinning her down. 'You're here to clean, and nothing else.' It was impossible to protest, or even resist, Carmen's weight pinning her into place, the fat heel of the woman's boot holding her down as she squirmed. She went limp, trying to show surrender, hoping that Clea would stop hurting her.

'I think you need another lesson. Something to show you that you shouldn't be so damn curious!' Another crushing stamp, Carmen gasping and trying to breathe. When the heel lifted up, she gasped, just before she was kicked in the ribs.

'Roll over, bitch. Time to make you suffer.'

The tone made Carmen shiver, not wanting to know what was going to be done to her, but disobeying would just get her hurt even more! And so she rolled onto her front, feeling more dirt and grit stick to her sweaty breasts. A spank to her ass made her whimper, tormented skin igniting with more pain, before hands fumbled around her waist.

'Stop moving! Dumb bitch, you can't do anything right.'

Metal scratched, then clicked, as a key was inserted into the lock of her chastity belt. The crotch-piece was removed, an involuntary shudder of pleasure rippling through Carmen. Just the touch of air against her stuffed pussy was enough to make her tense up, the other dildo slowly getting pushed out of her ass and falling to the floor. Not having that violating her body made her feel relieved, her asshole slowly closing up. Another tensing up, a wriggle of her hips, and the long shaft buried in her pussy slid out as well. Not having those forced into her made her feel a lot better, able to properly breathe without cruelly teasing herself!

A vicious strike against her ass made her bite down on the leather bit between her teeth, sparks dancing in her vision. She squirmed, pure instinct making it impossible to not move, the aching in both her holes making her wince. Her pussy was desperate for more stimulation, after so long being violated.

The leather loop stroked up between her legs, and she pulled them together, trying to protect herself.

'Spread them, slut. You're here to obey me, remember. Or perhaps you like being hurt?'

'Mphhh...' Carmen whined but obeyed, shuffling awkwardly on her knees, spreading her legs as far as she could, bracing herself for the pain she knew was going to come. She only had a second to prepare herself, the leather loop striking against her bare and unprotected slit. It hurt, her lips tender and sensitive, her vision blurring from the pain of impact. And she was still aroused, the pain just adding to the sensations assaulting her body!

Another strike, more pain juddering through Carmen, forcing the air from her lungs. She twisted, unable to prevent her legs from instinctively closing, which earned her several harsh strikes to her ass, until she managed to spread her legs, letting Clea strike at her pussy again. Her juices were trickling down her legs, desperate arousal flooding through her, now that the belt was off. Each hit made her tense up and gasp, hating how weak and pathetic she was, and how close to orgasm she was.

'Useless, dumb bitch!' More strikes of the loop, interspersed with open-handed slaps, her ass on fire. She yelped through the gag, her teeth biting down onto the bit, hands twitching against the floor, her ass up in the air. 'You still haven't accepted your place, have you? I'm going to need to be even harsher with you. And you're nothing but a dumb, horny slut – you don't need to think, you just need to do whatever I tell you, and nothing else.'

Another spank, before fingers slid between her thighs, sharp and hard nails pinching at her lips, stretching one out. That was a whole new type of pain, Carmen whimpering again, feeling a surge of lust. Nails pinched into her labia-lip, giving it a harsh twist before she was released. 'You're not even a dog – you're just a thing that's useful to me!'

Something heavy thudded against her butt – not a strike this time, but a solid lump, slick and damp. Hands grabbed her ass, spreading her buttocks wide, making her asshole ache with pain again, still not recovered from the earlier long penetration of the dildo.

The shaft rubbed between her buttocks, smearing lube around onto her skin. The thing touched against her asshole, Clea starting to thrust forward, forcing it into her body. It felt even larger than the one that had been in her before, and her hands clenched, her own nails scratching at the floor, grit starting to stick beneath her nails. Dribble oozed down her chin, sticking her face to the floor as she felt herself being sodomized, the cock not lubricated enough to take away all of the pain.

She was panting and gasping, unable to pull herself forward to escape the violation, Clea's hands gripping her hips now, giving easy leverage to force the cock in. Each thrust sent it deeper and deeper into her body, the pain vicious as it rubbed against her innards. She mewled into the gag, trying to plead for mercy, but couldn't manage to for any words, or even make any noise beyond a pathetic whine.

'That's it – take it like the bitch you are! I'm going to hurt you until you realize that there's no escape. You're a collared slut, and there's nothing you can do about it.'

The cock pushed deeper, past the point of previous violations, Carmen now panting for air, bright pain coming from inside her body as she was stretched and fucked. Clea's voice was loud and furious as she thrust back and forth, until her hips were pressing against Carmen's butt. That meant at least that there was no more of the cock-shaft to force into her – it hurt, but it couldn't get any worse!

And then Clea started to ass-fuck her – drawing the thing back, giving just a moment to allow Carmen's innards to start to close before slamming it on, the full length brutalizing Carmen's body. She grunted and dribbled even more, hands painfully tight, bent at the waist with her ass up in the air.

'You're mine, and I can do whatever I want with you! The sooner you accept that, the better off you'll be... Although I suppose now I'm going to have to just break you, make you into my pet bitch.'

All Carmen could do was shudder, gasp and whine as she was ass-fucked, Clea's nails sharp on her hips. There was no pleasure there, just torment and suffering from the fat, lumpy ridges of the cock against her innards, stretching her out. Tears trickled down her face, her body going limp, resistance impossible to muster against the assault.

'That's it! Accept your place.' A spank made Carmen groan, the dildo pulling back and then getting slammed into place again. 'Your pussy can be sealed away. I can just use this hole to

punish you. You don't need to speak, your mouth is just something that I can use for pleasure when I want it.'

Carmen couldn't respond, too weak and pathetic to be able to manage anything, puffing and panting as she was ass-fucked, the pain getting worse and worse. Each spank made her tense up, internal muscles tightening around the cock, making it hurt even more, and reminding her of the position she was in.

Another sound – that of a doorbell, chiming through the air. Clea grunted in annoyance, pushing the cock all the way back into Carmen, before unfastening it from around her waist, leaving it buried deep in Carmen's body.

Loud knocking on the door, Clea walking away. Carmen felt herself drifting in and out of consciousness, her body heavy and filled with pain. Voices, several of them – a woman, asking about Clea's papers. Carmen managed to drag herself forward, towards the gap in the kitchen island, trying to ignore the pain in her ass as the thing rubbed and chafed against her. In the distance, Clea protested, sounding annoyed, Carmen stretching for the metal tube. The rough edges of the wood scraped against her skin, but the pain was nothing compared to that of the brutal ass-fucking.

The chain on her wrist clinked as it went taut, stretching as far as it could. She pushed herself closer up against the wood, fingers stretching, just barely touching against the metal, feeling the cold smoothness of it. Her fingers were rough enough to stick, letting her pull it close, a little at a time, before she was able to grab it.

She could hear Clea complaining again, before agreeing to let the others into the house. Clea tried to move as fast as possible, going back to where she had been, managing to push the cylinder into the corner, hidden behind her own body. It was easy to whimper, the thing still in her ass, pain still throbbing from her innards.

'I do hope you have everything in order, Cleopatra. Although this place is rather... untidy. Given that you have someone to do the work, it's a little disappointing. Now, your documents?' They were close, just in the hallway outside, Carmen twisting into the fetal position as Clea asked them to wait. She entered the kitchen again, footsteps heavy and irritated, kicking at Carmen as she passed, then reaching into the cavity.

More footsteps approached, Carmen twitching and twisting to see the Doctor, or at least her legs.

'Well, Cleopatra? You know the rules. Unless you can produce evidence of your rights and status, then you will no longer be permitted the freedoms you currently enjoy.'

Clea reached deeper into the cavity, pressing her body close up against the island. Was she fumbling for the tube? Carmen tried to stay passive, not wanting to draw any attention to herself, able to feel the hard lump against her flank.

'No, it's here! It's got to be!'

The Doctor produced a syringe, dark fluid visible inside it, approaching Clea from behind. Clea turned, too slow, trying to protect herself from having the thing jabbed into her neck. She wasn't quick enough, the syringe poking into her neck, before she went limp, tumbling to the floor.

'Too slow – you know the rules. Documentation must be presented on request. But don't worry, I have something in mind for you, to make you of use to this community.' The Doctor turned to look at Carmen, ignoring the slumped body of Clea. 'And some other use will have to be found for you.' She refilled the syringe from a small vial, bending down over Clea, as she scrabbled

for the tube, trying to pick it up and hold it up for the woman to see. Her fingers tightened on it, just as the syringe poked into her, another sharp little pain, darkness rushing into her vision...

Chapter 13: Force-Shaped

Clea couldn't speak, couldn't move, her body getting dragged across the floor. She could still feel, the floor rough against her legs, her arms aching as she was hauled around by her wrists, two of the nurses just moving her. Dribble slowly oozed from her mouth, down her chin, slow terror starting to blossom inside of her. The paralysis made it impossible to fight back – she couldn't even protest, her body just a thing.

'Good. I'll take her from here.' The Doctor spoke, her voice close by, as Clea was dropped, her back knocking against the floor. She was staring up at the ceiling now, unable to even move her eyes, unsure where in the medical facility she was, but not wanting to experience whatever was about to happen.

'It seems that you overstepped your bounds. Well, don't worry – you're in good hands. I'm going to make good use of you, and make you into something useful for the community. You might even enjoy it! It's certainly a better fit for you than turning you into an obedient slut-wife.'

The Doctor appeared, looming over her, medical scissors in hand.

'You're not going to need clothing until you're fully obedient.' She leaned down, snagging the scissors onto Clea's top, slicing and snipping until the material flopped away from her body, leaving her breasts bare. Her shorts were next, lasting only another few snips, getting pulled away, her panties getting removed as well.

Fear and indignation fought inside of her, mingling and making her feel queasy. She was trapped in a prison of her own flesh, the Doctor reaching down and casually squeezing a breast.

'Hmm, excellent! You're just what I need. But you need some serious training, so that you're not quite so willful.'

She moved around, hooking her arms beneath Clea's armpits and dragging her backwards, grunting a little with the effort. This let Clea see more of where she was – the preparation room, getting pulled backwards. Where was she going to be put? The terror made adrenaline burn through her, the effects of the drug starting to fade. The faintest twitch of a finger, as some tiny amount of self-control returned.

'It's nice that I've got such good physical measurements for you – it makes it possible to calculate just the right dosage. It should wear off just after you're fully prepped.'

The sound of the Doctor's footsteps changed, striking against a harder surface. And then Clea's butt rubbed against cold, hard metal, as she was dragged through a heavy, thick doorway. The terror intensified as she realized what room she was in – the special, pressurized room, the bondage-chair in the middle.

'I might have miscalculated, or you might be stronger than I thought. If you're fast enough, tough enough, you might be able to escape.'

Clea was pulled further back, and then up, the Doctor grunting again from the effort, before Clea's ass landed on the chair. It was cold, hard metal, draining away the heat of her body as she flopped against it, still limp and powerless.

'I want you to know that you could have escaped – if you weren't so weak. That this is all happening because of you.'

'Muh. Nuh!' She could talk now, or at least make noises, her tongue starting to move, lips no longer frozen. But her arms and legs were still paralyzed, frozen into place, the door out of the room in front of her, taunting and cruel.

A leather strap was pulled over her wrist, wide and tight, the Doctor carefully buckling it down. Another on her other arm, and then the Doctor pushed on her head, making her stare directly out, wiping hair from her eyes.

'Maybe it would have been easier if you'd never been allowed your freedom. But then you would never have developed as you have!'

A metal band folded around her neck, pinching a little, supporting her head even as hard spikes on the inside jabbed into her neck, the thing clicking into place. And then a leather band across her forehead, fully pinning her head into place. She could move her eyes now, darting around in fear, focusing on strange little details – the rivets on the walls, air-pipes, a dull black screen.

Her fingers twitched, tapping against the armrest, spasmodic and weak.

'Let's just lock those down, hmmm? Don't want you injuring yourself.'

Her other arm was strapped down, metal bands clicking over her fingers, sealing them down.

She strained against them, at least the tiny amount that she could, but they were cold and unmoving, leaving her trapped. Her thighs were next – spread a little wide, more thick straps binding her down, even as she started to be able to move, before her ankles were bound.

She tensed and strained, mobility returning, a manic strength flooding into her. Clea tensed up, trying to throw herself against the straps and bindings, the neck-band pressing back against her throat.

'Just a little too slow, little Clea.'

'Mhhhh!'

The Doctor stroked her cheek, before starting to attach electrodes to Clea's stomach and thighs, each one sticking easily to her skin.

'If you'd been faster, you might have recovered while being dragged here. Then you could easily have overpowered two nurses and escaped. But you were weak – and so this is going to shape the rest of your life.'

Her hand stroked one of Clea's breasts, idly rubbing a nipple and then giving it a sharp little pinch.

'We're going to be working together now – so I hope you learn obedience quickly.'

The Doctor poked her fingers into Clea's belly before walking away, Clea's strength returning, the straps keeping her contained.

'Bitch! Let me fucking go! I'm going to make you regret this!'

The door swung shut, sealing Clea into the room. She kept yelling, her voice echoing off the metal walls, the metal chair starting to warm from Clea's body-heat. Through the small window in the door, she could see, the Doctor's face staring back at her with a smile.

Her chest started to hurt, straining for air, strength fleeing as quickly as it had returned. She could speak, but no one was listening, or cared if they could hear, as the air got thin, being sucked out of the room.

Clea tried to snarl, glaring at the Doctor through the window before a screen was pulled down, isolating her in the chamber.

When she spoke now, her voice sounded quiet and pathetic, a desperate gasp. Shouting was impossible, her lungs unable to muster the air required.

'I'm not going to... break... I'll get out of... this!'

The lights dimmed, leaving just a faint glow, reflecting off the thick metal walls. The seat beneath her moved, blunt spikes starting to jab into her butt, making the position even more uncomfortable. Her mind whirled as she tried to prepare herself for the imminent torture – the chair-spikes to jab and poke, the thin air making it hard to think and constantly stressing and straining her body, soon the shocks would start. But she was strong – sooner or later, she'd have to be let out for food and water, and then she'd escape!

A motor whined, something touching against her crotch. She tried to look down, but the metal neck-band prevented the movement, forcing her to endure a rubbery pad pressing against her pussy. It started to buzz and thrum, just gently, but enough to forcibly stimulate her, sending vivid and unwanted thrills through her body. The straps were tight enough that she couldn't even lift her hips up to relieve the constant teasing.

The first electrical shock made her yelp – slapping straight into her stomach, making her gasp for air that was only barely present, muscles forced to cramp. Each one stung, bright and vicious, forcing her body to tense up, expending more precious energy, and removing more and more of her self-control.

The chair started to rotate on the spot, until she was facing the dark screen. Soft sound started, Clea taking a moment to realize that it was even actually there and not just her imagination. Soft and fuzzy, it was always on the edge of her awareness, hard to make out any details, as it wormed into her brain.

Lights appeared on the screen – bright and swirling, an optical illusion that was impossible to fully track, circles moving in ways that made her feel queasy and uneven. Had she been injected with something to destroy her sense of balance? She was strapped down so heavily that she couldn't tell, only able to wriggle her ankles and toes, everything else restrained. She took a deep breath, resisting the urge to cough and splutter, before closing her eyes, trying to center herself. Without the lights swirling, the sense of nausea faded a little, her self-control growing.

Pain jabbed into her neck, horrifically strong, the electrodes in the neck-pain assaulting her. She gasped, eyes flying open, forcing her to stare at the swirling patterns again. A discordant buzz in the sounds made her wince, not liking the sudden shift.

The thing between her legs continued to buzz and stroke, the warm vibrations pleasurable, but also distracting and making her gasp and pant, for air that simply wasn't there. The constant pain of her lungs merged with the growing pleasure of her pussy, contrasting with the savage jolts of lightning.

She tried closing her eyes again, hoping that she might somehow wake up and find that this had all been a dream. It was only a few seconds of relief though, before the collar shocked her again – that was clearly a punishment for closing her eyes! Even looking away, keeping her eyes focused on the corners of the screen, merited a shock – she had to look at the entrancing image or face pain.

'Let me out!' Clea shouted, or at least made the loudest noise she could, her own voice echoing back at her, sounding weak and pathetic. Even that attempt made her lungs hurt even more, the seat-spikes pushing into her more sharply, position becoming even more uncomfortable. She shouted again, struggling against the straps, trying to wriggle out from beneath them.

Several shocks slapped into her in quick succession – stomach, chest, neck, making her heart spasm, air forced from her lungs, bright sparks appearing in front of her eyes.

More punishment – making a noise was forbidden. A spark of rebellion made her want to shout and scream, to show that she wasn't broken yet, but that would only weaken her, draining more and more stamina from self-inflicted pain. Instead, she tried to slow her panic, taking slow breaths, wanting to reassert some level of self-control.

The swirling patterns were a continual distraction, one that was impossible to look away from without being hurt, the pattern pulling on her mind, drawing her into it. In some ways, not being able to think was a relief from the constant choking sensation, but Clea tried to hang onto her hatred, stoking her inner rage, not wanting to let that go. If she ever got her hands on the Doctor!

The thing between her legs buzzed faster, or perhaps she was more sensitive now – it was teasing her, building her up and then fading away, never letting her have a release. She tensed her thighs, trying to push herself downwards, wanting more stimulation, hoping that would clear her head, but there was no scope for movement.

Words licked at the edge of her awareness, buried in the white noise – “bitch”, “slut”, “torture”, “pain”, and she tried to filter them out. It was hard to tell them apart, her brain starting to melt from the multiple sensations all melting and flowing together.

The patterns drew her attention, making it even harder to think. Throbbing, swirling shapes, washing away her thoughts, especially as she knew that if she closed her eyes, she'd just get punished again! The constant teasing was making her body hot, the thin air forcing her to constantly pant for air, dribbling down her front.

Shapes started to form out of the swirling – female shapes, spread and restrained, ropes from wrists and ankles holding them up. With how much her brain was aching, it felt like a hallucination, something not really there. But then the figure shuddered, a whip-lash flick of something against their back. At the same time, the electrodes on her stomach activated, while the throbbing vibrator against her pussy got more intense.

She was teased, closer and closer to release, as she was tormented and made to watch the whipping. Normally she'd enjoy watching some dumb slut get tortured, even better if she could wield the whip herself, but not when she was also being tortured!

The teasing and the pain were combining, the lack of air making it virtually impossible to think or focus on anything outside of what she was being shown. She bit her lip, hurting herself in a futile attempt to gain some level of self-control, her body being kept on the edge of release, teased but denied.

It was getting harder to breathe – was more air being pumped out of the room, or was it because she was gasping and panting? Her mouth was wide open, tongue lolling out, the edges of her vision blurring.

Clea was shown more and more images of female forms being punished and tormented, as she was teased and edged. Time blurred – there was nothing else other than the images she was being shown, and the constant sounds throbbing into her ears, as well as the pain. When she started to fade, her consciousness trying to shut down out of self-preservation, she was shocked again, denied any escape.

Her thoughts faded, everything melting into a puddle of suffering, her pussy drenched, body cramping up from shocks over time. How long had she been here? Minutes, hours, days?

There was a vague gnawing in her belly, but had she been fed, and then just forced to suffer more, making it hard to remember? It was hard to remember anything outside of this hellish torture-chamber, even her name and who she had been before.

Metal scraped, air hissing, the pressure in the room changing. She gulped down air, able to do that now, as the chair rotated in place. She was twisted around, now face-to-face with the Doctor again.

'I did it!' The throbbing pad between her legs retreated, stopping the constant teasing for a moment. 'I won!'

The Doctor smiled at her, wiping hair off Clea's sweat-slicked forehead. 'You're tougher than I thought. Most people break after the first hour.'

'How... long? How long has it been?'

'Almost an hour and a half. You're a tough little fighter, aren't you?'

Just ninety minutes? That hell had been less than two hours? Clea whimpered, despair cutting deep into her, barely resisting as the Doctor pushed an IV drip into her arm and put a gag into her mouth, a long tube going into a bag full of mush, the stuff slowly dripping into her mouth. A catheter was inserted, leaving her fully wired up, before the Doctor smiled at her again.

'Everything you need for a good, long session. I might let you sleep in a few days – but until then, you're going to be locked into place.' She adjusted a few of the electrodes, the sticky pads pulling on Clea's skin. 'And when you come out, I'm sure you're going to be perfectly obedient, aren't you? I even have some tests for you, just to make sure that you're properly trained.'

The chair started to rotate again, Clea gibbering into her gag, panic making her heart race. She didn't want to be forced to gasp for air again, or face the constant desperate teasing! But she was utterly powerless to free herself, or do anything except endure. She shuddered and whined as the teasing started again, forcing her to the edge of orgasm and the fading away, interspersed with vicious shocks. Her thoughts faded, reducing her to nothing but a melting mess of sensations, unable now to even talk.

Chapter 14: Changing Positions

Carmen's butt was numb from being forced to sit on the floor of the cage for so long, her head hot thanks to the metal box locked into place. There were some tiny airholes, letting her see light, but nothing more specific. Her arms were locked into place as well, forced through holes in the top of the cage, tight around her wrists. Even her feet could barely move, with cuffs locking her big toes together, so she couldn't withdraw them into the cage.

The only sounds were occasional footsteps, someone coming in, walking around, then leaving, without speaking to Carmen, or even acknowledging her presence. Carmen shifted, trying to make herself more comfortable, wanting to dispel the aches from being forced into position for so long.

More footsteps, confident and steady, and then the click of metal, the box on her head moving a little. She squeaked, unable to control herself from making a noise, the box then opening up into halves and being lifted away. The light was dim enough that it didn't hurt her eyes, the white coat of the Doctor bright in the gloom.

'An unexpected outcome – Cleopatra is now being educated for her new position. It will likely take some time for her to adjust, but she'll get there in the end. Which leaves us with you as something to resolve.'

Carmen shifted in the cage, neck and hands still trapped, unable to escape.

'It seems as though you have documentation allowing you freedom. Just at the same time as little Cleopatra cannot supply any evidence of her right to be free. Which leaves us with her being trained for her new role, and you needing to be put somewhere.'

'Please...' Carmen wasn't even sure what she was pleading for, but she just wanted to be released from the cage and not hurt any more!

'Don't worry, a place can be found for you. One that you will likely enjoy more than your previous one. Now, are you going to be a problem, or can I trust you to behave?'

Gloved fingers stroked through her hair, wiping it back from her forehead.

'I expect answers when I ask you something. You may have advanced from your initial position, but you are not yet able to deny me.'

'Sorry! I'll be good!'

'Excellent.'

The plates holding her neck and wrists in place were both slid backwards, one side of the cage withdrawn, setting her free.

'Stand up.'

It felt good to be able to move again, pins and needles jabbing into her butt and back. She hunched over, feeling exposed and vulnerable, the woman looking her over, eyes sharp.

'Yes, you'll do just fine, I think, as long as you learn to behave. And it seems that a house has suddenly become vacant, as Cleopatra is no longer allowed to own such a thing. Mrs. Greene will no doubt tell you all the standards you will need to meet. Does that sound agreeable to you? Of course, you will be permitted clothing as well.'

The reminder of her forced nudity made Carmen flush red, covering herself.

'Yes!'

'Excellent. This way then, so you can be fully equipped.'

She smiled, stroking Carmen's face, her gloved hands smeared with lube, before turning and walking away, forcing Carmen to scramble to keep up. Her limbs were stiff and sore, still numb from the time in the tiny box-cage, but at least she could move now!

Wherever she was, it was cold and hard, the surfaces all surgical steel or polished tile, more cages holding women, most of them gagged or hooded, shrinking away from them.

'You won't need a checkup, but I will need to see how well you can adjust to your new position. I assume that Cleopatra never fully explained everything here? There are certain expectations that you will have to meet. This neighborhood is kept to high standards, and those that fail to meet them are punished. As is currently happening to Cleopatra. We also believe in courtesy and social etiquette – I am Doctor Mary Halmet, you may call me Mary when in private, otherwise Doctor Halmet. Is this understood?'

She pushed open a door, gasps and groans echoing out, air heavy with fuck-scent. A young woman was in a medical chair, upper body restrained with a straitjacket, legs spread wide in stirrups, high-heeled shoes still on her feet.

'This is Mrs. Johnson. She was reluctant to perform as commanded by Mr. Johnson, and so was sent here for obedience training.'

The woman's eyes were glazed over, dribble splashing from her gagged mouth. A metal pole went into her asshole, the base of a dildo stretching her out. The pole started to pull back, a massively fat shaft getting dragged from her body, making her twitch and shudder.

‘She really should have let him do it, that probably would have been less intrusive.’

It was impossible not to stare at the tortured anus, struggling to close up after the brutal reaming, spurts of lube trickling out.

‘I’m sure that she’s going to be obedient after this though – at least if she wants to keep her position.’

The woman’s eyes managed to focus, staring at the Doctor, pathetic pleading noises coming from behind the gag. The Doctor moved forward, reaching out and running a finger over the woman’s thigh.

‘You see? It’s not that bad – you have a body tough enough to take it. So I hope there won’t be any more refusals from you in future, you know that you’re not allowed to say “no”. But you do need to be punished more for your disobedience.’

‘Nnhhhh, nhhhh!’ The woman shook her head, fear obvious.

‘Don’t worry, just another day, and then you can leave. That should be long enough to make sure that you’re properly trained.’

The dildo started thrusting forward again, the woman whining as the head pushed into her ass, the shaft stretching her out again.

‘Now, Carmen, you have a little more freedom than the likes of Mrs. Johnson. Although if she keeps disobeying, she might not be Mrs. Johnson for much longer, and end up as a low-range fuck-slut for anyone to use.’

Carmen couldn’t look away from the brutal anal violation, the woman’s body tensing up as the dildo penetrated deeply, her asshole stretching around it. The momentary look of awareness in her eyes faded, replaced with a distant look and the start of tears.

‘An attractive thing like you I’m sure will have no problems finding a husband, should you wish for it. But as long as you’re less of a problem than Cleopatra was, then you can be useful in other ways. Some of the unattached girls need a little guidance in how to behave. Like Daria here.’

Another restrained woman, this one spread out on an X-shaped cross, arms and legs strapped into place, face up, wide and terrified eyes looking between them. A breathing mask was strapped around her mouth, hose leading to a glass cylinder, half-filled with fluid, bubbling fast. Her chest was heaving, body shiny with sweat as she panted for air, a wire leading into her pussy.

‘A little more discipline and I’m sure she’ll behave properly. Someone needs to keep an eye on the younger ones though, make sure that they’re not causing any problems. Why don’t you play with her a little? She’s tough enough to take it.’

The breathing-mask was thick enough that Daria couldn’t protest, her eyes vaguely focusing on Carmen, making a pathetic shake of her head as Carmen approached. After so long being abused by Clea, and then in the cage, the chance to hurt someone else sounded good!

She squeezed one of Daria’s breasts, feeling the heat of her body, and the rapid hammering of her heart, the straining of her chest.

‘While you will have more freedom than most here, I would appreciate it if you were willing to entertain some of the men. Cleopatra was rather stubborn on that count, although I’m sure she will be willing to be deflowered now. Think of it as payment, in exchange for your position.’

The softness of Daria’s body was distracting, especially the way that the woman shuddered and twitched as Carmen stroked then pinched her, the woman unable to resist or protect herself.

‘That sounds better than the alternative.’

‘Yes, I imagine you’d probably rather not go back to your previous state.’

Carmen slid a finger into Daria’s pussy – wet and tight, and with a vibe pushed into her, buzzing away, keeping her stimulated. From how drenched she was, the teasing must have been going on for quite a while, keeping her edged without release! She shuddered, twitching against the restraints, unable to break free, staring into Carmen’s eyes.

‘You can have her as a pet, if you want. Or take her in and train her however you wish – although you will need to show your papers to prove your status, so I would advise caution and heavy discipline, to prevent them being stolen. You look about the same size as her – put this on.’

A knee-length dress was handed over, the cotton a little scratchy against her skin, but it felt good to not be naked for once! After tightening it at the waist, pinched the captive Daria, the Doctor making a sound of approval.

‘Well, you certainly don’t seem to have any issue with delivering punishment. Good – you may be just what is needed.’ A hand reached beneath Carmen’s dress sliding around a buttock, making her suddenly aware she wasn’t wearing the chastity, a rush of heat bursting into her crotch. The surge of lust washed away her thoughts for a moment, her eyes rolling back into her head.

‘And it seems that you’re fully functional.’ The fingers stroked and probed, Carmen starting to pant, unable to resist her hips twitching back and forth, her body craving stimulation. ‘Try not to get too distracted.’ A finger pushed deeper before withdrawing, Carmen’s body sagging against the Doctor’s. ‘You might want to work on your stamina though – if you’re weak, there are others only too happy to take advantage of that. Or you might end up subjected to some forced education.’

She was pushed away, staggering a little, managing to get herself under control.

‘It would also be smart to be polite and respectful – it’s not required, but it will mean that I will be less inclined to be harsh with you.’

The lust was still strong within Carmen, a wet heat between her legs. She didn’t want to shame herself by getting off here, as well as not wanting to make herself vulnerable in the process. Instead, she turned back to Daria, enjoying the fear in Daria’s eyes. Having someone else frightened of her made her feel good, a sense of power after so long kept as a captive. She raised a hand, Daria flinching, her eyes closing. Carmen didn’t slap her, but instead stroked her face, then felt the weight of a breast, giving it a squeeze.

‘I can do whatever I want with her?’

‘If you take her. I’ve done the hard work breaking her in, so she should be obedient. Nothing too permanent, but she’s tougher than she looks. And you’ll need someone to do the housework – unless you want to do it?’

Carmen shuddered. She’d had quite enough of that under Clea’s command! She certainly didn’t want to have to mow the lawn herself, ever again!

‘You’re going to be good and obedient, aren’t you? I’m going to have to train you, but it will be easier if you obey me.’ Carmen squeezed harder, soft flesh compressing beneath her grip. ‘I’m sure you’re going to be a good girl, isn’t that right?’ Carmen moved her other hand between Daria’s legs, the vibe still buried deep within her. She was panting for air, unable to suck enough air through the hose, her lungs probably aching with choking pain.

'I wonder if I can get one of those to put on you permanently? That would keep you quiet. I need to feed you, but I don't really need you to speak. And there's no dribbling or other mess this way.' She let go of the breast, and then gave it a slap, making the mound jiggle. Another slap, harder this time.

'Good, you seem to know what's expected of you. I will be training Cleopatra into my special assistant, as she has the right temperament for it, once she is made appropriately submissive. You will be permitted a more relaxed lifestyle, as long as you obey. And, in time, it is likely you will be married – you may even be allowed some say in the matter, if you can attract a suitable partner.'

That thought didn't seem appealing, but her position was already better than it had been. Maybe she could try and bargain her way into a position of power?

'So what now?'

'You have a home to take care of, and I'm sure that Mrs. Greene will have some requests of you. You may not leave the neighborhood, and any attempts to contact outsiders will result in you being punished. But you can have some fun with Daria and make her into your pet, and Mrs. Greene will arrange for you to be introduced to people. You may also want to pleasure yourself, to help clear your thoughts.'

The Doctor smiled at Carmen, teeth sharp-looking, making Carmen shudder. Although it was hard to ignore the desire between her legs, now that she was no longer locked away. She ground herself against Daria, enjoying the firm flesh against her body, before reaching beneath her dress and stroking there. She immediately started to gasp, close to the edge.

Her instincts took over, her fingers twisting into herself, starting to pump back and forth. Her vision blurred, thoughts scattering, the long denial finally over. Even in this place, she just fell into her own thoughts, pleasure swiftly building, before consuming her utterly. The orgasm was like nothing she had ever experienced before, vividly intense, pleasure sweeping everything else away.

Her thighs were damp and sticky as Carmen slowly recovered her senses, panting heavily, leaning on Daria for support. It felt amazing, the pleasure seared into her, other senses slow to return.

'Make sure that you don't get distracted. I'll have one of my assistants walk you to your new house – I hope that you settle in well. It's always interesting when there's a change like this, I wonder how things will proceed from here?'

Carmen was too drained to respond, slowly standing up as one of the Doctor's assistants came and took her arm. This was already far better than her previous state!

Chapter 15: Forced Alterations

Everything ached, inside and out. Clea's entire body was sore, aching from the suffering and torment she'd endured. She had no idea how long it had lasted – it had felt like an eternity, trapped in that hellish room, an endless cycle of drowning in thin air, while being shocked and teased, the spirals draining her will. Even now, she could still feel panic surging every time she breathed, just in case the air suddenly vanished, denying her what she needed.

She couldn't see where she was – a box on her head, hot and stuffy, without any holes to let light in. A thick rubber straitjacket was wrapped around her body, forcing her to hug herself, arms around her own waist. Her feet just barely touched the floor, and so she had to shuffle

around awkwardly, feeling what little strength she had get drained away. Clea tried to listen for something, anything, but all she could hear was her own breathing, wet and mushy thanks to the plug-gag in her mouth, her eyes desperately trying to find something to focus on in the darkness.

Something slapped against her butt, hard enough to make her gasp, another moment of breathing-terror. The front of the box opened up, blindingly bright medical light making her eyes sting, a vague shadow partially blocking it out.

'I hope you're not going to be troublesome – if you are, then you obviously need further rehabilitation.'

An intense surge of fear-panic, nightmares of the horrible choking pain rising up. She mewed through the gag, starting to be able to see the Doctor's face staring at her.

'You were certainly fun to watch. And it was a good test run, to see how a mind like yours is adjusted by it. I hope that you're going to be nice and obedient? Unless you want to go back in?'

It made her neck ache, the box rubbing against her skin as she twisted. Anything but that!

'You don't seem quite as... independent... as before, that's good. There is a new role for you, now that you are no longer allowed to make your own decisions. One that I think you will be better suited to than being a simple fuck-doll, although that is still an option if this doesn't work out.'

She slid out the neck-plate, releasing Clea from the box. She fell forward, her strength mostly gone, the Doctor catching her.

'There is a need for someone to dole out punishments – I have my hands full with this facility, and Mrs. Greene has her own tasks, as well as being too kind-spirited. Although you will be kept on a tight leash but I think this will be more suited to your temperament.'

Clea was dragged across the floor, unable to get her feet beneath herself, before she was dumped onto a medical chair, the metal seat cold against her butt.

'I don't need to inspect you again, but I do need you to show me cooperation. I don't think that you're entirely broken, are you? So I hope there's enough of you left to function, otherwise I'll need to find someone else.' She clicked her fingers in front of Clea's face, nodding as Clea managed to make herself focus. 'Good girl.'

The plug-gag was plucked from her mouth, a long ribbon of dribble trailing out from it before splatting downwards. Clea gulped down air, glad of one less impediment to breathing, her mouth still held open with a ring-gag.

'I'm going to put your new collar on, and then remove the straitjacket. If you behave, then the gag will be removed and I'll let you have solid food. But if you are disobedient, then you will be returned to that room, for more conditioning.'

'Nphhh! Nphhhh!'

'Good, it seems we are in agreement. You are going to have a special role, so you need a special collar – this one is more advanced than usual.'

She turned away, before coming back with a thick, heavy collar, a sturdy band of metal, with some technological bulges and lumps on it, along with the black bead-eye of a camera.

'You are an extension of the will of the community – and so we can see what you see, and control you directly. You will have your freedoms curtailed, and become a tool we can use. The

conditioning should have enhanced your temperament in certain ways, making you well-suited to the tasks you will be set.'

The collar was cold and hard as it was wrapped around Clea's neck, her hair getting swept aside to stop it tangling beneath the collar. It clicked shut with a brutal certainty, resting on her shoulder bones, pressing down on her, a weight that seemed like it would never fade.

The straitjacket was next, the Doctor unlocking the zip before drawing it down, the pressure against Clea's body fading. Being able to move, after so long being trapped and bound, made the whole thing seem unreal, but she let the Doctor pull it off her, sliding her arms free, hating how weak and pathetic she felt.

'No temper-tantrums – the collar is able to hurt you, and I doubt you want that, do you?' The Doctor stared at her, until Clea glanced away, unable to look back, another stab of self-hatred penetrating her heart.

'That's it – and now the gag. And then I've even got some clothing for you, because you're a good girl, aren't you?' Her fingers poked at Clea's cheek, before sliding along the line of the gag-strap, then finding the buckle. 'This is certainly easier to deal with than you being a naughty brat, isn't it?' She leaned close, breath tickling against Clea's face as the gag was loosened.

The ring was pulled from her mouth, falling down against her legs, Clea's jaw aching from so long stretched around the metal. The Doctor's hand then reached down, between Clea's legs, just a little touch there making Clea gasp with pleasure, tense from the constant teasing and denial in the choking torture-room.

'The collar tracks your vitals as well – you are allowed to climax only with permission. Consider it a possible reward for good behavior.' The fingers pushed up, between her thighs, even a light touch making her heart race.

It took effort to try and speak, something she hadn't been allowed for what felt like years. Her mouth hung upon like an idiot's, tongue dangling out. 'Please... can I...'

A finger pressed against her lips. 'Not yet! But I have some clothing for you, which I'm sure that you'll appreciate. Made just for you, to mark out your new position. And much less restrictive than a straitjacket! Now put these on.'

Clothing was tossed at her – floppy, shiny latex, tight shorts and a top. After so long in enforced nudity, then the chance to be clothed again was welcome! She pulled the top on, stretching it over her body, the thing tight and pressing against her. And, a moment later, she felt discomfort in her breasts, little pins jabbing into soft tit-meat. She tried pulling on the material, but it didn't help, the sharp pricks poking into her, sharp and vicious.

'That should help you stay nice and mean! I don't want you getting too comfortable.' The Doctor poked at Clea's breast, causing a surge of pain. 'And the shorts. You've been granted some dispensation for your role, but you're not permitted to be naked still.

Clea pulled the shorts on, still numb and obedient, but wanting to cover herself up, at least a little. They were snug and tight, and she could feel something inside them nestling against her pussy, just that touch enough to stimulate her. And the waistband was thick and tough, reinforced with metal wires, the Doctor sealing it shut with a depressing click.

'Not quite as obvious as a chastity belt, but it serves the same function. You are not going to have any pleasure without explicit permission!'

She reached out, pulling on the ring of Clea's collar, using that to make Clea stand. Her legs still ached, sore from her lengthy torments, but just being able to stand, to actually move was a freedom she hadn't experienced for far too long! Even with the needling pain in her breasts, and the faint teasing between her legs, at least she could move now!

The Doctor pulled her forward, Clea's bare feet slapping against the tiled floor. She was too weak to fight back, and the pain in her breasts and slow-growing pleasure in her legs was making it hard to breathe, stirring up more panic-memories of her recent tortures.

'You are going to be a tool from now on – as you have no right to freedom anymore. You will be responsible for inflicting punishment when it is required. Given your previous attitude, then this is something that you will be well suited to. And it will be interesting to see quite how much I can adjust your personality. The more obedient you are, then the less time you will have to spend in the chamber, but you're going to have a few more sessions in there.'

Just the mention of it made Clea's knees go weak, fear surging through her. Her breath caught in her chest, self-inflicted choking making her even weaker, a whimper coming from her lips.

The Doctor chuckled. 'Good, it seems you aren't so broken you don't remember. Remember – if you're obedient, then you'll spend less time in there. So it's in your own interests to do exactly what you are told, and that begins now.'

She was pulled into the next room, past cages of fresh sluts, most of them whimpering and shrinking back in their cages. The sight of them sent another stab of fear into Clea – was she going to end up like them, as just another caged bitch, ready to be used? The pain in her breasts kept building as well – the pins weren't sharp enough to break her skin, but kept poking her, impossible to ignore.

'Consider this your first test. If you succeed, then there will be other work for you. If you fail, then further training is clearly needed.'

The Doctor kicked at a cage, the slut inside whimpering and drawing back, before she pulled harder on Clea's collar, dragging her into another room. It was cramped and small, a claustrophobic shudder making Clea twitch, the smells of sweat, fear and piss assaulting her.

'I want you to make Tammy suffer – she's been naughty and refusing to obey orders. And so she needs to be hurt, in order to learn her place.'

A metal frame was in the center of the room, securely bolted to the floor, a woman spreadeagled in place. A sack was on her head, shaking around as she twisted, chains on her wrists and ankles jangling as she moved. She was still dressed – a pencil skirt and blouse, stockings on her legs, as angry noises came from beneath the sack.

'She hasn't yet acclimated to her position here – I think a sharp shock to her system is needed, and you are, I hope, the perfect tool to deliver such a thing. So show me what you are capable of, unless you want to go back into the room.'

Clea couldn't help but twitch again, fear crawling through her. She'd do anything not to go back into there, to be stripped of any choice, forced to pant and gasp, lacking the air to even plead for mercy! If she had to hurt some bitch to stay out, then she would gladly do that. And this room had everything that was needed for the task – a variety of whips, canes, floggers and paddles, as well as more intrusive medical tools.

She stepped in close, feeling her confidence start to return, despite the weight of the collar on her neck. When she grabbed at the woman's blouse, they shuddered, shaking around in their restraints.

Clea spoke, her voice rusty for disuse, but at least now she had the freedom to speak! And it sounded more threatening, more dangerous.

'I'm going to hurt you. I'm going to make you scream, until you learn how to behave!' She wrenched, buttons popping as she tore the blouse open, revealing smooth, soft skin beneath, and a lingerie bra. She wasted no time in pulling the bra down, large and soft breasts easy to grab and squeeze, before slapping them. Clea didn't hold back, putting force into her strikes, making the breasts swing.

'You don't need to think, you just need to obey.' Another tit-slap, and then she lifted the bag up, revealing the woman's head. Thick curls of soft auburn hair spilled out, along with the narrow metal ring of a wife's collar, rather than a common slut. Soft red lips kissed against a black rubber ballgag, once-neat makeup made runny by tears and sweat. She whined at Clea, shaking her body again, metal rattling.

'You must have been very naughty – and now you're going to be punished.'

She pressed her body against the woman's, ignoring the little surge of pain in her chest from the breast-spikes, instead savoring the chance to be powerful and dominant herself. Clea groped the breasts with one hand, using the other to find the clasp on the skirt and open that, pulling the fabric away from her victim's body.

She could feel the woman's fearful pants and gasps, pathetic attempts to shudder backwards, to escape Clea's touches. The woman wasn't protected by a chastity belt, her crotch bare and uncovered, garter-straps stark black down her creamy and soft thighs. Clea kneed them in the crotch, the impact hard enough to make the bitch gasp with pain, head tilting backwards, dribble spilling around her gag.

'How should we start? Your husband must be too soft on you, so now it's time to be harsh.'

She groped their pussy, feeling the heat of it, sensitive from the knee-strike. 'I'm going to make you suffer!' Her voice was returning now, easier to be louder, her own pain slowly fading.

A cane was the first thing to come to hand, a thin and whippy rod with a rubber handle. She flicked it through the air, feeling the weight of it, before turning it onto her victim, making it slap and slice into soft skin. Red welts rapidly formed, the woman grunting and gasping with pain as she was tormented.

The sense of power was exhilarating, a flush of heat running through Clea. The woman started to cry, tears trickling down her face, making her makeup run and melt. Clea didn't hold back, using her wrist to flick and strike, leaving more welt-marks over belly, breasts and thighs. The woman was shaking in place now, unable to escape chains rattling as she twitched and shuddered. Her attempts to plead for mercy were defeated by the gag, more dribble oozing from her mouth, splashing onto her breasts and down her body, vivid cane-marks down her body starting to turn to dark bruises.

'Good work. But you can be a little harsher with her. She needs to be made to regret her choices.'

Another cane-strike, this one against the woman's thighs, hard enough to make her dance in place, before Clea put the cane back. Next, she found a small case of soft rubber plugs, and took two out, pushing them into the woman's nose. This forced her to breathe through her mouth, the gag in the way, the dribbling getting even more intense.

Clamps were next – spiked metal that needed screws tightening to twist into place, crushing soft nipples, the gasps of pain getting louder and wetter. Clea tightened them as much as she

could, before hooking weights onto the connecting chain, stretching out her breasts. The bitch tried to lean forward to relieve the weight, but was chained in place, unable to move, having to endure the forced stretching of her tits.

Blood was pounding through Clea's head, her rage and frustration coming out in feral gasps, all her focus on hurting the woman. What next? She wanted something more than just a cane or flogger, something truly vicious, that the bitch would never forget.

She smiled as she saw a short, stubby prod, grabbing it, the thing much heavier than the cane had been. It was easier to flick it on, and then press the trigger – a crackle of lightning sparked between the prongs, the scent of ozone wafting towards her.

The woman's eyes fixated on it, her head shaking in desperate denial of what was about to happen, gibbering sounding out from behind the gag, along with a constant flow of drool. Clea jabbed it into a breast, slowly scratching it over skin, smiling at her target, the sense of power she felt helping to wash away her own pain and humiliation.

She didn't pull the trigger, not yet, as she moved it downwards, over the soft belly, then between the woman's legs. She tried to shudder and twitch away, but couldn't move enough, as Clea pushed the prongs up against her slit, gently twisting them into the woman.

Her head was shaking frantically, her eyes staring at Clea with fear, as Clea twisted the prongs back and forth, feeling the tightness of the woman's pussy. She could feel the smile on her face widen, as she licked her lips in anticipation... and then pressed the trigger. The woman spasmed in pain, body shaking around hard on the metal frame, her head tilting backwards. Another press, and a scream sounded through the gag, arms and legs frantically twitching in desperate pain. The breast-weights shook and rolled across her skin, pain-sweat making her body shine as Clea shocked her again.

'Excellent work! Nice to see that you're going to be useful to me. Of course, you don't have a home anymore, but I can find a corner for you here. And if you're a good girl, I won't even make you sleep in a cage.'

The Doctor's hand stroked down Clea's back, before pulling on her top, making the breast-pain surge. She took her frustration out on her victim, shocking them again, sadistic pleasure at their suffering flooding through her.

Chapter 16: A Warm Welcome

Being able to dress herself felt strange – actually allowed to not just wear clothing, but also to choose what she wore! Although there hadn't been much of a range in Clea's house, just a variety of tight shorts and tops, the tops too small for Carmen's breasts. And, shoved away at the back of a closet, looking virtually unworn, some dresses, fabric soft against Carmen's body. Still a little too tight at the chest, but at least it covered her fully and seemed a better match for what most of the other women were wearing. And it made it possible to go outside without drawing attention – although she was one of the few women that didn't have anything around her neck!

She checked herself in the mirror, tweaking the dress a little, checking her makeup was all in place – Mrs. Greene had told her to always be presentable, and there was meant to be some kind of event today, to introduce her to everyone! Which seemed a worrying prospect, given

what this place considered normal, but maybe she could make a place for herself? And with the documents she'd stolen from Clea, she was apparently free, which meant that she couldn't be punished at random.

Someone knocked on the door, jerking Carmen from checking herself, making her scurry for the door. The place was cleaner now, most of Clea's stuff ready to be junked, and all of the bondage and torture equipment ready for use. She was apparently allowed to have another woman kept under control, but she'd have to make sure they were obedient and didn't steal the papers back! It was tempting to ask for Clea, just to make that bitch pay, but that would be far too risky.

Mrs. Greene was standing aside, as fresh and neat as always, the metal band around her neck even brighter than normal, clearly polished. Her dress was a nicer one as well, soft cotton tight against her body, cut lower to show more of her cleavage. She looked Carmen up and down before nodding.

'Excellent. Yes, I think you'll fit in well. I'm sure the men will enjoy looking at you as well – you should consider them and see if any are suitable as partners. Now, come along, there's people you must meet.' She reached out towards Carmen's neck, as though to grab at a collar-ring, before remembering herself, instead grasping Carmen's hand and pulling.

It was easy to see where she was being taken – she could already smell the meat and see a thin trail of smoke wafting into the perfect blue sky, as she was taken to another house, one with a large and immaculately neat garden. Several wooden posts were hammered into the ground, each with a woman chained to them, hands held above their heads. All were gagged, unable to protest as they were groped and molested.

There was an obvious distinction at play – about a third of the women were fully dressed, in knee-length dresses, slightly old-fashioned, all of them with thin metal bands around their necks. The majority were wearing less – a fortunate few in sultry or slutty dresses, but most were in little more than their restraints, with fat bands of metal or leather around their necks. A few that seemed to be of the lowest ranks were bound on all fours, with heavy leather binding their wrists to their elbows and the ankles to their thighs, made to crawl around like animals. Some even had fake tails poking out of their assholes and muzzles on their mouths!

A whip-crack sounded out, Carmen flinching before realizing it wasn't aimed at her. One of the women chained to the posts yelped in pain, a red welt appearing over her stomach. Another strike, then another, the woman dancing around in a futile attempt to escape the strikes, tears starting to trickle down her face as she whined into her gag. More women, completely naked except for chastity belts, gags and collars, were tethered by their necks to wooden railings, getting inspected and groped.

'If you hadn't been so bold, then you would now be in the same position as them. Anyway, let me introduce you to some people – you should get to know your new neighbors. Maybe when you're a little more settled in, you could invite everyone around?'

She pulled Carmen towards a cluster of people, men and women both, a rapid-fire barrage of names and faces that overwhelmed Carmen. The women at least were easy to tell where they stood in the hierarchy – the narrow collar-rings were attached women, rings on their fingers, occasionally getting stroked and squeezed by their husbands. Fat collars were slave-sluts, some of them allowed to be dressed, but they were quieter, less talkative, and more prone to getting dragged away and fucked. And the smallest group were those like her – bare necked,

technically free, but all with a slightly nervous air, polite and courteous. And often with one or more men paying them court – unwed themselves, if their fingers were anything to go by. Carmen managed to tune out the constant sound of whips and the gasps of pain, although she did look to see if Clea was one of the women arranged for punishment. Unfortunately not – and she wasn't bent over in the stocks, either, completely naked women getting used in all their holes, as the men chatted, the women gossiping.

'Well, I think that's everyone.' Mrs. Greene gave Carmen's shoulder a gentle squeeze. 'Don't worry, you're a bright girl, I'm sure you'll fit in much better than Clea did! She was a little too willful. And I'm sure the Doctor will be able to provide you will a nice, fresh girl to help you around the place. Ah, there she is!' She waved, Carmen looking around, suppressing a sting of fear when she saw the Doctor. Smartly dressed as always, pulling on a heavy leash connected to the neck of a straitjacketed and hooded woman, arms straining against the thick rubber. Carmen let herself be dragged over, towards the stocks, now having to ignore gagged moans and wet slapping sounds of fucking. There was a cooler full of ice and beer bottles, Carmen helping herself to one.

'I would advise against excess – it would be a shame to lose that wonderful figure! And it might cause you to get into situations you'd rather not be in.'

Despite Mrs. Greene's warning, the beer tasted amazing, crisp and cool on her tongue. It helped give her a burst of confidence as well, some of her fear fading away.

'So good you could come, Doctor Halmet! I know your work keeps you busy.'

'The newest batch is all secured away, so I can take some time away. And this one needs some hands-on training.' She pulled on the leash, dragging the struggling woman closer, groping at a rubber-wrapped breast. The woman strained and struggled again, but couldn't make any headway against the rubber and the thick straps, faint grunting coming from beneath the hood. Something writhed within her crotch, the crotch-strap twitching around. 'You must be Carmen? A surprise that things developed that way, but it did resolve a problem. Just take care to avoid her fate.'

The rubber was polished to be reflective and shiny, the sunlight bouncing off it, showing every time that the captive strained and struggled. Her chains binding her knees and ankles, the woman could only manage short steps, unable to try and escape.

Carmen took another drink, managing to find her words and speak. 'How... How is Clea? What's happened to her?'

The Doctor smiled. 'She needs a little more work, but I've got a task for her, once she learns her place. Too much pride, that one.' She pressed her hand against her victim's hooded face, before shoving them forward, towards Carmen. 'Why don't you have some fun with this one? Her previous owner tired of her, so there's no great loss if you damage her.'

The woman was shorter than Carmen, gasping from behind the hood, every trace of her individuality sealed away – not even her hair was outside her hood! The rubber straitjacket made her smooth to the touch, wincing as Carmen squeezed a large, firm breast.

'Clea should be rejoining us soon, but needs a little more time until she fully understands her position.'

The feeling of the rubber-sheathed body was alluring, soft to press against but also somehow inhuman, the woman within panting as Carmen squeezed and molested her. The woman's

mouth was completely sealed within the hood, silencing any noises to pathetic, tiny gasps, and pinching her nose shut produced more intense twitches and shudders.

Mrs. Greene leaned in, her perfume sliding into Carmen's nose as she whispered. 'The men like a woman that can keep a slut in line. This would be a good way for you to show yourself off. You've already garnered some attention!'

Carmen glanced around, flushing when she saw several men looking at her with interest. They were good-looking as well, one of them giving her a nod before drinking from his own beer. The woman tried to twist her head away, Carmen letting her breathe again, before squeezing and poking at the captive body more. They were soft and weak, unable to fight back, panting and gasping against her.

A vibrating dildo as shoved into their pussy, held there by the crotch-band of the straitjacket. Juices trickled down her thighs, and she shuddered even more as Carmen twisted it around. She could feel the resistance of the woman's pussy, tight around the penetrating shaft, the thing slowly twitching and vibrating inside of her. Her hips twitched, Carmen feeling a pulse of lust herself – she wasn't bound or in chastity now!

She pushed the beer bottle between the woman's buttocks, leaving a smear of cool condensation, before pushing the neck against the woman's asshole. Being able to hurt someone else felt good – much better than being on the receiving end! Whenever they tried to squirm away, she spanked them, forcing pain onto them even as she violated their body, the glass steadily getting pushed deeper and deeper.

The woman's panting got more intense, short and sharp breaths, the bottle going further into them. She kept pushing, until the full neck of the bottle was inside of them, giving them a little stubby bottle-tail. As she did this, she kept twisting the dildo, pulling it out and seeing the thick slick of pussy-juice on it, the smell of the stuff overpowering, making her own horniness even more intense.

'I wonder what you did to be treated like this?' Although in this place, it probably wouldn't take much! If she hadn't gotten lucky, then she could have ended up in the same situation. A few thrusts of the dildo made the woman shudder and twitch, driven close to the edge of release. 'Maybe you'll be obedient after this? Or maybe you'll be used as a fuck-doll.'

Not that there seemed to be any shortage of those! The sounds and smells of fucking were both getting more overt, the men enjoying themselves with the restrained women, even a few of the wives joining in, using brutally large strap-on dildos, a strange contrast with their genteel looks.

She shoved the dildo all the way in, her victim shuddering and more juices spurting from her pussy, then flicked a dial on the base to increase the speed of the vibrations. They twitched, knees buckling, barely able to stand as they were forced to orgasm, Carmen giving the beer-bottle a twist, forcing the very top of the main body into the tight asshole.

Watching the woman pathetically shake around, her body forced to orgasm, the bottle forced into her, sent a rush of power through Carmen, along with intense arousal. She squirmed her thighs, wanting to touch herself and get off – although that didn't seem to be allowed, or at least none of the other women were doing more than using strap-ons and dildos on their restrained victims.

She settled for wedging the dildo back into place, still vibrating, using the crotch-band of the straitjacket to hold it in place. The sensations must be overwhelming – and there was no way

for the woman to escape them. Her bound and trapped arms twitched, fighting against the heavy rubber, but still unable to break free. The bottle was still firmly in her asshole, shaking around as the woman gasped and shuddered.

As soon as Carmen stopped supporting her, the woman fell forward, too weak to stay standing. Carmen just watched, enjoying the sight of her on the floor, legs weakly kicking, the ankle- and thigh-chains clicking. It felt deeply satisfying to be able to stamp down onto her, to force pain and humiliation onto someone else, rather than being on the receiving end!

'You can always just leave them there, the others will clean up afterwards. And it's not like she can escape or anything.' Another young woman stamped down the trapped woman, a cliche kitten-heel jabbing into a shoulder. She was dressed in a conservatively long dress, but of thinner, sleeker material, showing off more of the shape of her body, while her neck had a thin metal band in place, the metal fresh and new.

'Uh, if that's OK...'

'You should help out, but you're new, so you can get away with a little more than the rest of us.' She stamped down again, smiling at Carmen. 'And definitely enjoy yourself! It can be a little frustrating being locked away.' She pressed her hand against her crotch, tightening her dress, letting Carmen see the flat panel of a chastity belt beneath. 'I'm let out at least once a week, unless I misbehave. But he likes it when I dress up a little sexy.' She twisted her hips, showing herself off. 'I just hope he doesn't waste all his energies on the sluts here! I want him to keep some for me!'

She stamped down again, harder this time, before giving the beer bottle a little kick, making it twist inside the woman's asshole. 'I'm Deborah – or Mrs. Vires, if you prefer. Although that still feels strange to say!' She stepped over the still-writhing woman, before taking Carmen's hand. 'You're only two doors down from me, so I'm sure we can spend time together. And I can introduce you to everyone – Mrs. Greene is always so busy. Why don't we get some food and see if we can find some entertainment?'

Carmen let herself be dragged over towards the barbecue, where a smiling man served her up a burger, Deborah refusing any food for herself.

'It can be a little overwhelming the first few times, but you'll get used to it soon, I'm sure! Just don't walk up behind anyone with a whip, it's easy to get caught on the backswing.' She looked over at the stocks and sighed. 'I do hope he doesn't tire himself out...' One of the men currently fucking the bound women must be her husband?

'There's Tania – I want to be more like her, to be good at punishing others.' The redhead was easy to pick out of the crowd, hair vivid and bright, arm flicking as she brutalized a bound woman with a whip. Her victim's breasts shuddered under the impact, each strike precisely, targeting the same places again and again. Just seeing it made Carmen's breasts ache in sympathy! But if she behaved, she'd never have to endure anything like that again.

'You should get a girl for yourself. It's a lot easier having someone to do all the work for you. Of course, you need to keep them in line, but that can be fun by itself.' She pulled Carmen over towards the bound and naked women, most of whom now had visible bruises from being pinched and squeezed. Most of them had neat little tattoos up their spines as well, starting just above the buttocks.

'You want someone nice and passive, don't you? Maybe this one?' She spanked the ass of one woman, arms held above her head by chains. 'Just keep her muzzled and she can help

around the place. And I'm sure that she'd be obedient, she's scared of pain.' Carmen raised a hand as though to slap, the woman wincing and shuddering away from even the threat of pain. When Carmen did strike, slapping her hand at a pert breast, they whined into their gag, trying to retreat away.

'That symbol means that she should be able to do all of the household chores. And you can just keep her locked away the rest of the time.'

Carmen couldn't resist the urge to keep hurting the woman, squeezing and slapping at soft, tender flesh, the gagged squeals getting louder and louder.

'I think she'll be nice and obedient. She's good with her hands and mouth as well, look.'

Deborah pointed at more of the tattoo-symbols. 'Those are the ones I have – I'm fortunate that I was taken before having to endure too much training though! Some of these sluts are unlikely to ever attract a man, at least as anything more than just a set of holes.' She ran her fingers along the metal band on her neck. 'Much more comfortable than a collar.'

'Can I just take her?'

'She's been discarded, so yes. I think she was a bit too passive for the Bedford's, they wanted a screamer. Otherwise the Doctor will take her. I'm not sure what happens with anyone she doesn't want – but we won't have to worry about that!' She joined Carmen in tormenting the woman, the two of them working together to hurt the captive.

Perhaps this wouldn't be too bad! It was certainly a lot better than being collared like the sluts were! And if she could get a nice, obedient bitch as a house pet, then that would make living here a lot easier.

Chapter 17: An Expected Return

'This is an improvement, isn't it? You're certainly far more useful like this.' The Doctor spoke, her voice close by, Clea wanting to growl but unable to find the energy. A padded blindfold covered her eyes, plunging her into darkness, while she was chained to the wall standing up, with only a small amount of movement possible. Something covered her mouth, limiting the airflow, forcing her to strain for every breath, causing constant sparks and twitches of panic.

'Time to put you to work – you need to earn your keep now.' The blindfold was removed, letting Clea see again – she was in a room with only low lights, but well-furnished, definitely not the Doctor's clinic, at least not any part of it she'd seen before. This was furnished more like a house, with several comfortable-looking chairs amongst the bondage equipment, the floor dark wood, finely polished.

'You're not free anymore – although you should be thankful that I decided to take you in. There were a few that wanted you turned into fuckmeat, and I must admit it was tempting to just have you locked into the stocks and used until you broke.' The Doctor's voice was gentle despite her words, her hand stroking along the lines of Clea's face. 'And I've had some custom equipment made just for you. Before everyone arrives, I need to tell you what your role now is.'

She pulled on the thing on Clea's face, a whisper of fresh, free air allowed past whatever it was, Clea gratefully sucking it down before it was released and the seal reformed.

'You're going to be my bitch. I have a lot of work to do, and not enough time to do it, and my staff often lack the inclination to punish those that need you. You have a natural inclination that is useful to me, but you need to learn how to behave.' Her hand moved down from Clea's face, now stroking over her belly – she could feel that she was at least partially dressed, something

tight over her breasts and waist, but couldn't look down to see. 'You will do whatever I say. If not, then you've already experienced the sort of thing that can happen, and you didn't seem to enjoy it much.'

Clea tensed, pulling on the chains, feeling them reach their limit, more around her ankles as well, holding her in place. She wanted to growl, to spit in the woman's face, but the lack of air was making her weak as well as making it impossible to speak!

'If you do well, you will enjoy it, I think. Having a succession of fresh young women to meet, punish and train – that's the sort of thing you're well-suited to. And you'd probably prefer that to being fuck-meat, wouldn't you? You're proud enough that I think the first time you get spit-roasted, you're going to break.' Another slow, gentle stroke, fingers warm against Clea's belly. 'I'm having a few people around for entertainment – which means you need to work. Nothing that you will object to, but if you disobey me, then there will be consequences. You should know how it works for sluts like you that are owned. So I'm going to free you now, and you're going to be a good girl, do you understand?'

She held up a small key, Clea's eyes focusing on it. Her fingers twitched, wanting to pull it from the Doctor's hands and free herself, but memories of the torturous choking agony rose up, and she sagged back, managing to nod her head.

'Good girl. You see, obedience is much easier.' The Doctor quickly released Clea from the chains, letting her step away from the wall – she still had cuffs around her wrists and ankles, but at least she wasn't attached to the wall anymore! With her hands free, she was able to feel herself – she'd been dressed in a tight latex mini-skirt, molded to her ass, and one of her own bandeau-tops, a strap of black over her breasts. Around her neck was a heavy band of metal, pressing down on her and impossible to remove, while something was strapped over her face. When she went to pull on it, the Doctor shook her head.

'That stays on. I like the way you pant all the time – it's cute the way you're so pathetic and desperate. That mask is made specially for you, to make your life a little harder. And the collar around your neck has some toys in it as well.' She reached out and tweaked it, sliding it around Clea's neck. She could feel prongs scratch into the side of her neck, biting into the skin. 'A shock collar. Just what a good bitch needs to keep her in line. And if the mask is removed, then the collar bites – just so I know that you're not sneaking around. But I'm kind enough that I've not locked you into chastity, at least not yet. If any of the guests want to, they can use you – unless you want that, then I'd advise you behave and put on a good show.'

The collar seemed to tighten, now a threat of pain constantly hovering over Clea. The breathing mask was bad enough, but being stuck with a shock would make her gasp, denying her even the limited air she had now! Just a few would probably be enough to put on the floor, completely defenseless, and easy meat for anyone that wanted to use her. The stiletto heels locked around her ankles weren't helping either, forcing her to tense her legs to keep her balance.

'It sounds like my guests are here – while I bring them up, you can have a look around, and familiarize yourself with the tools. Remember, you are here to please and entertain, and if you can't do that by hurting others, then we'll have our fun by hurting you.' She stroked Clea's face again, a soft smile on her face, a stark contrast with her harsh words.

As soon as she was gone, Clea tried pulling on the mask. The straps around her head were tight, but had a little stretch to them, letting her pull the thing away from her face, fresh air sliding behind it. She gulped that down, feeling some of the tiredness and pain fade from her body. Pain exploded in her neck, making her stagger and slump against a wall, the collar stinging her with enough force to make her vision blur. The mask immediately snapped back into place, pressing tightly against her face again, making it hard to breathe. The steady, churning panic from the lack of air was constant now, etched into her, as she slowly managed to gather herself and stand up. If she endured long enough, she might get a better chance to escape later – or steal her papers back from that bitch that had stolen them!

She looked around the room – an impressive array of cages, suspension-points, even a wooden horse, and a variety of implements hanging on wall-racks, ready and waiting. She picked up a shock-wand, feeling the weight of it, pressing the trigger and watching a spark zap between the prongs. Could she use that to overpower the Doctor? But the collar would probably activate somehow, and stun her into submission.

The door opened, the Doctor walking in again, followed by Mrs. Greene, and a couple that Clea vaguely recognized from neighborhood socials – the man had tried his luck with her a few times before she'd made clear she wasn't interested, while the woman was a tall, striking blonde, her red silk evening dress clinging tightly to her figure, showing off her large breasts. Her collar-necklace was snug around her neck, showing that she was owned.

Mrs. Greene looked at Clea, a wide smile on her face, nodding in approval. 'Oh, yes – very useful! I can see her being popular when there's entertainment. The neighborhood executioner, doling out punishments. And if she's a good girl, she might get treats.'

'She knows to behave – isn't that right, Clea?' The Doctor stared into Clea's eyes, Clea trying to stare back before glancing away, hating her own weakness. 'She's going to be my personal torture-bitch, at least if she knows what's good for her.' She leaned in close, kissing Clea's forehead, before whispering into her ear. 'Be a good girl, and get Hannah on the floor. She needs an attitude adjustment herself. Unless you want us to play with you instead?'

The Doctor stepped aside, staring expectantly at Clea. She paused for a moment, before lunging with the prod, aiming for the bare skin of the woman's cleavage, thrusting into it and squeezing the trigger the moment she felt contact. The woman gasped with pain, body twitching as she dropped, her husband catching her.

'Good work.'

Karen was dragged towards the center of the room, her wrists getting pushed into dangling cuffs so she was suspended there, still twitching, unable to speak. Mrs. Greene approached her, slapping her hard across the face before forcing a fat ballgag between her red lips, strapping it into place.

'You haven't been obedient, have you? Naughty of you! And so you no longer deserve your position.' She reached around the woman's neck, twisting at the band of metal, opening it up and removing it – Clea could see an indent in the skin beneath, where it had pressed for so long against the woman's body, the flesh pale and untanned. 'For that, you're now just a common slut again. Derek is going to have to find a new wife from those currently available, while you undergo training. Now, Clea – if you would begin the punishment? No need to be gentle, Karen deserves everything she gets and more.'

Karen was recovered enough to stand up now, shaking her arms and making the chains rattle, trying to draw them in and reach for her gag, but without enough range of motion to do so. She shook her head and moaned through the gag, dribble already starting to form around the rubber ball.

Clea stalked forward, holding the shock-wand up, poking it into her victim's chest. Karen tried to flinch away, Clea easily tracing their movement, scratching the wand-tip along exposed flesh, following the V-cutout of the cleavage. Then she lunged forward with her other hand, grabbing at the dress and ripping, yanking it away. It took several tugs, each one weakening it, before she heard a tearing sound, the silk ripping away from Karen's body. Another few pulls and Clea managed to tear it off completely, tossing the dress away.

Beneath, Karen was almost naked – wearing just her chastity belt and stockings. Tears were starting to trickle from her eyes, long, dark lines as her makeup ran, her blonde hair starting to fray. Clea slapped at the large breasts, feeling each impact through her palm and up her arm, the breasts shaking from the force of each impact. There was nowhere for Karen to go to escape the hits, Clea easily able to keep her in striking range, as Karen tried to lean back, still bound by her wrists.

Another thrust with the shock-wand, this time against a thigh. She pulled the trigger, hearing the electrical snap and a pained yelp, Karen twitching in place. Another shock, and Karen started trying to beg, her words turned to pathetic mush by the gag, fat splats of dribble falling from her mouth onto the floor. Clea moved the wand to Karen's belly, making her victim tense and cramp up, bending over as far as her chains allowed.

'Good work. Let me just remove the belt so you can punish her better. After all, she refused to allow her pretty pussy to be used, so it only makes sense that it be punished.' The Doctor touched Clea on the shoulder and pulled her back, fiddling with the metal belt around Karen's waist and crotch, removing the panel. When she stepped back, Clea could see Karen's now-bare pussy, shaved lips unprotected.

'Have some fun with her – there's no need to hold back, and I'm sure that you have some frustrations to work out. Try to keep her conscious for a while though – it's no fun if she passes out.'

Clea slapped the head of the wand against Karen's pussy, hard enough to make the woman gasp. Despite the mask restricting her breathing, being able to hurt someone else was making her feel stronger! Another slap with it, before she gently started to push it in, Karen desperately trying to wriggle and twist away, without success. Clea stared into the woman's eyes, reaching out with her other hand to slap the breasts again, hard enough that she could see impact-marks starting to form.

With the mask in place, she couldn't talk, but she could slowly twist the wand, feeling the resistance of Karen's pussy, the tightness slowly yielding to Clea. And then she pulled the trigger – Karen shrieked in pain through the gag, twitching around, neck spasming. She was still blubbering through her gag, trying to beg and plead, as Clea withdrew the wand, looking at the prongs, able to see a slight sheen on them, from being within Karen's body.

She glanced over at the others – Mrs. Greene was watching with approval, between flicking through a catalogue with the man, probably showing him the current selection. The Doctor took the shock-wand from Clea, wiping the tip clean before putting it back on the wall. 'Keep going. Keep us entertained, or we'll use you for entertainment.'

Clea immediately looked for something else she could use – there were so many choices, so many painful implements hanging from the walls, that it was hard to make a decision! She closed her eyes, taking the deepest breath she could manage, feeling the mask suck in around her face, before opening them again, settling on a loop of heavy leather, dangling from a hook. It felt good in her hand, a nice, solid weight, and she swung for a breast. The impact sound was solid enough to make her wince, glad that she wasn't on the receiving end, flicking it back and forth to hit both tits, making them swing and sway. There was no way for Karen to defend herself, and her once-beautiful face was now contorted in pain, her makeup a mess, lips kissed tightly around the gag-ball.

Clea moved around her, swinging and flicking at her naked body, using the leather loop to strike down the woman's back and at her soft buttocks and thighs. Every hit made her gasp and shudder with pain, a pathetic and spasmodic dance as she was tormented and punished. Clea stood behind her, hitting her buttocks again and again, until they were visibly red from the impacts. Then she turned the loop around and pushed the fat handle against the woman's asshole.

She shrieked again, desperately trying to pull away from Clea, who kept pushing the handle forward. It started to force the asshole open, scraping against soft flesh, violating the tight space as Clea pushed harder and harder. She pressed herself against Karen, enjoying the heat of her victim's body, running her other hand over soft, sore skin, pinching and squeezing. Karen's hair was long enough to slide over Clea's chest, soft and silky, giving something else to grab hold of in a savage yank, as she shoved on the loop-handle, forcing it deeper and deeper into place.

Karen's entire body was tense and tight, making Clea work hard to shove the rest of the handle in, steadily overcoming the woman's resistance, bit by bit. A few more shoves, and the full length was firmly lodged in place, the leather grip now chafing against Karen's asshole, the loop twitching around as Karen sobbed to herself.

With the asshole firmly stuffed, there wasn't much more to do from behind – that meant it was time to punish the woman's cunt! A spreader-bar first, cuffed around each ankle to hold the legs widely spread, and then a flexible rubber paddle came to hand. Clea hit it against her palm, wincing a little at the sting. Karen saw it, desperately shaking her head again, Clea smiling to herself before swinging it upwards, landing a solid hit right on the bare cunt.

Karen's eyes bulged, her makeup utterly ruined, gasping in pain. Clea could feel tingles ripple through her own body, desire making her hot and horny. She didn't dare try and touch herself though – and even if she did, it felt like she might pass out before being able to get off, her body unable to deal with the burning lack of air!

She kept working the paddle over Karen's body, then returning to her slit, enjoying the increasingly-pathetic moans and whines, Karen's resistance soon broken. The woman slumped in her restraints, still trying to beg through the gag, more dribble splashing out.

'Excellent work – I thought you would make a loyal bitch. I've even prepared a special cage for you to sleep in, and you can have a few treats tonight. On your knees.'

The Doctor grasped Clea's shoulder firmly from behind, pushing downwards, Clea too weak to resist, dropping to the floor. The paddle dropped from her hand, the Doctor stroking her head, then grabbing at her hair and using that to make Clea look upwards.

'Yes, this is an excellent position for you. A nice, loyal punishment-bitch – you're good at hurting others, which is a useful skill.' She fiddled with the mask, pulling it away from Clea's face, and letting her see the rubbery curve of it for the first time, valves on either side, the inside damp with condensation. 'Open wide!'

Something was dropped into her mouth, dry and chalky, dissolving on her tongue. She felt bliss as she gulped down air, unhindered breathing for once, the agonizing pain in her chest fading.

'Now rest, my loyal bitch.'

Clea opened her mouth, wanting to protest, but intense weakness surged through her, something robbing her of the ability to move. She swayed, before falling to the ground, succumbing to it, soon falling into a deep doze.

Chapter 18: A Happy Home

'I think perhaps she's... a little too feisty?' Sally was standing behind Thomas, peeking around him. He wrapped an arm around her waist, giving her a comforting hug as he watched the new girl shake around, fighting against her bonds. Her wrists were chained to the ceiling, stretching out her naked body, angry grunts coming from behind the bitgag in her mouth. She spun around, trying to break free of the cuffs on her wrists, kicking out at empty air.

'I wasn't expecting her to be quite this wild. And this is after the Doctor had a session with her! Well, she's here now, so I need to show her how to behave, I suppose.'

The woman spun around again, pulling herself up with her arms and then dropping down, trying to use her weight to wrench the chains from the ceiling, without any success. All she was wearing was her collar, a mini-skirt and a tight t-shirt, highlighting her pert breasts.

'You stay here, I don't want you getting hurt.' Although the woman was bare-foot, a kick from her might still have enough force behind it to hurt! But she would learn how to behave. He entered the room, keeping a safe distance, ignoring her grunting and movement as he picked up a whip. Fortunately, the house had been fully equipped with everything needed to train someone!

Thomas flicked the whip out, waiting until the woman spun around again, and then sending the tip lashing forward, striking against her buttocks. She squealed in pain, trying to spin around to face him, giving him the chance to lash her butt and then her breasts. Her body was already starting to shine with sweat from her exertions, dark stains of dribble on her t-shirt. He didn't hold back with the whip, using it to strike her skin, red welts quickly forming after the impacts. That didn't stop her moving though – she managed to get her spinning under control, turning to face him and growling, another dribble of spit splashing down and staining her t-shirt darker. She flinched and winced in pain as he whipped her belly, but she was still tense and ready to strike.

Behind her, Sally moved, quick and agile, coming in from the side and grabbing at one leg, pulling it to the side. The woman tried to kick her, but was already off-balance, unable to retaliate. A chain was bolted onto the floor, Sally snapping it around the woman's ankle, holding that leg spread out. Thomas whipped her again, targeting her chest, the whip tearing shreds out of the t-shirt, revealing soft skin beneath.

She was hopping on one leg now, dragged off-balance, making it easy for Sally to grab her other leg and spread that wide, forcing the woman into a suspended spread-eagle, held up in the air. Even with that, she still writhed and wriggled, but now she had no ability to fight back.

He whipped her a few more times, until the shirt over her chest was mostly shredded, and then put the whip down and approached.

'She didn't hit you, did she?'

'Just a little. But it doesn't hurt.' Sally drew the shoulder of her dress aside, a small bruise visible on her soft skin. He gave it a kiss before hugging her, helping her stand up.

'Well, that's going to make this easier – now we can punish her, help her learn her place. We can't take her out like this, it would just be embarrassing! And the Doctor's sending her new assistant out to help us, it's going to look pathetic if this bitch isn't at least partially trained by then.' He walked over to the woman, ripping away the tattered remnants of her shirt, her breasts spilling out, whip-welts already visible.

'This is your fault!' He backhanded one of her tits, enjoying the feeling of the soft skin deforming under the impact. 'I don't think you deserve clothing. Should have stripped you naked to start with, to show you your place.' She was shaking around, trying to twist out of the restraints, but she was firmly held, suspended in an "X" shape. When he stroked her stomach, she shuddered, but couldn't evade his touch, or when he ripped at the waist-band of her skirt, easily pulling it off. Beneath, she was naked, nothing else on her soft, tender body.

'And you dared to kick my wife! That needs a harsh punishment.' He grabbed her breast and squeezed, compressing it in his palm until she squealed in pain, now dribbling down her chest.

'You need discipline.' He let go, staring into her eyes until she flinched and looked away. The sense of her fear created a potent shock of arousal, making his cock hard. He pushed himself against her captive body, letting her feel it, enjoying the sensation of her naked flesh against himself.

'You don't need to see or speak for this, so you can just suffer!' He kneed her in the crotch, then moved around behind her, taking more pleasure from her squeal of fear, as she tried to turn to keep him in view. He picked up a leather hood, loosening the cords and then approaching the woman from behind. As she squirmed and twisted, he shoved the hood over her head, plunging her into darkness, padding covering her ears as well. She tried to twist around, attempting to get her head out, but couldn't move enough to do that.

It took a few more wrenches and pulls, her sweat making the leather stick to her head, but soon the dull black leather encased her head entirely, cutting her off from the world. He tightened the cords again, securing it into place, before groping and squeezing her again. Thomas wasn't gentle, digging his fingers into her soft body, enjoying her pained spasms and shudders, standing in front of her and grinding against her again..

'You need to be used hard, so that you learn your place.' He felt between her legs, fingering her a little, finding her already wet and ready for use before he got his cock out. It felt good sliding it into her, her cunt tight around it, and there was no way for her to escape. He grabbed her hips, slamming deep into her body, easily sheathing his full length into her, pumping back and forth. The tone of her gasps changed as she was fucked, her spasms changing to be in time with his thrusts.

He came, shooting cum into her and then withdrawing, some of it slowly leaking out from between her spread legs. More spansks made her shudder and twitch, hopefully learning her lesson! If she wasn't going to be useful and obedient, then she'd be used as nothing but a piece of tight fuck-meat.

She was panting and gasping beneath the hood, unable to do anything other than twitch and tense her arms and legs, body stretched into an "X". She'd need a lot more to fully train her though, as she was still trying to break free! She needed to be broken down a lot more, before she could become an obedient household pet.

It was easy to admire her in her current position though, her body lithe and soft, starting to show the marks of earlier treatment. Maybe Sally would like to help? He glanced around, looking for his wife, but she wasn't in the basement. Had she gone to fetch some other tools?

Footsteps came down the stairs – two sets, Sally's that he recognized and someone else. Sally stepped into the room, leading another young woman by a leash. The newcomer was wearing a black latex catsuit, covering her skin while still showing off every curve of her body, a fat and heavy-looking metal collar around her neck. There was a slight stiffness to her movements, her eyes not entirely focused, while her face was half-covered by some kind of breathing mask. Her chest visibly sucked in and out, like she was having to strain for air, before she turned, looking at him, and then at the restrained woman.

'This is one of the Doctor's assistants, she's been sent to help. And remember that we're due to visit Carmen soon, so will need to bring both of these two along.'

The newcomer had a more intimidating aura than most of the wives and collared sluts, despite the dead look in her eyes and the constant gasping. But she didn't respond when he approached and touched her, squeezing her latex-sheathed body, feeling her breasts and ass. Even a harder squeeze barely elicited a reaction, just a slow eye-blink before she turned to look at him.

'She needs to be hurt. Do you understand?'

A spark of life, the woman nodding and moving, reaching behind herself into a long, narrow tube. When she opened it up, Thomas could see that it was full of canes and other implements to cause pain. She drew out a metal handle the length of her forearm, a dozen cables hanging from it, each tipped with a rounded metal end. It had an impressive weight to it, a swing of it audibly cutting through the air.

Thomas took it from her hand, feeling the cold metal, the thing far heavier than any of the canes and floggers he'd used before. He swung it through the air, trying to keep it under control, half of the heads connecting across his target's belly. The impact-welts formed immediately, bright red marks, along with a loud grunt of pain. Another strike, Thomas using the momentum to help guide it, bringing it back around, this time hitting with all of the heads. The metal cords gave each swing an impressive weight, adding force to the impacts, the groans deliciously loud. As he alternated between her thighs, belly and breasts, the woman took out a paddle, the surface covered with short, sharp spikes and moved around behind the suspended target. Without her expression changing, she started to swing it, slapping it against the woman's ass, spikes biting into soft buttocks.

With the hood in place, it was impossible for her to protest, or even scream, with just pathetic moans and whines coming from behind the leather. Her hands and feet twitched, pulling on the ropes, her body spasming from the pain forced onto her.

Thomas stepped back, letting the flogger-cords drop to the floor, and then swinging it upwards, aiming between his target's legs. The cords slapped hard into her inner thighs and her pussy, hard metal slamming straight into soft skin. He could see her thigh muscles, starkly defined as she tensed up, forced to endure pain.

Sally pressed herself against him from the other side, leaving his arm free to keep swinging the flogger. She stretched up to kiss him, her body soft and light, the sweet scent of her perfume enticing and distracting.

'I think after this she might be more obedient – if not, she'll need to be taken back to the Doctor for some refinement. But you'll have to let me know if she ever disobeys again, so I can discipline her. She needs to learn her place, and that she's here to help you and serve me. I hope you haven't had to work hard?'

He wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her against him, enjoying the feeling of his wife's body. She made a happy sound, pushing herself in close.

'After Maria, I was expecting this one to be similar! I suppose some still need more training though. I'll be rougher with her in the future.'

The sounds of fleshy impacts continued, along with the increasingly desperate whines of pain. The slut's body was shiny with sweat now, welts and bruises visible, Thomas leaning into each impact to make them harder. A few more strikes, and then he went around to see what had been down to her back, Sally moving with him.

Her ass was now covered with vicious welts, the thin spikes of the paddle having bitten into her skin, again and again. No wonder she was gasping and whining so much! The latex-sheathed woman was moving with swift, efficient strikes, the same motion, again and again. The movements made her latex skin shine, ripples highlighting her small breasts and tight ass, Thomas unable to resist reaching out and slapping her butt, careful to stay out of the way of the swinging paddle.

He could feel the muscles tighten and flex as she moved, a metal line between her buttocks – she must be belted beneath the latex. Sally wriggled more insistently, pushing herself closer against him, her hand stroking his crotch.

'I'll be better at punishing the help.' Her palm pressed against his cock, starting to get him hard again. 'And keep everything perfect for you.' She smiled at him, starting to grind and rub against his body. 'And be a good girl for you.'

She didn't resist as he pushed her down to her knees, her long eyelashes fluttering, before she stroked his cock through his trousers again.

'May I...' She left the question hanging, on her knees with her legs spread wide, and he nodded. Her fingers were quick and warm, taking his cock out and stroking it, getting him hard again.

'Good girl! You're much happier here, aren't you?' He stroked her head, savoring the silky-soft hair, enjoying her smile.

'Yes, Master. It's much better! At least, once the new girl is fully trained.' She gave his balls a gentle stroke, opening her mouth wide in a perfect red "O", tongue stretching out. He could see the two studs on her tongue, already anticipating their touching against his cock, twitching his hips forwards.

She ran her tongue against the underside of his cock, the hard studs an erotic contrast to the soft wetness, before taking the tip into her mouth. He let her set the place, Sally's head starting to bob back and forth, as he watched the captive woman get punished, her ass bright red now. When he glanced down, Sally was staring up at him, long eyelashes fluttering, eyes wide as she started to take him deeper and deeper. The feeling was amazing, Sally skilled at cocksucking,

knowing how to get him going, her tongue stroking even further along, as she crossed her arms behind her back, putting herself in a submissive position.

Her tongue rolled and curled around his cock, her head twisting as she pumped her head up and down, taking care not to dribble down herself. He stroked her head more, taking care not to ruin her hair, letting her take her time. There was the temptation to grab the back of her head and force himself deep into her throat, hold her there while she gasped around his length, but it was enjoyable to let her take her time, slowly building up his pleasure.

By the time he climaxed, the woman's ass had been brutally punished, covered with vicious red pinpricks, her twitching having slowed thanks to all the pain she'd suffered. Sally slowly drew her head back, opening her mouth wide to show off cum and spit pooling on her tongue, only swallowing it when he nodded in approval.

'Good girl, good girl.'

Sally purred happily, before slowly standing up, dusting off her knees and embracing him again. He pressed his hand between her legs, feeling the metal of her chastity belt, pushing hard enough to make her gasp and shudder, her head tilting backwards.

'Is it time to be off now? I suppose we should introduce ourselves to the neighbors more, now that we're a little established. And I'm sure that the new girl will be obedient now, if she knows what's good for her.'

He tapped the latex-sheathed woman on the shoulder, and she immediately stopped, freezing in place, mid-swing. 'You can come with us as well. You're going to obey, aren't you?'

A quiet murmur came from behind her mask, which he took as agreement. As Sally started to release the ropes around the spread woman, he cuffed her hands behind her back, then put nipple-clamps onto her breasts, attaching a leash to the chain between them.

She responded to pulls on the clamps, awkwardly stepping forward, letting herself be guided away.

'Do you want to freshen yourself up, while I take her upstairs. It's a nice evening, so we can walk over. And bring her as well, it'll be more fun with another slut.'

'Yes, Master.' Sally was already tidying her hair, stroking it with her fingers as Thomas started pulling the slut towards the exit, enjoying the sense of resistance and her tortured skin whenever he pulled on the leash. This would be an interesting night!

Chapter 19: Welcome Wagon

Carmen nervously plucked at her dress, looking around and checking that everything was clean and tidy and ready. Even with her new slut's help, it had been a lot of work getting everything ready, cleaning up all of Clea's junk, wiping and dusting everything, and making sure it looked clean and tidy, ready for guests! At least she had been able to bathe herself afterwards, luxuriating in the hot water, feeling the scent soak into her body, with Maria ready to towel her off afterwards, before a quick dunk in the water herself.

She peeked out the window – no sign of anyone yet, but the sun was almost down, and the neighborhood layout meant that she wouldn't be able to see people coming from far away. Carmen turned to Maria, checking the woman over – her hair was neatly brushed, collar polished, and she was naked except for her chastity belt, stockings, collar, cuffs, and a little apron, that did little to cover her up.

'Have you prepared everything as instructed?'

Maria nodded, not looking up to meet Carmen's eyes, demure and polite. It was nice having an obedient helper, but easy to see why Maria had been rejected – it was a little dull bullying and abusing her! Still, at least that meant that a lot had gotten done.

A knock on the door startled her, and she turned around, opening it up. Mrs. Greene smiled at her, a larger man next to her, Tania on a leash behind them both. Behind them was a car, a young woman spreadeagled naked across the bonnet, head sealed inside a leather hood, naked except for a collar and chastity belt.

Mrs. Greene handed over a neatly-wrapped parcel before stepping inside, looking around with interest, the man following her.

'Oh, I love what you've done with the place! So much tidier, and so open! And this is my husband, Patrick. I don't believe you've met?'

For all Carmen knew, he could be one of the men that had throat-fucked her before, but it was impossible to know. And this was far better than many of the alternatives! She smiled back, plucking at her skirt in a faint curtsy, feeling awkward and unsure of herself, before opening up the gift.

It was a strap-on, the cock brutally fat and covered with rubbery spikes, angled to be able to go in, and then twist and pull when pulled back. She stroked her hand along it, feeling the resistance change depending on which way she moved it.

'I have a similar one – it was useful when breaking Tania in, when Patrick was away for work. Just a few times and it made her submit entirely, for fear of having it used again.'

The man chuckled, wrapping his arm over Mrs. Green's shoulders. 'Tania was a spitfire! Although I wonder how you'd like it, Vonnie? Been a while since I've made you beg, that could be a fun evening.'

'I would hope you have no cause to use it on me! After all, I'm a good wife to you, am I not?'

They embraced, sharing a long kiss, Carmen looking past them at Tania, who just gave a slight shrug. Apparently this was normal for them?

The kiss ended, Mrs. Greene turning back to Carmen. 'You are certainly settling in well! Inviting us over so soon after moving in, we feel honored. And there's a few others arriving as well, aren't there? The Bedfords used to have your girl, they're coming to play with her, and are bringing their new girl. We have Sandra, although she's very much a work in progress.'

Patrick nodded. 'New girl, nice and fresh, but hasn't learned her place yet. That's why she's on the car. The hood will come off in a few days, that should teach her a lesson. Oh, and the Doctor's new toy is coming – she's been helping the Bedford's a little. They're both new here, so needed some help with their new girl.'

Carmen tried to hide her shiver – Clea was coming? Would she have to protect herself? The documents were securely hidden away, but she didn't want to fight! Mrs. Greene reached out and gently touched her arm.

'Don't worry, she's a changed girl. And quite happy as the Doctor's little bitch – or at least in no position to complain. Now, why don't you show us around?'

Carmen nodded, giving them a quick tour of the house, slowly relaxing at their sounds of approval, before coming back to the living room. Snacks had been laid out, as well as two X-crosses and a spanking bench, ready for whoever was being "trained" as the evening's entertainment. She left them pushing Maria onto one of the crosses to go and answer the door again, this time for a younger couple, with a hooded and cuffed woman behind them, staggering

as they pulled on a leash connected to nipple-clamps to keep her close. And behind them was Clea, now wearing a latex bodysuit, tightly corsetted to give her an hourglass figure, a fat collar around her neck. Her face was covered with something that looked like a gasmask, a rubbery curve with several seals on, and she was visibly panting.

She glanced at Carmen, eyes flat and dead, not seeming to recognize her, Carmen letting them all in. The slave-slut needed a harsh tug to move, her breasts getting stretched out before she stepped forward stumbling over the step.

There was a small flurry of hugs and introductions, Carmen receiving another gift – this time, a bottle of fancy-looking booze, as well as a small flogger. The sounds of leather impacting against skin were coming from the living room, as she led everyone in.

Maria was now tied onto the X-cross, facing away, and gasping with pain as a flogger slapped against her back, cords wrapping around and biting into her breasts, Patrick putting his strength into the strikes.

‘Hope you don’t mind us making a start!’ The flogger struck again, leaving painful-looking red welts down Maria’s back, as Mrs. Greene nibbled on a crisp, being careful not to make any crumbs. Tania was down on her knees, arms behind her back, the position pulling her dress tight over her body. ‘Ah, the new girl and the new bitch.’

Carmen stared at Clea, taking in the sight of her lean body sheathed in shiny black latex, enjoying the sight of her pained pants and gasps, making the light ripple over herself, shoulders slumped. Whatever had been done to her seemed to have altered her permanently, making her slack and obedient.

‘Can we play with Clea?’

Mrs. Greene nodded. ‘Of course. She’s meat – she has some extra skills, but she’s still for anyone to use. Do you have some ideas?’

‘Well... Why don’t we see who’s tougher? Between Clea and the new girl. I want to use that new toy you got me.’

‘Hmmm, and Thomas did say his girl needed breaking in. Give me a moment to check with them, and you can get Clea into position. If she gives you any trouble, then just force her, if that’s needed.’

Clea was just standing there, head slightly bowed, not seeming to notice anything going on, until Carmen pulled on her collar ring, yanking her towards the spanking bench. There was a moment of resistance before Carmen turned and slapped the woman’s chest, provoking a painful-sounded gasp, Clea allowing herself to be pulled forward.

It took more poking and prodding, but she pushed Clea over the bench, bending her over and putting straps over her legs and waist, forcing her to bend, ass up in the air. A spank made the latex deform, light rippling over the shiny surface.

‘So, what’s the game? Who screams first becomes a toy for the night?’ Patrick flogged Maria again, before laying it over her shoulder, leaving it there for later. ‘Thomas, do you want to take the first turn with your girl?’

Carmen kept playing with Clea, lightly spanking and slapping her tight butt before reaching for the crotch-zipper, the thing going all the way around. When she pulled on it, pink flesh was revealed beneath the glossy latex, Clea’s cunt visibly damp.

‘Naughty slut, aren’t you? But you’re not allowed to choose anymore.’ She touched a finger against the damp slit, able to see a shiver pass through Clea’s body. ‘I wonder if you even can scream?’

The new bitch was struggling hard enough, even with the breast-clamps, that it took both the men to shove her up against the X-cross, angry grunting coming from behind the hood. Once she was in place, she kept trying to struggle free, the cuffs pressing hard against her wrists as she struggled.

Carmen fingered Clea, enjoying the wet tightness around her finger, her old tormentor trying to pull her finger deeper in, desperately horny.

‘I’m not going to give you what you want. Instead, I’m going to do what I want!’ She buckled the new strap-on around her waist, the weight of it more than she thought, fat cock dragging on her. The ridged barbs made it seem even more brutal, but at least it wouldn’t be going into her! The spanking bench made it easy to move between Clea’s legs and to rub the cock against her gleaming cunt, some of her juices now smeared along the shaft.

‘It’s nice to see her like this, isn’t it? Although I suppose you have something of a personal interest in the matter! You’re a much better fit for the neighborhood.’ Mrs. Greene leaned over, spitting onto the cock, a blob of bubbly spit slowly sliding along the shaft. ‘Why don’t you show Mrs. Bedford how to discipline a slut?’

Carmen grabbed hold of Clea’s ass, spreading it wide, letting her see the tight dark know of the woman’s asshole. Rubbing the shaft between the woman’s buttocks made Clea shiver, before she used one hand to guide the tip against the hole.

Clea tightened up, her whole body going tense. Carmen leaned over, pressing herself down onto Clea’s captive body, kissing the tip of an ear before whispering. ‘Be thankful I wasn’t allowed to own you – you’d be in a cage in the basement, never allowed outside, hooded forever.’

She started to press her hips forward, having to force the fat length into place. Clea whined, loud enough to be audible through her mask, buttocks tightening against the penetrating cock. Carmen just pushed harder, overcoming the resistance of Clea’s body, little by little. She had to force her hips forward, tightening her grip on Clea’s hips, forcibly sodomizing Clea.

Over on the X-frame, the hooded woman was twitching and trying to escape, as a different flogger struck against her breasts, belly and thighs. This one has narrow cords attached, thin enough to bite as they struck flesh, leaving vicious red marks. Her hooded head shook around, her hands closed into tight fists, angry whines coming from behind the leather.

‘She seems rather spirited – a bold choice for someone without much experience. But Thomas seems to have her in hand.’ Mrs. Greene was pressed against Carmen from behind, helping her thrust forward, forcing the cock into the tight asshole, little by little. Clea was starting to gibber and gasp, apparently unable to form words herself, hopefully feeling a lot of pain. And only about half the length of the cock was inside of Clea so far!

‘You should get used to someone like Maria first, and then maybe find someone a bit more lively. It can be fun to break them in! Tania used to be quite the free spirit, before Patrick and myself tamed her. Now she’s well-behaved, even when let off the leash.’

Carmen could feel herself heating up as she had to work harder and harder in order to force the barbed cock deeper and deeper, overpowering Clea’s attempts at resistance. Her fingers dug

into Clea's body, the latex gleaming under the light. Clea was so tight that Carmen couldn't push it further!

She drew back, feeling the rubbery barbs drag and catch, Carmen's body getting tighter. 'Nice and painful? This is what a bitch likes you deserves. All the pain you caused me and more!' She drew back a little more, then slammed forward, the passage easier now, Mrs. Greene grinding against her from behind. She could feel the metal around the other woman's waist – even she was locked into chastity? Presumably her husband had the key – that would explain why she was so polite!

More thrusting back and forth, Carmen managing to get another two inches of the cock sheathed within Clea's body. Clea was now panting and gasping, shivering within her restraints, pushed as far forward as was possible in a futile attempt to escape the violation. There was no escape though, Carmen forcing the shaft deeper and deeper, able to hear Clea whine and gasp in pain as her asshole was violated and spread wide.

She pulled her hips back, all but the tip of the cock outside of Clea's body, then paused for a second and slammed forward, using all her strength to force the cock into place. Clea yelped, loud enough to be heard, body tensing and then relaxing, pushed beneath her limits. Carmen could feel the tension in the bitch's body, leaning onto her from above, whispering again.

'I wonder if you can come from this? A dirty, slutty bitch like you might – if I just hurt you enough, maybe you'll enjoy it.' Another pathetic whine, drawn out as Carmen started to pump her hips, back and forth, setting a brutally fast rhythm. The base of the strap-on was pressing against her own slit, each thrust exciting her even without penetration, especially with Mrs. Greene's body tight against her back.

The hooded woman was still being punished, her breasts now bound with cords, starting to turn an unpleasant purple bruise-color, the brutally thin flogger-cords striking against the swollen mounds. Her struggles were weakening, the tone of the gasps coming from behind the hood changing.

Carmen reached between Clea's legs, feeling the urgent heat of the woman's cunt. It seemed she really was getting turned on by the brutal ass-fucking! When she slid a finger into the wet cunt, it squeezed around it, Carmen feeling the tightness change as she pumped the strap-on back and forth.

'It's a shame I can't see your face – I hope you're crying, like the pain-slut you are! You're now nothing but a collared bitch, not even allowed to control yourself! I want you to hurt, to suffer like the bitch you are.' She started to twist her finger back and forth, matching the timing of her ass-fucking, listening with pleasure to Clea's desperate whines and gasps.

The sounds of protest from the hooded woman were getting louder, as her tits were tortured more, the bruise-color deepening from the tight cords, before her slit was tortured instead. The hits there made her shudder and whine, twitching around against the X-frame. The leather over her mouth stretched, warping as she tried to open her mouth, a pathetic scream sounding out. There was another brutal-sounding impact of the flogger against the woman's body before it was put aside. Carmen slowly pulled her hips back from Clea, the asshole gaping wide, only slowly closing up, brutalized by the barbed shaft.

'A shame. Well, it looks like Clea will have some time to recover. Although perhaps she should clean off your new toy?' Mrs. Greene's tone was playfully cruel, as she stepped back from Carmen, letting her move around.

Clea had sagged against the spanking bench, Carmen grabbing her hair and making her look up, although her eyes were vacant and staring at nothing. Even a few slaps barely roused her attention, until Carmen pulled off the face-mask, stretching out the straps. Clea gasped, eyes starting to focus, before making a noise of panic. A moment later, a spasm of pain ran through her body, followed by a piteous whine.

Carmen pulled the mask to one side, enjoying the sight of the tears rolling down the woman's face, and then shoving the cock into her mouth. Clea was too weak to resist, her jaw stretching wide, the shaft penetrating her mouth, bumping against her throat.

'Clean it off, bitch!'

Clea twitched again, Carmen able to hear an electrical snap from the collar around her neck. She was trying to talk, but the fat cock made that impossible, nothing more than a pathetic gasp sounding out. Her mouth was looser than her asshole, easier to thrust in and out of, Clea starting to make wet gluck-gluck noises as she was throat-fucked. Even more tears trickled from the woman's eyes, Carmen smiling down at her. This was much better than being on the receiving end!

'Good work, Carmen. You definitely seem to have the right attitude to fit in here.' Mrs. Greene was still standing behind Clea, now spanking at the exposed ass. 'I suppose we can have a bit more fun with Clea, while the men entertain themselves.'

The hooded woman was now off the X-frame, her body between the men, as they fucked her in the ass and pussy simultaneously, turning her into nothing more than a fucktoy, still whining into her hood.

'That should keep them busy for a while. And it will be fun to torment little Clea some more – she always did annoy me a little!'

Carmen could feel the resistance of Clea's throat, enjoying the wet gasps and whines. She could certainly get used to this!

Chapter 20: A Nice Night

Veronica yanked hard on the brush, pulling it through Tania's hair, untangling a few snarls and clumps, ignoring the little grunts of pain Tania made. The girl was much better now she'd had obedience beaten into her, and could even be trusted to punish some of the other sluts! But she still had moments of high-spiritedness, needing pain to force her into obedience.

Another few strokes and her hair was done – gloriously red, falling in lovely straight lines.

Veronica kissed her on the top of the head, before giving a breast a casual squeeze. A lovely body as well! It probably wouldn't be much longer before someone did take her as a wife – and then she'd be their problem to keep in line.

'Time for your cage.' She hooked her fingers into the front collar-ring as she stood up, having to stoop as Tania twisted and started to crawl on all fours, sucking back a ribbon of dribble. As she pulled Tania around, she heard Patrick – pouring himself a drink, a sports match on the TV.

Well, he did work hard, so he deserved his pleasures. Although she could still feel a surge of warmth between her legs, tensing her thighs and feeling the hard metal locked there. It was only right that he held the key, but it would be nice if he would unlock her for some fun!

Hopefully he hadn't spent all his energy on those sluts earlier, and had some left for her!

She pulled Tania into the small room the woman lived in – her clothing hung on the wall, a bowl of dried food on the floor next to a water bowl, her piss-bucket in the corner. And, of course, the cage the woman slept in, although it had a blanket in now, proof of her improvement.

'It's good you're so well-behaved these days. Much better than when you first arrived!' Veronica let go of the collar, Tania crawling into her cage without protest, then laying on her back and pushing her hands and feet through the gaps between bars. This let Veronica clip her cuffs together, keeping her from moving from that position, or even attempting to remove her gag or belt in the night. There was the usual faint whine of indignation, before Veronica pinched at soft skin.

'You've been well-behaved – don't do anything that will need punishment!' Another soft grunt, before Tania wriggled around, making herself comfortable in her bedding. 'See? Much better. Good girl.' She closed the cage door, locking it shut, just in case Tania somehow wriggled free of her cuffs.

Before heading back to Patrick, she checked herself in a mirror, plucking at her dress a little to emphasize her bust, making sure it was nice and tight around her slender waist, that her makeup was perfect. He had a big meeting soon, so it was important he be fully relaxed for that – and he might give her a treat as well!

The living room was lit only by the flickering TV screen, the middle of a baseball game. His team was winning – that meant he would probably be in a good mood! She dropped to her knees, starting to crawl towards him, before hearing a single command, spoken just loud enough to be heard over the commentary.

'Strip.'

Her heart started to beat faster, excitement beginning to tingle through her veins, even though he hadn't even looked at her yet. He clearly didn't want a teasing and sultry striptease then! She reached behind herself to unzip her dress, letting it fall down, hesitating before putting it to the side without folding it. His needs came first, and she could always clean up afterwards. Her bra was next, and she couldn't resist stroking her breasts, feeling the curves of her own body. She kept her stockings and suspender belt on – he liked those, how they drew attention to her legs.

Veronica started to crawl closer on all fours, careful not to get in the way of the screen, licking her lips in anticipation. Beneath her belt, she was already hot and wet, and she had to focus through the haze of her own lust. Patrick spread his legs and took a sip from his glass, still not looking at her as she moved between his legs.

She gently touched his leg, inhaling deeply, loving his scent, trying not to get distracted. He spread his legs a little further, and she moved between them, rising up, lightly stroking his inner thighs. Patrick stroked her head, fingers then gripping and pulling her closer in. She stroked across his crotch, feeling the bulge there, before unzipping his trousers. She grimaced a little, able to smell another woman's cunt-juices, not liking the reminder of how recently he'd been fucking those sluts. But now she might be allowed to pleasure him herself – and maybe even have her belt removed!

She kissed the base of his shaft, turning her head to better run her tongue along it, trying to wipe away the taste of the other women with her tongue. Light little flicks of her tongue made him sigh with pleasure – no one else knew just how best to pleasure her husband! It didn't take long to get him to full hardness, the scent of him making it hard to think, as she took his tip into her mouth.

His grip on her head remained loose, but he still pushed her head back and forth. She let him set the pace, losing herself in the sensations of having her mouth and throat filled, crossing her

arms behind her back. Her own desires were increasing, but with the belt in place, there was nothing she could do about that! Instead she relaxed her throat, letting herself be used as a fuck-toy, sweet and obedient to his needs.

He pulled her deeper in, holding her there, her lungs starting to ache as she used her lips and tongue to pleasure him. She could feel every twitch of his cock, using her mouth purely to make him feel good. And then another twitch, before cum shot into her mouth. The taste was exhilarating, proof of her dedication, and she only slowly withdrew, rolling the stuff around her mouth. She leaned back, opening her mouth wide, showing off her work, waiting for the command to swallow.

Patrick stroked her head again, glancing down at her for a moment and nodding. She accepted the command, swallowing down the thick wad of his cum, feeling it slide down her throat, still hot and fresh.

He drew his legs together, slapping a hand against his lap, and she lifted herself up to lay over them, her face down. Then his hand started to smack her butt, an irregular rhythm of spanks that soon left her gasping and squirming. Behind the belt, she was wet and desperate, struggling not to start grinding her hips back and forth.

‘That’s it – nice and quiet. You know how to behave, don’t you Vonnie?’

She didn’t respond, just gasping as she was spanked, trying to stifle her noises so that she didn’t stop him hearing the game. Her ass was heating up from the strikes, and she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out.

‘Oh, come on!’ His next spank was even harder, slapping the air from Veronica’s lungs, her teeth biting harder into her lips. ‘Is the umpire blind? That was a foul ball!’ All she could do was lay there, her own weight against his knees making it hard to breathe, her hands pressing down against the floor. Blood was pounding through her head, everything else fading away as he reddened her ass, slapping at her soft skin. Her arousal was painfully intense, sharp and fierce between her legs, locked behind the belt.

Another spank, and then she was shoved forward, managing to catch herself before falling to the ground.

‘Ass up!’ His voice was harder now, and she obeyed, shoving her ass up in the air, grasping her ankles and spreading her legs, wanting to show her submission to his will. He slapped her ass again from the side, before his hand reached between her legs, pulling on the front of the chastity belt. His fingers fumbled around before finding the padlock, a key clicking, the band getting pulled away. Another tug, and it detached from the back part of the belt, leaving her pussy exposed to the air.

Just that sensation was enough to make her moan again, before she shoved her face against the carpet to silence herself. But the desperate lust was almost more than she could bear! She wanted to be fucked and filled, to feel the fat length of his cock inside of her, to be allowed to get off herself.

His hand slapped her ass against, an open palm strike that made her moan into the floor. When he reached between her legs and slapped her pussy, sparks danced in front of her eyes, the pain fading beneath an intense wave of pleasure, her body desperate to be used. She grabbed her ass, spreading herself wide, granting him access to whatever he desired – she was so desperate that even anal would feel good, she just wanted to have a cock shoved into her!

His fingers pushed into her pussy, strong and forceful, easily sliding deep into place and filling her. She tightened around them, struggling on the edge of losing control. Just that forceful thrust and she was already on the verge of release! The throbbing pain of her butt merged with the pleasure-pressure of her pussy, as the fingers pushed deeper into her, until she could feel Patrick's knuckles pushing against her body. He held them there, not moving them, and she didn't dare move herself, unable to do anything except try and tighten herself up, wanting to be pressed harder.

The flickering lights of the screen illuminated the dark room, the commentary vague noise on the edge of Veronica's consciousness, all her attention between her legs. The fingers moved, just a tiny twitch, but that sent lighting-hot ripples washing through her body, making her pant and gasp. As they drew back, she tried to follow them, a hard spank freezing her into place, the impact throbbing on her butt.

She heard movement behind her, still holding her cheeks spread wide, desperate to be used and filled. A hot, erect cock touched against her butt, and she shivered with anticipation, not moving as it was guided into place, touching against her own feverish cunt. Once the tip was in place, Patrick grabbed hold of her wrists, using that to pull her backwards, a single motion impaling her on the full length of his cock.

It knocked the air from her lungs, bursting sparks of light hovering on the edge of her vision. His grip was strong and powerful, the slight pain in her wrists just making her even more aroused. He slammed into her then pulled back, utterly dominant, the floor no longer enough to stifle her sighs and moans. As his hips pushed against her ass, the previous spanking made her butt flare with pain, her pussy tightening up around the shaft.

The words of the sport commentators were meaningless mush now, everything outside of being fucked impossible to think about. Even just a few thrusts, and she was right on the edge of release, panting and dribbling, down on the floor, as she was fucked raw.

'Please... Please let me...' She knew she couldn't hold it back for long, but cumming without permission might get her punished even more! 'Please!'

He fucked her harder, wet slapping sounds loud now, as she begged and pleaded, desperately trying to hold the rushing pleasure back.

'Good girl – you can have your reward, my lovely Vonnie.'

As soon as she heard that, she relaxed, letting the orgasm crash through her, the sensations wiping everything else away. The world went dark, and all she could hear was the rushing of her own blood in her ears. She sagged down, gasping for air, a slack smile on her face. Patrick hadn't come yet, still slamming his cock into her, as she tried to force herself to move, matching his pace as best she could. She wanted to feel him cum, to have his semen inside of her! This was part of her duties, just like punishing the sluts, and letting him punish her!

His gasps and groans got louder and faster before he climaxed himself, cock twitching and semen shooting into her, mingling with her own fluids. Being filled with her husband's cum made her feel complete, and she let herself sag, head sinking back down against the floor, arms falling limp.

The cock pumped in and out a few times, making her dribble out a little more cum and pussy-juice, gasping with dumb pleasure, her mind blank and empty. She couldn't make her body move, even if she wanted to!

'Been a while since I've seen you in this pose, Vonnie. Reminds me of when we were just married, and you needed more discipline.' He spanked her, but with less force this time, before spreading her buttocks wide with one hand. She heard the chink of ice against glass, and then a wet and slippery ice cube slid over her ass. 'Spread yourself again.'

She shivered from the cold but obeyed, holding her cheeks wide, cold water soaking into her skin, before the lump of ice was pushed against her asshole. Veronica had to force herself to relax, as the large chunk was forced into her, chilling her from the inside out. After the bliss of the orgasm, this was throbbingly uncomfortable, but she wanted to serve and obey! Once it was swallowed up into her body, she could feel it starting to melt inside of her, the coldness spreading into the rest of her guts.

Patrick wasn't done yet – a metal buttplug next, the lump pre-chilled, but at least her asshole was already gaping from the ice.

'This will keep you nice and tight! I think we're going to have a fun night.' He gave the plug a shove and a twist, making sure it was firmly buried inside her body, and then slapped her ass.

'Start heading upstairs. You can stay down like that, I've always liked watching your ass.'

She wriggled her butt, happy at the praise, before starting to crawl away, swaying her hips despite the bitter chill in her bowels. It was seeping into her, although she could still feel her own release drying on her thighs, Patrick slowly walking behind her. She thrust her ass higher, ignoring the bruising stings of being spanked, heading for the stairs. Knowing he was looking at her made her blush, loving being the focus of his attention. And it sounded like he wanted to fuck her again! Even with the cold plug and the ice chilling her, she could still feel her lust increasing, her body getting ready for hopefully rough use!

As she started to crawl upstairs, Patrick moved closer in, spanking her ass again, making her crawl faster, wanting to be fucked and used. Just as she mounted the top step, his fingers hooked around her neck-band, pulling it tight against her throat and choking her, dragging her to her feet and then shoving her up against the wall. She didn't resist, wanting to be fucked, spreading her legs so that he could fuck her from behind. She was allowed to bend over, her hands up against the wall, not caring about the sweaty handprints – Tania could clean those off tomorrow!

He entered her, hot and hard, taking her from behind, grabbing at her hips, hard enough to hurt, Veronica moaning in pleasure. The squeezing got harder, before she was spanked.

'Nice and quiet! Unless you want a gag.'

'Mrhhhh...' She couldn't control herself, dribble splashing from her mouth. When he twisted the plug, she moaned again, Patrick gasping with pleasure.

'Fuccckkk... You're still so damn tight! And your mouth is good enough to make up for keeping your cunt locked up most of the time.'

She was barely able to think, her body nothing more than a thing for Patrick to fuck and use, words more than she could manage. She needed the wall to support herself, otherwise she would have fallen, Patrick cumming in her again, before picking her up and throwing her over his shoulder, physically carrying her towards the bedroom. She wriggled happily, wanting to be fucked and used again, hoping he'd be rough with her. Tomorrow there might be more neighborhood business to take care of, but for now, she was happy to be used and abused!

THE END

