



THE SCHISM

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Featuring: Coppola76



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Before you start, a quick word from the author... This story is set in a world in which Demoniacs exist. For some, I hope that sentence has quickened the pulse and dilated pupils. Conceivably, it has produced a gasp of excitement, or perhaps, at the very least, a smile of delight.

*For others, it may have caused a furrowed brow of confusion and the instant question;
What is a Demoniac?*

*Well, no spoilers here. Essentially it is all explained within. You don't need to know in advance. This tale can stand on its own. But... There are two other stories (to date) featuring Demoniacs.
You can read them first or look them up later, but be aware they exist within the same timeline as this tale, and there is a little cross-pollination.*

Now armed with that primer, please revel in Tawny's glorious art and hopefully enjoy my humble prose...

Chapter I

When I look back, I cannot believe what a naive young woman was. I mean, sure, I was full of piss and vinegar, and I was utterly convinced I was going to change the world. I had my degree in Eastern European History, ink still wet, framed on the wall. I had a close circle of friends. Incredibly, I had a healthy bank account, a rare thing for a graduate, even back in the Eighties. The one thing I did not have was a clue. I see it now in the eyes of the initiates. The same look I used to have, in my youth, when I stared into a mirror.

My downfall was my fascination with vampire stories. In my studies, I'd bumped into the myths often. Often enough to believe there was something at the root of all the tales. What, I did not know. But it gnawed at my hindbrain. Enough that my ears would prick up at the mere mention of the word or anything to do with tales of supernatural forces from Eastern Europe.

Of course, when I found what I was looking for, I did not recognise it until it was far too late. But then, they were nothing like I imagined. My 'vampires' did not drink blood, or turn into bats or fly. They used mirrors just like you or me and most certainly were not undead. It did not take a stake-to-the-heart to kill them. Though that would do it, just as it would for anybody. There were not even fangs. But these creatures were extraordinarily long-lived, fed off humans, and had the means to control us. Also, back then, when I found them, they were just as deadly as the stories suggested.

Jennifer was the catalyst to the reaction that changed my life forever. Looking back, I think my fate was probably inevitable. My studies had already put me on the path. But it was my best buddy, Jennifer, who was responsible for giving me the push that made it happen sooner rather than later.

Neither of us had taken a gap year before uni. So Jennifer was keen to see the world before seeking employment or marrying money. I, on the other hand, had money. But I was in no rush to become a wage slave. So Jennifer's insistence that I accompany her on her travels was not met with any resistance. Especially as I had been carrying a torch for the girl since I first met her three years ago. But when she suggested travelling across Europe, to eventually arrive in Berlin, I just could not refuse. "Who knows, Syd," she said, "You may find your vampires." That was enough, I was sold!

It had taken me some time to work out that Jenny and I, was never going to be a thing. Her first words to me had been, "Any fit boys in your dorm?"

I'd quickly responded with, "I dunno, but there's a fit girl in front of me."

Jenny had kindly rejected my advance but gone on to be my staunchest friend and ally for the next three years. Jenny, unlike me, liked boys too and was more interested in having me as a friend than a lover. With both of us inclined to be submissive in bed, we would never have made a good couple. But we always looked out for each other, and a lucky domme lady had enjoyed a ménage à trois with us while at uni. Lots of bondage fun, and I got to eat out my friend while the dominatrix spanked her.

So, in the summer of nineteen eighty, with the nation reeling from the news that two million were now unemployed, Jenny and I boarded the ferry for Calais.

We had a lot of fun before, some weeks later, we found ourselves in a very raunchy club in West Berlin. The atmosphere was extremely... I want to say 'grown-up' because 'adult' does not cover it. Lots of the places we had been people had seemed very earnest. Here the stakes seemed to be higher than just

people's egos. I couldn't put my finger on what was different, but there was a subtle steely edge to proceedings. At the time, I put it down to West Berlin's uniqueness, being surrounded by The Wall. Now... Now I know different.

I was a fair number of drinks in, and fairly tipsy, before I spotted Ruth. But once I had, I could not stop staring. I mean, there was quite a lot that made her stand out. First off, she was dressed for sex, and I don't mean nude. Next, she was black. Now, I don't mean black as in being African. Ruth's skin was black, pitch black. Her hair, in a pixie cut, was snow white and her eyes a piercing blue. Which, along with sharp angular features, seemed to jar with her skin colour. Then there were her ears. They were shaped like Mr Spock's from Star Trek and adorned with silver chains. The exotic woman looked alien and, at the time, I was sure her appearance was down to make-up.

But I was captivated. Ruth's strange appearance oozed sex appeal. Her colouration notwithstanding, she was stunningly beautiful, and her fetish inspired outfit left nothing to the imagination.

Ruth caught me staring and responded by staring back. I found myself blushing to which Ruth smiled. I remember being relieved that she had normal human teeth, and not fangs of some sort. She beckoned me over.



"Are you alone?" She asked after introducing herself and asking my name. Her directness caught me off guard. Her German was flawless, but there was an accent I did not recognise.

"I'm here with a friend, but I'm single if that is what you are driving at."

"Where is your friend?"

I threw a casual nod to the bar, where Jenny was 'talking' to a local piece of beefcake wrapped in dark leather. "Ah, she has found Hector," responded Ruth. "He is not hungry at the moment, and so safe. But she would be better served to accompany us if you can persuade her."

"We are going somewhere?" Her presumptuousness amused me. Ruth lifted a single eyebrow as I spoke.

"Yes, girl, we are. There is an air about you I think my Mistress would enjoy. She likes British girls, says you are delicious."

"Your Mistress?" I enquired, my gaze alighting on the polished metal collar around her throat.

"Yes, my Mistress. I am owned and my owner, my love... I hope she may like you and your friend."

"Like... how exactly?"

Her bright white grin shone out from her shadowy countenance, "Girl, my love can make you come so hard you'll beg to be her slave, in the hope it may happen again."

"Are you not enough for her?"

"She likes to try new... flavours."

"What if I don't want your Mistress? What if it's what I see now that I'm interested in?"

Ruth smiled once more, "Join me in service to my love, and you'll find me an attentive and regular lover, girl."

I was intrigued, but unsure why I should drag Jenny into this. She seemed busy enough with the leather-clad tower of muscle. "You need my friend, why?"

"I don't, though she is very pretty. But Hector has a habit of getting carried away... Losing control... It'd be better for her if she joined us. Trust me, I'm doing you a favour here."

Her languid pose convinced me she was telling the truth, and so I made my way over to Jenny. Placing my chin on her shoulder, I whispered, "you need to follow me, dump the guy, I'll explain after."

Jenny looked hard at me. "Drunk?"

"Prolly, love, but this is important."

Jenny turned to the wall of beef and leather, "Hector, darling, I have to powder my nose."

His voice was as deep as his chest was broad, "Hurry back, little mouse, or I may decide to feed elsewhere."

Jenny linked arms with me and followed me back to Ruth, who stood as we approached and led us from the club.

"What was the problem with Hector?" Enquired Jenny as we walked.

"I've been told he loses control in passion and hurts people."

"Oh? Bullet dodged then. So who's the samaritan we are following?"

"Called Ruth, clearly into some kinky shit. Taking us to meet her Mistress."

"Bondage games?"

"Could be, she's wearing a fancy collar, and that outfit screams fetish fun."

Ruth was waiting by an enormous limo, probably a Zil or a Volvo. As we approached the car, a door was opened for us, and we willingly climbed in. Ruth followed after.

Waiting inside was a stunningly attractive woman who seemed totally unfazed by the heat within. I've read somewhere that we perceive facial symmetry as attractive and indicative of beauty. A subliminal cue that few pick up on. But this was one of the first things I noticed about this stunner. Large dark eyes invited me to drown in her stare as I fought not to blush under her scrutiny.

"Greetings, ladies, I am Mistress Vanda. I am the owner of Ruth, who is my famula. Before we set off, just in case Ruth was not clear, I am looking for some sexual fun. My tastes run to bondage, S&M and other such games," her gaze alternated between Jenny and me. Ruth was now forgotten, I wanted this siren to myself. "I offer one night of entertainment only. I promise total sexual satisfaction. I may, if you please me, offer you more. Though the price to continue on is high."

Mistress Vanda chose that moment to smile. It lit up the car with its radiance. "Now, you need do very little yourselves, girls. But two things you must do. The first is to forget any hang-ups or preconceived ideas you may have about your tastes or sexuality. The second, and this is very important, is obey."

Her expression turned serious. "Ladies, do you think you can do that? Are you willing to submit and obey?"

"Yes, Mistress Vanda," I blurted out. Though it almost caught me by surprise, as if another had said it for me. Equally surprising was to hear Jenny echo my words a fraction of a second after me. I turned to look at my friend, to see her as enthralled with our new acquaintance as I was.

Mistress Vanda smiled once more, and my spirits were again lifted. She raised a slender arm and rapped with her knuckles on the glass that divided us from the driver. The limousine smoothly set off to parts unknown.

Chapter II

That car ride was the last I took for many years. Mistress Vanda ordered us to strip and, with us both tipsy and keen to get to the action, we eagerly obeyed. Besides, clothes were the last thing I wanted on, in the oppressively hot car interior. Ruth took our bundled clothes as our new Mistress fastened light leather collars about our throats. Next, our wrists were secured behind us and finally, we were each gagged with a bright red ball gag.

We were by that point kneeling on the floor of the limo by Mistress Vanda's feet. For some minutes, not much happened. From the floor of the car, I could see little outside. Street lights and the tops of buildings I did not recognise passed by as the car wove a route through the city. Mistress Vanda was wearing a silk gown of midnight blue. Tight about her torso, the skirts were voluminous and competed for space with Jenny and me.

Then I did see a sight I recognised out of a window. A large white board with black lettering, the top two lines warning, "YOU ARE LEAVING THE AMERICAN SECTOR."

The door on the opposite side opened, and as cool air rushed in to chill me, Ruth handed our clothes, plus a thick brown envelope, to a man in military uniform. This was Check Point Charlie, and we were entering East Germany. I moaned in fear into my gag, and Mistress Vanda rested a soothing hand on my shoulder.

"Don't worry, my dears. You are quite safe. Plus, I promise you will be returned to your hotel and your belongings tomorrow if you wish." The calming hand became a light finger tracing the collar about my throat. "But while in the East, you must stay with me. If the authorities find you abroad with no papers, they'll treat you as spies. Most likely, you'd be shot."

The door was closed, and the car moved on. It quickly stopped again, and another envelope was handed to another soldier. Though, this time, they wore an East German uniform.

"There, girls," sighed our captor, "all through. Now it's about an hour to my home. So let us get to know each other a bit better." Mistress nodded at Ruth, and Jenny's gag was removed.

"What is your name, slave?" Inquired Vanda bending forward and stroking my friend's cheek.

"Jennifer, Mistress," whispered Jenny, clearly lost in Mistress' gaze.

"You are bisexual, Jennifer," It was not a question, but Jenny nodded anyway. "Do you like pain, slave?"

"Sometimes, Mistress, if it's the right sort."

"A good answer," responded our Mistress as Ruth removed my gag too.

"Your name, dear?" Mistress asked, turning to me.

"Sydney, Mistress," I gushed, wondering if I was too keen.

"An unusual name, but a pretty one," she looked up at Ruth. "You are getting better at this, dear. This one is a potential famula, well done."

"Thank you, Mistress," replied the shadow figure behind us.

"Indeed, once she is properly collared, start her training for the role. Ensure too that she serves plenty of time in the creche." I was a little alarmed at this, but a combination of the alcohol already consumed and Vanda's soothing touches soon had me calmed down once more.

"Slave Sydney, I am pleased with my Famula, Ruth, for bringing you and your friend to me this evening. Show me how devoted a slave you can be by putting your tongue to use in Ruth's quim for me. I'll reward you if you can get her screaming before we arrive."

So it was that I spent the rest of the journey with my head buried between Ruth's thighs. I'd never tasted such a sweet pussy and was surprised at the number of silver rings set in the dark lips of Ruth's moist slit. I used every trick I knew but failed to elicit even a lusty moan from the woman. I looked up when the car stopped to see her smiling down at me.

"That was very good, slave, I enjoyed it immensely. Don't be concerned that I did not climax. I need permission from my owner, and did not have it." She leaned in and attached a leather leash to the collar locked about my throat. "Once you have joined our family officially, I'll train you to be so good I at least struggle to keep my composure."

So, naked, and on the end of a leash, I was led from the car. The fresh cool night air was a temporary relief as the interior we entered was equally furnace hot. I could not see the building into which I was directed. But I got the sense of a huge looming edifice such as a burg. Inside the floor was cool flagstones with wood panel walls. I would have happily crawled on all fours to escape the heat in the air. Another door and stone steps led down to a dungeon.

No other word for it. A real dungeon, looking exactly like the sort of place that word evokes. Stone walls and columns, braziers of glowing coals, manacles hanging from chains, heavily barred doors and all manner of bondage furniture. Depending on your tastes, the stuff of dreams or nightmares.

Personally, I was starting to get worried. I prefer a playroom with white walls, a gleaming floor and leather padded furniture. Perhaps some medical gear, or some stainless steel fetters for show. A nice display of impact toys and some sex toys in evidence can work as well.

This was far too medieval for me. I could see no toys, and it looked more like the place you would first be racked before being executed in an iron maiden.

"Sydney first Ruth, I'll put Jennifer in a cell for now," informed Mistress Vanda.

"Yes, Mistress," responded Ruth.

Fear gripped me as Ruth proceeded to attach my wrists to chains hanging from the ceiling. There had been no negotiation. No safe word was offered. I tried to resist, but Ruth was freakishly strong.

"Mistress, please tell me Mistress Vanda plays safely?"

"Silly slave, Mistress Vanda does not play. This is not a game. Mistress is about to feed off you. You are about to have the most incredible sexual experience of your short life."



"Feed off me?" My mind was racing with thoughts of vampires. But it did not fit. No lust for blood or shying from mirrors. Was she right? Was I about to die?

"Your pain, slave," grinned Ruth as she stretched me out. "Your agony will nourish Mistress in ways you cannot comprehend. Then after, if you elect to stay, your pain will sustain her young."

"How much pain?"

"Too much to bear, slave."

"I want this to stop. I withdraw consent." I was panicking now, pulling at the chains. The sweat running freely from my skin was added to through fear as well as the sweltering heat. But the chains had no slack or give and held me fast.

"Far too late for that, slave." Standing from adjusting a manacle on my ankle Ruth licked the sweat from my cheek. She then grasped my jaw and whispered in my ear, "Slave, you will never be free again. Later you will beg for Mistress to keep you. She will offer you a choice between slavery and freedom, and you will choose to be enslaved. You will plead for her collar, and to serve as her pain slut, for the rest of your life. You will weep with joy when she grants you your wish, even though you know it means you will never see your family again. I know this because I did. I am certain because everyone has. Your friend will too. Your fate is sealed. But, before that happy moment, when you sell your soul to feel again as you just had. Pain. Agony like you have never suffered. There'll be no silly safe words. This is not roleplay. This is most certainly not consensual. This is you, in real bondage, being tortured, before you are enslaved for life."

Ruth then turned and walked away. No backward glance. I stared at her as she walked. I could not believe what she had said. Surely, it was theatrics. A scripted monologue to instil fear and anticipation. But what if it was not? I did not want to be a slave for life. I loved my family. I loved my life as it was. I was young with the world at my feet. Nothing could induce me to throw that away.

Chapter III

"Please, Mistress. I beg."

"For what do you beg, girl?" cooed Mistress Vanda behind me. "State your request clearly, so there is no ambiguity. There will be no take backs later."

"Please, Mistress, I beg for you to enslave me. I beg to become your property. I beg for the privilege of serving you, in any way you desire, for the rest of my natural life."

"Well, Sydney, when you ask as nicely as that, how can I refuse? Yes, slave, you are mine and will be until such time as you die, or I dispose of you as I see fit." Upon hearing those words, I started sobbing. Thus completing Ruth's prophecy.

Every part of me burned. I had not known you could feel like I did now. I did not understand how Mistress had seemed to know exactly how far to go. How much pain to inflict. When to strike or when to caress. I had been played like an instrument by a virtuoso of unsurpassed skill.

I had writhed in my bonds with Ruth's words searing my soul. As I climaxed, guilt burned me to the core. For I knew her words to be truth, long before Mistress offered me my freedom. I would do anything to feel like that again. No, 'would' was the wrong word. I *must* do anything to feel like that again. No sacrifice was too great. Instantly addicted, the cost irrelevant. Indeed, a slave collar seemed a sweet deal if it was rewarded in such an apt way. I had no choice. I was compelled by a burning need to beg for her collar. I knew too that Jenny would join me in bondage. Nobody could refuse such temptation.

The pain had been unbearable. But Mistress had mercilessly inflicted more. She made me climax with her whip. Orgasm after orgasm heaped upon me until I did not want to ever again. Then to be lifted up and held on the edge until I would have pled to die if I could tumble over into sexual bliss once more. I lost track of time or space. I floated on a cloud of torment washed with waves of agony. The anguish and torture were unending. Until, eventually, I became nothing but pain. I became a burning effigy of sexual desire. My skin aflame, my very being consumed in lust and fire. Unable to distinguish between hot or cold, love or hate, up or down. I was lost on an endorphin rush that devoured my mind.

My old life was over. My parents would never see their darling daughter again. Sydney Chamberlin was dead. I felt no guilt as I hung in my chains, as I knew I was powerless. I was no longer responsible. All I had to do now was obey. Obey and serve. My needs or wants meant nothing. Mistress was everything. Then, if I served well, if I was good, Mistress would make me scream again. If I was good. If I obeyed. The bargain had been struck, and I had sold myself into slavery. In the hope, not a promise, that Mistress would make me feel like that once more.

I hung in the chains and listened to Jennifer scream. She lasted a long time. Idly I wondered if I had screamed for as long. New pain, in my wrists, arms and shoulders, added itself to my burning flesh. Jenny's screams changed from torment to pleasure, and still, the crack of the whip on tender flesh punctuated her cries.

Unable to hold up my head, it fell forward, my chin pressed on my chest, adding to the stress on my shoulders. My field of vision reduced to the flagstones, wet with my fluids, below me. Spatters of blood mingled with sweat and vaginal fluids in a slick puddle of my lust, pain and torment.

Jenny, after a crescendo of agonising passion, had fallen silent.

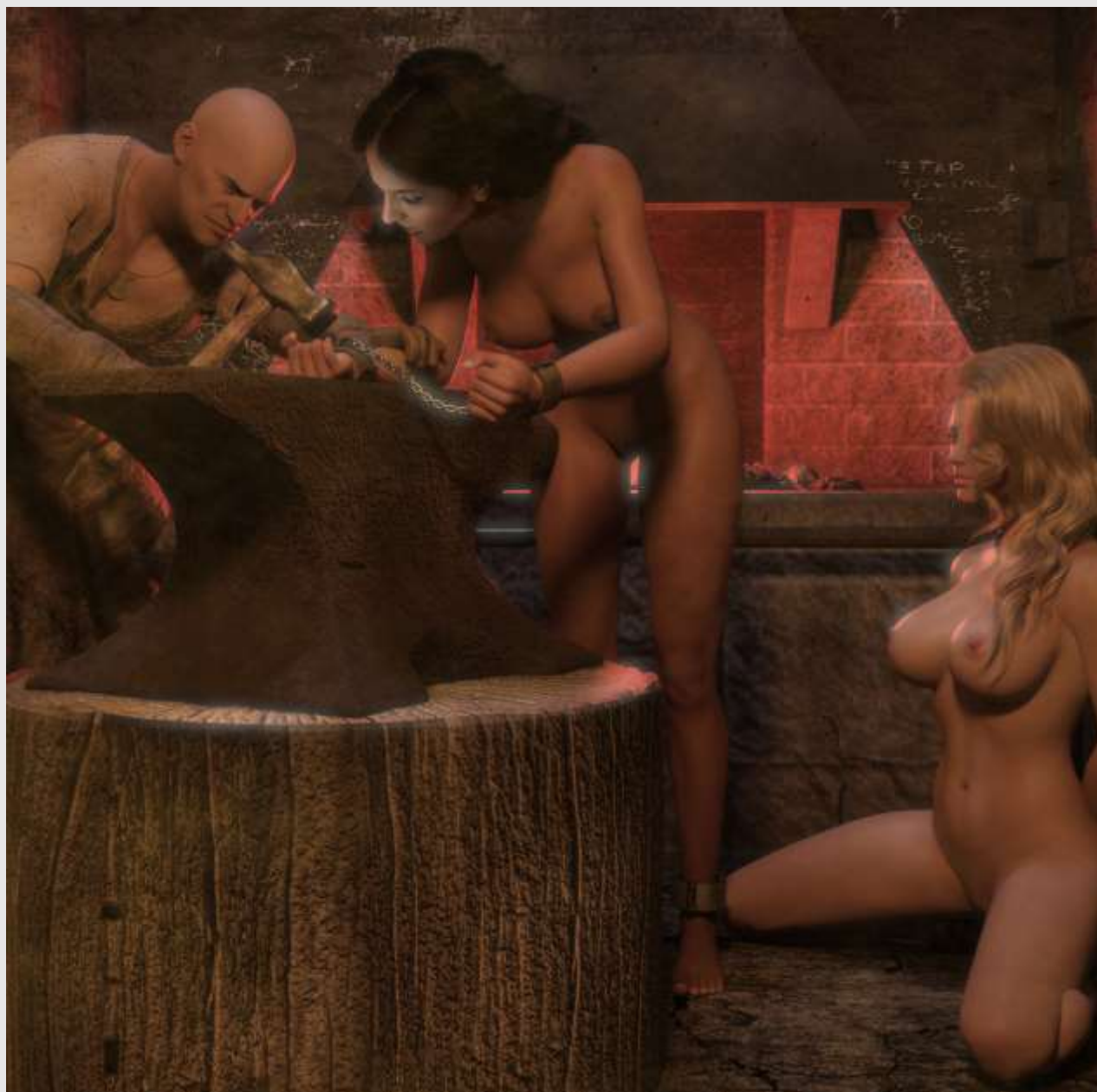
Faintly I heard Mistress offer her her choice. Desperate, pleading followed. Coherent for the first time in hours, Jenny screamed her decision, "Enslave me, Mistress! I beg of you, please. I am yours forever, Mistress. Don't cast me out, Mistress. I'll obey you forever, Mistress. Please, please, PLEASE! Make me your slave."

Jenny was with me. I was not alone.

Despite the pain, and my burning arms. Notwithstanding the sweat dripping off me, in this incessant heat, to add to the coalescing puddle beneath. Despite it all, I smiled, for I was not alone.

Eventually, I was taken down. Ruth handled me as if I were nothing but a straw doll. Too weak to protest in earnest, involuntary squeaks of pain escaped me when grasped in parts still sore.

Slung over either shoulder, as if we weighed nothing, Ruth carried us to the blacksmith. There we had our fetters fitted. Heavy steel cuffs were closed about our ankles. Our feet resting on a wooden block next to an anvil, long rivets were hammered into place. Matching cuffs, attached to each other by a two-foot chain, were sealed about our wrists.



Finally, we were made to sit on the ground, with our backs to the anvil, so our collars could be fitted. Monstrous, heavy steel things. Two and a half inches tall, a quarter-inch thick, and so close-fitting I felt strangled. The collar bit my neck each time the smith's hammer struck the rivet behind me. The enormity of the commitment literally hammered home. Not locks, but rivets. It was never coming off. For the rest of my life, I would be a slave.

Meekly we followed Ruth through a maze of stone-walled corridors and down stone flights of stairs. Ruth had shown us how to place the chain of our cuffs either behind us or in front, by crouching and stepping over it. Advising that we keep it behind for now. Thus we jingled as the chain bounced off our legs as our bare feet slapped on the smooth stone floor.

Jenny had timorously asked how we were to dress with our wrists so fettered. Ruth had matter-of-factly informed us both we would probably never wear clothes again. Personally, the last thing I wanted to do was put on clothing as sweat ran freely in the heat.

Eventually, we entered a room containing women fettered just as we were. Most were kneeling on the floor behind small barred doors. The space behind each of these small doors, looking very cramped. The rest were sitting at a table eating what looked like porridge from plain wooden bowls. All the women were beautiful, and none of them looked older than twenty-five.

"Puella!" Barked Ruth, and a pretty girl with her golden locks piled high on her head bounced over. I then noticed that all the other women wore their hair down. Why was Puella special? "Ingrid, dear, be a poppet and find kennels for these two, would you? Also, we are going to need to pair them up for a couple of weeks. Any suggestions?"

"Mistress, Willa and Lorelei have just come off duty in the creche. They would be the best to pair with initiates."

"Perfect! Once you have these two secured, come to my room. Bring another if you want to treat anyone."

Ruth left, and the blonde smiled at us. "Welcome, my name is Ingrid, and you are?"

"Sydney."

"Jenny."

"Engländer! Well, girls, I'm sure you are feeling very delicate and more than a bit overwhelmed. I remember my first day as though it was yesterday. We all do, in fact. So let's get you a place to lie down and sleep. Training can wait until tomorrow."

"Please, Miss," I started, unsure how to address her, "What does Puella mean?"

"Oh, that is my rank. Follow me. Mistress Ruth is the head slave, or Famula. I'm her second, or Puella. No one else has rank. Technically you are all equal, but the reality is you two are at the bottom of the heap. You can call each other sister. Once you have found your feet, in a couple of months or so, you can do the same to the other girls. Until then, Miss will do. Don't worry too much. We are all Mother Superior's slaves. Rank is rarely pulled, and we all remember what it's like to be new."

Ingrid opened a barred door to an empty kennel, "This is you, Jenny." Crouching and stepping back over her chain, so she could crawl, Jenny dropped to her knees and entered her cage.

The door clanged loudly, as Ingrid closed it behind her. "There's a bucket for your necessities and a bowl of water. I kennelled your trainers only a half-hour ago so you can have a proper sleep before your first day."

I was led further down the row of kennels. There would be no talking to Jenny now. "This is you, Sydney."

"Thank you, Miss." I crawled into my new bedroom. Although I knew it was coming, I still jumped when the door banged shut. I turned to listen to any instructions from Ingrid, but she had already walked away.

I turned back to examine my cage. A yard and a half square cube of solid stone. The only light came in through the barred door. As Ingrid had informed Jenny, a black metal bucket with a lid stood in one corner.

A stainless dog bowl of water occupied another corner. Along the back of the space, a thin, barely qualifying for the name, mattress, suggested a place to sleep. No pillow. No sheets. Absolutely no frills. But then, hey, I was a slave now.

In a desperate attempt to assuage the effects of the heat, I dunked my face in the water bowl. The water was tepid though, and so I simply sucked up enough to slake my thirst. Feeling incredibly forlorn, I crawled over to the mattress and curled into a ball upon it.

Still sore and bruised, now permanently fettered, including a too tight and too tall metal collar. Utterly certain I had made a dreadful, terrible mistake, I cried myself to sleep.

Chapter IV

In actual fact, I loved being a slave. Those first weeks were an incredibly steep learning curve, though. I really struggled with my collar. It seemed way too tight. The first chance I got, I complained about it. I was being shown the showers, an important feature, given all the slaves sweated freely in the heat. While being instructed how to shave my vayjay, Ruth walked in to check on me. I leapt at the chance to gripe.

"Mistress, I think I've been given the wrong size collar."

"Oh, why is that, slave?"

"It's way too tight, Mistress."

"Looks fine to me, slave."

I was momentarily taken aback. Was she not even going to inspect how tight it was? "But, Mistress, I cannot even slide a finger under..."

"Silence!" I quickly stopped talking, stunned at how fast Ruth had turned. "So, girl, what is that around your throat?"

"A collar, Mistress."

"What kind of collar is it, slave?"

"A slave collar, Mistress?"

"Because you are a...?"

"Slave, Mistress."

"Correct, you are a slave. A thing. Property. Someone's possession. It is tight, tall and heavy so that you are constantly aware of it. It is there to remind you that you are nothing but a slave. It is also there to tell others you are just a slave. It is there so that you can be led on a leash. The only way it is ever coming off is if you stop being Mother Superior's slave. An event, very unlikely to occur. It is not a fashion statement. It is not there for your convenience, but for your owners. Have you eaten breakfast, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Well then, the collar is fine. You can eat, breathe, and unfortunately, talk. The last can be remedied, though. Complain about your collar once more this week, and you will wear a gag for twenty-four hours."

I struggled in silence with my collar after that.

I eventually met up with Jenny a week after we had been enslaved. I was very relieved that she bore me no ill will for leading her into the same trap. Unbeknownst to me, Jenny and I were generally kept apart during the first few years of our slavery. Friendships with our sister slaves were encouraged. BFF's or lovers were not. It was a struggle at first, as it made me feel isolated. But the bit I found hardest to accept was that Mother Superior, as I must now call Mistress Vanda, was not human.

Have you heard of Demonia before? I hadn't, and I was pretty sceptical at first. But after a while, you cannot deny the facts of your daily life any longer. Mistress, nor her children, ever ate. Neither did they sleep. The sweltering heat was for their benefit. It was uncanny how they seemed to read your mind too. You could keep no secrets in a Demonia's collar.

But as you came to accept the facts, it quickly became quite normal. Within a year, I was completely unfazed that I was a real slave, held in permanent lifetime bondage, the property of a humanoid creature called a Demonia.

Bizarrely, the least human-looking member of our household, Ruth, was indeed human. Ruth looked like she did because she had been changed by our owner.

Perhaps I should rewind a bit...

Demonia look human at first glance. But there are subtle differences if you know what to look for. I spotted one the day I was enslaved. Mistress Vanda's symmetrical face. All Demonia, or Demonius as the males are called, have perfectly symmetrical features.

Their iris are near black too. Making it hard to tell where their pupil ends and the iris starts.

They don't eat food. But are somehow sustained by the odour, or energies, given off by a human when tortured. They delight in our pain and revel in our shame. I've heard Mother Superior describe emotions as odours on numerous occasions. Apart from not sleeping, they are stronger and faster when they need to be. They like to live in temperatures most would sauna in. Demonia are also incredibly long-lived. We are talking thousands of years old, not just a few more than us. They also have a weird way of raising their young.

In fact, they do not directly raise their own young. Demonia are not cuckoos, though. Instead, they form a symbiotic bond with a human partner. That partner is in charge of the child-rearing. The symbiote has her own life extended, as well as her ability to heal increased. Once picked she develops the ability to cope with the heat Demonia enjoy. She also evolves comparable or greater strength and speed, though at a small secondary cost. Her hair still goes white with age, but the skin loses the ability to shed melanin and eventually turns black. The ears keep growing too. Ultimately becoming pointed like an elf in fictional stories.

Demonia typically give birth to litters of between three and seven babies. The children do not breastfeed for more than a week before turning to the famula for its nourishment. The famula provides this by torturing slaves in the infant's presence. Demonia young feed of pure pain.

Slightly less than once a week, I was taken to the creche. Then my wrist chain was attached to another chain in the ceiling, and I was winched off my feet. Two other chains were attached to my ankle cuffs and used to spread my legs. As the infants looked on, I was then beaten and whipped until I nearly passed out. I would then spend the rest of the day hung by my wrists as the children played around me. As I recovered from the flogging, the stresses of hanging by my wrists would increase. A day in the creche was pure agony from start to finish.



Between these visits, I served my owner as a domestic drudge. I waited on her in her chambers, cleaned the floors, cooked for my sisters in slavery, set the fires in the hearths, washed and ironed my owner's clothes.

I was also used as a sex slave. Mistress Ruth bedded me at least once a fortnight, often more frequently. Mother Superior summoned me to her chambers fifteen to twenty times a year. Mistress Ruth did not allow me to sleep with any of my sister slaves, the only person she shared me with was our owner. No matter how we fucked, Mistress Ruth always insisted I eat her out. She taught me exactly how to pleasure her, and when she came, I was forced to swallow all her juices.

In contrast, Mother Superior never allowed me to eat her out but focused instead on making me climax. Each of these sessions were near repeats of my first night. Every time they occurred, I renewed my love for my owner. I also knew, in my heart, I had done the right thing in becoming her slave.

Of course, I did not discover all this at once. I gathered tidbits of information and observed things in my duties. Though some stuff was imparted directly. Like why there were no old slaves...

I was having breakfast with Willa, who was training me. Willa was a petite brunette with a bubbly personality. It was impossible to be down or sulk around the woman. Her bonne humeur was just so infectious. Buoyed by her mood, and the good-natured banter being exchanged at the table, I interjected, "Why are there no old slaves?"

I may as well have declared I'd murdered my mother, it would have had the same effect. Everyone stopped talking and looked at me.

"Why do you ask that, Sydney?" Inquired my trainer.

"It's just... Well, if we've been enslaved for life... I mean it stands to reason... Well, there ought to be... It's just you are all so young!"

"Ahhh, I see," smiled Willa. "Gisele, how old are you, dear?"

"I don't know, Willa. What year is it?"

"You've got me. Sydney, what year is it?"

"You don't know?" I was incredulous, but then I realised they had no need to track the time. We simply obeyed. "Umm, it's nineteen eighty."

"Really!" Exclaimed Gisele in surprise. "How time flies. Well then, girl, that means I'm fifty-eight years old."

"Fifty-eight! But you look like you're in your twenties. You all do."

"Thank you, dear," preened Gisele, "I do try."

"Who's going to tell her?" Asked a smirking Willa to the room in general.

"Tell her what?" Asked Ruth, walking into the room.

"Oh, Mistress, I did not see you there. Mistress, Sydney was inquiring why all the slaves look so young." Willa, unusually, was blushing scarlet. As if caught doing something she ought not to.

"Well, Sister Willa, you are training the novice," smirked Ruth, clearly in on the joke. "Educate the girl."

"Yes, Mistress," murmured Willa before turning to me. "Novice Sydney, the fluids we ingest when orally pleasuring Mistress Ruth contain something that every beauty company would murder to own. Whilst you serve our owner, your looks will not fade, nor your body visibly age."

"Tell her how slaves die, Willa." Ordered Ruth, a malicious grin on her face now. "She deserves the truth, she wears a collar too."

"If we die of natural causes, it is usually heart failure, often at night. Usually around your eighth or ninth decade. The primary cause of death, though, is Demonius."

"Demonius?" I turned to Ruth, "The men, Mistress?"

"The boys too, I'm afraid, slave." Her grin was gone. A look of sad resignation seemed to creep over her. "Demonia are a matriarchy. They feed on us when in pain or embarrassment. The children, not being fully developed, feed on pain only. The boys... The boys as they age... Change. Part of that change is that they need more extreme emotions to survive. When a Demonius comes of age, he must kill to feed."

"Kill us?" I was horrified.

"Most boys take themselves away, leave home when they feel the change upon them. Some, though, fall victim to their passions. Their manhood catching them unawares. Creche duty becomes perilous when the young are nearly mature."

"This is terrible," I wailed. My hands reaching up to the collar at my throat. As if my puny fingers could remove the steel riveted in place.

"Calm yourself, slave," admonished Ruth. "We all face the same risk. Do you see your sisters rending at their hair in despair?"

I looked around, suddenly feeling foolish, as the other women smiled at me. The creche was populated by four boys and no girls at this time. Why were they not scared?

"I'm sorry, Mistress," I apologised.

"Better. We watch the boys. It is rare for us to miss the change, so the risk is extremely small. However, the men are The Shame of the Demonia race. Once they leave us, they often grow to like or enjoy the act of killing. Some require a tithe to mate with our owner. Though again, this has not happened in fifty years."

"A tithe, Mistress."

"A slaves life, in return for their seed. Finding victims who will not be missed is hard for them. If a Demonia wants to mate, a slave or two is often requested."

Slack-jawed, I stared at Ruth. I'd found my vampires. They were nothing like I had imagined. But inhuman monsters who killed us to eat summed them up perfectly.

Eventually, I managed to put the thought I could be murdered on a whim out of my mind. Days became weeks, which became months which inevitably turned into years.

The collar became more comfortable as time wore on. The constant heat changing my metabolism and causing me to shed some weight. Something the smith had perceived would happen as he sized me up.

So, in time I learned to love my life, my sex life especially. The company was enjoyable, and while creche duty was arduous, the rest of the work was not. At times I would have pangs of regret. I'd idly wonder what happened to my family. But on the whole, I enjoyed my lot in life.

Then everything changed. It did not happen overnight. In fact, it took years. But a child had been born before I was enslaved who would change everything. One of the more significant changes to occur was I ceased being Mistress Vanda's slave.

Chapter V

I'd been in my collar for several years when things started to change. The first of these was the boys coming of age.

That caught me off guard. From my perspective, there was creche duty, then there was not. What actually happened was the boys were taken, by Ruth, to another place. There, another Demonius would spend a few months teaching them both how to get on in the world, and how to feed. I tried hard not to think about the latter.

The result amongst us slaves was dramatic, though. No creche duty! We could not stop grinning. We had dodged the boys becoming murderous monsters, and we no longer had to take turns feeding them. None of us could wipe the smiles off our faces.

That was a good time, and I think it lasted about a year. It is so hard to keep track of time. Demonia don't celebrate Christmas, New Year or birthdays. So the weeks blend into months which melt into years. Everything changed once more, though, when we were visited by Mistress Anastasia. For Mistress Anastasia brought with her a son.

I was waiting on Mother Superior in the library when they arrived. After fetching them beverages, I was forgotten about as they talked. As a result, I nearly lost my life. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Mother Superior was angry at Anastasia and did not waste time telling her why.

"Ana dear, I have always looked forward to your visits in the past. But you really have spoilt things this time. Why have you brought a boy?"

"Vanda, sweetie, lose the frown, dear. It really does not suit you. As to the boy, I have good reasons. Reasons I think you will be pleased to hear. But first, I must enquire on a delicate subject. Vanda, I would not ask unless it were important, does the curse still hold?"

Mother Superior became red with rage. I'd never seen her so angry. "You know damn well it does, Anastasia. Fuck you! I thought you a friend. Not one to come visiting and throw barely veiled insults at me in my own home."

"Sister, calm. I have good news, and I truly mean no insult. In fact, I think we can turn the curse into a gift, and this may be a very important day indeed."

"I'm sorry Ana, I have little patience for riddles. What are you prattling on about?"

"This boy is my son, Alexei. He came of age one year ago and has never killed." The silence that followed this statement seemed to last an eternity. Mother Superior looked into the flames in the hearth for ages, before firing questions at her visitor.

"Does he have brothers?"

"None with his gift."

"Has he mated?"

"No."

"He feeds as a Demonia?"

"Indeed."

"Who else knows?"

"Just my Famula."

"Explain what you meant about my curse."

"Is it not obvious? Your family's curse is famous. You so rarely bear girls, always the boys. I know I am breaking tradition... Alexei should approach your Famula. But this is too important. If the gene is dominant, we need as many boys as we can get. Vanda, this could change everything!"

"What does he want?"

"Mistress Vanda your house is second in age only to the Vladislav's," Alexei's voice was both deep, and sonorous. "If the gene within me is dominant, it will be important to share it amongst all to ensure healthy stock. However, I believe it will bring about upheaval to our political and social norms. Once the seed has been spread, I would ask for your hand."

"My hand? I'm sorry, sir, I do not understand."

"Your hand in marriage, Mistress. I would have you for my wife." Mother Superior did not stop laughing for an age. When she did, she found Alexei staring back at her unmoved.

"You are serious? Are you mad? Demonia do not marry Demonius!"

"Mistress Vanda, you will note already we are breaking norms with my mother brokering our mating whilst ignoring your famula. If our progeny carry my ability, it will trigger a civil war within our race. The aftermath, if we are victorious, will be huge social upheaval. Many of our traditions are based on our desire to remain hidden. Also, the need to hide the acts committed by Demonius. With those pressures gone, Demonia kind will be able to forge a new path for itself. I believe your house will emerge as one of the strongest. I would bind myself to your cause if you would allow it."

"Sir, we have used Famula in the past to avoid the hurt I may be about to do to you. Alexei, I mate with Demonius only to breed. I love Ruth, my Famula, with all my heart. What kind of marriage do you think you could have with me?"

"I... I'm not sure, Mistress. I do not seek to place myself above you. A consort by your side, perhaps? I would not expect you to abandon your Famula, or deny your sexuality. But once the gene pool is established; If we could form a union so that the original and strongest demonius come from our great house. It could be that the House of Bismarck-Demidov could rival that of House Vladislav in the new order."

My owner smirked at this suggestion, "Alexei, you have ambition. I'll grant you that. Though, I'd be careful Narlinea Vladislav does not catch wind of your plotting. She may be disinterested in politics but, Taydem Lupos has her ear, and has established her power based on her public friendship with Narlinea."

"Will you consider my proposal at least?"

"Arrange access to my bed via Ruth. I will brief her on my requirements shortly. Once we know if our offspring carry your gene we can negotiate how we proceed. For now, I will say this; your idea tempts me, and I see advantages."

"Thank you, ma'am, you are too kind. The slave's in attendance... They'll be silenced?" My heart raced at these words. He wanted me killed. Had I heard too much?

"No, sir. I prize my slaves and hold their hearts. I assure you there will be no leaks from House Bismarck. I would urge you to stay awhile, regardless of negotiations. I have a slave girl I think you'd enjoy. Her name is Jennifer, and unlike most girls in my collar, she would appreciate your impressive physical form."

"Really, Mistress Vanda, I have no need."

"Hush, man. I've just told you I only sleep with men to breed. Let us come to an understanding here, right now. You don't look for pleasure in my bed. There you will find duty. But, if you are to be my future husband, allow me the vanity of delivering some pleasure to your bed."

"Ma'am, if you put it like that..."

"Sydney, dear, go fetch Jenny from her kennel. Quickly now!"

"Yes, Mistress," was all I could say as I fled the library.

Needless to say, the mating occurred, and we slaves once more had Creche Duty to perform. There was a litter of seven babes, all much smaller than human babies at first. Six were boys, which pleased Mother Superior immensely. The only girl had flame-red hair and the cutest dimples. I'll admit I was smitten at first sight and almost looked forward to Creche Duty, just for the opportunity to gaze at her smiling face for the day.

As the children grew, I found I learned to love them too. Even if they were the source of much pain and suffering. I found myself in the creche more than just when on duty. We slaves were used for more than just feeding them, and I was assigned to teach them English and supervise their recreational time. Luckily I somehow escaped most of the cleaning duties. I had forgotten Mother Superior's comments about me on our first meeting in her car. Though clearly, Ruth had not.

The boys all had names with Latin roots, Maxon, Quilon, Venarius, Kajus, Orsan and Rufin, who, like his sister, had red hair. The girl was named Susanna, which quickly became Suzie.

The boys were, for the most part, well behaved, but the girl was a hellion. She delighted in acting up, and I lost track of the number of times she put thumbtacks on my seat or in my path for my bare feet to find. Worse, when I was on duty, she would smear hot chilli sauce on my genitals or add weights to my ankles. But on the flip side, it was my lap she ran to whenever hurt or alarmed by the boys.

It occurs to me that some might recoil in horror at an account of children tormenting a nude woman. But these children had grown up being waited on by naked female slaves all their lives. They thought no more of it than you or I at the sight of a dog or cat without clothes. Slaves did not wear clothes. Our genitalia were simply sensitive parts of us that they could use to cause more pain for little effort. It was no more than that.

Of course, eventually, they became sexually aware. Then, as Demonia, they took perverse delight in tormenting us sexually. Suzie would bully the boys away if I were on duty. Using her free time to ensure I was very aware of her presence. Ultimately she began hogging me any time I set foot within the children's domain. Finding humiliating or painful tasks for me to perform so she could enjoy my suffering.



Then one day, on reporting to the creche, Suzie attached a leash to my collar and led me through the schloss, until she located her mother.

"Mother, can I have this slave for my own?"

"Of course, daughter, but why do you want Sydney in particular."

"She is my favourite, Mother. I like how she smells when I hurt her."

"I understand, dear. Sometimes though, we can think we feel one thing about someone when actually we feel another entirely. Everyone else, watching, sees it as plain as day. But the people involved can be too close to realise."

My ears started to burn as the penny dropped. Mother Superior smiled at me. "I see Sydney has realised. Slave, tell my daughter how you feel about her."

"Mistress, I love your daughter with all my heart. It is my fervent hope that I am lucky enough to serve her always." Suzie's dark eyes went wide as I opened my heart.

"Suzie, does this change anything for you?" Asked Suzie's mother.

"Am I allowed?"

"You are old enough. But be sure now, if you turn Sydney, you'll own her for centuries."

"She can be my Famula? Do I have to leave home?"

"Yes to the first and no to the second, dear. Sydney will need special training. She has been a slave for a long time. She will need combat training and reacquainting with the outside world. I will need to find you somewhere to live, and there will have to be a ceremony. Also, given your lineage, it would be best if you had your first litter here, dear."

"Then, yes, I love her too. I realised when Syd said she loved me."

"Well then, girl. Go take your slave to your chamber. Make her yours and let me know when you want to collar her."

So, that was how I became my love's Famula. Suzie was as clumsy as any virgin in bed. But her innate ability to read my moods enabled her to have me screaming in lust for what seemed like hours. Strangely, she would not kiss me until I had first eaten her out. I knew that that act would change me physically, make me a famula. But I did not understand why she refused to kiss me until I had.

When she did kiss me, they burnt like chilli sauce or acid, and I started shivering as if I was cold. Afterwards, I lay next to my love, staring at the ceiling. I wondered what the future held. I was exchanging being a lowly slave in a powerful house to becoming a high ranking slave of a satellite house. For now, after all these years, I would wear clothes again, and I would finally be rid of this ugly collar.

Chapter VI

"Mistress, why am I cold?" After years of sweltering in my owner's home, it seemed surreal that one act of passion should leave me shivering.

"Did my mother never kiss you, Syd?"

"Only with a whip, Mistress."

"Ahh, a learning experience then. Demonia's kisses weaken prey. But you have fed from me now, slave. You are now my Famula. My kisses will no longer weaken you but strengthen you. Your body is as warm as mine now. You'll be stronger too, soon, fast as well."

It was dawning on me that after all this time in chains my world was being turned on its head. I looked around the room. In the past, I had entered only to clean it. Now it seemed like a window into another world. A world I would soon be living in. A question that would have been impertinent in the past escaped my lips.

"Mistress, what do you use the computer for?"

"Games, mostly, and surfing the web. You know Facebook and Twitter."

"No, Mistress, I have no idea what you are talking about."

"Really? When were you enslaved?"

"Nineteen eighty, Mistress."

"Ahh, yeah, I can see why you'd be a bit out of touch."

"What year is it now, Mistress?"

"It's the year two-thousand and fifteen. The twenty-first century."

I was glad I was laying down as my head started spinning. I was fifty-six years old! I'd been a slave for two decades. Murderers served less time in chains than I had. What was the world like out there? Visions of TV shows predicting the future flashed through my mind. Were people dressed in silver jumpsuits now? Holidaying on the moon, perhaps?

"Mistress, I may be a bit out of touch."

"Don't worry, my love, we'll get you caught up. But first, I think we need to re-invent you. Get in the shower, and then we'll go see the smith about your chains."

My collar was clamped in a vice, and the head of the rivet drilled out. It took ages and made lots of screeching noises. But, eventually, the drilling stopped, and the pin fell out, striking my shoulder as it fell.

The vice was released, and the collar swung open, and it too clattered to the ground. The sensation of being free of a collar was ghastly. I had never felt more naked. The air on my neck felt wrong, and my head seemed too free and wobbly.



The smith, a different man to the one who had riveted my old collar in place, laughed at the expression on my face. Then threw a stiff leather posture collar at my lover.

"You may want to put this on your new beau, Miss," he chortled. "Slaves get quite distressed if their throat's bare."

Suzie looked at the thing and shrugged. Stepping up to me, she wrapped the leather around my throat. She pulled the straps tight, and I was reminded of the days I was first collared. Back then, I was convinced I would be throttled by the ugly steel fetter about my neck. This new collar was unquestionably too tight and too tall, but I resolved to endure it for my new Mistress.

The stiff leather dug into my chin as I watched the smith repeat the drilling procedure on my cuffs. Just as with the collar, my arms felt light and fly-away once devoid of the chain.

I nearly bounced after my owner on the leash back from the smith. I was uncertain if the new strength she had mentioned had started to manifest. But I had just been relieved of a fair few pounds of steel, and all of a sudden I felt very light and free.

Returning to her quarters, Suzie sat me in a chair and started examining my hair.

"How did you wear it when my mother caught you? No, don't answer that, it's irrelevant. The main thing here is we need to see your ears," Mistress pulled my hair back and up, so both my ears were on view. "They're pretty, Syd, they'll look good in chains. You are cute enough... you could go super short. No chance of you looking boyish. Hmm, where are my clippers?"

I sat still as Suzie played with and cut my hair. By the time she was happy, it seemed most of it was now on my lap or scattered around the chair on which I sat.

"That looks good, but the colour is wrong... We should bleach it, so you get to see what you'll eventually look like." Thus I was dragged into her bathroom and soon had her massaging chemicals stinking of ammonia into my hair. This culminated with us both in the shower and having more wonderful sex.

After that, I was dragged down to one of the more sterile playrooms in Mistress Vanda's home. In short order, I was strapped to a padded chair, and my lover was wheeling up a tray of very pointy looking tools. As a regular bed partner of Ruth, I determined as a new Famula, I too was about to be similarly decorated. Perhaps counterintuitively, I anticipated the pain with relish. In my years enslaved, I had learned to equate pain with pleasure. I was sure the needle would be as delicious as any whip.

Once Mistress was happy with my new appearance, I was finally allowed to study the new me in a mirror. My hair had been reduced to a snow-white mohawk. While I agreed with my Mistress, that it was not masculine, it was quite a shock after decades of never cutting it. Silver rings were now set in both nipples, my septum and the hood of my clit. The collar looked as tight as it felt. Ruth wore a steel one, would I be getting a new collar?

"How does it make you feel, slave?" Asked my owner, hugging me from behind, as I stared at my reflection.

"Owned, Mistress," I confessed, gingerly tugging on one of the nipple rings. The pain sending delightful waves through me.

"Don't play with it, slave. It needs to heal. Besides, I'm the one who gets to tug on those in the future."

"Yes, Mistress," I meekly replied.

"Now, slave, on your knees. Eat me out again before we do your tongue." Silently I obeyed.

Later, with what felt like a scaffolding bar piercing my tongue, I was stood in front of another mirror as Mistress had me try on outfit after outfit. It was clear she wanted to pursue a fetish sex slave theme. As she experimented with corsets, catsuits and thigh-high boots. Yet she ended up leaving me in comparably vanilla latex leggings matched with a rubber hoodie style top. After falling off the three-inch heels she first gave me, Mistress gave me a pair of kitten-heeled ankle boots in black patent leather.

"I like you in rubber, girl. It shows off your curves."

"Thank you, Mistress," I responded.

"You are not sure?"

"Mistress," I managed to mumble past the iron beam in my mouth. "I think it's just that I've not worn a thing for twenty years. It feels strange to be covered. Plus, rubber clothes feel very odd too. If you like it though, that is all that matters. I'm your slave, Mistress. I truly do want to make you happy."

"I know you do, my love. I am indulging myself with these clothes for you. In these early days, you will taste differently. Eventually, you will become like Ruth. Until then, I wish to savour your embarrassment as much as I yearn to make you writhe under my whip." My new love smiled sardonically, "In truth though, the style and quality of latex fashion has improved massively in recent years. The flavour of the material enhances the taste of your suffering and shame, and I can entertain myself and still dress you stylishly."

Two days later, Mistress re-collared me. It was the biggest ceremony I'd ever seen, since becoming a slave, and it was laid on for me and my love. I later learned it was the nearest thing to a wedding the Demonia did. But with Mistress Vanda producing so few daughters, they were rarely held. Then again, because they were rare in House Bismarck, all the stops were pulled out.

Everyone was there in their finest clothes. I, like the rest of the slaves, went to my 'wedding' buck naked. I was led up the aisle by Ruth, who unusually was also nude. Once at the alter, I had my ears set with chains, like Ruth's, before Mistress stepped up with a new collar for me.

This collar was polished mirror-bright and had no clumsy or unsightly rivets to hold it shut. After Mistress removed the leather item I had been wearing, I had to beg for my new collar. Mistress then obliged by securing the new collar around my throat.

She said some words. I have no idea what they were, my ears were roaring, and I think I was close to fainting. But then the collar clicked shut. That tiny sound thundered in my head. I could be promoted no higher. Nor could I be demoted. I was now my lover's Famula, and I would die wearing this collar. Unlike the collar and chains, Mistress Vanda had enslaved me with, this collar was not to hold me in bondage. The primary function of this collar was to proclaim me a slave to all I met. For I would now go out into the world again. But I would be seen as nothing more than I was. Property, a thing, my lover's toy.

Chapter VII



Heavy rock music filled the air as coloured lights swirled through the throng on the dance floor. Conversation was impossible, as all sound was suffocated by the heavy thump of drums and the raucous metallic cacophony of electric guitar. Heavy Metal music had existed back in the Seventies when I'd been free and clubbing. But this was another level of noise, and music like this had not been played at nightclubs back then.

I was attracting attention, but that was not surprising. Mistress had dressed me in latex and corsetry. Most in this crowd wore leather or denim, including my owner, a vision in a glossy, black catsuit. Those girls not in band tee's and leather leggings were dressed more like the boys than me. I was actually grateful for the leash. The symbol of ownership was a shield against the lustful gazes I was drawing.

After trailing my owner to a booth, I was sent out into the crowd for drinks. At the bar, a girl my size smiled at me as I waited to be served. She was cute, with afro hair cut short, and a silver septum ring contrasting against her dark skin tone. Leaning into my ear she shouted, "Love your look. Is that rubber you are wearing?"

"Yes, latex rubber," I responded. As I looked at her, I realised she was nervous. "What are you frightened of?" I asked.

A look of panic flashed across her face before, after taking a swig from her bottle of beer, she replied, "You... No offence, but anyone with the courage to dress like that in public... I find you intimidating."

I smiled in reassurance, "I don't bite, dear. But if I'm scary, why approach me?"

"I... I came here tonight to check out the scene. I'm new in town. Starting a new life with a new job. I saw you looking different too. Plus you're sexy as hell. I have some bondage stuff, back at my flat. I thought... I don't know what I thought." The girl took another long swig of her beer and looked hard at the bar.

"You like BDSM?" I grinned at the girl. This really was too easy.

"Uh, yeah," she smiled ruefully. "I guess I'm coming across as a noob."

"Not at all," I lied. "So, you have a latex fetish?"

"I think I may have, seeing you looking like that." The girl started to relax, "Is it hot to wear?"

"You know, it really isn't. Though I have quite a high tolerance of heat these days." I smiled again and reached out a comforting hand. "If you get up to something hot and sweaty though," I delivered a sly wink, "it does not breathe all that well."

Ice broken, I decided to strike the hook, "I'm Sydney, my Mistress has a booth over by the wall. Would you like to join us?"

She looked startled again, "Your Mistress?"

I smiled and rattled the ring on my collar, "Yep, my love and my owner. I'm her slave for life. I think she'll like you, especially if you like me."

"I... I... I didn't realise you were in a relationship. I'm sorry to have intruded," she made to get off her stool.

"Whoa there," I rested a hand on her shoulder, "You've not intruded, I promise. You're looking to make friends? Could be you've made two." I smiled, "Now what's your name, honey? Plus, while I wait to be served, perhaps you can tell me about the bondage equipment you have?"

We chatted some more, and the girl started to relax. Her name was Tujuka, and when I had finally been served my drinks, I led the girl over to my love. As I introduced the girl who I hoped to be the next recruit to our stable of slaves, I reflected on what a whirlwind the last few weeks had been.

After the collaring ceremony, Ruth had started training me to fight. It was weird being called sister by someone I used to call Mistress. Just as disconcerting was all my sister slaves now called me Mistress too.

Mistress Vanda gifted my love two of her slaves to start off her stable. This changed little in practice as there was only one slave kennel in the Burg. The slaves gifted were Jennifer and Willa. It took me a few days to realise that I would now have to bed the two of them as Ruth used to use me.

It was Ruth who sat me down and explained all the duties of a famula to me. She explained the logic of each rule and why it was important. She also revealed I'd been groomed to become the next famula. Ruth went on to suggest I line Willa up next, as she was getting on. Obviously, if my love produced more than one daughter the pressure would be off in that regard.

I was also taught the protocol observed by potential suitors. It seemed a bizarre way to operate, but it worked. Essentially I was approached by a demonius who I would promise to mention to my love. My love would then tell me what it would take to willingly mate with them. I then returned and haggled.

Demonia are obsessed with eugenics. I suppose when a woman is never attracted to the sire of their children, their bloodline takes on new importance. Mistress Vanda had lots of advice, bordering on orders, for my love on this subject. Being privy to the negotiations by my love's father, I understood why.

There were lots of discussions on who Suzie should bed. In the end, a Demonius called Tranamus was selected. He had close ties to House Vladislav, though was from a house based in Greece. An Old One, he was sympathetic to the progressive's cause. My Mistress was keen to secure his bloodline before it was too late. For some reason, she did not think there would be much chance in the future.

I was shocked at the sight of the man when I met him, for he was old. I did not know how many centuries this man had walked the Earth. But he was the first Demonius with grey hair I had met. Unlike Hector, Alexei or Mistress Vanda's sons, he was not powerfully built. Slender in physique, he wore his silver hair in a ponytail and dressed in expensive dark suits.

He turned out to be charming to deal with. Clearly understanding I was new to my post. He helped me through the role of the negotiator by giving in to every demand my love had suggested I make. Honestly, I think he would have acquiesced if I'd demanded he wore a paper bag on his head.

He stayed at the burg for a month, leaving when my love was sure she was pregnant. During that time, Ruth upped my combat training and advised me to vent any jealousy I may feel in the gym, rather than upon the slaves I bed.

In truth, I did not feel jealous. Though I did miss sharing a bed with my love. Instead, Jenny found herself a frequent bedmate during his stay. The irony that Jenny had become a slave in my charge, after all these years, escaped neither of us. The first time I had taken her to my chamber, on the end of a leash, she had been positively bubbly.

"Are you going to make me come, Mistress?" She had teased.

"After all this time, with you playing hard to get, Jenny... I'm going to fuck your bloody brains out, slave."

Back in the dungeon, I set Tujuka up just as Ruth did me decades earlier. The girl looked like a deer caught in headlights. It was a good job she was well secured.

Sweat ran down her brow and stung her eyes. Blinking out the tears, she quailed, "Will Mistress Suzie give me a safe word?"

"Don't be daft, slave. This is not some game."

"I'm frightened. Please stop this?"

"Slave, when my love is finished with you, you will beg to be hers. There is no going back to your old life. Through agony and pain, you will be reborn. I promise you, you will beg to be enslaved."

"Please?"

I ignored her and left her hanging, to inform my love her meal, and latest recruit was ready. Tujuka would be number seven. Five new, plus Willa and Jenny. I met Ruth on the way from the dungeon.

"Was that a nigger you just brought in, Sister?"

"Jesus, Ruth! I know you're old, but we don't use words like that these days."

"I meant no slur. My skin too is black."

"Yeah, but you weren't born that way." I laughed at a thought, "Look, I know you are not racist. You are evidently an equal opportunity enslaver. Just don't use the N-word anymore."

"I'll keep that in mind, Sister. So, it seems we have come full circle. Now the pupil educates her teacher."

"No, sister," I smirked, "I still have much to learn. I was reminded just now, as I set up Tujuka, of my first day here and the words you left me with."

"I say that to all the new slaves. Did they work for you?"

"Most assuredly. I was terrified to my core," I grinned. "Sister, I must go..."

"Indeed, go tell Mistress Suzie her entertainment is ready."

Chapter VIII



My love gave birth to six beautiful babies nine months after Tranamus departed. Five gorgeous girls and a single bonny boy. I could not get over how small and cute they were.

Now it was my duty, each day, to take a slave to the creche to feed them. On the first occasion, I took Willa, with Ruth in tow, to supervise. When I finished flogging her, unusually, Willa was sobbing uncontrollably. I knew the slave to be an extreme masochist after nearly a century in a collar. Often the girls cried. I appreciated first-hand that creche duty was no walk in the park. But this level of distress was not in keeping with the punishment I had handed out. With a glance of concern at Ruth, I felt compelled to check on her.

"Willa?"

"She's so beautiful, Mistress."

My heart skipped at those words, for I knew I would not lose Willa for nearly two decades now. Plus, there would be no funeral as there had been with sweet Gisele. Even Ruth was grinning from ear to ear at Willa's reaction.

"Which one, Willa?"

"The cute one on the left, with the mop of black hair."

"Her name is Sade, Willa."

"Sade," sighed Willa, clearly besotted.

The next day Jenny reacted similarly to baby Silke. Conversely, I felt piqued, rather than relieved, that this child would one day steal Jenny away from me. It took my love to point out my jealousy was natural. I had known Jenny nearly all my life, after all. Later that night, it occurred to me that Mistress was not jealous of my feelings for Jenny. But then I was her slave, locked in her collar. I could never stray.

As soon as my owner was recovered from the birth, we were both summoned by Mistress Vanda.

"Daughter, are you free to travel?" Inquired Suzie's mother.

"Syd has the creche under control, Mother. If that's what you mean."

"Good, I have a job for you. I want you to go to America."

"I'm getting a new demesne?" The excitement in my owner's voice was palpable.

"Not just yet. You can leave your family here for now. This will be clandestine work at first."

"You need a spy?" My Mistress seemed as enamoured with this task as the, now lost, thought of a demesne of her own.

"Our faction is trying to separate Narlinea from Taydem. Narlinea will embrace the new males once they are revealed. Taydem, despite her veneer of progression, will resist anything that upsets the status quo. Taydem will likely move against Narlinea before the latter realises Taydem is not her ally. It is vital we get her away from her false friend as quickly as we can.

"Narlinea's creche is empty, and I've enough votes in the council to offer her a new demesne in the States. To encourage her, I sent a thrall ahead. A Dr Crump, who is a professor of psychology. I've given him funds to set up an asylum, which should give him cover to provide an environment conducive to Demonia."

"Surely a house of ill repute would be easier, Mother?"

"They are illegal in all but one State, Daughter. The puritanical Americans scorn the oldest profession. Perceiving violence a thing to be gloried in, whilst the act of lovemaking a sin to be kept hidden in the dark. Now I need you to observe Crump and assist Narlinea if she encounters any difficulties. Once she is settled, I'll send out one of your brothers to help her found her new demesne."

"Can't you just approach Narlinea privately?"

"I did try; Taydem has her so twisted she was positively hostile. Narlinea has always taken a dim view of the political necessities. Which is frustrating as House Vladislav has more political clout, and more money, than many of the smaller houses put together."

"Will Narlinea be safe in America?"

"Heavens no, but she at least ought to be able to see trouble coming. Plus, she'll be harder to find and safer than if she holes up in her Burg with her enemies."

"Will she go?"

"Nothing is certain. It is hoped Narlinea will see the need. But if Taydem can persuade her otherwise..."

Later in my owner's chambers, I watched as she fed on Tujuka. Honestly, I was a little jealous. But even with my increased healing, Mistress did not want me incapacitated or slowed while she was away. The slave had proven to be a veritable pain slut, and thus one of my loves favourites when hungry.

"Mistress, my love, will you be away long?"

"I'm going to try and wrangle a demesne out of this, slave. I may have to come back to report, but America is a big place. I'm sure I can get us all out there somewhere."

I thought a while before suggesting, "California, Mistress?"

"Ooh, yes, Hollywood, Silicon Valley and Standford University. A few thralls there, and we would have some serious political clout of our own."

"Is that how House Vladislav gained its power?"

"Sort of, but mostly by being the original and oldest. Every house can trace its lineage back to Vladislav. If we were a monarchy, Narlinea would be queen. Thankfully we are not, and votes in The Council are where the power rests. But we Demonia hold a lot of stock in bloodlines, and many listen to Narlinea... or her confidants."

"Do you think you could befriend Narlinea, Mistress?"

"Now that is an idea..." Abruptly my owner turned to me. "I'm going to miss your touch, my love. Come, feast on me while I succour on little Tujuka."

I needed no encouragement and almost dove between my lover's legs. I lapped eagerly at her delicious quim, keen to bring my Mistress pleasure. Unsure when next I would be allowed to show my devotion to my owner. In time we retired to a couch, and under the gaze of sweet Tujuka, still suspended by her wrists, brought each other to shuddering climax.

The next day Mistress Vanda stopped my love before she left. I stood holding Mistress Suzie's bag as Mistress Vanda approached, a look of concern on her face.

"Susanna, my child, I have grave news. Narlinea's famula has died."

"That is tragic indeed, mother, though I never knew her. Does it change our plans?"

"Actually, it may be easier to get Narlinea to step away... But it will delay things, of course. There will have to be a funeral first."

"Hmm, I'll continue on then, mother. I can check out the asylum and find my feet in the Americas before Narlinea leaves."

"That sounds sensible. Now, remember, no contact while you are away. Your face is unknown, so you can keep a low profile. Come back every month or so to keep me briefed."

I escorted my love into the airport after the chauffeur dropped us off. I caught a few people staring. I was dressed in latex as usual, though I had grown accustomed to the attention that brought me. Besides, a rubber pencil skirt, mostly hidden under a black latex mac, was hardly daring in cosmopolitan Germany these days.

After a long hug and a kiss, I forlornly watched my Mistress walk away through security to her boarding gate and her adventure in America. Wiping a tear away, I became aware of a silver-haired security officer staring hard at my face.

"Is there a problem, sir?"

"Not a problem as such... Just... When I first started this job, back in the Eighties, there was a famous missing person case. Two Engländers were suspected of defecting to the East. Haircut and nose ring aside, you are the dopplgänger of one of them."

"Ahh, but I was but a babe back then," I lied.

"I'm sure, but the resemblance is uncanny. We were all shown many pictures, and I never forget a face." He looked me up and down, finally taking in my clothes. "Were you seeing your girlfriend off?"

It was nice that in this New World I had emerged into, being a lesbian was considered normal. I decided to push the envelope a little further.

"My, Mistress actually," I smiled, lifting my chin to display my collar.

"Ahh, the redhead in the leather?"

"That was her."

"You are lucky indeed to be, you say owned, yes? She is very beautiful, as are you, fraulein. Or do you prefer to be called slave?"

"You understand D/s relationships?" I was taken aback by his knowledge.

"Ah, we see all sorts through here, fraulein. But don't be fooled by the uniform. My wife and I enjoy a bit of role-playing when we can." The man gave me a sly wink as he grinned at me.

I burst out laughing in response. I, the real-life slave, had been caught out as the prude. "I'm sorry, sir, I'm laughing at myself. I am so proud of my collar and wrapped up in my world. I did not consider the possibility. Sir, I'm a fool. Thank you for pricking my pride. I needed that."

"Is your love away for long?" He chortled back at me.

"It's uncertain until the job is done."

"I'm sure the time will fly. Good day to you, fraulein."

Chapter IX

I writhed in ecstasy as the young girl's tongue teased and squirmed between my lips. Keen to finish, I grabbed the girl's hair and ground myself into her mouth. The slave between my thighs redoubled her efforts, her tongue an electric eel in my pussy.

"Faster!" I commanded, leaning forward to grasp the light chain joining the steel rings set in her nipples. As I pulled on the chain, her nipples stretched. A squeak of pain and her tongue diverted its attention to my clit. This muscle also had been pierced. Set with two beads near the tip, the girl used these now to torment me. They did their job, and I shuddered into a powerful climax. I pushed down harder onto the girl below me, forcing her to swallow every drop.

"Don't stop! Lick me out, slave," I ordered as I continued to tremble and shake. I'd given the minx two, the least she could do was reciprocate for her Mistress.

Eventually, quite some time later, I called a halt to proceedings. I'd climaxed three times and was sated enough to let the girl rest. Fresh welts from my crop marked her body, and we were both slick with sweat. The satin sheets, upon which we had played, were sodden, and to continue would be more like work than fun.



The slave's name was Natara. A Syrian and an illegal immigrant to Germany, she would never be missed. Not that the girl minded. She, like Willa, was so happy to be a slave. Every day was cause for celebration for Natara, even when the young slave had creche duty.

She lay beside me now, a Cheshire cat smile across her face. A look of trust and love in her dark brown eyes. Her German was poor, but her English was passable. Only four months in her collar, she was still asking questions.

"Mistress, the other girls say you were once a slave like me. Is that true?"

"Yes, slave. Why do you ask?"

"So, one day, I will have pretty collar like you, Mistress?"

"Do you not like your collar, slave?"

"No, Mistress, you do not understand. I love to be Mother's slave. I am happy to be collared too. So much sex and whipping and sexy pain. No brutish men saying women together are sinners." She grasped the ring to the heavy steel fetter riveted in place about her throat. "This means I'm free to be me, Mistress."

"I understand you were persecuted in your home country, Natara. You seem happy to be Mother Superior's slave, and I'm glad that you are. The collar around your throat is never coming off. Unless, that is, one of the children in the creche picks you to be their famula. I used to belong to Mistress Vanda. I was her slave like you belong to Mistress Suzie. Mistress Suzie is Mistress Vanda's daughter. She liked me in the creche and one day asked her mother if she could keep me for herself."

Understanding registered on the young girls face. But she did not look sad.

"So I stay a slave forever, Mistress. Unless a baby chooses me? Like Willa or Jenny?"

"Yes, slave, you know about that?"

"Mistress, it's all my new sisters talk about. But never to Willa or Jenny. Why is that?"

I thought about my time with my love when she was young. I loved the girl even then. But it was a pure, almost motherly love, and then later we were like really close friends. If I had known, would it have changed the way I behaved towards my love when she was young?

"It is to protect the child, slave. If Willa or Jenny knew that one day the little child they loved would own them... It may change the way they feel."

"Ahh, yes that makes sense," Natara rolled onto her back, the chain joining her wrists stretched across her belly. "But that means if a child has chosen me..."

"Silly slave," I interjected, "have you been besotted by any of the babes?"

"No, Mistress, I have not. They are cute and seem not to cry much. But they're still just babies." Her right hand idly lifted up to toy with the large ring on her collar. The heavy chain, pulling at the lighter one between her breasts. Her Arabic features and coffee coloured skin complimented the hard bright metal confining and set in her body. She really was one of the most beautiful slaves my love possessed.

A sharp rap at the door shattered my reverie.

"Come," I barked, a little irked to be disturbed. With Mistress Suzie in America, I'd been de facto head of our family for nearly four months. I missed her so much, like a knot in my chest, or a pang of hunger I could not sate.

Tujuka stepped in and knelt formally, which seemed unusual. Her hair was growing out into quite an afro, and I made a mental note to get Gretta to trim it soon.

"Mistress, Puella Willa has sent me to tell you Mother Superior has called from the airport. She will be home within two hours and is looking forward to a warm welcome."

"Yyyeeesss!" The scream was guttural and uncontrolled. The joy I felt was echoed in the grins on the faces of the slaves around me.

The euphoria was then, almost, replaced with panic. We had to be ready! I had to think... Jenny was in the creche, Tujuka was on light duties having served in the creche Yesterday and I've just used up Natara...

"Natara, strip this bed and take the sheets to the laundry. Then get to the showers and clean yourself up before reporting to Willa. Tu, dear, go tell Willa to bring Ingrid up here for Mistress, in case she's hungry. Also, have Ilse made ready too in the event Mother Superior is very hungry. Then ask her to get Gretta and Natara to prepare this room and help her check everywhere is clean. Once you have conveyed these orders come back here, Tu, to help me dress."

I turned for the shower as both girls responded simultaneously, "Yes, Mistress."

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"I liked that dress, murmured my owner." The garment was now a shredded scrap of latex beneath the gently swinging Ingrid.

"I could tell, Mistress," I confided, "I'll get another for you to shred in the future."

"Are you being cheeky, slave?"

"Never, Mistress, I'm just so happy you are home."

Mistress Suzie had been very hungry. Not only had Ingrid, Ilse and I been called upon to serve, but Willa too had been summoned. The feeding had devolved into raw sex. The orgy culminating in me being treated almost exactly the same way as Natara earlier that day.

"I'm hopeful this will no longer be home, slave."

"Did all go well?"

"It most certainly did not. Dr Crumb was a huge error. Out of mother's shadow, the fool went way too far. Not only was he too extreme in his treatments he was involved with human slavers too. Narlinea almost got scooped up in a police raid.

"So, I had to deal with Narlinea wandering around feeding in nightclubs, while making sure that snivelling weasel Crumb never talked to the authorities.

"Then Narlinea found a likely new famula, but the girl put up monumental resistance to being turned. Taydem forced Narlinea into giving away her location by demanding a demonstration of the new famula. That was a farce. While all the thralls were impressed, all the Demonia could smell the girl had not turned.

"I did manage to steer Tranamus Narlinea's way, but Taydem unleashed her famula Anoushka. We all underestimated, massively, how far she would go. It turns out the Old Ones in the States had this insane plan to kidnap Narlinea. They were going to force her to breed and raise a House of pure Original Demonia."

"Oh my God, Mistress, what happened?"

"What happened was Narlinea's new famula. The girl was amazing. Narlinea was attacked and injured, but her girl saved her. I may have to admit that Venarius may have helped a little bit too.

"Anu continued feeding information to the remaining males. But the new famula, Claudia, kicked ass." My love's face split into an enormous grin, "Oh, we are in tight there, my love. Firm friends, and now the shit is over... USA, here we come."

"Really, Mistress?"

"Yep, I even checked out some towns in California before I came home."

"Do you know where you are taking us, Mistress?"

"Well, Santa Carla looked nice."

Chapter X

I knelt on the glossy floor of the immaculate playroom. Everything gleamed, even our host's famula, a white haired siren clad in a black and red latex ensemble. I was unsure of the protocol regarding other Demonia's famula. Ruth hardly counted as she was famula to my owner's mother. But I was hoping I would get to play with her, she looked like she would be fun in bed. This may sound foolish or odd, but after decades enslaved in Eastern Europe, a famula who spoke English with an American accent seemed extremely exotic.

We were staying at Narlinea's demesne, an amazing modern mansion, situated near the outskirts of a small town, on the east coast of the United States of America. My love had flown us all over by private jet. Landing at a small airfield where the customs officers were under the sway of a local dominatrix. They had turned a metaphorical blind eye to the slaves after a thick plain brown envelope had been handed over. Though they had a hard job keeping their actual eyes off the gaggle of naked slave girls, as they disembarked from the plane and piled into the minibus provided.

The children had been flown ahead and were waiting with Willa. Willa was bumbling around wide-eyed in amazement at all that had changed since she was collared; I think Pan Am had just started up with Boeing 707 planes, and the Berlin wall had yet to be built when she was collared. My own culture shock gave me an inkling of what Willa was going through. But the slave was constantly stunned at all that had changed.

This was part of the reason we were staying with Narlinea. I had to learn to run a demesne in America. I may be fluent in English, but most of the slaves were not. Plus, as I hailed from Britain, there were many things I had to learn too. Hence the stay with an American famula.

The Americans were all very friendly, and the kennel was as modern and shiny as the playroom I now knelt in. No bare stone walls, or dark gloomy cells. Here bright colours dominated and the slaves were each kept in a gleaming cage with a memory foam mattress. The furnishings throughout the property were, as I was told, ultra-modern. There was even a computer listening all the time, who you could ask to turn on the lights or tell you the time. It did other things too, but not for me. It also insisted on calling me Slave Sydney, and not just Sydney, no matter how I asked.

My love and Mistress Narlinea were playing with, or should that be feeding from, a thrall. An Italian gentleman, with a kink for fur, judging by the outfit Mistress Narlinea wore. He was suspended in a complicated metal frame that seemed able to pose him however was needed. The huge red ball gag jammed in his mouth kept his involuntary squeals of distress muted, as the whips beat out a rhythm on his flesh.

Mistress Narlinea turned to Claudia and me, "Girls, we are going to be some time with this morsel. Just send Nita in, in a fur coat, on your way out. Claudia, why don't you show Sydney the twins?"

So it was that half an hour later I found myself sitting across from Claudia while identical twins worshipped our privates with their tongues. My girl, I think her name was Izzy, was very skilled. I found myself reflecting that two decades naked in chains seemed a fair price to pay considering how things were now turning out.

"Would you mind if I asked you some questions, Sydney?" Claudia's question caught me off guard, and very preoccupied with Izzy's glorious tongue. I simply nodded.

"Do you miss your family?"



That brought me back to the here and now. I gently pushed Izzy away and thought about it some, then replied, "You were caught and turned almost straight away weren't you? It was very different for me. Mistress Vanda kept me naked in chains, locked away in her dungeon for my first twenty years. I did have pangs of homesickness. Cried myself to sleep on more than one occasion. But that all seems so long ago now."

"Oh, I see."

"Now, well... If anyone who knew me saw me now they would not believe I was who I claimed. I was collared in nineteen eighty; I've not aged in over forty years."

"I still have trouble with that. It's one thing being told... I met another famula. Her collar had been made by Faberge. Can you believe that? There are people walking this earth old enough to remember historical figures. Or that two hundred years from now someone may ask me what Trump was really like."

"Don't get me started on politics. I'm still mad about Margaret Thatcher!" We both laughed and it was at that moment I decided Claudia and I were going to be really good friends. "Besides," I continued, "Mistress Narlinea seems to be doing things differently here. Now the schism in the males is resolved secrecy may no longer be their chief concern." Claudia nodded and smiled at that, and then looked down at the slave at my feet.

"Is Izzy not pleasing you?"

"The opposite. She is so good I could not concentrate on your questions."

"Enjoy the slave then, and I'll be quiet," Claudia smiled. "Afterwards we can go see if our owners want any help tormenting the young man in their thrall."

Chapter XI



"So, Hylde, what is it, exactly, that you think I can do for you?"

We were in my love's office. My owner, dressed in a smart green pantsuit, was sitting across from the Hollywood agent, behind her desk. The pleasantries had been observed, but now my love was getting down to business. I knew her to be delighted to have enticed the agent into her office, but she was hiding it well.

"That's a bit of a story. Would you mind if I spoke plainly?"

"Please do, I adore honesty and am very hard to offend."

"A colleague of mine... No, a competitor, but a friend nonetheless, recommended you to me. I had been lamenting my lack of action between the bedsheets. He said you were very exclusive, extremely demanding and very discreet."

"I am not a Madame or a whore, Hylde," my owner was still smiling. Perhaps, at this point, I should add that I'm standing behind the agent at the back of the room. I'm wearing a black leather underbust corset, black seamed stockings, patent black heels, my owner's collar and a smile.

Hylde looked flustered at my owner's statement, "But Geoff said you would make me..." The agent looked over her shoulder, at me, and then back at my love. "Umm, perhaps you should tell me what you are?"

"Hopefully, I'm your new best friend," Mistress leant back in her seat. "Hylde, I can do you a lot of good, help you make a name for yourself. You think you are successful now? I can make you legendary." My love stood and walked around the desk before sitting on it to loom over the seated agent, "I can keep your talent looking young. Hell, you too, if you like. I can keep your girls in line, and have new talent beating a path to your door. I can do that, and I'll not charge you a cent, either. Plus, I can scratch that itch that brought you to me in the first place. All you have to do is be my friend."

"Be your friend?"

"You came here for sex. Yes?"

"Well, I'd hoped..."

"Sydney here is my love, my life and my slave. She does as I ask because she loves me and because I own her. The collar around her throat will never be removed. Her body is mine to use as I see fit. Follow her to my playroom. I'll join you shortly, and the three of us can see about fulfilling that need you have."

A bemused Hylde stood and turned to face me. I offered my hand. Hylde, nervously, accepted. I noted the perfect manicure along with a moist betrayal of sweat upon her palm. Maintaining a light grip, I led the potential thrall to the playroom. I did not rush as I was expecting questions. Hylde did not disappoint.

"You're a slave?"

"I belong to Mistress, yes, Miss."

"As her slave?"

"As her slave. I've been in bondage for many years now Miss. I was gifted to Mistress by her Mother, Mistress Vanda, my first owner."

"You realise slavery is a crime? You could walk away anytime you like."

"I love my Mistress, Miss. Why would I want to hurt her so? Plus, I doubt your last statement is correct, Miss. My owner guards her property jealously."

"This isn't role play? You're serious?"

I stopped and turned, taking her other hand in mine. I looked deep into her emerald green eyes, "Miss, I begged Mistress Vanda to enslave me after meeting her in Germany, on a break following University. Since that day I have been locked in a collar, kept in bondage, used and worked as a slave. I am older than I look. I have spent many years in chains, naked and sleeping in my owner's cages. On a plus note for you; I am a sex slave. Without boasting I can assure you I am very good. Even better, I'm not as good as my owner. Mistress will ruin you for anybody after tonight. You will never want to fuck anyone else but her. Once she has shown you her art, you will be jealous of my collar. Now, let us get you ready for her. I promise you, this is going to be a momentous day for you. A day you will never regret."

I continued on, still holding her hand. A small involuntary gasp escaped her as we entered the playroom. Doubtless, the furniture and the racks of toys had a lot to do with this. But she continued to follow my lead, so they did not scare her as they had so many before.

I bade her stand in the middle of the room and slowly undressed her. Batting her hands away if she tried to help, she eventually stopped trying and let me work. Once naked, I had her hold up her hair, as I fastened a heavy leather collar around her throat.

With her naked, I attached a leash and led her to a St Andrew's Cross. I noted her lower lips were glistening as I applied the ankle straps. Pressing in close, to secure her wrists, the scent of arousal was plain to even my dull human senses. Hylda fully restrained, I kissed her hard on the mouth. Forcing my way in with my tongue, crushing her lips with mine. Hylda offered no resistance, a weak moan of desire escaping her, as I reached down to sample her wetness with my fingers.

Hooking a leg over one of hers, I made a show of examining my fingers, now dripping and slick with her juices. Wordlessly, I inserted them into her panting mouth. Obediently, she eagerly sucked them clean.

"Is she ready, slave?" Asked my owner from behind me. I turned to behold my love, now clad in glossy dark green leather, smiling from the doorway.

"Dripping wet and bound to please, Mistress," I smirked.

"Good, let us educate sweet Hylda then, before we invite her to serve."

Later that evening I lay on the couch, my head resting on my owner's lap, as we watched a film together. The TV, a huge flat screen I could never have imagined before I was enslaved, illuminated the room with images of a beautiful elf queen and a small barefooted hero. My love absently stroked my head. Sometimes she idly twirled the braids in my hair around her fingers.

"She's one of Hylda's, Syd," my owner whispered.

"Mistress?"

"The elf queen, the actress. She's one of Hylda's."

"Soon yours then, Mistress," I replied.

"That's the plan, slave. This is going to be so much fun. I'm really looking forward to going to The Oscars now."

"I don't think the surgeons will be very happy with us, Mistress."

"Oh, poo! They can still carve up the faces of those not in our camp. There's only so many I'll let drink from you."

"Mistress Narlinea will be pleased too, Mistress."

"Narlinea has bigger plans than America. She'll hand the East Coast over too, soon. When she does, we'll pass Hollywood on to a daughter and move to Washington DC."

"In the short term, Mistress, what happens to Hylda?" The agent was curled up in a cage in the playroom. Doubtless still sobbing after Mistress had refused to enslave her.

"Oh, we'll keep her a week or so, then send her home. We use that time to train her. We'll only allow her back if she brings a new acolyte to induct. She'll be given targets; producers, writers, directors, as well as actors. Soon Hollywood will be making the films Demonia want to be made. A golden age for humanity is coming, slave. Demonia will save them from their urges to make war on each other. With the politicians and the media under our control, humanity will learn to obey, even if it is not all collared."

"Do you think it will take long, Mistress?"

"Your skin will probably be black before the plan is complete, but you should live to see it."

"You're certain Demonia can end wars, Mistress?"

"Have you ever heard of flocks of sheep going to war, slave?"

"No, Mistress."

"Exactly."

THE END

