



The Story Of  
**POPPET**

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Alexa's issues with women  
mean sexual and psychological  
devastation for Linda

# **THE STORY OF POPPET**

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

# CHAPTER ONE

**Now**

There was this feral grunting, followed by an expelling of breath and that was followed by an almost melancholy growl from the back of her throat as she orgasmed. But that was just it. She wasn't JUST orgasming. What was happening was that all of her receptors, all of her live sexual nerve endings were exploding at once. During a normal orgasm these receptors and these nerves would let it all out in a gradual manner, so that the orgasm was not too much to contend with. But this wasn't like that. This wasn't in the slightest, like that. This was all of those receptors exploding at once, and at full volume. There was nothing gradual about it. There was no pleasant build up, or no edging and then orgasm. It was as though someone, somewhere, other than her, had flicked a switch and turned on that orgasm to its most powerful and debilitating setting from the onset.

She had been on her hands and knees, reversed up against a solid, heavy wooden table leg and she'd been riding that because that was what her head had been telling her to do. There had been that little 'buck' of her hips as she'd slid her wet, dripping sex up the leg of that table. And she presented an obscene sight. A sight that one wouldn't want to stumble on by accident. A sight that no-one want to see their loved one trapped inside of. It wasn't so much what she was doing but the way that she seemed to be in a world of her own as she was doing it. Like she was 'otherwise engaged'. She wasn't at all engaged with the real world at this point. One look at her mascara stained face would tell anyone that. There was nothing succinct about what she was doing. There was nothing ladylike about what she was doing. It was like she had no moral compass.

That fact that she was an attractive, very attractive young woman in her maybe early to mid-twenties seemed to be an underlining factor in making the scene more obscene. That what she was doing and how she was doing it was not conducive to a young woman of her age. It didn't seem 'right' that she was

doing what she was doing. There was this lithe, long legged woman naked on her hands and knees using a table leg to masturbate. Not because it was something that she just fancied doing at the time, but because it was something that she had to do. It was something that she 'needed' to do, and had no choice but to do.

There was something in her eyes that was feral. That was it - there was something feral about this young woman. Maybe it was because, at first she had not been able to get the 'pleasure' that she needed to get from that vertical masturbation. Before she's exploded in orgasm there had been this whimpering from her. And every so often, as she had slid her wet, drenched sex up and down that table leg, she'd tilted her head one way, then another, then back again. It was like she was trying to understand what she was being told, except there was no voice talking to her. There was no audible voice that was telling her what to do, or how to do it. But that wasn't what her eyes were saying. They flicked and darted around as though she was trying to locate the source of a voice that was very audible to her, and her alone.

Her lipsticked lips were trembling as well as drooling. And it was as though she had lost all control of her dignity and pride. It was like it didn't matter to her. The airs and graces didn't matter to her because she was in a different place. She was in a different place in her mind and that was the only place that mattered to her. It was like she was trying to please herself, but trying to please that voice that was talking to her as well.

The scene didn't really make any sense. No-one else was with this young woman as she defiled herself on that table leg. There was no-one to see her heavy breasts swinging under herself as she bucked her hips up and down that table leg. That 'bucking' was like in slow motion, as though what actual little pleasure she could get from it was ground out and elongated by those slow bucking strokes of her hips. But those slow bucks were always accompanied by the growls from the back of her throat. Those slow bucks were always accompanied by a deep seated groaning that came from somewhere else other than the back of her throat.

So when the orgasm came, it was a 'moment'. Like a split second in time, when her eyes popped. It was a little ironic that the true beauty of this young woman's eyes came to the fore right now. In a way it was shame, it was like they were out on stalks. Her eyes 'popped' and her tongue slithered out and across the

width of her drooling mouth. And at the same time she was swallowing. Her stunning, exposed throat was rolling in that swallow as this undiluted pleasure exploded from her clitoris but then spread right through her entire femininity. And from the 'grunt' she made there was this self-gratification, like a greedy gratification that was hard to associate with this attractive young woman. It was grunt that came from deep and seemed to roll out of her mouth with the drool.

And when that orgasm was at its height, when it was at its 'max' there was like this suspension that was happening. Almost like time had stood still. Almost like someone had pressed the pause button. Almost as though this was how this woman got off. Like she was practiced at it - practiced and well versed at giving herself the best possible orgasm. And she rode that orgasm - she rode it hungrily and greedily, like she didn't want to miss any of it. Like she didn't want a single nanosecond of that pleasure to pass her by. Like she wanted and needed to suck every little bit of that pleasure out and have it all for herself.

If there had been a suggestion thrown into the ring that she 'share' some of that absolute pleasure with anyone else then there was a feeling that she would tear the arm off anyone who tried to take even the tiniest bit of pleasure from her. It was there, that feral look, those feral eyes, the trembling drooling lips. And those strings and ribbons of drool stretching from her full lips to the floor under her as that orgasm wracked through her. No-one would dare try to take any of that pleasure for themselves. No-one dare even look as though they were going to take some for themselves, or they'd have her to deal with.

But, wait a second! That orgasm just went on and on. And with the second wave of that pleasure she was 'squirting' from her sexuality. The juices that were produced under normal sexual activity were being projectile squirted back under the table and over that table leg. And this was when her eyes took on a different, darker colour. Her pupils seemed to dilate and that dilation took her to another place. She was riding the orgasm but there was this 'panic' look in her eyes as well. And there was this vacantness there that was not there before. She had been in a zone for the first wave of orgasm, but it was clear as the second wave rushed through her that she was in a different place. And even during that second more intense wave of absolute, undiluted pleasure, there was this little tilt of the head that she kept doing, as though she was listening to that voice again. It was as though that voice was talking her through it. Helping her through it even!

But the longer this scene, the longer this orgasm went on, the 'darker' it got,

if that makes sense. There was almost this cruelty that this young woman seemed to be inflicting on herself. There is no accounting for the places that sexuality, sexual pleasure and orgasm take any individual or the fact that it brings out the feral in some. But this was more than a base line feral orgasm that this woman was going through. There was more to it than met the eye. It was much deeper than a base line orgasm. And the 'feral' reached levels that were animalistic to the extreme. That few seconds in time when that orgasm was at its height seemed to be stretched further and longer - until in fact there was this look of not actual 'fear' but a borderline panic in her eyes. Almost as though she had flicked that switch for the orgasm to come, and now that she was exhausted, that she couldn't find it again to turn it off.

There was this trembling quality to her that was being bodily applied. There was no part of her that was not shaking - or that was not affected in some way. And there was this drooling from her orifices that could be deemed 'not normal'. This was a young woman under extreme and a total stress that would be hard for anyone looking on to understand or comprehend. She was moving her hips up and down that table leg and there was this perpetual motion to what she was doing. It was like she had found the precise pressure and smoothness that she need to obtain for the best possible pleasure and now she was concentrating on keeping this. That she was concentrating of keeping that pleasure all to herself. But the scene was carnage. There were the noises she was making but there was also the rawness of this woman's raw, swollen sex. And the amount of fluids that she produced, and the way this woman was so unladylike. The carnage had to be processed but in a way that was easy to understand. But that was just it - it wasn't easy to understand.

And then the orgasm was gone! There was this 'moment' again. And there was this limpness that was applied to her when that orgasm stopped. The huge bulging eyes sank back into their sockets but there was this other expression, like another kind of panic that the orgasm was gone and she wanted it to be back. That was it, she was taken to the edge of her tether when the orgasm was inside her and all around her - and then there had been the panic that she was taking on too much. But now, now that it was gone it was like she had lost it forever. There was this thing in her eyes, this worry that she wouldn't ever get it back again. It was like a series of stark contrasts that wouldn't make sense to anyone else. That they only made sense to her because she had come to learn about them in the course of her short life so far.

There was this 'collapse' of this young woman as the orgasm was spent. There were the little involuntary 'bucks' of her hips as that orgasm faded away. And then the inevitable slide down the leg of the table until she was at the foot of that leg all limp, all loose and wet. She was panting - her chest was rising and falling - rising and falling and as she turned to sit, to lean against the same table leg she had pleased herself on, the volume of her breasts became fully evident. This was a young woman who had been well blessed in beauty, in legs, and breasts. In the moment this was a woman who had it all in looks and assets. And as she came down from the orgasm there were a few tears. The mascara she had applied thickly was running anyway - now there were just more streaks, new ones.

And now the trembling although it was a full bodily trembling, was different as well. There was this sense that this woman was exhausted - that she was beyond exhausted. But it was more than even that. There was the 'drained' quality to her and as she sat back against that table leg to catch her breath she became more audible in the sense that she was whimpering and struggling to cope, holding back a full on sobbing. There was no tilting of her head now - as though that voice she had been listening to was not there now. Her eyes were almost closed as that exhaustion took over her. When she went to move, she had second thoughts and sat back again. It was like the strength was not there. Like as though she needed to recover for a little longer before she tried to move.

But disturbingly, as she came down and then got over that orgasm there was no will in her to regain her dignity. She was sitting at the base of that table legs and her own legs were splayed wide open and her sexuality was fully exposed. Yes she was on her own but for some reason there was this overriding sense that she had just been through a session of abuse - sexual abuse. That doesn't make sense not on the face of it. She was alone - all alone and yet with that orgasm done and dusted there was this sense that she had been through something that was not wholly visible. Yes that she had been through that intense debilitating orgasm that she had been hungry and greedy for, but also a sense that it wasn't down to her. That none of this was down to her.

She had a second go at moving. She wasn't interested in covering herself. Her breasts shifted and rolled, and her legs stayed splayed wide open exposing herself. It was like she had more to contend with than exposing herself to absolutely no-one else. But there it was again, that tilt of her head. Her eyes shot open from a slit, to a wide and alert. She tilted her head one way then the other.

At one point it looked like she was ‘nodding’ in agreement to the voice that may, or may not have been speaking to her. She was blowing her full, quite delicious lips out and she was nodding again. This nodding seemed to be driving the change in her movements. Before, there was this sense that she would get to her feet, maybe make for a chair, or bed so that she could lie down and recover properly but it was different now. Now she changed again and turned on to her hands and knees so that her heavy breasts hung and swung under her.

She spread her knees as well so that the crawl that she was readying herself to do, was somehow more obscene. And she dipped her back so that her bottom was higher. She was accentuating herself and she was degrading herself at the same time. There is no accounting for the sexuality of individuals. There is no accounting for particular turn-ons that an individual harbours inside the darker part of their minds. What could have played a part was that this woman had her own thing going on inside her mind, and inside her sexuality. She was in a private place and she had been pleasing herself privately. No judgements to be made here. And now she was ‘crawling’. She was crawling away from the table leg she had pleased herself on and she was doing it in that accentuated, and almost ‘proud’ way.

Her crawl was a slow one. It didn’t need to be so slow but that was what her mind was telling her to do. Or that voice in her mind - telling her to crawl slowly in an almost feline way. Crawl in a way that showed her femininity to its fullest extent. Crawl in that spread knees way so that the leaking, dripping gash of her sexuality was ‘there’ to be seen. It was almost as though this woman was doing this because she thought, or fantasised that there could be eyes watching her - that there could be eyes drinking her in. The way she crawled saw her hips roll from side to side, and that was an added ‘movement’ for her to feel and imagine from.

She crawled through the property and came to a door. She edged the door with her nose and crawled through it. Inside that room it was dark, but it was sparse. A light came on automatically and that flooded the room with white light and that revealed the room empty except for a human sized cage set in the very centre of it. A cage made from stainless steel and that could easily hold an adult human being but not standing up. This woman crawled up to the cage and then circled it. Her eyes were fixed to the inside of the cage. Her crawl was slow, feline and dripping. She stopped and her head tilted again. She was listening to that voice in her head. Or maybe she was listening to her own voice, her own

voice whispering her own desires to herself. One could only assume that this woman was so highly sexed that the voice was like her defence against herself - like the bridge between her and the real world.

Her head tilted one way, then the other. And now she stopped circling, and she made for the cage door that was just about ajar. She nudged the cage door open with her nose. She could have used a hand but she didn't and this was what that voice of desire was telling her in her mind. It was telling her not to open the door with her hand, but with her nose. Just nudge it like some kind of curious dog. And yes, there was that, like a 'sniffing' and like a flaring of her nostrils, pretty nostrils. But that opening of the cage door and then her crawling inside and for some reason that was disturbing. To see this young woman, attractive, stunningly so, crawling into this cage and then turning in it. It was like a process, or a routine that she was used to. Or that she had done before. But then the crawling back to the door and taking a thin, stainless steel bar between her teeth and pulling the door closed and click locked. This was some serious shit going on here.

Her head tilted to one side in order to take the vertical steel bar between her teeth. She could have done that with her hand as well but she had been listening to herself in her head again. She was agreeing with herself and she was closing that door with her teeth and with her lips, and this was disturbing to see. One could never put one's finger on the source of that disturbance - it was something that was just there. And then the sight of this young woman inside the cage, kneeling, looking out. One couldn't say that she was a woman with 'issues', not really. It takes all sorts to make up this world we live in. She wasn't harming anyone, she wasn't involving anyone in what could be called, by the less open minded, her sick games. She was a lone female getting pleasure the way she knew how - wasn't she?

# CHAPTER TWO

## 25 Years Ago

“That’s right Poppet, push, push as hard as you can, silently.”

The voice came over a speaker buried in the ceiling and seemed to be in surround mode. On a gynaecological chair with her legs high and spread wide was a girl in her teens. She looked extremely young but that could have been due to the surroundings that she was in. For some reason she was highlighted as extremely young due to the grown up environment that she seemed to be existing in.

“Think you can do that for me Poppet - push silently? I want to ‘see’ you push but I don’t want to hear you, do you understand?”

And because of the surround quality to the voice it was not clear, not entirely, whether it was a male or female voice that was filtering down inside this room. Yes this room - it had a clinical feel to it. It had this clinically clean, antiseptic feel to it, and this ‘white’ light that was so bright, so alarmingly bright that there were no shadows thrown. The light was so bright and so direct that there were no shadows or points of reference to be gained from it. It was almost a case that the joints between the floor and walls and then between the ceilings and the walls could not be seen. It was a high key setting that was almost surreal. It could have been ‘dreamy’ except for the room’s content. The content being the medical and restraint equipment.

But this was not a medical setting - that is, it wasn’t a real medical setting. This was disturbingly more than that. And then the young girl, naked save for a pair of self-supporting stockings that hugged and pinched her very upper thighs. And a pair of extremely high heeled shoes. Any onlooker would be drawing conclusions as to this scene.

The young girl, the way her legs were supported with slings behind her knees which were then spread wide, and her dangling lower legs - and yes, those high heeled shoes that were too high, too 'mature' for a girl this apparent age. And that one of the shoes had dropped off her dangling foot and the other not, left something of a bad taste in the mouth. This was a sexualised scene and the extremely young girl had been sexualised.

This girl looked distressed but at first there was no reason why she should be distress. That is, until one looked between her legs - and firstly looked at her lower tummy. There was swelling in the tummy. The girl would have normally had a perfectly flat tummy but in this instance there was this 'roundness' to it. And between her legs - her smooth, hairless sex was stretched around something, an appendage that was buried deeply inside of her. And look deeper between her legs and there was the appendage that her otherwise tight, small asshole was stretched around. And to look, and then realise what one was seeing was like one of them step-back moments. It was like a shock moment.

“Yes, yes Mamma yes I understand Mamma. I'll push silently Mamma.”

And there were tears with those words. There were tears that dripped from her eyes the same as the words dripped from her mouth. And that was like a confirmation that the voice in the ceiling was from a woman. It had been an electronic voice and an almost disguised one but now it made sense. Now there was this female lilt to that voice and that should have settled the mind someone but it didn't. If that was a female voice and 'if' that was this girl's mamma then this brought a whole new level of sick to this scene. It was another of those step back moments in which one might try to come to terms with what one was seeing in that room.

It was fact that what was being seen was not the reality - it was supposed to be seen, and heard like this. It was supposed to shock and give this impression. But the girl, as she whimpered she also 'pushed'. There was this twist to her pretty face - and there was this effort there that told that she was pushing.

“Don't forget, slut, push silently. I DON'T want to hear you. I want to 'see' you pushing hard to get that thing out of you.”

Yes, it made more sense now, that voice. It had been sexless but it wasn't now. There was the usual highs and lilt of a female voice inside all of that

processing and now it made perfect sense. Not that it made it right though. The girl in the chair pressed her lipsticked lips together and rolled them in as she tried to do what she was doing silently. And as she did that she was 'pushing' as though she were assisting a bowel movement. What she was trying to do, was push the appendages, both of them, out of her, but this was impossible because they were locked inside of her. The things had been lubricated, then inflated inside of her and with the inflation the appendages had been locked inside of her. The anal appendage had been locked behind her sphincter and the vaginal one behind her vaginal skeletal structure. In effect her physiology and skeletal frame was assisting in not helping her expel these things. The truth of the situation was that this girl would not be able to expel those appendage no matter how much she pushed, or how much she tried, or how much she twisted her face.

But try she had to. There was the screwing up of her pretty face, and the redness of her neck and face as she pushed and pushed. But now there was no sound from her. Now there was no sound of a girl under any kind of duress. One had to think of what would happen to her if she didn't manage to follow the instructions of the electronically altered female voice to the letter? That was a question. The fact was that she did follow it. She pushed and there should have been a grunt to accompany that effort but there was no grunt. There would be this disturbance in the mind, of how pretty this girl was, but how distorted that prettiness was because of what she was doing. There was this obscenity associated with what was happening here.

Between her legs the swell of her pussy, like a rolling swell as she tried to push. But then most stark obscenity was the sight of her ass trying to push out the appendage that was locked inside of her. Her little tight ass was stretched and raised. And her ass had 'tented' out with each push. There was nothing that was pleasant about what a stranger would see if they stumbled on this scene. There was nothing 'nice' about this at all. And there was this constant roll of the flesh around the vagina, and then that constant pulse like movement of the stretched ass. This girl pushed and she pushed but the effort each and every time was in vain. The impossibility of the task seemed to be escaping her. Or maybe not. Maybe she knew that she'd never pushed those things out of her with her own efforts, and maybe she just had to go through the motions anyway.

"Push and hold slut. Push those holes out, and hold them right there. Dirty holes in a dirty girl."

The tone of the voice from the ceiling changed up as this distasteful, disturbing scene progressed. The voice might have been in the ceiling speakers, but the human being that voice belonged to must have been somewhere that it was viewing from. That person must have been able to see clearly what was happening in that nightmarish room. Only the eagle eyed would be able to see the covert cameras located in various spots - those cameras aimed at that chair and that girl. And those cameras in various stages of zoom and angle - taking her in from every conceivable angle.

There was this feeling, or this notion that this woman should have maybe been inside the room with the girl. Because of that voice we have to assume that it's a real woman at the end of it. But then no - she wasn't there deliberately. It was like the isolation of the girl on that obscene chair thing, was the objective of this exercise. It was like she was supposed to be on her own as she followed the instructions from the disembodied voice. And it was like some kind of sadistic gratification that this woman got from doing what she was doing.

The girl pushed and pushed until her face was bright red as well as screwed up and then she held it there. It wasn't clear how long she had to hold it for - until she was told otherwise one had to assume. Her ass tented out as the appendage inside her fought with her sphincter, and as the vaginal appendage fought with all kind of obstacles inside her reproductive tract. She held it and she remained silent. There was this fucking awful sense that this girl had to struggle to do what she was doing. That she was struggling with her developing femininity to do what even an older more mature woman wouldn't be able to do. And that was what made this such a cruel scene. That was what made it disturbing and nightmarish. It was the kind of thing that didn't belong in the normal world. It was like this was a crime scene in progress. Not a crime scene in the making, but one that was already established and progressing.

“Push and hold. Push and hold. You need to get used to this because this is how sluts have to be treated. And you KNOW what a slut you are.”

Listening past the electronic circuitry there was this nastiness to this voice. A nastiness and a sadistic quality to it that couldn't be hidden or disguised in any way. But also in there was this sense that this person was somehow 'justifying' what she was doing to the girl in the chair. That somehow she was making the girl responsible for her own suffering and that she as simply doing this because she had to - because it was what happened to all 'sluts'. in effect she was

blaming the girl and making out she was just doing what she had to do.

But in all honesty the girl, apart from the fact that her legs were sheathed in sheer, transparent stockings, and one of those high heels, looked like a girl who had been put into this nightmare that she didn't belong in, not really. It looked like she had been lifted out of her normal life and then placed in this environment that was nothing short of a nightmare. One had to ask why this girl would follow these instructions and why wasn't she screaming the place down demanding to be released and put back into her normal world? One had to wonder why she followed the instructions to the letter of the electronic female voice? Why would she do that? But she did.

“You have to realise that sluts, like you have to be punished like this. You have to realise that sluts like you have to be controlled so that they can live their best life. You understand that, don't you Alexa?”

And that was a moment. This voice using a name! Using a name and an almost apologetic tone. Was this another form of mind fuck that this female was inflicting on the girl in the chair? There was almost this motherly quality to the way she spoke to her now and with the addition of her name, Alexa, it made it less of a sleeping nightmare and more of a waking one. In nightmares, sleeping ones, anything can happen. Horrors can be inflicted and instilled. But waking nightmares shouldn't exist at all. They crossed the divide between the sleeping world and the real waking world when they didn't have any right to do that. So with this little hint of humanity in that electronic voice came the absolute fact that the obscenity and the disturbing vibes were enhanced and multiplied.

Alexa pushed and pushed until her lips peeled back and she exposed her teeth - those teeth clamped shut tight. There had to be a time that she failed. The whole thing was constructed so that she would fail. The whole thing was made so that she would be tested and so that she would break during that testing. And eventually she did, eventually there was nothing that she could do, to prevent herself screaming out.

“Fuck, fuck motherrrrr fuck I can't do this.”

And that outburst introduced another level. The f word, the almost growling, seething anger - yes, all of that. But as well, that hint, in the language that this girl was not so innocent after all. And that she wasn't as young as she was

purported to be. But still questions remained. The main one ‘what the actual fuck is going on here?’ And then there was that release of the ‘push’. The relaxing of the girl’s face to reveal the full extent of her prettiness. But that f word had slipped from between her red lips far too easily. It was like she used that word often. But also the almost shocking revelation that Alexa referred to that voice as ‘mother’ albeit in an elongated, distressed fashion. But that was too much for the mind of a normal person to take.

The thought that this could be some kind of sick coming together of a mother and daughter was not comprehensible not really. But this was a scene that kept of giving and nothing could be ruled out. One should have been relived that Alexa had a voice, that she could resist, that she could rebel. But in doing so she had just uncovered a whole new set of mind-fucks. She released the push and she blew out her lips - she looked exhausted. But as she opened her eyes, a looked up to a camera that was directly in front of her, there was also this look of realisation in her eyes. There was also this look that came over her face that was not a good one. She hadn’t rebelled and got her own way. She’d rebelled and now she had to pay some kind of price for what she’d done.

“Don’t you ‘fuck mother’ me you little shit. You chose to be a slut. You chose the path you’re on. You CHOSE to suck disgusting cocks and swallow the seed. Now you have to pay the price.”

The sadist was back and yet she was acknowledging Alexa’s outburst. She was responding which marked the connection between them and this just rose more and more questions.

“No, no mother no, please no. I’ll push and stay silent. I’ll push until you tell me to stop mother. Please please don’t hurt me please.”

And Alexa’s words faded out as she began to sob.

“What have I told you about ‘crying’? You don’t cry, not now, not ever.”

That was a sharp, curt response to the girl’s pleading. And that was just it, she was pleading. There was this dripping teary quality to the girl’s voice now but that was cut through by the sadistic tone of the woman. And the further confirmation that this woman was apparently the girl’s mother was something that didn’t settle too well on the psyche. It was something that filtered into the mind and then tumbled round colouring the scene even more as time went on.

“You KNOW I have to hurt you now because you misbehaved. You KNOW that I have to hurt you a lot right?”

Again there was this blame thing going on. This was this woman blaming Alexa for what she was about to do. These was this psychological abuse being applied to Alexa that was not just apparent but obvious. It was such a fucked up thing to try to understand. It was like if given a chance Alexa would be able to hold her own. But at the same time it was like this woman had this tight grip, this tight hold on the girl. And right now it was like she was used to having to deal with Alexa’s little outbursts. If some kind of assumption had to be made then it would be that the woman ‘mother’ was a sadist and Alexa was a work in progress. That she had been taken so far by this woman and that every so often she would rebel. What it was like was the sadist was wringing the last little bit of rebellion out of Alexa. And yet against there was another layer being exposed.

That this scene was not a one-off. It wasn’t something that maybe the woman, the sadist would regret later. That this was actually one in a series of ‘training sessions’ that she was subjecting Alexa to. That was one thing, to think like that - to accept that two women got together and played the games grown-ups played. But it was another thing to know that this was, or apparently was a mother and daughter thing. That was a whole different mind fuck to contend with. It was a whole different thing to know that this sadist woman was doing these things to her offspring for real and that she must have had some kind of objective or end result, or end game that she was working towards. That was a mind fuck of epic proportions. To think where this could all end - or question what the objective was of the woman.

“Please, please mother please no.”

And the thing was that Alexa hadn’t stopped crying. She hadn’t done what she had been told to do by ‘mother’. And that signified that she had been tipped over the edge. That she had been taken beyond the end of her tether. The crying had turned into a sobbing and that in turn signified that she more than dreaded what this woman was going to do to her next. It was as though Alexa had been a participant in these ‘games’ and that she knew there was no way out of it. And that she knew how severe the punishment would be. That sobbing was not something that she was acting, or putting on. It was real, and it was from somewhere beyond her soul.

It was as though she knew what disobeying, or rebelling meant. It was like she was a girl who had been brought up in a strict, abusive and sadistic setting, but that she had not yet attained that standard that she needed to attain. Her final pleading was something that was a hard watch and an even harder listen. Everything else was out of the window at this point. That Alexa wasn't so innocent after all, that she used the f word in an almost sexual manner - that all didn't matter. What mattered now was that she had been reduced to a sobbing wreck by the woman who's voice filtered down from the ceiling. And that her fear, which almost paralysed her was for real. It wasn't acted, it wasn't for effect. It was for real.

# CHAPTER THREE

**25 Years Ago** ..... *continued*

It was a different room now - the punishment room, and Alexa was 'howling' in something that was beyond pain. It wasn't clear, not at first, why she was howling at such decibels. It wasn't clear what all the din was about. She could have been being a diva, but no. The environment, the whole scene wasn't conducive to housing a diva. Not as such at least.

The fallen stiletto shoe had been replaced and she was on her feet. It was because she was on her feet that the height of those heels became evident along with the effort it took for anyone to wear those heels and function in them. Such was the height that Alexa was pretty much forced to exist on her tippy-toes. That in turn sent the majority of her weight down through her core - in other words through her spine. The stockings still clung to her very upper thighs. In fact they had been pulled up, straightened so that her legs looked flawless. And that was the thing, those legs were long, shapely, flawless and in this position, as opposed to the position she had been in with her legs slung and held wide, she was taking on an 'older' air about her. She was looking older, and yet less able to contend with what was happening to her.

Her developing breasts were moving and rolling, and that was because she was moving. She was walking but she was walking on the spot. She was on a treadmill that was set to a constant moderate pace, so she had to walk on the spot, and she had to maintain the pace or she was in danger of toppling over or being usurped by the treadmill itself. She was a young fit woman, so there wasn't too much effort, not at first that she had to put in. But there had been difficulties built in by 'mother'. The first of those difficulties was that her arms had been debilitated and the method of that debilitation was possibly one cause of the pain that she was in and the reason that she was howling so loudly and so urgently.

Her arms had been taken behind her and then tethered at the elbows. That is, her elbows had been cinched together, brought together until they were touching, and then tied off with rope. That action alone, the bringing together of the elbows was sufficient to create a lot of pain in the first instance but also that pain was maintained and emphasised with each and every movement that the young lady made. To say that she was in constant pain, as well as constant movement would not be to exaggerate. Her elbows cinched so that her breasts were forced out in front of her - her shoulders forced back, almost enforcing this proudness on her and yet creating an abysmal pain that was with her all the time.

Where her elbows were cinched then fed by a hook on a hoist that 'lifted' her elbows behind her. And there was this oddness in this - that yes her arms had been disabled and yet her lower arms and her wrists had been left to 'dangle' helpless and high behind her. One could ask why? A valid question if a normal person happened on this scene, which would never happen. But leaving her lower arms and wrists free left it possible for her to move her arms - it left it possible for her wave her lower arms when she was in a particular amount of pain. And it made it possible for her to open and close her fists, and this was something that she did constantly. And all of that movement ensured one thing, and that was that it fed the pain she was already in.

This was another high key room, white - bright white and brilliantly lit so that Alexa the young lady in question was perfectly highlighted. In front of her there was an entire wall that was simply a mirror. That mirror reflected back, and added to the light. But it also made it possible for Alexa to see herself, at an angle to take the whole of herself in and so that she could see herself. That seemed to be a theme - that she see herself. She would certainly be able to see the results of the debilitation that had taken place and that was a constant feature in this torture. And she could also see herself as she made that noise - it was as though she had to see herself and know that it was her making the noise.

There was a safety chain, of sorts that in effect secured her to the treadmill, which was set on a slight incline, as though she was being made to walk up a gentle hill. That of course added to the effort that she had to put in. But there was another chain as well - and that was cuffed and secured between her ankles. The effect of this length of chain was that it shortened her stilettoed steps. It hobbled her steps which for long shapely legs brought its own torment. So where the reasons for that howling might not have been immediately evident, the closer one looked the more evident those reasons did become.

And between her legs, and her ass cheeks it was clear that the appendages, or different ones were now still in place. What looked sinister about this was that there were tubes and wires which snaked off into a CPU and then into the wall of the room. This wasn't a spare room that 'mother' took Alexa to. Like the first room it was purpose built for the application of abuse. Maybe if one could see that these appendages were fully inflated inside of her and one could then only imagine what they were doing do her. To look at her on this treadmill, her agony and her degradation had to be something that was complete and total? Possibly but not necessarily. There was this sense that the girl was suffering on several levels, and that was because she was.

That Alexa was able to maintain that treadmill pace and absorb the pain she was in was remarkable in itself. The howling was her way of coping. In the punishment room she could cry and she could scream because it was a sealed, soundproofed unit that she was inside of. And because it was punishment, she could show and display how she was suffering in any way that it cared to manifest itself.

“This is what happens to sluts that need to be punished, and you KNOW this.”

Again that disembodied voice from speaker buried in the ceiling. Mother had waited for a lull in the absolute din that Alexa was making and then she spoken. One couldn't be sure if she was expecting a response, or not. Probably not since there was this level of noise as well as focus coming from Alexa that wouldn't allow her to have any meaningful conversation. So the voice was speaking for effect. Every movement that Alexa had to make caused her untold agony. But she had to make sure not to try to overstep herself, if she did, the hobble chain clicked in and her step was shortened by it and not by Alexa herself. That meant that the pain was worse by far. To have a step cut short, mid-flight as it were caused absolute and acute agony. And Alexa was aware of this and so she had to focus. She had to focus through her pain and through her torment, and for someone young, like this, it was a lot to contend with.

Externally, if one looked closely, Alexa was suffering on several premeditated levels but internally it was the same. Those appendages had been inflated until she screamed out with acute pain. Those appendages had been inflated until they pressed into the cervix and the colon bend respectively and then she was expected to move, and 'walk' in a measured way that was

consistent in speed. And she had to do this over time. Those appendages moving inside her when there was actually no room for them to move. That meant that her internal flesh had to take the hit. that meant that with every step she took, and with every scream she let out, or every clench of her fists dangling behind her, there was this level of pain that this young lady should not have been able to take, not really.

She was taking it, but she was also making this noise. The longer one listened to this noise the more 'sad' it was really. Why should a human being be able to do this to another human being? The suggested incestuousness aside, this was an almost abhorrent situation in its making. Mother would be watching. She would be watching from every angle and every zoom level just like she was in the other room. And there were question marks over that fact. That this other woman was doing what she was doing was enough to stop anyone in their tracks, but then to realise that this woman, this person was getting some kind of sick enjoyment out of what she was doing. There was this voyeuristic evidence that she was enjoying creating this nightmare world for Alexa. There was more evidence just by the amount of covert cameras alone to suggest that she was a sexual sadist and that she might have been gaining sexual pleasure as she watched.

There was this suggestion that she could flick her eyes from one camera angle to the next, and then zoom in so that she could take in the finer nuances and detail. A camera focused on Alexa's face - a frame filling zoom level so that she could see and take in all of that anguish. And that was the thing, she could take it all in whilst creating more. These had to be the actions and the deeds of a core level sadist. And there was this mother and daughter vibe going on but one could never be sure, or be reasonably sure that it was like that, or whether this was just a world, like a role-play that this woman sadist had made up in her own mind. The only clear thing was that she had infiltrated Alexa's mind and her life and had taken over it completely to the point that Alexa herself lived out that role-play - if that was what it was.

Mother set another level of inflation, one notch higher, from a little remote control unit the size of a credit card. And the beauty of that, if it could be called beauty was that there was so little available space to expand those appendages in that the pain was maximum and it was immediate and it did disturb the established pattern of walking that Alexa had managed to maintain despite what else she was going through. The pain created by that slight, ever so slight increase in inflation was one that pretty much stopped Alexa in her tracks. She

didn't quite 'stop' but there was this lift of her head, and the opening up of her eye, like they were out on stalks and there was this utter pained expression written across this pretty, perfectly made up face.

At least, it had been perfectly made up. When she'd been taken into that room, everything about her was perfect. The stockings, the heels, and her makeup. She'd still looked like a young girl made to look older, made to look like a slut. A young girl who'd made herself look like a slut for the very purpose of being brought to this room. But now that makeup was showing signs of wear and tear. Her lipstick was chipped and bitten away. Her mascara was leaving black tear stained marks down her face and yet there was still that prettiness that remained. There was still that core prettiness and that humanity in her that remained whatever was going through her.

There was a stutter, or a split moment in time when that pain from the additional inflation hit her central nervous system but then it was like she remembered that she had to keep up the walking momentum. That she couldn't simply stop because the treadmill would not stop. It would keep going and it would create some other kind of hell in the form of yet more additional pain that she would have to absorb whilst correcting herself.

"That's right you slut. Keep up. Later on, some of your 'uncles' will be calling in, to use you. But that's the bit that you like isn't it, you dirty little cock sucking slut?"

The words were almost spat out of those surround speakers in the ceiling. There was this sense that as she spoke those words she was stroking herself. And there was this sense that this girl, Alexa was trapped in some kind of living nightmare and that there was no normal world for her. That THIS was her normal world. There was this curiosity about what the future would hold for her. What would become of her and would she even survive? There was this almost sense of desolation that whatever her future, it would not be a good one.

The question of what a girl like this could do with her life after an early existence like this? Would she ever get over what was being done to her, and what form would her future take? A scene like this, a reality like this encouraged question after question but the simple answer is that no-one knows. How could they? It could be a possibility that she take her own life because of recurring nightmares and the damage that had been done to her. Or she could go on to seek

some kind of retribution in any number of ways. She could go off the tracks altogether. She could just tip over the edge and live the kind of existence that would be under the radar - in the shadows. And god help anyone who might fall on the wrong side of her then.

Alexa had been on the treadmill for 3 hours already at this point.

## **5 Hours Later**

Eight hours on that treadmill, constantly walking, constantly having her insides mashed up by those appendages was something that was beyond any kind of comprehension. But there was no-one to help her off the inclined treadmill. There was no-one to make sure that she was ok. Asking this poor girl if she was ok would have been a little crass. Her long shapely legs were barely holding her up. They were trembling and so all of her was trembling. As she stepped down, arms and elbows still cinched together behind her, there was this whimpering. The chains holding her to the treadmill had 'clicked' off electronically enabling her to move. And the tread had slowed gradually and then stopped. And she had stood in that place desolate and trembling - her stockings stuck to her legs via a thin film of sweat. Those appendage still up inside her and digging into her cervix and colon.

There was this little stoop that she seemed forced to adopt. That was because the discomfort and the pain was too much. Her internals must have seemed like they had been through their own personal wars since the appendages had been increased in inflation throughout in little increments, and that series of minute, micro inflations would have sent debilitating pain throughout her internal femininity. And then her arms behind her back as they were cinched at the elbows didn't do anything to help her in her plight. That cinching made her stoop worse and her balance worse still. The hobble then between her ankles then enhanced that discomfort and forced her to adjust herself all the time. She may have been off the treadmill but her ordeal such as it was, was not over.

It seemed that this girl Alexa, lived in world of hurt. And one had to ask how she had found herself in such a situation. Surely that could not have been her real mother, hissing out obscenities from those ceiling speakers? And if it was, why

didn't she make herself known? Why didn't she come to help her offspring when she got down off that treadmill? It was a disturbing scene that just got more disturbing as it unfolded. But there was no-one to help this girl, she was on her own.

The door clicked open electronically and it was like she knew what she had to do next. It was like even through her pain and discomfort she knew what to do next. It was as though she had already experienced a level of training so that she could contend with what had to be an abused form of life. She made her way slowly, taking those hobbled, stilettoed steps as though they might be her last. That fact that she was exhausted was secondary to what she had been through, and what she was having to go through to the next stage of whatever 'this' was.

Surely she wasn't going to her REAL 'uncles' for them to use her sexually - not after what she had been through? But that was what the voice in the ceiling had told her was going to happen. For some reason there was not the capacity to disbelieve what this voice said. For some reason there was every reason to believe every word this woman said because there was not the sense that what she was doing was just to frighten the girl. Indeed, frightening the girl was not the point of this at all. Frightening her, telling her stories of what could happen to her, or what might happen to her, was not nasty enough for this disembodied voice. What the voice did was spell out simple facts of what actually would happen. It was like Alexa had been taken through the steps of breaking her to the point she was at now. And now she didn't need to be broken any more. She knew what her place was and she knew what she had to do and it was like she accepted it. It wasn't like there was any energy in her to resist or fight. It was like this was it for her.

She hobbled down a plain, stone floored corridor with a number of closed locked doors, until she came to one and she turned to face it. The door clicked open for her to nudge with her nose so that it opened. And she stepped inside. The doors click locked behind her. Inside this room were three men waiting for her. Three men ready to use her and as she stepped in, they became alert and visibly aroused. They were naked - and of different nationalities and colours. Surely these mixed race men couldn't be her real uncles? But this was the incestuous vibe that this poor you woman was forced to exist in. It was an existence that she had become accustomed to. Maybe they were her uncles or not. They were older than her that was for sure. They were older than her by far - and more mature.

And gradually their cocks came to fullest of erections. In this room was everything and anything that these men could need in order to use Alexa to the maximum. And once again there were the speakers in the ceiling and once again there would be the sound processed words of a woman watching via cameras as Alexa was put through some other, new kind of ordeal because she was a 'slut' except, the reality was pointing to the fact she wasn't.

“Make sure you pleasure them all slut. It's the only thing you're good for. Being a slut and gratifying your betters. I'm going to make sure you spend your life in servitude to others.”

And there was nothing in that voice that told of it over egging what kind of life Alexa had in store for her.

# CHAPTER FOUR

**Now**

Linda's head was banging when she woke up in that cage. She woke very slowly, her head clearing but even that was a slow process. She was curled up in the closed cage and at first that startled her, but then she remembered. Then it all came back to her. This was something that was becoming more common to her. It was something that she wasn't getting used to so much as tolerating. She cleared her throat, tried to find her voice but she gave up on that.

"That was a disgusting immoral thing you did. You should be ashamed of yourself. You should be beyond ashamed. You're a vile creature."

And Linda sat up bolt upright in her cage. She looked around to see where the voice was coming from but she was confused. There was no-one else in the room, or in the cage with her. That disturbed her but she should have been used to that - it was the same when she was sexually aroused. But the thing was that when she was sexually aroused, she didn't give a flying fuck about the voice she could hear in her mind then.

"Who is this? For fucks sakes where are you? I want to go home to my normal life now please. I can't take this anymore."

Her voice was croaky and broken. It sounded like the groaning, the growling and the other feral noises she had been making before she fell into that deep, deep sleep had got the better of her voice. It sounded as though she was almost about to lose that voice. She tilted her head as though expecting an answer to her questions, but they didn't come. There was an electronic 'buzz' and then a click as the cage door clicked and sprung open slightly to signify that she could come out of the cage.

She didn't move at first. She looked wearily through the bars at the sparse room and didn't want to move. Maybe she felt safe in that cage. Maybe she didn't want to crawl out of the cage at all. And that was it - she was beginning to

get the sense of her own dignity again. It wasn't like she had forgotten what she had done against that table leg - that was still fresh in her mind, loud and clear. But now that the frightening level of arousal and need had left her, now that the orgasm had been filed away in a darker corner of her mind, she was becoming more 'herself' again, and that unsettled her. It was understandable for her to feel unsettled. It was understandable that she feel this need to retrieve some dignity for herself again. Linda wasn't a bad person. She wasn't a bad girl. Was she?

Her eyes popped open wide again and her head tilted to one side.

"This is your normal life. This IS who you are now."

That voice again, in her head, in her mind. She tried to shake it off. She tried to convince herself that she wasn't hearing the voice at all. But then she could have been suggesting to herself that she was talking to herself. If she was a young woman who had 'issues' maybe that voice would have been hers. Maybe that voice, talking to her like that, scolding her like that, was her own. But that was what she was having trouble accepting or adapting to - that there could be any other voice in her mind, except hers. There was no way that could be happening. At least, that was what she was trying to tell herself.

But then her eyes opened wide and one of her hands shot between her legs.

"Uh god, please god not again!"

She licked her lips and she plunged one, then two, then three of her own fingers deep inside herself, and then she pressed her full lips together and rolled them in.

"Yes, again, and again. This is YOU. This is what you are. I want you to get ready for a visitor. A man is going to come and you are going to pleasure him, in every way he wishes. Make yourself look pretty for him - don't worry, I'll help you a little with this."

And there was a shot of pure pleasure that caressed the tips of Linda's clitoral bundle and she sucked in air.

"Uhhhh fuck, fuck please no."

She was trying to process the words that the voice was telling her but at the

same time she was trying to cope with the pleasure. What little tiny bit of dignity that she had managed to retrieve was gone again and she was this sexual creature again. And now if she heard correctly there would be a man visiting and she would have to pleasure him. This was new. It had only been her and the voice before. She'd assumed it was her voice but she could never be sure because of what she had been through so far.

“I must be having some sort of breakdown, or some kind of episode.”

She told herself that in her mind but that wasn't the same as the voice telling her what she had to do. There were times when she thought maybe she had multiple personality disorder, or any variation thereof. But the times when she could think logically were few and far between and were become less and less. She got another brush of pleasure across her clitoris tip and she sucked in air again.

“Yes, I'm afraid so. I want you to pleasure the man in every way required. Anything he wants of you, you do, you provide. And I am always here to help you along the way.”

There was yet another wisp of pleasure across her clitoris tip and this time when she exhaled, there was spill of unflattering drool that tipped over her bottom lip.

“Please, please I don't want to do this, please. Please don't make me do it.”

This would have been the multiple personalities having a disagreement with requirements. And there was this sense that Linda was holding onto enough dignity, just, to know that she didn't want to sexually gratify a random man, not at any expense.

“Would you rather this....”

And there was a slight pause, like a frozen second in time. And when that second was over with, the facial expression of Linda changed. The colour drained from her and there was this like expression of utter grief that crossed over her face. And then her face screwed up into an almost too sad pained expression as she began to cry uncontrollably. It wasn't a weeping - it was a heartfelt sobbing. What came from that sobbing was that Linda was in a severely depressed, oppressed state - that she had been put into this other state and that

suggested that the other personality inside her mind had been responsible for it. And that was a worry for this young woman, that her moods could be altered and changed like this by a disembodied voice. Every so often she remembered, every so often she had these moments of clarity - sinTECH, Alexa, sinTECH the sub levels. Alexa, and her project. And then it was gone again.

The sense of grief and of psychological anguish that she was feeling was like something that was too much for her. It was like something that she couldn't contend with. Something like she didn't want to feel like and that she needed to be out of. She sniffed, and sobbed again.

“No please, please no. I'll do it, I'll do it. For fucks sake I'll do it.”

And she went into another deep crying and wave of grief that almost consumed her. But then the weight of it lifted from her. It was like a huge weight being lifted off her shoulders but it was like a dark black cloud was being shifted as well. And at the same time, the arousal was coming back to her, and she found her slipperiness again and sank her fingers into herself.

“And I don't want to talk about this again. This is who you are. This is what you are now Poppet.”

Linda was grunting as she tried to get as many fingers into herself as she possibly could. Indeed, it looked as though it was her god given mission to get her whole goddam hand up inside her. She didn't but it wouldn't have been for the want of trying. And for a little while she was left, still in the cage to try to give herself an orgasm. That was the thing when that pleasure, and that need was given to her, that she craved an orgasm, needed one badly. But she was never able to give herself one. It was like only when that voice was around could she orgasm. After a little while that voice spoke again.

“It's time now, you have two hours to look like the whore you are. And I want nothing but good feedback from your first customer, do you understand that?”

And as though to underline what the voice said, there was this extra little bit of pleasure applied to her clitoris just to encourage her to cooperate.

“Ohhhhh, yes, yes I understand. Yes I understand.”

A repeated answer often meant that the understanding was complete. And so Linda began to uncurl herself again. It was her long legs that needed the most uncurling - it was them that needed to be manoeuvred so that she could crawl out of the cage. She managed that - and it was like, because of that arousal being fed to her, that every move she made was sexually loaded. She moved with a fluidity that was sexy and she move with a feline grace that was also sexy. And it was like she knew what she was doing - she knew how she felt, that arousal and how it affected her body, but it didn't matter to her when she could feel what she could feel.

“Crawl to your dressing room, shower and make yourself look real pretty, there's a poppet.”

That seemed to be a thing, a word - 'poppet'. But Linda didn't think anything of it as she felt her breasts roll under her again as she began the crawl out of that cage. She wished she didn't have to crawl right now because she wanted to finger herself, but she had to get to the dressing room so that she could make herself pretty for this man, whoever he was. Her desire and her wanton was obvious as she crawled. There was this thing that she did every so often, like pause just so that she could swipe her dripping lips with her fingers. And then she would crawl again. Out of that room, but remaining on the same level to the end of a long corridor, and nudging another door with her nose again so that she could open it and crawl in.

### **One Hour Fifty Five Minutes Later**

One had to give it to Linda, she scrubbed up well. But there was nothing from her former life that told of her ability to look like a cock sucking hooker. But then with the arousal being fed to her in this inexplicable way, it would have brought the ability to her. That ability to feel sexy, to feel aroused and the ability and need to dress to please. A short micro mini stretch dress that was black but sleeveless. This dress low cut, and uplifting her boobs to add even more volume to those impressive breasts. Her long shapely legs sheathed in the most sheer of nylon but the dress too short and too tight to be able to wear stockings with it. It had to be pantyhose - but what she wore were pantyhose with a crotch cut out

and no panties. She had become more and more aroused the more into the dressing up process she had got. So by the end she had peeled up the dress to reveal her smooth hairless crotch and her slithering wet labia lips and she had thrust her hips at herself in a full length mirror.

The thought of pleasuring a random man wasn't such a big thing after all. In fact it was something that she wanted to do now - that she needed to do. It was something that she needed to do badly and so she was considering herself in that mirror. Did she look sexy enough? Did she look pretty enough? Were her high heels high enough? And her high heels were definitely high. They created that 'slut strut' in her. The slut strut that she needed to make herself desirable to this man, whoever he was. Not that she knew or cared who he was or where he came from. Linda wanted him now because her mind had been cajoled and caressed into being wet and wanton for him.

One had to wonder who Linda was? Why was she here? Where did she come from? But there was no answer to these questions. She was in this place and she was this sexual creature being controlled by a voice in her head. But none of that makes sense. There was a sense that Linda wasn't the woman she was being here. There was a sense that she was under some kind of influence from the outside. There was a sense that she had been taken out of her normal world and brought into this one on an agenda that she had nothing to do with setting. There was more than a sense that she had been broken down from her normal self. There had been the hints that she had lost pride and dignity, but only in those split seconds where she had managed to regain a little bit of them. There were hints in her outbursts that she wanted to go back to her normal life which suggested she had been taken from somewhere in the first place.

This was a mystery that did nothing except get deeper. It was a mystery that was almost surreal. Linda's platinum blonde hair was straight, dead straight and came to the small of her back. But it was a little shorter since it had been gathered into a perfectly groomed, shiny and high pony tail. And that pony tail wafted across her back as she walked or as she moved. And her makeup was like a 'how to' slut-up. Her eyes dark, her mascara thick almost dripping off long curled lashes and the shadow added for mood. Her full lips a deep blood red and seemed plumped, such was her expertise with makeup. She knew what she had to do and because she was aroused and horny she wanted to look perfect, for what she had to do.

“That’s a good girl, good girl. You look perfect. See, I knew you could do it, if you tried. It’s amazing what a little ‘encouragement’ will produce isn’t it? Now are you ready for the new man in your life? Well, he will be the new man until he’s sated. And you MUST make sure he is pleased to the max.”

The voice again. And it was almost a taunting voice this time. Yes it was electronically produced as though it had been synthesised. And it was still impossible to tell if it was a male voice or female one that taunted Linda like this. But in those moments of clarity that voice, yes that voice, it was Alexa - she was sure of that. Or she thought she was sure.

“I will, I promise I will. I will.”

Again that almost manic, repeated response from Linda told of her arousal and her eagerness to get down to it. The way she was now moving on her high heels was now telling more of that eagerness. There was an effect that high heels had on the femininity of a woman. They created that tall haughty almost emphasised grace that existed in all women. But add an amount of sexual arousal and that high heel effect was multiplied several times. And it wasn’t just multiplied, there was something more added to that emphasis. Linda wasn’t just a young woman who had dressed up, she was a young woman who had been put in-heat, like a bitch dog. And her dress, her nylon sheathed legs, her high heels and her makeup, were all ingredients in what she was now in this place.

And the man was a completely vanilla nondescript man. He wasn’t attractive and he wasn’t unattractive. He wasn’t a big man and he wasn’t a small man. He was just a man. And in a way that made what Linda had to do, harder, and it would stir the degradation in her. There would be a point when she would come down from that arousal and then she would have to deal with the fall out. There would be the time when that voice would torment her more, just before that arousal was somehow switched off, and then Linda would have to deal with what she had done. And somehow, that voice wouldn’t be as supporting and encouraging then. Somehow that voice would simply point out to Linda what she was and what she had done.

But nothing could be further from her mind as she willingly got to her knees and sucked this man’s cock into her eager, lipsticked mouth. She was on her knees and one hand was wrapped around his thick cock, but the other hand and those fingers were between her legs plunging herself. They were slipping inside

herself and they were helping her to kill two birds with one stone. It was the voice that had to remind her,

“His pleasure in paramount. You can pleasure yourself just as a means to show what a lowly, cock sucking slut you are. Is that clear poppet?”

Again that slightly taunting voice. That slightly ‘mocking’ voice that was also interacting with Linda. Oh yes, she could play with herself, she could plunder her own sexuality as long as it was a visual aspect of this man’s pleasure. As long as it was to feed ‘his’ needs. And so she did that - she slipped three or four of her own fingers inside herself as she sucked this man’s cock to full erection.

And with that desire and need rushing through herself she took her fingers out of herself and offered them to her mouth - and so she was sharing her warm wet mouth with that cock and her fingers. And from her knees she was looking up at this man, showing him what a dirty, immoral slut she was. She was being visual for him and anything she got for herself was just a bi-product. What she got from it was not for herself at all. What she got was seeing this man become more and more aroused as she sucked him and as she mixed her oral drool with her sexual fluids and then used that mix to slip over and around this man’s cock head.

She had peeled his foreskin back and bared the glans and she had used her lips and her tongue to excite those glans and open up the receptors. She was doing what she was doing driven by the arousal that the voice had given her. It was like she couldn’t let it go without taking something from it. She sucked this man’s cock in deep throat and she constricted her throat around that cock shaft. And as she did this the man came to life and gripped the sides of her face so that he could pull her mouth on and off his cock. And she let herself be used this way, she let this man use her in this offensive way until he shot his load down her throat.

# CHAPTER FIVE

## **To Gratify And To Gratify With Interest**

Linda would never have been a young woman like ‘this’. There was this naivety about her, despite that inflicted arousal. Oh she did a good job on this man’s cock. She sucked it until it exploded in her mouth and down her throat. But it wasn’t her, not the real her. It was clear that she was being a product of her own stirred and aroused sexuality. It was clear that this woman wouldn’t do this sort of thing, not ever, not like this if things were ‘normal’ for her. There was this ‘decency’ in her that could not be removed just because she was aroused. There was this ‘pleasantness’ inside her that shone through but that bubbled just under the surface. Maybe this was why that voice taunted her throughout.

“You mother would be proud of her prissy good little princess now wouldn’t she?”

And it was a cruel taunting that this voice did - it showed an amount of insight into Linda. The man she was sating might have been random but there was something that said that this voice ‘knew’ Linda and that was somehow jealous of her. And that could feed into the narrative that this was a multiple personality thing going on. It had spoken as Linda was swallowing the contents of this man’s balls. And they would be words that would stay with Linda when she eventually came down from this fix of her’s. And it was like it was a fix that she was dealing with. There was something inside Linda that told her that this was her arousal, and her fault. It was like guilt that she didn’t give a flying fuck about because of the arousal. For some reason, even with all of those other things the voice seemed to be able to do, there was this basis of guilt that would be built around it being her arousal and her fault. And maybe that was down to the voice as well.

Linda wiped her mouth hungrily after she had sucked this man dry. She’d

thought that was it. She'd thought that he was sated and he could go now. But that wasn't it at all and she didn't want it to be.

“He's gonna spank you now, for being a dirty slut. He likes spanking filthy little cunts like you.”

There was always this sense that the voice was looking to step things up a bit. That it wanted to make progress in some strange fucked up way. Here for instance the turn up in the language, the tone and the words used. It was like this voice had an 'anger' that was locked inside of it somehow. It was like it had this anger and that it had to have something or someone to take it out on. And Linda was that 'someone'. That was another mystery - there was a story here. There was this thing happening that was unclear at this point. What was clear was that what was happening was part of a bigger picture - a bigger story and a disturbing one.

The fact that this man would spank her, may have got through the fog of Linda's arousal but it didn't show.

“How do you want me?”

She directed her question at the man directly. There must have been a lot of her that was pleased that he hadn't finished with her just yet. There must have been some of her that 'wanted' him to spank the fuck out of her. She'd never know why that was - why it was that she was willing and eager to be spanked? Did this mean that she was a masochist? No doubt this would be another level of guilt that would be applied to her when she came down from this arousal that was sending her mad. The man sat on a high, hardback chair and patted his lap.

“Crawl over my lap bitch.”

He spoke almost quietly and 'politely'. He didn't 'fit' not really and yet, here he was. Nothing seemed to fit in this scenario. For Linda nothing seemed to fit since she woke up that time. She'd been confused, disorientated and she'd been scared shitless. And no sooner had she woken up, than the voice was inside her head. And it had been resident there ever since. If it wasn't for the arousal she'd never know how she'd get over it. Even with it, would she ever get over this 'thing'?

She slithered up and over the man's lap where his cock was resting, like a

thick snake. She poured herself over that him, and felt that cock pressing into her tummy as she folded herself over this man's lap. And then she was aware of his hand over the small of her back and then smoothing her ass. Then the peel up of the dress to bare her pantyhosed ass. But she became aware of the swirl of fresh air where the pantyhose was crotchless and she ground herself into that resting cock and she allowed her long legs to splay a little open. She was trying to entice him some more. She wanted him to want her. She wanted him to do things to her. She wanted him to spank her. The arousal was feeding her wants and needs but she also had to sate him. She'd thought the cock sucking was it, so now she didn't know where this would end.

She let out a squeal as she felt this man's fingers slipping down the exposed, wet lips of her cunt and she opened her legs a little bit wider. It was like her long legs opened on auto as she felt those searching, wandering fingers. And then the penetration - one finger, then two, then three. The mass of her breasts were crushed into this man's lap and she could feel herself shifting on them - like rolling on them. It was ok though, her arousal was helping her even if the voice was putting her down somewhat on a constant basis.

"That's right you dirty little prissy slut. Mum would be so, so proud of her little one now wouldn't she?"

And again Linda would be hearing these words but largely ignoring them in favour of sating this man and at least getting some crumbs of pleasure for herself. But those were words that were building blocks for the future. They were words that would come back to Linda in the future, in the same way that her deeds when under the influence of arousal would come back at her.

The fingers inside her were making a meal of her. There was this deliberateness about what this man was doing. In a way he was sliding Linda onto his fingers like she was some kind of sexual glove puppet. He was treating her crudely and obscenely. He wasn't pleasuring Linda because that was what he wanted to do - rather he was pleasuring her as a side show. What he was doing was for his pleasure not hers. He was penetrating her and pleasuring her as a means of degrading her. It wasn't a degradation that would sweep over her yet, but would build and build for later. When it did hit her later, it would have an effect. An effect that hadn't been seen yet.

The first slap across her nylon sheathed ass cheeks was a hard, swiping one

and Linda shrieked. It was a mixture of a squeal of shock at the stinging slap across both ass cheeks, and a giggle as that sting brushed across the tip of her clitoral nerves. It was a sensation and an experience she had never had before and she could feel herself producing more juices as a result. The second slap just across one of her ass cheeks, sent a splattering of juices catapulting backwards and Linda was aware of that. Another source of future degradation going forward. It was like all of these humiliations and degradations were deliberately being applied so that the big hit would have the maximum effect at some unidentified point in the future.

The spanking got harder and harder. The slaps became more frequent. This man, for all his 'vanilla-ness' was an accomplished spanker. He wasn't someone doing it for the first time. There was this regimented way that this man administered his spanks. They were measured, and weighted to perfection and the adjustment to the weight and stroke of his flat hand was seamless and micro accurate. And the longer this spanking went on, the more uncomfortable it became for Linda - the more of a punishment it became.

There was a point that was reached when it became more than a sexual thrill for her. There was no let-up in the wetness that she was producing. There was no let-up in the dripping thick juices that were oozing from her. But at the same time there was this 'violence' to her ass cheeks that she was having to deal with.

"Make it nice for him you dirty little cunt. That isn't pain you can feel, it's pleasure."

That voice in her head, goading her, and tormenting her. But for some strange reason she was responding to it. Whimpering when the hard flat spanks landed across one ass cheek and then the other. She was moving on his lap, across his lap, fluidly and organically. The way she adjusted then re-adjusted herself was like perpetual seamless motion. She writhed like a snake and yet she splayed her nylon sheathed legs and used them to stimulate this man who was hurting her ass. He was spanking her through the nylon of the pantyhose and there were the clear and almost angry hand and finger prints that showed through the fine mesh of the nylon but that also spilled into the crotchless areas between her legs, especially the very upper and the very inner thighs.

Linda whimpered and she moved her hips as between each slap, between each spank, the man used his fingers on her sexuality and that was good for her - it

was more than good. It gave her respite from the incessant slaps that her ass was receiving and it gave her the chance to arch her ass back into his fingers and it gave her the chance to feel those fingers slipping inside her and even if they didn't touch her clitoral bundle then she got the sense that they did. Such was her arousal and such was her need to orgasm again, any attention down there between her legs would be welcome and craved for.

The man slipped his fingers inside her deeply and then he twisted and turned his them. And he turned them inside her, exploring the wet, swamp like mushiness of her inner sexuality. This man had no right to be doing what he was doing and this crossed Linda's mind at various points. But then she thought that yes he did have the right. That voice and it's words working on her already. It was like she was falling into a way of life that the voice wanted and needed her to fall into. That she would fall into and deal with. That she would fall into and like.

When he found her G spot, she almost launched herself off the lap of this man, but he clamped her down by lifting a leg and pressing down over one of her splayed legs. He found her G spot inside her. He didn't rub it, he pressed it. He applied pressure and kept that pressure applied whilst just moving his finger tip slightly, not so that it rubbed, but just so that it distorted under the pressure. And that was something that drove Linda wild.

“Don't forget slut - his pleasure not yours.”

But in a way those words didn't make sense. She knew that she had to sate this man and do whatever he wanted her to do, and take whatever he wanted her to take, and she was doing that. And now he was forcing pleasure to and through her femininity that she couldn't, and didn't want to stop. This was what he wanted to do to her so the voice could go and fuck itself! She wasn't failing in her duty by soaking up and absorbing the pleasure. This was what he wanted to do to her. And in doing this he was pleasuring himself. That she was being pleased as well was just the way it was. But still, that voice, or the words got to her so she moved on his lap - she writhed and encouraged him to keep his attention on her G spot. In a way, she was letting this man know that he was pleasuring her to a high degree and that she didn't want him to stop.

And unbeknown to her, this was what he wanted to be fed from her. That he was pleasuring her - but that he was pleasuring her on his terms. And so it could

have been that this man was deeply complex and his needs were deeply complex - more so than the voice understood. This man revelled in control and her revelled in doing despicable things to a young woman he had total control over. There was more going on here than a man exerting control though. It went deeper than this.

There was this obscene, despicable thing that he was doing to Linda whilst she was over his lap. He was treating a young woman like a piece of sexual meat. He had his fingers inside her and he was simply helping himself to her most delicate and private flesh and he was doing that whilst the woman herself was inflicted with so much arousal that she had abandoned her normal morals. In other words he was taking advantage of her. He was exploiting what had been done to her by the voice and what was being done to her in this bizarre, disturbing chapter in her life.

By the time he gripped her clitoral bundle between his slippery thumb and forefinger, Linda was dribbling, and drooling over her bottom lip. There was this look in her eyes that bordered on bemusement, tinged with fear. It was like some sort of clarity had sunk into her invaded brain. It was like the old Linda was in the last battle with the voice inside her head. And yet, at the same time it was like she was losing that battle and giving in to the disgusting, obscene and vile pleasure that she was capable of feeling. And that had to get to her. That had to be something that added to her torment - that she was capable of feeling this pleasure, and that she was capable of needing it so badly.

The man erected her clitoris. He pinched it, and he twisted it until it filled with her own blood and then he located her G spot again. He just slipped his fingers inside her and he crooked them - or he crooked one finger and immediately found that rougher, coarser flesh that was the G spot. And then in an almost surreal effort of dexterity, he found her clitoris again with his free fingers - and with Linda clamped over his lap, with him holding her down, limiting her movements, or her freedom, he forced an orgasm from her. And that was what he did - he forced the orgasm from her.

The voice stayed strangely silent during this time. One might have expected there to have been some kind of gloating, some kind of torment poured into Linda's mind by this voice - but there wasn't - and this was like a human element being added to the voice even though it was silent. Almost as though it was respecting Linda's privacy and her orgasm. And that was disturbing to the

extreme. It took the 'digital' element out and hinted at a human being that was at the core of Linda's trauma. Again moment of clarity, split seconds even, brought Alexa into her mind. Alexa and sinTECH, sinTECH and her 'operation' - the one on her head.

But for now she orgasmed. And oh did she orgasm. She was allowed to immerse in the orgasm whilst not being subject to that voice. But there was this sense that the voice was still watching. That somehow it was still there with Linda - but that it was quiet now, at rest. Linda went rigid and then she softened up and became more fluid over that man's lap as she squirted her juices back under the pressure of orgasm. And then there were the noises that she made that kind of underlined the bemusement in her eyes. There were waves and waves of pleasure careering through her and it seemed that this man was controlling and giving her all this pleasure with just a finger pressing her G spot and a finger distorting her clitoris. And when she squirted she did so all over his hand. That juice saturating his hand and then dripping from it as he guided her through this orgasm.

Poor Linda wouldn't have known what was happening to her. She'd never have experienced an orgasm like this and it would have been messing with her head. She had that intense pleasure to deal with but then she had that messing with her head to deal with as well. She grunted, and then she whimpered wetly. And then there was this hoarse, growling from the back of her throat just before another ooze of drool spilled over her bottom lip. There was this 'shudder', a bodily shudder that went through her as opposed to going over her as that orgasm reached its peak and then began to come down the other side.

And this man milked that orgasm from Linda. He milked it from her for all he was worth. But he did it effortlessly and one had to wonder if the voice would have granted an orgasm at that point had it not been for this man? Probably not, but it was for his pleasure and not Linda's. For Linda the pleasure was a debilitating, intense orgasm that she had to absorb and then had to come down from. And the man, although letting go of the G and the clitoris was still dipping his fingers into Linda. He was still treating her most delicate, feminine flesh like it was his to 'own'. He was bringing her down from the orgasm slowly - very slowly. It was as though he knew what he was doing. As though he knew that the come down for Linda would be the soul destroyer. As though he knew what she would be going through soon. As though he could feel what she would be going through soon and wanted to add to that. As though this was what he had intended

to do.

“You know, he’s going to take you down, and then resume your spanking. He’s going to destroy your ass cheeks by spanking, and then he’s going to ream your ass BECAUSE you’re a despicable dirty cunt of a slut that your mother would be ashamed of.”

It was like a joint effort - the voice and the man. That voice now loud again inside Linda’s mind. And now that she was coming down there was this wave of something like ‘grief’ washing over her and through her. As that pleasure of the orgasm faded and died, it was replaced by ‘reality’ and nothing could be starker or more soul destroying than the reality. During immersion, during need and greed she was protected from the reality. But not now.

# CHAPTER SIX

## **A Hard Dose Of Reality**

She stayed clamped over that man's lap as she sobbed. What she wanted to do was curl up and die with the level of humiliation she was experiencing and that she'd never experienced before. Her mother would certainly not be proud of her, or what she had just immersed in. But her mother was the least of her worries. Her birth mother had passed away when she was very young. She could barely remember her. And yet that voice taunted and tortured her with her all the time. It was like there was another agenda at play but one that she was not privy to. It was like there were seeds being planted in her and that were not important now, but that they would be in the future.

It didn't matter though. This was not Linda - it wasn't who she had been brought up, in adoption, to be. And she couldn't work out why she was being subjected to this now. What had she ever done to anyone? She couldn't get her head round how she had been taken out of circulation, and then, 'this'. In her mind, with her growing despair there was this sense of unfairness, and even injustice. Again, what had she ever done to anyone?

And now this man was spanking her again. The voice said that he would. He was spanking her harder now. And rather than alternate from cheek to cheek with one slap each, he was focussing on one cheek - maybe twenty slaps to one cheek, then twenty to another. And these were hard, solid slaps that turned Linda's ass flesh bright red. Yes, there was this 'burn' associated with the spanking now. It started as a warmth that spread out from the actual spanked flesh and then took in the whole of her buttocks. And it was a warmth and a heat that was added to with each laying on of the palm. The finger and hand marks became more pronounced - or clear, as though they had been tattooed on.

But for Linda there was the reality. For her, there was this brain gorging mist of reality that she couldn't get her head round. It was as though she'd woken

from a nightmare - except she hadn't woken up and it wasn't a nightmare. That was the thing - if it had been a nightmare she could have got on with her life. But that it wasn't that much preferred nightmare cut into her psyche like a sharp knife. It was all getting to her now. What she'd been through, the voice, the sexual element that just wasn't her. And now she was still being spanked by this man.

She was still being held down with one of his strong legs. And now there were no fluid movements, there was no sexy snake like undulations signifying that she was aroused. She was going through this phase of the spanking and she wasn't aroused. And she tried to make some sense of that. She couldn't understand why sometimes the arousal literally poured through all of her - often after the voice had announced it would happen. And sometimes like now, there was nothing, just the despairing and the insanity inducing reality of her situation.

But in reality, she didn't want to make sense of it. If she was honest with herself she just wanted to die. That would have been her preferred option at this precise time.

“How do you feel slut? I bet you wanna top yourself don't you.”

If there was any doubt that this voice was an entity of evil then this would be dispersed now. It would never be clear if Linda would have had any suicidal thoughts, but now that notion had been poured into her mind from within her mind by the voice.

“Please, please stop this, please.”

And there was this melancholy tone that oozed from Linda between heavy slaps to one or the other of her ass cheeks. That tone could have told of her approaching the end of her tether. But then her eyes opened wide again, as though she had been alerted from within again.

“There, is that better. Is that going to help you get through the next few hours or so?”

The voice again - but not just the voice. It was clear that something had been done inside Linda's mind, something that had switched her sexuality back on again. Something that had overridden her orgasm withdrawal. Something that had slithered through all of that despair that was building and building. And as

well as the eyes, the almost bulging eyes, there was this fluid movement of Linda again. The snake like movements and the little whimpers of wet sexual lust.

“What do you say slut? Don’t you thank me for allowing this?”

There was this cruelty about the tone of voice. It was a cruelty that was built into the tone, and to the words. And then there was the cruelty of making this young woman act and ‘exist’ in a space that she would never exist in weren’t it for this situation. There was this fact that this woman was behaving and acting in a way that would never have become her because her moral compass wouldn’t ever allow it. And that was the thing, it was like her moral compass was being eroded away. It was as though the moral compass could be played with and toyed with at will by the voice.

“Yes, yes thank you. Thank you.”

And Linda’s thanks for being made dripping and horny again were heartfelt because of the pleasure being keyed into her from ‘somewhere’. There was this dribbling quality to the words as they poured out of her mouth. She was truly grateful, truly thankful for being able to immerse again and the thing was that she was so, so aroused even as the spanks were landing on her upturned buttocks. She began to move again, and to writhe again. She began to display her femininity in this sexual way and the despair of a few moments ago was gone. It was like the despair and the degradation had been forced to the back of her mind. It was still there, but it had been greyed out in the background. Now all that mattered to her was the pleasure and her own horniness. But the spanks were feeding into that pleasure. It was as though the wet sexual pleasure wouldn’t be the same if the man wasn’t spanking her. And so she lifted her ass, inviting those spanks to land and ripple her ass flesh.

So turned on was she, so keyed in to her own wet, slippery pleasure that her actions were natural. She was being taken down a rabbit hole but she didn’t know it, or she didn’t feel it. It was easy for the voice to confuse the logical part of Linda’s brain. It was easy for that voice, or what that voice did to her senses and sexuality to guide her away from being logical or from being able to detect that rabbit hole before she was taken down it.

Her sexuality, or the ability to turn her on was being used to devastating

effect in order to fuck her up. Whoever, or whatever was responsible for that voice was in the process of fucking this young woman up in the most cruel of ways. It was like Linda's ability to protect herself had been taken away and in its place just this mass of sexual energy that she couldn't swerve around but that she had to go through head first.

It was only very eventually that the spanking ended - when her ass was glowing red but numb at the same time. She had gone beyond the humiliated status then. Something was happening in her mind, something was altering how she thought and how she processed information in her mind. More to the point something was happening to the way she was being able to process her accentuated sexuality at the same time as the reality that was hitting her head on.

It was the ass fuck that tended to intrude a little. It was feeling that thick cock 'click' past her sphincter then being pushed right up to the bend in her colon that tended to magnify the degradation for her. But it magnified the sexual arousal as well. The old Linda would never have thought or desired, let alone craved, to have a cock slipped inside her anal canal. But even with those intense cramps and spasms that having a cock slipped up inside what was effectively a one way tube created, the arousal levels were high. Yes, she was being degraded, she could feel that, she knew that. But the sexual arousal levels were something that she was finding hard, no, impossible to push aside in favour of those cramps and spasms.

The pain was huge but once that mushroom shaped bell end had been slipped past that tight bit of sphincter flesh then it faded out a little bit and it allowed Linda to home in on the fact that this delicious thick cock was sliding in and out of her like this. The fact that she would have never considered a cock being shoved up her ass was a feed to her. For some bizarre, strange reason the fact that it was something that would have disgusted her in her 'normal' life, was now exciting her. It was playing with the adventurous part of her brain. It was doing something with the sexual element of her brain and it was something that she didn't only want, but need badly. It was something that she could immerse in, and crave inside of.

"That's good slut. You give him what he wants. Show mum what a good girl you are now. Make mum proud."

The voice was turning the whole ‘mum’ thing round. From Linda’s mum being ashamed of such a slut, to Linda making her mum proud of what her little girl had become. It was a head-fuck of massive proportions and one that simply served to bring Linda down further. The thing was that Linda couldn’t help but respond to the voice. She couldn’t help trying to make her mother proud of her. That was a better sounding thing than her birth mother being ashamed of her. In a way she liked that this was a way that she could make her mother proud of her. It was something that she could control, kind of. It was up to her to be such a deranged slut that her mother would be proud. That was down to her and no-one else - and to do that she had to perform - and to do that she had to immerse in what she was doing.

“Show mamma what a dirty little ass-slut her little girl is. Go on, make her proud. Look if I can see you’re doing it, I’ll turn it up a bit for you, like this...”

And a nano second later with that thick cock sliding in and out of her tight asshole, Linda’s eyes opened wide as though they were on stalks and her fleshy wet tongue slid across her bottom lip, the whole width of her mouth. The pleasure intensity in her had been turned up. She didn’t even try to think how this could be. She didn’t even try to process how the fuck the voice did what it did. All she could try to comprehend was the notch up in pleasure. And so sensitive was she, so tuned in to the pleasure that she was feeling that she could sense every nuance of change. She let out a deep seated grunt and lifted her legs over this man’s shoulders, at the same time welcoming him deeper into her ass.

She could feel his balls slapping up against her ass cheeks and that encouraged her to fuck this man’s cock with her ass harder. She squeezed herself around the trunk of that cock and in doing that she was creating a virgin like tightness to her hole that would in turn create this added friction for the man. She was making it nice for this man and at the same time making her mum proud. This was how she was processing it in her mind. This was how fucked up in her own mind it was and yet it was making her even more fucked up in the process.

“I think me and you are going to get along just fine slut. You’re going to adapt very quickly, very easily. And I can help you the whole way.”

The tone of the voice was different. It was still electronic and it was still non-gender but there was also this ‘Alexa’ about it - yes, Alexa!. There was still this nastiness in it somehow, but there was a soft edge now - even a gratification that

it could see things going its way. There was this almost 'grooming' quality to it. A hint maybe that Linda would be granted 'treats' and privileges if she toed the line. But it was supposed to be like this. It was supposed to be being processed like this in Linda's mind. Her sexuality, her arousal was helping her to do the maths in her mind. It was helping her down that rabbit hole.

She hadn't thought about her mother for years, and yet now she was trying to make her proud by being this dirty slut who ass fucked cocks for sexual thrills. Oh yes, mum would be proud!

The man was breathing all over her as he fucked her like this. Her legs were dangling over his shoulders and he was getting the deepest penetration possible. With him over her in this way, he could drill his cock the deepest possible into her rectum and on the in stroke, once he hit that bend in her colon he was able to just hold it right there. He was able to nudge the bend in the colon and then push it right into the soft delicate inner flesh and hold it right there. He was able to give this young woman the most thorough and debilitating ass fuck in this way.

There was no ceremony with this man - he was simply pleasuring himself. It had to be that he was an accomplished pervert, willing, able and craving to do the most base things to women that were given to him. One had to wonder about his own story. He looked vanilla - he looked nondescript and yet he was able to dish out these perversions as though it was what he was born to do. And this made it possible for him to walk amongst normal people in plain sight. It made him able to be a predator. But then, how did he end up balls deep in Linda's ass? She wasn't hanging round on street corners, or drinking alone in a bar, so where the fuck did he come from?

She had been provided to this man in some way and if she thought about it now or in the future, she wouldn't be able to work that bit out. She'd probably already worked out that this man was a deviant of some kind, and that probably excited that fucked up sexuality of her's. But the nuances and the mechanics of what she was going through would come to her eventually - maybe in the cold, early hours of the morning when she woke from the nightmares of what she was going through. Maybe that would be it.

Linda reached behind her own spread thighs and she found this man's balls. Big heavy, re-loaded balls that she massaged and stroked gently as he fucked her ass. Her full lips were dry, and every so often her tongue came out to try to wet

them. But she had been holding her breath, trying to squeeze as much pleasure out of this that she could so the dryness was just there. She held her breath, again trying to squeeze more out of that cock. There was this focus in her eyes, like an intense focus that was almost disturbing to see.

A young woman impaled on this huge cock via her ass, and yet this wanton lust in her eyes that would tell anyone seeing it that she wanted that cock to be deeper inside her ass. It would tell anyone that she didn't give a flying fuck what anyone thought of her as long as she could take more of that cock deeper inside her ass. And that she didn't care if it bruised her inside. That she didn't care if that cock damaged her because she wanted it to be inside her so much.

The ass fuck became a brutal one. As this man worked towards the orgasm and the second unloading of his balls, the strokes got harder and more urgent. He dribbled and he drooled over Linda's face as though he couldn't control himself. But one look at him and it was easy to say that he was in a different place and that this drooling spit over Linda's face was part of his thing - part of his perversions. It was start of his disrespect and abuse of the female he was with. In this case he was with Linda and he was subjecting her to the full gamut of his unnatural desires. There was this thing that he did, piston that cock into that bend in Linda's colon and then hold it right there under pressure, pushing it in. Like he was encouraging the animal that was his orgasm to rise and rise and then explode inside her bowels.

And he did that. He exploded inside her and one had to be sure that the inside of her rectal canal, and her colon were bruised as he whitewashed her like this. Linda held her breath and she squeezed her ass onto that cock and in doing so, sucked every drop of seed from him. She squeezed until he was sated and until her mum was proud. But then he was out of her. He plopped his cock out of her, and spent semen followed his cock and poured from her. For some reason she stayed on her back, her legs raised and her holding them apart with her own arms - and that semen poured from her. She was left panting, and in those minute seconds after the cock was out of her she felt gaping, open and needing to be filled again. The desire, the desperate desire was there for more. But then it was gone.

It was gone all of a sudden. That deep desire and that arousal, both gone! And this look swept across Linda's face - like that grief and deep despair again except it wasn't grief, it was reality. The despair was real though. Her whole demeanour

had changed and altered. From a welcoming ass slut, desperate to be penetrated and pounded into oblivion, to this timid, shamed and deeply degraded young woman who was bemused, confused and ashamed from the bottom of her soul. She slid her arms away from the backs of her thighs and her legs dropped slowly. In an aroused state she would have spread her legs inviting more and more attention. But she didn't do that. Instead as the man left her alone, she tended to curl up into the foetal position and begin to cry.

“Welcome back to reality slut. I know what you've felt and what you've done. How can I let a dirty motherfucker like you out into the free world?”

That nastiness was back in the voice. And that voice filled Linda's head and seemed to be set to surround sound. All she could do was cry, and when she was all cried out she would fall into a deep deep sleep. The trouble was that she would eventually wake from that deep sleep and have to deal with this - whatever 'this' was. In the background of her fogged mind was Alexa, sinTECH, the operation, and the SIM card. Yes the SIM card!

# CHAPTER SEVEN

## Six months Ago

Linda woke like she did every day - on the dot of 8am. She threw open the curtains of her bedroom and looked out on the street from her flat over a taxi office. Another day, another dollar! This was her 'out' of education and into the normal world. She'd done the university thing. She'd had her head buried in books for as long as she could remember. When she'd eventually graduated, there was this huge weight lifted off her shoulders. She'd never have wanted to disappoint her adoptive parents. They'd brought her up and it was doubtful that her birth mother could have done a better job, had she not passed prematurely.

There was this like 'sense' in Linda that she 'owed' the parents who had brought her up. There was this sense that they had been so good to her, they had looked after her so well, instilled so many of the values that they lived by, which were good healthy values, that she just couldn't let them down. And that was the mantra that Linda had lived by going into pre-school, primary and then secondary school, and then into higher education. It was like the whole way her parents had brought her up, had come together - and the peak of that was when she graduated, with honours.

The thing about Linda was that she was a breath-taking woman to look at. And yet she was almost 'shy' because of that. She knew that she encouraged eyes to look at her just by walking into a room. She knew that both male and female people had their eyes drawn to her and that those eyes then drank her in, and sometimes that made her cringe in shyness but it was something that she had to deal with in everyday life.

The other thing about Linda was that she was simply a 'nice' human being. She attracted others to her because of her warmth and her ability to draw people into her circle. She'd just been taught to be an overall pleasant human being. She'd been taught to avoid conflict which in this day and age was admirable.

She'd been taught to avoid conflict at all cost and that was a feat that she managed. Even up to this poor young woman's demise she had managed it - which made her fate so incomprehensible.

There was an intelligence about Linda that had always been beyond her years. She'd shone right through the various levels of schooling and then had sailed through university as though it was almost 'nothing'. Yes, she avoided conflict and she avoided making her circle too big. She'd been a young woman who had been maybe a little bit naive to the nastier elements of life. That most definitely was because of the way she had been brought up as an adopted only child.

She seemed to coast through life with this stunning smile on her face and it was like she didn't have a care in the world. That was because she truly didn't have a care in the world. She was a young woman who trusted others - she would have had this mantra of treating others as you would like to be treated, and maybe there was more than her fair share of nativity in that.

She was a woman who although 'savvy' to an extent, even street smart, she didn't, or couldn't see the bad in someone. There was this thing about her that prevented her from being able to, even just for a short second, stand back and question something that might have seemed too good to be true. Linda tended to give everyone the benefit of the doubt no matter what. It was like she KNEW there were bad people in the world, she only had to turn on her telly to see that, but it was like these bad people couldn't possibly be bad to her. It was like all that badness, if there was any badness, didn't and wouldn't affect her because she was elevated above that.

And how she had gone through life, the ones that didn't fit in, just floated away from her. She had this saying in her mind, and she would never know where it came from but it was about 'people finding their own level'. In other words she welcomed the few, the ones she was naturally attracted to, and the others would simply gravitate away from her, and that was fair enough - that was life! That is she wouldn't have to push them away, they would simply fade away. And that hadn't been a problem. It had been true - she had never had to push anyone away from her. Friends came into the circle and they dropped off. She had a core of friends, and then others that hung round the fringes and peeled off eventually - to be replaced by others. But none of the base, fundamental realities of life seemed to affect her.

She breezed through life on the cushion of euphoria. An example was where some of her peers, struggled through school and university and the whole education system - to the extent it affected their mental health. But none of that got to her. Oh she knew that some of her friends, and maybe not her friends, got mental health issues from their daily lives, and she was more than able to point them in the right direction, in order to get help. She even followed up with them because that was the way she was. She was kind, nice and warm. It was just that she was also a bit detached from real life. And that was Linda.

Linda was probably a one off. For sure there were none like her in her circle. When she smiled, it was a wide beaming smile that was both warm and flirting. She'd hate the word 'flirting' applied to her. But it was a sign that she could be everything to everyone. When she spoke, she spoke eloquently and in a way that made people listen to what she had to say. She didn't force herself on people. She didn't overstate herself. Maybe she became overstated by her understatement. It maybe had been because she didn't speak out very often, but when she did, her circle closed in and those on the outside just stopped to listen.

Physically she was as impressive as it was possible for a 26 year old young woman to be. If anyone tried to guess her age, apart from in an education setting, they would get it wrong. She had this maturity about her that was beyond her years and then just made her more endearing to those around her. But there was her body language and her demeanour as well. There was this 'statuesqueness' about her that was hard to define other than 'striking'. She had height at five feet ten inches. But she had curves as well. And she was a young modern woman who was not fazed by her curves. In an age when the young wanted to be skinny, she had shapely legs that went on for days and curves to die for.

And she had this almost proud way that she pushed her shoulders back and the enormity of her breasts out. She was the way she was without even thinking about it. It was just all natural to her. She didn't try to be sexy, she just was. If she wore red lipstick, it wasn't so that people who watched and fixated on her could think she wore it to make her mouth look good if she got the opportunity to suck cock - she wore it for her, and only her. But there it was again that naivety, Linda could have been one of those things, an enigma wrapped in a mystery.

She stopped to look at herself in the full length mirror and she smiled. She knew she looked good, she didn't need to be told. And she'd wanted to look good for her first day of 'real' work. University was done and dusted and now she was about to embark on a career, a high tech career in robotic research and her degree had been all about bionics and the advances in replacement limbs for victims of accidents and war. There was no doubt about it that Linda was a clever girl with her whole life ahead of her. She was a beautiful girl with a beautiful outlook on life. Everything to Linda was about the big wide world and what she was going to achieve and the people she was going to meet. Everything about Linda's world was 'rosy'. Nothing in her world could possibly go wrong. She'd had the best childhood and as far as she was concerned the people who'd brought her up, were her parents, and not her birth mother. There was no doubt in her mind as to who her parents were.

And this was her paying her parents back. All they'd asked of her was to finish her education, get her degree and then get a good job. It was all they'd ever asked of her - and here she was repaying them with interest.

"You're going to go far Linda, we know that. You've been equipped to deal with life, and now you just need to go out there and kick butts."

That was her mother, beaming a smile as Linda was moving into her flat. They'd been more like sisters.

"I know mum. I'm gonna do my best to kick as many butts as I can."

And they'd rolled round laughing. But mum was gone now, back to dad three hundred miles away. Linda was out in the world on her own - but she'd be ok, right?

And now Linda was looking at herself in her mirror. A smart, fitted pants suit, tidy white blouse with a bow tie and a short, fitted jacket that accentuated her curves. She even had the spectacles, those ones that scientists wear and that sometimes they wore perched on the end of their noses. It looked geeky but that made Linda smile - she didn't mind looking geeky sometimes because that took the eyes and the attentions away from how sexually stunning she looked.

"Hi Linda, I'm Alexa. You need to shadow me for a few days, until you settle

in. I can show you round, give you the low down, tell you about the hacks - you know, all the ins and outs.”

And Alexa smiled this wide, lipsticked smile that was infectious and she winked at Linda. But this was a heart stopping moment - Alexa! But there must be thousands if not millions of Alexa's in the world right? And this was a different world to the Alexa's of thirty years ago. That was a sad case of a young girl who probably did not exist any longer. There was the feeling that this girl could have fallen by the wayside - she could even be dead because of the tortuous life she appeared to have. There was this sadness that surrounded that Alexa that could not be emphasised enough and it was one that could not simply fade away. The raw, cruelty and obscene sexualisation that she had been put through by that disembodied voice, and whoever it belonged to, was something out of a world that didn't exist in reality, surely?

But THIS Alexa now was an attractive busty woman who appeared, as well as warm and friendly, well rounded. She came across as utterly trustworthy and with that little wink that she gave to Linda, there was like this instant connection between them. This couldn't be 'that' Alexa simply because this woman sounded and felt and came across as a happy woman, a complete woman and one that was established in her life. She was older yes, and she had obviously been at the Lab for some years and made it like her second home. Scientists and the like tended to make their work, their life. It was like a quirk that they had. And this was immediately apparent with Alexa. It was like she had studied, and become this exceptional scientist and although she was a person employed by the company that owned the lab, had made the lab her own. It wasn't unusual for this to be the case.

“Sounds like fun. You can show me the bike sheds we all get to smoke behind.”

Linda responded looking up from the desk she had been appointed. But she'd been met with a stern look back from Alexa.

“There's no smoking here! Or bike sheds.”

And the smile had vanished to be replaced by this very straight laced look. And she was looking down at the newcomer as though she had just committed some kind of cardinal sin.

“No, no I didn’t mean it. I was joking. It was just a joke. I don’t smoke, I never have smoked. And who needs bike sheds in this day and age?”

Linda swallowed a little dryly. She didn’t so much feel as though she was being scolded like a schoolgirl, as that she had been put firmly in her place by Alexa.

“Ah, a joker. I like that. We could do with a few more jokers round here to be honest with you.”

And just like ‘that’ Alexa’s smile was back. It was like a switch had been flicked and then flicked back again. And now here was the warm friendly one back.

“Yeah yeah. We don’t need to get off on a bad foot. I was just trying to lighten the mood a little that’s all.”

Linda was smiling up again at Alexa. And this time the older woman reached down and put a hand on Linda’s shoulder and just squeezed her fingers a little bit to put Linda at ease.

“I know. I know. I think we’re going to get on just fine. Are you married? Do you have children? Were you born and bred in the city?”

This was a completely different turn of direction by Alexa and one that was a little more than startling to Linda. They’d met only a few minutes ago and yet here were these pretty personal questions being asked in something of a direct manner by Alexa.

“Uhm, no, no I’m not married. I certainly don’t have any children and no I wasn’t born and bred in the city. I’ve moved into town for this job. This is my first foray into the outside world as it were.”

Linda smiled up at Alexa but she felt unsettled.

“I see - so no relatives in the city at all? That’s brave of you, to step into the big bad city all alone.”

Linda didn’t appear to be alarmed at the way the conversation was going. Ok, ok, Alexa was a little odd even though in the first instance she came across as

absolutely fine. But she was in line with the industry as a whole. There were a lot of eccentrics and people just on the wrong side of odd. That didn't particularly put Linda off. She'd spent her life just coasting and letting the ones that didn't fit her view of the world slip away. She was determined to fit in here though and she was confident that she could deal with Alexa - if she needed to. She was confident and inside smiling at this woman as she questioned her.

“Nope no relatives here at all. And I've spent so many years with my head in books that it's good to get out and be 'brave'. To be honest with you, I'm relieved to be finally here.”

Linda smiled and although she felt that slight unease inside, it wasn't at the point of alarm. It was just her dealing with another person the way she always did. Alexa smiled again and squeezed Linda's shoulder again, and then that wink.

“Like I said, I think we're going to get on just fine. Get yourself sorted here and I'll come by in let's say an hour, and give you the grand tour. How does that sound?”

The thing was that Linda was entering her first job on the first day. She didn't know what to expect, not really. She might have thought it would be like back in the day when she went on her first day at uni. Then it had been all young people together - the uni vibe and all that - the university life! She was drawing the conclusion that ok, she'd got it a bit wrong, but that was ok. She could learn and adapt. She could shift her mindset. This wasn't school any more - this was work, real work in the real world. She got that because she was super intelligent and she had not long graduated with honours.

“That sounds perfect Alexa, and thank you.”

“If I'm honest with you, I don't think the new girl, Linda, is going to make it. I mean she's pleasant enough, but you know, I just get the hunch that she's using us as a stepping stone and as soon as something better comes along, she'll be gone.”

Alexa was speaking to the in-house CEO of the bio-robotics company. It was inside that hour that she had left Linda for. Alexa inexplicably, and in a

treacherous manner was doing an utter hatchet job on Linda. And where there should have been outrage at this, there was this disbelief instead. Alexa could have been called a rat, and two faced. But in that little bit of time she had spent with Linda she had found out all she'd needed to find out.

“That’s strange Alexa. I mean she comes here with honours and with references that would make the eyes water, seriously? And her knowledge and her age is ideal for the company going forward. She’ll have new ideas, and she’ll offer input that we’re not currently getting. I mean I’m hearing you, listening to you and you had it right with that last girl, Selina. She just upped and went with not a word or explanation to anyone. And we couldn’t even contact her to get any sort of explanation. So I am listening to you. You warned me about Selina and I didn’t believe it, so, let’s wait and see.”

And he let his words fade out. Now there were things coming together. Now there was almost a pattern emerging, but not quite.

“I’ll keep an eye on her, she where she sees herself in say five years. I can usually get to the bottom of a person just by their reactions to simple innocent questions.”

“Well Alexa I’ll leave that to you. You just come to me with anything you need or anything you think I need to know. We should just welcome Linda to the fold and assume she will stay, but in knowledge that things change and people change. We’ll just keep our options open if she jumps ship.”

And now this was a cause for a chill to travel down the spine. This woman had pretty much got out of Linda that she was all alone in the big bad city, and at the same time she had told the CEO that she didn’t think that Linda would stay and that she would indeed jump ship. She was pretty much mapping the vanishing of Linda out of life and in plain sight. Of yet more concern was that there was another woman, Selina, who had apparently ‘jumped ship’ and that she had been impossible to contact in order to get an explanation from her. Now if there wasn’t a pattern emerging exactly, before, then there was something like one emerging now.

# CHAPTER EIGHT

## **The Bowels Of The Building**

The company's building was vast, and set on the edge of the river.

“You're in the bowels now. This is where the hush hush work takes place. You wouldn't normally get access via your ID to get down here, unless you're working on one of the big projects. If you're one of the lucky ones then you 'need to know'. Otherwise no one knows what goes on down here.”

The corridor seemed endless and there seemed to be this sweeping arc to it. That would be confirmed from the outside of the building, almost as though it had been designed to fit the shape and the contour of the bend in the river flow. The ceiling was low and the edges, where the ceiling met the walls were lined with long bright strip lighting. The outside of the arc, essentially what would be the outside wall, except underground had no windows, or doors. It was simple grey painted, solid stone wall. On the inner wall of this sweeping arc and regular intervals of twenty meters or so were windowless doors that were all closed. These doors were marked up, BL01, BL02, BL03 and so on.

“It's so quiet down here. Listen? Cannot even hear the city going about its business.”

Linda was making conversation as her high heels clicked the floor.

“I love it down here, and you're right, it's so quiet. Solitude, you cannot beat it.”

Alexa spoke almost softly back at Linda. Linda smiled,

“You're right of course, sometimes your own company is the best company. It's good to be 'cut off' from time to time, it makes you appreciate 'life' I guess.”

Linda spoke as though she didn't have any concerns about doing so. She spoke from the heart and Alexa, although smiling with those deep red lips of her's was making mental notes all the time. To say that Alexa was being casual would be something of an understatement. She was being casual and some! And she allowed Linda to walk slightly ahead of her in the curve. This was so that she could take in all of the new woman in all of her glory. To watch Alexa, she was like an older schoolgirl sussing out the young upstarts coming in - as though she were clocking who to pick on and who not to. Who she might be able to relieve of their dinner money, and who not to.

She seemed mesmerised by the sway of Linda's hips. It would have been casual as well, that her eyes took in the tightness of the dark, navy blue pants. She would have been able to see the shape and the length of those legs because of the fit of the pants. And the way that Linda seemed to 'float' because of the fact that the pants covered the shoes. The effect of the way that Linda was dressed was maximised. Once again, Linda knew how she looked and she knew that eyes always followed her because of it. Here though, strangely she didn't get any such sense and maybe because of that she was more carefree in how she strutted, or floated on those heels.

'I am right, I'm always right. But if you play your cards right, you could end up working down here on one of the leading projects. It's a sad fact that any newcomer like yourself starts off just crunching numbers instead of being at the sharp end. But keep your nose clean, and you'll make it down here.'

Alexa was saying all the things that Linda would want to hear. She was saying what the CEO would have wanted to hear as well. She was being warm to Linda and she was kind of giving her a roadmap in this huge tech and science led company. And yet minutes before she was rubbishing her to the CEO. She was more or less telling him that Linda wouldn't be around for very long. It was the early stages of manipulation, at the very least, that much was clear. And those early signs could have led anyone to believe that the manipulation would be of Linda herself - and her career. But it was more than that - it was almost sinisterly more than that. There was more to the groundwork that Alexa was laying than a simple little bit of manipulation. This was complex, and it was deep.

"I'd love to be at the sharp end of the work here. You know even before I embarked on my degree years, I wanted to come here. It was the work here that made me want to do the degree. The company is legendary and for some reason I

always wanted to be part of it.”

Linda span on her heels to look at Alexa as she spoke. And in that split second she could see that this older woman was clocking her, looking at her ass. But she smiled. She was used to it, she just hadn't been expecting it here that was all. Linda's mind was open totally, to the new, modern world. She was part of it after all.

“Oh the queue to get into this company by smart-asses is huge. You're a lucky girl. And hopefully you won't throw the chance away. I expect you'll miss your friends though hey. Your friends from home and from university. Any plans to meet up?”

Again Alexa was digging. She was asking searching questions. She had already gained as much valuable information as she could in the time she'd spent with Linda and now she was just enhancing what she already knew.

“Oh you know, we had this huge party when we all left university - our graduation night was mega. But then, at the end of the night, or the next morning rather, when we were all hung-over and pretty much dying, we knew that we were all going our own ways and that we wouldn't be meeting up again any time soon. Maybe there will be a twenty five year reunion or something like that.”

Linda went all kind of reflective and Alexa was watching her. She was watching her closely.

“But your parents? You'll need to be seeing them, getting together at Christmas and birthdays etc, surely?”

Linda didn't answer straight away, it was like she had to think about it, or reflect on it some. Eventually she did speak again.

“I'm adopted. My birth mother passed when I was really young and I didn't know my dad. But yes my mum and dad were the people that brought me up. What they did was prepare me for the world. They equipped me with what I needed to go out into the world. And yeah, I'll go 'home' from time to time. But they know and they are happy that I'm making my way into the world now - and that I'm embarking on my own life. They won't be expecting me on the door step every weekend that's for sure. And certainly not any time soon.”

And Linda was smiling now - as though her reflection gave her good vibes. And Alexa, her tongue slipped out to her red lips and slid across the width of her mouth corner to corner, one couldn't know what that signified. One could guess that she was liking what she was hearing. She moved in closer to Linda and she was smiling. And then with one thumb she reached out, and wiped away a little bit of stray lipstick from the very corner of Linda's mouth, where both lips came together.

“Hmmm you need to be more careful, more exact with how you apply your lipstick darling. Always strive for perfection, that's what I say. Everyone here at the company strives for perfection.”

And she moved away again. Linda wasn't so much startled by what Alexa had done. In her mind she was maybe a bit surprised. She was used to attention and she was used to that almost forensic examination by others of her femininity and her feminine assets. But it was unusual for anyone to touch her like this. Or to have her lipstick tidied up. If she was asked how she felt in the immediate aftermath of that she wouldn't know what to say. It was one of those 'what can I say' moments.

“Oh god I'm so sorry, I'm usually so careful. Maybe this morning I was a little nervous, new job and all that.”

She didn't need to make excuses, nor apologise, and yet she was doing just that. This was Linda acting out of character. This was her kind of having to act on the fly as it were. And even as the words were floating out of her mouth and into the direction of Alexa, she was aware of it. And just for split second she was aware of the change in her demeanour and in her body language. That happened, that change and she was super aware of it and that unsettled her a little bit. She was taking a step back and there was this slightest change that was there, like a look or a stance that was not so confident, not so kick-ass. It was just a second, a split second even, but it was there, and then gone again.

For Alexa, she smiled. She noticed it, but then she would. It was something that she would have been looking for. It was why she did that thing with her thumb and Linda's lipstick. It was absolutely why she had done that, and she had got the desired result. She had found out all she needed to find out about Linda and her home life, and friends circle. She had found out that no-one would be coming knocking for Linda any time soon.

She had discovered that she had time on her side with Linda, whatever it was that she needed time for. And now she was finding out about how to put this young woman on the back foot. What she had done had been subtle but it had been direct. What she had done was invade Linda's personal space just a little bit - just ever so succinctly but she'd done it none the less. And she had been able to take in the nuances of Linda's change in stance and demeanour. She'd been able to take it all in, in plain sight. And she liked what she was seeing and what she was hearing.

"I know, new job, new people, new life. But you've made the leap now and now you need to strive for perfection, in everything you do."

One couldn't deny that Alexa for all her outward appearance of warmth and welcoming, was more than a little bit weird. But Linda wouldn't necessarily pick up on that, not yet - she'd just done four years at university. She had met more than her fair share of weird people. In a way she was still high from her time at university, especially the last year so she wouldn't been seeing anything outrageously weird just yet.

"I sure won't make the lipstick mistake again."

Linda smiled wide and winked at Alexa like she had winked at her before.

"So do I get to see behind one of these doors?"

Linda stood in front of room BL12 and she had this slight mischievous look on her face. She was being this way deliberately. Maybe that was a little bit of her self-defence kicking in. She'd been corrected and she'd had her lipstick tidied up by the thumb of the woman standing in front of her. And whilst that hadn't unduly alarmed or disturbed her, it had set her on her back foot a little bit. And maybe with the passing of time, minutes, and seconds this had become more so. Maybe this little get together with Alexa was opening her eyes in more ways than one, or in ways that she didn't really understand and so her mischievousness was her way of dealing with that.

"Not that one no. But the one next door, I can give you a peep into that one if you like?"

Alexa seemed to be able to change her mood and vibe in the blink of an eye. It was like this latent talent that she had. She had changed from the stern one, the

corrective one. And now she was responding to Linda's mischievous question in her own mischievous way, and returning the wink at the same time. This was settling Linda down - calming her down. Even if on the outside she had retained her dignity and not lost it altogether, there had been an amount of unsettlement inside her and now she was being put back on the right foot. She would have liked to see that smile and that warm tone from Alexa. And now Alexa was standing in front of room BL13.

“Yeah come on, let's do it. Fuck the consequences.”

And Linda slapped her hand to her mouth. The f word had slipped out in a moment of euphoria.

“I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to....”

But she was cut short by a smiling but more stern Alexa.

“Yes you did so mean to. You're a little rash aren't you Linda? You act in the moment instead of thinking about it first, that's right isn't it? But it's ok you know, I can help you with that.”

As she spoke she swiped her ID card that doubled as a key on the door and it buzzed and then clicked open.

It seemed like some minutes before any of the silence was broken. There had been the clicks of high heels as first Alexa stepped inside, followed by Linda. The door clicked shut and there was this 'buzz' as it locked then both inside. The light, a bright white light came on automatically on sensors and flickered, then flooded the space with bright whiteness. And there was this shape to the room that followed that arc of the river's shape. That was weird - the shape kind of put that room into the spectrum of 'weirdness'.

“This place is amazing, truly.”

Linda was sort of talking to herself but out loud. She was referring to the striking 'cleanliness' of this 'lab'. There was this cleanliness to it that was not only clinical, but a step beyond that. It was the cleanness that hit one first - that and that bright white light. Once one became accustomed to that light, and that

every so perfect cleanliness, then the rest of it could be taken in.

“It is, I agree. And you know, this is the exact lab that we use to map the micro CPU’s that we use in the arms, the hands, the feet, the legs, the toes of people who need, for whatever, replacements. These CPUs have to be beyond perfect. They have then to map into the neural of the brain - they have to ensure that they work in unison with the brain. It’s tricky to make sure all of those millions and millions of messages get to the brain and vice versa so that fails are eradicated. It’s very specialised work. Very focussed work that they do in there and in the rest of this company and complex.”

Alexa was speaking as though she loved her work. That was it - she loved her work and there was no hiding it. Linda took in her words and she processed them. This really was the cutting edge of this type of work and she’d known that before she even applied to the place just before the end of her degree years. She’d been able to read enough on-line to know that this was the most advanced company in the world doing this this type of work. She’d had to read between the lines, and there was a lack of minute detail and nuance in what was available out there. but there was enough of it. There was just enough of it to catch her imagination and know that this company ‘sinTECH’ was the place she wanted to be.

Linda wouldn’t even know where her fascination for this company and what it did, came from. One might have to assume that her intelligence and her ability to soak up information was partly responsible. Linda had always needed to have a busy brain and she caught onto tech the moment it was released. She was one of the ones in the front of the queue for the new iPhone, the new iPad and the new MacBook Pro. Her hunger for all things high tech was limitless. And this was like a preordained path that she was on to this place and to this exact time, now.

She was taking in the lab, it’s equipment. She had no idea what she was looking at, at first. She had no real idea what Alexa was talking about - the micro CPUs needing to work with the brain and such like. She had no idea and yet she was completely fascinated in it to the point that she would need to understand what went on here. She needed to learn everything in this place. She looked around that lab like a little girl looking round a theme park for the first time. With every second that passed she was sure that she had made the right choice. She was sure that there wasn’t any other place she needed to be or wanted to be.

There was this sense that she couldn't have got her career path any more 'right' than it was.

Even from what Alexa said, Linda was making her own mind up about her career trajectory. She was more than sure that sinTech was a company that encouraged and nurtured it's interns and that it wouldn't take long for her to get into the swing of things. That it wouldn't take long for her to get noticed. Oh she knew that there would be a period of her crunching the numbers in the labs upstairs. She knew that she would be in the presence of greatness in terms of the cleverness of those in this place. But she was working the long game. She was looking at a gradual career curve and she smiled to herself.

“It doesn't look like there's much happening in here right now though?”

Again it was like Linda was speaking to herself but out loud.

“That's right. We're kind of between projects now. The last one has moved upstairs into the general population and within the next week or so, there will be other things underway in here. Once it goes upstairs, the cat is out of the bag so to speak. But it's in the early stages down here that most of the excitement is, and is produced. Everyone wants to come down here but not all make it.”

And there was this odd tone from Alexa. She was talking from the heart, and it was clear that she loved her work at sinTech. But there was this sense that it was more than that. That her work right here, right now meant more than that. There was this tone to her voice and the intense way she looked directly at Linda that was inexplicable. Maybe she was just an intense woman who spent most of her life inside that intense focussed bubble. Linda got it, she got that intensity and that focus. But even in these very early stages she was sensing as well that Alexa was 'different' somehow. And she was getting it that she needed to be close to her for some reason, or she would not make it through the company to where she needed to be in the years ahead. But at the same time she was getting to like Alexa. She was getting to want to be with her which was. Inexplicable, but she'd go with it.

# CHAPTER NINE

## 12 Weeks Later - Closer & Closer, Deeper & Deeper

It didn't take long for Linda to get posted to the top secret sub-level of sinTech. It wouldn't, would it? She had herself to thank for that, or so she thought. But she had the guiding hand, and the mind of Alexa as well.

“You made it darling. You're coming downstairs with me. I got it signed off earlier today. Everyone has been so happy with your work and by the time I'd finished singing your praises, the Board were more than happy to have another super-clever member of the top secret team.”

Alexa had been speaking to Linda in a wine bar on the south bank of the river. They were in window seats and on the opposite bank was the striking building of the sinTECH company. It was dark, and the twinkling of the city made anyone and everyone in the city feel happy to be there. The sight of sinTECH was something else entirely. Because of the secret work it did, it had this aura and this enigma about it. And in the middle of all that city sparkle, the sinTECH building had this purple quality to it. There was like this purple 'haze' that enshrouded the building, by design. For sure that building was the talk of anyone who saw it in this light.

“Are you serious? I can't believe it. I've only just got to the company. Although, the twelve weeks have gone by so quickly.”

“Oh I'm very serious and it's official. Your passes and access is being updated even as we speak. From Monday, you're downstairs.”

Alexa looking stunning in early evening wear, makeup and a fitted dress that accentuated her figure, slid her hand across the table and interlinked with Linda's fingers. There it was again, that intensity and that focus that seemed more so out of the sinTECH environment. Linda got it - she'd got it increasingly

over the last twelve weeks. And there was no secret that her and Alexa had become closer during this time.

The driver of that, of course, was Alexa. She hadn't exactly forced her way into the life of Linda. Linda herself was keen to make her way up the company ladder, and down the ladder to the sub level where the real work went on. So she wasn't about to spurn the apparent need in Alexa for her to be close to her. If anything, Linda got the feeling, got the impression that Alexa was something of a loner. That she didn't have that many friends, or even any family that took up her time. And she had this sense that Alexa had latched on to her for some reason rather than anyone else. At first it was like maybe that was because of her being the new girl, but that sense was soon dispelled. That wasn't something so odd to Linda because she, through her earlier life had been like the spider at the centre of a web that drew all the flies in. Everyone wanted to be with her and everyone wanted to be in her circle. So Linda got it. And to a lesser extent she got Alexa's intensity.

"I'm made up. I don't really know what to say."

It wasn't often that Linda was stuck for words. Normally she had a set of words that fit any given situation, but this was different. There'd been little 'moments' between her and Alexa over the course of the twelve weeks and Linda was aware fully of them. She would have gone into her career thinking that she wouldn't ever get involved in a relationship with anyone, male or female. As far as she was concerned, her career was the single most important thing in her life and nothing would come between her and it.

But this 'thing' with Alexa hadn't been like that. For some reason in Linda's mind Alexa was as career focussed as she was. Indeed she had been at pains to make that obvious. There were little 'touches', little 'hugs' at key times. Those touches and those hugs becoming longer and more meaningful. But there was nothing in those hugs and touches that would create an alarm inside Linda's mind that she was losing the plot and in danger of throwing it all away. It all seemed just natural that she was close and getting closer to Alexa.

Maybe the work and the closeness to another who worked closely with her was a natural fit. Maybe it was just the way it was supposed to unfold and maybe she would just need to go with the flow. But that wasn't even a decision that she had to make - it was just natural thing, unfolding and happening between these

two women that just happened to enhance their lives along with the work. At least that was the fairy tale.

Even when the first kiss came along, it was just natural. There was no sense of one kissing the other, rather there was just this thing of them kissing each other in a fifty fifty thing. There'd been a lingering look at the end of a long day of numbers and tweaking and the next second their lips were interlocked. Linda got this feeling, this sense of love gushing through her in a way that she had never experienced before. It wasn't a sense that she, or they had done anything wrong, if anything it was the opposite. It was a sense that everything was right. And that everything was aligning in life just right. There was this sense that it couldn't possibly be true that everything was aligning like this but then this uber-reality that it indeed was.

And that had come across in that kiss. It was a deep, loving kiss and there was nothing dirty, or obscene, or 'wrong' with the way they intertwined their tongues in each other's mouths. For Linda it was like she was living a moment on a cloud. And there was this rush of something from her, like love for the woman who was sometimes very odd. For Linda, that didn't matter. It was just that warmth and that depth of that wet kiss. There was just this feeling that this was 'right' and it was that feeling that made her feel like she was floating. She'd never been happier than she'd been in that moment.

For Alexa, she was going through a process. She was playing a part, like an actress in a stage play. There was this sense that she was as immersed as Linda was. But occasionally there was this sense that the mask had slipped. The odd look, the odd tone of voice that she used from time to time - little things really that went right over the head of Linda. There was this sense that Alexa was more than the sum of her parts. She was a breath-taking woman outside of her white doctor's lab coat, and for Linda she was beautiful inside and out.

But those were like layers that Linda was supposed to see. But it was like there were other layers that she might see in the future, or not. But whatever, Alexa was playing a blinder. And maybe, just maybe Linda was dropping the ball - something that she had never done. Linda had never made mistakes, or made the wrong choices in life. And there was nothing further from her mind now. She'd got close to Alexa and she loved those touches, and those hugs, and then the kisses that became more and more deep, and more and more often.

“So what are you going to do this weekend Linda? Do you have plans?”

Alexa had left her fingers interlaced with Linda’s and she’d looked across the table in the wine bar. And for a little while it was as though Linda was basking in Alexa’s eye contact. She moved her fingers, loving the little tingles of love she was feeling.

“No plans. You?”

And that eye contact was maintained and it was like the world outside that little bubble of the two of them didn’t exist.

“Yes, I thought you could come to mine, for the whole weekend and we could make love.”

Alexa spoke straight and maintained that eye contact. She was being direct and upfront and yes, ok, she was being shocking at the same time but this was deliberate to appeal to the feelings and emotions of Linda. They hadn’t made love, not anywhere near it. But they had got closer and they had kissed. They’d kissed lots by this time and making love seemed to be a natural next step.

“Uhhh. I think I’d like that. No, correction, I’d like that a lot.”

That eye contact was maintained regardless of the shock and the utter undiluted love that Linda was feeling. So taken with Alexa’s ‘plan’ was Linda that she wouldn’t have sensed the slight ‘coldness’ in Alexa’s manner and tone. There was no way that she would have been sensing anything untoward. If she had then Alexa would have not been doing what she intended to do.

“We can use it as a celebration of you progressing within sinTECH and we can use this weekend as time for us to get to know each other better, more intimately. I feel like I want to know every atom of you Linda. I feel I want to know you inside and out intimately. I feel like I want to pleasure your most intimate flesh in a way that it has never been pleased before. I don’t know Linda, I can’t explain what’s happening between us, but it feels good.”

And Alexa stopped so that Linda could process her words. Oh, she was good. It was like she had this insight into Linda’s mind to such an extent that she knew exactly what she needed to say to make Linda feel even better inside and out. Linda blushed slightly.

“I want it Alexa, I want to spend the weekend with you. I want to go into next week, knowing that we have become one, do you know what I mean?”

It was clear that Linda was gushing with love for Alexa. It would be difficult even imagining what was going through Alexa’s mind, given what her objective was. And yes there was that objective - clear in her mind, but not to anyone on the outside and certainly not to Linda.

“Oh sweetheart, I know exactly what you mean and I want the same. I want us going to work next week, knowing the we are together and that nothing can interfere or spoil that.”

Again she was speaking to appeal to the emotions of Linda. And again she was having the desired effect.

“Look, why don’t we finish up here and head to my place? I think we can relax more. I think we can be more ourselves if we lock ourselves in for the weekend, and just explore and make love. Don’t you?”

For Linda, she would have been in this bubble of adoration and love. She’d be in this knowledge that she had never been in love before simply because she had never felt like this before. Whatever love was, it was gushing through her in warm comforting waves.

“I do. And yes, let’s get the fuck out of here. Excuse my French.”

Linda leaned over the table and offered her lips for Alexa to kiss. And Alexa didn’t so much kiss those lips, she devoured them. She took Linda’s face in her hands and she tugged her slightly over that table a little more and then she herself leaned forward and kissed Linda. She sucked her lips into her mouth and she invaded Linda’s mouth with her tongue. And it was as though she was possessing Linda’s mouth. It was as though she was taking that warm, wet, welcoming mouth as her own and Linda allowed it.

This was the first time a kiss had been sexual between them and the reaction in Linda was instant. There was the erection of her nipples through the silk blouse that she wore, and those nipples catching on the edge of the table she had been tugged across. That made her eyes open wide, almost startled as the sexual pleasure travelled from her nipples to the clitoris, hooded between her legs. Her nostrils twitched as she allowed herself to be kissed like that. And there was this

wetness and this volume to the wetness that had never been present in their kisses before. There was this intensity in that kiss - another intensity that Alexa had to make Linda feel and absorb. There was this lushness about it for Linda that made her want and crave more.

When Linda herself was eating into that kiss almost greedily but absolutely needy, Alexa slowed the mouth actions. She was allowing Linda to take over and she was measuring what Linda did with her own mouth and tongue to see if she was where she needed her to be. She was testing to see if Linda was being dirty enough with her mouth. In a way she was making Linda work for the pleasure of being clamped onto her mouth that way. She allowed Linda to kiss herself out, and when the kiss was eventually broken Linda tried to be dignified about it, but there was a length of drool that stretched between their mouths and there was a slight moment of clarity for Linda, like she could feel how almost rude this was, how rude they were being. But that was gone instantly when she looked into Alexa's eyes again.

“Let's go lover.”

## **Two Hour Later**

Alexa's tongue and her lips were fluttering over Linda's swollen, distended clitoris but she was not allowing the younger woman to orgasm. Linda's arms were outspread, and high and secured via locked, custom cuffs to the headboard of the bed. In addition, her long shapely legs were spread wide, slightly raised at the knees and cuffed like that also. The result of this was that there was no defence available to her. The heightened pleasure she was being given, she had no choice but to take, and it was clear that Alexa was hitting more than the spot.

Alexa had been a revelation to Linda.

“I am a little bit kinky, I do hope you don't mind?”

She'd been being playful with Linda, and at the time giving the young woman no chance to answer before sliding her tongue down her throat and devouring her mouth all over again. Linda couldn't do anything except respond to the voice

and the actions of Alexa. Even when she shown her the bed with dangling cuffs she didn't have it in her to resist. It was a fact that this woman turned her on - that she HAD turned her on. And since it had been established that they were a 'thing' it was as though Linda was letting it all go to the wind. It was unlike her but she felt so good and so hot. She'd easily be able to say that she had never felt so hot before.

And she'd be able to say with conviction that no-one, let alone another woman had ever had this effect on her before. She'd never thrown caution and logic to the wind before, but she felt good about this. She had this connection with Alexa and she was sure the same was applicable in reverse. She was sure that Alexa didn't open up like this to just anyone, and that it was like she was the chosen one, and that made her feel even more special as well as turned on. So when confusion of her being kinky had been presented to her she'd thought, 'what the fuck, we all need a bit of kink in our lives'.

She couldn't have possibly know how that would pan out or where it would end. She was excited and that Alexa was 'kinky' didn't mean anything to her. She'd never had a weekend like this and she was seizing the day.

“You're going to be such a good girl for me aren't you sweetheart?”

And there was still this playfulness from Alexa - making it seem like it was all ok - like this was all just some fun for them both. She was almost whispering or hissing into Linda's ear as she buckled up, then locked the cuffs - first the wrists, then the knees, then the ankles. And Linda was naked - totally naked and her hips were moving in undulations as Alexa teased her sexuality with her lips and tongue.

“That's right lover, just 'breathe'. Take in nice deep, slow breaths. Feel this, feel it.”

Alexia spoke between along slow, decadent laps of her tongue over the delicate sensual flesh of Linda's sexual flesh. She wasn't penetrating her with her tongue, rather she was just teasing that flesh. She'd worked the clitoris out of the hood by pressing the tip of her tongue around it's hood, all the way round it's circumference and then she'd spent her time 'fluttering' her tongue over and around that clitoris. What she'd done was tease the juices from Linda - juices she knew were there. Juices that she tasted as she worked that flesh. Linda had

always kept her sexuality smooth and hair free. Ever since she'd sprouted pubic hair, back in the day, she'd hated it. And she didn't put up with it for very long before she discovered the Ladyshave. Her mum had told her,

“If you don't want it sweetheart take it off.”

And that had been precisely what she'd done - and she she'd kept it like that ever since. And now she was breathing, deep and slowly as this woman was eating into her. There was a fleeting question that ran through Linda's mind, and that was how had she gone so long, until she was twenty five, before experiencing sexual pleasure like this? The answer was simple - she'd spent her formative years with her head buried in books. She'd missed a lot but now she had the hankering for making up for it. Her legs were secured open, wide and crudely but as Alexa worked her flesh with her mouth and tongue she was glad that she couldn't close them. She was pleased that she didn't have that choice to make.

She wanted to cum, and with every long slow lick she got from Alexa she hoped that would be the one to spill her over the top and into orgasm. Every so often, Alexa allowed her tongue, arrowed, to slip inside Linda and scoop up her juices. And that was when Linda wished she could be penetrated deeper and for longer. She may have missed a lot but she sure as hell was going to make up for it now. She was undulating her hips, trying to thrust them towards the expert mouth and tongue of Alexa. But Alexa was doing it her way. And her way was to stretch it out. Her way was to deny Linda that explosion of pleasure. That is deny it until she was ready to give it to her.

And she wouldn't be ready to give it to her until Linda was trembling and needy for it. And one had to assume that Alexa had the skill and the dexterity to do just that. Over a period of time, with Linda, legs wide and arms up out of the way, in front of her, she could crawl between those spectacular legs and she could tease that sex flesh. She could wipe it, and lick it, and penetrate it with her tongue. She could eat it, and explore it, get to know it, all the time bringing Linda to that edge that she needed her to be at.

# CHAPTER TEN

## **It's The Weekend**

And by the time she did tip Linda into that orgasm, the young woman had this trembling, bemused look on her face. She'd never experienced sexual pleasure like it. She'd had sex, but then she realised that she'd never had sex like this. Her dalliance with the erotic had been just dipping her toe into the water. Back in her uni days, party days and nights, drunken fumbles and occasionally drunken fucks fuelled by cheap weed. Oh, Linda had come out of herself in uni but she'd never experienced this before - or anything anywhere near like it. She would realise at some point when she wasn't exploding her juices over Alexa's face that she hadn't been having real sex at all back in the day.

There was this 'controlling' thing that Alexa was doing but for some reason that didn't matter to Linda. When she let that orgasm go, it all came. There was this animalistic grunt from Linda that was unbecoming of her. And yet there was this absolute growl of pleasure as well. There was this growl and grunt that told of this young woman existing on another level, on another plane. And as that orgasm reached its height, as it reached its peak and as Linda was desperate to thrust her pussy into this older woman's face but couldn't, she was 'squirting' the juices that her pussy seemed to be able to produce copiously.

She was squirting and she was breathing deeply as the orgasm worked its way through her entire being. It was an orgasm that had originated in the core of her clitoris but had then spanned out to take in the whole of her inner femininity. As she was orgasming, so her nipples filled and throbbed and felt like they would launch themselves at any time. There was this thing, this difficulty in Linda to cope with what was happening to her. She knew she was having an orgasm. She knew that her mind and body were being held in this orgasmic state but at the same time she didn't quite know what to do with herself.

And there was this relief in her that she couldn't do anything. It was as

though because she was cuffed in this exposed vulnerable way, that she was relieved of any guilt. And that was it - those little flutterings of guilt associated with raw, crude sexual pleasure. Linda got those flutterings because she'd never experienced pleasure like this. But those feelings of guilt were diluted because of her spread, secured legs and cuffed dangling arms. She could just semi-sit as this woman 'forced' this pleasure on her and ate her. She could just grunt and growl her way through the orgasm and come out the other side, the better and more gratified for it. At least, that was the theory.

And the thing was that Alexa was making that orgasm last and last. Not only had she denied Linda for so long, but when she did that final flick of the tongue and tip the young woman into euphoria, for some reason, by some skill or other, she was able to hold her right there. She was able to bring her to the peak of orgasm and just hold her right there until that bemusement and trembling was the picture of the moment. And only when the time was right did she bring her back down the other side.

“What the actual fuck did you just do to me?”

Linda could barely get the words out. That she was breathless was a given. She was slightly slumped, still in the bondage, and she was looking right at Alexa.

“I haven't really started yet.”

Alexa was as casual as you like, and she licked her lips and smiled at the tethered Linda.

“You're a dark horse, I'll give you that Alexa. Come kiss me, please.”

Linda's chest was rising and falling with her breathing and she was beginning to get herself together. It was like she wanted Alexa in close to her, kissing her so that she didn't have to look her in the eyes. The more she came down from the orgasm the more that guilt tended to slither into her. But Alexa obliged - in this setting of bondage, and slight domination there was the sense that maybe the older women would deny the kiss and the closeness that Linda wanted. But that was the games that some people played.

She crawled up between the crudely spread bare legs of Linda, and she trailed a tongue up the calves, then the side of the knees, first one then the other. And then she used the tip of her tongue up the insides of the thighs and then into the creases of flesh where the thighs rolled into the groin. Linda tensed and did that purring growl again from the back of her throat.

“You’re insatiable, and I’m embarrassed.”

Linda was speaking the truth as she felt it.

“You have no idea, yet, what insatiable means. But you will.”

And as Alexa trailed her tongue up the length of both labia lips, she growled herself and then carried on, up the tummy, around under the globes of breasts, for some reason known only to her, avoiding the nipples and then over the tops of the breasts and then to the neck and throat of Linda. By the time Alexa was devouring Linda’s mouth yet again, the younger woman was keyed in again, switched on by the attentions of this woman - so much so that she ate back into the kiss greedily. And she did that for some time. She did that and flared her nostrils. She looked hungry and greedy. And inside Alexa was smiling.

“That’s enough of that, for now. Let’s have some wine, and talk before I take you to heaven again. And then, later, you can take ME to heaven, deal?”

Linda hadn’t wanted the dirty wet, post orgasm kiss to end. She could have willingly ate into that kiss until she was prised away. But she sighed.

“Ok, deal!”

And as Alexa released her from the bonds she was flexing herself, getting used to the freedom again, but she was still switched on, and alive inside. She was still needy and she had never felt this way before. She was aware, she was perfectly aware of what was happening with her body, but it was just that she had never been through anything so sexually intense before and she was having to deal with it. Alexa gave her a silk wrap.

“Cover yourself up darling, you look obscene.”

And Alexa accompanied that slight put down with one of her famous winks.

“I ‘feel’ obscene. And I’m not kidding you.”

Linda’s response was quick. She was telling the truth - she was speaking from the heart to the woman she was falling in love with - that is, if she wasn’t already in love with her.

“Imagine feeling like that ‘all the time’?”

And Linda did that, she tried to imagine what it would be like to be switched on, horny and obscene all the time.

“That would be something. I’m trying to imagine what it would be like to deal with ‘life’ whilst feeling like ‘this’.”

She was tying off the silk wrap around her waist as she tried to get her thoughts across to Alexa. As she lay back on the bed the silk was giving away a little and showing tantalising glimpses of her breasts which Alexa made no secret of looking at.

“Oh you know darling, at times like that, having to deal with things like that, your priorities change. If you are a dribbling, distracted sexual being, then that becomes your priority. It isn’t like you are ripped away from your real life, it’s just like it creeps up on you and it just ‘becomes’ your real life. That’s when everything changes.”

And just at that precise moment there was a change of tone from Alexa. She was speaking in the spirit of being with Linda, and enjoying mind bowing sex but there was an undertone there as well. There was like this dark undertone that was difficult to pinpoint. Certainly for Linda, she wouldn’t have seen or felt that darkness. But Alexa was just hovering around the fringes of what she was all about. And yet she was holding onto the fact that she was an older woman who had seduced a younger woman and there was nothing wrong with that. Such relationships happened every single day all over the world. Alexa wasn’t doing anything wrong at this point but when that darkness was morphed in, then there was something that slightly disturbed the senses.

“That’s kind of a romantic version of what would be ‘torture’ surely? To be so consumed by sex that nothing else matters?”

Linda was thinking but she was responding to Alexa from the outside of that

darkness. Alexa spoke from a point of knowledge and for Linda she was just 'talking'.

“It actually IS romantic in a way. But you're right. It's like a tortuous addiction that creeps up on you. If you imagine a drug addict, or an alcoholic. They KNOW what they are doing is not a good thing and that will end badly, but they just can't help themselves. They crave that 'fix' of cocaine or hundred percent proof alcohol and they can't help themselves. Just imagine not being able to think of anything except your next orgasm. Just imagine THAT addiction - not chemical addiction, not alcohol addiction but an addiction to your own sexuality and your own orgasm. That would do different things to a person. And there are people who exist like that. It's like they have been wired up all wrong. That's the sort of addiction that fucks a person up, especially a woman. It's the guilt you see. There is no reason on this earth for a woman to be so sexually addled that she cannot think of anything else, and yet they exist.”

Alexa spoke and Linda listened. The younger woman was fascinated and that was written all over her face.

“How do you know all this stuff?”

It was like a valid question that she asked with a wide smile.

“Before I came to sinTECH, I worked at a research clinic dealing with people with sexual disorders. It was about learning and looking for solutions for women with these addictions and disorders. Fascinating stuff, but I learnt more about sex and sexuality there than anywhere else. Certainly the normal person growing up with normal life would not get this insight. I was very lucky.”

Linda couldn't get enough of this woman. It was like she hung on to every word she said. She excited her and no other single person, let alone another woman had ever done that before. She had come to a time in her life when people in general kind of bored her. It was as though she had grown up and now that she was heading out into the big wide world, she was looking for excitement and people in her normal world didn't do that anymore. She was at a point where she needed more. And right now here was Alexa.

“Here you go, my finest red. Only people special to me get to drink this with me.’

And as Alexa handed Linda the goblet of red wine she leaned in and gave her a deep kiss which Linda seemed to sigh into and then eat into. Her eyes rolled and she just absorbed that kiss and suckled the older woman's tongue when invited to do so. That kiss also went on for some time and was eventually broken.

"I love this place by the way. Not like my little flat at all."

Alexa's apartment was in a portered block, not 'high' high end but nice none the less. She'd always lived alone and there was bizarrely no sign of a significant other, or family. Photographs were non-existent and it was impossible to gauge where she came from or even who she was. But that made Linda smile a little bit. Alexa was edgy and that excited her - she felt like she needed some excitement in her life and this woman certainly did it for her.

"My sanctuary. You know you should feel honoured. I don't take anyone or invite anyone here - it's usually just for me. But I've got a good feeling about you for some reason."

Alexa could turn on the charm like she could turn on the sexual seduction and what that did was make Linda feel good inside. A smile came across Linda's face that she couldn't hide or couldn't disguise.

"Where do you think this is going Alexa? I feel like I'm falling for you and I don't know what to do, or how to 'be' with it. It's never happened to me before."

Both women sipped their wine and eventually Alexa responded.

"Where would you like it to go Linda? What do you WANT to 'be' like?"

She was batting it back to Linda.

"I don't know. I want to be with you. It feels right. I just know you excite me, and you turn me on like I've never been turned on before. And I know I'm not just falling for you, I'm falling in love with you."

And Linda stopped talking as though she was embarrassed to be confessing the way she was.

"Then we just see where it takes us. I'm falling in love with you as well

Linda, and I definitely want to be with you. So we just see where it goes. Maybe it goes nowhere, but maybe it does. And this is the exciting bit, not knowing.”

This could have been a love story in the making, in real time. But there was that darkness in Alexa to account for. She was listening to what Linda had to say and she was responding to that, and acting accordingly. She was saying all the things that Linda would want to hear and that could have been a woman being kind to another woman whilst leading maybe to a gentle let down. But this wasn't that.

This was Alexa sucking Linda into her world. She was sucking her in and she was overwhelming her with a love that was not there. Or love in the normal sense that was not there. This was Alexa acting to a preordained objective, and the thing was that Linda had no idea. She had not even the slightest inclination that anything was wrong here. In fact she was gushing with love for the woman who was in the very early stages of fucking her up. She'd never think that though, or even think anything like that was possible. She was too much into Alexa's world already. This was a younger woman just teetering on the edge of a trap set by a disturbed, sadistic and twisted older woman.

### **A Little Later**

They were in the medium sized lounge now - a traditionally designed and finished lounge. There was an oddness right there. Alexa worked and existed in the sharp end world of a high tech industry. She had to think and be 'cutting edge' and yet to see where and how she lived, there was almost this quaintness that fitted the narrative but not the real life of this woman. There was this contrast in how she worked and how she lived - but it wasn't a contrast at all, rather the traditional in Alexa's life was a layer that was there for show. But Linda didn't know that - she couldn't see those 'layers'.

Linda was sitting with the silk wrap on and her legs were crossed. The silk had fallen away and displayed the length and expanse of shapely legs up to her upper thigh. She tried to adjust herself, to pull the silk back over to cover herself.

“No darling, leave it. You have spectacular legs and I want to see them.

Those legs should be ‘on show’ and you should want to show me yourself like this. We’re lovers, after all.”

Alexa had a point and Linda let the silk slide again so that her crossed over leg formed the focal point of that ‘picture’. She’d gone back into herself a little since that adventure on Alexa’s bed. Just that little bit of guilt at the amount of pleasure she had consumed. But it wasn’t a debilitating guilt. It was probably one that was more than tinged with a great deal of happiness as well that she was here with Alexa and that, as she had been reminded, she was a lover of now. And that little bit of guilt was being diluted even further with a returning sexiness, a returning horniness and sexual desire.

This was something else that she had to get used to - this intense arousal she felt when she was with Alexa. That orgasm was still with her, in her mind and she would never forget it and that fed the desire in her. She’d liked that orgasm - she’d liked it a lot and so, that there was a growing need in her to experience it again, didn’t bother her. She didn’t even connect it with what Alexa had been explaining to her about people, particularly women who became sex addicts.

“Are you going to look at my legs, like ALL night?”

Linda bobbed her bare foot teasingly and she smiled and winked even more teasingly.

“Not at all. YOU my girl are going to pleasure me a little later. And you will pleasure me, beyond what you might be expecting. But first I want to show you something.”

There was a wry smile from Alexa as she placed her glass on a side table and got up. She had undressed and was in her own silk wrap. And possibly there was this first time that Alexa’s physique, and femininity were on unhindered display. She was a well-built, imposing woman - busty in that mature motherly way and yet she had exquisite shape as well that was usually always hidden under that white lab coat of hers. Her hips and legs were equally shapely and she held herself in this natural ‘pride’ that was a joy to see.

“Oh the plot thickens. I do like a thick plot!”

Linda placed her glass on the same table and stood next to Alexa. The older woman was slightly taller. That was unusual for Linda to come across. She was

tall herself at five feet ten inches, but Alexa was a good two inches more so, and with her maturity was 'fuller' in figure as well. Linda wouldn't be able to explain it, not even to herself but the fact that Alexa was a 'bigger woman' than her was a strange comfort to her. It didn't bother her in other words. She was good with it and it made her feel good about life.

“Oh sweetheart, this is going to be a plot that thickens like fog, and then just hangs in the air. If you like thick plots then we are an even more ideal match than we thought in the first place.”

Alexa did that, she threw in curveballs and riddles. She was herself like that enigma wrapped in a mystery. Maybe it was this that captured Linda so much. Maybe it was this 'intrigue' that caught her and held onto her in a way that wouldn't let her let go.

“Come with me darling. I want to show you my own little project. Something I've been working on for some time.”

And now Alexa was smiling wide. She tugged the tie that held the wrap around her waist so that it loosened then dropped off so that the wrap opened to expose herself and she was holding out a hand to take Linda's. Linda could feel her pulse racing already.

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## 1 Hour Later

Linda didn't have the silk wrap on any more and she looked at the Velcro straps that had been fitted to her just above the elbows, and the wrists, and then the one just above her knees, and the little pads of Velcro that had been stuck to her lower tummy and knees. Then she looked at Alexa who was standing over her. Linda was seated, and Alexa had suggested,

“Put your heels on, you'll feel better if you wear the heels.”

Alexa winked at Linda in 'that' way.

“You've wired me up Alexa and I don't know why. What does all this shit do?”

Linda was truly puzzled as she looked at the spaghetti of wiring that was coming from under all that Velcro and vanished somewhere underneath the sofa.

‘Oh, you know, I've been working on my own project for years. This is just a prototype. What I have to work out is how to get it from what it is now, to something the size of a micro-sim card, that can be inserted under the base of the skull, just above the spine, and that is then amalgamated to the neurals of the brain and will work from there, basically invisibly so.’

Alexa spoke as though what she was saying was natural and normal - as though she was describing a Sunday walk in the park. She actually sounded beyond mad. But Linda didn't blink, she was ok and she could feel that excitement and arousal coming back to her.

“Ok, I think I understand.”

She didn't understand at all but she felt she knew Alexa to the point of utter

trust. She felt they were on this adventure together that included a deepening love for each other and because of the fact she was inside sinTECH's inner sanctum now, and now that she was a bonafide 'scientist' herself, she trusted even the most outlandish side of Alexa. Alexa threw her head back and laughed softly.

“No, no you don't understand, not yet. But you will. Look let me show you.”

They were in the lounge of Alexa's apartment, hardly the mark of state of the art science fiction. Linda was seated, naked except for these bits of Velcro that gripped her flesh tightly, and that hid a multitude of sins, and the wires that snaked out and of course her high heels. Alexa had re-tied the silk around herself and held this little credit card sized remote control until which she thumbed.

“Just relax and don't fight it Linda. Just trust me, let me, and this thing take you ok? You're in safe hands, loving hands and I've got nothing but your best interests at heart, ok poppet?”

That word, poppet, it stuck out like a sore thumb and was like something, an endearment from bygone days. Linda brushed her fleshy wet tongue across the front of her teeth forcing her teeth out as she nodded. It was weird, she fully trusted Alexa. She shouldn't have but she did. The thing was that Linda was feeling that desire again and that desire was surging through her at a rate of knots.

But it was more than that. She was tingling as well - tingling down between her legs. And she could feel her pussy, already sated from before and already uber-sensitive, undulating on its own. She could feel the flesh moving as though of its own accord and that was feeding the desire in her. And it was odd because she was aware of it, super aware of it and if anything that embarrassed her a little bit. It embarrassed her because she was aroused like this, in front of Alexa who was doing nothing to her, other than operating that little remote control.

“I told you, I did all that work on sexuality, and sexual behaviour. And even when I left that research facility and came to sinTECH I wanted to carry on what I was so fascinated with. The trouble is that I had to do it on my own.”

She thumbed the remote again to turn it up a little bit and Linda flinched as she felt that fluid sexuality in her eat into her a little bit more.

“What, the, fuck, are you researching exactly.”

Linda could barely get the words out, and what she did get out were punctuated, and slightly wet in tone.

“Oh, you know, sexual behaviour, sexual control, and enhanced sexual pleasure.”

Alexa was watching Linda all the time. It was like she was piercing her with her eyes and looking right inside her.

“What I’m really interested in, is controlling the sexual behaviour, and the sexual intensity of other women. Taking a completely normal woman and making her act, and behave in ways that she would never, ever consider behaving normally. In other words turning that woman into something else, entirely. I am more than sure that this can be achieved, and more besides.”

Yes, Alexa sounded mad - it was now official. But still Linda wasn’t concerned, or alarmed. This woman excited the clitoris off her and already she had taken her to sexual places that she didn’t know existed and that was enough for her to remain calm. She trusted Alexa to the very core of her and even though she was feeling sensations and things she didn’t normally feel, it was ok, she was in safe hands, wasn’t she?

“Is this you making me into a slut, when really, I’m not a ‘slut’?”

Linda was being remarkably straight with Alexa as she spoke. She was just letting the older woman know that she understood what she was doing and that she didn’t mind playing along with this little experiment that Alexa had set up.

“It is poppet. And I don’t want you to be unduly concerned that I am going to make you do things, now in front of me, that you’d never think of doing. Things actually that would make you cringe in humiliated, degraded embarrassment, normally but not tonight.”

Alexa was being equally straight with Linda. Already Linda was pressing her lips together and rolling them in as she absorbed whatever it was that Alexa was doing to her. And as she absorbed those words from Alexa she was aware of sitting, her knees forced high by the high heels she was wearing, and now spreading her legs wide. It was a crude action to expose herself in front of the

older woman, and something that that she would never do, not like this. She looked down at her knees spreading as though she were having an out of body experience. And at the same time she was feeling a throb in her nipples and to her that was odd because, there was no Velcro or no wires near her nipples. Her nipples were erecting, elongating and thickening and for some reason this was not ok for her. For some reason this was like a gross invasion of her sexual privacy.

Possibly the fact that Alexa had taken the time to explain to her what she was doing and what she wanted to do, was making this little bit of resistance happen inside her mind. But it wasn't really resistance. Making her 'angry' that she was already being how she wouldn't be, not normally. But what was holding her to this was that love she had for Alexa. She would consider with herself that this wasn't real - this was just her playing the game with Alexa. It was just her submitting to Alexa in this way because this was what Alexa was working on. It was her being part of Alexa's world and her life. And because she was in love with her, this was ok, right?

“Just relax let it take you Linda. Let it make you something you're not.”

And for some reason the words that Alexa was pouring into Linda's psyche made it all ok. The older woman was acknowledging that she would be something she wasn't so that was ok. That made her let go a little more in her mind. Yeah, she had been a little angry, inside her mind, at spreading her legs like this, at exposing herself like this, but at least Alexa was acknowledging that she wasn't like that, not really. There was this level of complexity that Alexa was putting down. The way those pads and wires worked with Linda's sexuality was one thing, but the way she was working her with her words was another extremely clever and cunning ploy. Linda pressed her lips together again and she rolled them in as the arousal in her increased and became wetter.

And that was the thing, she was getting wetter between the legs. She sat back in the deep sofa and lifted her stilettoed feet up until her legs were doubled and she used the edge of the sofa to dig the pointy heels into as she spread her legs wider and wider. There was this picture being presented to Alexa of a dripping wet Linda exposing herself to her. There was that smooth, hairless, wet sex. The labial lips were already swollen and distended from where Alexa had eaten her out earlier. But now it was clear from the state of her dripping pussy that she was aroused. And there was this look of puzzlement on her face. That was because

she knew exactly what she was doing. That was because she knew what she must have looked like. She was realising what she was doing and knowing that she didn't have control of that any more. The looks of bemusement and puzzlement were because she didn't know how this could be.

“It's ok Linda, lover, I'm with you, just go with it. Humour me, you look delicious. You'd make a delicious slut even though I know you're not one.”

It was like Alexa was giving it in one hand and taking it with the other. And now Linda's hands were wandering to the insides of her thighs and she was smoothing the soft succulent flesh of her thighs. Her tongue was running across her lips. And with each stroke of her fingers down and up her thighs she was getting closer and closer to the saturated flesh of her sex. Inside her mind she had this thing, that she didn't want to do this in front of Alexa like this. She had this thing that was telling her that by pandering to Alexa like this she actually was a slut. But then she had the other thing going on, the sexuality taking over. The desire taking over. And then worse of all, the need to play with herself taking over - all things that she had no control over.

“Good girl. Good slut. Good poppet.”

That poppet word was disturbing to say the least and there would have been disturbance by now in Linda's mind but it didn't matter because the sex and the desire had taken over now. It was where it was forcing everything else to grey in the background. Everything else that is except the knowledge that she was being a slut. But now everything was working against Linda in a way that she wouldn't be able to understand.

“Just push your fingers inside yourself poppet. Get them in, all of them as far as they will go. You'll feel much better about yourself if you do it.”

And there was this slight, ever so slight change up in Alexa's tone. If any word had to be applied to it, it would be 'nasty'. There was this nasty tone that was filtering into the psyche of Linda and that was working in collaboration with the Velcro pads and the wires.

“Mmmm yes, mmmmm yes.”

It was as though Linda could hear herself mumbling in this sexually drenched manner but couldn't stop herself. There was this seamlessness between that tone

of Alexa's and her arousal and what she was doing to herself. She stroked her lips first with all of the fingers of one hand and she did this as she was growling from the back of her throat. She was using her own wetness to lubricate her fingers. And to do that she was 'wiping' her fingers, all of them, down the dripping saturated slit of her sex.

And then with her legs still doubled up, and with her heels still digging into the sofa she was slipping those fingers inside herself. It was like she couldn't open her legs wide enough and she couldn't get enough fingers inside her and there was this look of undiluted lust across her face - like an abandonment that she knew was there but deep down wished wasn't there.

It was a fact that she presented herself like this uncontrollable slut who needed to sate herself in this crude, dirty manner. There was this strange look on her face as though one second she was deeply immersed in the sexual pleasure she was giving herself and she didn't give a flying fuck about how she looked, and the next there was the realisation there that this was not her. That this not what she did. And then a micro second later a look that said that she was scared of what was happening to her. It was as though she was going through all of these cycles in split seconds and that added up to the bemusement she must have been feeling. And that bemusement was coming out in her eyes.

"That's good poppet. All the way in, all the way in, then clean your finger with your mouth because it'll make that horny dirty sexual pleasure all the better."

And Alexa's tone had taken another tone, this time down deeper. There was this silky deepness to that voice that was almost sinister. It was as though she changed into this other person, this other monster according to how deep Linda was immersed. It was like the more control she seemed to be able to get over the younger one, the more this monster in her was revealed. And she watched, almost like she held her breath to watch and Linda began to feed her fingers into herself. And the obscenity and the crudity of that sight, of her doubled up, leaning back on the sofa, heels digging in as she was feeding her fingers into herself. First one finger, then two, three and four. There was this extreme crudity of that scene, of her trying to get her fist inside herself - Linda feeding off the words of Alexa. Every so often there was a grunt to underline the effort that Linda was putting in to the attempt at getting her entire fist into herself.

Alexa played with the remote and Linda sucked in a deep breath and then let it go. She had four fingers and most of her thumb inside herself and that took some dexterity in itself. Her eyes were popping as she moved those fingers and played with her inner flesh. Alexa played some more with the remote and Linda let out a cry. She was forcing fluids from her under pressure from her own fingers, and there was this hungry look on her face that really was not the Linda we all know. She was sucking in air and letting it go as she fisted herself deeply. She was manipulating her own inner sexual flesh with her own fingers and she had made her clitoris pop from under its hood and that bundle of eight thousand exposed nerves that made up the clitoris, was hot with desire and another orgasm that was building up in its core.

‘Fuck, fuck god fuck.’

Linda was breathless.

“Good girl. Good poppet.”

And when Linda removed her hand from inside her pussy, it made this dirty, slippery squelching sound and then a ‘plop’. And that plop was accompanied by a low, deep level grunt from Linda. Her fingers and her hand were saturated and dripping with her own juices and there was this unnatural eagerness to get those fingers and as much of her own produce as possible into her mouth. She didn’t wait for Alexa to instruct again - that instruction was still clear in her mind. Any instruction that hinted at her pleasure being heightened because of it would be ingrained into her mind. She wasn’t thinking about what those wires and Velcro were doing now, or how they were doing it now. There was this look this absolute look of hungry, greedy sexual desire that was astonishingly obscene.

And Alexa watched this young woman feed her fingers into her mouth. But more than that she watched her sucking those fingers clean as though her life depended on it. A slight flick of Alexa’s eyes, to the sexual flesh between her legs, and there was this ‘movement’ this undulation. The little electrical pulses being fed through her, connecting with her brain, making her undulate her cunt in this obscene, and absolute depraved way. Linda herself was tilting her head, one way then the other, to change the angle that she was licking and sucking her fingers from.

She was holding her dripping hand up and there were split seconds when she

would just look at it, and she would spread her fingers, stretch that sexual drool between them before bringing it down and then sliding it back into her mouth. She would just make sure that she sucked every one of her fingers and then clean them, and then she would trail her tongue down over the back of her hand where the juices had dripped and then she wrapped her tongue around her wrist, cleaning that.

“Good poppet. Good slut. You know, I KNOW how you feel now. I KNOW in your mind you’re not a slut, but your body is telling you different isn’t it? That part of your mind, just arguing with the other parts. I KNOW poppet oh yes I know all about it.”

And Alexa was in close looking at Linda. It was like she wanted and needed to see right into her eyes so that she could read her properly. She needed to see the results of her labours. And what she was seeing at this point was a woman who had abandoned herself. That was it, that Linda was a woman who had abandoned herself for dark and obscene pleasures. And the thing was that Linda herself would have known this. She hadn’t had her mind melted completely - nearly but not completely.

“Go on poppet, dip in and get some more of that lovely sex juice you are producing. Dip in and scoop out some more and eat it all up like the slut you are.”

And there was this little smile on Alexa’s face - like a wry smile that was also a nasty smile. She was proving that her contraption was working. She was proven that she could take one woman, a normal woman, and turn her completely on her axis into something else.

Linda didn’t need to have it suggested twice. Her clitoris and her nipples were throbbing and there was sexual drool dripping from her in little thick ribbons. But she took three of her fingers, slipped them inside her and hooked them back so that she could ‘scoop’ her juices from the depth of her femininity. And she took those hooked fingers out of her and brought them right back to her mouth. And she teased those juices with her tongue and then slipped her fingers in, all the way to the back of her throat at the same time as holding her legs as wide as they possibly could go, in the most obscene way they could be.

# CHAPTER TWELVE

## Uncontrollable Consequences

Linda was exhausted, but she was also highly strung, wired up and as sexually hungry, needy and greedy as she could be. There was this thing she did with her eyes, this darting back and forth, trying to focus on something but failing, so darting somewhere else. There was this feral look to her. Oh, there was Linda, the Linda we all know in body, but the fact was that the normal Linda had been forced to the back to leave this sexual 'being' in its place.

"You must wondering how this all works? There must be a little piece of you that is astonished at what I have turned you into? It's ok, I understand that - obviously I do. Simply my little 'project' takes over your brain. Simple electrical pulses that the brain understands, and that have been programmed with minute accuracy and skill, to provide what it needs to in order to control what your brain gets your limbs to do - and how you respond to sexual stimulation. It's very complex, very clever stuff but I doubt you're that interested in that at this precise moment. But now it's your turn to pleasure me."

Alexa spoke as though she was the cat that got the cream. There had been so many unknowns in the project she was working on. Would the contraption work? Would Linda play ball? Would anyone else get wind of what she was doing? There had been so many questions in this woman's mind. She had done so much in preparation for what she was going to do to Linda but there had always been that niggle in the back of her mind as to whether if she had dotted every i and crossed every t. And to now see it coming all together this way, to see that nothing had gone wrong and the fact that the results from her work were more than she could have hoped for first time round. And then the manipulation of Linda, to the point that she was convinced she was in love with Alexa.

It had been a good day for Alexa and one that she intended to round off with an orgasm eaten into her by her 'toy'.

“You wanna eat me poppet? You wanna eat my cunt and my juices until I orgasm over your face, hmm?”

There was this change in Alexa that could not be pinpointed. She was a woman of contrasts, but subtle contrasts. This now was a woman who's plan was falling into place. There had to be the question of who she was, where she came from and what made her into what she was? But her own flashbacks would remind her of that - of what she went through in her childhood and beyond.

“Ohhh yes please can I? Can I eat you out 'til you cum over my face, can I really?”

Even Linda was different. There was this almost beastly hunger and greed in her voice. That she was being controlled by the thing she was strapped to was something that was in the back of her mind but of little consequence to her. There was only one thing that mattered to her now and that was getting to taste Alexa's cunt and her juices. This thing, forcing her to think and act in the most obscene manner. This thing forcing her to be the almost deranged slut she was.

“You can but not until you tell me what you are poppet. You can't eat me out until you have told me what a dirty slut you are. It's that simple.”

Alexa held all the cards and the wry smile she had on her face told of that. She sat in a recliner chair and she pushed back, and then she lifted her feet, spread her legs and dangled them over the arms of the chair. She was exposing herself to Linda in a way that told of her own sexual arousal. There were complex processes at work here, Alexa's arousal and hunger were natural and produced as a result of her own consciousness - but they were driven from what had happened to her in the past. Linda's arousal was absolutely programmed into her brain by the computer algorithm that Alexa had written and perfected. Oh yes, there were complex processes at work but they were controlled by one woman and that was Alexa.

“I am a dirty, disgusting slut. A whore. A fuck doll of the most deranged type. I can't even deny it. I am what I am. Please, please, please Alexa please let me eat you out till you cum all over my slutty face.”

Linda would not have known where those words came from. She may or may not know that her arousal, her base need and sexual hunger would be driving the language she used and the way she used it. She would have been aware of her

words and been shocked to the core because of them. And it would have taken some getting used to, to realise that her brain was producing them according to what the contraption was doing to her.

“Very eloquently put my dear poppet. Now yes, yes you can eat me to orgasm. But I want you to crawl to me. Crawl between my legs and look me in the eyes as you take that first ‘lick’.”

There was no dignity in the way that Alexa was draped with her legs spread over the arms of that chair but for her that seemed perfectly ok - it seemed that the rules of dignity and humility didn't apply to her. Her own, mature sex was free of hair and smooth, and the labial lips were thick and plump. And there was this thin film of juice covering those lips. Like an enticing film of sex juice, just to lure Linda in. Just to bring her into the alter of this woman who was controlling her. And just above the slit was the alter of alters. There was the hooded clit and the size and mass of flesh that made up the hood promised that the clitoris itself was a huge, healthy bundle of eight thousand nerves just quivering with desire, and wetness.

Linda was able to slide to the floor off the sofa, the wires and the Velcro allowed a degree of movement and dexterity and so she was able to crawl to Alexa. She was able to crawl to her, between her wide spread legs and she was able to get close enough to ‘sniff’ Alexa. She was able to get close enough that she had to crane her neck to look up into the older woman's eyes. And Alexa was looking down, smiling. She had this look in her eyes that told of her enjoyment, of her utter undiluted joy of what she was achieving with her ‘toy’ Linda.

“Good girl. Good poppet. Now lick and eat - feed yourself and feed me, to orgasm.”

Alexa ran her fleshy wet tongue over her lips as she looked down at Linda. Linda was looking up into her eyes but her nostrils were twitching as well. It was as though her senses had been heightened and she could smell the sexual aroma emanating from Alexa. And there was this weirdness about how Alexa spoke. There was this ritualistic tone to her voice - almost but not quite like a chanting quality to it and that told of maybe an effect on her mind from her earlier life. That told really of an existence that she once lived and that she had now flipped. It hinted at a state of mind that possibly was not stable. There was nothing

outward that would concern anyone, but get Alexa into a situation like this, where that other self of her's came through, and it was clear that if she wasn't deranged yet then she was teetering on the very edge of it.

Linda was in a different place, brought to that different place by an algorithm that has been written by the scientist who was now spread open in front of her. And just before Linda did that first lick, Alexa reached down between her spread legs and she spread her cunt lips wide to expose the swamp like innards of her sexuality.

“Come lick lover. Come feed.”

And Linda's nostrils were twitching again as she moved in closer. At first she blew over that hot sexuality and Alexa twitched and smiled because of the hot breath of Linda. But then the younger crawling, kneeling woman used the full flat of her wet fleshy tongue to swipe up that slit and it was like her algorithm controlled brain and sexuality was feeding to her what she needed to do in order to be the dirtiest slut that she could be. Linda was benefiting from the algorithm in the sense that she was able to absorb the type of pleasure that only base feral obscenity would provide. And she stopped her first lick just short of that hooded clitoris. There was this sense that she was teasing a little - that the algorithm was bringing out the mischievous in her. She was licking the held open flaps of sex meat and she was circling the clitoris. And then she was licking down.

At first it was just 'licks'. But then she began to eat deeper and deeper. Then she began to use her lips to contact with that mature and wet sex. Linda made this obscene, squelching noise as she ate into Alexa. It was a noise that told of the reality. It told the story of the depraved way her mind was working and the depraved way her altered mind was making her act. It told the story of an innocence that'd been taken from her. And there was a moment, a split second when she was gulping down Alexa's thick, slippery juices that something like despair was in her eyes. Just a split second of despair. As though she was in a moment of clarity and she knew what she was doing and what she was being, and what she must have looked like.

Alexa was undulating her hips, grinding her sex into Linda's face. At one point she leaned forward and was holding the young woman by the head, pulling her in, forcing her sexuality to act as a mask around Linda's face. She was forcing her to eat deeply. She was forcing her to eat and consume from the very

depths of her femininity and the more Alexa drove this, the more the algorithm was 'learning' and acting accordingly. There was no doubt that what was happening in Alexa's apartment during this weekend would stay with Linda.

There was no doubt that she would be affected by what was happening to her. That she would not be able to go on in life without that mark making itself known. But that was just it, she was being affected in a way that would not only stay with her but that would eat into her. And this wasn't even Alexa's ultimate goal. What was happening this weekend was simply a tester - warm up and just another minor step in a much bigger picture.

What Alexa was doing this weekend was not just testing her algorithm it was bringing Linda deeper into her fold. It was all about 'turning' Linda and it was all about her making her trust her. It was about the next step in fucking her mind up. It was all about it making it to the point of the process where it was impossible to reverse the situation that she had created. And as she looked now down between her crudely spread legs, as Linda knelt eating her deeply, she had a good feeling that indeed, there was no going back now already.

Linda arched her tongue and she slipped it into the swamp like abyss of Alexa's cunt and she scooped up a mouth full of free flowing juice, and she felt her throat go into that slow undulating swallow - she was tasting juices from the depths of this woman. And then when she had swallowed she was bringing her tongue out again and she was fluttering it around the clitoris hood. At first she simply saturated that hood with her spit and Alexa's juices mixed. And then she was swirling her tongue around the circumference of the hood. She was teasing the hood, which in turn was teasing the clitoris inside. And then she was pressing on the hood with the tip of her tongue and she was asserting pressure, pressing down on the clitoral nerves under the hood. And then with a sideways movement of the tongue she was popping the clitoris out into the open.

And that exposed clitoris was more for Linda to feed on. There was more for her to taste and tease. For Linda there would have been that side of sex and sexuality that she would have never imagined existed. And that thing she was wired to was showing her more and more. It was driving her more and more and it was bringing her in more and more. In the back of her mind somewhere, there would have been knowledge, just that 'knowing' what was happening and what she was being. But it was a case of her not caring - and nothing mattering because of the high level of sexual need in her. She'd not orgasmed herself this

time round and so her need was at a height that it hadn't been before. Alexa had blown her mind when she'd eaten her out and then given her that first orgasm earlier and so what was left was that deep, deep need for more of the same. She'd want and need a more intense orgasm.

And that algorithm would do that to her. It would leave her wanting and needing more and more. It would ensure that she felt the need and the greed to make the orgasm and the buzz be bigger and better. And even when she came down the other side after this weekend she would feel the need to be back there again - right in that state of need and greed. She would need to learn to exist side by side with this other side of her's. When she came down from that high that this woman was giving her, when she came down from what the contraption and it's algorithm was giving her, there would be no escaping it. She would be conflicted and inflicted with its effects. And so she would have to learn to live with it. Her mindset would be changed forever.

But for now she was 'eating'. For now she was feeding on those juices that were free-flowing from Alexa.

"That's right you dirty slut poppet. You eat me and you eat me well. If you're a real good girl, you can orgasm as well. I'll let you orgasm and then we can go to bed, sleep in each other's arms and wake up tomorrow and do it all over again."

Alexa was using her time to fuck with Linda's mind. She was using this time to mix it up, to blend the sordid, the cruel and the obscene with the real life love that Linda had developed for Alexa. if one were to stand back and take into consideration what was happening here then there would be this disbelief that one woman could do this to another. There would be this period of silence and utter bemusement that a woman could control and treat another in this way. That an older woman could do this to a younger one.

Linda's face was a mess. It was a mask made up of her own saliva and drool mixed with a larger proportion of Alexa's vaginal fluids. Every so often she came away from the hungry cunt of this older woman and her face was dripping with fluids. But it was her eyes, and her oral action that told the bigger story. There was this flickering of her eyes, that darting and searching for a focus that she couldn't find. And then there was the 'hungry' way her mouth acted. That constant licking of her lips, the constant swallow. Her nostrils twitching and

opening wide as though she was trying to eat through her nostrils. This was a sign that she couldn't get enough of Alexa - that she couldn't get enough of anything sexual.

Linda was thrumming her lips over the clitoris and she was pressing down on it so that it throbbed. And she was waiting for feedback in the form of the deepening breathing of Alexa. She was manipulating the clitoris with her tongue and she was using her lips as a side line to that manipulation. She was putting her all into it. Oh she was doing all of the deep, aggressive 'eating' that Alexa would be excited by, but she was also doing the less aggressive, more finessed stuff with her mouth that produced more and more sex drool for her to feed on and for Alexa to begin storing up her orgasm for.

Alexa was growling from the back of her throat and this was a sign of the desire and building orgasm that she was feeling. Linda was barely coming up for breath such was her own deep seated greed to feed off the older woman. One of her hands had wandered down between her legs and she was playing with herself. She had found her swollen distended clitoris and she was flicking it with her finger nail. That was making her suck in her own breath deeply and then let it all out over the gushing, swamp like sex of Alexa. Alexa was pushing herself into Linda's face trying to get a firm contact and friction going to feed her growing orgasm. And to an extent, Linda was holding back, teasing her with her tongue and her lips and that breath of hers.

"That right slut, play with yourself, cum at the same time as me."

And in that there was this obviousness of how the greed and sexual need was changing the rules. It had been that Linda would be able to orgasm if she did a good job of Alexa's orgasm. But now it was at the same time. This was two hungry women coming at orgasm from different angles. This was two women, one controlled, in control and the other controlled and not in control.

And there was this sense that Linda knew when the time was right to spill Alexa into orgasm. There was this sense that her own hunger and need drove that decision. She was playing with her own wetness with her fingers and she was eating manically into Alexa's most intimate private flesh with the entirety of her face. When she tipped her, Alexa was gushing right away. The immediacy of the squirting was alarming, and the pressure of the squirt meant that Linda's face was totally saturated and dripping with mixture of drool, sex juice and urine.

Alexa grunted into her orgasm and this showed the animalistic side of her. But it showed something else as well.

It didn't just hint at a disturbed past, it pretty much confirmed that she has been through something terrible in her younger years and that whatever it was that she had been through had changed her and driven her desire to control and abuse others she came across. That she sort to control abuse other women more than suggested that she had been abused and controlled by another woman herself - her mother for instance. But surely not?

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## 1 Month Ago

That weekend was all but a memory that was etched into Linda's mind. That night she had snuggled up in Alexa's arms and fallen into a deep sleep. Alexa had promised that and although Linda's sleep was deep, it was somewhat disturbed. There was no doubt that she had been affected by that first night but Alexa had been a woman of her word. She had given Linda the kind of 'love' that Linda herself imagined - this kind of fairy tale love that was there and yet was disturbed by the kind of sexual activity that had taken place.

The rest of that weekend did nothing except take Linda deeper into that subspace. She wouldn't have even been aware of the gradual pulling back of the love part of her relationship by Alexa. There was this 'addiction' that had been inflicted upon her by Alexa. Something that transcended the 'love'. Something that just enabled her to exist in this sexual sub-space. She came out of that weekend a different woman, and one that would look back with regrets but look back knowing that there was no going back to where she was. She had fallen under the spell of Alexa and the older woman was weaving her magic, and her evil.

The thing is, there was an evil in Alexa - a deeper evil than one might think. A deeper evil than one could imagine.

"I'm pretty sure she's going to jump ship. Don't ask me how I know, I just do."

That was Alexa with the CEO of sinTECH once again. She had laid the groundwork for this when Linda had first joined the company all that time ago. She had been playing the long game even as early as that, knowing where it

would lead - knowing it would lead to this place on this day.

“You said that months ago Alexa and she’s still with us.”

“She is, but I get a feeling, a real feeling about this.”

“I thought you two were real close, like ‘that’ close.”

The CEO was searching, and knowing at the same time, and he was looking right at Alexa.

“We are close but that’s why I’ve have an incline that she’s about to take off. I’m sorry to be the bearer of probably bad tidings, but I thought it better you know, than not.”

Alexa was nothing but professional, softly spoken as though she was foreseeing a death in advance. It made this woman more chilling than anything else. She was just easing the way towards Linda not being a part of the sinTECH inner sanctum any more,

“Well, just make sure she doesn’t take any of the company secrets with her. You know projects we’re working on and the like. She has been downstairs for months and she will have picked it all up - and let’s not forget how talented she actually is. Just make sure she doesn’t get the opportunity to stitch us up with our near competitors. It would be bad enough if she DID jump ship, let alone set herself up as a genius in her next placement, all on our buck. You dig what I’m saying Alexa?”

And there was that few seconds silence where the two just looked at each other.

“I’ll cover it don’t worry. She won’t get anything out of it or us IF she does go.”

And oh so subtly Alexa had bad mouthed Linda yet again - made it in that gentle way that she was a rogue about to jump ship and that she’d had it planned all the time. And at the same time she was planning Linda’s exit from not only sinTECH but from normal life as she knew it.

## That Night

“I’m working late tonight lover. Wanna stay help me out on what I’ve been doing?”

Alexa had come behind Linda and slapped her gently on the ass and then slid her hands around her hips and to her tummy, and then up and felt her breasts. She pressed into her from behind and held her. Linda could only respond as she had come to respond over the last few weeks. She had become more sexual - she had become more responsive to suggestive touches from Alexa because that was what made the older woman happy. She pressed back into Alexa and could feel the crush of huge breasts and mature soft curves even if it was through brilliant white lab coats.

“I think I can do that for sure. When you say ‘late’, is this one of your famous all-nighters?”

Linda craned her neck back and offered her soft, full lips to Alexa for a kiss. The older woman did that - she kissed Linda, but she did it in a way that looked like she owned Linda’s mouth. She did it like she had every right to do that. And Linda accepted the dirty kiss. That was all they had these days was dirty kisses. There was nothing ‘loving’ about the way they kissed, or the way they did anything - everything was filthy.

Over the weeks Alexa had subjected Linda to that ‘thing’ she had been working on constantly - almost every night under the guise that she was ‘fine tuning’ it - making it perfect. And to be fair, the way Linda had responded to the sexual manipulation had ensured she was practically foaming at the mouth to get wired up. The downward spiral for Linda was stark - it was both alarming and disturbing equal measure, and yet it was like Linda was either ignoring it because she liked it so much, or she just didn’t know what was happening. The latter was probably it. So in love was she with Alexa that she couldn’t see the degradation of her as a woman by this other woman.

“It could well be an all-nighter. It depends how much progress we make. I’ll supply the wine, how does that sound?”

And she accompanied that with a wink and a little brush of her fingers across

the tip of one nipple after sliding her hand inside Linda's lab coat. And as if on auto Linda responded by holding her head up for that kiss once more. She sighed as she felt the throb of her nipple and she ate into the dirty kiss that Alexa gave her almost casually. Eventually that kiss broke off, and Linda's eyes were wide with passion and desire.

"It's a date! How inappropriate, late working in the bowels of sinTECH, complete with wine. I love it!"

Every so often there was a micro second glimpse of the old Linda, and that was it, right there. But then it was gone again to be replaced by this almost vacant stare that was like her resting bitch face. Alexa had played her over the weeks until she'd had to plant something else in her mind,

"You need to at least look like you're working to the best of your ability or someone will notice. You can't be like this love struck puppy all the time."

And it was all she had to say - just those few words to shake Linda up a little bit. What she was actually doing was bringing her down a rabbit hole of her making, but forcing her to act normally at the same time. What she was doing was overloading Linda with this impossible task. She'd done that a few weeks ago, knowing that it didn't matter that much because they would soon be arriving at this night. And this was the night that Linda would leave sinTECH.

## **Later**

Linda was asking herself if she was drunk or something. To say that she felt woozy would be an understatement. A few glasses of wine didn't usually do that to her. She could handle her wine could Linda - five years of university drinking cheap plonk had seen to that. She never got 'drunk' on wine, ever. But this was hitting the spot and it was the kind of 'drunk' that made her light headed. She didn't feel like throwing up, or lying down. She just felt slightly 'numb' and more pliable than usual. But that was because she wasn't 'drunk' at all. Oh there were giggles there, and floppy arms and legs, but that wine had been laced with something to make her pliable and less likely to resist.

That was the thing about Linda - she never had any reason to get suspicious about Alexa - she loved her for God's sakes! She didn't even notice that Alexa's own glass of wine was not going down, or that the sips the older woman took weren't sips at all. In other words that she was not taking her own poison. By the time Linda was all floppy and numb it was too late. She was looking at Alexa all adoringly through vacant eyes as the older woman was talking to her.

"I've managed to reduce the size of the microchip to SIM card size lover and I want to put it into your head, tonight."

It was like an announcement that she was making. Linda tipped her head one way and then the other trying to absorb what was being said - and she did. She got it, she understood what Alexa was saying even if her mind was made of mush right now.

"Ok. Ok you want to put it into my head tonight, right?"

And she giggled with the mixture of alcohol and whatever drug it was that Alexa had laced it with.

"Yes lover. I want to operate tonight, here now. I want us to be the couple we deserve to be. And to be that you need this SIM card inside your head fused to your brain."

Alexa was making it sound like a once in a lifetime holiday that they were about to embark on. In fairness to her, she knew what she was doing. She knew that she'd taken Linda to the point that she would do anything for her. And she knew that she'd fucked about with her sexuality so much, that everything sexual excited her. She knew that Linda's daily life was sexually enhanced, dripping and needy. She'd had to remind her about at least looking like she was doing the work, knowing that her mind would still be on her next orgasm.

"Mmmmm I'd like that. And if it makes you happy I want to do it."

And Linda was smiling that cute lipstick smile of her's. Alexa was manipulating her in the most obscene way. There would be no way a normal woman speaking and acting under normal conditions would agree to something like she was agreeing to - and she didn't even know the full extent of what she was agreeing to. All she had to go on was how she had gone to Alexa's apartment countless times to be wired up to that prototype. That was her only

marker in the sand as to what this was all about. And the one other thing that had a bearing on her agreeing so readily was the sexual adventure she was on. She'd thought she knew all about sex but Alexa had shown her that she'd known nothing at all. Alexa had shown her all about intense mind blowing orgasms and she had shown her what it was like to be aroused and extremely horny for long periods, and these things were a big part of Linda's psychological makeup now.

"You know poppet, it will make me VERY happy if we do this tonight. And you know a happy 'me' means you get treats, right?"

The drugged wine was just something to relax her, get her into a certain state of mind and this was it.

"Mmmm treats. I like treats."

And Linda giggled again and held her hand to her mouth.

"Oh, I know exactly how much you like treats poppet. And I promise you, once we've got the card inside you, once you recover a little bit, then there will be so many treats for you, I promise."

Alexa was doing that thing with her voice. She was soothing and leading Linda. She was soothing her with warm dulcet tones and it was right about now that this woman was beginning to show traits, beginning to show signs of her true colours.

There was always something about her, something that was not always quite on the level. There was always this underlying feeling of 'evil' about her but now it was coming to a head. She had got into Linda's head and lived there rent free as she went about her work - not her work for sinTECH but the big work on Linda's future.

"Mmmm lets do this right now. I want a future with you, and a future full of treats."

And to an extent Linda sounded like a little girl with this rosy eyed view of the world. She wasn't sensing the evil at all. She wasn't sensing anything untoward. In fact she was feeling as though she was in some kind of euphoria and that had to be down to whatever it was that Alexa had put in the wine.

## 6 Hours Later

Linda came round slowly and at first she didn't know where she was, or what the fuck was going on. She didn't move her head - she didn't want to for some unknown reason. The more she came around the more her head hurt. She didn't even open her eyes straight away because she didn't know what she'd find when she did. She could hear a machine, and she could feel that she was wired up to equipment. This was monitoring her vital signs amongst other things. And she could hear the 'beep beep beep' that confirmed this.

Eventually her eyes flickered open and Alexa was standing over her.

“Ah you're with me again lover. It's all done, you just need a few days' rest. Don't worry, I'll explain your absence from work. You just concentrate on getting stronger, and as soon as you are stronger it's all about a new life for you - a life of 'treats'.”

Alexa did that, she used key or trigger words to switch mindsets in Linda. She knew that the word treat would work because it was one of the last things they spoke about before she was operated on. And 'treats' to Linda meant mind blowing orgasms and wet dirty horniness. But right now she was just coming round after general anaesthetic and her head was groggy, but she was remembering.

“How long have I been out of it?”

Linda's voice was kind of broken, croaky.

“About six hours poppet. I had to go into your head and put the SIM card in. It's all done and it just needs to fuse with your mind and brain now, and that takes a little time.”

Yet again, Alexa was doing that thing where she was describing something inhumane and yet making it sound like it was normal. And if Linda could think straight, an ability that had been taken off her a long time ago, she would know that she had been subjected to something that was terrible, and evil.

“It’s in my head? Oh, good, I don’t feel anything different though, except this banging headache.”

Again Linda was speaking with that croaky voice of hers.

“Oh the headache is just the anaesthetic poppet. You’ll be a little sore, at the back of your head, near the nape of your neck and the base of your skull, where I made the incision and lifted the flesh flap and skull to insert the card. It’s this we need to give time to heal. The card won’t be activated until its fused somewhat, and that will be about a week or so.”

Again this ‘normality’ from this woman was chilling.

“I’ll be ok won’t I Alexa?”

That tiny croaky voice that told that she was sensing ‘something’ maybe to be concerned about. But Alexa was quickly on it.

“You’ll be more than ok. You’ll be able to live your best life I promise you - your BEST life.”

And Alexa stroked the side of Linda’s face very gently in a way that was a contrast to the casual brutality she was inflicting on Linda. Linda smiled.

“I want to live my best life - whatever that is. I want live my best life for you Alexa.”

It was heart-breaking to hear the sincerity in Linda’s voice knowing that it was a futile sincerity. In her mind she would get over this little operation and then enjoy the sexual euphoria she had immersed in when wired up to that contraption at Alexa’s apartment. That excited her and fed her new found libido. What she couldn’t possibly know, what she couldn’t possibly imagine was that even now she wouldn’t see the outside world again, not as she knew it. Neither did she know that her time at sinTECH was up, even though right at this point she was in the deeper bowels of the building. She couldn’t know about the evil in Alexa simply because to her, that evil was invisible.

She opened her eyes wide

“Where am I? Won’t someone find me as I rest and heal up? You might get

into trouble?”

That was the first real sign of concern the more Linda’s head cleared.

‘No no, you’re safe down here. We’re in the sub-sub levels. No-one comes down here ever, and the surgical theatre I installed myself, no-one knows about it. It’s our secret.’

Alexa winked the way she did at Linda and she stroked her face again.

“Your mind is going to be blown when you get out of here poppet, I promise you - your mind will be well and truly blown.”

At least Alexa was telling the truth. At least yes, at least Linda knew that her mind would be duly blown.

“Thank you Alexa, you know, for this. Thank you so much.”

And that was another heart rending few seconds as Linda thanked this monster of a woman for what she didn’t know she was doing to her. It sent chills down the core of the spine.

“There will be plenty of time for thanks when you’re back on your feet. Until then, you need to get some rest. I will check on your later.”

And Alexa bent down and kissed Linda on the lips. And Linda reacted the way she had been covertly trained to do so, by eating into that kiss dirtily. The only sound then the ‘beep beep’ of the machines and the receding high heel clicks as Alexa left that sub-sub area of sinTECH.

## **1 Week Later**

“She’s gone. Linda has done a runner. She’s jumped ship after all. She took all her stuff from my place and I thought it was odd, so I checked her apartment and it’s been cleaned out. She didn’t say a word to me, she just left! I’ve got no idea where she is.”

And there was Alexa, painting the picture in her words from her point of view and shedding a few crocodile tears as she made herself the victim in all this. Even from her point of view it was lies. Oh she was right, Linda had gone and she wouldn't be back at sinTECH. And yes she was right that all of Linda's stuff was gone from both apartments. But her contract on the apartment had been paid off the week previously whilst Linda was 'resting' at sinTECH. Likewise she'd removed her belongings from both apartments at the same time. In point of fact, she had removed any trace of Linda that might have been there. What she'd done was erase Linda as though she'd never existed.

"Well, in the last few weeks she was tailing off in performance anyways so, maybe it's for the best."

The CEO of sinTECH was chilled about it. If only he knew how close the truth he was. Yes Linda's performance had dropped the more into her head Alexa got - the more sexually addled she became. But now the CEO just didn't care. He would have, if he'd known the truth. It was like if his thought patterns were different then Alexa might be busted and Linda saved from her impending fate.

"We need a replacement Alexa. Can you work on that for me?"

"Of course, I'll get on to it straight away."

The thing was, Alexa would be leaving sinTECH as well, just not yet. When the time was right, when Linda was 'complete' as a project she would need to leave so that Linda could live her best life.

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## **Now - The Fairy Tale Shattered**

“Are you going to sulk, like a petulant child, forever Linda?”

Alexa’s voice was inside Linda’s mind. It was clear now, that voice in her mind was Alexa’s. It was in her head because of that SIM card. Everything was down to that SIM card.

‘I want to go home now.’”

There was this desolation in Linda’s voice. As though the absolute reality of her situation had hit her like a freight train, all in one go, and now she wanted to bring this thing, this adventure to an end.

“You ARE home.”

‘No, I’m in a cage, in a room. You’re keeping me prisoner. I want to go home.’”

There was an exhausted tone to Linda’s voice. Like she’d had enough. She’d been in love with Alexa. She’d thought that she was going to be with her forever - as in ‘with her’, but dream on, that fairy tale had been shattered into a million pieces. Now she knew that she’d been tricked. That she had been heavily tricked over time - that she had been sucked in. And because that SIM card in her mind was currently switched ‘off’, except for the voice of Alexa she was at her most raw. She was caged but she was her old self - the self that she had grown up with before Alexa had happened along.

“No, you’re home. This is the only home you have. There is no going back for you. I thought you understood that. You can’t just walk out of here, like it never happened. This is it for you now.”

Alexa sounded nasty, spiteful and as though she had engineered this very conversation for her own pleasure.

“And I thought you loved me, like I loved you.”

Again those desolate words from Linda. And they were truly desolate words. Alexa and she hadn't been an overnight thing that was there and then gone. It had been a love, or so Linda felt, that had built and built. For Linda there were these feelings there, these real emotions that she couldn't just switch off. So that bout of 'the truth' was not settling well on her psyche.

“That was a love that was in your mind Linda. A creature like you, was only ever going to end, here. You'll never know, or have the kind of love that you want, or need.”

And so, for it now to become apparent that Alexa had been acting and sucking her in deliberately, literally shattered Linda's psyche. And that came across as she sat, cross legged, yoga style in the cage. It was like she was trying, or had been trying to meditate her way out of a despair that had hit her head first.

“Why? Why 'me' Alexa?”

Linda couldn't be blamed for wanting answers. It was like she needed answers even if there was acceptance festering in her mind that she was fucked. She didn't know what she would do with the answers when she got them - maybe for her this was the beginning of closure for her. Maybe she thought there was no way that she could stay here now, and that Alexa would cut her loose, and answers were the start of her closure. She would have been foolish to think like that though.

“Right place, right time. Or, wrong place, wrong time, however you decide to look at it.”

Alexa's tone in Linda's head was lighter now - it was certainly lighter than her state of mind, or voice when she spoke.

“What you've done to me is cruel Alexa. You need help.”

Alexa didn't even need to put Linda into 'neutral' the way she had - she could have kept her in that sexual state, made it easier for the younger woman. She hit

neutral because she was cruel. This was part of the bigger game for Alexa. She wanted and needed to see the rawness of Linda. She wanted to see and feel the results of her deliberate, sadistic labours. She wanted and needed to drink Linda in as the truth was layered into her mind.

“Life is cruel Linda. Life was cruel for me as well. If only you knew what I had to go through at a much, much younger age than you are now, you would realise how cruel life is. And as for me needing help - no, that’s not for me. I am what I am, the same as you are, what you are.”

This was probably the most meaningful and sincere conversation that Linda and Alexa had ever had - even if it did take place in Linda’s head. There was this sense that Linda could talk to Alexa girl on girl. And if she could do that, then maybe she could talk her around to somehow letting her go. But even she knew that the possibility of this happening were pretty much nil. She had been the victim of a massive, elaborate trick. Undoing what Alexa had done was not something that could be done easily, even with Alexa’s highly unlikely cooperation.

“Alexa, we can be what we want to be. We can help each other. You can let me out of this cage, you can remove the SIM card from my head and we can be friends, and we can help each other. I WANT to help you Alexa. Truly!”

This was the bit that Alexa craved - the delusion in Linda and the belief that all it would take was a few softly spoken, and almost pleading words, and the world for her would go back to normal. She spoke in Linda’s mind, but she was watching via several covert cameras in the cage room as well.

“Yeah, thing is I don’t need or even want your help. You’re a sweet girl Linda and that’s why you are where you are now. If you weren’t sweet, you’d be living your normal life now. Instead, you’re going to be living your ‘best life’, with me.”

And the slight sharp edge had returned to Alexa’s voice.

“Those things you make me do Linda - with that man, and on my own. I don’t want to live like that. Please don’t make me live like that, please?”

Linda let out a little sob. The card in her head was all but switched off, but she knew what it made her do when it was switched on and controlled by Alexa.

The thing was that she acted in ways that she wasn't unaware of. That little sob from her signified that she knew what it did to her.

“Linda, I'm giving you time now, to talk, to get things off that delicious chest of yours, because it's the right time for me to do that. But don't mistake it for a negotiation. You are not going anywhere, I promise you. That man enjoyed you, and there will be others who will enjoy you in all manner of perverted ways. Actually men AND women are out there waiting to use you in ways that you cannot imagine at the moment.”

Alexa wasn't holding anything back. She wasn't sugar coating anything anymore. She didn't need to. She'd left sinTECH already and she'd set up this 'home' for Linda, and it was from this place that she intended to introduce Hell to her. There was no mistaking that Alexa had been through things in her early life that may have partly shaped what she had become, but not entirely. Those early days, at the mercy of someone who came across as her mother, had started off a disturbance in her mind but when she'd got away, she'd built on that disturbance and she'd morphed into this sadist that she was now. She knew that she wasn't a conventional sadist - she knew that she was complex and she knew that the pain that she inflicted in order to gratify her sadism was largely psychological.

“Please Alexa, please I'm begging you. Let me go, and let's end this nightmare, please?”

Linda was still sitting cross legged, yoga style in the cage but sobbing openly now. She could feel it slipping away from her. Probably at this point her despair and her anxiety were at their greatest. Probably she had never felt so despairing ever before and this was what Alexa fed on.

“No darling, that's not going to happen. And you know what? Your love for me will grow, just in a different way. You'll come to depend on me for everything. You will come to need me, and crave hearing my voice in your head, and when we are together. You should just accept it Linda. Accept your lot, and go with it. Reap the rewards because there will be rewards for you. Sexual pleasure poppet, that is what you will yearn for and crave but it is something along with orgasm that you will have earn.”

It was almost like a dystopian future that Alexa was painting for Linda. The

problem for Linda was that she ‘knew’ what Alexa could do to her sexually. She knew about that intense arousal, and desire and craving. And she knew about those orgasms and how addictive they were. Her mind might have been completely aware now, and there might have been that clarity of thought, but she knew how Alexa could switch things in an instant, and in doing that change her mindset. That just made her angry and it made her totally helpless.

“I won’t do it anymore. I’ll just resist. I’ll break that SIM card before it breaks me.”

Alexa smiled. She liked a bit of fight in Linda. Indeed it wouldn’t be anywhere near as gratifying for her if Linda was nothing but a sexual zombie. She liked it that she could switch things on and off, at her leisure and she liked it even more that there was something left in Linda. But she’d always worked it that way.

Linda groaned a long, wet oozing groan and her hand went to one of her nipples and stroked.

“No, no, no you fucking bitch no.”

Her tone was desperate and it was despairing. Yes, Alexa liked a bit of resistance and then she liked to watch that resistance melt away as she fired up that SIM card again in Linda’s head. Over time that card had melded and morphed into her neurological system, and for certain things, a certain times it was taking over from her brain. In effect it was BECOMING Linda’s brain. There was this complexity to what Alexa had done to Linda - that card becoming a detached part of her brain. A part of the brain that worked with the main brain to ensure Linda was who Alexa wanted her to be.

And now she was making her stroke her nipple to erection. Now she was ensuring that Linda’s resistance was rained in a little bit. And it was scary, beyond scary to know that this woman could do this to the younger one with the swipe of her thumb across a credit card size remote control unit. It was frightening how easy it was to ‘turn’ Linda. There was this thing - this way that she did what she did, and this casualness about what she did that was just so easy, and so, almost, effortless, that it needed to be treated as ‘scary’.

“No, no please no Alexa please don’t make me do this, please don’t do this.”

But by this time Linda had uncrossed her legs out of the yoga position and she had spread her legs, as much as the cage would allow. And there clearly was a crude, obscene ooze of her juices sliding from between her sex lips and down to the floor of the cage. There was this ‘knowledge’ that Linda had about what she was doing and how she was acting. That card in her head might have been clever, very clever and very complex in how it has been programmed, but it didn’t prevent her from knowing what was happening to her. It didn’t block anything out and that had to have been a deliberate ‘design’ in this SIM card by Alexa. Of course it was - she wouldn’t want Linda do miss, or block out any of the despairing horror she had in store for her. And at the same time she would have wanted to ensure that her sexual susceptibility, was at its maximum.

It made Linda this sexual being but it made her ‘reluctant’ at the same time and that was good for the psychological sadist that was Alexa. Linda erected her nipple so that it looked like it was going to launch itself off the large, soft flesh of the breast. It was thick, elongated and it was quivering.

“Lick your finger slut. Give it pleasure, I know you want to.”

Alexa spoke with a cruel smile. She knew how Linda, at this point would have been torn in her mind but she knew how her mind and her focus would turn to that sexual pleasure. She liked this bit though - the torn Linda, the despairing one. The one who wished she could resist and break that SIM card in her head. But the one that was ultimately succumbing like she always would.

She brought her fingers to her mouth and she slithered out her tongue. And then she licked those fingers - the forefinger and the index finger, and she brought them to her nipple tip, dripping with her saliva. Then she played the fingers across and around the nipple and she let out a gasp. And as she did this, there was the sound of the door to the cage room opening and then the click of high heels. They could only be Alexa’s high heels.

That was how it worked in this place - the isolation and the loneliness. So when a sound came like those high heels there was this alertness that came to Linda. She’d learnt to deal with Alexa’s voice in her head, but when she was face to face in person it was better for her. It made it more possible for her to understand what was happening. When she was on her own, with just that voice in her head, it was like she was mad.

“Keep fingering your nipple you slut. You think better when you’re dripping. And besides, I like you dripping.”

Again, there was this spitefulness in the way that Alexa spoke.

“You better let me the fuck go you mad bitch.”

Linda wouldn’t speak like that normally. Normally, or, the old Linda was so softly spoken, so polite and so friendly that to speak like this would be unthinkable to her. But this was different. Alexa had fucked her up already. She’d played with her emotions and she’d played with her head. She’d fundamentally changed her - changed her personality, and changed her sexuality. And what she was seeing now was the last efforts of resistance from Linda. Oh, there would be pockets of clarity going forward and Alexa would want to capture those instances of realisation in Linda as she was taken into a perverse and obscene existence. But largely, Alexa had changed Linda.

Linda fingered her nipple and as she did that she was looking down at the engorged flesh. She was licking her lips, and she was absorbing pleasure throbs that were emanating from the core of the nipple. The true state of her mind was apparent in that seconds before she was demanding that Alexa ‘let her the fuck go’. It was a sign of how easy it was to distract her with that tiny SIM card in her head. Alexa had written the code from the ground up, and she had written in the learning ability of the processor and it was about now that the real benefits of that were being shown to Alexa.

“How about we talk more about that, AFTER you’ve gratified your selfish, needy, slutty wanton ways, hey?”

Linda looked from her hugely engorged nipple to Alexa and there was this slit like appearance to her eyes. She was absorbing the nipple throbs but she was absorbing throbs from her clitoris as well.

“I mean, you do want an orgasm, don’t you? I can make it, that you don’t orgasm - and god help me, the way you’re talking to me, I’m not sure you DESERVE an orgasm. But I am showing how kind I’m being to you. I’m showing some compassion.”

And the thing was that Alexa believed her own words. She believed that she was showing compassion and kindness. She was conveniently forgetting the

brutal psychological torture and the twisted sexuality she was inflicting. As far as she was concerned she was being kind to Linda and the younger woman better be grateful for it.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Please Alexa please.”

But there was this broken off sentence as the sexual pleasure throbs made their way constantly through her entire femininity. And as she was whispering those words from between her full, delicious lips, her fingers were wandering between her legs. It should have been a private thing that she did. It should have been something she did under the bedclothes in her normal world - something just for her. But instead she was doing it in front of Alexa who was drinking it all in. Linda was stroking the lips of her cunt and there was this focus to how she did that - a focus that ensured maximum pleasure for her. There was something almost feral about the way she masturbated in front of Alexa. There was nothing dignified, or elegant about the way she pleased herself and she knew this.

“Sorry, sorry for what. You’re a slut poppet, get used to it and move on into your best life with me. It’s simple!”

Alexa was speaking but she was looking at Linda as well. She knew about the struggles inside Linda. She knew that just because the younger woman was highly aroused and getting more so the more finger dips and strokes of her sexuality she did, it didn’t mean that she was all gooned out. It didn’t mean that she didn’t know what was happening to her and that was the torture, right there.

Her acting and behaving in a way that was fundamentally against everything that was right and correct in her life. And then her having to deal with it. Having to deal with how she was acting and behaving, and behaving like that anyways. All of the things that were going through her head at any given time. All of the things that she would never do, never think about doing. And then thinking of the future and what that meant. It must have been a mashup in her mind, and one that she had to deal with.

“Fuck, fuck Alexa I need an orgasm please let me have an orgasm, please.”

There was this almost sickening begging that Linda was doing. Something else that was not ‘her’. She’d spread her legs in that cage as wide as she could. Her knees were pressed up against the bars and those bars were indenting her flesh, and Linda was frigging herself off at a rate of knots. She teased the clitoral

bundle of nerves from under the hood and there was that intense build up that felt to her like it was all inside the clitoral core.

“But of course my dear. Just not quite yet. I want you to continue doing obscene things to yourself but at the same time I want you to think about our conversation today. I want you to think how selfish and nasty you have been. And when I eventually let you squirt your slut juice and orgasm, I want you to think about your life going forward, is that clear?”

“Yes, yes. Oh fuck yes. yes. Thank you, thank you.”

Linda was stroking and dipping, and then she was licking the fingers of one hand whilst her other hand was put to work. Then she would lick that one clean and change to the other. Alexa smiled as she watched Linda. She smiled wider because she would have known how much this was tearing up Linda inside. She liked that.

# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

## 7 Days Later

“I don’t want to go out Alexa. Please don’t make me go out.”

Linda was using that pleading tone that had become more like her normal voice. It was the kind of voice that would tell anyone she wasn’t the one making the decisions here.

“Don’t be silly poppet. I’m taking you to see a ‘Lady’. A Lady that is very interested and intrigued by you. This is your chance to dress up, show off and enhance yourself.”

As usual, Alexa was being dismissive, and cruel at the same time. Over the course of seven days, since that conversation in the cage room, Linda had taken a downturn psychologically. There had been that acceptance that had sunk in - and with that acceptance like a withdrawal into herself. Alexa had expected this - and some work with the SIM card’s algorithms had turned up the sexual element. Yes, Linda was emotionally damaged by this turn in her new life, but she had an escape in the form of the sexual pleasure. And Alexa knew that as well. The accentuated sexuality of Linda being a refuge for her to escape that emotional trauma - Alexa loved that thought. The thought of Linda suffering like this, and that it was because of her.

The psyche of a sadist could never be worked out in terms of the normal world. The psychology of even a ‘normal’ sadist was difficult to fathom. Why would a person want to cane, whip, beat a person until they bleed? Why would someone want to, or need to go to that effort just to get a sexual buzz? The impossibility of working out, of figuring out what could be deemed a ‘normal’ sadist was beyond difficult.

But what then when the layers of complexity are involved? The layers of

complexity in Alexa couldn't even be imagined by anyone not in the know. This was a woman with interwoven complexities that couldn't be unravelled. She was a woman who had somehow been subjected to sexual tortures in her early years and had carried this with her all this time. But how she turned it around - firstly how she escaped that, and then how it all festered inside an already damaged mind. And how she came to be what she was today. How she used what had happened to her and how it had festered into her need for control and her need to inflict terrible psychological tortures on other women. And how she had festered all this time until Linda came along. And how she had used her work, her intelligence, her know how to develop and then inflict a complex, high tech sadism on Linda. There was this astonishment at what she had achieved. But a huge question mark as to why? And then an even bigger question mark as to, to what ends?

It was a situation, a way of life that Alexa had put thought into - that she stayed awake at night thinking about, and stroking herself to. As far as Alexa was concerned there was no limit to her sadism. She knew she was a sadist but in her mind she was a special sadist - as far as she was concerned there was no others like her. Her solitude in her specific sadistic practices were the reason that she didn't seek to mix with other of her's or lesser ilk. She placed herself above those that did 'normal' sadism. She wasn't one of those, she was above them and they didn't deserve her attention or her presence in their life. And they certainly didn't deserve to be anywhere near her life.

The people that she was attracted to, like this 'Lady' that she was going take Linda to, were oddities in themselves. They had particular twists in they own characters and in their own sexualities that slotted into Alexa's narrative. They could further the perversions that were carried out with Linda. They could take her to places in quality that were dark, and shady. And Alexa could learn from these people. She'd scoured the dark net, and other sources looking for these people. She'd begun that process even before she had snared Linda. She'd spent a great deal of her time forging relationships in those dark places. Some she had just tossed aside and didn't follow up with. But others she had regular communications with. She forged her relationships carefully, and with a great deal of caution. Alexa didn't trust people, she didn't trust anyone, and so involving anyone from the outside of her own world, to her was a huge but necessary risk.

There was a 'place' that she needed to take Linda to. She knew it was an

awful place that existed in her own head - a metaphorical place that Linda would exist in - and these other people, the ones from the dark net and beyond were necessary. She had done the work in bringing Linda to heel. But she needed help taking her further into that 'hell' like place that she would exist in. The shocking thing about Alexa was that she had no conscience as to what she was doing to this young woman. There was no guilt associated with the processes she was taking Linda through.

She was a woman who acted with impunity and to a large degree in plain sight. And she was a woman who didn't think, or imagine that she would get caught, or be discovered. It was doubtful that she was a woman who knew she was doing wrong at all. She knew what she did was secret, and that she couldn't show anyone else, from the normal world, what she did and how she lived and more to the point how Linda was forced to live. It was like yes, she didn't know what she was doing was wrong. It was just her business and no-one else's.

Odd really and a pointer to how disturbed Alexa really was. She was a highly intelligent scientist who apparently didn't know right from wrong. It would take an expert psychologist to unravel the bit of Alexa's mind that was so fucked up that she didn't know what she was doing was wrong, or the bit that might let her feel the guilt that should have been associated with what she was doing. However one look at Alexa, and the future was not a happy one for Linda. It was one in the shadows and in the darkness where perverted, deranged and sadistic people existed. For Linda, it was her life going forward.

"Do I have to go and see this Lady? I'm still trying to get used to things, as they are now. Please Alexa, please?"

Linda was using a whining, whinging tone that was more appropriate to a spoilt teenager not wanting to play ball. But Alex had the means to interrupt that immediately. Linda had barely got her words out of her lipsticked mouth when her hand was slipping between her naked legs and she was stroking herself. That whining whinging tone was replaced by a feral, grunting and a wet moaning from between her lips.

'Is that better? Is that making you see it more my way?'

Alexa stood, remote control in her hand and held in a way that she wasn't

hiding it from Linda. She didn't need to hide anything anymore. The trap had been sprung and the truth was out so to speak. She'd easily seduced Linda, got her trust so that she could do what she'd done. That had been the easy part but then she'd had to deal with Linda once the truth was out. The bit where Linda would want 'out' and the truth of her not having that option. It had been a process of careful steps - controlling Linda's sexuality had been the biggest part of that.

She'd known that once she controlled the sexuality of this 'toy' there would be no holding her back. These little moments of clarity and whining and whinging were just little bumps in an otherwise smooth road. All these things took, was an extra dose of sexual arousal inflicted. Linda blew out her lips as that arousal went through her and to the tips of her nipples and clitoris.

“Mmmmm yes, yes ok, ok let's go see the Lady. Can I cum? Can I cum now?”

It was disturbing the ease with which Linda could just be 'changed' by the rub of a remote control button. That wasn't 'right'. And it couldn't be ethical in any sense of the word. This wasn't a mild mood altering thing that Alexa did to Linda. This was a change from Linda being 'down' and non-sexual where she could wallow in her predicament and life, to this almost drooling sexual creature. This, a complete turn with just a rub of that remote control. Now Linda not giving a flying fuck how crude and obscene she looked spreading her legs and dipping her fingers into her swamp like sex. And her readily agreeing to doing what Alexa wanted. And yet that feral quality in her as well - that bit of her mind thinking of what she could get out of it. Could she have an orgasm, 'now'?

“I think not poppet. I think you need to show that you're behaving yourself for me before you get to cum. After we have been to see the Lady, or even when you are there with me, maybe there will be an appropriate time for you to orgasm then. Is that a deal, slut?”

And with that question, Alexa rubbed the remote control again and gave Linda a series of acute, sharp sexual throbs that forced her to suck in air. Those throbs made Linda groan wetly, and then hook three of her fingers deep into herself. She wouldn't be able to cum of her own volition, the SIM card melded to her brain wouldn't allow her to do that, unless that feature was switched on by Alexa.

“Ok, ok it’s a deal, it’s a deal.”

Linda was breathless and she was pressing her full, deep red lips together and rolling them in. Her chest was rising and falling rising and falling and that was accentuating her dark, swollen, engorged nipples. And her tongue every so often was swiping across the full width of her mouth. In her mind, invisible to the outside world was this arousal that would not be sated. An arousal that was being forced on her - an arousal that she was being raped by. And this was not a mild arousal experienced by young people, or even a raging horniness that girls experienced through hormonal surges. This was a different kind of arousal. This was an arousal that couldn’t be sated because Linda didn’t have that control of herself. This was a deep seated arousal that worked with physical manipulation of her sexual flesh.

It was an arousal that was a ‘tease’. But it was like a violent tease. That arousal inflicted with the rub of a remote control button and once inflicted, stayed in place until the SIM card was communicated with again by that remote control. It wasn’t something that Linda would be able to deal with herself. That arousal and that wetness that leaked from her, and into her mind, was something that changed her and kept her in this feral, animal like state. It was cruelty dressed up as something that didn’t have a name, or a description attached to it. It was an inhuman thing that was being forced on her by another human being. Whatever Alexa was, she was clever, cunning and immeasurably cruel. Yes she was sadist but her own view of herself was that she was very much a special sadist - a one off. She was a sadist in a class and a type all of her own and there was nothing stopping her from doing what she had set out to do.

But that was something that was not clear - what she had set out to do. It wasn’t something that could be answered except by the woman herself. Did she even know what the eventual ‘end game’ was? Had she even thought about that? It would be difficult to believe that a woman of her intelligence and of her ability to pull off the impossible, such as take out a woman of twenty five years old, of circulation in plain sight as it were, had not thought about the future? Maybe it’s better we don’t know at this point. Maybe to know wouldn’t be a good thing, not really. Maybe for Linda to know too much about what the future held for her would be a terrible thing - that it in effect would be a very bad thing.

She’d had a future kind of ‘painted’ for her by Alexa. And that future was addled in sexual need, greed, deviance and perversion. Maybe that was enough

for her to know at this time. Maybe that was more than enough for her to know. Maybe to know more would have been too much for her mind, especially in those moments of clarity, to cope with. Maybe too much knowledge would have tipped her over the edge of an abyss too soon. Maybe that abyss was in Alexa's future plans but maybe, just maybe she knew what the result of 'too much too soon' would be.

"Now, what I want you to do, is crawl to the Dressing Room and get yourself ready. What I want you to wear is ready for you, and you must put your spin on it. Surprise me! Delight me."

Oddly Alexa was smiling warmly at her toy and she watched as this poor young woman crawled off, feline like and with her sizeable breasts swinging under her. Her nipples were fully erect, and throbbing as was her clitoris and from between her legs she was dripping. Alexa turned it up a little bit, she needed to up the production of that sexual drool in Linda.

"You wouldn't think there was anything wrong with it."

The Lady spoke as though puzzled. She was a woman, probably in her late forties to early fifties, possibly - a stacked woman of striking appearance. The whole situation was odd. This was a woman of obvious top class education and of money. She was a woman who had lived a life, and she was a woman who was used to being respected by others. She came from top stock, and she was well heeled.

And she referred to Linda as 'it' which gave a first hint, a first clue as to a mindset that would not be obvious to anyone from the normal world. Indeed, it seemed that this was a woman of means who had this secret life that she kept under wraps during a normal day, or night.

"During my work with it, I've kept its appearance as 'normal' as I can, for outside world purposes. It can pass as normal as I choose or I can turn it into this dripping, needy, obscene sexual creature that needs an orgasm so bad that it will do anything required."

Alexa fell into line with this woman and how she referred to Linda.

“I’m intrigued in the work you are doing with the creature darling. When I saw you, in those chat rooms on the bad bit of the internet, I knew there was something about you, just from what you said. And how actually you said very little at all. You’d just sit there, and watch the conversation and then when the time was right you would speak up with as few words as possible. But it was what you said that got people listening. I got to read between the lines with you, and had to try to get to know you, and I have to say, I am pleased that I did. I don’t trust too many people you see. I couldn’t let this little side of me be known outside. You’ll understand from the way you have worked with ‘it’ I’m sure.”

It was like a mutual admiration society and with Linda as a side show.

“Well I got that same feeling as you. I had to get to invite you into my inner sanctum. Most of those people in those chat rooms, I wouldn’t trust as far as I could throw. But like you, I little looked between the lines, and you get to know who you can and cannot trust. Obviously you’ll appreciate that ‘this situation’ could not be allowed to get out into the general population. My ‘work’ has been secret, and it has been illegal as I’m sure you appreciate. What I’ve done to this creature would not be looked on in a favourable light and it would be doubtful I’d see the light of day again.”

So Alexa DID know right from wrong. And to the side Linda was standing, in her outfit, just as she’d been instructed to present herself to this woman. What she was hearing in this conversation between the two must have chilled her to the core of her spine. It must have set her mental health back some way. For the first time she was getting the sense of how big a thing she had been pulled into. But more than that she was getting first-hand view of what an out and out evil bitch that Alexa was. What she was hearing shocked her, but it sickened her as well. She knew what the bad place of the internet was. And now she was hearing, almost as a badge of honour how Alexa was breaking the law in what she had done and what she was doing with her.

What Linda was hearing and what she was sensing and getting from this was there was a network of people - people like this, who didn’t just break the law, but shattered it into tiny pieces. She was learning that there was never a ‘love’ thing between them. She’d got the gist of that before the meeting with the Lady. But what she was learning at this first meeting was that Alexa was a despicable human being who actually had no feelings for her at all, and never did have. She’d started to have the truth thrown at her before this, but this was underlining

it all, making it all fact. Making it all undeniable and 'real'.

Linda was dressed in a latex dress that was tight to her body, and yet had a wide flared, micro short skirt. The latex was shiny black and she'd found something 'pleasant' in how this rubber fabric felt when it clung to her. Her breasts were squeezed together and uplifted and the obscenity of her swollen engorged nipples was obvious from the way they poked through the latex and threatened to spill with rest of her voluminous tits. Her long legs were sheathed in self-supporting stockings in a sheer black - so sheer that the paleness of her shapely pins could be seen through them. the skirt part of the dress was so short that the bare paleness of her thighs above stocking tops could be seen with ease.

There were no panties, and the outfit was designed to give tantalising glimpses of her smooth, hairless, wet sexuality. And to extend her legs even further there were the high heel court shoes. Six inch heels without platforms ensuring that her feet were arched and her stance 'forced'. Her hair was pulled up into a high tight pony tail, which in platinum blonde, her natural colour, was striking as it moved across her back constantly with head and bodily movements.

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## The Lady

Alexa had kept the 'levels' up in Linda's arousal for the journey and then the introduction to this other woman, and then she had turned it down a bit. She'd wanted Linda to hear what she and the Lady had to say. She'd wanted a bit of that horrific reality to sink in, without her being distracted with too much sexual arousal. That had been successful because it was written all over Linda's face. The shock of what she was hearing forced the colour from under the heavy sex-worker type makeup that she had applied.

"Yes, I'm completely with you darling, on us never seeing the light of day again if any of this gets out. But this is good for us. This shows we understand each other and it shows that we know what's at stake."

This woman, this Lady, spoke as though she understood what was at stake. But the longer this conversation went on, the more deeply entrenched Linda felt. If she had felt helpless and powerless before, then hearing these two women together must have felt like the door out of the vault had been welded closed.

"Now to the creature. I know you've played with its mind, done some rewiring. But I was astounded when you told me to what extent you'd 'dabbled'. Is there any chance I could please, see it 'raw' first? No sexual arousal. Nothing to distract it, from what is happening to it. Nothing to dilute the reality so to speak?"

It was clear that this woman and Alexa were cut from the same cloth that was drenched in sadism of a different kind from the norm. There was only one Alexa but there was only one of this woman as well.

"Of course. I get it, you want to see the despair. You want to see the hurt. You want to see the abandonment in it. I like that as well - I like it a lot."

And Alexa slipped out the remote control so that the woman could see that this was no 'act' or no 'trick'. She pressed the 'off' button without even looking at it and the Lady flicked her eyes from Alexa to Linda in a split second.

To look at Linda, there was this desolation there immediately. It was a desolation that was shocking to see. When the arousal was there, her face was 'sexual', there was no other way to describe it. It was sexual and sexual gratification that was the single most important thing in her mind - and in her body. But with that off button pressed there was this other 'creature' standing in shiny latex, and leggy stockings and heels. It was like Linda was a young woman who had gone to sleep and woken in this nightmare of a world that she didn't belong in. It was like she knew about this world, but that it was not for her. There was this change in her that was not only stark but it was shocking but it was sad as well. There was this deep, deep sadness that was associated with how Linda looked 'turned off' as it were.

"Turn around, let me see you. Show me you."

The Lady spoke at the same time as twirling her fingers - as though she thought that Linda wasn't of sufficient intelligence to understand words alone. It was a total disregard and total disrespect from this Lady for Linda. It was already clear that both the Lady and Alexa regarded Linda as nothing except an 'it' and a creature. And now that the sexual arousal was not there to distract Linda she was thrown into this other subspace of deep and cutting despair and degradation. It was like her being told all of this for the first time, only time and time again.

Linda turned on her heels and she could feel the enhancement that the outfit she was wearing was giving her and she despised that in this turned off state. She looked like a sexualised being, and yet, because that sexual arousal had been turned off, there was nothing sexual for her. She was just forced to turn on the spot so that this woman, that this Lady could pour her eyes over her. And she could 'feel' those eyes pouring over her. And because it was another woman, it was worse for some reason. Because this was two women, Alexa and the nameless Lady, who were heaping this despair on her, it was worse than it could ever be. The hurt, the degradation cut in deep into her psyche at this female on female cruelty.

This was crystal clear clarity for Linda. When the Lady had asked for 'raw',

this was raw in the truest sense. This was what a normal woman from the normal would feel when placed in a situation like this. This was what happened when a young woman was faced extreme degradation. She froze to the spot except for what she had been instructed to do - that is turn on the spot for the Lady. But it worse for Linda. She was in the reality now, with no wet arousal to distract her. And no impending or incoming orgasm to take the edge right off. It was her in the raw and knowing that she was an 'it'. Knowing that she had been dehumanised not only by the Lady but also Alexa. In fairness at this point she was at the lowest she'd been so far. Even when it had become clear that Alexa had tricked her somehow, the despair and the degradation hadn't been as thick and as acute as this.

The Lady moved in closer, once Linda had stopped turning on her heels. She moved creepily closer and was looking into Linda's eyes. It was as though she wanted to see, and smell that despair. She slipped her fingers under the jaw line of Linda and lifted her head so that she was looking directly back at her. A single solitary tear dripped down one cheek taking a streak of black mascara with it.

"I know, you've fallen on bad times hey, and right now you know it's not going to get any better for you. You're stuck in this world and you'd rather be anywhere but here."

The Lady was more talking to herself out loud than to Linda, although those words were for 'it's' ears. The woman ran her fingers down the centre of Linda's throat, and then to her cleavage. With no arousal, for Linda this was like being defiled by the woman. She was being touched and stroked suggestively, sexually and there was nothing sexual in it for her. And as the Lady was doing this, she was looking right into Linda's eyes.

"This is what you are now, an 'it' existing for the perverted, deviant pleasure of others."

There was nothing like another dose of the truth administered when she wasn't distracted by sexual need, to bring her down another level into the rabbit hole.

"Please help me."

They were words that slithered out from between thickly glossed lips. Wet

words dripping with despair. What Linda could have been thinking would be difficult to say. Maybe there was this desperation in there that saw the Lady as an outsider and maybe someone would have helped her escape this. But this was a sign of how fucked up her mind was. It was becoming a fact that Linda functioned better in aroused and wired mode. It was a fact that when she was switched 'off' that there was this abandonment, and this degradation that was so deeply ingrained in her that the only thing left was to beg for help.

“Oh, creature, I am going to help you, you can be sure. I am going to help you, regularly, to become the best creature you can be. But I wanted to see you in your rawest most desperate state first. And those three words ‘please help me’ certainly prove that state because you KNOW that there is no help for you. That there is no-one to help you, only use you for pleasure and, or, to make you suffer.”

If anything this woman, this Lady was telling a more stark version of the truth that Alexa had. She was saying it as it was but she was also showing that she had a deep insight and understanding of Linda's plight and of her predicament. She was showing an ultimate, and pure understanding. And that was it - she understood but there was no outrage there, or no sympathy. There was just this smile painted on her face as though she had found an outlet, a nirvana for her own sadistic tendencies.

There was a stunned silence as Linda slapped the Lady across the face. She'd had another of those moments of pure clarity and maybe it was because she knew that her life as she knew it was receding further and further away, it was like a snap reaction, a desperation so acute that she lashed out.

“Mmmm a fiery one. I like that.”

The Lady didn't flinch.

“I'm so sorry.”

That was Alexa, stunned and apologising for what 'it' had done.

“Not at all darling. I like that it has a fire there. Now can we turn her on, a little at time, until she is 'gooning' and dripping? Do you think we can do that,

please?’

There was a distinct hand mark across this woman’s face and Alexa although holding herself together was distraught inside. She hadn’t foreseen this. She’d thought that Linda was sufficiently subdued in her raw state to be presented like this. She’d been wrong and that would take more work. But at least the Lady was more amused than not at Linda’s little outburst.

“Of course, I’ll start her off immediately.”

And she did. Linda had slapped the woman and stood back shocked at her own actions. If there was anything there at all, there was an immediate regret that she had lashed out. Her eyes had flicked from the Lady to Alexa and then back again. And her face had taken on an almost deathly pallor as though she had just been sentenced to something beyond death itself.

But, immediately her face changed when she felt the arousal free to roam through her femininity again. It was only very gentle at first but it was there. Linda’s sexuality had been made extra sensitive and extra responsive through the process and that had been made so deliberately by Alexa. Linda would feel the tiniest nuanced change in her ‘status’. And now she was running her fleshy wet tongue across the width of her lips. She wanted the pleasure she was starting to feel to be more - but that was the greed in her. That was the utter need immediately there whatever level she was turned on to.

The lowest setting wasn’t enough and she grunted, and then moaned wetly from between those glossed lips. And she changed her stance. It was more upright now as she perched on top of those heels. Her legs were parted more, and she was ready and willing to get more of that dirty obscene wetness.

“Show me your cunt creature, now!”

The Lady kind of took semi-charge. Alexa kept the remote and she could read the situation as it developed. Linda pressed her lips together rolled them in and then licked them again as she peeled up the flared latex micro dress to show her bare cunt framed between stockinged thighs. By this time the wetness was back in the form of a film of juice coating her outer and inner labia. That would change as this session went on. The inner flesh of her cunt, the pink flesh would turn into a wet, almost steaming swamp of undulating sexuality, from where an orgasm would begin to form. Very slightly she was alternating her weight from

one stiletto to the other and it was like she was affording herself a little extra pleasure out of those slight movements and weight transfers.

Linda was holding the front of the little latex dress up as she exposed herself to the Lady and there would have been something inside her that would be grateful that she could put her humiliation and degradation to one side in favour of the sexual pleasure she could build on. It didn't matter about the degradation now. It didn't matter about the slap she had given the Lady now. In fact she could use that slap as a feed to her arousal in some bizarre way. That happened as arousal and sexual pleasure was ramped up - anything could be used as a feed to more and more.

“Pull your fingers up between your slut lips ‘it’, pull them up, and then lick them clean. I want to see you consume yourself.”

The Lady spoke directly to Linda as opposed to through Alexa. The older woman was happy with that. She increased the increments of arousal with the remote control a little at a time. The increments might have been little but they were magnified for Linda. Every little increment and change in what she could feel being fed through her femininity was trebled and more in intensity because of the method and delivery the micro pulses through her most delicate flesh.

“I love those latex covered nipples. Look at them, all fat, swollen. And delicious. I might have a little nibble on those before we get down to the real business, what do you say Alexa?”

And her head turned to look directly at Alexa as though she was trying to spot any kind of resistance to what she wanted to do with Linda. There wasn't any.

“I told you darling, are no limits to what you want to do to it, or with it. You're paying good money to use it - so it should be used to the fullest and at your leisure.”

And for some reason that was a further shock to Linda's system even through the increasing horniness that was being inflicted on her. Alexa was 'selling' her to this woman, this Lady - that is there was a transfer of money for services rendered and that resonated inside Linda's psyche. It was a shock that infiltrated her sexual euphoria, but didn't lessen it. It was another type of shock designed to rest on her psyche whatever she was doing, or whatever was being done to her.

She slipped her fingers through the folds of her cunt to wet them, right to the bottom of the slit and then she pulled them up slowly. She looked directly at the woman was watching every nuanced move that she did. She had the folds of her outer labia wrapped around her fingers as she pulled them up, and it was like her sexuality was zipped, and she was undoing the zip. She pulled those fingers all the way to the top of her slit near the hooded clitoris and she afforded herself a little swipe of the clitoris which made her nibble her heavily glossed bottom lip. But then those fingers were being pulled from between her sex lips and up to her mouth.

Several ribbons of sex drool stretched and then broke as she brought her fingers up to her mouth. She let her dripping fingers play over her top lip and then down over her bottom as though she was applying more gloss to them - only this time the gloss was sex drool and then she was slithering her tongue out to collect those deposits. She worked her tongue all over her lips and then brought it back into her mouth where she was visibly tasting herself.

“My, this creature is a live one isn’t it? It does like to taste itself. I wonder what it would do, if....”

But the Lady let her words trail off incomplete and Alexa tilted her head and looked at her.

“If what? You know you’re safe with me and ‘it’ right? Your all time fantasies brought to life. Not a game, not a role-play, but real life. You know this is where you get to fulfil anything and everything you’ve ever dreamt of, right? And with no worries of exposure, not even the smallest.”

Alexa had sensed a little trepidation in the woman, as though maybe she didn’t want to reveal her deepest secrets. Or as though she was having a reality check - that everything and anything she would like to do to another woman was about to be laid bare, and should she do it or not? Alexa got that - she had a story to. She’d had her fears and her doubts about how she chose to live. She had dealt with her’s by going it alone and trusting no-one. Even now that she had a network of these perverts on tap at any time, there was no real solid trust. By its very nature her relationship with these people had to be distanced and handled with care. So she got it with this woman, this Lady and how when she might have been coming out with her deepest darkest secrets, she clammed up again.

“Oh, I know I can trust you and what you have set up here. That isn’t it...”

She trailed off her words again.

“What is it then?”

Alexa was like she wouldn’t let this woman off the hook. She felt she had been on the cusp of saying something but she didn’t know what and the more the Lady didn’t complete what she was saying the more Alexa wanted her to finish.

“I didn’t want to say too much, you know, for its ears in advance. But you know, I have my ‘babies’, big growling babies.”

And that was all she said. Alexa looked at her and for a split second she was processing what this woman had said and then the penny dropped and she nodded.

“I understand. And that’s perfectly fine.”

Alexa spoke looking the Lady directly in the eyes and smiled. There really were deviants in this world, more deviant than her.

“But not straight away. I have other ‘delights’ in my playroom for this creature before the grand finale.”

And this time the Lady smiled at Alexa. She was a revelation. She was the perfect educated, statuesque Lady and yet her dark side was darker than most.

“I love the long game. The games where the despair and the trauma can build and build until something has to give. I love it that you have a grand finale, and what a grand finale - it truly is and will be breath-taking to witness.”

And right at that point there was this seal, this bond between the Lady and Alexa. For Linda, even though her arousals which was high now, and getting higher, there was this utter, core level shock that had been applied to her. Did she hear this Lady right? Was the implication there really what she’d heard? She couldn’t shake that shock off her even if she was being consumed by an enhanced arousal at this time.

She slipped her fingers between her cunt lips again and got another scoop of

herself. Maybe she could cope better with what she was hearing if she took another dose of her sexual fluids. And she did that - she stopped and then wrapped her tongue around the three of her fingers and licked them clean. By this time both Alexa and the woman were looking, and smiling.

“I think this is going to be a good night Alexa darling. We have an understanding and we have a true ‘creature’ to reap that understanding on. Alexa was the ‘pimp’ and yet, she was also having her knowledge furthered, she had been in isolation with this thing for too long.

“You know, I think you could be well right. I’m sorry I never did get your name? I only ever knew you as the Lady?”

# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

## Alexa And The Lady

“Then that’s what you shall call me, ‘Lady’. Besides I like it, it has a ring to it.”

This woman didn’t want to give her name and that was understandable, although they were all in her enormous townhouse with deeper darker secrets about to be revealed.

“I like it as well. So ‘Lady’ it is. You can call me Alexa because I trust you implicitly. You have invited myself and the creature here, into your house, and are laying yourself bare to me, so whatever you say, goes.”

And again there was this deep understanding and empathy between the two women and Alexa was adopting the language of ‘it’ and the ‘creature’ to add to the Lady’s experience. For Linda she was coping with too much as well. She was trying to cope with her sexuality which was just about raging now and she was trying to decipher what she was listening to in the conversation between the two. She couldn’t have got that right, about the growling ‘babies’, or the implications of it surely? She must have heard wrong? Yes that was it, she had heard wrong. And the longer it went since she had heard about the babies, the more she convinced herself that she had heard wrong and that it was too awful a thought, or implication for it to be true.

‘Why don’t we retire to the playroom, downstairs in the sub-basement? I have delights down there that will test the creature’s sanity. Better still, why don’t I take it down there, you stay here, have a glass of wine, relax and I’ll come get you when I’m all ready for you? Does that sound like a plan?’

The Lady was smiling. There was this contradiction inherent that was hard to get a handle on. She was obviously a female human being with a dark side that

was pitch black. And yet to hear her talking and to hear her express herself, she would be a woman involved in local if not national government - she had that 'feel' to her. She had that vibe about her. She was easily able to share herself with the dark side and with normal life. She was easily able to exist in plain sight and yet have nothing about her known at all.

She was able to control people in probably every way - but mostly how much of herself she let out, which was very little. And then, how close she let people into her inner circle. It was doubtful that this woman had an inner circle, as such. She was very much like Alexa, a loner, until now. But Alexa admired her, she had a soft spot for her because she felt they were on the same wavelength, and that their goals for Linda were on the same track. Or that they were on very similar tracks. She liked the Lady, and she wanted to delve deeper into her world. If that entailed Linda getting 'bitched', then so be it.

"I think that sounds like a perfect idea. Literally a perfect idea."

Two hours later Alexa was still sitting in the expensively furnished lounge of the Lady's town house, when she appeared again.

"My god, if the creature isn't prepared now, it never will be. What have you been doing to it?"

Alexa was smiling wide. She was relaxed, chilled like she didn't think she could ever be in someone else's company, in these circumstances.

"Oh, we got to know each other. We got a little closer. I wanted it to know me, and what I expect of it. It took a little time but we got there. Now I want to show you how I treat creatures like it."

The Lady's voice, her tone had changed - it was almost like she was a different woman who had somehow found herself. What she had found was ready made meat on which she could practice her dark arts and this was almost like a first for her.

"Let's have another glass of this delicious red, and then I'll take you down. Don't worry about the babies, they don't bite. Not hard anyway."

She was smiling, having a bit of fun with Alexa. Alexa got it.

“I love babies. That’s all I’m saying.”

And she too was smiling at the Lady. Alexa did the honours and poured wine into a crystal goblet for the Lady. All the time she was thinking how bizarre this situation was. Really what she was thinking was that she couldn’t believe that she was sitting in this place with an equally perverted woman. Or a more perverted woman. She had this feeling that she wanted to learn from the Lady. She had the feeling that she would learn from her, and vice versa. They each had deviances and perversions that were dark, and evil, and they could complement each other. She sat back and crossed long nylon sheathed legs. The Lady watched that leg cross and Alexa could feel that. And she gently bobbed her crossed over stiletto, encouraging this woman to look more.

“I know how private you are, but I still wonder what your story is. Mine is that I was abused by my mother and her male and female friends for years until I got away. It’s as simple as that really. I won’t go into the gory details. Except to say that my ‘kink’ manifested itself in first a hatred of other women that kind of twisted over the years to what I am now.”

And Alexa trailed off so that the Lady could process her words.

“And what are you, exactly, now?”

She was being direct with Alexa and Alexa appreciated that.

“I’m not sure. I’m a control freak that’s for sure. If I see a girl, or another woman that makes me look twice, then I have to ‘own’ her. I have to own ‘it’.

She stopped again.

“But you don’t just ‘own’ do you. I mean, what you do is beyond mere owning. You possess and you alter, you adapt and you change the girl, or the woman, right? You make a blank canvas for yourself and then you turn her into what you want her to be, right?”

This time the Lady paused for thought.

“I’ve never tried to analyse myself but what you say is close to the truth if not

THE entire truth. What about you?”

Alexa asked the question then sipped on the wine.

“This really is delicious wine.”

And she was watching the Lady, looking for any signs of her being upset at being asked about herself. Or any signs at all of anything.

“It is, I have it imported from South Africa, ten crates at a time. That’s how delicious it is.”

And both women tossed their heads and hair back and laughed softly.

“What about me, indeed, what about me? I don’t have a story as elaborate as yours appears to be. I guess a little self-analysis would reveal that I was never right, not even as a young girl. I used to happily pull the legs off spiders. But I just at first couldn’t get on with other girls. I don’t know where it came from. It’s not a ‘hate’ I have for them. It’s just that I think I have this divine right to do things to them. Much as you want to own them, I want to take them apart from the inside. I can’t find the exact words I’m looking for because this is the first time I’ve had to try to explain it to anyone.”

“It’s almost like we’re the same, basically but we go about it in a different way.”

Alexa had listened to the Lady and then she’d come back at her.

“Do you know what I mean?”

The Lady tilted her head to look at Alexa and Alexa was nodding. And that was the thing she did understand.

“It’s like my sadism came from the abuse I suffered and yours just exists. It’s like it was there all the time just waiting to come out - just waiting appear - and here it is.”

Alexa was smiling. This conversation was so relaxed, so matter of fact that it could have been them discussing a recipe for a dish. And that was what made it so chilling - that they were discussing things like this.

“I think you’re right you know. Sometimes there are no explanations, it just ‘is’. Sometimes we don’t need to spend time and energy trying to explain it, or analyse it, we just need to get on with sating that need in us to do the things we do.”

And both women sat for a little while and said nothing. Alexa could feel the Lady’s eyes on her - on her legs and arched feet. And at some point she must have sensed that Alexa was aware that she knew.

“Are you lesbian, if you don’t mind me asking?”

Alexa as ever was straight out there with the question. The Lady didn’t have to answer, but she did.

“You know it’s weird, we both have all this sadistic energy towards other women, and yet it’s other women we turn to for love and sex. It doesn’t lessen what we do to other women, or make us want to do less to them. It’s just a twist of nature I guess.”

The Lady was in deep thought mode but she was right.

“You’re right you know. Men have uses, occasionally, but I’m more comfortable with a woman. But even if I love her, I will be the top. I will own her and I will be cruel to her. It’s just not in me not to be. I know it sounds sick. It probably is sick, but look at us, two women who came together in a forbidden part of cyberspace?”

And Alexa trailed off, she’d said enough.

“I think it’s time to show you my ‘lair’ don’t you? Don’t be too alarmed at the creature. She’s suffering, but only in a limited way at the moment.”

There was something about the Lady that freaked Alexa out. Yes she was comfortable with her, yes she could talk to her and obviously vice versa but there was something truly dark about her and that ‘excited’ Alexa. It excited her a lot.

“I think that’s another perfect idea - that’s what I think. And I’ll try to contain myself at the reveal.”

That was the thing - Alexa had her own type of sadism that she exerted, and fantasised about excerpting and what she got from that was a deep need to go further and bigger. She didn't shock herself with her own tastes in sadism. But her's wasn't the only sadism that existed. She was about to learn that there was more than one way to skin a cat. The Lady led the way through the huge house and to a door that led to stairs down. She flicked on a single bulb light - it was dark down there.

"Mind your steps, the stairs are quite narrow. There's one flight to the basement and then another to the sub-basement. I had it soundproofed you know, not that I've got to use it much, yet."

Immediately they left the house level it was like a different place they were in - like a place that was secret and set apart from the normality of the house. As they descended the stairs there was the click click of both their sets of high heels. But as they descended further there was the sound of growling and barking.

"That's my babies. They wouldn't harm a fly between them, as long as they get what they want, and need."

And that was a loaded comment for this woman to make but it didn't go over Alexa's head.

"They sound delicious. What are they?"

"Oh, Rhodesian Ridgebacks crossed with Rottweiler. I've had them since they were twelve weeks old - they're eight now. And they have been trained to perfection. They're like 'canine fine diners' I have to say. They know what they like and they enjoy what they like."

Alexa didn't know what a Rhodesian Ridgeback was but the animals sounded beyond huge.

"Can't wait to see them, after I've seen 'my' baby."

They reached the bottom of the steps and Alexa had turned to look directly at The Lady and both were smiling.

“Yes, your baby, indeed. I’ve found strings in her - you know strings of things that you may not know about. It’s amazing what you can find in a woman, once you start to look deeper and more intensely.”

The Lady was a Mistress of Intrigue and of setting a scene and establishing a ‘vibe’. If she appeared sinister, which she did, it was because either she was really sinister or because that was what she intended to come across as - she was living a dream after all.

“I was hoping you would find something in her that I didn’t already know about, I have to be honest.”

As they made their way through the maze of lowish ceilinged corridors in that sub-basement, the sound of the babies faded until, there was nothing except the two women’s high heels and their breathing. There wasn’t even the sound of the city above. When the Lady had said that she’d had it soundproofed down there, she meant it.

“Just down here, all the way to the end. As soon as I open the door, you’ll hear the creature. Poor love but she knows it’s for the best.”

Oh the Lady was good. She was more than good but this was no act she was carrying out. There was a darkness in her that shone through. The words she chose and the way she spoke put paid to any thought that she was bluffing or speaking for effect. She excited Alexa in ways that another woman had never excited her. She usually looked at other women as though she had to get on top at all costs. But for some reason she was not looking at the Lady in this light. If there was anything to be said, it that she was looking at her as an equal, and that for her was more than unusual. It was her out of her comfort zone. And it was her being chilled with that. But that wouldn’t prevent the deep take in of air when she saw what the Lady had done, so far, to Linda.

As soon as that seal in the door was broken there was this noise that came from inside the room. It wasn’t really a human noise and yet Alexa recognised the tone, and the vibe that it was Linda. The noises she was making were intermittent - they were wet noises that came from somewhere beyond her mouth and her throat - somewhere deeper than that. And as they both stepped inside the room, the noise stopped - as though it had been alerted to their presence. The

only noise then was Alexa slapping her hand to her mouth in shock at what she was seeing. There wasn't much that took Alexa's breath away, but this did.

“Fuck!”

It was all Alexa could manage. This was a woman who was not shocked very easily. She would never recall a time when she had been shocked like this. She'd been 'pleasantly' surprised before and maybe this time this shock would fade back to that pleasantly surprised glow that she was used to when she outdid herself. But that was the thing, she'd never been outdone herself. She'd never been in one of these dark situations where she'd been outdone. It was safe to say that if the Lady didn't have Alexa's full and undivided attention before, then she did now.

Alexa was cruel, she knew that her brand of sadism was in ways effortless and cruel through to atom levels. But, the Lady? There had to be a way of describing what she'd done but it wasn't easy. Alexa had a back view of Linda as they stepped through the door and into the room. The door closed silently behind them both and there was this feint click as it locked and sealed again. There might have been the ever so slight popping of the ears as they got used to the vacuum again.

That back view of Linda, yes! She was on some sort of device, naked now except for those self-supporting stockings. She was being supported by some kind of suspension device, and her legs had been doubled up and then spread at the hips as wide as they could go. If anything the spread of her legs had to be painful. And there was a dip in her back that forced her somewhat magnificent ass up and back. Her arms had been brought behind her, and then cinched together at the elbows and wrists.

And then her wrists had been hooked into some kind of micro hoist. Her shoulder blades clearly were forced back and almost touching. But what must have been more painful was that her elbows were touching. And this touching kind of deformed the arms somewhat. There was this 'deformation' in the arms that existed and the bondage just kept those arms and those hands out of the way.

The eyes would settle on those arms for a little while because of the striking lines they created. To say that the Lady had created a piece of artwork in Linda wouldn't be an exaggeration. And it was a rigid piece of artwork who's flesh

was all soft and succulent and beautiful and yet it's movement was impossible, in any way shape or form. The cruelty was on display immediately and there was no attempt at hiding it.

“Delicious isn't it?”

The Lady believed those words to be true - that could be told from the tone of her voice and the way she lovingly delivered the lines.

“Delicious is one word.”

And Alexa's response was short. She had regained a little bit of her super cool composure after having been shocked to the core at the initial sight of Linda in that bondage 'thing'. But this was a sight that just kept on giving - kept on feeding those shock like vibes to her brain.

The eyes, after taking in those vertical, cinched arms were drawn to the very private flesh between her legs, and because of the way her back was dipped and held there, and because of the way her arms were vertical like that, her sexuality was thrust backwards in this display of absolute obscenity. The obscenity was in the way it literally dripped with her juices. That was it, her dripping sexuality was obscene beyond the norm. But any scene, any picture like this had to have a shock value attached to it and this was it.

Her sexuality, her cunt appeared 'star like'. That is her outer labia were clipped, or clamped with stainless steel, toothed mini clamps and then pulled out in six directions by high tensile steel 'strings'. Her lips had been stretched open into 'flaps' that then exposed the inner flesh of her cunt. And that star shape was striking as well as shocking.

Alexa allowed herself a little sharp intake of breath, so that she could then calm down in order to take in the rest of what she was seeing. There was no surprise that Linda was making the noises that she was making. It wouldn't take much to imagine that she was in a lot of discomfort, but as well, a lot of confusing sensations would be consuming her.

# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

## Linda Laid Bare

Yes, those noises. They really weren't human at all because of that mix of pain and pleasure. That mix had provided what was necessary to fuck with a mind that had already been fucked. The noises were a din that was intermittent. It was a din that was wet and troubling to anyone not in the know, who might hear it. Alexa's eyes were fixed on the undulating, wet, dripping star that was Linda's cunt. For some reason she couldn't take her eyes away from it and for split seconds maybe she couldn't understand why she couldn't take her eyes away from that deliciously starred cunt. But then she could.

There were other micro toothed clips that'd been attached to her inner labia. That was the pink meat, the inner meat that was more sensitive than the outer labia. There were six of these as well, micro placed so that when the 'stretch' and the tension occurred, it created the perfectly symmetrical piece of cuntal artwork that had to be seen to be believed. It was that, that had to be taken in and digested somehow by Alexa's brain. The flat two dimensional vision of what this woman had done to Linda was just that, a twelve pointed star. But move slightly to one side, or the other and there was this organic three dimensional shape. The outer labia had been simply pulled back as though Linda's cunt was being opened, and stretched like that, flat. But those inner lips, that inner flesh had been clamped and then pulled from inside the sexuality and then out to form those other six points. And there was this shock attached to that three dimensional shape. It was like three dimensions of cruel obscenity.

"What the actual fuck have you done to her?"

Alexa was never stuck for words. She was a clever woman and with abilities to shock that wanted for none - but here, she could only utter the question from between stunned lips.

“Keeps on giving doesn’t it?”

The Lady’s response was as short - as though she wanted Alexa to just look at Linda and keep looking at her because there was more to see, more to take in. It was true, what Alexa had been taken into was a scene of sexual and sadistic devastation yes, but it had been built in a micro, almost surgical like way by the Lady. And in a way that needed to be looked at for a long time in order to process every little bit of what Alexa was seeing.

“It sure does my Lady.”

Linda’s clitoris had been coaxed and cajoled from under the hood and then somehow erected and filled with blood. Then when it was easy to reach and easy to manipulate, another single micro clamp had been closed over it, leaving just the bare tip of those nerves exposed. And then it’s high tensile steel wire was pulled out, below the ‘star’ so that it was stark, and adding to the sadistic obscenity that was Linda right at this time.

That clitoris stretched and pulled out so that it was prevented from ‘quivering’ in the way Linda needed it to quiver at times. Alexa swallowed when she tried to imagine what this ‘felt’ like to Linda. Yes her’s was a sadism that was effortlessly applied and yet she was seeing the benefit of taking the time to prepare a creature in this way. The image was striking and the effects on Linda must have been intense and this was bared out by the noises that she was making. And that was it, there were so many noises that morphed and combined that they told of the complexity of this torture, and the depth of it.

Yes, the torture and the depth. The little vibrations that were sent down the wires and to the wide open receptors of Linda’s sexuality were invisible of course. But the undulations, and the sounds that Linda made because of them were not invisible. Alexa’s eyes were fixed on the swamp like ‘star’ of flesh, and the way that Linda appeared to be pushing out her inner flesh - the very deep flesh that was beyond even the clamps that had pulled the inner labia out. It was as though she was pushing to relieve herself of those tort high tensile wires, as though if she pushed hard enough they would be relieved at least a little bit. But it didn’t work like that.

When she pushed back like that, from within herself she simply added to the feed - to that micro vibration she was feeling through the wires. And when she

pushed constantly behind her own sexual flesh like that, there was this undulating quality to it. Those wires, the little clamps, the vibrations and then Linda's own pushing adding to this sight that was difficult to digest for Alexa. As Linda pushed, she was forcing out her very inner flesh in this obscene display of organic movement but she was also forcing out her juices and that added to the dripping that was occurring. There was no let up for Linda in this position and in this secured mobilised predicament that she was in. Whilst the rest of her was immobilised, and secured, there was this organic movement from the depths of her sex that needed to be seen to be believed.

"I'm struggling to find something to say. I have to admit, I'm never stuck for words, but now..."

Alexa was stunned but she was stunned whilst holding on to her dignity. Linda didn't have that luxury.

"Ssshhhhh Alexa. Watch and learn, watch and learn."

The Lady was pushing a finger gently to Alexa's lips. Alexa might have been thinking that she had seen enough. Or that she had seen as much as she could take for now but that wasn't how the Lady and her piece of artwork worked. Alexa's eyes went back to Linda.

"Just look Alexa, there's always something more to see."

And Alexa was looking. That starred sexuality had taken all of her attention from anything else. But above that stretched, clamped, undulating star there was Linda's ass. And on first glance, on first contact with the eyes, it looked like in the place of Linda's ass was nothing but a black hole. But a closer look was invited by that undulating flesh. What was there was black, that was for sure. But she had been impaled on a huge appendage that was inserted into her ass and then pushed in tight to the bend in her colon. This appendage had then been inflated beyond safe limits.

Oh yes, her outer anal ring was stretched beyond its normal limit. Indeed it must have seemed to Linda herself like she was about to be ripped open via her anus. But her internal anal canal was stretched to its limit as well, and that pressure from within met and construed with the high tensile steel, micro vibrating wires, to create more and more torment for Linda. Alexa had to look and she had to keep looking so that her mind would process what her eyes were

seeing. The Lady slipped her arm under Alexa's and she tugged her gently, to move her.

“Come, let's walk around it. There's more to see.”

And this woman had a tone almost of mischief about her, but it was in that elegant and dignified way. There was the click click of both sets of high heels as they began a walk around this central 'display' that was Linda. Alexa would never deny that her legs, as strong, long and shapely as they were, felt slightly weak. She had never envisaged being 'shocked' if that is the right word, in this way. When she'd embarked on her own private 'project' she'd never envisaged ever, anyone else being involved let alone to this extent. She'd been a loner but it became clear that the more she immersed in this world of her's and the more she had been attracted to and then explored the dark web, the more she'd been taken in by it, and the more she'd wanted and needed other eyes on her creation. And now this!

Alexa sucked in a deep breath of air and then let it out when she looked at Linda from the front. From behind yes her back had been dipped, and her ass thrust back, but in front of her vertical cinched arms she was bent up and facing forward making her spine and ass into this S shape. There had to have been an amount of dexterity involved in that, as well as some encouragement to the flesh. When one looked at Linda from the different angles it was clear that there was an amount of 'forced dexterity' that had been applied. She hadn't adopted this position herself - she'd needed help and assistance from the Lady and from the machinery and the facilities that were there.

What the Lady had done to Linda was something that couldn't be just thought up. It had to be a planned and deliberate thing. It had to have been planned by someone with a sadistic mind. Actually it would have had to have been planned and implemented by someone with more than an sadistic mind. That mind had to be 'disturbed' at best. It had to have been twisted, and contorted at worst. And it was clear that the Lady slotted into this profile by the sight, by the image of Linda.

The star theme had been extended to her nipples. Since Alexa had done her work on her mind and on her sexuality, there was this permanence of erect nipples that was a fact for Linda. It wasn't something that she could do anything about. Alexa had hijacked her sexuality as well as her mind and her thick,

engorged almost obscene nipples were just a fact. There was stainless steel theme being carried on also. Stainless steel stars, clamps, clips whatever they were called were slipped over the obscenities that were the engorged nipples, and pressed to the very base of them, into the aureole. These clamps were then screwed in tight to the base of each nipple. As they were screwed, little needles pinged out from inside the clamps and into the base of the nipples piercing them. These clamps were little marvels of micro engineering that would more than perk Alexa's scientific brain.

There would have been a sharp, intense pain that remained after the initial piercings. These clamps would have been screwed on tight so that the protrusion of the needles distorted the dark nipple flesh more. There would have been an element of them swelling more, distorting more the more they were screwed. There would have been this permeant 'pinch' as well as the deeper piercing of the needles. Each of those six needles entering her nipples from different angles - each of those needles micro controlled minutely and to different depths and different intensities. This was a very localised pain being applied microscopically to each nipple and Alexa just looked. She tried to fathom what Linda was feeling but she couldn't.

And then she couldn't quite get her head round that there were more additions to the nipples of Linda. Where her meaty, flesh nips protruded from those star like clamps there were further clamps applied. Clamps with needle like teeth that also pierced the stems of the nipples. And those clamps also attached to high tensile steel strings or wire that were then pulled out, stretched not just a little, but cruelly. Stretched out, pierced and with micro vibrations being applied through those wires and clamps blending a pain and a pleasure to create something that was not describable.

And then one had to wonder what this was doing to Linda herself. And that was a question. There was the look on her face of stark terror - that terror was interwoven with a sexual pleasure that she needed in order to get through whatever else she was going through. Her eyes were wide, as though out on storks but they were being assisted with that. More star like 'things' just pushed into her outer eye sockets and then 'screwed' into place to force her to keep her eyes open. Little needles being screwed out of those things to pierce the flesh around the eyes and to provide more of that localised, intense pain. There was a cruelty about his that was beyond any reasoning, unless you were someone like the Lady. For Alexa, her eyes, and her brain were trying to become accustomed

to what they were seeing and processing.

This was it about what the Lady did - she inflicted localised very deliberately placed pain to receptors that then fed the sexuality of Linda. So instead of having her face gently stroked and her arousal being fed in that way, there was this forced opening wide of her eyes and the pain of those needles - that constant pain that took the place of anything gentle. And yet that pain also feeding the sexual need that was not only apparent in her, but obvious.

“She looks bemused, as well as everything else.”

Alexa was talking more to herself than to the Lady. She was talking more for her own benefit as she kept her eyes fixed on Linda’s eyes.

“Oh she’s bemused and more, trust me. I mean you did say ‘no limits’, right?”

The Lady’s voice was soft, almost croaky as she pressed into the side of Alexa. And that could have been a moment when Alexa realised that no limits didn’t really mean that. But the fact was that Alexa herself was sexually reacting to what she was seeing and hearing. She was wet between her legs and she knew she was wet. And although she felt for Linda, she was excited, sexually excited by what she was going through. If there was even a little amount of guilt attached to that, then it wasn’t visible.

“I did say that, and I stand by it.”

She spoke keeping her eyes fixed on Linda. Linda’s eyes fixed pleadingly on Alexa’s as though she was asking for her help. As though she was pleading for her to come to her rescue. But there was no rescue imminent. There was no rescue at all. Alexa dropped her eyes to the mouth of Linda and that had been stretched open as well. Some kind of dental gag had been inserted and then adjusted, screwed open so that the jaws were prised open.

And that dental gag was such that the lips were peeled away to bare the teeth and the gums of this poor young woman. And that created something like a grimace that belonged in a horror film. Inside her mouth her tongue moved constantly and drooled - and that drool made its way, of its own volition, to her lips and then overspilled, down over her lower jaw, and then pooled under her. The thing was that drool was accompanied by the noises that Linda made. The

hooks in her nostrils didn't help alleviate this look. Those hooks held in place by their own tension, and by the high tensile steel strings that were attached and gave her a 'pig' like appearance.

Alexa swallowed hard. She needed to swallow hard. The work she had inflicted on Linda herself was such that it would open eyes wide, but the additional work that the Lady was inflicting was taking things to a new level, a new deep level inside the rabbit hole from hell.

"Every aspect of her is affected. She's suffering pain that she is processing as a pain and pleasure mix. She suffering a need for orgasm that she won't have experienced yet, despite your work. No disrespect to you or your work. I couldn't do this without the work you've already done in her head. What are your thoughts Alexa, so far?"

The Lady spoke with this strange intensity to her voice. She was in some kind of zone herself. This was the Lady being in a place that she had searched for, for a long time. And yet there was this expertise about what she had done to Linda, and to what extent, that told that she had done things like this before. 'Things like this' - there was this feeling, this vibe that the sub-basement of her townhouse was fully equipped for every eventuality, and not just this particular room and what she was doing to Linda at this point in time.

"My mind is duly blown. I can't imagine what she is going through. She has the addition to her brain to contend with, and now, now all of this physicality to her suffering. I can't imagine what she is going through."

Alexa's voice tailed off as though she were deep in thought.

"I like to blow minds Alexa. You know, we could form a formidable team. We could explore places, dark places that normal people would stay clear of, for any number of reasons. And we could take over and run those dark places - if you get my drift?"

Alexa didn't completely get her drift. But for her this Lady excited her. She liked what she hinted at, and she liked how she aroused her. No other woman had ever had that effect on her and she wanted more.

"You know, I've done things alone for so long. I thought my world was the only world that would give me any gratification. But now I see what you can do

here. I see what can be achieved here and there is this need in me to explore deeper.”

Alexa spoke with more than a little emotion in her voice. There was this belief in what she was seeing and there was this low down croakiness to her voice that told of her arousal. Her breathing had quickened and she was aware of this herself - she wouldn't have needed the Lady to tell her, but this woman did tell her anyway.

“I know it's a sexy thing Alexa. I know you're probably wet through right now, and I like that. I like it a lot.”

The Lady stopped talking and both women seemed to turn their attentions to the prose, posed and agonised Linda. She was wet through - she was saturated. Alexa moved in closer to the face of her protege and she tilted her head. She was getting that abstract view of Linda's face, so that her eyes were on a tilt. She didn't say anything to Linda. She didn't need to, not right now. She wanted to take her in, all of her. She wanted to delve into those huge, stark staring eyes. She was curious as to what she would find in there. She wanted, she needed to 'feel' what was coming from Linda. Eventually she spoke, but now she was speaking knowing that Linda would not be able to respond.

“You see my darling - this is your 'best life'. I told you, you would live your best life with me, and what I have in store for you. And this is the start of that journey. The suffering, the pain, the absolute despair at losing the life you once had.”

Alexa sounded like she was in her own zone just like the Lady was, and that was true, she was. This wasn't just about Linda living her best life. This was about her living her own version of the best life as well. She turned to look at the Lady and this odd, posh, deviant woman was just smiling at her and nodding her head almost imperceptibly. She was agreeing with what Alexa was saying to Linda. And right at this point there was this agreement between the two. Like the coming together of two forces to be reckoned with.

# CHAPTER NINETEEN

## **Linda, Her Best Life Begins**

“Alexa, why don’t you use that remote control of yours and ramp things up a bit. It’s had time to adapt its body and head to what’s going on, at least to some extent. Let’s disturb it a little more and see what transpires?”

The Lady was smiling that smile she did. The same smile she used in the outside normal world. That smile was kind, captivating, and it was warm and it was that warmth that would ‘chill’ anyone normal who knew the other side of this woman. But that was just it - no-one on the outside, no one who knew this woman in the outside world knew this woman and what she did to other females. And even that chilled, what she did to other females. And more to the point what she ‘could’ do to them. There was this overriding feeling that Linda was not currently at the full extent of the Lady’s skills or that she was anywhere near done. One had the feeling that she had an armoury of deviance at her disposal. One had the feeling that she had this vat of obscene, inhumane cruelty that she could dip into any time she wanted to. And that she wasn’t afraid to use it.

Alexa smiled her own version of a warm smile and she slipped out the remote control and held it up for the Lady and for Linda to see it. On producing that remote control the noises that came from Linda changed. There was this, almost high pitched urgency to the tones of those noises. There was an almost manic quality and a wetness to those sounds that came from her immobilised, clamped mouth. And there was an upping of the drool she was producing.

“My my, it’s alive and it wants to be turned up darling.’ There’s this desperation to feel something, anything to take its mind off the torture it’s feeling.”

The truth was, neither of these women knew for sure what Linda was feeling, or what was going through her mind. They knew what they had each done to her,

and they could have a good guess at how that affected her, but neither of them really knew. The reality was that she must have been terrified at what her mind and her body was going through, not to mention what was next for her. She knew what that remote control was, and she knew what it could do. She knew that she was already suffering ways that she didn't think it possible that she could suffer. She knew her brain wasn't her own any more, not really, and she knew that her body wasn't her's either.

There was this loud, wet grunt as Alexa thumbed the remote control. She was turning the sexuality up. She was making that SIM card in Linda's mind stroke the sexual neural - she was forcing those messages to her sexuality, to open up those receptors. She was making Linda more horny despite what this poor young woman was going through. And that was it. She was making that horniness overtake the torture of being in that bondage and in that position. She was making those needles and those piercing clamps add to the pleasure that was being forced on her. Now it wasn't a pain that she was feeling from those needles, it was a strange mix that hurt, but hurt so good, if that makes sense.

“And I'll do the same. Just adjust it a little - you know, turn it up.”

The Lady produced her own version of a remote control - a long, slim one that she looked at, as though she was making up her mind which of the small buttons to press.”

When she did choose one, there was this other noise from Linda. An altogether more acute noise. And both women stood back to look at the bigger picture of Linda. And for what seemed like a long time, neither said anything - they just looked. They looked at this beautiful captured young woman and just drank in her suffering. They looked at a young woman who was being introduced to worlds and sensations that no living human being should be subjected to really. They were basking in Linda's suffering in a way that seemed inhumane. That they were two women, doing this to another woman needed to be taken into consideration. It needed to be taken in with the whole scene, with the whole vibe.

Two mature, super chilled women stacked on high heels and with their legs sheathed in super feminine sheer nylon, just standing back as though they were taking in a piece in a museum of art. But in reality standing back and soaking up the sight and sounds of this poor 'creature' Linda. Alexa moved first - she

wanted to, needed to take in the sight from all around. As she moved her heels clicked and she looked into Linda's eyes. Linda would have known there was no 'love' for her - not the love she had craved anyway. She'd already had the shock of the truth being given to her by Alexa. But in the here and now she would have been hoping for something, any small crumb of comfort from Alexa because of what she was going through. But there was nothing. If anything just the true level of her sadism was being projected from her eyes and into Linda's.

From the side it was just about possible to see the flesh of Linda 'quivering'. There were her hanging breasts, the nipples captured, pierced and tortured. Those piercings being subjected to the vibrations that were sent all the way to her nipple tips, and to her equally captured clitoris. And that capture, that immobilisation of her sexual extremities was something that Linda wouldn't be able to comprehend or get what was left of her head around. She would be feeling the pleasure and the pain being inflicted and turned up but she wouldn't know what her mind and her brain was supposed to make of it, or do with it. All she could do, was make this noise that she was making and keep producing the drool from her mouth and from her cunt.

The Lady had tightened everything up a little bit more. She had open up Linda's star shaped cunt a little more with those little toothed clips and the high tensile steel wires. And she had gripped the clitoris more, pulled that out more. And she had inflated the anal appendage more, and when she pressed a second button there was this immediate stillness and interruption from the noise that Linda had been making. For a split second there was this eerie silence. Like anyone, even hardened sadists would ask how she could be quiet at a time like this?

Inside her anal tract, she had not only been stretched some more. On pressing that second button scores of tiny needles had sprung out and pierced the inner walls of her rectum creating this immediate absolute wall of pain that Linda's mind would not have been able to comprehend, or understand. That would explain the silence.

But it was only a silence that lasted seconds, if that, because that wall of pain created a wall of sound from the gagged, immobilised tortured young woman. It saw her catapult drool from her held open mouth, and it saw her strangely stainless steel framed eyes open wider thus causing the piercing in her cheeks and flesh around the eyes to hurt more. And yet, there was the amplified, turned

up sexual pleasure as well. It was where the sexuality and the torture met. It kind of met in her mind, in her brain at a crossroads and she didn't quite know what to do with it. It kind of left Linda 'hanging' psychologically, and that bemusement was projecting from her eyes.

That turning up of her sexuality and the fine tuning of her bondage and posed position provided enhanced visuals for the two captors. From Linda's spread open cunt, she was ejaculating her own juices, which was down to the pressures within her. Her body and mind must have been going through all sorts of absolute sensations that she didn't get. And as a result of that it would have been trying to eject everything. Her mind and body would have been trying to get her through it. But to do that it would have been trying to eject all of the sources of torture.

Maybe even in her mind she would have been telling herself that if she had an orgasm then the pain would go away. There would have been these little micro arguments she would be having with herself, in her mind as to how best to get through this, how best to cope with it. But in the meantime her body was trying to get rid of the sources of torment like an antibody deals with a virus, but failing.

'See the movement in her sex? See that undulation, and that bubbling wetness? That's pure sexual need, addiction. It needs to orgasm but my little toy won't let her choose when that happens. It needs orgasm because the torture is too much - when anything is too much, it turns to gratification as a way to get through it. See how it tries to expel the bad in it, but can't. It's a beautiful torture.'

Alexa spoke to the Lady at the ass end of Linda. And the Lady was nodding, she got it.

"It's truly astounding what you have achieved Alexa. My only question is, how far can we go? I mean, what more exactly can be achieved with it? It's submission, or it's subjugation is already complete, and total. The real question is where next? Have you thought about that Alexa?"

Both of their eyes didn't leave the undulating 'live' sexuality of Linda. There was that 'movement' of the flooded bubbling flesh, and then every so often there was this explosion of ejaculated sexual fluids that shot across this sub-basement

room in this obscene way.

‘Giving up, giving in, submitting completely and unreservedly is just stage one. And it didn’t exactly ‘submit’, it went along with what I wanted and it was too late once it realised. What I like about it, is that this is a true capture. For sure it would have resisted and possibly escaped if it had been aware of the truth of its predicament. But this is a real life capture. One that has had to be brought down. One that has had to be brought to a head space so that it could be worked on deeper by me. I had to make sure I got into its head, and then live rent free in its head. Once I was in there I could begin my work.’”

Alexa spoke as though she had literally ‘loved’ the ‘work’ she had done on Linda. As though what she had done was something towards the pinnacle of what she was about.

“Looking at it now, here, it looks ‘complete’ but that isn’t the case. This doesn’t end here my Lady. Coming here, meeting you, seeing what you are capable of, I know that the journey is just beginning. Now that it is captured and now that it’s release in to the normal world is never going to happen, the work continues. For me, it’s about making it know that just because it feels that nothing could be worse for it, than this, that in fact there is much, much more to come. So not allowing it to ‘break’ completely is paramount. Keeping it in a status that doesn’t allow it to tip into madness. If it tipped into madness then it wouldn’t know what was happening to it. So that is a finely tuned balancing act. Making sure it knows what it is going through at any time is more than important, it’s essential. I’m a sadist my Lady, and my branch of sadism is in here...”

And Alexa lightly tapped the side of the Lady’s head as though she was underlining what happened in the mind and in the head and brain, was the single most important thing.

“I get you Alexa and there isn’t a single thing I disagree with. If anything I’m jealous. I’m wishing I had what you have, but, I don’t.”

The Lady’s words trailed off as though she was deep in thought.

‘Look my Lady, I’m beyond impressed with what you have here. I don’t see why we can’t, at some point in the future bring this beyond the business model and into a joint venture. After all, who knows how many more creatures there

are out there waiting to be captured? We can carry on, for now, on this business footing, I have to fund all of this after all, and we can take a view on joining forces down the line. How does that sound to you?"

Alexa was smiling. She liked the Lady. This woman had as much mystery and intrigue as she knew she had. Very few people had infiltrated Alexa's life, and even fewer her secret life, or her world. So they complimented each other.

"That warms my heart Alexa, you don't know! And as you wish. What if I injected some capital, as a show of good faith, say five million. And of course I will pay for sessions, like this, as agreed and we take a view, in the hopefully not too distant future?"

Alexa had to take a step back.

"Five million? That's very generous my Lady."

She was right it was, but the Lady just smiled.

"Oh there's more where that came from. Much more. Nothing has me more excited that this little project of yours and I really want to be part of it. You can set the pace. When you're ready to bring me in, as part of it, as opposed to me being just a 'client', I will be ready and willing to inject more cash. Alexa you don't have to worry about funding going forward. I can fund the capital and we can establish a client list of high net worth individuals, willing to pay eye watering money to get their perverted rocks off. Can you hear me Alexa?"

And that was the thing, Alexa could hear her and she nodded.

"I'm liking the sound of this. The 'bigger picture' was always about funding it. How sick would that be, to not explore the dark recesses totally because we didn't have enough money to make it happen? This stage was always going to happen, where I take money for the use of 'it'. I used up a lot of money in getting to where I am. and I'm ok for now, but going forward, yes, cash is crucial. I think what you propose is perfectly acceptable. I'm more than excited!"

Alexa shifted her weight from high heel to high heel as though underlining her excitement. And nothing was said for a little while. They turned their attentions back to the poor, suffering Linda. And it didn't matter what she was going through, it didn't matter what state her mind or body, or sexuality was in.

It didn't matter how much she craved an orgasm, she would have heard and latched on to every single word of this conversation of these two women. Yes there would have been the micro seconds of clarity where she asked herself how the fuck she ended up like this, in this place at the mercy of two fucking complete lunatics? But then the reality would hit her all over again.

“Let's agree then. That is the way forward. And for now, does that remote control of yours do 'complete despair'?”

The Lady was smiling. She already knew the answer to that and Alexa smiled as well, and then she thumbed the remote control again. And this time the groan, a long wet pitiful groan that came from Linda was one that was drenched in despair.

“What about despair AND an orgasm? I think that would truly fuck with its mind. It will be swimming in that deepening despair, and it will be raped with an orgasm at the same time. It won't want the orgasm - it'd rather be slit and let bleed out than have an orgasm when it's like this.”

Alexa smiled at the Lady as she spoke. The Lady's eyes opened wider.

“Is that even possible? I'd like to see that.”

The suggestion had certainly hit the spot with the Lady. Alexa smiled and as the despair of having nothing in her life, crept around her and engulfed her mind her eyes popped open as her sexuality was brought into play without the intense arousal.

“Of course it's possible my Lady. The card in her head doesn't only play with what the brain does with her body, it plays with the moods, and emotions as well. It's possible to completely and utterly rewire this creature in any way required. Sort of stripped back and then, re-made if you like. But just watch as a means of answering your question.”

And both women turned their attentions to Linda again. They were back at her head end now, and there was this look of sheer horror on her face. And if she could have been shaking her head 'no', she would have been. She didn't want this. There was something in her eyes that told that she didn't want to be feeling this sexual pleasure building up in the core of her clitoris. But at the same time the knowledge that it was coming anyway and there was this almost deathly look

of despair that was crossing her bonded face at the same time. It was an awful look. As though she was haunted.

But the look of her could not have been matching how she felt. Only Alexa knew how much she had programmed that SIM card. Only she knew the degrees of what she had done. Only she knew the lines that had been drawn. And she knew that the despair, the anxiety and the misery that Linda was feeling now would have been, to her, like she was sinking into a pit, a big black pit with no bottom to it. She. Let out a sound that resembled an end of the world sound - and Alexa knew what that was as well.

“The orgasm is building up and building up and it doesn’t want it. It’s like it’s grieving, but about to orgasm at the same time, and it’s making it wretched.”

Both women just looked at Linda and it wasn’t clear how *compos mentis* Linda was. She knew she was being fucked about with. She knew that she was being taken deeper into something she didn’t understand. She hadn’t understood for a long, long time and this was driving her deeper down into that bottomless pit.

“When does it get it’s orgasm.?”

The Lady seemed keen to see this spectacle. She seemed keen to see Linda’s misery furthered and entrenched.

“Let’s let it build a bit. Let the orgasm cook up and the despair and misery get deeper and then I’ll unleash it all at the same time. Misery en-mass topped with a mind wrecking orgasm. How does that sound?”

Alexa was smiling at the Lady.

“Sounds perfect. Utterly perfect. You know, the more I see, the more I like. We belong together you know Alexa?”

But Alexa didn’t smile she just nodded almost imperceptibly. And both women waited for a little while as Linda made those noises and as those sensations and moods took over her brain and body. When Alexa was ready she thumbed another button.

# CHAPTER TWENTY

## End Game

Linda was already tense in the bondage. She was already tense in it, and her most private, delicate and personal places filled and stretched to the maximum. But she was ‘tighter’ now, more stretched as though that were even possible. Her huge eyes were out on stalks and again, she would have been shaking her head ‘no’. The despair was crippling her, like a huge dose of withdrawal was washing through her, and she might have been able to cope with that if the orgasm was all ready to explode from her. She only MIGHT have been able to cope though.

She was covered in a thin film of sweat and for some reason there was the sign that she had been trying to fight off the orgasm, but had failed. And now the sign was that she was going to be washed through with an orgasm she didn’t want to have, didn’t feel like having and would do anything to avoid. But she was supposed to feel like this. She was supposed to fight it and then lose. She was supposed to feel this wretched

Alex winked at the Lady and whispered,

“Watch it’s face and then let’s move behind it, then back to its face in time for the end of the orgasm. I want you to see all of it. The pits of despair for it.”

Alexa was smiling like she had for this time at least found her nirvana. She liked, or hoped to find a nirvana every time she made Linda suffer and largely she had been successful in that. But this was something that surpassed that. She knew a nirvana when she felt it coursing through her. The Lady nodded, and she ran her fleshy wet tongue across the width of her mouth over her full, delicious lips.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhh mmmmmmmm ngggggngggggngggggggg.”

Alexa delivered Linda into orgasm when she knew her despair and her abandonment were at the highest level. Linda's eyes popped open, and there was this bodily tremble that travelled from the tip of her hooked, pig like nose, right through her body, down her spine, through her legs and to the tips of her toes. It was like there was so much energy in that tremble that it threatened to break the bondage. But there was no chance of this bondage breaking, or even buckling. It held her tight and there was this illusion or this trick of the eyes, that she was free moving and fluid inside that bondage rig, but she wasn't.

Instead she was orgasming, and the only way that orgasm could manifest itself was in that tremble that took in the whole of her. And there was this look on her face, in her eyes that told of her being in a place that she had never been in before. And that was it, her face telling of the fact that she was bemused, but also that she was fucked. And there was another look as well - that of an orgasm that was raping her. It was an orgasm that she didn't want and didn't crave - it was one that was uninvited, and one that was making her even more wretched. It was an orgasm that could go the fuck to hell as far as she was concerned. But she was beyond that because the orgasm was consuming her - and the despair and mental anguish, more so. Alexa nudged the Lady, to move to the back of Linda.

The wet, inexplicable noises from this young woman were incessant and constant. And as the two older women reached the back end of Linda, there was this 'squirting' from the stretched star shaped hole of her cunt. It was as though that squirting was in time to her pulse and her heartbeat. Like a non-stop pulsating, and with each throb a squirt of thick, drool like juices were catapulting out and back. And there was this squeeze of her stretched ass around the appendage that she was impaled on. As though she was hungry for more. As though there was this knowledge in her that anyone seeing her would think she was a needy, hungry, shamed bitch on heat who should have been wallowing in the despair instead of feeding off that orgasm.

She didn't want to feed on the orgasm. She didn't want it, she didn't need it. She needed to wallow in her own depression. But she didn't have that choice. She had to take the orgasm because that was what was being given to her. And she had to deal with the orgasm at the same time as the despair. This was two opposing emotions and sensations rocking her world all at once and this was two older women witnessing and drinking in the sight of this young woman being ripped apart from inside her mind and inside her sexuality.

And Alexa held onto that orgasm - she held it at its peak until Linda looked like she was about to explode. As though she was about to pass out. As though she was about to tip over the edge into insanity. And just at that point, just at that tipping point she swiped that button and brought the orgasm to a sudden end. One second it was there, all there, the next it wasn't - and what was left from that was Linda weeping through that open gag, and through that drool she was expelling from her mouth.

Her breathing was heavy, laboured, and there was this desolation in her eyes. If there was any time that she was spent, then this was it. The orgasm that she didn't crave was gone now, and the despair was so deep and entrenched in her mind that she wished the orgasm was back. This was how it was possible for that SIM card in her head to fuck with her. This was how it was possible for Alexa to fuck with her. This was how it was possible for her to become addicted to both orgasm and despair all at the same time.

The Lady and Alexa watched Linda silently until the trembles had stopped and until all that was left was the gentle weeping and then they both moved to the head end of Linda again.

“I want my ‘babies’ to have it next. Do you think we can do that Alexa?”

It was like the Lady thought that maybe Alexa would have changed her mind about the no-limits and that she was hoping sincerely not.

“Now is the perfect time. It's despair is at its most acute, and it is aching for another orgasm to be given to it. It knows it won't get one unless it plays ball. You want to be bitched don't you slut?”

Alexa had switched talking to the Lady then asking Linda the question. Linda was desolate, and she had heard every word both women had said. And that had brought it all back to her - the barking, the dogs, the talk of the dogs. It would be difficult to know what was going through her head now. All she had was the despair and all she wanted more than ever now was the arousal to be back. And no sooner was she thinking that, than she felt that very arousal begin to wash through her again. She would need that arousal if she wasn't going to be forced into some kind of breakdown as she was mounted, and used twice by the Lady's ‘babies’.

“Yes, yes please. Please I want to be bitched. I need it.”

And she sounded hungry and needy. She sounded filthy, and unashamed. That was because, for now, she was.”

‘Of course you need it slut. But you’ll never be the same again, not after that.’

The Lady spoke and as she did, she smiled, as though somehow she was giving herself a shot of pleasure.

## **Two Days Later**

Alexa was watching Linda in her cage. She was still buzzed from the few days with the Lady. For her, the trip out into the dark world had shown her things that she’d never be able to have imagined not in a million years. And she knew that Linda was not the same. She’d known that before the Lady, that she had changed Linda, she’d known that she had fundamentally changed the young woman that she had seduced into being operated on, and then rewired.

But what Alexa was looking at now via those tiny CCTV cameras was a young woman who had been bitched and then who had been brought down out of intense arousal to face the truth of what had happened to her. This was Linda forced to come to terms with what had happened and what she had craved and milked for all it was worth. How could she have done that with the Lady’s babies and enjoyed it? The truth was that by the time penetration had occurred, she would have needed penetration by ‘anything’ literally. It wasn’t her fault but that wasn’t what it felt like.

That had been another of the remote control buttons pressed. One where the craving for deep penetration was so strong that she would do anything to feel something hard, slippery and ‘live’ slipped up inside her. For Lucifer and Bongo, it was all their dreams come true. They liked Linda and that could mean only one thing, that Linda would become a regular lover of theirs. She would become their bitch on a regular basis going forward. Being bitched once changed a woman. Being regularly bitched would fuck with her mind in a way that was not good.

“I want you to tell me how you feel slut. I mean inside? I want you to be honest with me - tell me what is in your head, now?”

Alexa was with Linda now in the same room as the cage. Linda was raw. She had nothing distracting her, nothing making her slip her fingers between her legs and into herself. All she had was the rawness of her predicament. There was no confusion, just clarity. She had nothing to hide behind, nothing to disguise the loathing she felt for herself. And that was it, right there - the self-loathing. In this raw state that self-loathing was ‘thick’ and it surrounded her and pressed into her cutting out the light from the normal world - not that she had been in the normal world for a long, long time. But that self-loathing was inside her as well. It was consuming her from the inside and it was pressing out. It was like she was stuck in this self-loathing sandwich and she couldn’t get out of it.

“I don’t know how I feel. I hate myself. That’s it - that’s how I feel.”

Linda’s tone was down, and it was dripping with self-pity. She kept scratching herself, her legs, her arms, and then her neck. She was like an addict who needed a fix. And her face had this way of looking imploringly at Alexa at all times. That was because she knew that Alexa held a remote control that could be reprogrammed in infinite ways to do an infinite amount of things to her in an infinite amount of ways. The truth was she didn’t like this ‘raw’ state. In this raw state she felt like she didn’t want to be here anymore. In this state, if she had the choice she’d check out of this life. But she couldn’t do that and she knew it - that was another reason that she looked all imploringly at Alexa at every opportunity she had. But Alexa knew how this young woman felt in this raw, natural state. And that was what it was - it was a raw natural state.

‘You should hate yourself. I’d hate me if I were you as well. But this is your life now - this is your purpose on this planet. Your ‘best life’ is to gratify the urges of others, whatever is required.’

Alexa stopped talking to allow her words to sink in. A solitary tear rolled down Linda’s cheek. It was funny, odd really. Before the Lady and her babies, she had thought, or been convinced that there could be nothing worse for her. When she’d been made aware that Alexa didn’t love her, not in that way, and that she’d been tricked into this life, she had been ready to check out then. She hadn’t been able to think of anything worse for her than her life at that point.

But since this last weekend, what the Lady had done to her in that room, and then being secured on her hands and knees, spread in the pen so that Lucifer and Bongo could sate themselves on her - having her arousal turned on so high, tuning her into a nymphomaniac bitch in heat, for that, her sucking all of that seed into her femininity, and then that arousal and need 'turned off' just like that. That hungry, dirty wet sexual need making her enjoy Lucifer and Bongo, even orgasming as she was bitched and then straight away that being switched off so that she had the whole despair and reality to deal with.

“How am I supposed to live with myself?”

It was a valid question from Linda and one that poured from her glossed lips as she peered through the bars of the cage.

“With my help my dear. In fact, you can ONLY live with yourself with my help. You won't manage it on your own, or with anyone else. You need me to live the best life available to you, now that the relationship you had with yourself isn't there anymore. You need me to guide you, supervise you and to deepen your addictions.”

Alexa stopped and she had tilted her head and come right up to the cage, squatting on her own heels. She was looking through the bars at a young woman she had destroyed. And she didn't want to fix Linda. She didn't want to repair what she had had done - she wanted to damage her more. Indeed that was the full intention. That was what life for Linda was now, a downward spiral which equalled her best life,

Linda was raw now, no arousal, no turn on and nothing to distract her from the realities of life going forward. There was a good case for her to kick off, but she didn't. She just tilted her head to match the tilt of Alexa and she blinked those huge eyes of her. Her eyes were not impeded now. There were small red marks, where needle things had pierced the flesh around her eyes and where some of her pain had been centred from. But now her huge eyes just blinked and there was another solitary tear that rolled down her cheek and plopped onto her breast. She could have asked 'why?'. She could have been beyond angry and screamed and shouted that Alexa wouldn't get away with this. That she would get away and bring a whole lot of hurt onto Alexa for what she'd done to her. There was a good reason to do that - and there was a possibility, however small that if this got out, Alexa would go to jail for a long, long time.

But she didn't do any of this. She just looked, between those cage bars at Alexa. There was a tremble to her lips, that was all - just a tremble as she tried to cope with what was happening inside her mind and what had happened to her body. What she'd had done to her and what, under arousal and sexual manipulation, she'd helped do to herself. She had to live with all of this going forward. She had to try to find a way in her own mind to live with what had happened to her and what would happen in the future. What Alexa was looking at was a woman who was 'compliant'. She was broken but not completely broken and she was ready to live her best life.

"You're ready to live your best life aren't you, slut?"

Alexa used a tone that didn't contain feelings for Linda. There was none of the seductive Alexa that had been there at the start. There was none of that 'come on' vibe from her that she had used to trap Linda. If anything the tone of voice she used now, told that she didn't care for Linda as a human being and that would have been getting through to Linda in her raw form. This was intentional and it was cruel. Alexa didn't have to hide who she was or pretend any more. The truth was out there and it was out there 'uncut'. The chances of Linda bailing out had gone now, and those chances had faded to beyond grey.

"Yes, yes I'm ready to live my best life."

And right at that precise point in that raw state, Linda knew what her best life would entail. Going forward she would be addled with sexual lust, need, agreed and addiction and that would distract her and make her do things that the old Linda would have never done or would never have considered and that would help her. It would help her in an insidious way. But right now, at this point in her life, right at as Alexa was squatted looking at her through the bars with her head tilted to one side, there was this rawness and this reality that she would do literally anything to escape from, but at the same time she knew there was no escape from.

"If there is any consolation for you, there will be others taken here and broken the same as you have been. Other girls like you, women like you. And they will be broken as well, and be taught to live their best life. You are the first but you won't be the last. I promise you, you will not be the last."

And that perked something deep inside Linda's fucked up head. There would

be others! She was trying to work out what that meant. At this moment in time she felt so alone - she felt as though she was going through this thing all by herself even though she had Alexa guiding the way. She was trying to make out what it meant if there were others there as well, like her. She didn't know and she couldn't work it out. But it was something that would stay with her. Maybe it was a light of opportunity, like hope in numbers. If there were more of them then wasn't there a hope that collectively they could get out of this nightmare?

But Linda wasn't thinking like that yet, it was just something in the back of her mind. Something that would fester and one had to ask the question of whether mentioning others was deliberate for Alexa? Of course it was - she was so precise and so clinical with what she did that nothing was an accident. It was simply another ball she was throwing into the field of play. It was just another little twist in the proceedings. She may have got Linda ready to live her best life but it didn't mean that she was done playing sick cruel game with her. In fact the games had only just started.

“And I have my lovers as well, don't I?”

Linda looked between those bars, again imploringly.

“You do, Lucifer and Bongo. Your lovers.”

Alexa smiled inside. Even in the raw Linda was ready. She liked that. She rubbed the remote to switch on the arousal and need again and Linda reacted - she was already needing her lovers again.

**THE END**

**THE END**