



CUSTOMER NUMBER:

037



**PLEASE COMPLY WITH THE FOLLOWING**

1. You have a maximum of 12 minutes with the slave.
2. Do not cause serious injury or death to the slave.
3. In the event of the slave losing consciousness, promptly contact the room service.
4. Use of lubrication during vaginal/anal intercourse is mandatory.

# TOMBOY

# SLAVEGIRL

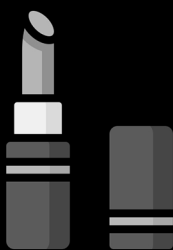
WRITTEN BY DENKIRAT

**SCOUNDREL SKULL PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:**

**A STORY BY DENKIRA7**

**TOMBOY**

SLAVEGIRL



**WRITTEN BY DENKIRA7**  
**COVER ART BY ALEXOOXELA**



**DISCLAIMER: The following work contains adult themes. All characters participating in sexual acts are over the age of 18.**

# Tomboy Slavegirl

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

## CHAPTER 1: SOCCER, COMICS AND RAMEN

Clad in her cute, albeit naturally boyish, soccer outfit, comprised of blue shorts, a white and blue, short-sleeved shirt with vertical stripes and knee-high, white socks with a couple of blue horizontal stripes at the top, the girl skillfully dribbles the ball past two defenders, leaving them stunned. The time she has spent during adolescence running around playing kickball with the boys in the school yard, instead of gossiping along with her female classmates about potential love interests, now shows. She's dominating the field!

The girl's short height, barely 5'1", and her feather-weight, skinny built, help her make her way with pace and agility towards the opponent's goal. Lots of girls catch their feminine long hair in ponytails or buns, to not let them get in their face and affect their performance, but the talented girl has no need for that; her dark-brown hair is cut rather short. Her hair's fringe is longer than the girl's almost buzzed nape, sweeping over one eyebrow. She doesn't have a need for a sports bra, with her cute A-cups doing nothing to slow her down (though she does wear one anyway to prevent chaffing her 'tender areas').

The girl has a light-brown complexion, a result of her Caucasian father and Hispanic mom. Her facial features are rather cute. Beautiful, rather than 'hot'. She doesn't have the juicy full lips that many girls aspire to, but she possesses a great smile. She doesn't ever pluck or shape her eyebrows, but she has gorgeous dark-brown eyes, which in this moment appear fully focused and determined on her target.

The girl approaches the edge of the box, and before a third defender can slide into her path, she curves a powerful shot into the right corner of the goal, beating the keeper!

**\*FFFrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr\***

The middle-aged coach blows her whistle. "Defence...too late to help there. Good job, Kowalski!" the woman, wearing a windbreaker jacket, praises her star player on yet another stunning goal, sounding almost jaded of congratulating her by this point. Still on her freshman year of college, Vivian Kowalski, age 19, is already poised to lead her college's soccer team in the upcoming season. "All right everyone, hit the lockers" she shouts, signaling the practice's end for the day.

Having enjoyed a nice, refreshing shower, Vivian is putting her civilian clothes on, a longsleeved blouse with a puffy jacket over it and some jeans and sneakers, sitting on one of the locker's benches.

A few feet from her, a group of three pretty teammates of hers are gathered in front of a mirror. They have already dressed themselves in some cute dresses and are putting the final touches on their makeup. Vivian never really got into the whole beautification and makeup thing. The few times she tried it she found it weird, like she could feel all that powder and the lipstick and every product layer on her face. Visually too, it looked way off her 'vibe'.

Vivian has a casual, relaxed style, never trying too hard to impress with her appearance, be that make-up, an alluring outfit or a meticulous hairstyle. And so, she never found much use for these beauty products, opting to always go for her natural look, and unintentionally adding to her whole tomboy look.

Contrary to some people's first impression, Vivian is not gay, though her appearance and physique often associate her more with boys during schooldays. Her aloof attitude towards many traditionally 'feminine' things and her call towards sports and nerd culture does not help her assimilate into many female groups. She often finds it difficult to relate to a lot of girls about her interests. Despite this, Vivian has a healthy, small circle of both male and female friends.

"Hey Viv! Are you gonna come by the club tonight?" One of the self-beautifying girls addresses Vivian over her shoulder. "Ehmmm, I'd love to, it's just that I got this new comic-book and I'm really into it!" Vivian replies sincerely with an apologetic smile. "Ehmm ok. A Comic book, huh?" the girl is taken aback by the answer, trying really hard to not say something mean to Vivian. "Yeah, it's called Star Hunters! It's about this crew of renegades and bounty hunters in space..." Vivian gets excited about sharing her geeky interests with someone.

“Sorry, I don’t read comics” the girl cuts her off, appearing like she is getting a headache from Vivian’s exposition. “Oh...cool” Vivian says side-frowning, before she returns to packing her soccer shoes and other gear in her duffel bag.

Vivian spends the 8 stops of her bus commute, listening to music on her over-the-ear headphones, peacefully looking out the window at the large city she lived in. She has the luxury of renting her own place downtown, not having to settle for the dormitory and the possibly annoying roommate she’d be stuck with. It kind of takes the reckless campus’ chaos of college life out of the equation, but Vivian is pretty content with having her independent space and the peace of mind that comes with it. It lends itself to more adventure videogames and reading, which the girl loves.

The bus’ tires screech as they brake in front of Vivian’s stop. The girl jumps off with a lively pace, and starts walking the 200 meters that are left till home, holding her sports bag over one shoulder.

The sight of the girl walking on the sidewalk is now visible through a camera lens that focuses in on her, snapping plenty of pics of the unsuspecting young girl. Plenty of photographic accounts of Miss Kowalski have already been acquired in the span of the last month, since this is not the first time Vivian’s daily life is being ‘documented’ without her knowledge, or consent. But it will most certainly be the last.

Vivian opens her studio apartment’s front door with a relieving sigh, tossing the keys on her nearby desk. It has been a good training day, but now the girl cannot wait to ‘slam’ some leftover Chicken Ramen and dive deep into the pages of her ‘Star Hunters’ copy.

40 minutes later, Vivian is sitting cross-legged on her bed, having changed from her jeans into a cozy pair of cotton shorts and a grey, sleeveless top with the logo of one of her favorite bands. No bra is present over her small chest, given the safe privacy of her home. Some cute, ankle-high socks cover her feet. Her Chinese take-out box is left precariously next to her on the bed, now empty except for sauce stains.

The woman is leaning over her Comic-book, which is resting in front of her on the mattress. Kind of an awkward stance to read, but Vivian was always very comfortable reading like that. Her favorite headphones are again over her ears, playing relaxing beats that help the girl further sink into this peaceful, resting headspace. A pair of dark-purple, horn-rimmed glasses rests over her eyes, which the girl always wears whenever reading or watching something.

Her noise-cancelling headphones seal the geeky girl not just from the busy hum of the city, but also from the two balaclava-masked strangers, currently picking her lock and stealthily entering her apartment! In black from top to bottom, the two male burglars immediately lay eyes on the girl, who has her back turned to them, oblivious to the danger, softly humming away while her eyes trace the colorful illustrations of her comic, currently depicting one of the feisty female space-hunter's going through a dark corridor, laser-gun and flash-light at hand.

Vivian turns the page to see that two panels over, the courageous heroine is grabbed from behind by a shadowy alien attacker with black, gooey appendages, only to disappear in the darkness they came from! The tomboy raises her brow in mild surprise at this turn of events, then a second later, feels a pair of black-gloved hands wrap similarly around her face and torso!

"MMMMMng!....." the girl's handgagged scream is heavily stifled when the attacker jabs the girl's sides with a taser gun, sending a paralyzing wave of current through her petite body. In her momentary flail, the girl's headphones fly off her head. The man momentarily leaves Vivian to help his accomplice get everything ready with lightning speed, the second man bringing a large 'Amazon' delivery box inside the girl's house and closing the door behind.

With the electricity current having nullified most of her motor skills, Vivian is now laying rather limply on her bed, her whole body spasming. Her pretty eyes look up at her masked attackers with both fear and shock. Her gaping mouth tries to vocalize her peril to anyone that might listen, but no particular sound comes out besides weak, breathless attempts.

As one of the hooded men pulls out a weird metal contraption from inside the fake delivery-service packaging, the one that stunned Vivian has already taken out a black, leather panel gag, featuring a sizable round bulb on its inner surface. The man places the panel gag over the helpless girl's face, filling her mouth with the rubber attachment. Vivian tries to fight but her muscles are still pretty useless. By pulling on the two leather side-straps of the gag and the middle one going across the girl's face, the man drives the round mouth-filler further down Vivian's gullet and the panel to rest firmly against her lips, before buckling the three straps together behind the girl's head. Her cute reading glasses are pulled off her face, the man cruelly stomping them with his boot and turning them into shards.

"Give her one more" the second guy advises, referring to the man's taser, as Vivian appears to slowly gain some movement, her skinny arms now weakly flailing towards the directions of her binder. The man takes the stun-gun again and presses it against Vivian's belly, causing the

gagged college-girl to silently writhe once more and rendering her much more ragdoll-like than before.

With the girl only half-conscious now, Vivian's eyes barely open and half-rolled inside her head, the two men have a much easier job, each producing a pair of large scissors and leaning over the helpless girl. They start uncaringly running the blades across the girl's soft, cozy clothes, crudely stripping the girl with absolutely no sensuality. Like recycle-workers separating useless packaging from the sought-upon materials.

With two zaps circulating her nervous and muscular system, Vivian can offer no real fight as she feels her flesh becoming less and less covered, until finally her top, her shorts and her cute pale-blue panties lay on a shredded pile on her floor, along with her socks.

The paralyzed girl is then carried by the two men and manhandled with no concern for her comfort to fit inside the contraption the slavers have brought with them.

The device appears like a metal rectangular box frame, hollow inside. The "front" side of the frame houses two metal flat bars that curved towards the center. They can slide along the surface of the frame to trap the subject's head in stocks. The two halves of the stocks are not in the same plain, so they don't snap together, but rather they can slide horizontally past each other, for the metal bonds to be able to snugly fit any size of (female) neck. Underneath the head-stocks mechanism lays an identical, smaller one, meant to trap the subject's wrists together. The back side houses two similarly functioning, but this time separate traps, destined to clamp around the subject's ankles.

"MMNnggh!" the girl softly whimpers as her head is shoved between the two metal halves of the stocks, which slide towards the center until they snugly meet her slim neck. Two thumbscrews on each half are screwed tightly, locking the stock's halves in place.

Vivian's skinny arms quickly follow, as her wrists are violently grabbed by the two men and placed below her head, where they are similarly viced together with further industrial tension. Seeing her freedom vanish piece by piece before her eyes, Vivian furiously kicks her slim legs behind her, but each man has no problem grabbing her ankles and securing them on the back of the metal frame, locking the small girl inside the hollow frame. Vivian's head, wrists and feet, as well as her cute little butt, stick out from the front and back of the little metal crate. Despite the lack of side-walls, the girl's naked 5'1" body is squeezed inside this tight space, with little to no wiggle-room.

“MMMFFFHgg! MMNNNGH!” the girl has regained some of her strength, furiously pulling against her unyielding restraints with an expression that, while on the surface exhibits raw anger, also betrays the girl’s hopelessness and terror. The two hooded captors look down at their desperate catch, adorably twisting and shaking her body inside the tiny confines of her metal bondage, her indignant moans heavily muffled by Vivian’s snugly-strapped panel gag.

One of them takes out his camera, the same one he has used earlier to take candid snapshots of the girl’s return home. He kneels right in front of the humiliated, bound and naked girl’s face and with no permission, starts clicking. “MMnghgghffmnnngghf!” the girl tries cursing the man out, though her gag translates her curses into muffled gibberish. The other guy stands waiting with folded arms as his ‘colleague’ takes plenty of close ups and full-body pics of Vivian’s perilous state.

“Now, for the scared ones” the man says, needing more variety for this obscene portfolio. His partner knows what’s up, producing a mean-looking cattle prod. Simply eyeing it from the corners of her eyes causes Vivian’s demeanor to shift. “Mn... MMNNNGNG!” her mean expressions turns to a scared, brow-furring protests as she now struggles against her metal casing not just to free herself, but to avoid whatever pain this thing is going to bring her.

Off course, the metal frame doesn’t budge a millimeter and the hooded man points the two electrodes against the small girl’s perky, naked ass and fires away a shock with little build up or warning. “MMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmmmm” Vivian squints her eyes from the intense pain, letting out a droning muffled cry, her butt immediately flinching away from the source of the shock, though only able to move about an inch away, since her fatless, but tight and round tooshie is confined in the metal square frame, her white cheeks sticking through the back of her “box”.

“MNNNngg, PPHHggg! NNNGN!!!” Vivian urgently begs to avoid a second zap, shaking her head inside the non-existent room the stock allows and jerking her whole body inside her narrow metal confines like a frenzied animal, but the man jabs the end of the prod against her left nipple, the second agonizing shock causing actual tears to flow from the tomboy’s eyes. His partner captures all this degradation and misery with his camera. These are the kind of pics that really drive a sale forward.

Vivian receives another cattle prodding for good measure to ensure that the pair of home invaders have plenty of emotive photographs of her debased, helpless form. All of them feature a background of the girl’s very own room. Her pop-culture posters, her book library, her desk and her bed, all become part of this abduction’s scenery.

With that, the duo is ready to depart. Vivian's muffled cries are ignored, as each guy grabs the top bar of the frame and together they easily lift the boxed girl's half-folded form up in the air, only to lower into the cardboard box it came out of. The walls and floor of this Amazon package are actually lined with padded foam, making sure that no one hears the kidnapped girl's gagged calls for help or her pitiful struggling. The space inside this box is so cramped that Vivian's bare feet and her cute little nose graze the soundproofing padding.

"Sit tight, sweetie" the two slavers look down at the terrified girl, who strains her neck to look back at them, before closing the top of the box over her and taping it shut, plunging the poor girl in darkness. The door of Vivian's now empty apartment is closed. The package is placed on a two-wheeled push cart, and wheeled out into the street, where a small van awaits.

"MMMMMMNGNGHFFF!" Vivian wrestles with her steel restraints and her "filling" panel-gag, the darkness of her snug package letting no clue as to where she is headed. The box is sitting seemingly idle on the back of the van, the soft rustling of the girl's insistent struggling barely audible over the soft hum of the tires rolling across the road.

The truth is, neither do her kidnapers. While one is behind the wheel, the other has uploaded the young soccer girl's rather 'compromising' photos onto a secure server of the dark web. A brief description reads much like a shady craigslist ad:

Fresh tomboy soccer-girl for sale. 19yo, 5' 1' '. About 100 pounds. Skinny frame, small tits. Caucasian/Hispanic race. Speaks English and Spanish. Likely a virgin.

The description is brief and soulless. The more 'insightful' photos of the girl's helpless caged form do most of the talking in these sorts of 'ads'.

Unbeknownst to the poor damsel, the bidding for her has already begun. Highest bidder will have the girl for themselves, to do whatever they want with. Whether they pamper her up in cute slave dresses or rape her and slit her throat right then and there, the two slavers cannot care less. If the money's good, so will be the buyer.

**\*PLINK\***

The screen flashes with another notification, an offer from an oil-tycoon Sheik that likes to dabble in western 'investments' too, to enrich and vary his illustrious slave-harem.

125. 000\$

Good, but they know they can do better. A young, pretty, (almost) white bitch like that can earn them a nice pay-day. A few minutes later, another 'plink' indicates a counter-offer.

135. 000\$

This one comes from 'The Institute', a huge slave corporation that operates much like a grand slave-brothel, an underground marketplace where people can get their sadistic fix. The two slavers have done business with them in the past.

The Sheik comes back with 150.000\$. The two slavers are delighted, making a nice profit either way. Boxed behind them, Vivian has no idea about the bidding war going on for her body and soul. Twenty minutes later, the Institute replies with a final offer:

180. 000\$

The Sheik withdraws from the race, and thus, Miss Kowalski is sold.



## CHAPTER 2: EVALUATION AND PREPARATION

After a long drive, the van reaches a poorly lit area on the outskirts of the city. An abandoned, desolate Mall is there, closed about a decade ago. The guys park wherever on the stone yard. It was once traversed by thousands each day, but now it's full of tree leaves and dirt.

Their living cargo has shut up after a while, tiring herself out, but as she feels her packaging being lifted off the van's floor, she renews her moaning and pulling. Of course, it doesn't trouble the men in the slightest, who place her on the wheel-cart and enter through the open entrance of the mall.

Everywhere you look there are empty stores, perfectly rectangular void spaces, without even store windows. Any furniture and leftovers have been looted a while ago. The ground floor features a (once) nice, wide square with a fountain at the center of it, now gathering mold instead of sprinkling water. The Mall's four stories can be seen forming round balconies across the huge building's height.

The two men are not heading up, though. Moving along with their valuable loot, they reach an elevator, with a clear glass shaft. Like everything around this place, it appears to be out of order, since pressing the 'call' button does nothing. But up on the side wall of the elevator is attached a little control board with digit buttons. The men approach it and press 4 digits, a code that changes day by day. The elevator springs to life as soon as the correct code is given. The men enter along with a packaged Vivian wheeled-in on the cart and hit the **(-2)** button. The basement, once the Mall's parking lot.

The elevator car stops and the doors automatically open to reveal an entire secret corporation, built and operated in the underbelly of the abandoned Mall. A long corridor opens up in front of the two slavers, with rooms on either side of it, the outline of the space reminiscent of a hospital in its minimal nature and architectural dullness.

But this underground space is booming with life. The busy, gender-variant personnel of the institute walk with purpose through the various intersecting halls. The ones with a more...hands-on approach to their work are dressed in utilitarian jumpsuits; others that stay behind a desk for most of the day are in plain office clothing. Dressed in classier suits, some Institute executives can be seen conversing about business matters on one corner.

On one wall of a wider hall area, behind clear Plexiglas, is the reception/check-out counter, where clients can purchase 'tokens', a unique Institute coin, each for the low price of 10\$. The counter has a long line of anxious, blue-balled and even some moist-pussied customers.

The space has a lively murmur which would appear inconspicuous if it wasn't eerily interspersed with faint, sometimes gagged, sometimes raw, feminine screaming and crying, coming from all around the many rooms that line the corridors. The desperate, almost ghostly moans fill the halls' casual chatter with an underlying hum of despair. A skin-crawling juxtaposition, though not for the two slavers.

Most of the rooms have waiting lines, mostly male, outside their closed doors. From street scum, to suited Wall Street types, to inconspicuous family men with a dark secret, this place has a diverse clientele. What they all share is a sadistic thirst and an utter indifference to someone's suffering. Some queues are longer than others, with people having to take a seat to rest their standing knees, while others get bored and try a different, less sought after room.

One male and one female Institute handler can be seen approaching, pushing two naked, distressed women down the corridor, each via a 3-foot-long snare pole, the plastic noose on its end snugly wrapped around the slaves' neck. The jumpsuited woman is 'handling' a short, curvy black girl with long black dreads, while the man leads a taller, Scandinavian blonde chick. Both slave-girls' wrists are handcuffed in front of them and their ankles are hobbled by metal shackles. Each bound bitch wears a differently colored, but equally thick ballgag in her mouth, held there strictly by a leather harness, its leather straps meeting in a ring between the girls' eyes. Tears are decorating both girls' cheeks, not yet dry.

The desperately moaning women try to resist the course their handlers lead them towards by occasionally pushing and leaning their alluring bodies back towards the opposite direction. They definitely don't seem to like where they are heading.

The small trouble they are giving their handlers is easily dealt with by the mean end of a cattle prod, which each handler roughly prods the girls' bare asses and hips with. The painful zaps work like a charm in 'propelling' the two troublemakers forward and set them back on track, their pained yelps an ignored side-effect. These 'guiding' tools are liberally deployed on stubborn slaves around here.

This arguably shocking scene does not raise the slightest brow from the room's occupants, except for some customers, batting an eye on the delightful misery the damsels' exhibit. "Fresh

ones?” one client asks another, waiting in line. “Looks like. Haven’t seen those around” the man replies.

Ignoring all of this, the two darkly dressed slavers make their way towards the corridor, pushing the wheel cart, until they reach a door with a plain, corporate sign that reads:

## NEW ARRIVALS

“Hi Ginny” one of the men greets the secretary, a glasses-wearing woman in her mid-forties, sitting behind a desk, typing away on a computer. On the opposite wall to the door, another, younger woman with short, platinum-dyed hair is also typing away. Pretty little thing. She’s Ginny’s assistant. Ginny’s brown hair is up in a messy bun.

“Oh hi fellas, did you have an easy grab?” she chats, referring to Vivian’s brutal kidnapping as a “grab”. “Yeah, pretty straightforward” the man does not lie. “OK, well, bring her on the table and let’s check her out” the woman gets up from her office chair, to reveal her classy satin, buttoned white shirt and figure-fitting beige skirt.

Ginny’s heels click as she makes her way over to an empty wooden table, where the two men have already placed the distressed girl’s cage, having pulled her out of her incognito boxing. Vivian’s terrified crying and anxious cage-rattling reaches a peek when she adjusts to the light and sees this new stranger start examining her naked, vulnerable form up close.

“Pretty good, not any noticeable marks...” the woman thinks out loud, scanning the compressed girl’s naked body from all possible angles, whilst putting on a single latex glove on her right hand. “Her knees are a little rough” the woman notices, not dignifying any reply to Vivian’s worried moans. “She plays soccer, that’s why” the man justifies, as the woman continues this degrading examination.

“Tight” Ginny mumbles analytically, right after giving a quick, but very invasive squeeze of the girl’s buttocks, sticking through the back of her metal frame. “MMNngg!” Vivian cries out from this dehumanizing treatment. She’s really nothing more than a soulless product to these people, tradable goods. “You said maybe virgin?” Ginny turns towards the two slavers momentarily, to confirm the description of their online ad. “Yeah, not sure” they reply, as the woman is already knuckle deep of her gloved, index finger inside poor Vivian’s sex. “MMMm..mmmmngg!” she cries out more at this sudden assault. The sensation is so wrong, so invasive.

“Nope, don’t feel much of a hymen. Your lil’ soccer-girl has definitely done the deed” she informs them, slipping her finger out of Vivian’s small tight cunt with the same lack of tenderness she penetrated it. The two slavers try to hide a frown. The bitch would have brought them a higher price if she had been ‘pure’.

“Ok, now for the teeth” Ginny continues the brief protocol, a prompt for the men to unstrap the girl’s mean panel gag. The round phallus on the interior of the gag comes off drenched in the girl’s drool. “LET ME GO YOU FUCKING BITCH! I SWEAR I’LL ggh...” during Vivian’s brief curses, Ginny has taken out a taser, hooked on the belt loop of her skirt and casually sticks it on the side of the girl’s stock-trapped neck, immediately rendering her nice and quiet with a heavy dose of paralyzing current. A handy practice she has done countless times, not needing her delicate eardrums disturbed with every new addition’s annoying screaming.

With the merchandise much quieter and more malleable, the secretary shoves a metal, strapless spider ring-gag past the almost unconscious girl’s teeth, to observe them undisturbed. With her non-gloved hand she holds a tuft of the girl’s short hair, keeping her limp head from slumping down, and probes inside the girl’s mouth with her latex-covered hand. “Good teeth, white too” she says after a few seconds of examining, Vivian unable to offer any resistance throughout this, her eyes appearing heavy from the shock, her body too weak to rattle her cage anymore, straining to find a voice.

“Pretty good overall, though not a virgin, so I’ll cut 20k from the price” the woman informs the two men, now behind her office. Vivian has been left to sink onto her metal stocks, her head slumped over facing the table, which collects a small puddle of drool, which is slowly dripping from the spider gag that’s still wedged behind her teeth.

“Ten thousand and we go” the men play the haggle game that is not uncommon in these kinds of exchanges. “Deal” Ginny shakes their hands. Her cute assistant fills two briefcases with 170.000\$ in cash and the men take them and go on their merry way. As their elevator moves up, they have already wiped the petite tomboy off their minds for good.

Vivian is strapped on a gynecological chair. Her wrists are strapped to a beam over her head with light-brown, thick leather straps. Her legs are spread, each strapped on a sturdy, but comfy leg-holder by similar straps, going tightly over her knees. The leg-holders extend to two footrests, which similarly bind the young woman's ankles. Another strap moves over the girl's chest, securing it against the back-leaning seat.

"GNnfff" the girl tries to speak, finding a thick, rubber ball-gag in the path of her words. A man in a white lab coat and rubber gloves on, a doctor for lack of a better word, is seated in front of her sprawled, 19-year-old legs.

Upon arrival and every following year, each slave is scheduled for this scrutinizing, objectifying examination, to determine her value to the organization that enslaved her. While a poor diagnosis from your doctor generally means bad news for anyone, a "thumbs down" on your physical evaluation here is even more damning.

Of course, the 'freshman' slave has nothing to worry, yet. She's young and full of sexual prowess.

The doctor does not address his fully naked patient, proceeding to use a very professional-looking steel ruler to measure the distance between the chair-hitched woman's collar bones and her nipples, a simple way to measure chest shagginess. All is good, still everything is scrutinized. There is a procedure for this kind of thing, everything made quantifiable to ensure the correct course of action.

The white man, around 45, notches a number on the slave's info notepad, a number that will likely increase with the passage of time. The 'quality bar' is exceptionally high when it comes to the Institute's line of living products.

The doctor wheels his chair over to a drawer and takes out a device appearing much like a sex toy, a silicone dildo. It's 7-inches-long, but rather thin, though a squeeze-pump at its base promises to change that. That same base also has a little screen monitor on it. This device's technology is more elaborate than a simple 'stuffing toy'.

With the 19-year-old woman's crotch fully accessible to the white-coated man by her spread legs bound on the chair's stirrups, the doctor gently inserts the silicone device inside her presented vagina. "MMMMMMNGGHH!" Vivian groans at the invasive penetration, shaking her metal, immobile bonds, only succeeding in making a small rattling noise on her exam seat.

Her eyes widen with the man starts pumping the black rubber bulb on the outside of the dildo, sending air through it and causing it to expand. “MMM! NNNNGG!” the girl protest through her ballgag, as she can now really feel the presence of the silicone dick inside her. It is expanding in girth!

The man looks at the numbers appearing on the little screen of the device, fluctuating a bit around a certain number. That number is the average pressure the woman’s pussy exerts on the surface of the silicone shaft. The device effectively measures the tightness of a slave’s fuck-hole.

It only takes a couple of inflating seconds for Vivian to start feeling a painful inner pressure of the upsizing cock. Doc keeps pretty much the same stern expression, as he manually writes down all these stats on the slave’s chart. Expectedly, the little whore is tight as a bow-string.

“Clench” he orders his patient with a bored tone of having done that countless times. “FFFkkk Wuu!” (*Fuck you!*) Vivian is insulted by the proposition. Letting a small sigh, the doctor pulls out a red zapper and triggers it right on the girls tender labia! “NGGGGGGGG!” Vivian screams. He just shocked her pussy!!!

Her pain and fear caused her muscles to tense, giving the doctor the ‘clenching’ measurement he wants. He doesn’t care if he gets his data the easy or the hard way. The all try to make his life hard in the beginning, but after year 1 or 2 they are as docile as a visit to their gynecologist.

The man jots another number down. The quiet in the exam room is only making Vivian more anxious.

Ignoring her ballgagged whining and useless shaking, the man soon repeats the process to the girl’s balloon knot of an asshole; inserting, pumping and measuring the PSI of the girl’s anal cavity both in its ‘relaxed’ and its ‘clenching’ state. These numbers also look spectacular. The petite tomboy will be milking cocks with her asshole for days. Though naturally, they will take a small hit with repeated usage.

The doctor performs some more tests, measuring the length of the woman’s pussy-lips and the condition of her clitoris. He pricks it with a little pointy, silicone rod, testing the girl’s responsiveness. In essence, her sensitivity. Vivian is mortified, trying to break through the straps, but only managing to strain and tire herself out.

He runs an electronic little device, like the deodorant container with the ball-tip, against various parts of the girl's body like her arms, belly, face and thighs, getting multiple data points regarding to the smoothness of the woman's South-American/Caucasian skin.

It is pristine, smooth like marble.

"We don't need to do the wrinkle test, yet" he says, moreso to himself than to his subject. It is too young to bother with that stuff just yet. The "wrinkle test" is rather straightforward, with the subject widely moving her brows up and down, extremely smiling and pouting and the doctor taking precision photographs and then running them through a computer that literally counts the number and intensity of the face' wrinkling.

The skin elasticity test is conducted similarly with pressure-measuring. Many pin-sensors are clipped on various parts of the nude woman, along her arms, legs, on her belly, chest and those age-betraying neck muscles. Each pin measures the pressure it exerts; the same the woman's troubled skin exerts on it.

A scientific calculation of skin 'looseness'. The young soccer player 'excels' at this test, too.

"Is everything ready?" a hot bombshell of a blonde nurse enters the room, dressed in a rather short and tight, white nurse-dress. She has very short, a bit 'butch-y' hair, almost daring the men who want like to grab them and bent her over a desk.

"Yep, get the sedative ready" the doctor turns over his shoulder, not ashamed to still a glance of the tall nurse's mouthwatering cleavage. "MNGGgfff!" Vivian groans from increased anxiety. Sedative??? What for???

Before she can ponder the answers, the big-titted nurse turns a nozzle on a pressurized tank and presses a plastic gas mask over her face. "Sleep tight" Vivian hears the smirking woman who looks down on her, as her eyelids grow heavy, before fully closing...

Vivian wakes up groggily under the effects of general anesthesia, restrained onto the same gynecologist's chair. She feels an intense pain on her cervix, no, deeper than that. It makes perfect sense, since during the girl's drugged, knocked out state, an indirect hysterectomy was

performed. Her uterus was sucked out through her vagina, rendering her unable to get pregnant or get her period.

An important perk, given the girl's future line of 'work'.

As Vivian's vision slowly clears, she sees the doctor re-enter the small clinical room, followed by his hot assistant. They are exchanging mundane words about their evening plans, not dignifying any response to the scared, violated college-girl, who is still rather dizzy from her meds, her moaning pretty weak despite her efforts.

"Ok, I'll see you tonight" the doctor says to his female assistant, his tone appearing rather flirtatious and the two more than colleagues. "You'll clean up here, right?" he says while getting his coat on, his eyes glancing at his restrained 'patient'. "I will" the hot blonde nurse says with a slight smile, receiving a shameless spank from her departing boss.

"PHHhuhh, ggmmm uhhgghh" Vivian tries to implore the pretty woman as soon as the two are alone in the room. "Yes, I know sweetie, but in three days you'll be good as new" the short-haired woman responds as if the girl is only inquiring about her post-operation status. It's the Institute protocol to leave three days for a slave to heal, to avoid any 'complications' once her sex organs become extremely 'busy'.

Of course, the nurse understands Vivian's plea and simply has no intention of freeing the poor girl. In her eyes, she's just another unfortunate bitch that went and got herself caught. Just like with any other 'Institute' worker, the woman is not dumb enough to risk her fat paycheck for a miserable cunt.

"Hmmmnggh!" Vivian angrily jerks against her bonds, as the nurse insensitively plugs her fully presented urethra with a little tube that leads up to a pee-bag, which the nurse rests casually on the girl's tummy. The nurse then produces a silicone butt-plug, rather girthy but at least somewhat flexible. Vivian's struggles become even more urgent, as the eye-wide tomboy watches the nurse lube the device. "That's a cute puckering asshole you got there" the nurse coos the girl's instinctively apprehensive muscle reflex, as she presses the pointy end of the plug against the girl's little 'brown rose'.

“Nuuugggh, PPhhheeahhh!” (*Nooo, pleaaase!*) The girl’s rage quickly turns to pleading, looking intently at the stranger, but the nurse pushes the gradually widening phallus by slowly rotating it left and right, until the girl’s tight anus gives in and swallows it up.

With the subject nice and ‘leak-safe’, the nurse presses a button, located somewhere behind Vivian, out of her field of vision. Suddenly, the girl’s gyno chair starts moving with a mechanical hum, slowly rising upwards by the chair’s overhead beam. At the same time, the girl’s leg-holders move towards each other to close Vivian’s thighs. Simultaneously, the footrest and holders rotate from a right angle to a straight line, ‘shaping’ the girl’s legs along with them, restrained side-by-side. “Hmmmff?” Vivian nervously shifts her eyes to see what’s happening, not liking her body’s enforced manipulation.

What she does not see is that the room behind her is filled with rows and lines of metal drawers, similar to those featured in morgues. The added technological convenience is that this gyno chair can be attached via the thick metal overhead beam Vivian’s wrists are strapped on, to a runner on the drawer’s interior.

A completely automated storing process.

Vivian’s chest anxiously heaves up and down, finding resistance on the leather straps over her small titties, which restrict her nervous breathing. The nurse simply waits for the whole contraption to stop at a horizontal line, Vivian now facing towards the blank ceiling. The empty drawer that’s waiting for her lies about half a meter behind her bound wrists. Its narrow walls are barely able to contain the girl; a claustrophobic nightmare.

The nurse reaches inside the drawer, pulling out a large red rubber ballgag, with a hole drilled through its center and a rubber tube going from the gag and disappearing somewhere inside the drawer. The nurse approaches the terrified girl with this new gag, meant to both pacify as well as force-feed the girl’s liquid diet for the next three days.

“MNNNggh...mmmmmPleasedon’tgagmei’lMMMMMmmnggghhhhh!” Vivian’s window to speak is truly short, as once the nurse removes the drool-dripping bit-gag she swiftly replaces it with the tube-connected ball-gag, buckling its black leather straps tightly to the side of the girl’s head. Vivian’s jaw is painfully spread by the 2-inch-wide rubber ball. Her small mouth is not meant for such sizeable ‘instruments’.

“Ok Polly Pocket, see ya in three days” the nurse references the unknown girl’s small stature, as she pushes the restrained girl by her chair-turned-plank inside this flat locker.

“MMMMMMMMmmmmmmmm” the girl’s desperate cry is immediately drowned as soon as the thick, padded door of the locker is closed. The nurse then turns the horizontal handle down, locking the door and sealing the crying girl inside her tiny “room” for the next three days.



## CHAPTER 3: OPENING NIGHT NERVES

Vivian's time inside her assigned drawer did not pass briskly. On the contrary, the constant darkness and immobility brought a sensory deprivation which almost drove the girl insane. Losing all sense of time, made falling asleep and waking up indistinguishable. Only reference she had to go on were the times a mysterious, thick liquid would come travelling through the tubing of her ball-gag and expelled into the girl's mouth. With the thick ballgag ending close to her throat, the girl had little choice whether to 'accept' her meals or not, forced to down them or basically choke to death.

Though they easily could have been, no painkillers or sedatives were mixed in the girl's nutritional serum, leaving her with a sore pain in her lower abdomen and an elevated, claustrophobic anxiety throughout her 'stay'. Her mostly liquid waste involuntarily collected inside her pee-bag and the few solids had to painfully wait for three days behind the girl's butt-plug, which operated as an effective blockade.

Swimming in darkness, Vivian vents off her pent up energy, by pointlessly pulling against her restraints. Her wrists, knees and ankles don't budge. "MMMMMMNNGGff!" the tomboy screams into her thick ball-gag. It has been almost 80 hours since she was shelved inside this cold, metal locker.

Suddenly, she hears a faint external squeak, the handle being turned. Then, light! It comes from below her feet, from the locker's opening. The girl's frame is wheeled out, the girl having a tough time adjusting to the room's light after so much time in the dark. The doctor and his sexy, booty-call nurse re-adjust the captive girl back to her gynecological, spread position. The doctor checks her vitals and the state of her healed pussy. Vivian nervously bites her ballgag and shifts her eyes from him to the nurse and then back to the doctor, worrying what's next.

The doctor signs off on a chart, officially approving of the new slave-girl's condition. She's ready to start making back the Institute's 'investment' in her.

There are about 50 replicate rooms in the underground facilities of the Institute, each destined to house a slave during her 14-hour-long, daily 'work' schedule. Opening the door reveals a metal, double-size bed on the opposite side.

All across the metal bedframe and the bedposts are many thick metal rings, placeholders for chains, ropes or straps, depending on the day. Various types of bondage are feasible in this bedding. A large, frameless rectangular mirror at the head-side of the bed takes up most of that wall.

The room appears rather featureless, from the cement-block walls to the lone ceiling light. Many corners have been cut by the Institute here, since a more illustrious setting won't increase the profit made in these rooms. The services offered here are the fast-food equivalent. Get in, get your fill, and get out.

On the entrance's right is a small wooden desk in front of a cheap office chair. It's the station where the room's 'receptionist', always an attractive woman and always scantily clad in some sort of fetishy outfit, is there to collect the customer's tokens and offer general customer support. More importantly, she's there to make sure the company's profit-making assets, the slaves, remain unharmed. Well, at least not permanently harmed (i.e. heavily injured, disfigured or killed).

To further illustrate this safety measure, a large board on the wall enlists the few simple rules all customers most follow:

**PLEASE COMPLY WITH THE FOLLOWING**

1. You have a maximum of 12 minutes with the slave.
2. Do not cause serious injury or death to the slave.
3. In the event of the slave losing consciousness, promptly contact the room service.
4. Use of lubrication during vaginal/anal intercourse is mandatory.

The nature of these rules indicates the utterly objectifying approach this business runs its slaves on. Calling the captive women here whores would be giving them too much credit. Cum dumpsters or living sperm banks would be more accurate. The 12 minutes that each client has with a slave do not allow time for much foreplay. The time is long enough for the average person to come in, have his way with the girl and make room for the next customer. The lubrication rule is, again, only a maintenance measure from the part of the Institute, to prolong the shelf-life of its slaves and certainly not meant to ease their agony.

Above the rule-board, under the printed words 'NOW SERVING' is a large, narrow screen, projecting the current customer's number in a slave's daily cycle. An easy way for the company to track the trending popularity of each slave. It also doesn't hurt business if a customer can see how many times his toy has been raped that day, the huge number only engorging his throbbing erection.

Underneath that first screen, a slightly smaller wall-screen displays a timer of each client's remaining time in the room.

On the receptionist's small desk are bottles (plural) of lube, hand-sanitizers and tissue boxes. Besides the electronic client-counter, the attractive receptionist has a closed circuit transceiver on stand-by (a walkie-talkie basically), so that she can alert the Institute's security staff, in case any customer causes trouble. For the smooth run of operations in each room, cameras on all the room's ceiling corners capture everything that happens inside.

Finally, a rather mysterious, locked, metal closet, rectangular about 7 and a half feet tall and 3 feet wide, stands on one side of the room, opposite the desk.

A slave's life in the Institute is as hellish as it is scheduled. If no higher power (meaning puffier wallet) dictates otherwise, a slaves' day follows this program, focused on maximizing profits during the 'rush hour' of the night, when normally most clients stop by:

**12.00-12.30:** Meal no.1

**12.30-13.30:** Prepping (meaning beautified and set up)

**13.30-20.30:** First shift

**20.30-21.00:** Meal no.2

**21.00-22.00:** Prepping

**22.00-05.00:** Second shift

**05.00-12.00:** Rest (meaning sleep)

The slavegirls' 14-hour daily rape-quota revolves around the above schedule.

Vivian finds herself inside one such small room and on one such bed, all 'prepped' and ready. Her bondage is simple, but effective, allowing for only enough shuffling to get her clients excited to fuck an unwilling cutie, but not hinder their 'fun' one bit. The small tomboy finds herself kneeling face down on the center of the mattress. Her bound posture forces her ass to stick up, since her skinny arms are pulled through her legs by a chain that links the girl's dark-brown, leather wrist-bands to the footboard. Her ankles, similarly locked in leather bands, are attached to the back corners of the bed via two chains, keeping her cute, lean legs spread. A taut chain pulls her collar and therefore her neck, upwards towards the headboard of the bed, trapping her body from moving in any direction along the bed's length.

To further incapacitate the slave-girl, and keep her wiggly ass perky and tethered up-high, a pair of leather bands snugly circles the top of the girl's thighs. Each band is connected to a chain, which in turn is attached to the top of a 3 feet-tall, retractable metal pole that has been slid hole-receivers in the corners of the bedframe. The girl's thigh-chains move from underneath the girl's tight asscheeks, upwards in a 45 degree angle to meet the corner poles of the bed.

"GGNmmff?" Vivian whimpers worryingly as she strains her neck to look behind her, all while shuffling her bound, naked body in an attempt to lower her ass, to 'protect' from whatever is lurking back there, in this rather exposed position. But in her current bondage, it is impossible, as she finds the bands' resistance against the front of her upper thighs, almost reaching her bikini-line, holding her crotch upright. Closing her thighs is also out of the question, thanks to her spread ankles. Finally, her arms are uncomfortably taut by the strictness of the chain, her wrists ending past her cute feet, which are anxiously fidgeting against the mattress.

Young Miss Kowalski's eyes have been made up with mascara and a teen-like, teal-colored eye-shadow. Her cute lips have been painted with a girly, cherry-red lipstick, and a small portion of a teal-colored pair of lace panties, matching the girl's eye shadow, can be seen clearly poking through those lips, via the multiple coils of clear tape that gag her. The tape tightly presses the girl's lips and the panties, distorting and molding their natural shape into a smooth, cylindrical one.

Of course, these are not Vivian's panties. The girl's clothing and underwear are still laying shredded on her apartment floor, waiting to be discovered by the police, a worried friend or perhaps her landlord stopping by for the rent. But it doesn't really matter that they're not hers, does it? In the client's mind, this pair of girly underwear, stuffed in the lil' bitch's mouth, might as well be her own. The girl's rather vulnerable, restrained presentation is all about simple, 'inspiring' visuals and practical utility. Especially the later, since no one wants to bother with the chore of holding the bitch down or having to worry about getting scratched. They just wanna bust a nut and be on their merry way.

Around Vivian's bed, a couple of handlers are setting up the final touches around the newly 'operating' room. No one is batting an eye towards her direction, her protesting moans being pretty much background noise to their ears. It is 13.20 in the afternoon and the new girl's first 'shift' will start soon.

"Morning fellas. Are we ready to roll?" a woman with fire-red, perfectly curled hair and matching lips enters the room with a lively energy and a cardboard cup of coffee in hand. She is dressed in a frilly black latex miniskirt, black thigh-high latex stockings and a black, over-bust vest corset that goes all the way up to a collar walks in the room. Her sexy, 4-inch platform heels feel the room with their clicking sound, making the woman's presence known. She's about 35 and definitely not a newbie when it comes to this line of work.

"Hi Maxine, we'll be good to go in 10" one of the men informs, checking Vivian's chains one last time. "Ohh, i got stuck with the new one?" Maxine rolls her eyes, looking down at a naked, bound figure she hasn't spotted before. "S'gonna be a loooong day, good thing I didn't get the night shift" the woman adds, patting Vivian's elevated ass like it is little more than fleshy furniture. She knows too well that "newcomers" always draw lots of customers during their first days, customers eager to "give" the new fresh cunt a test ride. She's also right about the 7-hour night shift usually being "busier".

Though for Petite Piper's 'opening day', any hours will be busy.

Vivian tries to appeal to this new female stranger, but Maxine ignores her just as much as the handlers. "Doc said to anal prep her today and tomorrow" the other handler says to the sexy woman. "Of course he did, look at that tiny thing" Maxine's eyes momentarily point to the short, bound college-girl as the redhead opens the single drawer of her small desk. There are a few spare dildos, ballgags and butt-plugs of varying sizes inside. The woman does not need a second glance at Vivian's puckering, virgin asshole to take out a silicone anal trainer of appropriate size. It's a medium one; one that won't tear the girl's asshole's bloody but also suggests things won't go at a leisurely pace. Vivian's ass should be able to take dicks very soon. It looks just like a butt plug, only longer and slimmer.

Not bothering with artificial lube, the experienced woman pops it in her mouth and coats it in saliva, as she's stepping towards Vivian's brown little flower, which is nervously "winking" at her. Without a warning, Maxine steadies one hand on Vivian's small, but tight asscheek, and without beating around the buss pushes the slightly elastic device past Vivian's rectum, the tool slowly disappearing inside Vivian's ass until it reaches its girthiest point, where it funnels inwards and rests on the girl's "back-door".

“HMMMMMMMMNNGGG!” Vivian lets out a painful cry as her asshole learns the sensation of being stretched, unable to “push” the toy out of her. “Be right back, forgot my smokes” Maxine remembers and literally a second after ass-plugging the slave, exits the room with the same accustomed air she entered it.

Soon everything’s ready and all that’s left in the room is Maxine, sitting cross-legged behind her desk with a lit cigarette in hand, and a Face-Down-Ass-Up tethered Vivian, with her two holes pointing toward the room’s entrance. From the perspective of someone who just entered the room, the taut chains that keep Vivian’s crotch from lowering form guiding lines that poetically point towards the girl’s presented pussy. The footboard of the bed is on equal level to the mattress, creating easy access.

“Hmmmffff...ghmmmfff...” the girl tries to hold back sobs and appear strong, as she hears the growing chatter of the queue, her queue, right outside the door. On the door’s other side are clipped two side-by-side photographs of Miss Kowalski. One is taken more discreetly than the other. The one on the left shows a cheery Vivian, walking across the sidewalk in a pair of skinny jeans and cute short-sleeved top. The one on the right shows the girl in a much different state, seconds after her kidnappers have locked her inside her degrading transportation cage, looking scared as fuck. Above the two photos is the slave’s newly assigned name (always a two word-name, mostly attributed to a slave via her stereotypical appearance) and her Institute ID code:

*Petite Piper*

**#2983055**

As the small red on the top corner of the security door flashes with a beep, the door opens and a short, buzzcut meathead enters the room, huffing like a stallion that can’t control his urges for much longer. His broad shoulders and muscular arms look much more worked on than his lower body. “Good morning” Maxine gives the brute a smile. He more accurately groans than speaks, as he puts the token on the table and impatiently approaches the writhing, moaning Vivian, having already unbuckled his belt by the time he reaches her squirming form. The poor, bound and gagged girl is desperately pulling on her restraints, with no effect, heavily breathing through her nose with dreadful anticipation.

Maxine presses a button on her remote. Simultaneously, the top customer counter goes from 0 to 1, and the timer underneath it clicks from 12:00 to 11:59, 11:58 and so on with each passing second.

“Mmmm...mmmmm...mmmmm...mmmmm...mmmmm...” the girl lets out droning, pained moans, in synch with the man’s rough thrusts, her tapegagged face ever slightly sliding against the mattress with each “push” the man gives her rear. The counter on the wall reads “42”. Before this morning, the amount of times the 19-year-old girl has had sex was five, the number of sexual partners...one. Now these numbers were 47 and 43, respectfully.

Vivian’s eyelids are droopy, her eyes half-closed in a tormented, drained daze, like the traumatized girl is not all there. Her mascara has run down her cheeks, the tears having run and dried on her cheeks multiple times since the door of her room opened. Her (fittingly) petite pussy is unbelievably sore from the repeated, senseless abuse it has continuously withstood for the past 7 hours. No amount of lube is able to help with the cruel pounding the small girl’s pussy has received, with the girl’s dainty labia lips now having an agitated, red color. Her perky round asscheeks display a similar redness, with a multitude of different, red, palm marks decorating the girls’ sensitive soft, flesh, all of them indicative of the girl’s “respectful” treatment during this time. To her clients’ added enjoyment, the young girl’s filled asshole has stretched everything in that region, making her pussy a tad tighter than it already is.

Though she appears mentally demolished (physically, too), the girl didn’t always look as broken. For the first 3-4 hours of this revolving door rape-fest, Vivian bucked like a caged animal and screamed like one too, cursing at her various “users” through the clear tape and mouth-stuffed underwear, which by now is fully spit-washed, left to soak in the girl’s mouth. Her furious groans and insistent pulling were nothing but charming to her rapists. Her resistance didn’t make any difference to her limited freedom, but it sure as hell entertained her “lovers”, who relished the girl’s spirited fighting, even though due to her strict bondage, they used her as comfortably as they’d use a glory hole.

Maxine barely pays any attention to Vivian's 42<sup>nd</sup> rape, absentmindedly filing her nails behind the tiny desk. To her, it's just another day at work. The man currently violating Vivian's small cunt is a black man with long, slightly greying dreadlocks, around 50. He slides his 7.5-inch hog in and out of the helpless girl, his thick soda-can of an erection just slightly prolapsing Vivian's delicate flower with each "windup" he takes, before plummeting balls deep inside that tight, 'hot pocket'.

The wall-mirror in front of the man gives him a nice surrounding view, both of the inviting little white ass he has "looking up" at him, as well as the girl's miserable gagged expression, her face resting sideways on the mattress.

With a few more building pumps, the man shoots his load inside the tomboy's fuck-hole, his cum adding to the melting pot of semen that has become Vivian's abused sex. As he satisfyingly withdraws his 'hose', a big chunk of his load splurges out of Vivian's sore, stretched hole, tainted with a couple of drops of blood. "Bitch is bleedin'" the man simply notifies Maxine with a grunt on his way out. Bored, Maxine gets up from her chair and approaches the fucktoy. "It" is breathing slowly through its nose, sunken onto its restraints that keep its ass presented, but otherwise immobile. Utterly spent and in incapacitating pain. "Hmm, whatever, she'll get a break now, anyway" Maxine shrugs at the sight of the girl's slightly injured pussy. These kinds of things happen all the time.

Barely able to stand on her own feet, Vivian is ungagged and unchained from the bed by two new handlers. Maxine quickly runs a soapy sponge across the girl's body. Her ass is marked with countless spankings and the lines of where the girl pushed and pulled against her leather restraints, namely her wrists, ankles and a ring around the top of each thigh. The short girl is coated with semen and sweat of various sources. The 35-year-old, latex-clad woman hastily wipes Vivian with a small towel, thick-combing the girl's filth for only a few seconds. She's gonna be prepped after dinner, anyway.

Throughout her rape, Vivian has been replaying the words she will utter to this heartless woman and her minions when the opportunity comes along, but when it finally does, she is too mentally beaten to muster any words, standing there in cowardly.

Once her hasty cleanup is done, Vivian's wrists are shackled in front of her, her ankles hobbled similarly. Vivian wants to fight back, but has no strength. Hey, at least she's not getting fucked anymore. Besides the anal-trainer which she wasn't allowed to remove, the (still utterly dirty by most standards) girl wears a metal collar with a small, round metal tag, containing her ID code,

both in numbers and in bar-code, as well as her new name, all inscribed on the tag. Only real item of clothing she's given is a plain, washed off, oversized grey dress, its length barely covering the girl's ass. It might as well be a nylon potato sack, their slave-personnel's style during breaks not a priority for the Institute.

Vivian is then 'escorted' by the two handlers out of the room and towards the slave dining area. She's got 30 minutes to eat, and an hour to 'gather herself' and get prepped by the handlers, before the second half of her 'shift' begins.



## **CHAPTER 4: BROUGHT DOWN BY THE SYSTEM**

It is night-time. Only a lone security light on top of the door is on. Vivian is sitting on the head post of her bed, clutching her knees, her small body curled to a fetal ball. After 8 more hours of grueling bound pussy-rimming and another short meal, the Institute closes its underground doors to for the day.

Images of all 85 men who violently raped Vivian in quick succession flash by her mind one after the other. Every slave's mushy, unappetizing meal is spiked with painkillers, though the girl is still pretty sore down there from the 85 sexual encounters she's had today. And tomorrow there'll probably be just as many.

The girl gets up to use the 'restroom', a lone pit-hole located on one corner of her bed-adjacent wall. The thick chain, connecting her metal collar and the bed's metal head-post, is only long enough for her to reach that spot and walk around the large bed. The essentials.

After humiliatingly squatting over the hole and relieving her bladder, Vivian moves at the arc of her radial movement, checking for the eighth time whether she can find something to escape. She has found nothing so far, and the eighth time is no different. Even if she somehow breaks a shard of the mirror behind her, she can't free herself of her metal collar or the thick chain attached to it.

With the worrying thought that tomorrow might be just like today, the exhausted soccer girl drops to her bed and quickly falls asleep.

Vivian is rudely awakened by the door loudly opening and two handlers barging in. "Back off!" the naked from the crotch down, steel-collared woman threatens them, jumping off the bed and putting her small fists up in renewed rebelliousness. She's definitely up now.

The male and female handlers exchange an amused look, holding in their chuckle, and jab the defensive girl with their cattle prods from a safe distance, in no mood for silly games.

With the repeated electric shocks forcing the defenseless girl to cower down to her knees and fold like a baby, the handlers waste no time shackling the girl and gagging her with a big, black harness ballgag. They then lead her out of the room, towards the Slave Cafeteria.

Just like one would imagine, a cafeteria made only for slaves does not look very pretty. The blunt, metal tables with attached metal bench seats, are all heavily bolted to the floor. The lone stand where the meals are distributed has a clear Plexiglas window in front of it, with only a small hole for an inmate's paper plate to pass through. A small line of slaves' with their handlers on either side of them is formed in front of that dull kiosk.

Vivian did not offer much resistance yesterday, but having gotten some sleep, feels ready to get back at those bastards. As soon as she receives her paper plate, filled with the same gross mush she had yesterday, and her paper spoon (all in service of the Institute staff's safety) the short-haired girl picks it up with both hands (since her wrists are shackled with a 3-inch-long chain) and in an rebellious act slams it hard against the thick Plexiglas window.

"HUV' IK UP WO' UHH, WUH WUPUHH!" (*SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS, YOU RAPISTS!*) she yells at the lunch-person, though the 2-inch-wide ballgag stuffed in her mouth kind of pulls the punch of her revolutionary exclamation. Vivian stares daggers at the lunch person on the other side of that glass, her sentiment going out to everyone that works here, not helping her and the other sex-trafficked women.

All the slaves, seated at the table turn to face her with eyes that are more surprised than shocked. It is not the first time a new bitch wants to make a statement in this hellscape, and it won't be the last. Despite completely sympathizing with her, no woman joins Vivian in this "I'm Spartacus" moment. They are all here long enough to know what actions like these entail.

As the mush slowly drips down the wall, a kicking and screaming Miss "Piper" is being dragged through the floor by her two handlers, her slave-mates watching her with a saddened, coward look and a long sigh.

Though repercussions for Miss Kowalski's indecency will be ruthless, the girl is returned to her room for now. Her noon "shift" starts in about an hour, and the Institute is not stupid to punish her during profit-making hours. No, all discipline matters are taken care of during the slaves' sleeping hours.

When Vivian enters her room again, hungry and with more little cattle-prod jab shots accumulated along the way back, she sees a woman waiting inside her room. She's in her mid-40s, in plain civilian clothing and not the standard handler jumpsuit. Vivian recognizes her as the woman that did her slutty teen make-up yesterday. Indeed, the woman's big handbag is full of makeup kits and other beautification products.

“Quick eater?” the woman teases, knowing full well that some disciplinary reason must be the cause of the girl’s early return. “Wash her quick, cause I promised Mike I’d help with a bitch in Processing” the female handler asks of her coworkers, Vivian catching little of what her words mean.

The ‘washer’, as Vivian found out between her first and second whore-shift, is a pretty self-explanatory, albeit advanced machinery. Unlocked from its metal casing, used to avoid any rage-filled slave damaging it, the device operates similarly to an automatic car-wash, though instead of a car, inside it is a poor, attractive woman.

The handlers quickly change the girl’s harness ballgag for a wide silicone ring-gag, a necessity for the girl’s hygienic procedure. “FK Uff, NNNUUUGghhm!” (*FUCK OFF! NOOO!*) Vivian pulls away from the machine that her shackle-chains are pulled towards, but some ‘zapping’ encouragement is enough to thwart her struggles.

The curved, Plexiglas door of the washer opens and the small girl is pushed inside, pinned against a thick, metal pole that is vertical at the center of the machine’s empty space. Along the pole’s length are hard-plastic stocks that can snap shut to trap various body parts. The stocks can also slide along the pole, to secure any writhing woman, regardless of her attractive measurements.

Vivian fights with all her will, but she can’t overpower the two handlers, who, having done this countless times before, swiftly snap the stocks around her neck, waist and ankles (on two separate stocks at the bottom). The cuffs already placed over the girl’s wrists are simply hooked on a placeholder of the bar, just above the girl’s head.

Vivian’s furious, gagged screaming is kind of muffled once the door is closed in front of her. It is time for the little whore to get nice and cleaned up for her many, many clients. The handler presses a button on the machine reading “**STANDARD CYCLE - 10 MINUTES**” and pretty much like a washer, the machine springs to life, blasting the girl from 5 different angles and three different heights with powerful streams of cold, soapy water.

The girl jerks and shakes her pole-tethered body, moaning from the almost freezing water painfully hitting her naked body. She shifts her ring-gagged face left and right, the washer pretty much drowning her during its expected function. The Institute won’t stand over each slave’s shoulder waiting for her to clean her filthy ass properly every day. These washers are much more efficient.

After a minute of relentless water-blasting, rows of rapidly spinning, circular brushes spring forth from the machine's inner walls and press against the girl's skin, scrubbing the dirt away like her small tits are the hood and her perky ass the spoiler in this car-wash analogy. It is such a demeaning treatment, which Vivian can only endure. Her short hair receives a good washing, as shampoo is automatically dispatched from the top of the pole down her head, the brushes giving them a good, industrial scrub, like the rest of her body.

With the brushes retrieving, it's time for the final portion of this automated clean-up, the drying. Blasts of hot air hit Vivian from 5 different angles, rapidly drying her drenched body. Just like yesterday, Vivian hates this whole ordeal. While the air is not hot enough to damage her precious skin, the heat soon gets really uncomfortable, after warming the girl up from her frozen bath.

In just a couple of minutes, the fierce blast of hot air has left the bound girl bone-dry. Each slave goes through this humiliating step of her "prep" twice a day, before the start of each shift.

But there's one last thing to take care off. A slave's oral hygiene is also important. No one wants to be sucked off by a stinky-mouthed, rotten-toothed hag.

The washer door is opened and the make-up lady approaches the tormented Vivian. The woman takes out a little drawer of the machine and produces an electric toothbrush. She places it under a small sensor-activated dispenser, and a splurge of pink whitening, dry toothpaste automatically plops onto the brush.

The older woman gets rather handsy with Vivian, propping her hand on the girl's face to steady her, and lifting the girl's cute lips so that she can properly get the spinning, round brush on every nook and cranny of the girl's denture. Even if the woman's actions are not technically harming, Vivian hates this; feeling so powerless by someone sticking an electric toothbrush willy-nilly inside her locked-open mouth. She feels the rotating hairs of the buzzing toothbrush against her teeth and her gums, moving across her teeth without her consent. It's so invasive! The woman's treatment is not caring by any stretch of the word. Rather distant, procedural and objectifying.

After the thorough brushing is done, the make-up lady spritzes some water from a spray bottle into the girl's gaping mouth. "Guuuhhgkk...!" the girl whines and shakes her head as the toothpaste is rinsed from her spread mouth. Finally, the lady wipes her wet chin with a hand-towel, cleaning any leftover toothpaste.

With the same cruel disregard for her consent, Vivian is unlocked, removed from the machine and led towards the foot of her metal bed. The handlers don't waste any time, setting up the squealing girl to the front of the metal footboard of the bed, making her kneel on the floor. Using rope, they hitch her wrists to the upper corners of the footboard and force Vivian's arms spread on either side. They wrap more hemp rope around her kneeling knees and spread her thighs, tying the rope off to the bottom corners of the footboard. "NNUUGGGHH!" Vivian pulls against the ropes with all her might, but these are professional riggers, ones that don't give a fuck about a bitch's comfort, either. If her circulation is not blocked, everything is peachy.

Finally, the jumpsuited man and woman take a metal pole, like the two used yesterday to hold the girl's crotch up, and slide it inside a hole in the middle of the footboard, right behind Vivian's kneeling body. "NNHHUUUggh..." Vivian's groans are choked out briefly, as the female handler wraps a good 5 coils of rope around 'Piper's' slender neck, tethering it to the pole without the slightest slack.

"GGGHHUUUUGhh!" The girl tries to shake her head off the pole, but it doesn't budge at all. Yesterday her clients got a first taste of her tight pussy. Today, they're about to fuck that sweet, sweet mouth of hers.

"Is this her first oral?" the make-up lady asks the handlers, who are ready to depart for other setups. "I think so, she just got here yesterday" the man answers, already half way out the door, before disappearing with the female handler.

"Gonna give you some nice red lips, then" the woman says as she kneels in front of the bound Vivian, though she might as well be talking to herself, with the girl's inability to respond. The lady takes out a deep red lipstick and carefully traces it across the girl's lips, forming an inviting round, red hole around the girl's ring-gag. Vivian tries to make her life difficult, being as shifty as her bondage allows (barely), but the lady has experience in beautifying unwilling gals. She proceeds to powder Vivian up with a bit of make-up, blush and the necessary slutty dark mascara.

Throughout this, Vivian alternates between incoherent death curses and mean looks to pitiful whimpers towards the woman, who's working on her face to face. "We should put on eyelashes, too, right?!" the woman says excitedly, addressing Vivian like you would a pet, not expecting any feedback. She takes a pair of long, fake eyelashes.

"Bear with me cause they need to stick" the woman informs the girl, in her first and most bizarre spa day ever. The strange lady is not above wrapping her arm around the girl's roped neck to further steady her as she places and presses the fake eyelashes over her right eyelid. "Ghh...ghhh..." Vivian gets a bit redder than her girly blush has already turned her, in need of

oxygen, but the woman doesn't seem to mind that need. In the end, the young tomboy has some feminine, fake eyelashes, accentuating her stunning, dark-brown eyes. The woman did not know what to do with the girl's rather boyish brown hair, simply finger-brushing to one side and pampering it up with some hairspray.

"There, all prettied up!" the 40-something year old woman lets a tired groan as she slowly gets up on her feet, Vivian's seductively decorated eyes silently tracing her make-up artist. The free woman only knelt for 10 minutes to fix the slave up, but the fact that Vivian will spend almost the entire day on her knees does not alter the older woman's privileged perspective.

And that's without considering the violent facefucking that's about to commence.

"Gluh...gluh...gluh...gluh...gluh...gluh...gluh...gluh...!!!" the 19-year-old soccer girl's throat 'sings' as it is being recklessly pummeled by a fat, hairy cock. The man said cock belongs to is pounding the girl's head-hole with zero worries. No teeth will make an appearance. His advances won't be dissuaded by pushing hands. His rhythmic throat-filling won't be thrown off by any pulling or turning motion away from his hard-on.

The first is taken care of by the girl's wide silicone ring-gag that puts the riled up slut's pretty chompers nicely "stashed" away, and the client's penis out of any harm's way.

The second is courtesy of Vivian's tight wrist bonds, the girl pulling with all her strength even at this hour, but only managing to flex the tiny biceps of her skinny little arms and ball-up her useless fists.

The third one, besides the girl's general bondage, is also granted by the metal pole, where Vivian's neck is tied on. With the back of her head finding the stiff resistance of steel with each penetration, poor Vivian has to take 'all' of her user's 'happy to see her', at whatever tempo and 'depth' it wants to dig in. Some folks even hold onto the metal pole for extra leverage, while driving their meaty rods past the girl's red lips, while others grab onto the girl's short-haired head.

It's about 7 in the afternoon and 'Petite Piper' tastes her 39<sup>th</sup> dick of the day, as indicated by the number 39 flashing on the wall. The girl's face is red and her eyes blood-shot, from the clear need for air that this gentleman has so rudely taken away from her. Her mascara has (as expected) run down her face. One of her fake eyelashes has droplets of cum dangling from it, a

parting gift of the previous client. Her larynx is extremely sore from numerous hard-ons forcefully sliding in and out and her jaw aches from its cruel bondage.

The red-faced girl looks up at the standing man with an expression of sheer sensory overwhelm. She can't even really look at him, since his crotch is so close to her face (his pubes slamming against her nose with every thrust) that there's not a clear line of sight between them. The man doesn't seem to mind this lack of 'connection', more immersed in the stimulating feeling of a hot little thing, involuntarily slurping his cock. He can't wait for the day the slut is blow-trained, so that he can also feel her pretty red lips hug his shaft. But still, he can't complain. This BJ is much better than any reluctant fellatio a bored prostitute would give him.

A different brawd is on customer support today, a younger girl in a sexy, red, leather mini-dress. She's playing some game on her phone, whilst Vivian is having her tonsils prodded, just a few feet away from her. Vivian pleaded to the girl's smaller age difference, but the only thing she got in response was the same anal-trainer that Maxine had gotten yesterday, inserted again into her malleable corn-hole.

Like yesterday, Miss Kowalski is doing her damn best to maintain some fighting dignity during her mouth-raping. But her rope-pulling has bruised her wrists, knees and neck. She's running out of mean looks to give to each successive client. Cursing them out through her jaw-stretching ring-gag does not do much for her pride, either, as any incomprehensible, albeit furious, gibberish she spurts from her gaping, 'dick-proofed' maw is quickly 'answered' with a dick shoved down her annoying yapper. A response the girl has a hard time arguing.

While she has been cleaned and pampered pristinely for this throat gang-bang, the girl cannot say the same thing for the vast majority of her 'dates'. Throughout the day, unwashed, disgusting cocks leisurely work their way in and out of her moist lil' fuck-hole. The 38 loads Vivian has 'ever so gracefully' accepted have mostly ended up down her gullet, with the rest decorating her made up face and short hair with a sticky glow. She doesn't possess a hefty rack worthy of a cumload, like some other whores in the Institute quarters, so her small, youthful titties have been left mostly unjizzed.

The man's cock, coated with the thick kind of saliva that you can only dig up from the bottom of a whore's throat, resurfaces for a brief moment through the girl's round entrance to heaven. "AAAAAaaa...aaaa....aaaa....AAAaGHUgk...!" Vivian is only able to get a couple of seconds of precious, panting breaths, before she's made to shut up once more by the slippery erection.

Vivian's mouth-rape builds up speed as the man approaches climax, the girl forced to endure the fat cock sloppily jack-rabbiting its way in her small, but stretched mouth.

"Glagghlaglaglaglahgla.....!...!...!" the girl's funny, sloshy throat noise goes to a fully abrupt stop, as the man buries his cock down the girl's throat, his balls slapping on the girl's small, feminine chin, as they empty their load. The thick splurge travels straight down the girl's stomach, bypassing her taste-buds. Not even a suppressed moan can heard from Vivian, but the intensity of her distress in this moment shows, as the girl is frantically writhing against her bonds in utter suffocating silence, not even able to gurgle. ".....AGLA.....!.....!.....!" the girl involuntarily vocalizes the split second it took the man to re-thrust one last time into his cum-bucket.

Before the man has even removed his jizz-slimed, deflating shaft from Vivian's ring-gagged kisser, the next client has already entered the room and closed the door behind him, while the bored receptionist clicks her remote to switch the wall-screen from 39 to 40.

Wanting to have something other than semen and stomach acid in her tummy, Vivian relented to eating her second meal of the day. Like yesterday, she was in no mood to converse with any of the similarly traumatized females in the cafeteria.

Another degrading auto-washing, another facial sluttification, another restrained setup back on her sore knees and against that pole, for 'round two' of this cock-sucking extravaganza. Not really, though. There was nothing extravagant or elaborate about the girl's ball-draining, besides the few esthetic touches of her makeup and bondage. If anything, it was rather low-brow, like a hot-dog stand, rather than a fancy restaurant. Only instead of hotdogs, Vivian was serving blowjobs.

It is 5.20 at night. While most slaves are getting a desperately needed rest from their grueling, unpaid labor, Vivian finds herself being led by the end of a noose-pole, down the heavily dim corridors of the Institute, only illuminated by the faint safety lights. Vivian is too exhausted to offer much resistance, going along with her captors.

Her little 'outburst' in the cafeteria did not go undocumented, and so, on just her second day in the Institute, lil' Miss 'Piper' has earned herself a trip to the punishment room.

While one handler holds the pole on which the harness-ballgagged, shackled small girl is attached to, the other one unlocks a heavy metal door that opens with an eery creak. Vivian

expects to find many ill-fated damsels inside, suffering in all sorts of ways, but the room appears empty.

The area houses multiple rows of rectangular clear Plexiglas boxes, each standing on metal legs at about 3 feet from the floor. There are 12 boxes inside this room, 6 on either side of it, creating a path through the middle. Inside each plastic/glass container, is a horizontal, metal frame, with multiple leather straps waiting in place to secure an unlucky woman in a basic spread-eagle fashion.

While at first glance, all the boxes appear empty, an echoing vowel-only sob betrays a tormented presence. A pretty, German girl, with pitch-black, long wavy hair is encased onto one of these boxes, on the right far side of the room. While her bondage is strict and uncomfortable, the leather straps tightly pinning her neck, wrists, elbows, waist, knees and ankles to the cold metal frame, it is not the source of the girl's cries.

About a hundred large cockroaches are all lively crawling up and down the girl's naked body. The utterly miserable girl is uncontrollably sobbing into her large, metal ring-gag, her beautiful D-cup breasts heaving up and down in her panic. She has been in this room for about 20 minutes (her handlers setting her up sooner so that they could call it an earlier night) but she's gone through a couple of minor panic attacks already. Her nightly stay in these quarters is a result of her private, VIP client's complains about her lackluster performance. Slaves are expected to be astounding sluts during those 'one-on-one' pre-booked sessions, something that their relative freedom during these alludes to.

The girl lets one more high-pitched, gut-wrenching scream into her metal ring-gag, as one more cockroach crawls up her chin, towards her vulnerable mouth/cave. The black-haired woman's mouth has been sprayed with special pheromones to attract the disgusting insects' attention there and keep the bitch on edge for the whole night. An automating sprayer on the top of the glass box sprays water down the girl's roach-covered body every 30 minutes. Just to irritate and "liven up" the multi-legged creatures' movements and keep them from staying idle.

As if the poor woman's innate fear of cockroaches isn't doing wonders for her discipline already.

In general, the Institute alternates between a few different punishment methods in order to find the most 'effective' one for each slave, meaning the one she dreads the most. It's a trial-and-error method, though trying to find a 'tolerable' way to spend the dawn here is impossible. Though you'd imagine the sleep-deprived girls could possibly fall asleep, lying flat on these frames, this is not a possibility when you add their nightly predicament. The punishment boxes' design is simply to prevent any long-term accumulated leg injury to the Institute's valuable merchandise from standing for too long. Especially when it comes to the VIP clients, they want to see a strutting whore in heels, not a paraplegic mess.

Just like the 'roach-bath', as the punishment is called, every disciplinary 'lesson' here is designed to not cause any scarring or marking on the slaves' bodies. That privilege is saved only for the VIP customers of the Institute.

As she's further led into the room, the head-harnessed, heavily ballgagged tomboy exchanges a look with the distressed, boxed girl, as she passes by her see-through casing. While the German's wet eyes betray her great need for some, any kind of help, Vivian's eyes just look cautiously worried. Though she doesn't have the aversion to insects that most girls have, Vivian is not optimistic about what seems to lie ahead.

The short slavegirl is stopped before a Plexiglas case, two boxes over the redhead's. Vivian tries to make her handlers' life a little difficult, but she's too tired to offer much resistance. She soon finds herself strapped down the cold frame, just like the German slavegirl is a few feet away, but with her neck-strap still unused.

The punishments are not arbitrarily chosen by the handlers. They are assigned from the Institute's centrals and new ones are devised and tested every few months or so. Vivian might one day make acquaintances with the 'cute', 2-inch-long insects that currently fill raven-haired damsel's tank, but it's not today.

While Vivian is trying to psych herself up for a cockroach onslaught, she's confused to see the handlers lift her head enough to place a dark-brown, leather blindfold over her eyes and buckle it snugly behind her head. The blindfold is old, its leather is cracked, but it does the job just fine.

"Gnmff...ghfmbbuhhg!" Vivian groans unintelligibly and shakes her head frustrated that her sight is taken from her. A pair of wireless over-ear headphones are not just placed on the girl's head, but strapped onto it from multiple nylon straps that are adjusted for a perfectly snug fit,

the straps going over Vivian's forehead and around the back of her head, as well as under her - already ball-stretched - jaw. It's important that the slave cannot dislodge the headphones, because very soon, she will want nothing more.

"Hmnngh?" the girl whimpers worryingly in her huge ballgag, as she feels the earphones being strapped to her head. Her fate is different. Unknown. This increases her fear, betrayed by the girl's restless, trembling feet. The handlers don't answer her gagged inquiry, of course, strapping her neck snugly down on the frame and getting the final ingredient of her torture session ready.

An ingredient in the literal sense, since it is a syringe filled with a shot of adrenaline and one shot of a strong hallucinogenic drug. This will "spice up" the girl's 7-hour stay here.

Despite her exhaustion, the little bitch won't be falling asleep on them any time soon.

"GMMMFF! NNNNUUGGH!" the girl moans in instinctive self-preservation, feeling the handlers moosh her face aside long enough for the needle to pierce the side of her neck. "Eaaaasy tiger" the handler mumbles to the helpless girl - something that doesn't ease her struggling whatsoever, whilst keeping her face pinned to the side until the syringe is empty and the liquid adrenaline and hallucinogenic join the young woman's bloodstream.

The two male handlers get up and lock the glass side-lid of the girl's enclosure, while the little brat is once again testing her bonds' strength, now blinded as well as ballgagged, and with all sorts of straps going around her face from the harness, blindfold and affixed headphones. One of them takes out a small, slim pad from his pocket.

He presses the button with the classic "on" symbol and Vivian hears a wall of sound fade in her earphones. The sound is an aggressive, grating and pretty much incomprehensible amalgamation of uncomfortable sounds. From heavily distorted screams, drums and cymbals crushing in frantic tempos, to metallic nails being dragged across a blackboard, to disgusting slimy and grinding sounds, this is a barely musical, sonic equivalent to hell.

Vivian senses the volume gradually rise until it reaches a whopping 130 Decibels, with the sound's source at point-blank range from her eardrums!

"MMMMMMMMMMNGGH! MMNNHPPHHGG!" the girl shakes in frenzy against the metal frame she's pinned on, trying in vain to dislodge the headphones that have been securely strapped over her ears. Even though they are noise-cancelling, the horrific noise is so loud it can easily be heard by the two handlers, through the Plexiglas case!

It's evident that the Institute does not care about menial things like their slaves' damaged hearing. As long as the girls can easily hear orders, they'll be fine in the Institute's 'book'.

Turning away from the writhing, screaming girl, who is being 'acclimated' in this new horror, the handlers leave the punishment room. As Vivian desperately bounces in her immobilizing straps, she's only left with the German girl's company, who's too busy being buried in cockroaches.



## CHAPTER 5: A ROWDY LIL BRAT

Vivian is slowly turning her head from side to side, her strapped neck unconsciously stuck in this perpetual motion, in an attempt to cope. The girl's teeth are forcefully grinding against the rubber of her red ball-gag, also a feral response to her ordeal. Vivian's 'song' has been blasting in her ears for the past three hours, with no breaks or end in sight. The 5'1" girl's tiny chest is rapidly expanding and deflating, her heart beating like crazy, feeling like it will burst out of that naked chest at any point.

The track is 30 minutes long, to avoid any possibility of its repetition rendering it 'white noise' by its tortured listener, then looping ad nauseum. This ear-hurting noise, coupled with the girl's adrenaline dosing, has made for a truly awful effect on the poor girl.

Vivian is drenched in sweat, mentally and physically in a constant, heightened state of agony. Even if she found a way to somehow get settled into this painful blast of sound, her drugged state keeps her in unwavering anxiety, tension and panic. Her head has been hurting for the past couple of hours, but her headache is only being intensified by this harrowing symphony the girl is forced to listen to.

Horrible, incomprehensible, nightmarish imagery has been flashing non-stop in her mind's eye, triggered by the adrenaline and extremely loud, agonizing soundscape, and amplified by the girl's blindness.

The slave's leather blindfold only increases this horrible overload with a claustrophobic, trapped sensation, further aided by the girl's full-bodied bondage. There's no escaping this mind-raping torture, the girl is stuck in the worst drug-trip she will ever experience, and this helplessness becomes a torment in it of itself for the young woman.

A couple of rows besides Vivian, the German redhead is still eye-wide, her droning, wimpy, ring-gagged cries not reaching her disciplined slave-mate's ears. Another spray of water springs the roaming creepy-crawlies to slither faster over her framed body, renewing her terror.

The two slaves have about four more hours of their respective ordeals, their sleep having been swapped for this "instructive" lesson in obedience. Then it's back to work.

Despite her grueling time in the punishment room, the brat's feisty attitude does not cave in as the days go by. It doesn't affect her shitty fate in any way, but poor Viv' gives it her best shot, antagonizing her clientele, as well as the Institute staff, at almost every step of the way.

The pattern of systematic sexual abuse and complete disregard for the woman's humanity continues unwavering. During the following weeks, the girl's sex-tally crosses the 1000 mark. Over a thousand dicks is a lot, no matter how promiscuous or free-spirited a gal is.

'Petite Piper' is quickly becoming one of the most popular slaves in the Institute. Her antagonizing energy, which results in adorable struggling and moaning, paired with her small, vulnerable, innocent stature, causes the Institute regulars to always return for more and the newcomers to wonder what the long lines outside 'Petite Piper's' door are all about.

By the end of three months, the girl's days pass in a rape-filled haze, which now also include the girl's tight asshole, trained to better 'expand' its tunnel.

A quick montage of the girl's brief stay at the Institute can sum things up, as we get glimpses of random days in Vivian Kowalski's new life:

- ❖ Vivian is kneeling on the bed, her tiny naked body leaning forwards as her wrists are attached to the metal head-post by leather straps. Thought it doesn't help her much, her ankles are loosely chained to the footboard's corners, which does allow the girl the freedom to back-kick like a donkey, something she has no shame in doing, but something her clients also have a good laugh with, easily nullifying this obstacle.

While the girl is being roughly penetrated from behind, her body involuntary rocking back and forth from the man's fucking, a long piece of shiny, black tape is tightly wrapped around her face a couple of times, gagging her. But this is not the only accessory the slave is "sporting" today. On this special day, a little card on the room's reception desk reads:

**"Laundry Basket: You can mask the slave with your underwear"**

Keeping with today's prompt, Vivian is essentially hooded under many layers of filthy, sweaty cotton, as about 15 different pairs of male underwear are draped one over the other over her head, each belonging to a previous client throughout the day. A communal potluck of filth has been created, covering the girl's head and face.

All the men that have elected to “deposit” their underwear have not been keeping up with their laundry, since the assortment of briefs and trunks hooding the young girl all look disgusting and stinky, some of them sporting yellow stains and a few even some faint brown ones. Whether it’s the piss-stained front of the underwear or the swampy, shit-smelling back, the most heinous spot of each pair of underwear is strategically positioned over the girl’s nose, for her to better “appreciate” a “true man’s” smell and bond with her clients in a new way. Every 3-4 pairs or so, a new round of tape is made over the woman’s mouth by the receptionist lady, to better secure the growing hood of untidy-whities over Vivian’s head and to bring the sweaty, dirty cotton “intimately” closer to the girl’s pretty face.

“Hmfff...hmmff...hmmf...HMM MMMMMMMMMMMMMGG!” the involuntary moans caused by the girl’s pussy-pounding are occasionally interspersed with a desperate smothered squeal of pure agony – just like now - as the half-suffocating girl has no choice but to constantly inhale this unbearable putrid scent, with her mouth tapegagged.

- ❖ Vivian is tethered not anywhere on the bed, but next to it, almost against the cement-block wall. Her bondage forces her to stand straight on the cute tip-toes of her right, size 7.5 foot, as her left leg has been pulled all the way up and over her head, its ankle band attached to a wall ring by a short chain. The raised, straightened leg is almost touching her torso, in the girl’s folded, almost gymnastic-level state of enforced contortion. The slave’s standing foot is itself balancing on a small stool, in order for her obscenely spread, hairless crotch to be easily accessible at the proper height for most clients.

The girl is currently being cervix-prodded by a lanky man with long, greasy dark hair. He has his arms wrapped around the girl’s chest, as he penetrates the girl from a side angle, the girl’s suspended, bare heel of her foot being locked over his head. The way he squeezes Vivian’s small, naked body as he pumps into her, sandwiches the girl’s torso and her already strained leg together, causing further pain and discomfort on the poor slave.

And that’s only one of Miss Kowalski’s current problems. A glistening, purple rubber hood has been placed over her head, tightly encasing her head, down to a snug fit around her neck. The oval-shaped opening on the hood, going just above her eyebrows and along the bridge of her nose, broadcasts the girl’s sheer distress through her pretty, pleading eyes.

The hood does not allow ANY air to reach the girl’s lungs, hinted at by the slave’s almost perfectly muted moans, which usually are heard much more. The thin, metal lining on the bottom line of the oval opening perfectly adheres over the bridge of the girl’s nose and her cheekbones, making a complete seal of her three air-holes. On the rubber located over the girl’s open lips, which desperately suck in nothing but purple rubber, is a small, round, yellow button.

The card on the sexy receptionist's table reads:

**“Take her breath away: You can suffocate the slave for up to one minute at a time. Wait at least 10 seconds before re-applying.”**

As the man is aggressively pumping his hard-on inside the leg-splayed girl, Vivian's eyes start to roll back towards her head, her oxygen deprivation reaching a critical point. Like most of today's clients, this asshole has surfed along the limits of the breath-playing rules, having already received a warning from the receptionist for leaving the girl breathless for over a minute. With a second strike getting him literally kicked out the room, the guy is doing his best to unload, now that his fuck-doll's arousing misery is at its peak, and his cock is throbbing and ready.

Vivian soundlessly, but very needily, shifts in her limited range of movement, her begging eyes turning to her sleazy rapist, who now has his face pressed against her rubbery head as he rapidly fucks her, his orgasm-approaching face leaving a gross dribble of saliva onto the side of Vivian's rubbery-hooded head.

As unconsciousness begins to sweep her wall-bound body, Vivian feels another hot load fill her sensitive insides, and a couple of seconds later a dirty thumb presses on the only button the hood features. After the click, the button returns to a more jutting position, causing three tiny side-holes to poke through the rubber.

“MMMmmm...MMMMMMm...MMMMMMmm!” the slave-girl hungrily takes in air through these holes, slowly returning to a more lucid state, as the guy dismounts off her cream-pied cunt, leaving the fucked slut to softly teeter up on her stool.

- ❖ Vivian is unwillingly straddling a fat, balding bastard, her bondage turning her into a horny little 'cowgirl'. Her legs have been frog-tied with rope, folded at the knees, and ropes link each knee to the side of the metal bed, closer to the headboard. The sparse slack of these ropes force the girl's folded legs to spread as she has mounted this gross man, who grabs her by her feminine hips as he easily pumps into her.

Vivian's skinny, delicate arms have been rope-bound behind her back into a grueling reverse-prayer tie. Her elbows are all but touching, while her forearms are fused together, pointing up. It's fair to say that the girl's arms are safely away from her relaxed client. A thick, wooden bit-gag is silencing any complaints, stretching the sensitive corners of the girl's red-painted lips, the gag buckled snugly behind the girl's head. The bit-part resembles a little tree-trunk, which most clients have found adorable so far.

The penetrated slave-girl would have loved to give this sleazy asshole a good head-butt and knock his lustful look straight out of his head. Out in the field, she was pretty good at netting some headers in, despite her short stature; she could be dynamite with her head! But alas, that option is currently off the table. A multi-coiled, rope noose is keeping the girl's upper body straight and her neck securely tethered to a ceiling ring right above.

Any form of protest in her body language causes the taut rope to squeeze around her windpipe, making breathing difficult. The up-and-down bobbing motion that her cock-riding causes, doesn't help with her oxygen intake, either.

"Gnf...gnf...gmmff...ngghh...gnnnf..." the little pony bites down on its wooden bit-gag, with a mean, indignant look in her pretty eyes as she groans with each dick-prodding she gets. The repulsive, fat geezer only has to thrust, laying comfortably on the bed, with his back supported on a couple of pillows against the headboard. Despite the complete lack of consent or cooperation from the lil' filly, this is one of the most leisurely fucks of his life.

"Nice work, sweetie, you ride my wood like a champ!" the creep makes a reference to the girl's wooden silencer, looking up at his tomboyish fuckdoll with an evil, gross smile. He then grabs both of Vivian's small, but drum-tight asscheeks, spreading them as he gropes the helpless girl. "GNNNNNFck....!" the slave lets a painful gagged yelp and instinctively squirms, the moan quickly cut short by her noose responding to her sudden jerk. Her crotch is further stretched from this cheek-pulling, her persistent dicking feeling more intense and tighter than before. It was already pretty uncomfortable to begin with...

While her predicament is slightly different each day, Vivian quickly acclimates to a routine of inventive, humiliating abuse. The novelty of the new slave can only last for so long in the Institute and the demanding clients always need something to 'spice things up' during each visit. There is a dedicated department, solely responsible for coming up with fresh ways to tie, rape and torture their charming merchandise. It is comprised mostly of handlers, since their rigging experience came in handy with this line of work.

Keeping with the theme of this incentivizing practice, the Institute often keeps special 'theme' nights. There are holiday-based ones, like Christmas, where all the slaves wear red Santa Hats or cute elf-ears with red/green Santa, stripped Elf hats. On St. Patrick's Day, all the girls' eye-shadow and lipstick are a bright green color.

Besides the date specific little décor, there are recurring 'events' like "Breathless" days that include heavy breath-play, "Back Door Only" days that feature exclusively anal sex or "Golden

Days” that are basically an endless ‘golden shower’. There are “Spank Sundays” where each slave-room is filled with a variety of different instruments like canes, paddles and crops, to ‘assist’ in teaching these sluts’ tooshies a lesson.

Vivian especially hates “Feed ‘em Fridays”. Taking place in the slave cafeteria, all 50-something slaves are attached to a railing that goes alongside two of the four long walls of the vast room. Similarly to Vivian’s second day, they are forced to kneel snugly side by side, creating a long line of ring-gagged, gaping mouth-holes, with their arms box-tied behind them and their collar’s stiffly attached to the railing behind their napes. The name of this special day hints at the fact that slaves are not fed the ‘conventional’ way. All their nutrients will come from the Institute’s patrons, and their protein-heavy loads, as a little extra incentive for the hungry gals to swallow.

The energy in the cafeteria room during these days is chaotic, even with substantial security around, making sure things roll smooth. Vivian still remembers this fucking nut-job, a short older guy with a massive hard-on, going from girl to girl and giving each different, welcoming mouth a single mouth-filling thrust, then quickly moving to the next slave-girl down the line, presumably fulfilling his dream of getting fellated by 50 girls at the same time.

Vivian has seen lots of strange things ever since her arrival at the Institute. So many bizarre, fucked-up things, that honestly half of them have faded from her memory.

Though the effects on her body have been brutal, the girl’s resistance to her whole ordeal remains vivacious and clear. While many women in her place would have already gotten the memo and lessened their rebelliousness to avoid punishments and a generally bad time, Vivian regularly gives her handlers and users a run for their money – at least as much as her ruthless bondage allows.

In the ill-fated girl’s mind, fighting her abuse lets her hold on to that last fragment of dignity, that last exercise of free will. She could just let go of this drive and become a literal ragdoll to her captors whims, but if she does, then what’s the point of going on?

This rebellious reaction is not a conscious decision. It is an instinctive one, though just as real and hearty. Its constant failure to materialize into any substantial victory does not deter the young college-girl either, since her fighting is not a means to an end, but rather, a feral declaration. Any disciplining slap, whether metaphorical or literal, only fuels the girl’s anger and disdain. At these people; at her debased state.

Nowhere is this opposition to authority more crystal-clear than during the days were the girl has 'oral' duties in her schedule. While most slaves relent after 3-4 sessions with the objectifying ring-gag to a gag-less face-fucking , to somewhat give their aching jaw a break, Petite Piper's ring-gag has not been removed, even after ten attempts at going 'muzzle-free'!

That translates to ten bruised cocks with the girl's gnarly teeth-marks visible on the shaft. It also translates to ten grueling punishments, commencing between 5 in the morning and 12 at noon, when most other slaves are peacefully dreaming off the outside world.

Vivian quickly becomes the most frequent visitor to arguably the most dreaded room in the facility, racking up punishments left and right, both for 'refusal to cooperation' with her horny customers, as well as the occasional outbursts in the cafeteria. The tiny bitch is infamous for bruising handlers' shins with her furious, bare-footed kicking, to the point where every time she needs "handling", they zap her prophylactically, before moving in to grab her.

Despite her brave spirit, what the immoral workers of the facility and its deplorable customers only see is a rowdy lil' brat.



## CHAPTER 6: MEETING NEW PEOPLE

It's 5.20 AM. While this period is generally a down-time for the Institute's slaves, the corridors start to slowly spring to life with the office staff starting their day. A beautiful, 32-year-old white woman struts confidently through the Institute's corridors, dressed in a red two-piece of a short-sleeved, three-buttoned blazer that hugs her slim waist and a sexy knee-high skirt that modestly outlines her juicy, round ass. Her 'bronde' hair (brown with blonde highlights) flow perfectly down her shoulders and ample chest, as her dark, 4-inch-heels click with purpose along the hallway. Her pace shows a busy woman with a busy schedule, though her smug, feisty look hints at someone that also knows how to have fun.

"Morning Miss Milberg" a handler greets her as he moves to the opposite direction, pushing a tired slave with a blank, passive stare, down the hall. "How are you Miss Milberg?" a secretary, holding a stash of files in her arms, flashes the woman a bright smile, the kind you only keep for your boss. The woman politely nods to each staff greeting with the softest smile.

Gloria Milberg is one of the highest executives of the Institute. With her family being part of the trafficking underworld for decades, the apple hasn't fallen far from the tree. While Gloria's position naturally doesn't require any hands-on dealings with the slaves themselves, the woman has been keen to taking a 'liking' to the occasional slut, her rampant sadism, though modestly hidden from the public eye, an infamous feature of her personality. No time for that funny-business now, though. The woman is heading to a coordinator's office, to politely 'notify' him of her wishes on how things run around here.

As she does so, the woman's pretty, brown eyes fall on a small, short-haired slave, who's currently squirming like a banshee between two handlers' grip. Though she's in the usual slave 'transportation getup' of head-harness/ball-gag, shackles and pole-noose, the young girl doesn't look very happy with her state, kicking and wailing her body against her handlers, who keep zapping the shit out of her to 'calm her down'.

"New recruit?" the woman approaches curious, addressing her two employees. "Looks like it, huh? Nah, lil' cunt has been here for 'bout three months. We're takin' her for some punishin'" the older, scruffier handler with a grey beard replies, as his younger partner keeps trying to tame this tiny beast with more zaps of his cattle-prod. "Hello Miss Milberg" the young handler blurts out obligatorily while panting from the strain this little bitch has caused him.

“You don’t say...” the woman raises an eyebrow, intrigued, not afraid to approach the writhing, naked girl, who requires a firm hold from each upper arm to be somewhat contained. Slaves around this facility quickly break down by the system. In her years in the Institute, Gloria does not remember many instances of such grit.

As she stands right in front of Vivian, it’s not much of a surprise that Gloria’s 5’9” frame towers over the naked girl’s 5’1”. “What’s her name?” the woman asks the handlers, while looking down at the bitch’s fiery, hateful eyes and raising Vivian’s harnessed, ball-gagged face to meet hers, by lifting the girl’s chin up with a curled index finger. “It’s Petite Piper, Miss” the young handler gives the girl’s slave name, as Gloria’s eyes are locked with Vivian’s, like a powerful predator staring down its helpless prey.

“Guhh wuu huuughh UFFff MMng, Yuu ‘UUmm Mppuuchh!” (*Get your hands off me, you dumb bitch!*) The slave girl utters through her large red ball-gag, and a moment later raises her leg and with her dusty, dirty sole of her foot pushes/kicks the woman off of her.

“I’m so sorry Miss Milberg!” the two handlers apologize profusely, electrocuting their riled-up slave to submission once more. “Haha! I like her! She’s got a spark in her” the woman appears more surprised at the assault attempt than hurt, looking rather amused at the little brat as she dusts off her skirt from the slave’s filth.

“I’ll keep an eye on you, cutie” Gloria has the last word, tenderly stroking Vivian’s strap-covered cheek with the outside of her soft, pedicured hand, an action that only infuriates the incapacitated, bound girl further. Vivian can only huff through her sizeable ball-gag and gather her breath from the countless shocks, as Miss Milberg takes off down the hall.

While the amount of customers a slave ‘serves’ each day is huge, about 40% of the Institute’s net profits come from its VIP clients, which pay hefty bucks for private, individually catered sessions with a slave of their choice. The booked sessions usually last two hours and take place in exclusive rooms, located on the **(-3)** floor of the facility. Everything is customizable in these sessions, all to satisfy the Institute’s rich, loyal customers and any eccentric, twisted wish they might have.

Petite Piper is ‘waiting’ to start her very first such session, having been all setup. Whoever her blind date is, has researched the girl’s résumé, given the strong soccer theme of the girl’s getup. Vivian is dressed in a rather sexualized version of a soccer outfit. A red, short-sleeved, nylon, collarless shirt that’s cropped to reveal the girl’s flat belly and belly-button, presses snugly

against her braless chest and body, doing little to resemble the normally less-sexualized soccer shirts. The name "Piper" is written on the upper back of this custom jersey, with the number 10 underneath it. A white pair of tight shorts outlines the girl's firm 'toosh', nowhere near as sexy as the girl's normal, loose soccer-shorts, fully exposing the girl's thighs and only covering her ass. The vertical red lines on either side of the shorts match the color of her shirt. White, knee-high soccer socks cover the girl's legs and some pretty, red, sparkling soccer boots are on her feet.

Continuing with the soccer motif, the girl is currently bound onto a small goalpost, its size perfectly appropriate so that the girl's waist is forcefully bent over the goal's crossbar, with her shorts-covered ass readily perked towards whoever is standing behind her. With her upper body parallel to the floor, suspended over the netting, the girl's arms have been pulled taut, the wrist-rope linking them to the two metal poles behind the goal, which hold the goal's net. Vivian's ankles are spread, rope-tethered to the bottom of each of the goalposts, located a meter's distance from each other.

The room has also been made to match the esthetic of the girl's favorite sport. The floor has been covered with thin, green grass like a soccer field, and random soccer balls are lying around it. They might treat the regular-customer hours like glorified sperm bank deposits, but when it comes to their thick-wallet clientele, the Institute spares no expenses.

Going back to Vivian's predicament, a 2-inch-wide, white, rubber soccer ball, with the classic pattern of black, hexagonal shapes, has been strapped over her mouth. As if to further drive home this humiliating fetishizing of her sport, the soccer-ball-gag has a little whistle mechanism inside it and a little hole at the center of the ball, causing any loud enough exhale through the girl's jaw-stretching gag to cause a whistling sound.

"Hmmff...hmmfff..." the girl's moaning is not loud enough to really trigger her gag-whistle, only causing the faintest, high-pitched bursts of air. This stylistic return to past, happier day does not seem to reassure Vivian whatsoever, her outfit appearing more like a mockery of her favorite hobby than a tribute. On the contrary, the girl appears more nervous and frightened than usual, in this new, unknown predicament. Though she's not really pulling against her bondage, the small girl is constantly turning behind her back to see if she's still alone in the room and what dreaded things have been planned for her.

It is eerie how alone she is. Having gotten used to being constantly 'accompanied' by clients and Institute staff at all times, her current seclusion feels...weird. The room is also new to her. In contrast to her regular room, this one is much larger and looks very clean, with a good, moody lighting; the mood being 'debauchery'.

“Well, well, what do we have here?” Vivian hears an old, breathy, raspy voice echoing from behind her, followed by slow, but light footsteps. The girl’s nose-breathing accelerates as she realizes she’s not alone anymore. A fragile, old Asian man, around 70, with white tufts of hair flying from the side of his bald, mole-ridden skull, appears from the small entrance hall of the room, slowly approaching his precious, bound ‘prize’, wearing an utterly comfy, purple satin robe and using a perfectly varnished, derby-style walking cane. His face shows clear signs of time, worn, wrinkled and slightly drooping from gravity.

The elderly person doesn’t follow up his initial comment, silently marveling at the young woman’s vulnerable backside, with a serene, peaceful smile on his wrinkly face. His silence only further puts Vivian on edge, the girl starting to fidget with her wrist and ankle bonds. “Hmm?” her worried, inquiring moan making her gag/whistle let out a cute little toot. “Hush, little one, we’re going to play, alright” the man speaks calmly, not hurried by the girl’s fear, nor by anything else. Despite his prolonged age, he appears as if he has all the time in the world.

The walls are lined with all sorts of instruments of pain and pleasure, all hanging from individual hooks. But the old fellow doesn’t appear drawn to any of them. With slow steps, he reaches the girl’s perked behind, marveling it up close for a few more seconds.

To her utter dismay, Vivian then feels the man’s long, cold, hardened, wrinkly fingers reach for the lining of her sexy little white shorts, then slowly pull them down. Due to the spread angle of Vivian’s firm legs, the shorts cannot be lowered much, but they can easily reveal the girls’ bare, pantie-less ass, the elastic shorts wrapped taut around her upper thighs. Vivian’s anticipatory anxiety has reached a peak, the girl breathing rapidly through her nose, the silly noise her gag can make working to stifle any muffled protest coming from her voice-box. Her neck is awkwardly strained, as her fearful eyes alternate from the gross old man’s face, to her own undressing. In her right-angle-bent posture, her asshole and pussy both present themselves to the ol’ geezer.

The man slowly raises his undoubtedly expensive cane and lets its length rest on both the girl’s round cheeks, at the level of the girl’s cute butthole. He rubs the wooden object a bit back and forth, like a marksman pinpointing his target. As he raises the cane, Vivian averts her gaze, her face looking pleadingly up at the ceiling. To God? Neither she, can tell.

**\*WACK\***

The stiff wood makes harsh contact with the girl’s petite buns. “HMMMFFF!” the girl squeals in pain, whistling at the same time. A red line, 2 centimeters thick, just like the man’s cane, immediately appears on the stricken spot. “Yes...good...good...” the man nods satisfied, warming up the girl’s ass again with his rubbing cane, readying another strike.

**\*WACK\***

The second hit hurts just as much as the first, the bound soccer-girl wincing and again letting out another demeaning whistling moan, despite how much she tries to bury it.

After 20 hearty minutes of leisurely, senseless caning, 'no.10's' ass is a pulsating, bright pink, joined by the backsides of her upper thighs, right underneath her ass. The lines of the cane marks mesh together to a pretty universal pink 'coating'. On a few spots the girl's tender flesh has 'broken', showing some internal, purple spots. Vivian is a panting, miserable mess, her tight little ass tenderized thoroughly by the old man's walking stick, the bound girl beating sweat from having to withstand the beating.

"Now then..." the twisted 'grandpa' utters with the same wholesomeness in his voice, pulling the crossing ends of his robe and letting the garment fall to the floor, to reveal a hideous, misshapen, aging body. While the man is not fat, his bloated gut is folded and doubled and loose fat can be seen hanging from his arms. His chest is covered with grey curly hairs, just like the ones on his thick pubic bush. More relevant though, is the massive hard-on he is sporting, a 7.5-inch slim rod standing at full attention (the 'performance enhancing' drugs having really kicked in).

"NNGgg! NNGGGGFFFF!" Vivian hopelessly pulls on her bonds, her protesting moans undercut by the mocking whistling, as the old man (and his cervix-examination tool) approaches the poor, squirming slave, still with the cane in hand. Disregarding her, he inserts the curved handle of the cane in the girl's quivering sex, eliciting another indignant moan. "Very nice..." he mumbles then grabs his own 'tool' to insert.

"FKKk yuuu! Umm GNnnn KUuhh Yuuu!" Fuck you! I'm gonna kill you!" the mean-eyed tomboy throws a final hail-Mary, threatening her geriatric soon-to-be-lover, but it's all a lost cause. Ignoring her protests, the old 'prick' steadily penetrates the girl's sex, working his long erection inside the bend-over girl's body.

"NNNNNnnnnnng!" Vivian groans and whistles at the same time. As the man fully buries his cock down the girl's pussy and his cold, boney pelvis makes firm contact with her beaten asscheeks, Vivian realizes just how much heat her reddened bum emanates, feeling like it could almost sizzle as it meets the old man's much less lively flesh.

Balancing his hands on the cane that's painfully pressing on the small of the girl's back, the geriatric man starts fucking Vivian from behind; each 'filling' thrust causing an adorable little toot from the girl's ball-gag/whistle. "Quiet, my child" the grandpa says with the same calm tone and wholesome smile, though Vivian has no intention of submitting to him.

As her 19-year-old pussy perfectly squeezes this 70-year-old monster shaft, Vivian wants nothing more than to disappear.

“Did you have a nice time, Mister Ayoki?” Gloria greets the elderly, high-profile customer, who arrives at a small lobby-VIP area, re-robed and clean, having concluded his session a few minutes ago. “She was wonderful, my dear” he says with his fragile voice. “A bit too loud, perhaps. I’d advise some discipline” the man says to the woman who is politely leaning over him to close the height distance between them.

“Great, I’ll personally see to that Mister Ayoki” Gloria assures the man with a tender pat on his very hunched back and a wide, corporate smile, seeing the old man and his two security guards off to the elevator.

The slave cafeteria is not reminiscent of any nostalgic college movie scene. Cruel, cold steel comprises both the floor-bolted tables, as well as the similarly attached seating, which houses rings both on the base of the bench-seating, as well as the edge of the table, the first for a slave’s shackles to be hooked on, the second for her collar to be chain-leashed to. You could probably already assume that the atmosphere during the slaves’ gathering is not a very joyous one. And for the most part, you’d be correct. Most women seek this brief break from their debasing treatment as a peaceful moment of solitude and rest. But even in these hellish circumstances, uplift and friendship can be found.

Vivian is hungrily slurping down on her tasteless mush, not paying attention to anything else around her. Just like every other slave here, her ball-gag is dangling from the side of her face, simply unclipped from one side of her leather head harness, which remains strapped on her head. Though she misses earthly delights like pizza and French fries dearly, she’s kinda gotten used to not enjoying food, rather using it for sustenance. She doesn’t even register the soreness on her genitals, courtesy of her recent afternoon shift.

“I like to imagine it’s a different food each time” Vivian hears a soft, upbeat voice coming from her right side. She turns to see the woman that’s been sitting next to her on the three-person bench this whole time. She’s a beautiful white woman, with strawberry blonde hair falling down

her mouth-watering, DD-cup breasts. Though obscured, their round curvature is clearly outlined by the sack/garment the slave is wearing. Her 5'8" body is stunning, but the woman's shapely thighs show off a collection of various marks of different ages and heal-states, hinting at her long captivity. The woman has kind, green-blue eyes and beautiful characteristics on her classically pretty face.

Despite being only 28, the woman's many, arguably stressful years in the Institute has robbed her of some of her skin's glow and some wrinkles have started appearing earlier than they otherwise would have, the girl looking more like 35 than her actual age.

"Today's rice and peas" the woman says with a smile, taking another spoonful of her unappetizing mush that looks nothing like rice and peas. Vivian lets out a small snicker, not really knowing how to respond.

Throughout her time here, she hasn't really opened up to anyone, being busy fighting the system all by herself. And getting the shit kicked out of her in the process, both mentally and sometimes physically.

"Hey! You're that lil' troublemaker, aren't you? I hurled my fair share of plates back in the day" the almost decade-older woman keeps the chatter going. "Oh did you?" the tomboy finally replies something, still side-looking the woman with the faintest, curious smirk. "You bet your ass I did!" the curvy damsel says with some sass.

The two half-naked women kept conversing for the entire 25 minutes they had available in the cafeteria. Vivian had never talked to her slave-mates for that long combined, never mind a single person. She learned that the pretty woman's name was Judith and that she had been a slave in the Institute for 8 whole years. Vivian could not wrap her head around someone being so... aloof and upbeat, having gone through so much horrid shit for so long. And though she couldn't fathom her disposition, she welcomed her attitude far more than any other sad sap she glanced at through the cafeteria. She liked her. Judith seemed cool.



## **CHAPTER 7: ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS AND GIRLY DRESSES**

Gloria struts through the marble, narrow corridors of the Institute's third floor from the ground; the VIP floor. The businesswoman is not here for business, evident by a single look at her outfit.

Clad in perfectly shined, black patent leather, the woman is not dressed in her usual business suits and skirts. Thigh-high, 5-inch-heeled, platform boots adore her gorgeous legs and an elaborate, corseted garment that looks both like a fancy lingerie piece and a dress. While the skirt-part drapes down the woman's knees, it is open in the front, revealing the woman's thighs and a pair of sexy black Brazilian-style panties. The outfit's U-shaped bust hints at Gloria's ample, mouth-watering chest. Finally, a loose, soft hood is queenly draped over Gloria's perfect hair. The woman looks just like how she feels; sizzling hot and ready to 'slay'.

Miss Milberg does not shy away from occasionally treating herself to her company's slaves. She's rather picky, not going for any random slut. No. The girls she chooses are special. They have that x-factor that distinguishes them from the pack.

As she pushes the wooden double doors of the main room open, Gloria finds one such 'lucky gal', set-up just the way she wants. An almost unrecognizable Vivian is wearing an embarrassingly girly nylon outfit, comprised of a short dress in soft pink and purple hues, with frills almost throughout its entire length, all very light and puffy. From its delicate high-collar to the short sleeves and that puffiest of all skirts, the dress is covered with feather-weight ruffles that give the outfit a strong 'sissy-girl' vibe. It has no chest 'window', but dark-purple round buttons that line the middle of the dress' torso and a matching bow, underneath the collar. No underwear is anywhere to be found.

Vivian's boyish, short brown hair is covered by a straight, shoulder-length bob wig of the same purple color as the girl's bow, with the edges daintily curling inwards. On the girl's new, synthetic hair is resting a delightful, pink hair-band with the necessary frills lining its front edge. A pair of white, frill-ended, ankle-socks and a hot-pink pair of Mary Jane-style, 4-inch heels are on the girl's feet.

The dress' short length full exposes Vivian's thigh and legs, which have been thoroughly lotioned, glistening under the room's girly lights of cyan and pink hues. An ultra-feminine, heavy

white make-up layer, intensely blushed cheeks and hot-pink lipstick have been applied to her face, with long eyelashes and glittery eye-shadow completing her overtly feminized appearance.

Vivian would have loved to get rid of all this stupid nonsense, but her bondage doesn't allow her. Spread eagle into a full X-shape, the girl's wrist and ankles are strapped into pink leather bands that are attached to taut chains that end on the bottom and top of some shiny, stripper-like poles, located on either side of Vivian, spreading her legs about 2 feet. Oddly enough, no gag is keeping her from speaking.

The whole room's setting exemplified the concept of "little sissy girl", with giant, stuffed teddy bears and other plushies piled on one corner, a giant dollhouse a bit further, a lipstick-shaped chair on another, even the flooring being a pink, smooth, reflective layer, glistening under the room's lighting.

"Sorry to keep you waiting. I mean...not really" Gloria greets her captive with a cheeky remark, her eyes burning onto her prey's over-feminized form. "Did you really have to dress up me up like cotton fucking candy to get off?" Vivian fires back, her words and attitude wildly clashing with her appearance. It's evident by her body language that the girl feels more awkward about her current looks, than her spread-eagle bondage. She has gotten used to being restrained in all kinds of ways. But this, this is a new level of vulnerability.

"Don't you like your outfit? I picked it just for you" the dominatrix-y woman says as she steps over to the wall lined with sex-toys, grabbing a Magic Wand-style, cordless vibrator. "It's ridiculous" Vivian barks, trying to conceal her nervousness and what she just saw. "Thanks" Gloria smirks, placing the vibrator on a discreet black tool belt, wrapped around her waist.

"I knew you'd hate it" she adds.

The woman has a reputation for pushing her slaves' buttons. She approaches her pink sissy-girl, seductively circling it's pole-tethered form; like a shark around blood. Vivian puts on a tough exterior, frowning silently, trying to save face. It won't do her any good.

"Why are always the little ones that act so tough?" Gloria teases further, as she pulls back her hood, stands behind her bound doll and wraps her slender arms around Vivian's body. "Gnn..."

an uncomfortable groan escapes the girl, as she feels the woman grope her chest over the soft satin of her dress, pinching her nipple over it.

Breathing nervously, Vivian balls up her hands and the chains that hold them rattle with her instinctive pulling, as Gloria continues the 'discovery' of the girl's petite body uninterrupted, wrapping her arms around the girl's slim waist and lifting her cute dress to grab her tight little ass.

"You're lucky I got you tied like this. Next time, I'll make you strut on those heels for me" Gloria speaks seductively, confidently as she leans over and starts kissing the girl's neck. "Go away!" Vivian grimaces, tilting her neck as far as it can go in order to deter this foreplay, but Gloria has already 'buried' her face down the side of the girl's neck and is 'sucking her dry'.

"You don't really like being a girl, do you?" Gloria softly speaks in her plaything's ear, whilst sensually violating her. "Too fragile, too weak for a ball-kicking tomboy like you?" Gloria says, her hand now slightly lifting the girl's already short dress to reveal her bare-naked, hairless crotch.

"I'll make you like girls. Being one... pleasuring one...all of it" the woman utters, right as her hands start stimulating the 8-inches-shorter girl's sex, against her will. "NNNoooo, s..stop!" Vivian's moan sounds much more feminine than she'd like, as the girl hopelessly shakes her body, but with no way to avoid Gloria's delicate fingers rubbing her little sex-nub and stroking her 'neat' labia.

"Nnnngh!" Vivian battles with this new sensation, grinding her teeth with hard-shut eyes. In all her time here, her body was used for pleasuring others. As you'd expect, the slave never got any personal gratification out of that treatment. But this, this is fucking with her in a whole new way.

Gloria's two fingers are sensually sloshing inside the first few centimeters of the girl's sex-hole; rubbing her pussy from the inside, then back out onto the clitoris, then penetrating again with a wet sound. Vivian hates how wet she is already.

"GET THE FUCK OFF ME!" she yells at one overwhelmed point, even causing a faint flinch from the fun-having Executive. "Wow, that's a bit loud for a sweet, demure lady like you, Piper" the woman replies, composed. Backing a step from her spread slave, she reaches for her dark panties, which have a clear wet spot at the center of her crotch, and gracefully pulls them off.

Retrieving the magic wand from the small of her back, Gloria presses once again her curvaceous body up against the backside of Vivian's smaller, skinny one, and moving the vibrator in front and through Vivian's spread thighs, turns it on high and presses it firmly against the girl's "warmed-up" pussy!

"NNNOOOooooMMmmggffmmnnngghgff!" Vivian's protest of this even more intense sexual stimulation is intercut by Gloria's panties, soaked with the woman's fresh 'arousal', getting stuffed by Gloria's other hand in the girl's mouth. Vivian tries to spit 'em out, but the woman keeps her hand wrapped over her petite slut's lips, sealing her sex-stained underwear inside.

"Hush lil' sissy, all you have to do is taste your little treat and I'll do the rest" Gloria whispers in a moaning, squirming Vivian's ear, as she works the vibrator on her little cunt like a seasoned orgasm 'summoner', rubbing the furiously buzzing toy in a tiny side-to-side arc, while keeping it nested between the girl's pussylips and her clit.

"MMMNNNGGG! MMMMFFFHHGG!" Vivian's desperate screams are smothered by the woman's hand (and her panties). Vivian's girly heels try to flap around and her body jerks like crazy, but her bondage is naturally inescapable and her struggling only moistens Gloria's naked pussy more. Vivian might want none of this, but her pussy feels too good to deny.

"Aalmost there..." Gloria coos with her arms wrapped around the chained girl's body and pinning it in different ways. She's now rubbing the head of the vibrator in circles over Petite Piper's swollen little pussy. The pressure with which the round vibrating bulb is pressed on the girl's sex causes the handle to swivel around it, rather than the head actually moving. Gloria knows what she's doing down there. Her lil' sissy slut is craving it, she just doesn't know it.

"Hmm...Mmm.....MMMMMMNNGGGgH!" with a few anticipatory, muffled moans, in synch with her heavy breathing, Vivian climaxes thunderously from the enforced pleasure. Vivian could not be feeling more shameful than at this moment, having unwillingly orgasmed.

"Gooood giiiiirl!" Gloria smooches the top of the girl's fake purple hair. As soon as she removes the sex toy from Vivian's crotch, the girl's skinny legs buckle and shiver, only held from dropping to the floor by the girl's wrist bonds.

For the next hour, Gloria tortured the girl with unwanted sexual gratification. The woman raped her with pleasure, while her moistened panties were stored in the girl's mouth, held there

with some shiny, pink bondage tape, wrapped 5 times around her face. Vivian took all the assault like a good little sissy whore.

She hadn't cried in the past few days, but Gloria's treatment did the trick, her teary eyes shooting daggers at the cruel bitch throughout her ordeal. The brown/blonde executive had a blast, 'infiltrating' the girl's crotch-holes with her fingers and buzzing the poor girl senseless with her truly 'magic' wand.

"After all the fun I gave you, it's only a fair you return the favor, right?" the woman finally says to her drained plaything with a meaningful wink. Vivian does not try to respond over the tight wraps of pink tape, only staring rudely towards her (in more ways than one) owner with her huge, flattering eyelashes.

But when Gloria takes out a small remote controller and clicks it, Vivian's eyes widen with surprise as she realizes that the 'slice' of the floor on which she and her tethering poles are located is slowly sinking! About a foot wide and 3 feet long, the rectangular portion that Vivian is hitched on lowers with a soft mechanical hum, until Gloria removes her finger from the button, positioning Vivian's face in perfect level with her naked pussy. The girl's waist is now on the floor's level.

Gloria unravels the many wraps of girly-pink bondage tape from the girl's mouth. Vivian spits the woman's saliva-soaked underwear from her mouth at this opportunity. "You fucking bitch, untie me right now if you're so high and mighty!" the small girl tries to intimate the woman into freeing her, while also letting off some steam.

"Keep that energy, it'll prove useful" Gloria replies, not a fool to be baited by the girl's silly remarks, and gets to the wall of toys, getting a purple, silicone ring-gag, featuring an attachment that Vivian has never seen before. From the bottom part of the ring, juts a small semi-rigid rubber protrusion, about an inch long, slightly curving upwards. On the end of that little rubber rod rests a tiny metal ball. Right next to this gag is hanging a pair of pliers, which the woman also grabs.

The feisty executive approaches her sissy slave with this leather – strapped gag. She's not an idiot to get her clit bit off by this untamed pet. That doesn't mean she won't get herself off, though.

“Mmm...MMM!” Vivian purses her lips shut and turns her head left and right, like a stubborn kid avoiding its meal, but Gloria simply clips the girl’s nose with her fingers until the girl has to get some air, at which point she pops the ring-gag behind her teeth. “GUUhhhggnnn!” Vivian whines at the inevitability of her failure.

Gloria unscrews the tiny metal ball-cap from the edge of this gag’s rubber prod, to reveal a small, sharp metal spike on it! “Uuuh...UUuuhhggh!” Vivian’s eyes widen worryingly as they focus on that ominous spike that’s sitting 2 inches right below her nose.

“If you won’t give me your tongue, I’ll just have to take it” Gloria says devilishly, then grabs Vivian’s tongue with the pliers and with one swift move pulls it out through the ring and plunges it over the spike, piercing the girl’s tongue on it!

“NNNUUUUUUGHHHH!” the mouth-spread girl yelps in pain, her pricked tongue wailing like a hooked fish, but Gloria has already placed the little ball-cap back over the pin and has clipped it securely over the spike, trapping the girl’s tongue well out of her mouth.

Gloria takes out a satin handkerchief, wiping off the couple of blood drops this abrupt piercing has caused on Vivian’s tongue. With Petite Piper looking up at her with absolute despire, Gloria gently places her arms on the back of the girl’s head and presses her naked, divine cunt forwards, fully smothering the young woman with her pussy while at the same time inserting the rigid, but smooth, rubber prod inside herself, taking the girl’s stretched tongue along for the ride. Vivian immediately tries to pull her head away, but she has no leverage against the woman’s grip and also nowhere to turn, her bondage keeping her right where Gloria needs her.

“MNmmmmnnnnnn...!MMmmmmnn...!” the girl’s moans barely come out, fully drowned by the 32-year-old vixen’s crotch. The way she is mounting her face, Gloria’s clit and hairless pubic mount is capped over the girl’s nose, while the girl’s tongue as basically used like a wet, fleshy little G-spot stimulator, the metallic ball at the end of Vivian’s tongue providing a nice texture and thermal variety. Vivian is fully suffocating while the woman is using her protruding tongue to massage the inside of her cunt.

“Oooh YES! You really get in there, girl!” Gloria exclaims in utter enjoyment, feeling the girl’s helpless tongue involuntarily slide along her inner clitoris. The wonderful sensation is amplified exponentially, taking into account the sissy-slave’s angry, blood-shot looks she’s giving Gloria, her sparkly eye-shadowed, long-lashed eyes peaking just above the woman’s shaven pubic mount.

During this humiliating cunnilingus, Vivian is furiously shaking her spread arms and cutely dressed body, her struggles exerting no actual resistance to her female rapist.

“You know what’s funny? I can just smother you to death with my cunt and you’d still give me an excellent tonguing, haha” Gloria says to her asphyxiating slave-toy. She’s not wrong, something that further drives home the tomboy’s degrading predicament. Vivian’s face is being used pretty much like a Sybian-type sex toy.

Something to grind on and something to insert.

Gloria looks down at her sentient sex-toy’s eyes, waiting for the moment they change from defiant to scared. In that sweet moment, Vivian’s cute brows pitifully furrow over the smooth hill of the woman’s mons pubis, with her lungs truly burning for oxygen. Just what the dominant woman wanted to see.

“GAAaaaaaaa....aaaaaaaaaaa....aaaaa....” Gloria does not grant the girl a merciful death by pussy-smothering , pulling away and watching the girl pant heavily, with an agape mouth and an exposed tongue, coated with the woman’s arousal secretions.

“Should I have killed you? Would you prefer that?” she asks mockingly, just to see that mean look return to Vivian’s beautified eyes. “No, I’m not that kind” she smirks as she tenderly brushes the girl’s purple bangs, before putting her hand on the nape of the girl’s neck and pushing her towards her womanhood yet again.

Miss Milberg developed a sadistic affinity of the little brat. Vivian became the go-to fuck-doll whenever the busy executive needed to vent off and bust a womanly nut. Miss Kowalski soon came to despise the ‘bronde’-haired bitch above anyone else in the Institute. And that was really saying something, given the kind of individuals she came across every day.

The evil cunts had a way of rubbing the girl’s helpless state in her face more than anyone, and infuriate her with the way she treated her. She always dressed her in these obscenely girly, sissy outfits, which Vivian hated almost as much as the sexual abuse that followed. She felt so... embarrassed, so mocked. The subject of her femininity was a sore one; it was like a giant spotlight was being placed on that part of her psyche, every time she had a ‘date’ with Gloria. She hated how the woman pleased her during these torments, which in turn made her feel more shame, then used her like a 5-dollar sissy whore. Probably lower, to be honest.

As a result, the soccer-girl dreaded the moments her regular rape-schedule was interrupted for a two-hour 'meet-up' with Gloria. She wanted nothing more than to watch this woman die a slow, agonizing death.

On the flipside, the girl's introduction to Judith was blossoming into an unexpected friendship. Judy and Viv' (as they respectively called each other) were looking forward to meeting for that small margin of time, twice a day at the cafeteria hall. Although that wasn't always panning out, the girls were doing everything in their power to be seated next to each other, or at least at the same table.

Since the handlers were not exactly taking seating requests, the two women often found themselves intentionally stalling their movements, so that the other caught up to them and they 'ever-so-coincidentally' happened to be table-cuffed together. This timing trick often got them cattle-prodded by the handlers who simply saw an irrationally stubborn slave, but even those shocks were worth it, just to spend those 30 minutes in the other's company.

"Rock, paper, scissors... Dammit!" Judy utters in a fake-annoyed, but controlled volume to not draw any guards' attention to much on themselves. "Fourteen to Eighteen. You're getting predictable, missy" Vivian teases with a smirk. The girls' game has been going on for over a month, one round every time they meet. Vivian's getting cocky, having won the last five.

"You see that dude over there?" Judith points with her papery spoon to a standing guard on one corner of the wide room. "Yeah" Vivian says whilst eating the boring mush. "Last week, he was snacking on a Mars bar, right? So I sneak up to him and go "I'll suck your cock dry if you give me that Mars bar" she says nonchalantly. "Duuude!" Vivian shakes her head in disbelieving disapproval. "What? I haven't had those in like a decade" the woman defends her life choices.

"Did you get it?" Vivian says, putting another spoonful of mush to her lips. "I got half!" Judith replies, really pleased with herself. "You should take advantage of guards. They're not allowed to fuck around, so they can be pretty horny at times" the street-wise gal informs Vivian. Her years in this place have turned her into a sort of mentor for the younger slave.

"Right, I'll keep it in mind" Vivian chuckles while lying to her friend. She always takes the prideful, hard path when it comes to things like that. "HALF!" Judith repeats triumphantly, pointing with her spoon at her friend, then goes back to her nothing-like-Mars-chocolate meal.

It meant a lot to Vivian, suddenly having someone to talk to. Someone that understood what she was going through. Someone who, unlike the abusing staff and clientele of the Institute, was there for her.

She learned all about the pretty redhead. From the fun stuff, like her upbringing on a smaller town down south, working the counter at a cute little bakery/coffee place and her aspirations of one day opening her own lil' shop of home-made jewellery, to the non-so-fun-stuff, like her abduction at age 20, one rainy day of October, while she was walking home from a night of drinking, never to see her friends or family again.

Even though Vivian still only had about 5-6 months in the slave-life, she could not be feeling a stronger kinship to this person. In her previous months, Vivian had not achieved any similar connection to a fellow slavegirl. The grim atmosphere of this place rarely gave off a socializing mood to begin with.

But Judith was uplifting and funny. She rolled with this place's jaw-splitting punches in a way that breathed hope to the younger girl.

She was a true friend.

An unusual quiet looms over one of the many slave-rooms of the Institute. There are no clients or receptionists inside. There's no slave, either. The room's door is half-open, the tag-sign on it reading "Blue Betty", though 'Betty' is nowhere to be found. Only sound in the room are clinking glass sounds, as two handlers are squatted over shards of bloodied broken glass, carefully picking them up off the floor. Shards that have fallen off the violently cracked wall mirror of the room. There are multiple, bloodied damaged round spots on the mirror, from where the cracks fan out around them, as if something has been slammed there with considerable force.

"Yuck, another tooth..." one of them grimaces while picking it up from the floor.

Vivian and Judith are sitting next to each other in the cafeteria, chatting while having their night-time meal. Their jolly mood is interrupted when they and all the other dining slaves turn to look at the form of a woman, being limply arm-dragged by two handlers across the room, and towards a double swinging door on the other side of the large hall. While utterly naked, the half-unconscious woman has her face hidden under copious amounts of bloody bandages.

Though it's not really apparent to the two friends from that distance, the woman has fully broken her nose, irreversibly ruined her one eye, is missing lots of teeth and has slashed and marred her once stunning face all over. Patches of her gorgeous, long, ocean-blue hair can be seen poking through and under the bandages, the distinguishing characteristic that gave the woman her slave name.

"Great, another one..." Judy shakes her head disheartened, doing circles with her spoon on her mushy plate. "What? What's that about?" Vivian asks. "Oh, you don't know..." Judith utters, even more troubled that she has to be the bearer of bad news, as the bandaged girl, dangling from the men's grip, is dragged through the double doors, doors that Vivian has never gone through.

"Every now and then, some poor girl will try to cheat the system and smash her pretty lil' face to bits. That way no one will want to fuck me, problem solved, right?" Judy explains to a listening Vivian, without waiting for an answer. "Well, it might not look like it, but things CAN get worse 'round here" Judith says, her face taking a serious expression, something rare for her. "What do you mean?" the young girl asks.

"Jeez Viv', if you'd been talking to any bitch around here, you'd know" Judy says, annoyed that she's the one to have to break the poor lass' heart. "You'd think that when we get old and ugly they just take us to the back and put us down like limp'n' horses" the woman utters, using the same uncaring language that an executive would probably use.

"But no, they got a separate department they send us, one for real pervs and jaded fucks" the woman continues, unfiltered, with her ball-gag dangling from her right cheek. "So once a year, they do these check-ups, to see if your body is on-par to those assholes' liking. How tight is your cooch, do you got any flap under your arms? Has your skin turned to sandpaper? The whole shebang" the woman does not fail to add her humorous touch while explaining this shockingly objectifying procedure.

"If you pass, all good, if you fail, then the company cuts its losses and puts you on the Mod list" she says with a "you're fucked" kind of frown. "What's more is that any poor bitch like Betty that tries that get-outta-jail card, simply gets put on the Mod list, too".

Nothing of what Judith had said was false. The Institute run a tight business model, when it came to squeezing profit out of its older products, the ones with a lot of "miles" on them. Once their "quality standards" dipped under the desired baseline, the Institute repurposed these poor

women into living sex-toys, cleverly masking any of the slave's aging 'deterrents' – or in smartasses like 'Betty', their ruined appearance - while continuing to make a sweet buck from them, simply from another 'post' of the facility. The criteria, also influenced by a slave's usage numbers, were strict enough that a slave rarely made it past 10 years in the Institute's general-service rooms.

"What the fuck is the Mod list? Sounds like a smug nightclub" Vivian tosses back, downplaying the grim nature of the subject. "Not any club you wanna be in" Judith raises her eyebrows full of meaning. "I've seen some of these poor souls, the things they do to 'em, too horrid. Once you go through these doors, you don't really come out a person anymore" the red-haired beauty says, her upbeat demeanor suddenly shifting, as she stares vacantly down her plate.

Vivian mirrors her friend, not really knowing how to respond.



## CHAPTER 8: DIFFERENCES IN APPROACH

Petite Piper's days in the Institute commence with an unwavering 'interest' from the company's lining customers. But in-between the grueling hours of utilitarian jizz-collecting, the feisty tomboy is getting more and more VIP clients, all with their own, vicious plans for this undersized ball of fighting energy. But the stubborn tomboy does her best to mess up those plans, despite her limited resources.

A well-built white man in his late 30s, with a short, scruffy beard and slicked back, brown hair is sitting in an utterly fancy, leather sofa-chair. He's dressed in an immaculate, perfectly tailored, dark-blue, striped suit, matching pants and brown leather shoes, glistening from the varnish.

Draped over his lap and receiving a thorough spanking is Vivian, dressed in a black-and-white Gothic Lolita outfit. It consists of a black, frilly, lace, wide skirt – currently pulled over to expose her reddened cheeks. The skirt is pieced-together with a black waist and suspenders, which go over a long-sleeved, white shirt with a huge, black bow above the chest. A black choker necklace hugs the girl's neck.

Vivian's make up is pale and her lips and eye-shadow is pitch-black, as is her huge, long wavy wig. A white, skull-shaped ball-gag is stuffed between her blackened lips and strapped tightly behind her luscious fake hair.

The girl is angrily flailing her arms and legs, which are chained to floor-rings on either side of the man's seat, leaving her some room to flail, but not enough to protect herself from the man's big, swinging open hands slapping her bubbly ass. "I believe you've learned your lesson" this business 'daddy' utters arrogantly, many red palm-shapes left on the girl's bun-cheeks.

The girl's chain bonds are soon released, and the Goth Lolita is wrist-cuffed behind her back, though her legs remain free. The man, a whole foot taller than her, picks her up on his lap, pulling his hardened, monster-cock through his pants without removing any clothing and forces the girl to straddle him, as he remains seated on the chair. He wants to see the little Goth slut's hate for him up close as he fills her up.

“LUH MM GHH YU FUKKNN PURVR!” (*Let me go you fucking pervert!*) the tiny Lolita tomboy fights the much, much stronger man with everything she has, her thick skull-gag muffling her rude language. With her arms trapped behind her, the man has an even easier time overpowering her, though he does seem a bit annoyed that the tiny little cunt is still giving him trouble, even after the fierce spanking she got. Most slaves he’s had in these rooms are much more timid and obedient. He hasn’t gotten the memo about Miss Kowalski.

With little effort, the man pushes the petite girl down on his standing shaft, violently penetrating her. “GMMFFF!” Vivian yelps in pain, feeling like her poor pussy is being split up by this rocky manhood. The big man wraps both his hands (which are double the size of Vivian’s) around the girl’s small, slender neck. He could ring that neck like a chicken’s. Instead, he uses his throat-grip to lift the helpless chick up, manhandling her entire 5’1” doll-dressed body up and down his cock.

“Fk..ngggn...nnn...nn.....” Viv’s gagged protests quickly vanish as her eyes roll to the back of her head and her heavily powdered white face gets flush with oxygen deprivation. With her windpipe closing by the man’s strong grip and gravity itself, the slave is being literally throat-lifted to slide up and down the guy’s 8-incher. It’s so big she can’t even fully sit on it without the head finding a stop at her cervix.

The man enjoys the girl’s suffering look whilst feeling her tiny cunt hugging all around his cock. But one point, he makes the mistake of letting go of Vivian’s neck, to sit back and enjoy his Lolita cock-sheath more effortlessly. In those spare few seconds, the girl grabs the opportunity, seated face-to-face as she is with him to wind her head back and slam it against the man’s face, viciously head-butting him!

“OOOwww!” the man groans in pain, immediately jumping up from his chair, causing the 110-pound girl to land badly with her back on the floor. His nose is bleeding all over his nice suit, as the man looks with a shocked disbelief down at the dizzy slave. “You...FUCKING BITCH!” he yells without a hint of his previous cool or suave anymore.

Meanwhile, in another room of the VIP variety, Judith is being THE BEST cocksucker imaginable, showing a completely different approach than her small-statured friend. She’s dressed in a cute bunny “costume”, which is comprised of a sexy, blood-red one-piece, its lining going high up the girl’s waist, and wide, fishnet black stockings that hug her beautiful legs. An Alice band with red, long bunny ears with white puffs rests on the girl’s fiery, long hair. A fluffy

white, bunny-tail plug goes through the suit's fabric through a little hole and stuffed in her ass. Hot, red sandal heels adore the woman's feet.

The immediate striking difference is that the bunny-dressed woman is not bound in any way, unlike her fiery-tempered friend. With the top part of her one-suit pulled down to her midriff, the big-chested damsel is currently on her knees, scooped as far towards the seat's edge as possible, a very royal, spacious chair with a golden frame, tall back and wine-colored, velvet seating.

A young, skinny Middle-Eastern guy is draped kingly on his 'throne', almost sliding down the seat with open legs, one of them tossed over the golden arm-rest. He is naked from the waist down, with only a thick, silvery fur coat on his upper body. The 18-year old dude has this privileged, smug look on his face, enjoying his slave's work.

Holding up her juicy tits and pushing them together to fully hug the young guy's slippery erection, Bunny Judith is bobbing her upper body up and down, whilst also massaging her arousing udders onto his sex, giving him a delightful, slobbery 'Spanish' treatment. The man's cock is drenched in the girl's slippery throat-saliva, as are the woman's titties, granting his divine cock perfect lubrication as they slide up and down the shaft. The woman's breasts are visibly beaten, marked with red line-marks caused by a cane or similar instrument. Her plugged ass has the same marks, indicated the happy-go-lucky slave has been beaten before this moment. Not for doing anything wrong, but simply for her user's pleasure.

At the same time, Judith's head is tilted forwards, so that her red lips are simultaneously slurping on the boy's youthful cock, the cock-head never leaving the warm nest of her mouth. To fully drive the experience home, Judith's green-blue eye-marbles are locked up at her young Master's, not leaving them even for a single split second.

It is crystal clear that the girl aims to please the stranger at the best of her abilities, rather than beat his ass. The short, dark-haired guy is fully relaxed, as his ten-years-older slut is worshipping his cock with her body. The pulsing heat, emanating from the whore's large, reddened, hurting tits, feels great on his veiny manhood. Wet, slippery sounds come from both the woman's spit-coated boob-job as well as her experienced sucking of the man's penis-head.

Paired with Judith's obedient, submissive eyes, it all culminates wonderfully into the man ejaculating hard with a great climax. Judith knows to gradually lessen the stimulation, both with

the way she moves her udders up and down, as well as her dick-suckling, all while swallowing every cum-drop coming out of the boy's urethra.

"Did you enjoy yourself, Master?" the woman replies with an utterly subservient, polite smile, kneeling in attention with her arms on her thighs. "You did good bunny-girl" the man dignifies a response after many seconds of disregarding the slave, busy wiping his cock with a hand-towel. "I'm not gonna get you punished" he says the words that Judith was secretly waiting to hear.

"Thank you Master, I'm eternally grateful" the woman shows her gratitude with a graceful kneeling bow. As she rests them on her thighs, her arms are doing that seductive thing where they press her brutally whipped and saliva-glistening tits together, her 'performance' never really ending until the man departs.

While Judith is enjoying a deep, peaceful sleep in her slave quarters, Vivian is spending yet another dawn in the punishment room. It couldn't have gone any other way, after her latest assault on her VIP customer, only the latest on a string of defiant outbursts.

While Vivian has run the gamut of 'disciplinary methods' available in the Institute, today she is not assigned to either the 'Roach bath' or the 'Ear blaster'. Today she's in for the 'Seven-hour itch', as it's adorably named by the duration of the punishment.

Though there's nothing adorable about this predicament.

Fully restrained by the many leather straps attached to her frame, pinning her neck, wrists, ankles, knees and waist down, the fully naked subject is generously lathered up with a colorless, transparent, glistening gel, a chemical concoction especially crafted by the institute, to act as the ultimate itching powder. Calling it that sounds insulting though, since this gel is easily 100 times more abrasive and torturous than the normal itchy powder you might find at a prank store. Tested to not cause any visible skin irritation or lasting side-effects, this gel can keep a poor slave writhing uncontrollably, then once washed off leave her in perfect shape for her morning shift.

Using double pairs of latex gloves, the handlers carefully apply the gel across every inch of the slave's naked body, from coating the soles of her feet and rubbing it on her sensitive inner labia and between the wrinkles of her asshole, to thoroughly massaging onto her scalp.

Of course, it wouldn't be an Institute punishment if the whole ordeal wasn't designed for maximum agony on all 'angles'. Once the subject has been meticulously covered from head to

toe in the awful gel, a rectangular metal frame, that houses a taut latex sheet, is attached to the slave's frame via a matching rectangular lining that goes around the slave's body. Each 'slave box' has this lining feature for this occasion.

Using an air-pump mechanism, the air is removed from between the slave's frame and the latex sheet, creating a latex vacuum bed inside which the bound slave is sealed. The handlers simply have to pop the latex sheet's breathing gag into the subject's mouth before vacuuming all the air out. It is a hollow ball-gag with a through-hole that links the subject's gagged mouth to a little round, nylon-mesh-covered hole at the surface of the latex sheet.

The already terrible itching sensation manifesting from the gel is then amplified, since the heat, generated by every pore of the subject's body being tightly encased in non-breathable latex fabric, as well as the friction that the fabric creates with the subject's skin, as it writhes and shifts in utter frustration, only multiply the torturous effects of the gel.

Helpless to relieve any part of their full-bodied itching, and with the latex only teasing a sense of 'unfulfilling' contact that doesn't scratch anything, the subject is stuck in an endless feeding loop of struggling and torment, where more struggling brings more torment brings more struggling and so on.

Vivian is currently on hour 4 of this ordeal, sealed inside her bright-yellow, latex prison. Her frustrated, gagged screams come out through the little mesh hole of her vac bed. Her pretty little body is outlined by the strictness with which the thin yellow latex layer pressed down onto it. From the girl's hip bones, poking through either side of her flat little belly, to the cute nipples of her small chest, visible under this latex coating, the girl looks like a little butterfly framed in latex.

A squirming, suffering butterfly.

The itch is so bad it literally fogs the mind, leaving little room for a slave to try and keep her cool and mentally contain this torture. Underneath her latex vacuum packaging, the girl is a sweat-drenched mess, though the gel does not get absorbed by her body, lingering there basically indefinitely and only causing more heinous discomfort with the slightest movement.

In her blinded, immobilized suffering, Vivian feels like she's going insane, having lost track of time and space. She might as well have gone crazy.

Was this all worth it for head-butting that fucker?

Despite Judith regularly encouraging Vivian to cut herself some slack and stop self-sabotaging with pointless resisting and fights, the tomboy does not appear to alter her approach towards her vile captors, at least on the outside. Unlike her redhead friend, who for years now has taken the path of least resistance, saving herself lots and lots of pain, Vivian is still a pain in the ass, though mostly to herself, rather than any of the evil pricks she's attempting to get back at.

In a telling juxtaposition, we see a typical day of oral service in each girl's slave-rooms. While both women are arm-bound behind their backs and attached kneeling to their respective footboard of their beds, Vivian has her neck strictly tied with rope around the bed-frame's tethering pole, not budging a millimeter, whilst Judith has no neck restraints whatsoever, able to move her head freely.

While many clients are still rough with her despite her not fighting them, some men simply hold her head by her beautiful red hair locks, as they ease their cocks past her full lips. The lack of any violence in this treatment seems almost affectionate in this place. Other clients simply mimic the head-motion they wanna see the girl do by gently guiding the girl's head back and forth by a handful of her hair.

Even more important in all this, is that 'Busty Barbara', as Judith's slave name is, does not have a ring-gag spreading her jaw agape. Her lips are free to wrap around all those different, smelly cocks, and Judith obliges without objection. She has concluded long ago that getting a client angry by dissatisfying him or playing hard to get is not worth the trouble. He will fuck her mouth one way or the other, so she elects to be a good, people-pleasing whore.

Cut to a red-faced, bloodshot and teary-eyed, choking Vivian, having her esophagus pounded by a muscular, brut asshole. Even after so many months, the ring-gag does not leave her facial fuck-hole, due to her muddied track-record of assaulting good, paying customers with her 'chompers'.

Besides most men's inner violent urges towards the fragile, small girl, many of them get a kick out of roughing up the little tomboy slut, who's acting like she's too good to get her face fucked. Vivian's aggravating predisposition only causes more aggression coming her way.

“Your neck hurts way less if you suck ‘em on your own. Your jaw too, that ring-gag thing was giving me such a tooth-ache it turned into a full migraine after a while” Judith’s advice during a meal-time hangout rings in Vivian’s mind as she’s being mouth-pounded by the beefy guy three times her size. Her jaw does hurt quicker and worse from the chronic ring-gag use, and her head is dealing with a pulsing, droning headache. And that’s without factoring in the brutal throat-raping she’s also withstanding.

While Busty Barbara’s room has around 15-20 visitors per shift, the energy in that room is a lot tamer than Petite Piper’s, whose 30-35 VPS are coming through the door to hurt and degrade the tiny bitch as much as the Institute staff will turn a blind eye on.

The other slaves are closer to Judith’s demeanor than Vivian’s, with most of them beaten into submission and falling into line with what’s expected of their dehumanizing job titles.

But Vivian holds on to her pride, refusing to play her slave part. As an aversion to the hyper-feminine, constantly seductive, slutty attitude the Institute slaves exhibit, Vivian has been swinging the opposite direction, basically confirming her tomboy stereotyping by aiming to be as unappealing and unattractive as possible, even though she ultimately fails at it, given by the number of ‘loads’ she ‘collects’ daily.

The battle around the slave-girl’s noble cause starts coming into question.

A lanky, non-binary person of Polish descent, with pale skin and long, straight hair of orange and green color is leisurely swaying their black knee-high, chunky, lace boots back and forth, whilst seated on a big square box that’s part of the setting. Dressed in black, latex suspender-shorts, they are balancing the mid-point of a riding crop on their nose, not really seeming to mind the ticking of their two hours booked with their toy. On their hand is loosely resting the loop-end of a purple, leather leash, which ends on a matching leather collar around Vivian’s neck.

A Vivian that’s currently forced to crawl on the floor, on her elbows and knees, which are stashed inside the arm and leg sheaths of a monochrome bright green, rubber pet-suit that tightly hugs every inch of her naked, encased body.

“Ready for another ‘walkie’?” the person looks down at their pet, speaking in a slightly deeper, but still very feminine, buttery soft voice. “HMmmmghh!” Vivian glares up at them, their head encased in a matching, bright green rubber hood that only has a small oval opening

for her eyes and nose to peek through. The rubber hood is complete with cute painted little purple whiskers and cute triangular cat ears on top. Only other part of the girl's anatomy that's not smothered by rubber is her pretty, round ass and her crotch. Her asshole is currently filled with a butt-plug that sports a long, fluffy green tail, which is proudly sticking through the girl's tight asscheeks, asscheeks which are still red, hot and with a pulsing pain by the fierce cropping she received ten minutes ago.

"Come on, Kitty" the quirky, trans-person fully ignores the girl's moaning, stepping off their little box/seat with a small hop. Vivian tries to brace her halved-in-length arms and her hind-legs to oppose the person's leash-pulling, but they press a small button that's attached to the end of the leash and a strong wave of electricity surges through the metal of the butt plug, frying Vivian's rectum. "MMNNnngghhhh!!!...." Vivian squints her eyes, having no choice but to follow where the latex-clad client wants her to go, her butt plug tail swinging left and right with her stride.

The pair walks along a series of black-and-white-striped, S-shaped paths painted on the floor, Vivian fuming at having to crawl by the person's side throughout this, her resistance catered to by the occasional anal shock.

Finally, the long-haired VIP leads the furious, but obeying rubber cat-girl to an area they have both visited a couple of times already, a little obstacle course designed for the little human kitty to move through. Hurdles and round tunnels and wooden poles to zig-zag through, the works! "We're going to do it faster this time, ok?" the person talks down to the girl in an uncannily calm and serene way, holding an old-timey stopwatch. They don't need to mention what will happen if kitty is too slow, since Vivian's aching buns still remember.

Unable to take this indecency any longer, the crawling rubber-suited girl launches at the person that's 'renting her', all guns blazing, seeing red as deep as her welted ass-cheeks.

But this defiant, radical moment only finds the woman's folded rubber elbows meeting her non-binary Mistress' knees, Vivian achieving nothing but the softest push. Her rebellious charge proved pretty underwhelming. "Don't be stubborn, kitty" the person looks down at their pet's pathetic attempts at free-will, soon before zapping the ever-living shit out of its sore rectum.



## CHAPTER 9: FLEETING PLEASURES

Vivian and Judith have managed to get a seat next to one another in the cafeteria. Even though it caused Judith a vicious cattle-prodding by her handler, the warmth of her friend's company alleviates some of the pain that's still lingering in the woman's thick, exposed booty. The two women get a spark in their eyes whenever they see their 'bestie' from across the hall.

Though today has been tough for Vivian. She got roughed up quite a bit during her afternoon shift and her eyes are holding back moisture. Judith has been caringly rubbing the girl's sack-covered back, comforting her. Her short-shackled wrists (just like any other slaves' in the dining hall) force the woman to kind of awkwardly keep both her hands on Vivian's back.

"Come on, Viv'. You gotta get some food in ya" the curvy redhead says to her sorrowful friend with a nurturing tone.

"I can't do this anymore Judy...it's too hard" the girl says through held-back weeping. "Come on..." the older woman knows her friend is not wrong. "...you got your pal to cheer you up" she says with a smile, sitting up close to the girl, their thighs, naked from the shortness of their sack-dresses, fully touching, as the woman keeps rubbing the girl's back affectionately.

The short, teary-eyed girl turns to meet her friend's gaze. Both women are facing each other, their eyes only a few inches apart, just like the red ball-gags that dangle besides their chins from their still worn head harnesses. Without anyone needing to say a word, both women slowly lean closer and close their eyes, until their lips touch in a beautiful, tender kiss.

It feels wonderful! None of them has experienced such a sweet moment ever since their arrival at the Institute. Vivian and Judith's lips part with the softest lip smack. They both gaze into each other's eyes, in a way they haven't done before, then they go for another, more passionate, wetter kiss, softly embracing each other and ignoring the stares they get from the other slaves in the cafeteria.

Consumed in their own little world.

During the following weeks, a little angel (or was it a demon?) on Vivian's shoulder starts convincing her to pull her punches in regards to her overall brattiness. Swallowing her pride feels bad at first, though not as bad as swallowing a cockroach in her punishment box. The girl's visits to that dreadful room gradually lessen, the little short-haired whore being more agreeable towards her daily abuse.

That demon/angel on her shoulder always has Judith's voice. And while Vivian cannot tell whether she is choosing correctly in embracing this inevitable part of her captivity, she is grateful towards the busty redhead for looking out for her. With genuine care and worry, Judith often warns her that if she keeps at this full-throttle, guns blazing defiance, she'll flame out and fully "lose her soul" in the process. Vivian can totally see that in her future.

So no more shin-kicking or head-butting VIP customers. No more spitting at handlers whenever they undid her gag. The tomboy even relented to fellating her long line of customers 'raw', with no muzzle-ring behind her teeth but only an exercise in self-restraint to let the stiff flesh-rods 'do their thing' with her warm, wet mouth. Her hateful glances softened up into less hostile expressions of discomfort.

With her first year in the Institute just around the corner, Petite Piper was becoming a proper little whore.

Her relationship with Judith, the beautiful veteran slave, has shifted from its strictly platonic state. The comfort they give each other now is not only mental, but physical. They are each other's anchor, helping each other through the undeniably difficult times the Institute offers in abundance and offering momentary escape from their cruel fates. The two are inseparable during meals. If god forbid, they fail to synchronize their table-tethering, they pout for the rest of the half hour.

The rest of the slaves have gotten whiff of this unofficial, unannounced 'couple', often giggling like schoolgirls whenever they witness an intimate moment between the two.

One such moment is currently unfolding in the otherwise crowded slave dining room. Both women have quickly gobbled up their mushy meal and are currently being all cute with each

other. The armed guards cornering the vast room do not appear to give a shit regarding the two slaves' tomfoolery, though they do observe them with bored glances.

Under the steel table that they are both 'hooked on' and perched snugly, the full-figured Judith is lovingly stroking the smaller chick's thigh, which her ugly sack/dress absolutely does not cover. Judith's hands are always forced to three-inch proximity by her shackles, but like every other slave-girl, she's gotten used to that hindrance.

The red-haired lass lets out a naughty but wholesome smile, as her hand starts suggestively travelling from Vivian's upper thigh to under her rough-textured, nylon dress and between her thighs! With their bodies in warm contact, Judith shoots her friend a look, awaiting permission to continue. Viv is almost taken aback by the gesture. Her body has been violated all this time with no regard for her wishes, so someone asking for consent seems almost bizarre!

With her excitement betrayed by her faster breathing, the tomboy nods and Judith gently proceeds with welcomed fingers, touching the girl's regularly battered sex, Viv spreading her legs a bit, invitingly. The 29-year-old woman goes extra softly and smoothly, knowing the young woman might be sore. But as her fingers massage the young woman's clit and her inner labia, Judith feels undeniable moisture on her fingertips. The girl REALLY wants this.

Trying to be as discreet as a public fingering can be, Judith gently inserts her finger inside Vivian. The small-sized girl bites her bottom lip, stifling a moan. This feels spectacular! With each woman's excited breath being felt on the other's face, Judith skillfully works her finger to massage the roof of the girl's pussy. The redhead is getting almost as worked up as Viv, pleasuring her slave-friend.

With the short-haired girl's arousal gradually sky-rocketing, the thicker damsel thinks 'fuck it' and tosses all pretenses of concealing her lust, passionately kissing the side of the woman's neck, as she's stimulating her with her index finger inside her and her thumb doing tender circles around her clitoral hood. Vivian has closed her eyes, letting this wave of pleasure hit her. With her arms lying idle on the bench and her thighs open, the bratty tomboy is truly allowing Judith to do whatever she wants to her, in an unprecedented display of utter femininity.

There's probably not a soul in the cafeteria hall that hasn't gotten a whiff of what's happening on that table. With the redhead's skillful fingers accelerating, Vivian cannot keep her orgasmic moan from coming out half-stifled, despite how much she tries.

"MMmmfff!" As if to help her friend muffle her climactic moan, Judith rushes in and gives the girl a deep, long kiss, all whilst bringing the girl gingerly down from her euphoric peak with declining hand-stimulation.

“More whimsy! More coy!” Gloria Milberg exclaims like a musical theater director, sending another electric shock through Vivian’s body via the simplest push of a button. Her slave’s performance was getting pretty dull.

A 5-inch-long wrist chain attaches the tomboy to a metal loop that’s currently over a glistening dancing pole. The electricity curses through the pole, then through the very conductive wrist-cuff and finally through the girl’s poor body.

“MMMNGGH!” Vivian yelps once more into her saliva-glistening black ball-gag, the shock adorably making her cutely dressed body jerk from the jolt. Following her Mistress’ instruction, the girl immediately start twirling around the pole with more grace, more purpose.

Despising every second of it, Vivian is forced to dance for her mistress as seductively as possible. Gloria has been putting her lil’ sissy-slut through the ringer, hitching her to her dancing pole for their past four ‘dates’. Never having pole-danced before these sessions, Vivian has been having some difficulties expressing a sultry sentiment through movement, hence the frequent zaps she’s been receiving.

At least the whore is getting better, Gloria ponders. At first she had the grace of a truck driver, but now she appears much better, wrapping her legs around the pole and moving with more femininity around the pole.

Counter-intuitively enough, the slight freedom and false agency that the cruel woman often gives Piper during their one-on-one sessions, brings more humiliation and frustration to Vivian. After all, if you’re completely unable to do anything, then you got nothing to blame on yourself. It’s these degrading acts that Gloria forces –through plenty of violence- the petite girl to debase herself with, that hurt her ego most.

A trademark of every session between the sadistic executive and her feisty slave, Miss Kowalski is dressed in yet another fetishy, sissy latex outfit. This time it’s a fully bust-less latex dirndl, in red and black colors. The top part of the two-piece features puffy short-sleeves with huge latex frills on either side and a folded collar with a big ribbon below. The bottom part is a frilly, wide, but short, double-layer latex skirt and a waist-band that only cover the wearer’s lower abdomen. Latex belts on either side go up to fasten on the wearer’s shoulders like suspenders.

The outfit fully exposes Vivian's flat, but beautiful breasts. Black latex, thigh-high stockings glisten as they squeeze the girl's skinny legs and a blood-red pair of tall, 'princessy' heels covers her feet. The matching red, thick wig and ultra-girly make-up is never missing from the girl's presentation.

Though Vivian has generally sunken more into the metaphorical (and literal) bonds of her prolonged slavery, that devilish woman still manages to fill her with that powerless kind of rage. It's one thing the brainless, feral way in which most of her clients use her to fulfill their sexual urges. In a way it's less amoral than Gloria's sessions, which sometimes don't even feature sex at all. Above all, the 32-year-old socialite enjoys seeing the misery in the girl's eyes. Just like her current 'dancing lesson', a lot of Gloria's games intent to humiliate the bratty slave in different, more personal ways.

For that reason, the blonde is by far the most hated person in the Institute, as far as the young soccer player is concerned.

To Vivian's dismay, Gloria is also the most frequent 'client' of hers, as far as VIP ones go. At least once a month, Miss Milberg will cherish Petite Piper's unwilling company. Teasing and 'poking' the little slut brings her immense joy every time, joy that usually culminates in a satisfying cunt-lapping or rimming by the tomboy's lips, or even a good strap-on dildo pegging session. Whichever the way the 33-year-old chooses to climax, her little sissy toy is always there to service her, with a hateful look in her eyes.

"Alright, enough teasing me" the woman says, dressed only in a satin, hooded cape, tall heels and a huge dildo strapped on her pelvis. She approaches her ball-gagged, pouty victim, stroking the 8 inches of her rubber cock, as if it'll harden further. She always likes fucking the tiny cunt's mouth to lube up before 'splitting' her.



## CHAPTER 10: FIDELIO HALL

Alesia was a gorgeous Italian woman and unfortunately for her, a veteran slave in the Institute for the past 17 years. A record of longevity. Abducted from her small, rural Italian village at the innocent age of 18, before she could start the modelling career she aspired, she never saw not only the States, but anything besides the underground walls of the Institute. She had long, wavy brown hair and a fitting, Mediterranean, bronze tan on her 5'11", skinny, super-model's physique.

But time spares no one and the Institute's protocols don't, either. At 35 and with her more womanly, more timeless kind of beauty not being appreciated by the hordes of men she served every day and night, she was 'retired'.

Or as they say in the Institute, "recalled".

At this moment, a much different Alesia is being throat-pummeled by a fully naked, standing man, around his 30s. The Italian slave is kneeling on the marbled floors of an utterly eccentric, as well as lavish hall.

It is the Institute's rather exclusive 'Fidelio Hall', a place where luxurious, party orgies meet the Institute's selection of modified, living sex toys. Unlike a private VIP session, each of these toys is free to use at a moment's notice, either by one or many of the rich patrons. The atmosphere in these rooms shifts from serenely chill, to bonkers wild, depending on the night and occupancy.

The vibe now is rather low energy, with not that many people in the room, though it's still early. After midnight is when things rump up.

The man currently using what (not who) was once "Alluring Alesia", does not appear to have any shame being butt-naked in the middle of the spacious room, and is more focused with shoving every millimeter of his coked-up, stiff erection into the mouth-hole of a latex humanoid of sorts, as he holds it by its very humanlike, brown ponytail. But underneath the latex exterior that envelopes this living sex toy, there's a person somewhere beneath it.

The woman is completely encased inside a zipper-less, green, latex bodysuit, the smooth glossy fabric glistening under the hall's lights. The latex appears fused to her skin, and not just

squeezing it. The sex-doll's 'exterior' matches nicely with the girl's light brown hair, which, despite being permanently shaved across most of her head, features a long, perky ponytail that's sticking through the top of the girl's latex-encased head via a snug hole. It's the girl's actual hair, one of the few parts of hers that has remained unaltered.

A lot of similar holes have been made on the woman's body. Definitely more snug than the chick's useless biological orifices, which were deemed unqualified to provide pleasure. The woman's mouth is a permanently open, round orifice, with a soft, black rubber outline around it. Her toothless gums have been 'enhanced' by a rubbery, elastic cylinder which has been fused to her gums and the roof of her mouth with surgical glue, substituting the girl's oral cavity.

Thousands of tiny, soft, rubber brushes, lining this facial cock-sheath's surface, offer delightful friction and stimulation to the user. This installed cylinder goes all the way down the woman's throat, ensuring wonderful friction on any 'depth' the penis resides. The rubbery material is porous, bringing all of the lubricating moisture of the woman's salivation onto the surface of the cylinder, never offering a dry experience.

Just like with every millimeter of her new body, Alesia's head and face is completely covered in green latex, her (beautiful) facial features only vaguely outlined by their latex casing. Apart from the very apparent 'entrance' hole, there are no other ones for the person to breathe from. The little hole poked through the girl's neck via a performed tracheotomy takes care of that, so that the toy can be face-fucked without worries of abrupt 'glitching', meaning choking to death.

But poor Alesia's transformation far from ends here. Her arms were deemed unnecessary, removed at the shoulders, the smooth stumps tastefully covered by the green latex suit/skin. The woman's once perky B-cup breasts now appear ballooned to an obscene, G-size, utterly artificial as they sit high on her chest, without the natural shagging of aging. Just like every inch of the living toy's body, they are covered in tight latex. What's even more bizarre is that in place of her areolae and nipples, are round plugs.

A stiff, silver posture collar circles the girl's neck all along its length. On the front of the metal collar is where the girl's breathing hole resides, air rapidly going in and out through the metal over the girl's neck hole.

Speaking of metal, more silver squeezes the girl's waist as a silver waist corset has shrunken Judith's waist from her previous 24 inches to a staggering 18. Two ribs are missing from each side to accommodate the lack of space for the girl's vital organs. Alesia's hips and ass look similarly 'inflated' to her boobs, giving her that cartoonish hourglass figure.

Her crotch holes are similarly plugged, to allow access only when needed. The green rubber sex-doll's presentation ends in a pair of silver, 7-inch-tall ballet heels, which make walking challenging for the armless damsel in distress.

"FUCK this feels good!" the man groans, enthralled in the high of his pleasure and substance abuse. Indeed, the toy's mouth-hole wraps around his hard cock like no human woman ever could, more a product of science than biology. The woman's tongue has been left intact (sticking through a hole at the bottom of the rubber cylinder) to enhance the stimulating experience.

Most of the woman's senses and abilities, like her sight, hearing and voice, have all been surgically removed. Her eyeballs treated to acid, her eardrums punctured and her vocal chords cut. Other senses, like her smell and taste, have been rendered obsolete by her current state. Though using her hands is also a thing of the past for Alesia, she can feel the man's erection sliding in and out of her throat, via the friction on her new rubber throat.

The woman's oral-enhancer does offer a small barrier for the direct penis/throat violent contact. Weirder though, is the sensation of having her mouth and throat permanently kept open by this modification, essentially waiting for anyone to stick their meat-rods inside at any moment. As much as she might strain to close her toothless mouth or close her throat, she'll find the resistance of her 'oral extension'.

Whenever not in use, the 35-year-old woman's throat is plugged by a 7-inch long dildo-plug, as to not have the mindless thing drooling all over the place. The snake-like plug/gag is currently lying on the floor next to the kneeling sex toy, since its mouth is 'occupied'.

Similarly, 9-inch long and 2-inch thick dildo-plugs occupy her cunt and asshole. Her womb and some of her lower intestines have been removed in order to make room for these monsters. All these plugs can be locked in place and kept from being 'pushed out' or sliding off by gravity, by their turn-locking mechanism. The round, black rubber 'doorways' implemented on each sex hole have a notch on one side, where a matching jut on the plugs' edge comes to meet it and trap the long dildos in their warm nests.

Just like with Alesia's 'throat-guard', porous, rubbery hollow cylinders, with hundreds of tiny bulbs across their surface, are surgically 'melded' onto the woman's vaginal and anal walls, keeping them permanently stretched whilst also transmitting the sensations the hole 'receives' from any careless pounding.

Her pussy and ass are currently both plugged, as to not allow a snail-trail of sexual fluids dribbling down from her gaping sex holes.

Why would that be a problem? Well, the Institute has (and regularly will be) dozing their modified slave-toy with an obscene amount of aphrodisiacs, causing tremendous salivation in her oral glands, as well as extreme sexual moisture in both her pussy and rim-hole, for the users' added pleasure.

Though technically Alesia is constantly magnitudes hornier than she ever was, she doesn't actually feel any of this arousal. Not only has her clitoris being snipped off, but the nerve endings of her inner labia as well as those lining her vaginal and anal canal have been chemically treated to complete irresponsiveness, being as good as dead. Orgasm will not be on the table for the remainder of her pathetic life. The woman will sense her pussy and asshole being filled, just not in any meaningful, stimulating way. She is just a vessel for other people's gratification.

The man is feeling his cock twitch, his balls ready to 'fire'. But he doesn't want to finish in the toy's throat. He has another hole in mind. Sliding his throbbing boner from the kneeling, armless thing's face-hole, he turns the plug of her right G-cup breast, and pulls a smaller, 4-inch dildo from inside of the woman's 'latexy' breast, to reveal a round hole (slightly over an inch wide) where the nipple should have been!

Both of the Italian beauty's enlarged breasts have had this 'drilling' procedure, to give the sex-toy's users the ability to literally fuck her boobies. The 'contents' of the woman's huge bazongas are still her own, original, meaty udders, simply tripled in size via aggressive steroid hormones, but the expertly stimulating cock-sheaths that are attached to her mouth, cunt and anus are also placed inside each of her bimbo tits, providing that sweet, sweet, wet, tight and smooth feeling.

With his dick ready to 'burst' the man shoves his vein-pulsing cock through the latex doll's tit-hole. Keeping both his hands tightly around the woman's silver posture collar (more for unwavering leverage than any meaningful attempt at breath-play) the man 'pumps' 6-7 more time into her tit, until he unloads inside it.

A small, vein canal leads the semen through the woman's breast down to her stomach. There's no load "AV" won't swallow, regardless of which body part you came in. Her most recent (and final) name is simply an abbreviation of her former slave name, Alluring Alesia.

A pretty, black waitress, in a skimpy rubber dress and a huge braided ponytail, approaches the man, holding a tray of drinks. “Are you finished with this, sir?” the woman offers the naked, cum-drunk man his favorite drink out of the tray, the “this” in this sentence referring to the poor, hopeless woman remaining idly on her knees. “Yes, take it away” the man nods, still catching his breath from the wonderful sexual experience.

The young woman re-inserts the plugs inside the latex-coated toy’s semen-filled titty and her gaping mouth, locking both in place with a simple twist. Alesia does not respond to this invasion of her cavities. It is difficult to judge externally how much anything affects her, nowadays.

The black waitress then clips a silver chain-leash to the posture collar of the living toy and simply gives it a double tug. It is enough for the mostly senseless woman to realize she’s being ordered up on her ballet heels, and she obeys promptly, despite blindly stumbling to find her footing for a second.

The waitress gracefully paces around the room, with one hand under the tray, the other holding on to the end of AV’s leash. The living toy towers over the 5’6” tall woman, in addition thanks to the 7 extra inches of her metal ballet boots. Though Alesia doesn’t appear in any shape to exert any free will, never mind refusing the direction she’s being made to follow.

Voicelessly, blindly and armlessly, she ‘trots’ along behind the waitress, on her way to being stored, unless she’s handed off to a patron that asks for her.

Or rather, for ‘it’.



## CHAPTER 11: TRUE COLORS

The affable, honey-sweet persona that 'Petite Piper' had tried to embrace was melting away. It lasted for a few 'good' months, but the goal-scoring tomboy was forcing it more and more with each passing day. It felt wrong and her true self was become back out with reactive fits of resistance and rage.

This was no way to live. It didn't matter if she had no other alternative. She had to find a way out, even if it was the last thing she'd try to do. Her meet-ups with Judy became opportunities to spark the rebellious 'flame' that had died out in the beautiful redhead. She always laughed off Vivian's 'proposals' to hatch an escape plan, telling her younger friend/paramour how "silly" she sounded.

But not one to be discouraged easily, Vivian kept trying, hoping to convince her. It got to the point where a fed-up Judith stopped approaching her. But in Vivian's eyes, it was obvious why. Deep down, she wanted to give it a shot, but was scared.

The prospect of freedom, the hope of freedom filled her with sorrow, since she had long ago made peace with her grim fate. Secretly, Judith admired Vivian for her courage and perseverance. She wished she also possessed them, but felt too weak. Too old. Like the chance had passed her by, at some vague point.

"I'm getting you out of here" Vivian's stupidly confident words rang in the woman's head, every night at bedtime.

Gloria is enjoying strap-on-fucking her favorite girly slave-toy, in a huge, larger than King-sized bed with pink satin covers. While Petite Piper is bound spread eagle on each corner of the luxury bedding, her mouth is allowed to spew curses and 'naughty words' freely, towards her female rapist. Gloria likes it when her toy 'badmouths' her as she's stretching her pussy with her collection of girthy, rubber cocks. It just makes her hornier.

Vivian's sissy outfit is a bit more 'bedroom-centered' and 'light', consisting basically of an elaborate, pink-and-white bra and thigh-high, white, lace stockings and pink stiletto heels. The bra has a small, triangle patch of white cotton covering only the girl's areolae. Two lines of

beads line the 'cleavage' part of the undergarment, even if the tomboy doesn't have much to show in that department. Pink frills line the underside of the bra and cute pink little ribbons rest at the top, where the bra's cups end and the straps begin. Besides the sissy slaves (mandatory) exaggerated girly make up and fake eyelashes, two long, straight light-blonde pigtails of the girl's most recent wig reach all the way down her hips.

The disrobed executive is laying over her bound plaything, giving it to her in a rather tame (given the usual circumstances) missionary position. All her strap-on toys have an insertable portion for her pleasure. The soft U-shaped compartment caps both the woman's clitoral mount and her G-spot and can vibrate in correspondence to the speed of her thrusting. The quicker the pounding, the stronger the vibrations.

Pretty neat technology for someone who often likes to simulate a 'man's way' of sex.

As she carelessly thrusts into her sissy-slut's sex hole, the larger, taller woman generously runs her hands through the girl's petite body, feeling it up every which way. She then wraps both her hands around the girl's slim neck, squeezing just enough to get that nectar-like feeling of holding the girl's life in her hands whilst raping her. Vivian can do nothing, pulling her wrist and ankle chains with only result the 'clanking' sound they make with each failed attempt at freedom. "Gkk...ghk....ghkk..." she can't really swear at her abuser anymore, with her windpipe closed in Gloria's grasp.

"Yeeees, I really like when you get all red like that..." Gloria says submerged in lust, referring to the blood rushing to the oxygen-deprived girl's face. She dildo-pounds her some more, feeling the ecstatic effects of her vibrations mixed in with the girl's agony, before finally removing her hands.

"Fucking...bitch..." Vivian manages to get one out after some coughing.

"Owww, you sweet little thing..." Gloria sadistically puts her hand on the girl's cheek, caressing it. As a striker, Vivian always knew when to pounce on a good opportunity. Feeling the woman's hand caress her, she turns in a lightning quick move and plunges her teeth firmly on that soft part of flesh between the thumb and the index finger.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaawww, you....WHORE!" Gloria pulls her bloodied hand away, at a loss for words, due to the shock.

“I promise you, you’re gonna pay for this...” she stormed off more than annoyed, while an elated, almost demented Vivian giggled more and more until her whole body was participating in this cackling laughter, with some of her abuser’s blood still on her ‘chompers’.



## CHAPTER 12: HICKING AND SCREAMING

For assaulting a high-ranking official of the Institute, Vivian got the cockroach bath, one of the most dreaded punishments. Any punishment would put a hamper on a slavegirl's fits of rebelliousness. But it didn't slow down Vivian's resolve. The tiny, 100-pound girl kept batting her head against an entire organization with the grit of a fucking Minotaur.

And Judith couldn't help but notice that. As much as she hated to admit it, her friend's resilience and affected her, made her feel like the dumb one.

After a few weeks of shamefully avoiding her, Judith got the seat next to Vivian, one day in the cafeteria hall.

"Let's do this. I'm all in" she whispered to her with a kind smile and a second later, the two exchanged a deep, long kiss that they had both sorely missed.

Getting out of this underground fortress was not just a matter of decisiveness. If it was that easy, any slaves would walk out of there in an instant. The "who wants it more" rule did not apply here. But there were a few...soft spots.

The most 'vulnerable' time of the day for the Institute were the dark, early hours of the day. When the place was understaffed and the slaves were sleeping.

Or punished.

That was the key. In order for their scheme to work, both women needed to earn a trip to the punishment room. Easy for Vivian, not so much for Judith, whose many years of instinctive submission had to be tossed out the metaphorical window. She literally did not remember the last time she antagonized her 'clients', but in order for all this to work, she had to meet-up with Vivian at the punishment chambers.

But this was only the first step!

Judith and Vivian had noticed the two most recent arrivals amongst handlers. Two naïve, spineless looking white dudes, no one older than 25. Appointed to their positions by some high-

ranking relative, they were proof that nepotism was real, even in a high-profile criminal organization such as the Institute.

So the second, necessary step of the plan was that these two noobies needed to be the ones to take the women from their rooms to the punishment ward. And they needed to be alone. If any girl appeared too...shifty or rowdy and required a second handler, the whole plan went to shit.

Unable to affect that outcome, it took many attempts of the two women trying their luck, hoping to roll 'boxcars' on this crapshoot at escape. It wasn't like they were going for a walk in the park. Whatever punishment was assigned to them, it was meant to deter them from ever going back there.

The opposite of what the two slavegirls were after. Especially for the fragile, sensitive Judith, having to endure an entire torture session for nothing was... disheartening to say the least. But Vivian was always there the next day to lift her spirits, to give her a warm hug and a kiss and to "try again".

Seeing the "little one" - as Judy had started affectionately calling the small tomboy - be so brave in the face on this horror was truly inspiring to the older redhead.

Finally, after over a dozen punishments, it happened! The two women have to contain their widened looks and pounding hearts to keep their cool, once they see each other with the two dunces pushing them forward with their collar-pole tool. Vivian has 'gotten' the "fat one", an overweight bastard with a curly neckbeard while Judy is being led by a lanky, buck-toothed, perv-mustached lad.

Throughout their 'trip' down the dark, corridors of the 'sleeping' Institute, both naked, ballgagged and poled girls have been giving the "fuck me daddy" eyes to their handlers, trying to rub their asses onto them in a less-than-subtle way.

"You have to really submit to him, make him think he's the shit and you're nothing" we see a murmuring 'lesson' in male seduction, taking place at the cafeteria. "Be really desperate, but

DON'T be aggressive. Ever move should be slow and dainty. Be as helpless as fucking Bambi”  
Judy tutored her young protégé in the art of fawning over someone.

“Got it” Vivian absorbed the knowledge like a sponge. The half white-half Latina was currently giving the fat fuck the “Bambi eyes” keeping her small, skinny, clothless body all ‘bent’ and ‘alluring’ like Judith had showed her during their cafeteria lessons. He had noticed her, but not knowing how to respond, he was averting eye contact, awkward. They had told him to zap them when they resisted, but this one did the opposite.

Judith had also ‘warmed’ her guy up during their brief walk together, her stunning turquoise eyes luring him (and his dick) in; her lashes flattered at him like the most coy of whores.

The two handlers simply nodded at each other, as they met outside the heavy-duty security door. The overweight dude unlocked it with his keycard and in they all walked.

“MMmm” Vivian and moan went into ‘phase 2’ of their flirting. With their pole-collars removed and the distance between them and their handlers minimized, they became more upfront, rubbing their ass against the men’s jumpsuit-covered laps and giving them the whole “please, don’t punish me too much sir, I’ll do you a favor” deal.

Vivian was unrecognizable in her feminine, ballgagged begging, eyeing the taller man with her head submissively down and her pleading eyes darting up. She had a great teacher to help her.

“MMm” both girls struggle with her cuffed hands to point at their ballgags, signaling their urgent need to speak to their captors. “What do you want, bitch?” the lanky guy asks annoyed. Curiosity (along with their semi-hard penises) takes control and the men untag the slaves.

“Please, don’t punish us too hard and we’ll give you the best blowjob of your life” both girls propose in more or less similar words. Their voices are submissive and pitiful; their knees are already buckling to go down, showing just how easy they’ll make it to their dummy overlords. The guys exchanged a pondering grimace. They know it’s against code, but these sluts could reaaaally use a nice hard cock in their mouths right about now.

Besides, they could just fuck their faces and lock them into their pre-designated torture boxes anyway. “Haha, dumb whores” is the identical thought both people have in this moment. “Ok, make it quick” the fat guy takes charge first, looking over his shoulder to make sure that the door behind them is nice and closed. Clients never enter the punishment room, so there’s no security cameras mounted here.

A nice, handy, blind spot.

The two naked slaves 'get to work' taking in their mouths the needy cocks that have been pulled through the zippers of the men's jumpsuits. Both girls are kneeling almost side-by-side, as the men enjoy the surprise 'blow'. Not a bad way to conclude one's workday.

Both wrist-cuffed slaves are giving their heart and soul to this blowjob, really driving their faces over the entire (smaller than average) shafts of the men who look down or 'set the pace' with a gentle grip on their heads. They are already close to 'busting'.

A sideways look the mouthful-of-cock ladies give each is all it takes. The signal. The "NOW!"

The wrist-bound women bite down hard on the men's genitalia and in one blood-curling yank of their heads, they rip them off the men's bodies! "AAAAAAH!" a shocked scream of pure pain and horror leaves both men. Before the mangled idiots can react in any useful way, Vivian and Judy have already spat out the disembodied, bloodied dicks and getting quickly on their bare feet, they knee the ambushed men on their bloody crotches, rushing them down to the floor and straddling them with their naked bodies! Everything happened so far and so coordinated, in one beautiful choreography of mayhem!

"You gotta really put your neck behind it" the tomboy motions to her less-than-platonic pal, their whispers drowned amongst sad eating sounds and other careful chatting. She might be 5'1", but if the cross was good, the small striker could always head-blast the ball into the back of the net. Judy's leg strength and even her biting needed to be on par for this violent heist.

During bedtime, the red-haired curvy girl (a real woman's woman) practiced her acceleration under the covers, moving her legs quickly, everything away from the room camera's lens. She needed to be stealthy, even then. Vivian told her that her bite would be "good enough" if she could tear her bedsheet with her teeth. Something that didn't attract the eyes towards suspicious behavior, it could have happened during a rough dicking session.

After many hours, Judy had finally done it.

Her lower face is now a macabre reference to a 'facial', the red of the blood dripping from her chin matching nicely with her long hair. "What's the code? What's the elevator code!" a laser-focused Vivian squeezes the man's balls, showing there's no room for delay here.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaa you bitch! YOU FUCKING BITCH!" the fat guy cries out, in double the pain from his emergency cock-wound and his testies being ruthlessly crushed by small, bloodied, cuffed hands.

"THE CODE!" Vivian and Judith both yell, having the upper hand over someone for the first time in ages. "4116!" 4116" the fat guy yells in sheer desperation and upon hearing that, Vivian and Judy exchange another knowing look and without requiring their arms, head-butt the two floored idiots unconscious.

"Quick!" Vivian yells as Vivian looks dizzy from slamming her head full force against another cranium. The girls ruffle through the men's belts and find the keys to their handcuffs. They're free. This two could very well bleed out, but they chose this life. Too bad.

Tossing their head harnesses off their heads, the butt-naked ladies unlock the heavy door, using the cardkeys the just 'nicked' from their abusers. No one has been alerted, or at least they're not here; hopefully that thick door is also somewhat soundproof.

Carefully making their way through the Institute's dark corridors, the girls hold their breaths at every turn, dreading the surprise guard that will ruin everything. There's always an armed goon making the rounds, but the floor is incredibly wide and the corridors are almost maze-like. Stealthily panting, the blood-faced women finally reach the elevator doors. They made it!

In one way, out the same one.

Vivian punches in the numbers: four.....one.....one...six. There's a tense moment where nothing happens. It feels like forever.

**\*DING\***

The automatic doors slide open and the girls jump in! Before anyone can go after them, Vivian presses the "G" button and the doors close. After the most nerve-wracking elevator ride of their lives, the doors open to reveal to the two naked women the same abandoned, decrepit mall they had been brought to.

The sky has a breath-taking, dark blue color that gradates towards lighter notes towards east. The sunrays have just started to make their shy appearance. It's a new day.

Holding each other by the hand, the two differently shaped, stark-nude women run as fast as they have ever run, ignoring the dirt and the gravel that in any other case would hurt their bare feet.

They are free. Together.

