

The Begging Chair Day 1

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(Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.)

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Acknowledgements

This was loosely inspired by "the Circle" (a reality show where the contestants were locked into private apartments to bicker between themselves without meeting) and "Insiders" a Spanish reality show that gaslit the hell out of the contestants - they were told they were being judged to complete in the show itself, that large chunks weren't being recorded when they were, and were shown psychological profiles of themselves and told to change certain aspects of themselves (like "be more aggressive" or "someone else keeps talking over you, stop letting them do that") if they wanted to get onto the show. Very creepy and manipulative, and the hostess did look good in leather!

Introducing the Host and Cast

Persephone straightened her back, checking how she looked on the screen as the countdown started. Tight leather trousers, a black bandeau over her breasts beneath a leather suit jacket, her black hair in a ragged bob, the mic wire around her bare neck making her feel slightly uncomfortable. Working a room was one thing, getting everyone talking, helping conversations along, but a broadcasting to an empty room was a whole different matter!

The countdown above the camera hit “0”, the red light turning to green, a spotlight clicking on from above to highlight her as the rest of the room vanished into darkness. She leaned back against the metal desk, the thing absorbing heat from her hands, making herself seem at ease, before staring into the camera and smiling. There was a screen behind the camera letting her see what it was showing, so at least she knew the angle she was stood at showing her breasts off well.

‘Good evening, everyone! Or whatever it might be for you, and welcome to the first episode of the Begging Chair! For those of you that don’t know me, I have organised this little entertainment, and overseen the recruitment of our six lovely stars... or perhaps victims might be a better phrase? I’m Persephone von Brimstone, and I will be your host for this. Of course, I’m not alone, and there will be other hosts as we go. And, if it’s popular enough, maybe even some more guests? But I’m sure you want to see the stars, so let’s get started.’ The wire of the microphone seemed far too heavy around her neck, pressing against her skin, making her want to twitch and shake it off, but she managed to control herself, wanting to seem calm and controlled.

‘Helping me with the introduction is one of the most renowned feelers of flesh, who has groped and fucked his way around most of the world – if you’ve been to any of the UK’s clubs, you’ve probably met him.’ She pointed into the darkness as another spotlight flashed on, illuminating a comfortable leather-cushioned chair – where had he gotten that from? She certainly hadn’t requested it! Sat there was a bulky, male figure, wearing a bright red suit jacket and a cummerbund, like an old-fashioned circus ring-master, his head shrouded beneath a boar’s head mask.

‘Good evening, Persephone. Do you mind if I call you Sephy?’

‘Yes, I do.’ The man was a creep, no matter his stamina, prodigious cock-size or undoubted technique! ‘The first of our guests might already be known to those of you that enjoy a bit of fighting.’

A screen to her side blinked on, the same video hopefully getting relayed to the audience, and also being shown on a screen by the autocue. It showed a young women dressed for sport, in tight shorts and a tank-top, showing off taut abs and a lean body, with gloves on her fists and a padded helmet, her feet wrapped. She blocked a punch before countering, grabbing her opponent then pivoting them over her hip to put them on the ground, then cut to show her going through an exercise routine, her honed body shining with sweat.

‘So, Ruttles, your opinion?’

He harrumphed from behind his mask. ‘I prefer my women a little softer! She’s certainly to some people’s tastes, but I’m not a fan of such things. Women should be more obedient, and not quite so... hard.’

‘Well, she’s certainly strong and tough! I wonder how much punishment she can take? Those hard muscles of hers might look very different after a good taste of the whip. She may even enjoy it, who knows? But she’s used to overpowering her lovers as much as her opponents, so having to submit may be a new experience for her. That’s beggar number one, Francesca Garcia, the fighter!’ She tried to imagine a crowd cheering back, making her feel perkier. Doing this live would have been far easier, although the security and privacy concerns for that would have been a nightmare.

‘Our next subject is from a very different background. Emilia Featherly – a would-be business-leader, although her businesses don’t generally do well.’ The screen showed a trim woman in a knee-length suit-skirt, the blouse open to show a hint of cleavage, legs sheathed in dark nylons. ‘She’s here to try and drum up interest for her social media company, although...’ Persephone lowered her voice dramatically. ‘...it’s already gone bust. Not that she knows, but I feel you, not-so-gentle audience, can be trusted. She’s not had a lover in a long time, so perhaps some of her frigidity might be melted away?’

‘Mmmm, she’s just my type! Stiff and reserved, but they melt away when forced to. And they tend to be very thankful, and there’s a lot of uses I can find for the mouth of a clever girl. Go into her office, remind her of her debts and then put her over my knee, tell her she’s a naughty girl.’ His trousers were visibly tenting, cock rising up, Persephone unable not to notice. Why had everyone else been unavailable? Although the numbers of streamers were ticking up steadily, so he must be doing something right.

‘Yes, perhaps we’ll be able to melt that icy cunt of hers! And next we have another beauty that some of you may recognise, Olivia Davis. She was an actress, then there were some problems and a brief bout in rehab, and now she’s here hoping to reform her image. Which, well... if any footage does leak, then she’s unlikely to have normal work again! Although that might make her nice and easy to control, wouldn’t you agree?’

‘Oh yes, she looks the sort that can be made nice and friendly without too much work. And lovely breasts – she even did a topless scene in her first movie, did you know? And of course she’s a bit of a party girl, so looks good in those skimpy dresses the youth seem to enjoy. Hmmm, perhaps we could make her dance?’

‘Maybe that can be a challenge for her later!’ His cock was still growing, swelling up between his thighs – he was *huge*! No wonder she always heard so much squealing when he was pounding someone, having something that size inserted would ache! And the eyes of the mask seemed far too bright as they were staring at her – she normally liked being looked at, but not by him.

‘Coming from the other end of the, ah, “acting” scale, we have Taylor Conte, or Aka-Hime to her followers! You probably don’t know her, but you’ll know her type – just turned twenty, although she claims to be a teenager still.’

The screen showed a bedroom, filled with soft plushies, everything in pastel shades. Stood in front of the camera was a petite young woman, tape over her breasts, wearing a tiny pleated micro-skirt, wires running up between her thighs from a control device on her thigh. Around her neck was a collar, metal letters spelling out “Bad Girl”. She danced to some perky pop music, playing with her breasts then giggling, so high-pitched that Persephone winced. ‘She’s a cam-girl. I’ll be honest, when we opened, we were snowed under with applications, so we just picked

the one that would be easiest to grab without anyone noticing. She's a sweet young thing though, that likes being pleased and teased, hasn't yet been introduced to anything rough. Which I'm sure will change!

The audio flicked over to that from the recording, as Taylor breathlessly squealed. 'Oh, thank you, TinyTittyLover! That gift makes you my best donor this week!' The sounds of a vibrator could be heard, motor muted by flesh, fluids trickling down her thighs, before the video froze.

'A little common for my tastes. Rather plebian – good for a quick suck and fuck, I suppose, but there's no art there. And I'm no fan of all this modern "dress up", in those strange costumes, and the brightly-coloured wigs. All a little crass and artificial. Just give me a good, traditional girl that I can tear the clothing off! Although I suppose watching her protest her captivity might be amusing? A little vulgar, if you ask me. Although she is nice and small, and probably tight – plowing that ass of hers might be fun, just pin her down and take my pleasure.'

'Well, she's certainly going to be used hard! And, of course, all the stars will be available for hire or purchase afterwards! But, moving on – just two more, and then onto the show itself! Next is Ayaka Osaka. She's a realtor, although a lot of her sales come from fucking her clientele and blackmailing them into buying her most expensive properties. She likes it rough and hard, but she sinks her teeth in and then doesn't let go. She's broken up, according to my researches, at least fourteen marriages, eight companies and a lot of other relationships. I suppose you could say that she's possibly a better actress than the actual actress!'

The screen showed a slender Japanese woman, stylishly dressed with just a hint of makeup, gold shining at her ears, wearing a tight sweater that emphasised her pert breasts and slender waist, along with tight designer jeans. Another image appeared, this time of her on her knees, sucking at a cock.

'She's not the best at covering her tracks, so we've got lots of pictures of her in compromising positions! She thinks that she'll be able to hide here a while, but she's never being let go.'

This one got a sound of approval. 'She certainly is a looker! And I do enjoy the look in a woman's eyes when she realises she's not getting away. Reminds me a little of my fifth wife. Or was it the third? They do start to blur together after a while. It sounds like she's been a naughty little thing and needs punishing, and she seems eager enough. How does she enjoy a little pain, or some restraints?'

'She's used to being the one giving orders, not taking them.' Another picture, this time showing her dressed in a leather catsuit, pressing down with a heel onto a man's chest while flourishing a whip. 'So this might take some getting used to for her!'

'Hmmm, perhaps I should give her a test? If you would permit, Sephy?'

'Not yet! She'll need some breaking in first. After that, then I'm sure we can arrange something.' Persephone managed to hide her irritation at the mis-naming as she kept speaking. 'But moving onto the last of our lovely guests – Lexi Taylor. She married young, to a thrusting tech-entrepreneur, who spends all his time in the office. She's very bored, very pretty and was looking for some fun! The modern American housewife! She enjoys cake, adultery, and has a mild addiction to wine and antidepressants. No children yet, so that lovely figure of hers hasn't yet been ruined by childbirth, but she does like to flaunt herself to the neighbours.'

A woman reclined by a swimming pool, wearing just a bikini, large sunglasses and a chunky golden necklace. She moved drowsily, one hand casually moving between her legs, lightly stroking herself, as a poolboy moved past, gawking at her.

‘Oh yes, she’s exquisite! Although probably has an insufferable accent. But just the type to squeal into a gag, sounding like a stuck pig as she’s fucked, while being utterly drenched and loving it. Invite her to a private getaway, and some friends as well, and she’ll be taking it in every hole, all at once, and loving it! Nothing like a domesticated slut for some pleasure!’

His cock was fully erect now, staggeringly large, Persephone having to tense her own thighs, starting to feel her own arousal come on, despite her dislike of the man. She coughed to try and clear her mind.

‘These six are our not-so-lucky contestants! Each has chosen an identifier to use within the game. Francesca is “Champion”, Emilia will be “Manageress”, Taylor is “Princess”, Olivia is “Showgirl”, Ayaka is “Queen” and Lexi is “Precious”. That’s all that they will know about each other, at least to start with.’

‘Ah yes, there’s a game here, isn’t there? Beyond just locking them in and training them?’

‘Well, yes – the rules, that they know of, are that there is a prize pot, of three million dollars, which will be shared between the winners. To keep things interesting, they can win each other’s shares of this, by winning in a variety of contests. Most importantly, each will be wearing one of these.’ Persephone twisted around over the desk, uncomfortably aware that she was showing her ass at her guest, and probably being leered at, but hopefully the audience appreciated it. She pulled out a large metal ring, with electrical prongs on the inside and a large battery pack on the back. ‘To monitor their health, of course! And some extra features, to be controlled remotely, or for those audience members that donate enough money to have some playtime. Each of their apartments is also fully controlled. To start with, they will be able to control all those mod-cons – like the light, temperature, access to food, all those things. But if they lose enough games, then someone else will be able to take control. So those unfortunate enough to do badly might find themselves in the cold and the dark, begging for food. If they are allowed their voices!’

‘Ah, I think I’ve heard of a similar setup from an acquaintance of mine. Although that was more for personal training. So, what facilities do they have in their rooms? I do hope they’re well supplied with toys!’

‘They might be able to earn that sort of thing, but, well – let’s have a look. Our first guest is just being moved into their new accommodation.’

The feed changed to show a small apartment – there was a living room area with a couch facing a massive screen, an open area with a wooden floor, everything coloured in light pastels without any personal ornamentation. Through a doorway was a massive double bed, the metal frame bolted to the floor, another doorway leading to a bathroom with a toilet and shower. There were no external windows, the light from the bulbs shining down with false sunlight.

‘Each has been prepped for their personal needs.’

The front door opened with a heavy “click”, opening to reveal that it was thick and heavy metal. Two latex-clad women walked in with a stretcher between themselves. Their faces were covered behind breathing masks, the only visible flesh that around their eyes. On the stretcher was an unconscious woman wrapped in clingfilm, their body barely visible, face hidden behind a leather hood. They were carried through the room and laid onto the bed, before the women left, closing the door behind themselves.

Chapter One: The Show Begins (Precious)

Lexi ran a hand through her hair, now a bright and crimson red, rather than the dull and plain brown it had been. Two ribbons had been provided, and she quickly tied her hair into high pigtails, making sure that the ribbons were on the front, clearly visible to anyone looking at her.

She glanced around the room, trying to spot the cameras – she knew she was being recorded, but it would be interesting to know from where. There was an obvious black dome in the corner, but there must be more. The well-lit mirror was probably a two-way one, with a camera on the other side, if not a whole camera team.

The thought of being observed sent a thrill through her, making her whole body shiver with warmth. She pouted at the mirror, flicking her tongue over her lips and blowing a kiss at her unseen observers.

‘I thought gentlemen preferred blondes?’ There was all the makeup she needed, as well as jewellery – she picked up a large pink earring, embossed with her name, clipping it into place. The collar around her neck was tighter than she would like, with a little clip where a leash could be attached, but surely that wouldn’t be done, would it? Even for a sexy reality TV show, there would be limits!

She looked around at the room she was in, which would likely be the limit of her world, at least until she won and could go home again. The makeup table next to a large, and currently locked, wardrobe, bathroom with see-through walls, a big double-bed and a kitchen-diner. Most of the furniture was well made but securely bolted into place and impossible to move, although cushions and throws softened the harsh edges somewhat. There was a large glass panel that looked like a window, but it showed an image of green hills and blue sky – it was behind a window that made it impossible to touch, but Lexi was pretty sure it was a screen.

The room was dominated by a massive TV screen with a camera above it, currently showing the show’s icon – an unblinking eye with the pupil formed by a chain, above a stylised wooden chair and the text “The Begging Chair”. It had sounded odd, but a two million dollar prize? For what had sounded like basically a popularity contest? She smiled again at the mirror, shifting in her chair and playing with her breasts. And to get out of that house, that stifling, always-the-same damn house.

A soft chime sounded out as an envelope icon flashed up. She stood and walked over – the apartment was comfortably heated, so she felt warm despite wearing only a skimpy pair of lace panties. As she approached, the message started to play, a flat and toneless voice reading out the words.

‘We’re not really gentlemen! But you’re doing well.’ The sound of money played, coins tinkling together. ‘Much more exciting. Now kneel, spread your legs and put your hands on your head.’

She obeyed, turning her head and smiling, trying to look as sexy as possible – it was only the first day, but she seemed to be doing well. Being locked in and isolated was annoying, but the thought of being looked at and men getting hard from looking at her was, mmm... delicious.

‘I’m looking forward to being dressed by you all. I wonder what you’ll pick out for me?’

The message sound chimed again. ‘Yes, you sold your right to choose your own clothing, didn’t you? What should we pick?’

Images appeared on the screen, outfits scrolling past – party dresses, ball-gowns, body stockings, a latex bodysuit, tight hotpants and more. It had seemed an easy choice – the apartment was warm enough that even “nudity” wasn’t that cold, and it meant she was probably drawing a lot more attention than her competitors. The images stopped scrolling, settling on tight sports shorts and a sleeveless vest.

She frowned – she’d rather something a little more modern! But she was distracted by the chiming sound of coins. She wasn’t allowed to know her score without being deducted points, but she must be doing well – when she had agreed to dye her hair, the sound had kept going for quite some time, and it had been even longer when she had signed away her choice of clothing.

‘This’ll do, slut. This’ll do.’ That sounded like someone different than before – there must be some filtering going on, as there only seemed to be a few messages coming through. It was easier than dealing with a continual stream of repetitive messages!

She looked at the wardrobe expectantly, but it didn’t open. Instead, a panel on the wall clicked open, revealing a sealed plastic packet. Inside was the promised clothing – tight and trim exercise shorts and a sports vest. It looked like something from an old work-out video! But it was what had been paid for, however much had been donated, and so Lexi put it on.

It did at least look good on her (although most clothing did) – the shorts clung to her pert buttocks, while her breasts were clearly defined and shown under the top. She posed and preened, stroking her body, feeling a sting of desire in her pussy. It was a shame that the cameras were probably everywhere, as she was so turned on that she wanted to touch herself, to slide fingers into her hot and wet slit. But the recording contract had been very clear that she wasn’t allowed to touch herself on-camera!

‘Looking good.’

Having the compliment delivered in a flat and unemotional tone was somewhat unnerving, but Lexi still made herself smile, twisting and pulling the material tight around herself. Then she reached out and tapped the screen, pulling up the options – she could buy some time in the “blackout room”, which had no cameras in, for 10000. That sounded a lot, especially when she had no idea how much she had. There was a jacuzzi tub in a (very plastic) looking garden that was 1000, and then pictures of food with smaller prices next to them. Maybe she could treat herself to something later? She’d never had the chance to wear something like that before, but the tight sleekness of it appealed to her.

She poked at the screen, making sure to wriggle her butt and show herself off – the sexier she looked, the more likely she was to get votes – and brought up the information on the other competitors. Whether any of the pictures were *correct* was a whole other matter though – part of the game was trying to work out who was telling the truth about themselves and who was lying. All the pictures that Lexi had provided were of herself – although often a bit touched up – but there was nothing to say the other competitors were telling the truth.

There were five others, and all the pictures showed them to be very attractive – there was a businesswoman, wearing skirt-suits, her jacket and silk blouse showing generous cleavage, some minions just out of shot. Thus far, there were only two pictures of each of them – the next up was very buff, one of her pictures showing her climbing up a cliff without any safety gear, the other in a gym, toned muscles and a sleek six-pack on display between a sports bra and tight exercise shorts.

That one had messaged her, asking about her own work-out routine, clearly having noticed Lexi's own trim body – not anywhere near as buff, but still showing evidence of her hard work to keep herself as attractive as possible. Not that she had much else to do every day, with Brian always at work! The exchange had seemed genuine, but had only been brief – but it was a start. Maybe then she could get some parts of the other woman's keycode?

Lexi glanced down at the corner of the screen where there was a glowing padlock icon. If the instructions of the game were correct, then that could be used to try and make attempts at guessing another's code, which would allow control of things like room lights and temperature. And more importantly, could be used to transfer points to other players. It hadn't been very clearly explained, but it sounded as though it would be possible to get another's code! Of course, without a reason to give numbers up, no-one would do such a thing, but there would probably be some kind of vote or contest, with the winner getting a number from the loser?

There was another woman, bright pink hair and wearing a pastel blue t-shirt, sat at a computer desk, her other picture showing her in an outlandish costume, some sort of tight and skimpy sci-fi getup, tight blue material clinging to her body, stylised battle-damage across her breasts and belly. The only message from her had been an incomprehensible stream of emoticons and 'net slang, that Lexi had sent a polite response to, but hadn't been able to properly understand what they were saying.

The other two were more mysterious – one looked like a generic model, all lips and boobs, and hadn't said much beyond a cursory greeting. And the last was an Asian woman, dressed between "smartly" and "sexily", wearing tight dresses and high heels, at some event with glasses of champagne. Lexi couldn't tell if she was an escort, another housewife, or maybe a PA or something?

None of them had names, or at least real names, given – Manageress, Champion, Princess, Showgirl and Queen. Lexi had entered her own as "Precious". She scrolled through the pictures again – at least one person was probably lying, but she didn't have much to go on so far.

An envelope icon flashed up, and Lexi pressed the screen to open it up. A loud sound blared out, a horn making Lexi wince from the volume of it.

A challenge has been declared! Princess wishes to challenge you to a test of stamina. The winner will gain an extra vote for the first leadership election.

Lexi had no idea what that actually meant, but it would probably give some level of power and control? With only six of them, then any extra votes would be powerful, even if there was some level of external control from a viewer poll or something. Although with all of the stuff she'd been doing for the viewers, hopefully she would do well on that count as well.

She pressed the green tick to agree to the challenge. It might be nice to have something to do as well – this room was nice, but the door was securely locked and there was no way out, and nothing to do other than watch the screen constantly in the hope of a new message, or obsess over the ten images of her competition.

Challenge accepted! Another tinny horn sound came from the TV, sounding a little cheap and tacky.

Precious will proceed to the challenge room.

She heard the click of her door, moving swiftly towards it. She'd been brought here, wherever here was, blindfolded and deafened, only removing the restraints in the room, and was curious to see the rest of the place.

Outside the door was a long hallway, a bright bulb above, but otherwise dark. When she moved forward, another bulb lit up, showing her the way to go – it was like an upmarket hotel,

with soft carpeting underfoot and plain white walls. And utterly anonymous – she did pass by several doors, but they were all closed, and there was no way to tell if they were for the other competitors, or the camera and editing teams were behind them, or if they were cosmetic. As she moved, the lights blinked out behind her, and side-passages remained entirely unlit. If she had to navigate by herself, it would be easy to get lost, as there weren't any landmarks or anything to tell the plain walls apart.

Another lock popped open, a door sliding open, another light flickering on. It illuminated a cold and sterile room, all plain white tile and chrome polish, looking uncomfortably surgical. The only spot of colour was a bright pink cushion set on the floor, in front of a steel post, topped with a roughly circular metal frame.

As soon as she stepped inside, the door clicked shut behind her. There wasn't even a handle on the inside for her to pull on, the frame flush with the surround. She had a quick look around the room, wrapping her arms around herself to try and stay a little warmer, this place colder than her own room. Metal cabinets and lockers covered one wall, all locked, and a wide mirror dominated the longest wall. She waved and smiled at it – that must be a one-way mirror, with a camera crew behind it.

A screen blinked on, in front of the post, a downwards arrow pointing at it. Lexi approached, unsure what she was meant to be doing, but settling for kneeling on the cushion, glad for something that protected her knees against the cold tile floor. With the post in front of her, she could see that there was a heavy leather strap around the top, buckle gleaming in the cold light. There was a horizontal bar on top of the pole, with circular rings, about the size of her wrists, on each end.

She glanced up at the screen again.

Stamina challenge 14. Had there been other challenges already, or had Showgirl chosen from a list? *Breath challenge.*

A stick figure diagram appeared, showing a strap going around the neck. She hesitated, then obeyed, the belt pulling her up close to the post, barely able to move her head forward or back, the leather tight around her neck, post against her throat. Next she was instructed to put her hands into the circular bands – they snapped shut as soon as she did so, making her pull on them in surprise. There was no give at all, and no padding inside the metal, which pinched at her flesh as she wriggled against them. Her fingers flapped, pressing against plastic on the inside of the post.

With her hands locked into place, she couldn't release her neck! She flailed her fingers some more, tapping against the plastic, finding them to be buttons.

The winner will be the one that can endure the longest. When a competitor wishes to surrender, they can press the right button. Press the right button.

Lexi obeyed, tapping her fingers against it, feeling it depress.

The competitor may start by pressing both buttons. She obeyed again, pressing them both down, until the screen flashed in acknowledgement. *Challenge begins!*

A panel in the wall slid aside, in front of her face, and a black shaft, slick and ominous, slid out. It moved with smooth, mechanical grace and power, pushing towards her mouth. She pressed her lips shut, the thing pressing against them – it was slightly rubbery, and slippery with some kind of lubricant. It kept pushing forward, and she had to open her mouth to let it in, the thing sitting there, fat and heavy.

It started to push forward again – with the belt around her neck, she couldn't move her head back to reduce the strain, as it filled her mouth, her tongue flicking over it, tasting the slippery

rubber. It filled her mouth, making it impossible to speak properly, any words mangled and mushy.

‘Whaph iph thiph!?’

The thing slid deeper in, probing into her throat, making her cough and splutter, her eyes starting to water.

The competitor who can hold for the longest time wins. Press the left button to advance.

Despite the pain in her throat, Lexi wanted to win, and so pressed the button. She felt the shaft expand in her mouth, inflating and swelling as it started to twist around, scraping around in her throat. She coughed and spluttered, trying to pull away, wanting to clear her throat, but the strap was too tight. Her wrists and arms pulled against the restraints, but the metal was merciless, not letting her go.

A number appeared on the screen, only slowly increasing, from 18 to 19, then flashing without incrementing. That didn’t seem very high? Despite the bulk of the thing in her mouth, she fumbled around, being careful not to press the right-hand button, fingers pressing against the other button.

The shaft withdrew, allowing her a single short breath before pumping forward with vigour, even larger now. It made her cheeks bulge out, straining to take the size of it, making her throat strain to endure the shaft.

‘Mmpphh! Mph!’ She couldn’t do more than splutter, but the number was ticking up higher now – 24, 25, 26... There was no way to tell how the other contestant was doing. She looked like someone that wasn’t a stranger to cock-sucking, but this was pretty large! She tried not to remember past memories, of strong hands on her head, pushing her head back and forth as she tried to make it more gentle.

She kept her finger on the button, the pistoning action getting faster and faster, slamming in and out of her mouth, before shoving forward and staying in position. 38. Fluid starting oozing out, thick and sticky. Some of it dribbled out, over her chin, but it was being pumped with enough vigour that she had to swallow before it flowed into her lungs.

It was bitter, stinging her throat with a harsh flavour, but she didn’t let go. She wouldn’t lose out, not so easily! She was desperate for air, trying to breath around the shaft, sucking air through her nose, using her tongue to splash the fluid out, as much as possible.

Her vision started to waver, lungs burning, darkness creeping into the edges of her eyes. She needed air! But she didn’t want to be defeated. 42 ticked up to 43, blinking for a long second before 44. But she was barely conscious now! She removed her finger from the button, but it stayed depressed, the fake cock unrelenting, forcing her to weakly scrabble for the other button. She couldn’t hear any click as she pressed it, but her score flashed on 45, the shaft withdrawing. She let the stuff dribble from her mouth, wrinkling her nose at the smell, needing time to regain herself, the aching in her lungs slowly fading.

When the wrist-shackles popped open, her arms dropped to the floor, weak and powerless. The liquid had a thick, musky aftertaste and scent, one that wouldn’t shift, her chin smeared with it. Lexi had to strain against the neck-strap before she found the strength to lift her hands and clumsily unbuckle it, barely able to stand as she wiped gunk off her face, smearing it over her thin top. Had she won?

The door didn’t open, and the screen turned off. Was Showgirl in a nearby room? The organisers would have to let one of them leave fast, so they didn’t encounter each other in the passageways. But the hallways had seemed quite large – with just 6 contestants, it seemed larger than it needed to be. Unless there were lots of contest rooms?

The shaft retracted with a motorised whine, the wall closing back up so that the only sign it had ever been there was some of the liquid, still puddled on the floor. Then the door popped open, lock unsealing and letting Lexi exit. She moved down the dark passages, glad of the bubble of light around her.

At one junction, she looked left, and saw a blur of movement at the end of an otherwise-dark passageway, before the light blinked out. Had that been her rival? She hadn't seen more than a brief darkness, not enough to even tell their gender, but seeing some evidence of life was something of a relief.

The way back to her room seemed longer than the way out, and it was a relief to come back into the small apartment, the lights tinted like sunlight rather than harsh electric bulbs. There was nothing on the screen, so she went to the shower, glad to clean herself up and clean the taste out of her mouth.

Chapter Two: A Victory and a Prize (Showgirl)

Olivia swirled water around her mouth, trying to clear out the taste of the paste, and to relax her throat and jaw from their recent ravaging. She knew that this was a saucy show, but hadn't expected anything quite that violently vigorous on the first challenge! If it was the first challenge, anyway – she hadn't been involved in any, but being isolated, it was possible that the other contestants had. Back in the living room, she heard the screen chime, and spat out the water, her head still feeling dazed from the throat-ravaging and not being able to breathe properly. And the taste of that paste! She winced, sucking her cheeks in and spitting again, before checking her reflection – her eyes had been watering, making her mascara run down her cheeks in thick black streaks.

She'd always hated that sort of thing – sucking someone off wasn't too bad, but being forced and used roughly just hurt! But it was hard to say no, especially when they were pushy.

The screen chimed again, and she tried to wipe away some of the black smears, without a great deal of success. Maybe she could try and gain some extra sympathy? Tears were still trickling down her face, as she did a quick vocal exercise, checking that she could still speak properly.

She went into the main room, where the screen was flashing the “eye” logo of the show, the pupil-chain slowly rotating. An electronic voice spoke, and her eyes flicked about the room – being filmed on set was one thing, but being recorded all the time was a little more unnerving! And there must be someone, or probably a whole team, watching the camera-feeds, editors ready to chop and splice footage to make it more interesting. She'd have to be careful not to do anything *too* bad, that might damage her reputation afterwards, but this could be what her career needed. Her hand started to shake, and she forced it to stop by tensing up. And going cold turkey without the scandal of rehab! Although she could feel a cold sweat pouring from her skin, as she recovered from the throat pounding.

‘Congratulations, Showgirl!’ Lights exploded on the screen, a recording of a fireworks display momentarily displacing the omnipresent eye. ‘You were successful in your challenge!’ Times flashed up: 45 seconds for Precious, while she had managed 57 seconds. It had felt far longer, having that huge shaft pumping in and out of her throat.

Still, having won something was nice. Maybe she would get a treat? Or some nicer clothing? The dresses here were all fairly plain and bland – she ran her hands down her body, feeling the dip and curve of her hips, wincing at the feel of the cotton. At least it was tight enough around her hips and waist to show off her figure, but it was a rather drab grey color, and the low neckline exaggerated her bust uncomfortably, as well as making the safety-collar around her neck obvious. She knew that they had to be monitored, but... Her hand came up, feeling along the metal, smooth and warmed by her body, impossible to remove, with the bulk of the powerpack on the back, beneath her brunette hair.

‘A reward has been prepared.’

Stars burst on the screen, a score flashing up and ticking upwards, her score now... 21,500. That seemed alright, maybe? Although she had no idea how many points the other contestants

were on, or even what they were like, beyond the isolated pictures she was permitted to see. They were all very attractive, but that was only to be expected, but “Champion” and “Queen” both looked intimidating and bossy. Princess and Precious both looked... softer, Princess especially, all pink and petite. And Precious apparently didn’t have as much stamina? Well, that was something.

‘So, what’s my reward?’ She wanted something nice. And it was nice having someone, or something, to talk to, even if it was just an assistant in a back-room somewhere with a text-to-speech. And however many viewers were watching! Hopefully lots – she made herself smile, crossing her arms in front of herself to plump her breasts up.

‘Some nicer clothing. And a show has been requested.’

‘A show?’

‘But you must make a choice first. You may select one of your contestants to undergo a solo trial. If they fail, then you will be awarded with part of their code.’

The five names flashed up on screen, each with an associated icon – they seemed to have a decent graphical designer on board, at least.

‘What do they have to do?’

‘But you must make a choice first. You may select one of your contestants to undergo a solo trial. If they fail, then you will be awarded with part of their code.’

Olivia rolled her eyes. They could at least mix it up a little! And maybe alter the tone of the electronic voice to make it something other than constant and bland? Shouldn’t there be some kind of characterization to it, or a mascot character or something?

‘Will they know it was me?’ If she could get an edge over some of the scarier-looking ones, then that would make things easier, but she didn’t want to risk reprisals.

‘They will not be told.’

That was a relief! ‘Champion, then.’ She looked strong and powerful, her body lithe, dressed for training, all slender and toned. In any sort of physical contest, then she would be a strong contender, so if Olivia could get control of her in some way, then that would be a lot better!

‘Understood.’

‘My... my reward?’

She heard a noise, part of the wall opening up. She hadn’t realized the hidden compartment had even been there! Inside was a dress-bag, which she took, laying it out on the couch before unzipping it.

Inside was... an outfit? Probably? It seemed to consist mostly of latex and lace, with buckles and straps gleaming amongst the fabric, and with lots of crisscrossed cords over cut-out panels. It looked even skimpier than some of the monstrosities that American stars wore to the Met gala! And what seemed to be a stomacher around her waist, not that she needed any assistance with that. And there was a bag with a pair of heels in, although they looked like fairly mundane stilettos, the heels high and thin.

‘Do I... have to?’

She reached out and touched it – it was a strange sensation, the slightly scratchy lace next to slick-smooth latex.

‘It is your prize. The viewers may think poorly of you if you turn it down.’

She lifted it up – it was heavier than she expected, the metal buckles and leather straps giving it more weight than it would have if it were just a simple dress or a chemise. And to get it on she’d have to strip! She looked around, flushing as her eyes picked out the cameras. She’d

done nude scenes before, but hadn't enjoyed it, and this seemed even more intrusive. She picked up the dress and went into the bedroom, hoping that would give her some more privacy. Although there were probably cameras even in here, and the collar likely had one in as well, amongst whatever electronics were packed into it! She wanted a drink, although just the thought made her hand shake again until she took several deep breaths, managing to force herself into stability, then putting the shoes in – the dress looked like it might make it hard to move once it was on!

She started pulling her dress over her head. Beneath she was wearing a lingerie set of underwear, black-and-white lace cupping her breasts and a thong hiding her privates. The dress had its own “bra” built in, gauze over two cups, so she took her own off.

She lifted the dress up, trying to figure out how to get it on – all the clasps and buckles were currently open, but it still looked sleek and tight. Even when she found a rather more prosaic zipper hidden away and pulled it down, it only opened up a little more.

She raised it open, pulling it over her head, having to twist and wriggle her way into it, raising her arms upwards to slowly pull it into place. Some of the bits on the inside scraped and scratched as they dragged over her body, and she was partially blinded as it covered her face, only able to dimly see through gauzy panels. She fumbled, managing to find one of the sleeves, going slowly and carefully, not wanting to damage the dress at all. It was a relief when she managed to get one arm all the way through a sleeve and out, giving her some freedom again, feeling around and pulling the other arm through, then tugging the rest of the dress into place.

It must have been tailored just for her, fitting snugly about her hips, the cups the perfect size for her breasts. The few loose places were quick to remedy by tightening up the straps, buckles snapping tightly shut, a pressure pushing onto her belly, her waist now cinched into a perfect hour-glass. Empty panels ran down her body, showing her flesh beneath, although it somehow managed to avoid showing anything too scandalous, with a horizontal line of black over her crotch. Although her thong did give an unsightly bulge, necessitating a lot more wriggling to pull them down.

It was tight around her ankles, locking them within a few inches of each other, so that now she would only be able to take tiny, shuffling steps. And the back... she turned around to see it in the mirror. Lacy patterns covered her buttocks, her pale flesh clearly visible from beneath. She colored – that was more than she wanted to show! Even if, technically, it was more concealing than a swimsuit shot. And there was another set of straps just above her knees, making it even harder to move!

But if the viewers wanted it... She twisted her butt around – at least it did look good on her! Although the collar around her neck seemed clunky and heavy, the metal lump out of keeping with the sleek and tight lines of the rest of the outfit. Her breasts were snug behind a latex bra, itself under a gauze panel that snugly fitted her chest.

Returning to the main room took a lot more effort than she expected, only able to take tiny steps, feeling the air move over her almost-bare buttocks with every step. She shivered, trying not to remember past experiences of being spanked and paddled, her buttocks getting grabbed, groped and squeezed. And between the tightness of the straps around her ankles and knees, combined with the heels, made it impossible to move with any speed.

With a grand gesture, although with her shoulder-movement limited by the squeezing pressure of the outfit, she swept her hair up and back, a few stray strands getting plucked from the tight neckline. She tried to imagine herself as the star of the show, attired in style, or on the red carpet, highlighted by the flashbulbs of cameras, and that helped to ease her tension. The

way that it clung to her crotch was tingly and arousing though, smooth material just lightly touching, and the rubbing of the lace against her buttocks.

Despite its tightness and skiminess, it was well-made and expensive – it must have been made specially for her? Considering the blandness of the room, it was a bit of a surprise that they had gone to the trouble. She twisted her shoulders again, feeling the thing settle more comfortably over her body, tightly following the lines of her breasts, hips and other curves. It felt strangely good, luxurious and well-shaped, it was just a shame that it showed off her buttocks quite so much. Every time she moved she could feel the lace, the thickness enough to be slightly scratchy.

She preened for the camera, pretending that she was on the red carpet, pushing her backside out and her breasts forward, smiling at the cameras, trying to ignore the throbbing of her throat, still sore from the earlier ravaging.

The screen blinked, an envelope icon appearing along with some text. *Message received: from Queen.*

The envelope hovered on the screen.

She tried tapping the screen, but that didn't seem to do anything. 'Open message?'

The envelope opened up, text appearing on screen. *Want an ally? I can help protect you, if you give me some of your code. Want to work together? Princess looks weak – if we bully her, then we can eliminate her quickly. She's just a silly slut, it won't take much.*

Queen had looked scary – at least if those had been real pictures of her, then she seemed the sort with an overpowering personality. But could she be trusted? And was giving her part of her code a good idea? The sheer number of things it controlled made that dangerous – with that, she could be plunged into darkness, or have the temperature turned down, or probably even worse. But with two of them working together, then they might be able to finish off Princess?

'Bring up Princess' pictures.'

They appeared on the screen – a small and petite woman, not far from being a girl, wearing skimpy shorts and a loose top, smiling flirtatiously at a screen. Was she some kind of on-line call-girl or something? That would explain the chunky headphones. She must be desperate for fame to come on a show like this! Queen was right - it probably wouldn't take much to make her submit, she looked like someone used to being spoiled and pampered.

'Respond to Queen. Write this:' Her words started to appear on the screen. 'We should work together, you can conquer Princess, maybe? What should we do to her?' She hesitated, before continuing. 'My first number is 9. What's yours? Send that.'

Her words folded themselves up into an envelope and flew away. Hopefully that would come back with a positive response!

Chapter Three: A Weighty Trial (Champion)

Francesca bent and stretched her arms, gripping her wrist and pulling her arms out as far as possible behind herself. She'd turned the heating up, so the apartment was nice and warm, making it easy to work out and exercise. All she was wearing was a tight pair of exercise shorts that barely covered her hips and crotch, and a sports bra, making it easier to move. She punched the air with a sequence of jabs, left-right-left, before kicking out, a strike that would take an opponent in the stomach.

She felt her body warming up as she moved, her movements getting faster, her thoughts turning to her opponents – that little pink piece of fluff would probably be popular with the audience, but if there were any physical challenges, then she'd probably not do very well. That Asian woman looked more intense, as did the business-woman, while the other two... They could be faking, but they looked soft and weak.

Francesca ducked low, striking out with a fist, then stepping up and using an elbow strike, angled upwards to hit the throat. She'd only been stuck in here for a day, but going without her usual exercise had left her feeling twitchy and slightly hyper. And the food! She was used to nutrient shakes, but normally along with at least some actual food, and steak as well! Here it was just bland mush, watery and unsatisfying.

There had been a few messages from the others, but she'd ignored them. Showgirl had apparently won a contest against Precious, although none of the details had been revealed. Without knowing what the contests were, it was hard to prepare – but give her the chance to do anything physical and she'd easily defeat them! She threw herself to the ground and started doing press-ups, the strain starting to build in her arms and chest. Her body was starting to develop a faint sheen of sweat, making her body glow.

She stood, doing more stretches – she might not have the biggest breasts, but all her exercise had given her a toned and lean body, her belly flat and toned, everything perfectly proportioned. That should get the attention of the viewers! More than some silly little girl that just played games all day. But she felt caged up in here – there was nothing to do, just a not-very-large living room, and then the bedroom and the bathroom. She'd been through all of the cupboards, most of them empty. Apparently, they were meant to eat out of a single bowl – did that mean nothing but the food-paste while they were here? Although for that large of a cash-prize, she was willing to deal with some discomfort.

'Champion.'

She spun around, raising her hands into a defensive posture, light on her feet as the voice spoke. It was flat and unnerving – she'd rather have her name announced by an MC before going into the ring, not the quiet and dull tones of a speech synthesizer.

She looked at the screen, where the logo of the show now had a message now in front of it. 'You have been nominated for a challenge, Champion.'

Oh? What was this, was someone spoiling for a fight? The screen had said that Showgirl and Precious had competed somehow, and that Showgirl had won – they both looked quite soft,

although Francesca had no idea what the competition had involved, maybe something non-physical?

She grinned, feeling her adrenaline start to pump, moving into another striking combination. ‘Bring it! I’ll take her down.’

Something rattled, a panel in the wall opening up to reveal a plastic box, slightly dented from the landing. She opened it up – inside was a... breathing mask? A dome of black plastic with sturdy straps, angled to enclose the mouth and nose, with filter-tubes along the bottom.

‘So what’s this?’

There was no voice, as the screen went through an animation, showing a stylized face, the mask moving over it, straps encircling the head, as text flashed up: *Air Strike Challenge*. The “face” zoomed out, becoming a stick figure, surrounded by poles and targets, moving to strike at them.

‘Target practice? Sure, I can do that. But I have to put this thing on first?’ She lifted it up – it was heavier than she expected, with a rubber seal around the inside to make it air-tight when worn, and placed it against her mouth. There was a resistance when she inhaled, having to suck air through the filters. She’d worn similar things for training before, to measure her respiration. If this was it, then this should be easy! She wrapped the straps around her head, plastic clicking into place, sealing it on. As soon as she had done that, then her collar vibrated in acknowledgement, and she heard her door click open.

‘Champion, move to the proving ground.’

She rolled her eyes at the sheer cheese of the line, but it did give her a thrill. What would she get if she won? She should have asked that, but the breathing mask acted as a muzzle as well, thick enough that she couldn’t talk.

Outside of her room was a long hallway, lit only with low up-lighters, giving it a foreboding appearance. She hadn’t been allowed to enter normally, instead she’d gone for a medical exam and then been jabbed with something, waking up here. There was secrecy, but that had seemed a little much!

As she walked forward, the lights behind her turned off and those ahead flicked on, giving her a path to follow. There were other doors – more than just five, what else was here? She rapped a knuckle against the wall, finding that it was sturdy brick, rather than the expected plasterboard. This was a proper building, not some cheap set!

She smiled to herself, looking around and trying to spot the cameras probably watching her, before accelerating, launching into a run. She ran into the darkness, the lights taking a few seconds to catch up, just in time for her to skid around a corner and keep going. She’d only been cooped up for a day or so, but the freedom of movement was exhilarating, her bare feet slapping against the thin carpet.

Her collar vibrated disapprovingly, as the lights turned to an angry red. With a sigh, she slowed, her heart only just starting to pound, having to breath harder than expected thanks to the mask. She tried pulling on it, but it was strapped too tightly into place, impossible to pull away from her face, the inside starting to feel humid from her own breath.

The path of lights came to a sudden stop, although the passageway continued onwards – it was so dark it was impossible to tell how far. This place seemed huge! Or it wound back on itself in some way. A door clicked open, cooler air rushing out, and she stepped into a large, open space, the walls shrouded in darkness. A spotlight shone on the center, highlighting another box and a metal bar, and she approached and opened the box.

Inside was equipment – a stretchy black band with a cuff on each end, and pads for her hands, although they were closer to boxing gloves, fully enclosed and that would force her hands into fists.

‘Champion! Attach the band around your ankles.’

It was a resistance band, and quite a short one – she pulled on it, feeling it resist before snapping back into shape when she released it. She hated this sort of thing! Being restrained was not pleasant, making it harder to do what should be simple. But she obeyed, the cuffs locking around her ankles, now forced to keep them close together, unless she wanted to fight the band. She took a step, then tried to stride, having to force her leg forward, the band strong enough to make it harder, dragging her other foot with it. Beneath the metal rod there was a clip, to which she dutifully attached herself with the cord.

The gloves at least were better, although the fingers were stiff enough she had to use her face to put the left-hand one on, nuzzling at the fastener until it was sealed on. She jumped lightly on the spot, wanting to stay limber, her clothing light against her flesh, body taut and supple.

The metal bar was a long triangle, at just beneath waist-height.

‘Champion must stay atop the metal for her kills to count.’

She gave it a cautious poke, but it seemed sturdy, the top slightly rounded off. Couldn’t they just have marked off a square on the ground instead? It was supported by a bar in the center, so moving herself onto it was easy, the thing cold between her thighs, pressing her shorts up into her crotch.

A buzzer rang, and she just about had time to react as something swooped down at her, a man-shaped target dangling from a wire. She swayed to the side to dodge, then punched back, landing a solid hit before it was out of range, then out of sight. The only light was the spotlight on her, but there was movement out of the corner of her eye and she twisted, punching out at another target, landing a solid three-hit combo on the rubber lump. It had enough weight that she had to lean all the way to the side or risk being battered off the metal wedge.

Behind the mask, she grinned, baring her teeth. This was fun! She had to duck swiftly to avoid getting hit by another rubbery torso as it swung by, the band stretching and snagging as she tried to move her feet. The wedge was warming now, but also rubbing against her pussy, starting to push her open and touch against her walls, exciting her. That wasn’t fair, it was far too distracting! And the mask made things harder, forcing her to inhale in short pants, and she could feel sweat starting to bead, making her bra and tight shorts cling even more tightly to her body. But this was combat, or at least as close as she was likely to get!

She lost herself in the rhythm – in the darkness, it was impossible to see the things before they were right on top of her, and a few times she had to suffer a collision and get the air knocked out of her, feeling impacts that would probably soon bruise. Her lungs started to burn, but she didn’t stop – she was a fighter, she didn’t quit!

One slammed into her, knocking her backwards a step, and she sagged, the wedge pushing up into her, violating her body. The band didn’t let her move far, stretching and then snapping her back to the center. She threw her weight against it, feeling her body weaken from the lack of air, her bra getting knocked askew from the impact but still fighting. Francesca pummeled it with attacks, feeling the dense rubber absorb the hits, before it was pulled up and into the darkness, just as another hurtled towards her.

Instinctively, she tried to kick it, but the band resisted her, more of her weight falling onto her crotch and the dense torso crashed into her. It was a hard impact, slamming into her shoulder

and numbing one arm, and if it hadn't been for the wedge then she would have been sent flying. As it was, she sank down, her legs weakening, the metal rubbing against her pussy-walls. She sagged as it was pulled upwards, and then another slammed into her from behind. What little breath she had left was knocked from her lungs, although she tried shifting on the wedge, succeeding only in teasing herself as she rubbed against it.

When she tried punching again, her arm was slow and weak, her heart pounding, lungs straining for the faintest whisper of air. Hadn't she done enough? Although now she was exhausted and turned on, feeling her breasts warm, wanting to stroke and caress her own body.

A bell rang, and she sagged, all her weight now on her crotch, the metal poking into her. She couldn't resist grinding against it, feeling herself shiver in pleasure, hoping it wasn't too obvious to the audience. But at least the impacts seemed to have stopped! Her body was sore and aching, her arms and torso throbbing, with what would probably be bruises soon.

The wedge pushed into her, and she stretched her legs, forced to stand on tip-toes. Was the thing raised up now? She tried using her weight to push it back down, but all that did was spread her lips wider, her shorts getting wedged inside of herself. She could feel her pussy getting wet, even as sparks danced in front of her eyes, her lungs throbbing and aching.

With the band between her legs, she was even more restrained. She tried kicking around, but the band was too strong, dragging her feet back together. Although she had to stay on tip-toes to try and lessen the pressure on her crotch, any shift causing pleasure-pain to spike and surge through her. Her shorts started to cling, the already-tight fabric starting to stick even more, with a combination of sweat and pussy-juice.

She tried pushing down on the wedge with her hands, hoping to relieve the pressure, but with the gloves on, she couldn't properly grip onto the narrow bar, and succeeded only in shaking around, grinding herself against the metal.

It felt good, even as the pain increased, a whisper of air creeping into the mask. She tried fumbling at it, but with her fingers wrapped, she couldn't even grab it, just uselessly fumbling over her face.

She was barely touching the ground now, her legs stretched to their utmost – if it moved any higher up, then all of her weight would be on the wedge!

Air suddenly rushed in, a merciful and cool gust against her hot face, and she gulped it down, the aching pain of her lungs fading. That just made the other sensations more vivid, the pleasure/pain bursting from her crotch and up through her spine, her whole body feeling fever-hot, the throbbing between her legs getting more and more intense. Clamping her thighs together in another attempt to relieve the crushing, biting pressure just made it worse, the metal too smooth to gain any purchase on! She could feel her own weight pushing onto her clit, the sensitive bud squashed and compressed, the juices of her body doing little to protect it.

She flailed around, trapped on the wedge – could she try and wriggle off the back? But any movement would involve scraping herself along the length of the metal, hurting herself more! Even a punch of frustration aimed at the metal was pitifully weak, all strength gone from her arms.

Her head sagged downwards, all her focus on keeping her legs tense so that the pressure on her clit didn't become even worse. For once, heels would have been nice, anything just to try and relieve the constant, crushing weight, her own body torturing her!

The spotlight gleamed down on the metal, now mottled with sweat and pussy-juice, before a bell rang out, the sound making her tense, before trying to force herself to relax when that sent a twinge of pain through her crushed folds. The sounds of cheering surged out – Francesca felt her

head loll, falling into a haze, as though she had just defeated an opponent, her hands still desperately fumbling at the wedge in a futile attempt to lift herself off it.

‘A victory!’ The cheers got louder, although Francesca found it hard to focus, only aware of the pain/pleasure between her legs, the burning of her lungs, and the warm heat over her face, the mask trapping the condensation of her breath.

The wedge must have dropped, or the floor raised itself, as her feet slowly came back into contact with the ground, relieving the weight. The mask eased off as well, letting her breathe with less strain, although it took considerable willpower not to sink to the floor.

She stayed there, panting until some of the desperate weakness had left her body, letting her stand up, her head still foggy and woozy. From somewhere, she called up the strength to raise a hand in victory, although her hand was still bound into the boxing-mitten, her fingers forced tight and useless.

Bending over made her shorts pinch and scrape her crotch, and she tried to tweak them loose, the action arousing her more as the fabric peeled away from her sticky skin. Untangling the restraint band from the clip was a lengthy and annoying process, her fingers lacking any dexterity, her body soon cooling in the large and silent room. Hopefully this part would be edited out! But eventually she managed to release herself, although the ankle-cuffs themselves were too tight for her to remove, and the mask refused to budge.

Her clothing felt too tight, sticking to her sweaty skin, the shorts riding between her legs, teasing her, the passion of fighting making her want to fuck someone, rough and hard. But there was no-one else here, and until she got the gloves off, she couldn’t even touch herself. And she still felt sore from being raised up on that wedge! She shook her hips, trying to make the shorts cling less tightly.

She didn’t have the energy to run, the mask still restricting her breathing as she returned to her room, following the lines of light back through the empty passageways.

Chapter Four: Queen's Mate (Queen)

Ayaka went to the fridge, bending over, being sure to bend all the way over, her tight trousers pulling tight on her backside, showing off her ass. How many people were watching her? Thousands? Tens of thousands? Even more? Surely enough that there would be a few doddering old fools watching that could take her somewhere nice, and that she could turn into nice, obedient money pumps.

At least the hosts knew how to treat them though! The apartment was tiny and pokey, the lack of windows and the locked door making it cramped and claustrophobic, but it was well-stocked with luxury food items, and even champagne (albeit a cheap one) in the fridge. Getting drunk was probably a bad idea, but just one bottle couldn't hurt, and she needed to show people the sort of living she was used to, and how she should be kept.

She straightened up, shifting her slender hips, making sure her blouse was properly arranged, along with her jewelry, golden chains around her neck. Maybe if she was losing, she could wear even tighter clothing, or flash some tit. Coming out of this the victor would help her promote herself, and help her get out of that inconvenient debt! Maybe then she could live as she deserved to, pampered in wealth and luxury.

So far, it was going well – Showgirl seemed soft and a pushover, having surrendered a number already. Just a few more and then she'd have them at her mercy. As long as the others didn't gang up on her, then it should be simple. Champion looked strong, but would probably be easy to manipulate and goad, Manageress would be some boring pencil-pusher without any ability for manipulation, while Princess... Just some dumb on-line slut. Although her name made Ayaka want to bully her, to make the pretty little face scrunch up with tears, ruin that perfect and neat make-up. The girl had probably done nothing with her life except sell pictures of herself on-line, and thought herself a success for that! Well, in the real world she'd get destroyed, ending up as arm-candy for some tech-nerd, if she was lucky, renting her ass out at a truck-stop if she was less fortunate.

Precious she dismissed – not even worth it for the fun. She'd seen dozens of women like her, empty and grasping onto their husbands for all they could, their whole existence based on pleasing their men, pumping out babies in blandly wealthy suburbs, fearing the approach of age and being replaced with a younger model. She'd sucked and fucked enough of their husbands to know the sex wasn't even that good, although it could help with leverage to make them increase their offers a little more, or to slip her a little extra "commission".

She opened the champagne, the cork pinging away and bouncing off the wall, ricocheting behind the couch, out of sight and immediately forgotten, then poured it into a glass. It had a slightly strange aftertaste, but they'd probably cheated out, and then just hoped that no-one would notice.

Now, what to do? Walking around in her heels and tight trousers was probably entertaining the viewers, but it was boring, and she wanted to win this! She could go and bully Showgirl some more, but it would be easier if some of the others did that as well – if all of them dogpiled

her, they could probably reduce her to a blubbering mess in short order! Champion would need some softening, and so would Manageress.

But Princess... She looked young, and, while she wouldn't be as innocent as she made herself look, would likely be missing in experience. And if she was "Queen", then it was only appropriate that a Princess be subordinate to her! She sat down on the couch, crossing her legs and reaching for the remote, pulling up the information she had been allowed to see on the girl.

Young, clearly going for an innocent-slutty look, complete with pink hair to appeal to *that* audience, she must be selling herself on-line, all tease and fluff, getting money from viewers with the promise it might go further. Well, Ayaka could respect that, but also found herself wanting to humble the girl, make her aware of her position. A girl was no match for a woman!

She opened up the message box, the only way they were allowed to communicate. Of course, she was assuming that everyone was what they appeared to be, but this should help her find that out. What would be the best way of pissing them off? She started to narrate her message, the characters appearing on the screen, as the champagne tingled on her tongue and into her belly.

'How did it feel getting kicked out of school for being a slut?'

The message vanished with a ping, Ayaka stretching out, enjoying the way her trousers hugged her legs, snug and sleek against her crotch, feeling a tingle of pleasure. Although one of the annoyances of being here was not being able to get off! She could masturbate, but giving it away for free, with so many people watching... No, far better to keep that private, despite the warm tension developing inside of her. And bundling herself up under the bedsheets and doing it there was just pathetic – she enjoyed the feel of warm air on her skin, expensive sheets beneath her. And, ideally, the soft kisses of a subservient lover!

A message pinged back, and she smiled – good, that meant they were probably annoyed. And likely bored as hell, if they were a game junkie! It opened up on the screen, the letters tinged with a sickeningly girlish pink tinge.

Better than being an old hag! I bet you can't give it away!

Ayaka wondered what it would be like to have the girl over her knee – she looked slim and petite, unable to put up much of a struggle, easy to hold down and spank, make those big wide eyes sparkle with tears. She preferred men, but sometimes had been required to "discipline" a client's wife, and there was a certain pleasure in forcing blubbering screams and squeals from surgery-perfect lips, forcing a dildo into a yoga-toned asshole, before taking their husband as well.

Bad little girls need a spanking. This would be a lot easier face-to-face, where she could stare them down and intimidate them directly, rather than having to try and go through the proxy of messages! *Be a good little girl and let me look after you.*

The response time was even shorter this time. *I don't lose. At anything! Stupid bitch.*

Well, the girl had pride, at least. That would make it all the more fun to defeat her – Ayaka had only briefly glanced over the full rules, but it looked as though, with access to all of someone's numbers, not only were they out of the game, but all their room functions could be controlled. Being plunged into darkness or light, hot or cold, needing to beg for access to any of the cupboards and the wardrobe – a prideful little shit like this "Princess" would soon learn her place, when she had no control over herself!

Oh? Think you've got what it takes? Go home and play some games, you've not got the spirit.

Fuck you! Bring it on!

A metallic sound chimed out, an annoyingly jaunty series of tones, as the show logo flashed onto the screen, the words “CHALLENGE STARTED” circling around it.

Ayaka heard a heavy clunk from the kitchen area, and looked up from the couch to see that what she had assumed was an ornamental cupboard had opened, the door holding a number of neatly-hung leather paddles. Before she could go and investigate, a longer message had appeared on the screen.

Higher or Lower: Self-Punishment. The challenger must declare a number of strikes. The defender then has the option of saying another higher number. The challenger may accept that number and must then strike themselves in the breasts or crotch with sufficient force that number of times, or force the defender to do so. The delay between impacts must be no more than 10 seconds. This will be repeated for up to three rounds. If either side yields, the other wins, else taking the hit earns a point.

Ayaka went to look at the cupboard that had opened – the paddles inside were sturdy leather, with firm grips, built with some kind of sensor integrated. She took one and flicked it against her hand, wincing at the stinging pain on her palm. This game wasn’t kidding around! But she could probably take a lot more punishment than the girl could.

Princess is the challenger – she has declared 5 strikes. Queen – declare your number.

She tapped it experimentally against her breasts, her blouse doing nothing to absorb any of the impact. Could she fake the hits?

The screen flashed red, an angry buzzing sound stinging her ears. *Hits must be of greater force.* Dammit! They must have impact sensors or something, to ensure they were hitting hard enough. Five hits wasn’t many though – but it would be better if Princess took the damage!

‘Fifteen!’

There was a pause. *Princess accepts.* Ayaka smiled – good, they’d taken the bait. The thought of that slender body taking any sort of impact was amusing. The first self-inflicted hit between their legs or onto their small tits would probably hurt them more than they realized! Would they even be able to finish the full fifteen?

She tensed her fingers, wanting to be able to see it, wanting the girl at her mercy, or just to see them break down in pained tears. They looked small enough that holding them down would be easy, force them over the arm of the couch and redden their petite buttocks, until their face ran with tears! Ayaka waited, idly tapping the paddle against her hand, feeling the slight bending of the stiff leather. She’d had to have such things used on her a few times – she liked it rough and hard, but not being at someone else’s mercy! A few strikes to warm her up, maybe, but then grabbing them close and mounting them, riding them raw, holding them down until *they* had pleased *her*, that was more to her preference than being a slutty little doll or spank-toy.

Round 1 winner: Princess, 15 hits.

The little bitch had done it? Hurt her little titties and soft little pussy? That was a surprise!

Queen to declare.

She hissed in annoyance. She couldn’t go lower than 15 without seeming weak, but if she had to properly strike herself that many times... But if that slut could do it, then so could she.

‘Twenty!’

Dots appeared on the screen, the number getting conveyed elsewhere, to wherever Princess was in this building.

Princess raises to thirty.

Thirty!?! Ayaka took a deep breath before nodding. ‘I accept.’ She raised the paddle, smacking herself across the chest, the impact mostly landing on her right breast. The screen

dinged, a green tick appearing, and Ayaka struck herself several more times there, feeling the heat of the impacts build up.

Her next strike was more awkward, having to flick her wrist at an odd angle to hit her other breast, her breath quickening. She tried to keep the impacts fast, the throbbing hits running together, echoed by the chiming dings, as they were validated as hitting hard enough. By alternating breasts, she managed to get to 10 before the pain got too intense.

Her heart was racing now, both tits throbbing and aching. She didn't want to hit herself between the legs! But her tits were both hurting, so there was little choice. As if trying to force her, a number flashed on the screen – 10. 9. 8... It was counting her down, as she raised the paddle and flicked it between her legs, wishing she'd worn thicker trousers.

The impact knocked the wind from her, tears forming in the corners of her eyes. She froze, feeling the pain jangle through her body, all the worse for being self-inflicted. But she couldn't stop, the countdown starting up again, as she twisted the paddle and brought it back down, fumbling it and striking herself on the inner thigh.

Despite not being right on her slit, the impact still hurt, as an angry buzz sounded, a big red "X" appearing on the screen. That should count, it had still hurt! At least it had reset the counter, as she took a deep breath and spread her legs, making it easier to hit herself, twisting her arm and bringing it towards herself, hitting upwards and between her thighs, managing several swift strikes.

The pain was seeping up from her crotch, each hit building on the previous one, making her vision waver. How many was she even on now? She glanced at the screen, the timer ticking down worryingly fast, but that gave no indication of how far along she was. It must be at least half, surely?

Several more hits almost brought her to her knees, the flaring agony building up and up, her breath ragged and gasping. If she ever got her hands on that little bitch, she'd make them regret being born! See how they liked being leashed up at a service station to be fucked hard and raw by anyone that wanted a piece of her ass!

Another hit to her pussy made her gasp and whimper, her grip now weak, but at least it earned her another "ding". Despite how they were still throbbing, she turned her attention to her breasts again, slapping the leather paddle against them, catching herself across the nipple. The pain from her earlier slaps hadn't yet faded, the newest impact reigniting the impact-pains, her heart skipping a beat, lungs heaving for air. That bitch would pay for this!

There was no indication she had done enough, so Ayaka had to force herself to keep going, trying to hit herself as quickly as possible, before the pain could catch up with her. It was hard though, her chest aching and throbbing, even the light silk of her blouse chafing where it brushed against impact-sore flesh. One hit snagged her necklace, impressing the metal into her skin and making her yelp. And not counting as a hit! Despite the tears in her eyes, she managed to hit herself again, and again, before the pain got too much.

She paused, eyes focused on the countdown, managing to make it out through the tears in her eyes. Ayaka whimpered, but managed to bring her arm around, smacking herself harder than she had intended, right on her cunt. The pain! She staggered, barely standing, grip weak on the paddle-handle. Hadn't she done enough yet? But there was no sign of release, as she hit herself again. It took multiple attempts to hit herself hard enough to register, her legs getting weaker and weaker, her hand barely able to hold the paddle.

Queen has completed!

She staggered over to the couch and sat down heavily, pain still bright and vicious. She liked it rough, but not like that – she couldn't take another round, even another ten hits would probably be more than she could endure!

Princess to declare.

Hopefully they would go high, so that they would have to endure the pain themselves, and fail! Ayaka gingerly felt between her legs, just a light touch making her wince and hiss in pain, her breasts sore and throbbing as well.

Thirty.

There was no way she could take that much!

'She can take that.'

Queen has passed. Princess to take thirty impacts.

Ayaka leaned back on the couch, glad to relax, her breathing slowing now her body wasn't under assault. The thought of that girl being made to hurt herself, again and again, was pleasurable, despite the aching pain in her own ass and tits. That cute face, contorted with pain, tears running down smooth cheeks, eyes wide with humiliation – she was probably only used to being a cock-tease on screen, not in-person. Make her fuck and suck at a cheap titty-bar, and she'd be fuckmeat in short order, her pride stripped away!

Princess has succeeded.

A chill ran through Ayaka – that dumb slut had managed to hit herself thirty times? Was she cheating somehow?

Princess has chosen to inflict a feeding penalty onto Queen.

If you come for the King, you best not miss! Suck it, you old bitch!

Anger stirred, although it was kept at bay by the pain still. What the fuck did that mean? Although it was probably less bad than being a quarter out of the game already. Ayaka ground her teeth, then hissed in pain as her blouse rubbed against her sore tits, flaring with agony, skin starting to bruise.

Fuck! She'd have to do something else to grind that dumb little slut into the ground, and show her where she belonged. Although the aching of her body made her want to wait, until she had some time to recover. Her hand tensed on the paddle-grip, wanting to take it to the girl's bottom, make her squeal in agony!

Chapter Five: Fit for a Princess (Princess)

Taylor rolled over, her breasts stinging with pain, making her swear and immediately roll back onto her side. Her tits ached from the throbbing she'd had to put them through, red and sore even just from trying to lay down in bed! But it wasn't enough to dispel the desire between her legs, her fingers fumbling between her thighs. She had to be careful not to press too hard, her sensitive skin sore from the paddle-impacts, but she was horny! And the bedsheet should cover her up – anyone wanting to see this would have to *pay*.

Fuck, her pussy was sore! She'd never hit herself like that before, not that damn hard! But there was no way that she was letting someone else beat her, even if it fucking *hurt*. She spread her legs, lighting stroking her shaved crotch, the skin smooth and clean, teasing herself, being careful not to press too hard. She'd win this thing, and then ride a wave of popularity all the way up the streaming charts! Her regular viewers should be voting for her, making it fairly easy to win anything based off external votes. She just had to make sure that she wasn't beaten by anything *internal*, so had to win any competitions she was in. None of the others would likely have as many followers as she would – this should be easy!

She lay her head back down on the fluffy pillow, completely covered underneath the bedsheet, panties around one ankle as she kept stroking herself, fantasizing about what life would be like afterwards – she could buy a big house, get the most powerful PC possible, get her fans to throw money at her. Maybe even let a few of them live with her, doting and tending to her every whim, smartly dressed men to paint her nails and kiss her feet, admiring her, obedient to her commands. And she could use them to punish those bitches from college that had used to bully her, insulting and abusing her, just because she was prettier than them!

Her fingers started to slide deeper into herself, spreading her sore slit wider, stroking herself. She'd make them cry, pushing them into lockers and sealing them in until they soiled themselves, or pinching them until they cried, taking pictures in case they ever protested! Fucking bitches, they deserved to be hurt, to be turned into fuck-meat, handed over to the football to be used, made to beg and squeal for mercy!

She hissed in pain, pushing too hard against her bruised skin. She hadn't expected physical trails, or at least not ones quite so intense! But her blood was up now and she didn't want to stop, the pain minor compared to the pleasure, despite the awkward position, of having to be covered up by the sheets. Showing herself off in tight little shorts and a bikini was fine, or costumes from her wish-list, but she'd never shown herself fully to anyone. Well, except that one time her shorts had been too loose and fallen down mid-stream, but even if you freeze-framed it, it had been too dark and blurry to see anything, thankfully.

Taylor imagined herself with one of those fake penises strapped around her waist, one of her teenage tormentors naked on all fours in front of her, the rubber cock forced in and out of them. Hearing them squeal, the way they had made her squeal, would be fun! The fantasy was strong enough to keep her going even through the pain, her slit wet and welcoming, even through the stinging bruising. She didn't want to go without – she'd gotten herself off every day since she'd learnt how, so just being here wasn't going to stop that! Even if the air under the sheet was hot

and stuffy, but if she ever did do it fully on camera, she'd record it herself to sell, not let someone else do it!

Her back arched as she came, a sigh escaping from between her lips, her other hand lightly stroking her cute little belly. That old lady was probably all dry downstairs, and needed help for this, rather than warm and wet!

She relaxed into a post-orgasm daze, vaguely wondering what time it was – she'd trashed her own body clock years ago, often streaming into the night and sleeping in the days, and there was no natural light here. It had been maybe a few days since she'd submitted herself to the medical procedures, gloved fingers poking and prodding her all over, and then having to drink some drugs to knock her out. Waking up when all wrapped out had been *creepy*, having to tear her way out of the packaging, like she was a doll or something. But at least the apartment was nice, even if being locked inside sucked.

Taylor pulled her panties back up, wriggling away from the wet spot she'd left on the mattress, twisting her t-shirt back into place, psyching herself up for her role, making herself smile, before pushing her head back out from beneath the sheet, glad of the fresher air.

The room was twilight-hazy, the bulbs casting everything into soft and hazy lights, brightening as she pulled herself out of bed, a probably-fake dawn illuminating the room. She smiled as she thought about the punishment she had inflicted onto that bitch of a woman – no real foods, just liquid! That should teach her some manners! She felt her panties, checking they weren't wet, before sliding out of bed and walking out of the bedroom, heading for the cupboard of food, grabbing a cereal bar and a can of energy drink.

That slammed into her, burning away any fuzziness, making her mind jangle with forced wakefulness. The huge screen, even bigger than her one at home, blinked on with a soft, black screen, before the show logo appeared, followed by an envelope that opened up. She rolled her eyes – it would have been far easier just to give everyone a tablet and a smartwatch, rather than forcing them to sit in front of the main screen! And what was with all of the animations? Was the show director ancient, or stupid?

Please be aware of the rules. This is your third infringement.

She frowned – she'd noticed some red X-marks on the screen, but there hadn't been anything to indicate what they meant. The UI was crap!

While this is an adult show, there are limits. In order to stay on the air, then we will need to ensure you're not quite so eager. A special package has been arranged for you, please put it on.

She rolled her eyes again – what, they were complaining about her cute little booty-shorts or her panties? When they'd made her slap her pussy raw? Stupid broadcast rules, they were as bad as some of the streaming platforms she used, having to carefully adjust the amount of ass or cleavage she showed.

There was a package over by the door though – someone must have dropped it off while she slept? She shivered, hoping they hadn't come to look at her or anything creepy when she was asleep! Being perverted on when she was awake was fine, but when she was *asleep*, that was just creepy.

She went over to the box – sturdy, unmarked plastic, looking like something from a sci-fi movie. It was heavier than she expected as well, held shut with secure clips.

When she opened it, she found that the inside was mostly foam padding, all shaped round several curves of metal, some of the surfaces edged with thin rubber piping. She looked at the thing, feeling the strength of it, turning it over and over, trying to figure out what it was, before

suddenly having it the right way around and realizing that it was a metal belt and crotch-band, designed to come between her legs.

‘Come on! You can’t be serious. You want me to put this on!?’ She shook it, the thing partially unlocked, metal scraping and flapping open.

The penalty clauses were very explicit.

She hinged the device shut, hearing it click together – the back, where it would go between her buttocks, had two metal bars, slightly apart, that would hold her cheeks apart. The front though, that was a panel with small holes in, designed to hinge up over her pussy, and a metal lump, sticking out from the otherwise-smooth lines. On the inside was a ridged rubbery prong, clearly designed to slide into her.

‘What if I don’t?’

Penalty clauses will be applied, and the applicant may be rejected from the game.

‘God dammit? Really?’ She opened it up again, poking against the metal. It was hard and inflexible, even the rubber padding doing little to soften it. But she needed to win the game, which she couldn’t do if she was disqualified. ‘What about pissing?’

It will be released upon good behavior. Although it does have holes in.

‘Fine! Stupid fucking rules.’ She reached down and snapped off her panties, tearing the thin fabric away from her body. If she was being *ordered* to do it, then she couldn’t get in any trouble, could she?

The waistband snapped into place – it was a snug and tight against her skin, had it been custom made for her? Was this something they had made, just in case? The padding made it less rough than she had expected, running just beneath her hips. And then there was the crotch-piece... It dangled downwards from the back, knocking against her buttocks. She reached between her legs and pulled it forward, the metal sliding between her ass-cheeks, pushing them apart. And then the front came up, brushing against her thighs, making her wince as it pressed against her skin, still red and sore from probably-yesterday. She was still wet enough that the plugging dildo-bit slid in easily, spreading her open. It clicked shut, the metal now bound about her body.

She pouted, looking around for a camera, making her voice cutesy and girly. ‘Am I acceptable now?’ She stretched up, feeling her t-shirt tighten against her body, showing off her petite breasts. If she had to wear the damn belt then she couldn’t get in trouble for flaunting herself, could she? So now she could show herself off! She shook herself, hoping that the audience was appreciating this – hot and cute, her breasts rubbing against her t-shirt, small and perky and perfect!

Then she gave the belt a shake – it had barely any give, tight against her body. She leaned back, drawing her t-shirt up to reveal her smooth belly, stroking her navel, showing herself off, despite the metal locked into place. When she tugged on it, the bands pushed against her buttocks, parting them further, the front-band touching against her pussy and making her wince in pain. She’d have to wait until she was healed before doing that again! Although now she would have to try clothing that could fit over the belt.

She went back to the bedroom, picking through her clothing, picking out some denim cut-offs and pulling them up – the waist-band was still visible, but at least the crotch-piece was hidden now! Some thigh-high black socks snapped into place, and she took care to pull them up slowly, easing them over her supple (but slightly bruised) thighs. And to replace her t-shirt, she found a bikini top, pulling her arms through it, pulling it over her breasts, tweaking the cups into place.

Taylor stepped out of the bedroom, before throwing herself onto the couch, kicking her legs high. The damn belt hindered her movements a bit, but it wasn't too bad, despite the way it pressed against her buttocks, pulling them apart.

'Aka-Hime is ready for action! Now with some extra armor, as protection against enemy attacks!' Her pussy throbbed in pain. 'Or attacks from myself! But I'm going to go out and show those old bitches who's the best.' Although Champion looked a bit scary, at least physically – Taylor wouldn't want to be close to her, for fear of being beaten up! Most of the others looked old or boring, without anything like her own sex appeal, definitely not as cute or sexy.

She wriggled around, ignoring the sting of pain from her breasts, bending her legs, her heels almost touching her butt.

Bonus trial: Y/N?

A message blinked on the screen as she snuggled a cushion close to her chest, wishing that she had her plushies with her. They were big and warm and squishy, far better than these cushions!

'Let's do this thing!' She kicked back up off the sofa, springing back over to the cupboard and getting another energy drink, slamming it down. 'What do I win? More points? Guess I could pay for some stuff, boost my stats!' It tasted slightly off, with an odd aftertaste, but she'd had far worse.

Additional equipment needed.

A panel clicked open, the same one that had held the leather paddles. Was she going to have to hurt herself again? She was still aching and sore from before.

'Well? What do I have to get out?' Her body was jangling, the energy drink making her hyper – she should probably take it easy, so she didn't crash out and need to nap.

The screen showed a metal ring, with a chunky block on one side. What was that? Maybe one of the leather cuffs? Although that didn't have the lump. Really, whoever was designing the icons was crap, they needed to do a better job! The space was filled with all sorts of items – she recognized some of them from stuff that her fans kept trying to get her to use. There was a set of four cuffs linked by chains – with that on her ankles and wrists, she'd barely be able to move! And more paddles and things, although she didn't want to use them.

Her fingers touched something metal, heavy and clunky, and she pulled it out – it was a metal collar, with a large lump on one side.

'This? Really?'

A green tick appeared on the screen. A collar? Why were people so obsessed with the things? A cute choker was fine, but she'd been sent so many dog-collars and leashes she'd had to give them away, or wearing them once and then selling them on. But if she was going to do this thing, then she was going to *do it*! She wrapped it around her neck, metal cold against her skin, the thing chunky enough that she had to keep her neck high and straight. She twisted it around, feeling prongs scratch her neck, the thing curved to move the heavy block to the back of her neck.

She jumped back onto the couch, crossing her legs, stretching her arms again, hoping her fans were enjoying the sight of her in the booty shorts and skimpy top.

'Whaddya got for me, mystery voice? Bring it on!'

Speak the truth.

That wasn't very helpful! The word "blue" appeared on the screen, written in green.

'Uh, green?'

Ding.

That seemed strangely easy. More text, this time red but saying “green”. She spoke before thinking: ‘Green.’ An angry buzz, the collar rumbling against her neck. Was it a massage collar? It felt like the rumble-pack of a game controller, although it quickly cut off. There was a red “X” on the screen now – one tick, one cross. Well, it was nice to have a score, at least, even if it was a win/loss tie.

The text-colors kept flashing in, and she tried to answer them properly. But the colors and the words mashed together, easy to blur and get wrong. Another buzz, the collar vibrating more intensely. It suddenly nipped at her, a short spike of pain. It made her tense up, wrapping her arms tightly around herself. ‘Owww!’ That had been like when she’d touched a live circuit board, a spark of electricity conducting itself through her hand. Only this time, it had stabbed into her *neck*! It hurt, stinging her neck, and she hooked her fingers around the metal. It didn’t release her, the metal bound tightly around her body.

That wasn’t fair! She was winning, wasn’t she? She checked the scores – there were quite a lot of X’s, but it looked like even more ticks? But the penalty seemed to be getting worse for each failure, rather than being steady? She tried to focus, but the threat of further pain made it hard to think – she could feel the collar-prongs poking into her neck, making her wary of being shocked again.

And the next shock bit deep, making her yelp and squeak in pain. It made her neck tense up, making it hard to breathe for a moment. Although maybe, once she was done here, she could use it as a streaming gimmick? From what some of her viewers said, they seemed to like the idea of her being penalized for screwing up on a game. If it got more views and subscribes, it might be worth trying. Although turned a *LOT* down! This was fucking painful!

Each shock made it harder to concentrate, and more mistakes slipped through. She tried pulling the collar away from her neck, but there was no give in it. She couldn’t even find how to open it – how could she get it off?

‘Oww!’ It was hard to seem cute when she was being hurt like this! And her skin was getting grimy and sweaty, as her breath started to get ragged, the shocks making it hard to breathe properly. How long could this go on for? Her X’s were starting to increase, although she was still more ahead on ticks, if barely. Was the time for each getting shorter, or was that just the effect of the shocks and pain?

Her neck ached and throbbed, fiery and raw from the repeated shocks. Her head lolled, weak and floppy, another jolt making her head twitch forward.

And then, it seemed to be over. There was nothing else on the screen, and her collar wasn’t zapping her any more. Had she won? Or at least not lost?

Princess has earned 5000 points.

She sank back down in relief, able to relax for a moment. But the collar was still tight around her neck, and the fucking belt was wrapped over her crotch. Fortunately, the couch-cushions were soft enough that the metal keeping her buttocks spread was well-padded, rather than squashing and pinching. She gave the collar another tug, but there was no give in it, the thing resolutely locked into position.

Well, at least she’d won... sort of! Now she just needed to *keep* winning and take all these bitches down!

Day One Intermission: Demonstration Session

The light above the camera flashed from red to green as it started recording. Persephone spun around on the chair, the studio lights shining off her leather clothing, highlighting her legs as she crossed them.

‘Well, the show is definitely going now! We’ve got some delicious little grudges forming.’ She snapped her fingers, a screen turning on, showing the six women with their titles beneath them. ‘Champion and Showgirl might be due a confrontation, but Showgirl’s already given up one of her precious numbers to Queen. So, folks, what do you think of Champion’s new mask? She might get annoyed when she realizes that it won’t come off. If she ever gets too excited, then, well...’ She imitated coughing, choking sounds. ‘That could be a problem if any of the others wins some control rights. Could the strongest competitor end up breathless and choking? And her ass in those shorts! Someone’s not been skipping their squats!’

She clicked her fingers again, a column of light flashing on, to reveal another woman, wearing a black latex dress with a cleavage window and shiny thigh-high boots, their skin and hair both milky-white.

‘To share her technical expertise, please welcome Mistress Lilith!’

Lilith stood there, expression conveying mild contempt, as Persephone stood up and walked over to her.

‘The mask was one of her creations, and she’s contributed her knowledge to a lot of the sensors and other games. Now, we’re going to give a brief demonstration of what some of these little toys can do. Isn’t that right, Lilith?’

She stared at them as she approached, hoping that they would get the hint and *do something*, rather than just standing there like a lump! Mercifully, Lilith started to move, her white hair sliding over a shiny latex-covered shoulder, looking slightly dazed by the studio lights.

‘Yes. I have prepared a demonstration.’ She stepped out of the spotlight, her pale flesh barely visible in the darkness, before returning, dragging on a leash, tugging on it repeatedly. On the other end, getting forcibly yanked into the light, was a young woman, wearing tattered exercise gear, lycra shorts slashed and barely holding together and a sports bra, the straps frayed. Lilith tugged on the collar again, the heavy metal collar around the woman’s neck emitting a visible spark of lightning, a tremor rippling through their entire body. Persephone couldn’t help but wince, and hope that they had the stamina to make it through the recording. Around their waist was a leather belt, their wrists tied to it and bound into leather mittens. Their skin was covered with whip-welts, tanned flesh reddened from a lot of impacts, and her mouth was covered by a breathing mask.

‘So, what does the mask do then?’

Lilith moved around behind the test subject, suddenly animated and graceful, one hand going beneath the test subject’s chin and tilting their head up, so the mask could properly be seen.

‘When at rest, the air-flow is unrestricted and the wearer may breathe normally. However, it covers the mouth enough to muffle speech unless the internal microphone is turned on. But the

valves can be adjusted to reduce the airflow.’ She kissed them on the side of the head, before tapping the smartwatch on her wrist.

There was no visible change, but the woman’s hands started to tense, the movement of her chest getting more obvious, straining for breath. Persephone looked at them, enjoying their obvious suffering, their skin starting to shine with sweat as they struggled to breath.

‘And when the valves are fully closed...’

The woman shook her head in desperate fear, but couldn’t do anything as Lilith tapped her watch again. Her chest heaved, trying to pull in fresh air, but with the mask sealed then there was none. Whatever pleas she might have been making were lost behind the mask, their shoulders sagging down as their strength quickly faded.

‘This subject has had some training already applied, and was smart enough to realize that disobedience brings pain.’

The woman’s body sagged, their eyes barely open, before Lilith tapped again, and the woman inhaled, the valves now open.

‘Automatic setups are possible. It can sync with the collar to monitor the subject’s pulse and ensure they don’t die. It can also be combined with electrical shocks to help sustain activity or deliver extra punishments.’ There was another electrical flash, the woman’s eyes going wide, starting to roll back into her head, barely conscious between the pain and the lack of air.

Persephone approached, putting her hand between the woman’s legs, feeling a wetness seeping through the ragged lycra, and feeling the embedded buzzing of an inserted vibrator.

‘And you’ve integrated...’

‘Of course. When I’m done with her here, then I’ll be putting her into an isolation chamber.’

They whimpered, Lilith frowning at them.

‘And controlling their audio inputs as well.’ She shocked them again, keeping hold of them by the neck, probably the only thing keeping them standing, as Persephone turned back to the camera.

‘As I’m sure you can see, this means that Francesca, our lovely Champion, might have a little less energy and fight! If any of the others were to find out, then all sorts of fun could be had. We’ve had quite a lot of suggestions from, uh, “fans” of the little Princess. Seems that a lot of you would like various things to be done to her! Well, she is a cutie, and she’s probably a good screamer. But she’s doing better than expected – I don’t know about you, but I didn’t expect her to manage the pussy-whipping as well as she did, or the electrical shocks. It might turn out that she’s tough enough to come out on top!’

The screen started to play a video, the small woman smacking herself in the crotch with the paddle, face contorting in pain with every impact.

‘And now she’s collared and belted. That cute little butt of hers will hopefully get turned nice and red. And she seems to have pissed off Queen, who isn’t one to let a grudge go. We might have to tilt the scales a little – send us some messages, let us know what you think!’

There was a thud from behind her, and she turned to see the subject fall over, Lilith making no effort to catch them, bringing a spiked heel down onto the stomach as their collar sparked, their body twisting and spasming as she struggled to gulp down enough air to survive. Their shorts were visibly wet, whatever was inside of them buzzing away. Persephone stepped back, letting Lilith deal with it.

‘Now, the question many of you are asking – where is our sixth lovely victim – I mean “competitor”? Well, she had a slight reaction to some of the drugs we used to get them prepped, so she’s currently being cared for by our dedicated medical staff.

She looked over at the screen, showing a surgically-clean white room, where a naked woman was tied to a padded bed, a black hood covering their face, a nurse in a white latex bodysuit placing a stethoscope on their chest, their own face hidden beneath an all-covering hood. They turned and raised a thumb at the camera.

‘It looks like she’ll be up and running soon! But for now, there’s five competing against each other – so, who will we look at next? Showgirl, Precious? Both lovely to look at! Perhaps a challenge for one of them, something a bit more vigorous than before? Or maybe cute little Princess needs to be humbled? I’m sure Queen would like the chance to do so, but quite a few of you want to see her punished. Perhaps a contest between her and Manageress, once she’s recovered?’

She could see Lilith grinding her heel against the woman still, stabbing down onto their belly as they tried to sit up, body weak. Their attempts were ruined by their collar, snapping and growling at them, still using enough electricity to emit visible arcs of power.

‘While that is dealt with, then let’s go and watch our lovely guests wake up! Well, except for Princess.’ On the screen, she could see the young woman, sat on the couch and rolling back and forth, apparently both bored and hyper. The screen split, showing the others, with some semblances of body-clocks, just starting to wake up, putting on their make-up and clothing, a flurry of breasts and legs and curves, making Persephone wanting to be in there, whip in hand, making them scream and beg. Well, there would be time for that later, once this was over!

THE END

About the Author and Artist

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking. Her writing can be found at www.deviantart.com/mduvant.

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink, and their works can be seen at www.deviantart.com/0formant0.

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Prisonette's Dilemma Chapter One: An Uneasy Meeting

The locker was cramped for one, with two shoved into the tiny space, it was hot and stifling, the air-hole between them was the only source of air and light, just enough that they could see each other's faces. They were still bound together, a leather strap between their ponytails, their ankles bound to each other and their hands bound behind the other's back. Their skirts were around their ankles, but otherwise they were dressed, even if grimy from sweat, stood up, unable to do more than slightly shift in the tiny space.

Sophia's face was marked with tears, makeup running down her pale cheeks. Eliza twisted, trying to keep her arse from touching the sides, her flesh tender and raw from the harsh paddling. Her movement must have pushed Sophia back, the other girl biting her lip, trying not to make any sound. They couldn't hear anything, but that didn't mean no-one was there, waiting for them to slip up and do something that could be used as an excuse for punishment, or to push something into the airhole, see how long the air inside the box would last, make them weak and delirious. Or spray cold water inside, leaving them chilled and cold, making them beg for warmth. She shivered, trying not to think about how vulnerable they were – the locker was metal, could it be wired up to shock them?

She nuzzled against Sophia, gently nipping her on the neck. She whispered just in case someone was listening. Were there any hidden microphones in here? She couldn't see them, but in the low light, and with another body in the way, such a thing could easily be concealed.

'Is this your first time?'

Another nip served to draw the girl from her stupor, and she nodded. 'What's going on? Why are they doing this?'

'Because they can. It's how this place works. Ranks and orders. And those above are rarely kind to those below. "Perform. Obey. Suffer." Haven't you seen the motto?' She kissed the girl's neck, then her cheek, tasting the salt of her tears.

'But... How? Why?'

'Because they can.' Sophia smelt good, fresh and sweet, despite the fear-sweat clinging to both their bodies, their thin blouses almost translucent to start with. Her breasts pressed against Eliza's, soft and warm. 'Don't show weakness. Don't show fear. Be quiet. Be obedient. Fade into the background – it's safer. You don't want to be anyone's focus.' She kissed Sophia again, moving closer to the girl's lips.

'How can you be so strong? Doesn't it hurt?'

'Be strong or break. I used to have a friend, Madeline. She was taken into the basement. When she came out... She says her name is Harriet now, and refuses to believe it was ever anything else.' She began grinding herself against Sophia's leg, already smeared with her juices, seeking at least a moment of fleeting pleasure, trying to avoid pressing her buttocks against the walls and hurting herself.

'But... that sounds horrible.'

Eliza kissed her, full on the lips. It made the air in here even hotter and more stifling, but it was better than simply being stuck in the darkness. 'It's how this place works. Please your

better or be punished.’ She was close, the girl’s leg not the best of sextoys, but at least it didn’t hurt her, and she wasn’t being violated or hurt by anyone else.

Sophia squirmed, trying to pull away, at least as much as she could in the tiny space. ‘How long are we in here for?’

Eliza groaned as she peaked, the heat of her ardor rapidly fading. ‘Until that bastard lets us out. Or someone else. Shit, we need to tell each other secrets.’ In the post-orgasmic haze, there was at least a moment of peace, and she tried to snuggle against the girl, seeking some warmth, human contact that didn’t involve pain. Although could the girl be playing her? She had tried to escape her full punishment – maybe this was all a setup? But she was nice and warm, at least for now. She rested her head on Sophia’s shoulder, twisting to keep hair out of her face.

‘Secrets?’

‘He’s going to quiz us, isn’t he? And if we get anything wrong, then a punishment.’ She winced, her butt red and throbbing. How many strikes had it been, ten? That paddle had been brutal, although at least it hadn’t been spiked or ridged. ‘Don’t you remember the application form? He’s going to know everything on that at least. And it sounds like you’ve been here before, so he might know more about you.’

‘But he wouldn’t just...’ She trailed off, probably remembering that she was currently in a tiny metal locker, half-naked and tied to another girl, both their asses red-raw from a paddling.

‘He would. And if you fuck it up and get me hurt more...’ She nuzzled against Sophia, then bit her, a sharp nip to hopefully focus Sophia’s attentions. Not that she had much in the way of influence or allies herself, but if this girl fucked it up, then she’d try and get her fed to one of the harsher dorms or put in a display cage for anyone to use.

She grunted in pain as hands squeezed her, Sophia’s eyes moistening again. She tensed, ready to fight, at least as much as she could, before realizing she was being hugged, Sophia turning her own head to softly kiss Eliza’s forehead. She slowly relaxed, feeling the tension drain from her body – how long had it been since an embrace had been genuine, since she had been touched without hurt or as a trick? She felt her own chest juddering, managing to resist the urge to sob and cry – this could be a trick, the girl a plant. But it was nice, being cradled in someone’s arms, their bodies close, resting against each other, starting to breathe in unison.

‘So what do you think we should do?’

Sophia’s breath tickled her cheek, sending a strand of hair fluttering. ‘We need to learn about each other. They’re probably going to put us in separate rooms and ask us individually. Wouldn’t surprise me if they were going to punish us anyway. He likes to make a game of it, make it look like you have a chance. He just likes hurting people.’ She relaxed a little more, the other girl distractingly warm and soft against her.

They started with the basics – names, ages, dates of birth, where they had come from. As they talked, the light faded to twilight, sunset casting their faces into pale orange as the sun set. Maybe someone would come and let them out? Although she’d met some of the cleaners before and would rather not be found by them. Still, it was strangely soothing, being bound so close to Sophia. At least in here there was little danger of immediate attack, and she could move about as much as in her usual cage. And she wasn’t hooded or blindfolded and bound with her mouth held open in case any of the dominants felt like using her.

She shifted her weight, trying to learn on the walls, take some of the strain off her legs. Sophia pushed in closer, her skin and hair the only things Eliza could smell, even over the tinny tang of the metal trapping them. It was almost nice, despite the promise of future punishment.

‘What’s your worst nightmare?’

Eliza froze. Sophia sounded innocent enough, but could she be a plant? It would be just like this place to make her reveal her darkest fears, and then use them against her. She tried to remember – was there anyone that could know? She tried to suppress the memories of it, but had anyone noticed? She should lie, rather than reveal anything that could hurt her.

Sophia twisted against her, trying to get as comfortable as she could, with the bindings still forcing them to wrap their arms around each other, although the cord between their ponytails was loosened slightly now, making it easier to move their heads.

She spoke quietly, almost furtively, as though worried about eavesdroppers. ‘Choking.’ She shuddered. ‘Not being able to breath, gasping and spluttering. I don’t understand how people can enjoy that.’

Eliza could remember hands about her neck, a bag over her face, breath hot and thick, her hands restrained so she couldn’t pull it off herself, a crowd watching and jeering, hands pawing at her body. It hadn’t been the worst she’d endured, merely painful, rather than degrading or humiliating. And the orgasm she had been allowed at the end, hanging on the edge of consciousness, a cleansing fire blasting through her, had been... She quivered at the memory, getting horny again. ‘Are you sure you want me to know? If he asks me, what should I say?’

Sophia kissed her on the lips, warm and comforting, somehow able to smile. ‘I want you to trust me. If we can’t trust each other, then what?’

They kissed again, slow and warm, tongues sliding into each other’s mouths, seeking a simple pleasure. If they were being recorded, it wouldn’t be in any decent quality. It was Eliza’s turn to slide her leg forward, Sophia grinding against her, the place hardly comfortable. But she managed, gasping towards a climax as she smeared her juices against Eliza’s thigh.

Eliza winced as her buttocks pressed against the metal, skin raw from the paddling. Having Sophia snuggled against her, slightly flushed and panting, the scent of her sex mingling with that of their bodies, was nice. A simple moment of peace, without hurt or degradation. Was this girl trustworthy? They’d both be getting punished in some way, that was almost certain. There was no way they would be allowed out of here without getting hurt in some way, and letting the Dean know what she hated would mean getting take down into the basement, locked into a dark box, left and abandoned. Even being hit and used was better than *that*, being discarded and abandoned, more meat than human, simply a *thing* to be used for the pleasure of another.

She shivered, holding Sophia close as she lied. ‘Electricity. I’ve been tied down and wired up, and they kept shocking me. Again and again. I tried to beg for them to stop, but... then they gagged me. I was left there, all night, still connected. Until one of the cleaners found me, and to get out I had to...’

She trailed off, not wanting to remember *that*. The electricity itself hadn’t been that bad, but being dumped into an empty room, bound, deafened and blindfolded, unable to move or even scream, and simply abandoned until anyone deigned to remember her, had been horrible. At least she had been alone, or she thought she had been alone, so no-one knew, how she had spent most of that night sobbing to herself, desperate for contact, even the impact of a hand or a whip better than nothing. Since then, she had been careful to be very quiet and obedient, fading into the background as much as possible, just to avoid anything like *that*, ever again.

Light continued to fall, as they spent the time in drowsy conversation, sharing body heat as the locker began to chill. Both were on the same scholarship program, meaning they were amongst the lowest ranks, although Sophia had yet to draw much attention, explaining her more relaxed attitude. Sometime later, they fell into slumber, still bound together, Sophia’s body warm and comfortable to use as a cushion and pillow.

They were rudely awoken by the locker being jostled. Eliza bit her lip in pain as it was tilted until it was lengthways, Eliza's butt still sore where she fell against the metal, Sophia falling on top of her. Eliza twisted, managing to look through the hole, making sure to keep it clear so they could breathe. Tiles were moving beneath them, occasional glimpse of shoes and legs – they must be being taken along one of the university hallways.

Sophia whimpered, drawing close to Eliza for comfort. 'Where do you think they're...'

Eliza cut her off. 'Shh! If they hear us, they'll know we're awake.'

The tiles underneath turned to old stone slabs, as they were jostled and bumped down a steep set of stairs – Eliza's heart fell as she realized they were being taken into the crypts and basements beneath the main buildings, where troublemakers were taken for punishment and training. The light turned dark, shifting from sunlight to the chill and sporadic electric lights. She hugged Sophia close, wondering what would happen, what they would be forced to endure, or be forced to do to each other.

They were set right-way up again, and there was the sound of footsteps moving away, the heavy slam of a metal door shutting, then silence. Eliza waited, heart pounding, before going to the eye-hole again.

She screamed, a face looking back at her, or at least a smooth, white curve of latex – one of the nurses, their body sheathed in white latex. They waved, clearly able to hear her. Eliza watched in terror as Sophia clamped tightly onto her, seeing her reaction but unable to know what was happening, as the nurse reached for a length of rubber tubing, pushing it over the small hole, cutting off the light. There was a pneumatic hiss and then a strange scent in the air. She felt herself getting woozy, trying to warn Sophia, before falling unconscious. Her last thought, as she slumped against Sophia, was of how nice the girl's hair smelled, and then the darkness claimed her.

[Prisonette's Dilemma: Available now!](#)