

Trixie or the WG

Chapter 1: Meeting

A week after her birthday, Trixie would finally put this nightmare behind her. A few years ago, she had fallen in love with Miroslav, a Serb. He had been constantly in need of money and Trixie had therefore manipulated invoices in her company, where she had been responsible for data processing, and thus embezzled a lot of money. When the whole thing was exposed, Miroslav disappeared to Serbia and had not been heard from again. Trixie was allowed to spoon out the soup alone. The receipt was three years in prison. She would be released the next Monday and she had no greater desire than to leave her past and especially prison far behind.

At the same time, however, she was unsure what to do next. She had no apartment, no job and no one to turn to. Her parents had died years ago and she had been an only child. She had talked to Gaby about the problem. Gaby was a fellow prisoner and if one could speak of a friend at all in prison, this was true of Gaby.

The day before she was released, Gaby came to Trixie and told her, "Listen Trixie, I've been talking to my sister Beate. We've talked about you several times in the past years because you were my only friend here. I told her that you're a little scared when you get out of here. She lives in Cologne and has offered that you can live with her for a while."

Trixie was amazed. "That was kind of you. But you shouldn't have done that. You know that I come here from Frankfurt. I don't know anyone in Cologne. I don't want to be a burden to anyone and, as much as I like you, you know that I don't want to go back to prison under any circumstances."

"You are not a burden to anyone. And Beate is a very dear one. Is always law-abiding. She is a nurse and works at the University Hospital in Cologne. You don't have to worry about anything. Really not!"

The next morning, a Monday, Trixie was released from the detention centre at 9:00 a.m. When she stood in front of the asylum with her suitcase, she looked around and enjoyed the regained freedom. Suddenly, a young woman approached her. She was blonde, had short, tousled hair, blue eyes and wore a yellow, sleeveless T-shirt, faded, extremely short denim shorts with the edge of her buttocks peeking out and her feet were apparently stuck without stockings in simple, worn-out sneakers. "Are you Trixie?" she asked. "I'm Beate."

"Oh, hello. Nice to meet them. Are you here to visit Gaby?"

"I visited Gaby last week. Today I'm here because of you. Gaby told me that you will be released today. She also told me that you would probably be afraid to call me or just come to Cologne. I thought it would be easier if I picked you up here."

Trixie blushed. "That's very nice of you, but Gaby was right. I don't want to be a burden to anyone. You don't know me at all."

"That's more or less how I had imagined it. Don't be so stubborn. I'll make you a suggestion: you come with me first and we'll talk on the way to Cologne. You can sleep with me tonight

and then we'll see. If you want to leave, that's OK. I'll give you a train ticket to a place of your choice."

Without waiting for an answer, she reached for Trixie's suitcase and walked over to her car. She opened the trunk and put the suitcase inside. Trixie had no choice but to follow her for the moment. Beate got into the car, leaned over to the passenger side and opened the door. Still hesitant, Trixie got in. Beate started the car and drove from the parking lot onto the street.

"I'm about to drive onto the motorway, but we still have to refuel first." She followed the road until a gas station appeared on the right. There she drove to a gas pump, got out and refueled the car. Then she went into the gas station to pay and after a few minutes came back to the car with two cups of coffee. She handed Trixie the two coffee mugs through the open passenger window and asked her to hold them for a moment. She got back into the car and drove back onto the main road, which led to the highway after a few kilometers. In between, she reached for her cup again and again, took a sip, and gave it back to Trixie to hold. When they finally got on the highway, Trixie asked what it all meant.

"So it's not that easy to explain," said Beate. "I don't want you to get anything down the wrong throat now. Can we agree that you let me speak first, about 10, 15 minutes and then you can ask your questions. Is that OK?"

Trixie nodded silently and looked over at Beate.

"Gaby and I are, as you know, sisters, but we didn't have much contact with each other in the last few years before she came to prison. Especially in the last four years, since she has been here, we have only had contact once a month when I have visited her. And during this time, a lot has changed in my own life. I have made new friends who are very important to me. We lead a life that is probably hard for most people to understand. We have common preferences, common views, and, to put it bluntly, we don't give a shit about other people's opinions. In particular, we find the mendacious morals and views regarding sex only sickening. There are four of us living in a shared apartment now, all women, and this shared apartment is also supposed to grow a little. There is plenty of space.

What unites us the most is our preference for sex, especially fetish and BDSM. BDSM is the abbreviation for bondage and discipline, dominance and submission, sadism and masochism. The four of us all tend towards submission and masochism, but we also have a little dominance. Some people would call us switchers. We are bisexual, but we have all had bad experiences with men in recent years. I know from Gaby's stories that you also fell for a man and you probably had some lesbian experiences in prison, even if maybe not voluntarily. Our shared flat has set itself a few, but strict rules. Everything we do takes place within the legal framework, criminal offences are excluded, apart from perhaps causing a public nuisance or the like.

We love sex and especially the rougher gaits. And they can be very rough. The rougher, the better. We have decided to live out our needs to the fullest.

Based on my conversations with Gaby and her stories about you, I believe that the whole thing could suit you. I've discussed this with the others and that's why we want to get to know you and give you the opportunity to get to know us. In any case, it is important that there is absolute silence about everything you see or hear or tell us. Not a word to anyone.

If you are interested in joining our shared flat, and if we also think that you are a good fit for us, we will make you an offer. For now, we would like you to stay with us for a week or two. At the end of next week, you should tell us your decision, and we will also tell you our decision. Until then, you should just look around us and let all the impressions work their magic on you. You are completely free during this time and can do whatever you want. You are not involved in our routines, but if you wish, you can participate.

For the time you live with us, you will receive pocket money. When we are in Cologne, I will give you 1000 € with which you can do whatever you want. We know that you didn't get a lot of money as dismissal money, but you should enjoy your time with us and that includes some pocket money. If you want to go to the city or to the disco, you can do it at any time."

"Phew," Trixie replied. "That's awesome. I have to let that sink in first. What can you tell me about the other WG members?"

"You will get to know them all today. But I can already give you some information. You already know me, at least a little. I am 28, a nurse and work in cardiology at the University Hospital. As a nurse, of course, I sometimes have shift work. But our department is well staffed because our professor is of the opinion that overworked doctors and nurses make mistakes and we cannot afford to make mistakes.

Then there is Antje. She's been my best friend since we met a few years ago. It is immensely rich, owns several houses, entire industrial companies, a hotel and much more. But her main occupation is her shop, where she sells fetish things. It contributes the most to our budget. But that doesn't mean that she is treated differently than the rest of us, neither better nor worse. She doesn't open the shop until 11 o'clock in the morning and the rest of us sometimes help here when we have time. It's a lot of fun, you're sure to notice that one day. She has a lot of humor and she loves to work hard, especially naked and in chains. By the way, we are the same age.

Then Karin. She is 27, Antje's employee and she works in the shop. She mainly manufactures garments and leather accessories. But it also serves as a model for demonstrations or other purposes. She makes all kinds of spicy things for us, but you'll see them too.

And last but not least, Siggi. Siggi is 29 like you, a carpenter who also has a lot of knowledge about metalworking. She is always tanned and likes to lie in the sun or on the sunbed when she has time."

"And how did you get together," Trixie asked.

"That was really crazy, especially at the beginning. I once got lost in Cologne and somehow I suddenly stood in front of Antje's shop. In the shop window at that time there was a doll in a pony dress. I found that strange and became curious. Anyway, I went to the store and looked around. Antje then served me, although I told her that I just wanted to look around. We liked each other immediately. Some of the things that could be seen in the store were still quite unknown to me, but others I already knew as a nurse. I told her that I found the pony dress interesting. She immediately offered to try it on. At first I didn't want to, but then she said that she was closing the shop so that no one would see me in the dress. She called Karin and together the two of them put me in the pony dress. You won't believe how embarrassed I was when I realized that I was so horny that I had totally messed up the dress in the crotch. But Antje just laughed. She told me that she sometimes puts on such a dress herself, but that it is

difficult to find a place where she can do it undisturbed in the forest or in a field. I then told her about a property owned by my parents, which was about 30 km from Cologne and on which there was a forest with a large clearing. The whole area was fenced in, so no one could disturb you there. Well, the three of us tried it out the next weekend. Two years ago she bought another ground, which is not so far away and where we have been playing from time to time since then.

A few months later, she told me that one of her tenants had given her notice. We were in a bar at the time and had already drunk a lot. Somehow I came up with the idea of the shared apartment. Antje was immediately enthusiastic about it, but when I was sober again the next morning, I asked myself what I had been thinking. It turned out to be an entire floor that had become vacant. The top floor in a 6-storey office building, which had previously been used as a storage room. The two floors below were also used as storage space for the other tenants. This is still the case today. The tenants are lawyers and tax consultants with vast amounts of files. But they are only there during the week, not on weekends or in the evenings. At least as far as the storage rooms are concerned. This means that no one can hear what is going on in our shared flat. We have the whole floor to ourselves, even if not everything has been expanded yet. We also have the attic at our disposal. We sometimes play there too, because it's wonderfully dusty there. Sweat and this dirty dust are just great. When we started with the conversion, Antje was looking for a carpenter and found Sigggi by chance. The floor was originally one huge room and Sigggi built various rooms in the front area. But we can always extend that. Antje was so satisfied with Sigggi's work that she commissioned a few other things from her. Sigggi accepted all the orders and of course recognized what she was assembling. She then offered Antje that she should only pay for the material and Sigggi would work for free. But she wanted a room in the shared apartment."

"You said that Antje contributes the most to your budget. How do you do that?"

"It's very simple. Each of us puts half of our salary or half of what we earn in the business into the till. Everything is then paid for from this. Because the house belongs to Antje, we don't have to pay rent."

"You know that I am currently unemployed. And I can't say yet when that will change. It's not easy to find a job and with my background it will be even harder."

Beate reassured Trixie. "Don't worry about that. Money is not really important to us, and we will find a new job for you as well. First of all, it's much more important whether you fit in with us and we fit in with you."

"You talked about some routines earlier. What's that all about," Trixie asked.

"We came up with a rhythm. Every week another of us is the mistress and the rest of us are the slaves. The mistress is completely free to determine what is done. But every slave can refuse anything without further justification, because she does not like it or because she is afraid. No rope is twisted out of it. But during the week, the mistress can impose any conditions on each slave. This week it's Antje's turn. Karin, Sigggi and I have to meet various requirements during the week. Antje also determined what I wear today."

"What do you mean by what you're wearing today?"

"You see, very tight denim shorts where the buttocks are already sticking out, bare legs, the sleeveless T-shirt that allows a side view. In addition, the simple shoes, and a plug in the butt."

No stockings, no bra, no panties. As sexy as possible and no more than absolutely necessary. I'm glad I don't have to take off my shorts when driving."

"No underwear," Trixie asked.

"We all almost never wear underwear. Only when I work do I have to wear something underneath because you would see that through the thin, white clothes I have to wear as a nurse if I didn't have anything underneath."

"And you now have a plug in your butt? Doesn't that hurt?"

"It's just a matter of getting used to it. I hardly feel it when I sit. Do you want to see him?" asked Beate.

Without waiting for an answer, she pulled the car into a parking lot that had just appeared just before them. Beate parked the car and asked Trixie to follow her. They walked together through the bushes for about 50 meters. Then Beate stopped and pushed the shorts down. She turned around, leaned forward and pulled her buttocks apart with her hands. Trixie saw an emerald green glass stone at Beate's butthole. She also saw that Beate's labia were pulled down by three locks.

Trixie asked Beate about the locks. It was clear that Beate's labia were pierced. "Oh yes, I forgot to mention the locks. They will probably stay on the whole week, as I know Antje. If I can't masturbate all week, I'm all the sharper on the weekend." Then Beate got dressed again and they went back to the car.

After about two hours they arrived in Cologne. Beate drove onto the Ring and finally drove into the underground car park at a house. Trixie was amazed that Beate drove to the third lower floor, where she stopped briefly in front of a closed roller door. She operated a remote control and the roller door opened. In the area behind the roller shutter there were some cars. Beate parked, closed the roller door again with the remote control and got out. Trixie followed her. They took Trixie's suitcase out of the trunk and then went to an elevator. In addition to the elevator, there was also a door to the stairwell. When they entered the elevator, Trixie saw that there were only three buttons built in and that the other floors were only displayed. Beate briefly held her arm to the elevator control, then pressed the top button. Trixie didn't understand why Beate had held her arm to the elevator controls. Beate noticed Trixie's gaze and explained to her that they had all had a transponder implanted in her forearm with which they could open the locks.

Once at the top, they entered a short hallway, at the end of which was an apartment door. Again, Beate held her arm to a sensor and the door opened. They entered a large hallway, from which several doors led to other rooms and from which a corridor led off on one narrow side.

"I'll show you your room first," Beate explained. Trixie followed her down the hallway. There were a few doors on either side of the corridor. At the third door on the left, Beate stopped briefly and opened the door. Then she went into the room with Trixie. The room was about 5 by 5 meters and had a large window on one side. The shutter was lowered a bit. In the room there was a bed, two closets, a chest of drawers and a small seating area. Opposite the seating area, a large flat-screen TV hung on the wall. The bed was neatly made, on the table of the seating area stood a vase with a colorful bouquet of flowers and even a bowl of pastries stood

next to it. On the bedside table was a bottle of water, a glass, next to it a radio alarm clock and a pack of Kleenex cloths.

"You can put your things in the left cupboard. There are bed linen in the chest of drawers. Of course, you will also get the key for the second cupboard. I'll explain that to you. The bathroom is here," pointing to a door on the right wall. "You share the bathroom with Siggi. You probably want to freshen up a bit first. When you're done, please come to the front of the living room. This is the door in the hallway that is exactly opposite the corridor."

Trixie went into the bathroom and used the toilet. In the bathroom, in addition to the toilet, there was a bidet, a large bathtub, a very large shower and a double vanity. On the shelf above the double washbasin lay shaving kits and a simple soap. On the right side of the shelf was a jar with a toothbrush and toothpaste. On the other side were the same things, but hygienically packaged in plastic. Next to the sink hung a few towels on each side. Bath towels were hung on a towel rail. Trixie noticed that there were no cosmetics to be seen anywhere. Even on the bathtub and in the shower there were only simple soaps. She went back into the room and put her things in the closet. It was then at most a third full, because she didn't have that many things.

Trixie then left the room and went into the living room as she had been asked. There she met Beate, but she was now completely naked. She wore handcuffs and an iron collar. Her feet were also bound with iron and chains. A chain ran from the neck iron to the feet and through the middle ring of the handcuffs. Trixie admired Beate's firm, semi-circular breasts. She also noticed piercing rods at the base of her nipples.

"Are you hungry," Beate asked. Apparently, it was quite normal for her to be naked and tied up. When Trixie answered the question in the affirmative, Beate stood up and asked Trixie to follow her into the kitchen. The kitchen was very large, with a table with six chairs on the side. Trixie saw that nothing was missing in the kitchen. Beate took a ready-made meal out of the freezer and put it in the microwave. After it was warmed, she arranged the food on a plate.

"Please don't be disappointed that there is only one ready meal. But it's one from Holland, they're better than the stuff you get here." Trixie tasted the food and explained that it was actually much better than the food she had been given in prison for the past few years. She asked Beate if she didn't want to eat something too. Beate then explained that Antje had nothing planned for her.

After Trixie had eaten, Beate put the dishes in the dishwasher and they went back into the living room. The living room was also very spacious. There was a large seating area with a round table. Opposite the seating area was a huge TV and next to it was an elaborate stereo system. Apparently, money did not play a role. What amazed Trixie the most, however, were three iron cages, such as those used for dogs when they are transported in the car. When Beate noticed Trixie's astonished look, she explained that the slaves were often locked up there. Trixie looked at the clock, it was now shortly after 4:00 p.m.

Beate said that she had to train a bit. Trixie is welcome to stay in the living room and read something or watch TV, or she can come to the gym with her.

"I'd like to come along," she announced. "I'm waiting here, I'm sure you'll take off the chains and get dressed first?"

Beate just laughed. "No, we have our own gym here." She took Trixie to a room further back in the hallway. When she opened it, Trixie saw various fitness equipment there. These included a treadmill, two ergometer bicycles, a rowing machine and several wall bars. "Antje ordered me to row for an hour," Beate explained. "She wants me to really sweat. And before you ask, I'm not allowed to shower afterwards. But this is not unusual in our country. This is one of the many fetishes we cultivate. Does that bother you?"

"It's a bit unusual, but I'm happy to admit that a sweaty woman's body can be very attractive."

Beate sat down on the rowing machine after setting a timer for 65 minutes. "I'm not allowed to cheat, so I'll set the clock to 5 minutes longer," Beate explained. Then she immediately began to row vigorously. After a few minutes, she also began to sweat. Her breasts swayed in time and a few drops of sweat collected on the underside of the breasts before continuing over the flat stomach. Meanwhile, Trixie sat down on one of the ergometers and began to struggle. When the timer rang after 65 minutes, Beate stopped rowing. She was soaking wet with sweat and had to sit down on a stool first. Trixie had stopped before and also sat down on a stool and watched Beate doing her physical exercises.

Suddenly the door opened and a woman entered the room. She was slightly taller than Trixie and had black short hair. Beate saw her and said: "Trixie, that's Siggi. Siggi, may I introduce you to Trixie?"

"Hello Trixie," Siggi said. "Nice that you're here. I've been working in the carpentry shop all day and I'd like to take a shower now. But Antje only allowed me to do that if you shower with me. I know this encroaches on your privacy, and if you don't like that, then that's okay too. But then I'm not allowed to shower."

Trixie was a bit taken aback, but then she agreed and they went together to Trixie's room and from there to the bathroom. Both undressed there and when they were naked, Trixie saw that Siggi's labia were also locked with locks. She also wore rings in her nipples and clit. As soon as Trixie took off her clothes, she noticed that Siggi wasn't wearing any underwear either. Together they entered the big shower and Siggi turned on the water.

"May I soap you up," Siggi asked. Trixie was surprised, but she agreed. Siggi immediately began to intervene from top to bottom. She took care of Trixie's pubic area and her small breasts particularly intensively. Then she handed the soap to Trixie. "Now it's your turn," she said. Trixie also soaped Siggi now. She enjoyed kneading Siggi's breasts. They were quite small, but still bigger than Trixie's own and sagged a bit. Then she asked Siggi if she could take a closer look at the locks on the labia. Siggi didn't mind and Trixie knelt down and felt the locks on her labia. She playfully pulled on it, which Siggi acknowledged with a pleasant grunt.

"Crazy," was all Trixie could say. Then they washed off the soap, left the shower and dried each other. They then both went to their respective rooms. Trixie got dressed again and then went into the living room. A little later, Siggi also came into the living room. It didn't surprise Trixie that Siggi was also naked this time. But only her feet were tied, but she dragged a heavy iron ball behind her on a chain.

Beate joined them and they watched some TV together. Shortly after 7:00 p.m., Trixie heard that the apartment door was opened and shortly afterwards Antje and Karin came into the living room. Antje wore a normal outfit, jeans and a white T-shirt. Trixie saw that Antje was

obviously not wearing a bra and that her breasts were very visible under the fabric. But she was much more surprised by Karin's outfit.

Karin wore a kind of metal bikini. Two stainless steel hemispheres covered her breasts, the panties, if you could call it that, were also made of stainless steel. Antje described the part as a chastity belt. It was very narrow and had numerous holes. Pubic hair peeked out through holes at the front of the panties and on the sides. Her arms were in handcuffs and were attached to the hip part of the chastity belt on the right and left. Chains were also attached to the hip part of the panties on both sides, which ran down to stainless steel straps that Karin wore around her thighs above her knees. Another chain, actually only three links, connected the stainless steel bands. As a result, Karin could only take very short steps and could not spread her legs apart. She was also barefoot, but she wore even heavier leg irons than Siggie and these were also connected with a short chain that only allowed small steps. Around her neck she wore a heavy collar and in her mouth she had an iron horse's snaffle, which was pulled back very tightly by a strap.

"Hello," said Beate, "how was your day?"

"Actually, as always," Antje replied. "The customers have a lot of special requests and Karin has a lot to do. Most customers find it very stimulating when Karin is dressed as she is now, but with her hands in chains and not attached to her chastity belt. Some of the men would like to grab you by the breasts or the pubic area, but that is not possible. The only thing they can touch is their buttocks."

"Does that mean that Karin was in the store like that and people saw her like that," Trixie asked in amazement.

"Of course. You don't think how that helps sell."

"Doesn't that bother you, Karin," Trixie asked. Karin answered something, but it was incomprehensible because of the bridle.

"I'll take Karin's bridle out of my mouth tonight so that she can join in the conversation," Antje announced. Then she took the bridle out of Karin's mouth. Karin first had to loosen her mouth and jaw, then she said "that's part of the job."

"Why did you get involved in something like that," Trixie asked.

"You've misunderstood something," Karin answered. "I was the one who insisted that I be paraded like that."

Then Beate got in touch. She explained that she had a night shift that day and the next days and that she still had to take a shower and get ready for duty. Antje saw this and unlocked Beate's chains and sent her to the bathroom. Only now did Trixie realize that Beate could put on the chains, but that she had had no way to open them again after that. About an hour later, Beate left the apartment to start her shift.

Karin was sent to the kitchen, where she prepared dinner for the others. They then all ate together in the kitchen. When they came back into the living room, Antje sent Karin and Siggie to the cages while she sat down with Trixie on the seating area. They drank some wine and Antje asked Trixie what her impression had been so far.

"I find it all very exciting so far. There is actually nothing that would scare me off at first glance. However, I admit that some things certainly take some getting used to."

"That's quite normal," Antje replied. "That's why you're here and you're supposed to look at everything. Would you do us a favor," Antje asked.

"What," Trixie asked.

"So far, only Siggie has seen you naked. Karin and I are curious, of course. Would you mind undressing for us so that we can admire you extensively? But please, if you don't want that, we understand. It's just very new to you. On the other hand, as I said, we are curious and would like to see your slim body."

Trixie thought for 2 seconds, then she stood up and began to undress. When she was naked, she turned around several times so that the three of them could see her from all sides. Karin asked her to put her hands back so that she could see her armpits. After that, Trixie should take her legs wide apart to show her shame as well. She had thin, rather sparse pubic hair and at Karin's request she also spread her labia. She thought to herself that this was actually quite degrading treatment, but somehow she didn't mind it at all, she thought it was appropriate.

Afterwards, Antje asked Trixie to tell us a little about herself. Trixie told of her youth, but also of the time with her Serbian boyfriend Miroslav, how he had betrayed her and how she had ended up in prison as a result. She also told how it had been in prison and that it was there that she had had an involuntary lesbian experience for the first time. They sat together for quite some time until they all went to bed. Neither Karin nor Siggie had their shackles loosened, but each went to her own room and lay down in bed there. Trixie, who was still naked, took her things with her and went to her room as well. She usually wore a long T-shirt and panties at night, but this time she left both out. She already had the feeling that she was in the right place.

Chapter 2: in the city

The next morning, Trixie slept very late, because she was used to being woken up by the prison guards. Without this wake-up, she simply slept through the night. When she finally got up, she first went to the bathroom and took a shower, then she went naked to the kitchen, where Beate was already waiting for her. "Well, you late riser," Beate greeted her.

"If you want, we can go into town later. I have your money here, as promised 1000 euros and a small handbag to wear around my neck and a wallet. You can't just carry the money around with you in your hand, that would look stupid. You have had to do without every shopping trip for three years now and you certainly have a lot of catching up to do. We are welcome to go together if you wish. I can show you everything, because you don't know your way around Cologne yet. But you can also go alone. When we go together, I got instructions from Antje on how to dress. Of course, you can wear whatever you want."

"May I ask you what kind of instructions Antje gave you," Trixie asked.

"I'm wearing a very short, tight black jerk that just barely covers the locks in my pubic area, plus a short T-shirt, white, made of relatively thin fabric so that my breasts shine through a bit, and with a very wide sleeve neckline that allows a view into my T-shirt from the side. In addition, my belly remains free. In addition, there are sandals that have 10 centimeter heels. The sandals have an ankle strap that is secured with a small lock. I also wear a stainless steel neck iron and heavy rings on my wrists and ankles. The rings on the ankles are very large and thick and each of the rings weighs over 2 kilograms. Those for the wrists are lighter and not as thick. These are all custom-made products that Siggi made for us and they are held together with two screws."

"That sounds very daring. Should I dress like that, too," Trixie asked.

"That would be nice, but it's not an obligation. In any case, you don't need to wear the neck iron or the rings on your hands. I'm happy to give you the right things from me."

Trixie agreed, but when she saw how short the skirt was, she was a little embarrassed. But she controlled herself and decided to go through with it. Beate also gave her simple sandals, but without a high heel. Trixie was particularly interested in the neck iron that Beate was supposed to wear. Beate showed her. It was slightly oval in shape to match the shape of the neck, was a good 6 centimeters high and one centimeter thick. The front half consisted of one part, the back half was divided and the two quarters were attached to the front part with a kind of hinge. So they could be unfolded to put on the neck iron. When the rear parts were closed, they could be secured with a massive lock at the neck. A thick iron ring hung down the middle of the front part. To the left of the ring was the word "slave" engraved and to the right "Beate". Trixie took the neck iron in her hand and was amazed at how heavy it was. She put the collar on Beate and secured it with the padlock. At Beate's request, she put the corresponding key on the kitchen table. Beate looked at herself in the mirror. From this angle, Trixie saw that the skirt did indeed cover the pubic area, but that almost half of the locks Beate was wearing there could be seen from both the front and the back. She also looked at herself in the mirror, but since she didn't wear any locks in her labia, it was just about wearable.

Before they left the apartment, Beate gave Trixie a round plastic piece that was about the size of a two euro coin, but a little thicker.

"What's that?" Trixie asked.

"It's a transponder similar to the one we got implanted. You can use it to open the front door on the ground floor, operate the elevator and open the apartment door here as well."

"You got such a big thing implanted? That's terrible."

Beate laughed. "No. Of course not. The transponders that have been implanted in us are the same ones that are implanted in dogs, for example. They are about 2 millimeters thick and a little over a centimeter long. The implantation is done with a slightly thicker injection needle. It's not particularly painful and the things don't bother you at all because you don't feel them at all." Trixie put the transponder in her small purse, which she hung around her neck

They took the elevator down to the street. The elevator stopped at a short hallway on the ground floor. One door opened onto the street, a second to the stairwell. Beate showed Trixie where to hold the transponder, but then they went to a subway station. "We'd better take the subway, parking in the city center is pure horror. We can get everywhere with the subway and still be very mobile.

When they got on the subway, they boarded a train to the city center. At this time there was not so much going on and they found two seats next to each other. It took a few minutes, then Trixie noticed something. She leaned over to Beate and whispered in her ear, "Listen, I think the guy across there is looking under our skirts."

Beate giggled. "Not only the guy directly opposite, but also the woman to his left. Are you embarrassed? That's what our shared apartment is all about. Our mistress presents us with challenges and they are often a bit unpleasant, but we have to live with them. That's part of the deal."

Trixie enjoyed strolling through a shopping street again after three years. She stopped at many shop windows and looked at the displays. Beate asked her if there was anything special she wanted to buy. But for now, Trixie was far too overwhelmed. But what she really wanted to do was treat herself to a large ice cream sundae in a street café. When she asked Beate where a good ice cream parlor was, she led her to a street café, where they quickly found a place. The menu was huge and featured almost unbelievable sundaes.

"But they show off quite a bit here," Trixie said.

"Then wait and see. The ice cream sundaes really look like the picture here." Trixie ordered a South Sea cup and when it came, she thought she would never be able to finish it. But after half an hour she had eaten the part. Trixie insisted on being allowed to pay for both. But she didn't take the money Beate had given her, but she took money from the brown envelope in which she had received her dismissal money.

Then they continued through the shopping streets. At some point, Trixie asked if they could visit Antje's shop. She was incredibly interested in what was sold there. Beate agreed, but they had to take the subway two stops because the store was on the Cologne Ring. When they came out of the subway, Trixie immediately saw a three-color neon sign that said "Patent Leather Latex." The shop seemed to be very large and the shop front was almost 20 metres wide. In the shop windows there were life-size dolls in a wide variety of presentations. In front of the store there was a number of parking lots with the inscription 'customer parking lot'. Beate headed purposefully towards the entrance and held the door open for Trixie.

In the store, Trixie saw a whole series of clothing racks on which a wide variety of clothes hang, sorted by the material they were made of and by different themes. There were both men's and women's fashions. Beate showed Trixie, a mannequin in the corner wearing a pony outfit. "This is exactly the outfit I saw the first time I walked into this store and then tried it out. Trixie looked at the part very thoroughly. It consisted of a heavy leather corset with large holes for the breasts. D-rings were attached in various places and there were a dozen straps on the back that could be tightened. Some of the straps could also be secured with locks. The corset reached below the artificial belly button of the mannequin. Further straps were attached to the lower edge of the corset, which ran through the crotch of the doll and were then attached to the corset again at the back. In addition, the doll wore shoes that imitated a horse's foot. On her head she had a harness with a bridle attached to it that ran through her mouth.

Antje saw the two of them and came over to them. At the moment there were no other customers in the store. Trixie asked where Karin was. Antje led her to the back of the shop, then through a door behind which was a workshop. Karin's hands were in handcuffs, which were connected by a 30-centimeter-long chain. A heavy chain attached to the wall was attached to her collar.

Trixie asked Antje how she and Karin got from the apartment here to the shop. After all, Karin couldn't take the subway like that. Antje explained that Karin had to get into the trunk of her car in the underground car park at home, and here at the shop one of the parking spaces was reserved for her. Karin then only had to get out of the trunk in front of the store and go to the shop door. Trixie shuddered at the thought that Karin had to endure this humiliating procedure every day. But Antje explained to her that this was done at Karin's request and Karin confirmed this by nodding her head. Because of the bridle she could not speak well again.

"Have you ever worn latex clothing?" asked Antje. Trixie said no. "Do you want to try something?"

They went back to the sales room and Antje chose something for Trixie to try on. It was a simple but completely transparent panty made of latex. Antje helped her to put it on because she had to pull on the latex and it was not so easy to pull over her lower body. Trixie had simply pulled up her short skirt during this procedure. She looked at herself in the mirror and realized that you could see that she was wearing something, but her pubic area and her hair down there was clearly visible. She stroked the smooth material with her hand and felt it. Antje told her that she could leave the panties on until the evening. Then she had Trixie take off her T-shirt. Trixie looked around the store a bit shyly at first, but since there were no other customers there, she joined in. Antje brought a long top made of the same material and as they were about to pull it over Trixie's head, the shop door rang and a young couple came in. Trixie would have liked to sink into the ground with shame. But apparently it was the most normal thing in the world for the couple that there was a young woman standing almost topless in the store. When Antje had straightened the top, Trixie quickly pulled her T-shirt back over it. She noticed very quickly that these things were quite warm.

The couple waited for Antje and when she turned to them, the man said they had come to pick up their order. Antje went to the back of the workshop, where she loosened the chain from Karin's collar and Karin came to the front with the parts she had ordered. Trixie saw that the man was almost devouring Karin with his eyes from top to bottom. Then he turned to his wife. "Undress. Everything."

The woman was elegantly dressed and wore a knee-length skirt and a dark blouse. Her feet were in comfortable slippers. She first opened her blouse, slipped it off her body and laid it on a chair. Underneath, a black bra can now be revealed. Her hands reached back and undid the bra. She also brushed him off and laid him on the chair with the blouse. She had very full breasts that hung down heavily. Then she opened a clasp on the right side of her skirt and dropped it to the floor. She got out of the skirt and laid it with the other things. The now visible briefs followed the skirt a few moments later. Finally, she took off her slippers and put them under the chair. So she turned to the man.

"Done," he asked. The woman nodded. A second later, the man slapped her with full force. "I told you to take everything off."

The woman took off her earrings and she also slipped a ring from her right hand. Without an order being issued, she stood in front of her husband, spread her legs and put her hands behind her neck. Trixie noticed some red welts on her back.

The man turned to Antje and told her that Karin was now allowed to dress his wife. Antje gave Karin a hint, whereupon she took a piece of clothing from the package she had brought from her workshop. It was a bodysuit made of black latex, very tight and when the woman put it on, he traced the figure of the woman. He had an oval opening for her pussy at the crotch and two holes at the top for her breasts. The man made a circular motion with his finger and the woman turned around. Her back was almost completely uncovered. Only at the very top of the shoulder was the back covered and at the bottom the opening reached to her buttocks. Then Karin knelt down in front of the woman and had shoes ready. Trixie looked at these shoes in disbelief. She had heard of such shoes. It was ballerina high heels that forced the wearer to walk on her tiptoes. Karin slipped the shoes over the woman's feet and tied them as tightly as she could. Now Karin reached for the last part. It was a latex mask that would cover the whole head and had only two small holes for the eyes and two for the nose. Karin turned the mask inside out once and showed Trixie that where the mouth would be later, a huge dildo was attached. Karin slipped the mask over the woman's head, and Antje had to help her. The woman opened her mouth and picked up the giant. Trixie was sure that the part had to reach the woman's throat. The man took a spiked collar out of his jacket pocket, like some fighting dogs wear, and put it around his wife's neck. The collar sat between her body and the head mask. The spikes bored into the bare skin. Then the man attached a dog leash to the collar and left his wife there for the time being. He went to the checkout with Antje and paid his bill. He nodded over to the chair and asked Antje to please dispose of the woman's things. He went back to his wife, grabbed the leash and ordered her to put her hands behind her neck. Then he pulled on the leash and the woman followed him out of the shop.

Trixie and Beate came to Antje and Trixie asked Antje why the man had slapped his wife. Antje just shrugged her shoulders. "That's one thing that the two have to work out among themselves. If this had happened somewhere else, not here in the store, I might have intervened. But in my shop it is not uncommon for a master to treat his slave very roughly. And after all, she hadn't followed a clear command properly."

Beate also tried to calm Trixie down. "I don't think it's good when a man beats his wife either. I don't know the circumstances of the two and I don't know if such treatment is common in their partnership. In our shared flat, such behavior would not be possible. But even here it is sometimes very rough. In fact, it can be much harder for us when we whip each other, for example. Yes, you heard right. Sometimes we also use the whip. But that's something that

each of us said 'yes' to. Just like each of us said 'yes' to the various humiliations, insults, sex games, bondage and what else. It may be hard for you to understand at the moment, but at some point we realized, each for ourselves, that pain and pleasure are closely related."

Antje called Beate to her. "Pull up your skirt, I have an idea."

Beate did as she was ordered. Antje took a key out of her handbag and took the locks from Beate's labia. Then she went to one of the shelves and looked for something there. She came back with two balls attached to short chains. Both balls had dozens of spines about two centimeters long with slightly rounded tips. Antje hung the balls on Beate's labia. Although the labia still remained covered, the balls were clearly visible to everyone. In addition, Beate now had to keep her legs as far apart as possible when walking.

Trixie and Beate left the store shortly afterwards, Trixie still had the latex clothes on. Beate suggested that this time we walk to the city center and not take the subway. Trixie wondered about this, but she had no objections. After walking through the streets for 20 minutes, Trixie noticed that she was sweating profusely under the latex. She told Beate that, but she just grinned. When they were in the city center, Beate found a pet store. She walked into the store with Trixie and looked at the dog collars. She found a red collar with white crosses, about three centimeters wide, which she liked. She stopped Trixie, looked at the picture and told Trixie to put on the collar. Trixie could never explain later why she complied with this request without any hesitation. Beate also chose a long leash, which she attached to the collar at the front and then simply dangled down. So they went to the cash register, where Beate paid for the collar and leash and loudly announced that Trixie would keep it on right away. The other customers in the store looked at Trixie in amazement.

After strolling through the shopping streets for a while, Beate said that they should go home slowly. This time, too, they walked, which helped Trixie break out in another sweat. Back home, Beate let Trixie unlock the doors and operate the elevator so that she could see how easy it was with the transponder. Trixie also saw a camera pointed at the front door, apparently connected to the doorbell system in the apartment.

When they came into the apartment, Siggi was already there. This time, too, she was completely naked. She knelt on the floor in the hallway, her arms behind her neck, waiting for her roommates. When she saw Trixie's new collar, she stood up and kissed her on the cheek. Beate and Trixie went to their rooms. Before entering her room, Trixie said, "I need a shower now. Should I get dressed again afterwards?"

Beate looked at her. "Do you really need the shower so badly? I would guess that Antje would be happy if you didn't take a shower and instead just take off your skirt and T-shirt and wait for the sandals and so on."

Trixie went to her room and took off her normal clothes. Then she stroked the smooth latex on her body. She felt the sweat on her skin under the latex. With one finger she pulled the latex at the neckline and smelled it. However, she only smelled the latex and no body sweat because it was still much too fresh. She decided to follow Beate's suggestion and went into the living room only in the transparent latex. When Siggi saw her like this, she hugged Trixie. "That's so cute, little one. I have the impression that you are already enjoying the whole thing." Trixie sat down on an armchair in the living room. Then she closed her eyes and began to think about her situation. In fact, she felt more and more attracted to this shared apartment.

The only aspect that really worried her was the matter of the whip. Should she really let herself be whipped? She was afraid of this pain. She still saw the picture of the man who had slapped his wife in front of her. She went into the hallway where Siggi had taken her previous position again and asked her if she could talk to her, because something was worrying her. Siggi came into the living room and when Trixie sat down in the armchair, Siggi knelt on the floor next to the chair. As before, she held her hands behind her neck.

"What I've seen here so far has appealed to me quite a bit. But when we were in Anke's shop today, there was a customer who beat his wife and then Beate explained to me that you sometimes whip each other. Is that true?"

"Yes, that happens. Not even that very rarely. Just last week, Karin spanked my butt with a riding crop. I could hardly sit for two days. I know that sounds bad now. And I'm sure that repels you too. But should I tell you something? While Karin whipped me, I got so horny that the juice ran down my legs. And because Karin had forbidden me to wash myself and we then went into town in the heat last week, I stank like a forest donkey after a while. Just for fun, we went to a store and tried on a pair of jeans. You should have seen the saleswoman's face when she smelled me."

"Is that the only way you whip yourselves," Trixie asked.

"Of course not," Siggi answered. We use a wide variety of tools for this. We have various whips, but also paddles and bamboo sticks and sometimes a leather belt is enough. And this is not limited to the buttocks, but the whole body can be the target, including pubic area or breasts. Only the head and the region of the kidneys are taboo. Sometimes, when one of us has very strong welts, she has to dress in such a way that everyone who sees her can also see the welts. We've also been to the theater before, Beate, Karin and I with backs covered with welts and then chic backless evening dresses. Of course, people have noticed. You notice something like that and also notice when people whisper to each other. Some whisper so loudly that everyone hears it. Most people then ask themselves what kind of women they are who put up with something like this. When we are back home, we are amused by the stupid faces and the comments that have been made."

Shortly afterwards, Antje and Karin came out of the shop. Antje ordered Siggi to kneel on all fours in front of the couch. Then Antje locked Karin in one of the cages. She went to the kitchen and came back after a few moments with a bottle of iced tea, two glasses and a shallow bowl. She put the glasses and the bowl on Siggi's bare back, then she opened the bottle and poured the glasses full and poured some of the iced tea into the bowl as well. Then she put the cold bottle on Siggi's back. Siggi was startled by the cold touch. Antje put the flat bowl on the floor in front of her and told Siggi to lick her tea out of the bowl.

The sight of Siggi kneeling naked in front of her with the small sagging breasts aroused Trixie madly. When Antje then put her feet on Siggi's bare back, Trixie followed her example. But then Trixie asked if she could play with her feet on Siggi's breasts. Antje laughed and gave her permission. Trixie slid her toes down Siggi's small tits. She played with Siggi's stiff nipple with her big toe, then leaned back on the couch, closed her eyes and grabbed her crotch. Antje watched her amused.

"Well, how do you feel in the latex. There is now a wafer-thin film of sweat between your skin and the fabric. Do you like the feeling?"

"It's all so unreal here. No, unreal is perhaps the wrong expression. On the one hand, I actually want to run away screaming. But then again, I probably wouldn't forgive myself for the rest of my life."

"I think such a woman's body shiny with sweat is just awesome," Antje explained. "And I also like the smell." She stroked Trixie's thighs and her fingers carefully crept under Trixie's panties towards her pussy. Trixie bit her lip, but she let it all happen.

Antje turned on the TV to watch the news, then there was a movie. The whole time Siggi remained kneeling in front of them. Antje got up a few times to get supplies, chips or a bottle of ice-cold cola. Antje and Trixie talked again about Trixie's time in prison and Antje had countless questions about it. She also inquired how Gaby was doing, whom she had already visited in prison together with Beate. At some point, the movie was over and if you had asked Trixie what the movie was about, she wouldn't have been able to answer.

When they went to bed, Antje said that Trixie should take a better shower now because she wasn't used to being in the latex clothes for so long.

"By the way, here's the key to the second closet in your room," Antje said and handed Trixie a key. "Each of our rooms has such a closet. We have stored our toys there. Of course, each of us has our own individual favorite toys. But a certain basic equipment is the same for everyone. Of course, your closet only contains the basic equipment. But you can also have a nice evening with that.

Chapter 3: Siggi's Workshop

Trixie went to her room and opened the cupboard with the key. On the left side of the cabinet were several compartments in which the most diverse parts were located. In one compartment were about a dozen different dildos, large small thin ones, some apparently with vibrators, because there was a pack of batteries next to them. In the compartment above, Trixie found handcuffs and ankle cuffs made of chrome-plated iron, as well as some collars that were also chrome-plated. Then there was a compartment in which there were several whips. Next to it there was a clothes rail on which some latex parts hung. Above the clothes rail there was a larger, wide compartment in which several folded latex parts lay. She took some of the pieces, unfolded them and looked at them. She wasn't quite sure yet whether she should wear something like that, but maybe she would find out.

Trixie took some of the handcuffs and ankle cuffs in her hand and looked at them more closely. She wasn't sure what to do now. Of course, she could see the handing over of the key as an invitation to satisfy herself. She had done this regularly in prison. But somehow it seemed wrong to her here and now. Finally, however, she gave herself a jolt and took a few leg irons and handcuffs. She put on the leg irons. There had been a key next to the leg irons and she tried to see if it fit into the leg irons. For a moment, she cursed herself for not checking this before putting on the leg irons. But she was lucky, she was actually able to open the leg irons with this key. Before she put on the handcuffs, however, she also checked this time whether the key fitted. When that worked, she first put a handcuff on her left wrist, brought her hand behind her back and fished for the other handcuff with her right hand. Then she put her right hand in the handcuffs as well and pressed the handcuffs together with her left hand. The click of the handcuffs excited her and she would have liked to satisfy herself now, but she would have had to take the handcuffs off again, and she didn't want that. She lay down on the bed and soon fell asleep.

The next morning, she woke up at around 7:00 a.m. She first took the keys for the handcuffs and realized that it was quite a fiddle to open the handcuffs behind her back. When she finally succeeded after a few minutes, she also took off her leg irons. Then she quickly went to the toilet and then brushed her teeth. Still completely naked, she went into the kitchen where she met Siggi. Siggi was also still naked. She had set the breakfast table and with a wave of her hand invited Trixie to join them.

"Well, slept well," Siggi asked. Trixie said that the bed was much softer than in prison. That is very pleasant. And then she confessed to Siggi that she had tied herself up the night before and had spent the night like that.

"That's quite normal," Siggi replied. "We all do this from time to time and you certainly don't have to be ashamed of it. But of course it's much more fun when someone else does it for you and you have no choice whether to release yourself or whether to stay tied up. If you tie yourself up, you are also somewhat limited. Some positions you can hardly realize on your own. But honestly, since I've been living here in the shared apartment now, I only do it relatively rarely, because we tie each other up often enough in one way or another."

When the two had finished breakfast, Siggi said that she wanted to get ready for work. She asked Trixie what she was up to today. Trixie thought for a moment. She thought about going back to the city, but it would also tempt her to go to the Cologne Zoo. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Tell me, Siggi, couldn't I take you to your workshop?"

"Of course. No problem at all. But what do you want there?"

"I don't know for sure yet," Trixie said. "But we would have a lot of opportunity to talk to each other."

"We can talk here too," Siggi replied. "We don't need to keep anything secret from the others here."

"That's certainly true. But somehow I have the feeling that if we talk to each other for a whole day, topics come up that I may not even think about now. I'd also like to see how you work. As long as I don't have a new job, I might be able to help you if you want to."

Siggi laughed, then she sent Trixie to her room and told her to get dressed. Jeans and a T-shirt would be enough. She herself also went to her room and after a few minutes came dressed into Trixie's room. "Come on, then we'll be on our way."

Together they took the elevator to the underground car park where Siggi's van was parked. "Do you want to ride comfortably or do you want to do it the hard way," Siggi asked.

"What do you mean by comfortable and what do you mean by hard way?"

"Comfortable means you sit in the passenger seat. I'll show you the hard way in the cargo compartment." Siggi opened the side sliding door and showed Trixie that there were shelves built into her cart that housed various tools. Then she pointed to a small cupboard in the corner. "That's the hard way," she explained.

"Does that mean that I should crawl into this little cupboard?"

"Of course, why not? Karin has often ridden with me in this closet. Sometimes for hours. And once I locked her in the car and left the car in the blazing sun. You should have seen her there when I came back after a few hours and freed her."

"But Karin is much bigger and stronger than me," Trixie objected.

"Yes, exactly. If Karin fits in there, then you fit in there too."

"And how long does the journey take?"

"About 20, 25 minutes. Of course, it depends on the traffic. Are you afraid when you're in tight spaces? I couldn't lock Beate in this closet because she panics in such confined spaces."

Trixie got into the car and opened the small cupboard. Then she crawled into the cupboard. It was incredibly tight. She moaned a few times but Siggi said: "Don't act like that. Karin comes in there too and she is usually already tied up."

When Trixie was finally in the closet, Siggi closed the door and turned the key to lock the closet. Then she tapped lightly on the top of the cupboard and called out to Trixie that it was time to start. For Trixie, it was a new experience to drive around without seeing anything and without being able to move. The closet was totally dark inside and she could well imagine that Beate would panic in such a room. She felt the car start, drive a distance, around some curves, then stop again. The air in the cupboard had long been a bit stuffy. After that, it apparently continued for a while in stop & go traffic. The time in the closet seemed like hours to her. Finally the car stopped again and the engine was switched off. Trixie heard the door open and the key in the cabinet lock turn. When she got out of the car, she was drenched in sweat and had to take a deep breath.

The car was now parked in a small courtyard next to a factory hall. She followed Siggi through a door, then they stood in Siggi's workshop. It was meticulously tidy. On one side there was a wood store, while on the other side there were several workbenches, above which a wide variety of saws, planes, chisels, screwdrivers and other tools hang on the wall. In the middle of the room were some machines: she recognized a band saw and a large electric planer.

"Do you also do your ironwork here?" she asked

Instead of an answer, Siggi led Trixie into a second room, which was apparently reserved for the ironwork. Trixie looked around and was particularly impressed by the anvil and a stove. But then they went back to the room for the carpentry work.

Siggi pointed to a pile of wood and explained that she was currently working on a staircase. She showed Trixie the plans and then the wood she wanted to work on next. Trixie then took the wood to the band saw, where Siggi cut it to size. Suddenly, Siggi turned off the saw, although she was far from finished with the part she was working on.

"Spit it out," Siggi said.

"What?"

"You have something. Something is bothering you and you want to talk to me about it. But apparently you don't dare. So, what is it about?"

"It's still about the flogging thing. I can't cope with it yet."

"I can understand that well. Most people would say you're crazy if you tell them you're going to get whipped. But you know, or at least you suspect, that this is not the only occasion when you suffer pain."

"What opportunities are there then," Trixie asked intimidated.

"All kinds of things can cause you pain. We are all quite masochists, especially Karin. She can never get enough. This can be a bondage that is too tight or that is maintained for too long. These can be electric shocks or needles. This can be a plug that is too big in your buttocks or the sharp edge when you have to ride the buck. And if you're unlucky, it's the food that Antje cooks."

Now Trixie laughed. "The food Antje cooks can cause you pain?"

"Absolutely. Antje learned to cook Thai food somewhere. And most of the time she cooks it extremely spicy. At the very beginning she had asked if we liked it spicy and we said unsuspectingly that it could be spicy. We didn't make that mistake a second time. Now we always say that it should be relatively mild. And even that is still damn hot."

"Thank you for warning me. I might have said that I like it spicy. But to get back to my problem, whipping still worries me. More than the other things you just mentioned. I didn't even think about some of them. But flogging is such a very real thing. I've seen in movies that in the past people were whipped when they committed a crime. Like in 'Mutiny on the Bounty', for example."

"I also saw the film. This is presented quite drastically. And I don't even know how I can help you here."

"You could whip me."

"Excuse me," Siggi asked.

"I'm serious. Of course, not as strong as you make it out to be, and certainly not as strong as in the movie, because I'm not used to your games yet. There are certainly many gradations."

"Sure, sometimes it's harder, sometimes it's almost a gimmick. And what were you thinking about now?"

"I can't say exactly, maybe something like that. Not quite extreme, but not too easy either."

"So a medium flogging. That would mean slight welts on your back. I even have a suitable whip here. And how many punches did you think of? 10? 20?"

"Aren't five enough?"

"Five is not much, but you are still at the very beginning in this respect. Have you really thought about it carefully? Even if I don't make it so tight, you'll feel the welts for some time and see them for much longer."

"Of course. And I'm afraid of it. But I decided to do it. Please let's do it very quickly before I change my mind."

"All right," Siggi said. "Undress. Everything. I'm going to get the whip in the meantime."

Trixie took off the T-shirt and put it on the band saw. She slipped the sneakers she was wearing off her feet and placed them next to the machine. Then she unzipped her jeans, pushed them down, and stepped out of her pants. She put her pants with her T-shirt. She wasn't wearing anything else, because she had already noticed that no one in the shared apartment wore underwear. Siggi came back and brought a whip with him, which had a handle about a meter long with a single leather strap. She gave Trixie the whip so that she could take a good look at the whip. Meanwhile, she operated the control of a crane that spanned her workshop. She let the crane move into the middle and then she lowered the rope to a height of one and a half meters. From a corner of the workshop she fetched a beam that had an eyelet in the middle and hooks at both ends. From a drawer in one of the workbenches, she then fetched leather cuffs, which she handed to Trixie.

Trixie took the cuffs and put them around her wrists. Siggi checked the cuffs again and tightened them a little tighter. There were rings on the cuffs, which Siggi now hooked to the hooks on the beam. Then she let the hook go up again. Trixie stood there with her arms raised, but Siggi kept raising the hook until Trixie lost her footing.

"Are you ready," Siggi asked.

"Come on," Trixie answered, who was already hurting from the pull in her arms. She hadn't quite finished it when the strap landed on her shoulder. She screamed aloud in fright. Siggi didn't take his time. She knew that it would be easier for Trixie that way. The next four blows landed on Trixie's back in less than half a minute.

"That's it," Siggi announced. "Or do you want more?"

For a moment, Trixie hung in the rope, shocked. Then she asked Siggi to let her down.

"I mean, you could stay there for a few minutes. How about you enjoy the view, and I'll quickly go to the bakery to get a few pastries." Before Trixie could answer, Siggi had actually disappeared from the door. Trixie didn't even know what was happening to her. She would have liked to scream loudly or cry. But after a few minutes Siggi came back with a paper bag, which apparently came from a bakery.

"I changed my mind. It is still too early for a reward. I'll let you down now, then you'll get chains on. Then you can move the pile of wood over there to the other corner."

Siggi fetched a box with iron chains in it, and first fished out a heavy chain with two leg irons, which she put on Trixie when it was still hanging in the air. Only then did she let Trixie down completely and loosen the beam from the rope. While Siggi maneuvered the crane back to its side, Trixie let her hands hang down with the beam down. Siggi loosened the cuffs and put a chain with two handcuffs on her. Then she gave her a push towards the pile of wood and ordered her to move it to the other side of the workshop.

It took Trixie almost 2 hours to move the huge pile of wood to the other corner. When she was done, she was wet with sweat and quite dirty from the dust and dirt on the wood. Meanwhile, Siggi continued to work on the stairs. When the pile was finally on the other side, Trixie had to clean up the place where it had been lying before.

Siggi took the bag with the pieces she had fetched earlier from the workbench and offered Trixie a donut. They ate their Berliners in silence. Siggi looked at Trixie in the meantime and

then said "Hmm. Actually, I thought it was much better when the wood was still in the old place. Be so good as to clean up again."

Trixie looked at her incredulously. "Come on," Siggi ordered.

This time Trixie needed much longer because she was already so exhausted. After almost 3 hours, the work was finally done. The dust had mixed with her sweat and she looked completely dirty.

"That was quite a lot of work," Siggi remarked. "You sweated like anything else. Now you have to drink something first." She handed Trixie a bottle of water. "I want you to drink the bottle empty in one gulp."

Trixie struggled to drink that much water at once, but she tried hard and actually got three-quarters of the bottle down. Her body reacted to the sudden supply of water after the hard work with another sweat. Trixie had the impression that she was sweating out many times what she had drunk before.

Siggi grabbed the chain between the handcuffs and led Trixie into the next room. There she screwed a link of the chain into a vice and ordered her to wait for her here. Then they went back to their carpenter's shop and worked on the stairs for another hour. Only then did she release Trixie from her chain. She then let Trixie get dressed. Then they went back to Siggi's van, where Siggi pulled open the side door. Without any hesitation, Trixie crawled back into the small closet and Siggi locked it again. Then Siggi got into the car and drove off.

"Well, how was that?" Siggi asked so loudly that Trixie could hear it well.

"It was intense. But I think I understood what you were trying to make clear to me," Trixie shouted out of her tiny closet.

"And are you angry with me now," Siggi asked.

"No. I think that was a lesson I needed."

"I hope I haven't scared you so much now that you drop any thought of joining us."

"No. I know now that I can endure something like that. And I know that I'm quite persistent."

When they were back in their apartment, they found Beate in the living room. Siggi went to her with Trixie, then she turned Trixie's shoulders around so that she stood with her back to Beate and lifted Trixie's T-shirt up. Beate stood up, turned Trixie around until she looked at her again, then she hugged Trixie. Then she hurried to her room, where she had set up a pharmacy. She fetched an ointment with which she anointed Trixie's welts. Beate sent Trixie to her room so that she could undress and take a shower and asked her to come into the living room naked as usual. When Trixie was back, Siggi was already in the living room after she had also undressed. Beate had Trixie tell her everything in detail. She thought it was good that Trixie had found a way to calm her fears herself.

Then Antje and Karin also came out of the shop. When Karin saw Trixie's back with the welts, she cheered, ran to her and hugged her. She gently stroked her back with her hand. Trixie flinched a little when Karin touched the sensitive welts, but she didn't make a sound.

"We should have a drink on that," Antje announced. Beate ran into the kitchen and came back shortly afterwards with a tray with a bottle of champagne and a few glasses on it. She opened

the bottle and poured four glasses. She had a glass of orange juice with her for herself, because she still had to go to her night shift.

Chapter 4 At the Hairdresser's

The next morning, Trixie woke up when someone sat down next to her on the bed. Sleepily, she opened her eyes and saw Siggi in front of her, who had come to her, naked, of course.

"Hello little carpenter's apprentice," Siggi said. "How are you today?"

Trixie straightened up a little and supported herself with her elbows. Still sleepy, she looked Siggi in the face. The short, black hair framed a slender face with black eyes, a straight nose and a wide mouth. Trixie could see the very short, fine hairs on her upper lip and cheeks. Then her gaze slid further down over the slender but muscular neck, the strong arms to the small sagging breasts with the heavy rings that ran through the base of the nipples, then further down to the slender costal arch and the belly button. She could just make out the upper edge of Siggi's pubic hair. She thought this body was wonderful. Siggi was a little taller than she was, but that was no wonder, Trixie was only one meter sixty. She was also much stronger and Trixie estimated that she weighed 55-60 kilos, but there was no fat, only muscle. Trixie herself normally weighed only 45 kilos, but had lost some weight in prison and now weighed only 42 kilos. Even her mother had sometimes called her "her little hunger hook".

"I'm doing quite well, but my back hurts a bit. And I have quite sore muscles."

Siggi laughed, "after all the time in prison you are probably not used to anything anymore. But that's certainly no wonder. If you join us here, you'll soon get in shape. The best thing to do is to ask Beate if she can give you an ointment for it."

Siggi stroked Trixie's mini breasts and very carefully twirled her nipple, which to Trixie's amazement was already rock hard. Then Siggi's hand ran along the body to the hips and thighs. "Turn on your stomach," Siggi demanded.

Trixie immediately complied with the request. She turned on her stomach and rested her head on her arms stretched forward and crossed. She felt Siggi's hand slowly run over her back, and she twitched slightly when the hand touched the welts on her back. Then Siggi slowly ran the pointer and middle finger along her bony spine to her buttocks. She also stroked Trixie's sideways, where her ribs could be felt under the skin. Finally, she leaned forward, kissed Trixie's back on one of the welts, and stood up with a jerk. Trixie turned to her side and looked at her new friend. Her gaze wandered to the locks, Siggi's labia closed and finally got stuck on the ring.

"What is the purpose of the ring you have through it?" Trixie asked.

Siggi grabbed the ring and lifted it a little and played with it. "It doesn't go directly through it, but only through the foreskin. Sometimes we attach a leash there, on which I am led through the area. But you can also attach weights to it or if a second slave also has such a ring, you can chain the two together very well there. It's a lot of fun, especially at night. You can imagine what it's like when one of the two moves even a little bit. We have also attached bells there. But if we hang anything there at all, it's more likely to be on the labia. They can be drawn out quite long. At the moment, the locks are stuck in my outer labia. That's why you can't see that my labia minora also have holes on which we then hang weights or the like. But the ring also touches the actual clit again and again and excites him."

"That sounds pretty hard to hang weights on it. Doesn't that hurt?"

"At first it hurts, of course, but you get used to it very quickly. It only hurts when the weights are very heavy. When we go into the city, with a short skirt and of course without anything underneath, then the guys and also some girls get to see a pretty nice sight." Siggi grinned from ear to ear.

"So I have to go now. I guess yesterday was enough for you at the moment. But we can do it again soon. You should take a shower now and then go to the kitchen, then you can have breakfast with Beate when she comes home from duty. Antje and Karin also get up soon, but usually they sleep a little longer than the rest of us."

Trixie lay there for a short moment and saw Siggi disappear through the door into the bathroom. The sight of Siggi's tanned buttocks made her want to bite into it, even if that wasn't possible, of course. Then she got up herself and went to take a shower in the bathroom.

When she came into the kitchen afterwards, she was initially alone. She looked for the coffee and the coffee filter and turned on the machine. Then she set the table for four people and also got bread, butter and sausage from the freezer. In another cupboard she found jam and honey. Shortly afterwards, Beate, who had finished her night shift, arrived. She brought a large bag of rolls and poured them into a basket. Since the coffee had run through in the meantime, they were able to sit down directly at the table. Beate said that they should not wait for Antje and Karin.

Beate also inquired how Trixie had survived the night. She announced that she wanted to apply cream to Trixie's back again after breakfast. She would also give Trixie something against the sore muscles.

"Siggi didn't hit very hard yesterday," Beate explained. "The welts are not very red and will certainly disappear in a few days. Siggi told me that you seem to have a big problem when it comes to the subject of whips."

"That's right," Trixie replied. "But to a certain extent, I have understood that now. I can now imagine that it can even give a certain pleasure to be whipped. Every time Siggi struck, it was like an electric shock that went through his whole body. Especially between the legs. And I suspect that it might be similar with the other things Siggi mentioned when it comes to pain. Of course, I'm not quite sure yet, I just don't have the experience."

"Then the campaign has served its purpose. Are there any other areas you have questions about? Of course, I'm sure that you actually have hundreds of questions, but many of them will answer themselves anyway, if you join us. But I can already tell you that the way you behave here has been very well received by me and the others. You don't seem to have any prejudices and are very relaxed about everything."

"I also believe that the questions will only arise over time. At the moment I'm still a bit overwhelmed. I can't really think of much that spontaneously. At most a trifle. Except for Antje, we are actually all naked most of the time. Apart from the chastity belt and chastity bra that Karin wears. But I think you can also call them naked. Only Antje is always dressed. Is that because it adds the most to your budget?"

"Not in the least," Beate answered. "That's solely because she's the mistress at the moment. One of our rules says that the mistress should be dressed as much as possible in order to make

us slaves aware that we are under her. I had already told you that every week a different one is the mistress. We take turns on Sunday evening or Monday morning. Next week I'll be the mistress. Then Antje will also walk around naked in the apartment most of the time. Unless I can think of something nice for them. But you can take poison on it for that to happen. That's just part of it and that's why we do it."

Beate drank some coffee, then she took a notepad from a shelf and a ballpoint pen. "There's something else I wanted to ask you. I can imagine that of course you are more or less broke after your stay in prison. I would like to know if you can say something like what your financial situation is. Gaby had told me that you must have embezzled some money in your old company to keep up with your boyfriend. Presumably, the company wants the money back, doesn't it?"

"Yes, the bastard ran away with all the money and I get to pay for it. My old company gets almost a quarter of a million euros from me. And on top of that, there are the interest rates. I don't have the slightest idea how I'm ever going to pay for it. You know that of course I don't have a job. And I don't even know if I move in here, whether the social welfare office will give me anything. And my lawyer has also only been paid part of his bill. But that's not quite as much, that's just under €2000."

Beate pushed the notepad to her and asked her to write down the addresses of her old company and the lawyer. Trixie asked for the reason and Beate explained to her that they could try to make a deal with the company Trixie had worked for in the past. She also said that she wanted to look around to see if there might be a job for Trixie. But she didn't want to give her hope, because it was clear to both of them that Trixie's past wouldn't make it easy.

"In the meantime, have you dealt with the things in the second cupboard," Beate asked.

Trixie confessed that she had looked at the things in the closet.

"And did you play with it a bit, too," Beate probed. Trixie blushed. Then she confessed that she had once bound herself with hand and ankle cuffs.

"And what about the dildos," followed the next question.

Trixie blushed even more, but didn't say a word. Beate laughed. "Oh come on, it's not all that bad. We all do that, at least if we can." She grabbed between her legs and the locks that hung there.

"You know," Beate said, sitting down next to Trixie and putting her hand on her bare shoulder, "somehow you could describe the whole shared apartment as a self-bondage and masturbation facility. We don't do it ourselves, most of the time one of us satisfies the other or ties her up, but that's all completely in our interest. And you don't have to be ashamed at all if you put your hands on yourself."

Trixie didn't answer and Beate noticed that Trixie was probably still too uptight to talk so freely and openly about such topics. So Beate simply changed the subject.

"What are you up to today," Beate asked.

"Maybe I wanted to go to the hairdresser. In prison, we were usually only able to cut each other's hair and only under strict supervision, because then of course we handled scissors, and of course we weren't allowed to just take such dangerous things into the cell. I think my hair

needs a professional cut. I just have to see where I can get without registering for a week beforehand."

"No problem. I'll call my hairdresser right away, she can certainly put you in between. You can also get your fingernails done, maybe even your toenails. My hairdresser has quite a good strength for this. But don't let your hair cut too much." Then Beate grabbed the phone and spoke briefly to someone. After hanging up, she said, "OK, she'll take you in between. I told her you'd be coming soon. You walk about 400 meters to the right down the road. The shop says "Mona's Hair Studio". Do you want to wear normal clothes or something daring?"

"Something daring sounds like fun. Did Antje leave an instruction?"

"No, but I can come up with something nice."

"Why not, but please don't exaggerate," Trixie said, although she suspected that something was coming.

Beate went to her room and came back after a few minutes. She had several leather straps in her hand, all of which were covered with pointed spikes 5 centimeters long. "How about this," Beate asked. "They come on hands, arms and around the neck."

Trixie looked at the parts, then nodded. Beate helped her to put on the leather straps and secured each one with a small lock. She placed the keys on a shelf on the wall.

Trixie went to her room and put on short jeans and a crop top, then climbed into her sneakers. After 5 minutes, she stepped out of the elevator into the small hallway and then stepped out onto the street. She went down the street to the right and sure enough, after a short distance, she came to the hair studio.

When she entered the hair studio, a young woman immediately approached her. "Are you Trixie?" she asked. "Beate has already announced you. Then let's see."

She led Trixie to a chair, and over the next few hours she washed Trixie's hair, blow-dried it, and shaped it. At some point, a second woman came along to take on Trixie's fingernails. When she wanted to take off her shoes to work on her toenails as well, Trixie resisted at first, but after a short persuasion she agreed.

Then the first woman came back to Trixie. "Shall we also take care of the hair on your pussy," she asked. Again, Trixie immediately blushed, even more than had been the case before.

"How," she stammered. She would have liked to sink into the ground. There were two other customers in the shop and Trixie was sure that they had heard everything. But the hairdresser did not let up.

She pressed a lever, whereupon the backrest went backwards and Trixie lay almost horizontally. Then she opened Trixie's shorts and pulled them down a bit.

"Well, you see, we would have to cut them a bit. It's best to shape them a bit and there are a few hairs that reach up to the crotch fold. And we should also remove the hair on the labia and from there to the butthole. There aren't many, but I know that Beate in particular doesn't like hair on her tongue." Trixie closed her eyes and wanted to hide. She felt the gaze of the other customers on her. When the hairdresser first cut the pubic hair with scissors and then soaped her pussy and carefully worked it with a razor, she suffered hellish agony. But these intimate touches also made her wet, which was mega embarrassing for her.

"That wasn't that difficult," said the hairdresser, smiling at her. Then she pulled Trixie's pants back up and Trixie hurried to close them again. Trixie heard whispering for one of the customers with one of the other hairdressers, but she couldn't understand what they were saying.

When she went to the checkout, she asked the hairdresser quietly what the customer had said. "She wanted to know what such an intimate shave costs. I told her that it would cost two hundred euros."

"Ouch. I didn't expect so much."

"Don't worry, Trixie. With Beate and her friends we do something like this for free. Beate took care of my husband last year when he had a heart attack. We can do such little things here. You only pay for the hair care, pedicure and manicure. That makes a total of 78 €."

Trixie almost fled the store, she had become so embarrassed about it. When she was back on the street, she looked around and thought about what else she could do with the afternoon that had begun. She strolled along the street for a while, and when she passed a cinema, she saw the posters. On the spur of the moment, she bought a ticket and watched a comedy. When she finally came home, Siggi was already back.

"Hello Trixie," Siggi greeted her. "Tell me, could you do me a big favor?"

"Of course, what is it about?"

"I noticed that the hair on my arms and upper body had grown a little again. That doesn't look pretty. Maybe we could take a shower and you shave me from top to bottom."

Again this carefree attitude when it came to the most intimate things. And that after this visit to the hairdresser. But Siggi smiled at her and Trixie remembered how they had showered together on the first day. So she agreed and they went together to her bathroom, which was between the two rooms.

Siggi gave Trixie a large can of shaving cream in the shower and let her lather her up from top to bottom. Then she handed Trixie a handful of disposable razors. "Here. You can't get by with a razor. I would prefer it if you shaved me from neck to ankles. Only the hair on the pussy should remain as it is now. Looks quite nice, doesn't it?"

Trixie shaved her back first, then her torso and arms. Then she let Siggi put her hands behind her neck so that she could shave her armpits as well. She saw that the hair there was at least 2 centimeters long. She was a little surprised.

"No, not in the armpits. Beate thinks it's incredibly cool when I sweat profusely and my hair sticks to my skin with the sweat. And next week Beate will be our mistress. I want to make her happy."

Trixie almost fell away from faith, but slowly she got used to the fact that everything was different in this shared apartment than anywhere else.

When the procedure was finished, they dried themselves off and went to the kitchen for dinner.

Chapter 5 A Day in Bed

The next day started like the previous one. Siggi was out of the house early to work in her workshop, Beate and Trixie sat in the kitchen and had breakfast, while Antje and Karin slept a little longer.

"You, Beate, I have my question. You said yesterday that you also masturbate and tie yourself up a lot, but that it's usually done by one of the others. A few days ago I tied myself up in the evening and lay down in bed. But I didn't really feel the big kick."

"And now you're wondering if bondage gives you anything at all?"

"Well, somehow I found it a bit lukewarm. Not very satisfying," Trixie laughed and winked at Beate.

"You know, there is a very big problem with self-bondage. Actually, even several. First, the restraints are often not tight enough. Somehow you hesitate to put the ropes or chains on very tightly. But in the end, that's up to you. Secondly, you always need some way to free yourself. Imagine that you would tie yourself up like that, without any way to free yourself and something happens. Then you've drawn the ass card. If you're lucky, someone will find you or you can notify someone. Of course, it is better if you let someone know in advance or ask for you under some pretext, as a hedge. But the situation will be extremely embarrassing in any case. If you're unlucky, well, you can imagine that yourself. And thirdly, you are also limited in the possibilities of self-bondage. You only have two arms and two hands, but with which hand do you want to tie them up? Especially if the bondage is to be a little more refined and harder."

"And that's why self-bondage isn't as much fun as real ones?"

"Exactly," said Beate. "Have you ever been properly tied up?"

"Maybe as a child, when we played cowboys and Indians. Otherwise no more. Even in prison, we weren't even handcuffed as long as we didn't do anything."

"Well, none of that counts," Beate judged. "Do you want to try it? What are you up to today?"

Trixie shook her head, "Nothing special, really."

"Well, why not." Beate thought for a moment, then grinned for a moment. "Watch out, I'm preparing everything." She grinned and put a large bottle of water in front of Trixie and told her, "Drink this. If I tie you up, you'll lose a whole lot of fluid. If we're going to do that, we want it to become real. I would say I tie you up all day. Then you also realize how exhausting such a bondage can be."

Beate went to Trixie's room and made the necessary preparations. After a quarter of an hour she came back into the kitchen, but Trixie had only drunk a glass of water until then. Now Beate urged her to drink faster. After two more glasses, however, Trixie refused to drink any more. But Beate was also satisfied with that. She took Trixie to her room, where she had laid out some leather ropes and cuffs, as well as a few other pieces.

First, she gave Trixie two leather cuffs and asked her to put them around her wrists. Although Trixie tightened the straps all the way, Beate found that they were still quite loose. She made a mental note that they probably needed tighter leather cuffs. Karin was able to make them quickly. Then Trixie had to put on cuffs above the elbows again and finally on the ankles.

"Spread your legs and lean all the way forward," Beate ordered. When Trixie leaned forward, Beate asked, "Have you ever had a plug in your butt?"

"Never. Doesn't that hurt?"

"It's not that bad," Beate reassured her. "I have a very small, thin one here. It is coated with Vaseline and then it slips in all by itself. Trixie felt Beate fiddling with something on her buttock. Then she felt a very slight pain, but it really wasn't bad when Beate increased the pressure and pushed the plug through the sphincter. Then she was allowed to sit up again.

Beate took one of the ropes, which were about the thickness of a finger, and wrapped it tightly around Trixie's waist above the protruding hip bones. She knotted it just below the belly button, then pulled the two ends between Trixie's legs and pushed them loosely under the rope at the back. Then she took a red ball that had a number of holes and was attached to a leather strap. She held it in front of Trixie's mouth and Trixie opened her mouth well. Beate pushed the ball between her teeth, then she stepped behind her and pulled the strap quite tightly, so that it also pulled the corners of her mouth back.

"The ball is made of plastic. This is better than latex because some people don't like the taste of latex and it makes them nauseous. In addition, there are many holes in this ball so that you can breathe through it and if you vomit, there is no risk that you will suffocate as quickly as with a massive ball," she explained. "But I'll still check on you every few minutes because it's the first time for you. If you have problems, just shake your head wildly, then I'll free you immediately, ok?"

Next came a thick blindfold, which she pushed over Trixie's eyes and also fastened behind her head.

She grabbed Trixie's arms and led her to her bed. There she let Trixie lie down on the bed face down. She took another rope, took it twice and passed the double rope from behind between Trixie's back and her left arm, then she pulled it over her shoulder to her neck, to her right arm, back between her body and her arm and knotted the rope in her back. She first passed the two long ends through the rings on the cuffs on her upper arms, knotted them there, pulling Trixie's arms close together and pushing her upper body forward. Trixie groaned very slightly. Then she continued with the rope to the wrists, where she finally knotted the ends. Another slightly shorter rope led her first through the rings on the cuffs on her feet, knotted it there again and pulled the rope to Trixie's wrists. She wrapped her legs and tightened the rope until Trixie's legs were pressed flat against her thighs and her arms were lifted slightly.

Now Beate took the two ends of the rope that she had previously pulled under the waist rope at the back, spread them a little so that they passed Trixie's leg gap far out and did not run through her pussy. She saved that for later. She continued to guide the rope ends and then tied the two rope ends to the cuffs at the ankles. For the moment, that should be enough, but she planned to tighten the bondage a bit during the day. Beate left the room, but left the door open and also the door to her own room remained open so that she could pay attention to Trixie's noises. Over the next few hours, Beate checked on Trixie every 5 to 10 minutes. She moaned a bit in between, but at some point she even fell asleep a little, which Beate could tell by her calm breathing.

In the early afternoon, Beate thought it was time to tighten the bondage a bit. She came into Trixie's room and turned Trixie from her stomach to her left side in her bed. Then she took

another rope, which she attached to the waist rope directly to the knot under the belly button. She had chosen a relatively small but very modern vibrator from her collection. This had an eyelet at the lower end, through which Beate pulled the rope. She spread Trixie's labia and found that Trixie was quite wet. For a moment, her own lust gained the upper hand. She inserted two fingers into Trixie's pussy and explored the wet grotto. Then she withdrew her fingers and licked them with relish. But then Beate concentrated on her task again. Very carefully she shoved the vibrator into Trixie's pussy. She turned on the vibrator, then pulled the rope tightly to the back of the waist rope and knotted it to secure the vibrator in place. Then she turned Trixie back on her stomach. She thought about putting little bells with alligator clips on Trixie's nipples, but didn't do it.

The vibrator that Beate Trixie had introduced had different settings. It was a relatively modern part and offered various programs to choose from. You could either switch the device on permanently with a certain strength or set a kind of interval operation. But Beate had chosen the last setting, in which the vibrator randomly selected the duration of the vibration, the length of the pause between two vibration phases and the intensity.

When she was back in her room, Beate noticed that the noises from Trixie's room were now much louder and more intense. The volume fluctuated, sometimes it was just a soft moan, and then again a sharp squeak. Beate could vividly imagine how Trixie felt now. An hour later, she went back to Trixie's room and freed Trixie from the shackles. She realized that Trixie had apparently lost control of her bladder at some point. She wasn't surprised, because that had actually been the purpose of all the water Trixie had had to drink before the bondage.

Trixie was incredibly embarrassed that she had wet the bed and had also had to lie in her own urine for a while. But Beate just laughed and showed her that she had pulled a plastic wrap under the sheet as a precaution when she had prepared the bondage. She sent Trixie into the shower and then waited for Trixie in the living room with coffee and cake for both of them.

Trixie took a long and extensive shower and enjoyed the hot water on her body. Her bones were very stiff from the bondage and she washed her urine very thoroughly twice.

"Phew," she scolded when she came into the living room, where Beate was already waiting for her. "I didn't think it would be so intense. At first it went quite well, but then I noticed how my legs cramped up a bit. And then this nasty vibrator, it put the crowning glory on the whole thing. When I came the second time, I couldn't control my bladder anymore. That has never happened to me before."

"There are two principles of such restraints," Beate explained. "First, if it's not tight, it's not a bondage. And secondly, whenever you think it couldn't get any worse, it gets worse. That's actually true for almost all of our games. You noticed that when Siggi whipped you. When she took you down, you thought that you would have liked to sit down somewhere and let the pain slowly subside. But instead, you had to move the wood to the other corner. And then when that was finally done, you had to put the stuff back again. And just now I thought about putting a few clamps on your nipples. But I thought that was enough for the moment."

"I understand what you mean. At the moment, something like that can be pretty hard. But yes, yes, somehow I like it."

They ate their cake and drank coffee with it. Trixie was very quiet and hardly said a word.

"You, Beate, there's something," Trixie began a little hesitantly. "I don't know how to say that, or what I have to do. But I think I want to join your shared flat."

Beate put her hand on Trixie's bare thigh. "I'm happy about that. Honestly. But are you quite sure about that yet? You know that you can take another week to get to know us better. Us and our lifestyle. Wouldn't you rather wait?"

"I've thought about it very carefully. I had enough time to do it all day. I'm a bit afraid of it, but that's quite normal when you start something new. If you take me into your shared flat, it will be a whole new phase of life for me. That's also a clear cut compared to my past. But of course I also know that there are many problems. Especially that I am unemployed and have practically no money. That's at least a problem. But I can promise you that I will of course try to find a new job very quickly."

"Well, you don't have to worry about the money the least," Beate reassured her. "And we manage the job somehow. For us, it's much more important whether you can cope with our lifestyle. Not only get along, but whether that should also be your lifestyle."

"Yes, that's where I decided. It is a delightful view. Of course, I don't know where this will lead and how long I'll keep it up. But certainly a few years, because I'm pretty stubborn and don't give up easily. But I don't know how I'm going to apply for membership in your shared flat or whatever you can call it."

"I don't know that either," confessed Beate. "We've never had to worry about how to take on someone new. But that actually fits quite well today, because we always sit down together on Friday evenings when we're all there and discuss what's going on next week. We usually sit down in the kitchen and the respective mistress, at the moment Antje, is in the chair. Of course you are there and we always talk very openly here. So you have to listen to what the rest of us think about it, where there are still questions on our part, or objections or something else. This can be embarrassing and the questions are asked without any consideration. But I believe that the others will agree with you very much. You definitely have my vote."

Chapter 6: Recording

When everyone was home in the evening, they sat down together in the kitchen after dinner. Antje sat at the front of the table, Beate and Trixie sat on one side, Siggi and Karin sat opposite them. Except for Antje, everyone was naked, even Karin had taken off her chastity belt and chains.

"Before we start, Trixie has something important to say to all of us," Beate began. "Trixie, please".

"I don't know how to put it here, but I want to become a member of your shared flat. It is clear that this is not easy. Actually, I can't expect you to take me in at the moment, because I have neither money nor a job."

"I already told you that money doesn't play such a big role for us," said Beate.

"yes, you've already told me that twice," Trixie said. "But I'm not a parasite either. And that's how I would feel if I couldn't contribute anything to the general maintenance. Maybe I can help Siggi in the carpentry shop or help out with Antje in the shop. And of course I can clean the shared flat here too. Anything you want."

"The thing with a job can be sorted out somehow," Antje now explained. "And at the moment you should take a vacation from prison first, we think that's more important. You had already told Beate that, and she warned us in advance that you would like to be admitted to us so that we could think about it a bit. I think we should now each give their opinion and what concerns each has, or whether they see even a possible problem somewhere. Will you please start, Beate?"

"I don't really see any big problems. Of course, I understand that Trixie is a bit worried about the financial matter. But I think this is only a short-term problem that can be solved somehow. She has only been here for a few days and cannot estimate our financial situation in the slightest. I might have liked it better if Trixie had taken more time before asking us. On the other hand, she gives the impression that she has already thought it through quite well. She is obviously someone who is willing to let everything come to her, even to accept things that are sometimes not quite pleasant. I already told Trixie at noon today that she would definitely get my vote. I was also sure that she would fit in with us before I even knew her, because in my conversations with Gaby, an image of a young woman who is looking for a different life had stuck in my mind."

Then it was Siggi's turn. "So I don't see the really big problem either. I agree with you that the financial question is completely beside the point. It doesn't cost us anything at all if we take Trixie here, with the little that little person eats. But we also have to keep in mind that our lifestyle is something completely new for them. I do believe that it is the right lifestyle for Trixie, especially when I think about how she behaved with me in the workshop on Wednesday. But I don't know how she will react in a few weeks when she is the mistress for the first time. According to our usual rhythm, this would be the case in four weeks at the latest. Is she then already ready to dominate the rest of us and act as a mistress here?"

Now Trixie got in touch. "You're absolutely right. I've already thought about that. I lack even more experience than when it comes to taking on the slave role like the rest of you. I therefore have a suggestion: How about not getting into this rhythm immediately, but limiting myself to the slave role for the first three months? Then I have plenty of time to observe the rest of you and know much better what I can expect of you and where my inclinations lie."

"That's a really great proposal," Antje said enthusiastically. "I mean, we can live with that. I even think that we could adopt this in our rulebook. Do you agree with that?" She looked around and everyone nodded. Then Antje got up and got a notebook from one of the kitchen cupboards.

"I write: new WG members have to limit themselves to the slave role in the first three months. Only then are they allowed to become mistresses."

Trixie asked what kind of notebook it was and Beate explained that she wrote down the rules they gave themselves there. In any case, Trixie will have to look at the whole notebook in the next few days and read everything.

After that, Karin had to make a statement. "I would have had a little concern if Trixie had become our mistress after only four weeks. But the topic is off the table. But I have another problem related to this. I'm not sure if Trixie even has the necessary toughness when it comes to being Mistress. We don't want to have a wimp as a mistress."

"And how is she supposed to prove that," Siggie asked. "Is she supposed to whip you as a test?"

"That would be a possibility."

"That's typical, Karin," Siggie said now. "You're only thinking about your own pleasure, aren't you? And when should that be done? Now?"

"Why not? That would be a very spontaneous action. Without her being able to prepare for it for days."

"Do you agree with that, Trixie," Antje asked. When Trixie nodded, she said, "All right, then we'll interrupt each other for half an hour or three-quarters of an hour. But I'll tell you one thing, Karin: I'll make it a little sharper. You take advantage of every opportunity to live out your masochistic instincts. So don't complain."

They all got up and walked out of the kitchen through the hallway down the hallway towards a door Trixie hadn't gone through this week. She didn't know what lay behind it. Trixie whispered to Beate: "I don't know if I can do that."

Beate whispered back: "You can do it. Do it like driving a car: close your eyes and get through it."

The room they now entered was huge. Trixie estimated it to be 12 by 10 m. There were a number of wooden constructions in the room, which Trixie only partially recognized. "Siggie built most of the work here," Beate explained. Then she pointed to two ropes hanging from the ceiling. Over a few rolls, they led to a winding device. The whole thing was driven by an engine.

Antje stepped up to one of several cupboards in the room, opened it and took out several leather cuffs that were similar to the ones Trixie had used earlier in the day. She handed Karin the cuffs, which she put on her wrists and ankles, tightening the straps very tightly. Meanwhile, Siggie fetched two spreader bars, which she attached to Karin's leather cuffs. Beate lowered the ropes and Siggie attached the spreader bar to Karin's wrists on the ropes. Beate operated the motor again and pulled the ropes up until Karin lost the ground under her feet. Antje signaled to Beate, who pulled Karin a little higher. Antje then went to another cupboard and took two large iron balls from it. Trixie's eyes widened. Antje dragged the two balls over to Karin and hung them on the D-rings on Karin's ankles. Siggie whispered to Trixie that each of the balls weighed ten kilos. Karin's body was now stretched properly and she began to sweat slightly.

Then Antje went back to the cupboard and came back with a cowbell. She hung it with a snap hook on the ring on Karin's clit. The bell drew the sensitive flesh long. "I hope you enjoy it," she said to Karin, who was hanging there grinning. Finally, Antje opened another cupboard, looked around briefly and came to Trixie with a leather whip. She handed Trixie the whip. "That's a 9-tailed cat. I'm sure you've seen something like that in some feature films."

Trixie first admired Karin's body. She was stronger than the others, also a little taller with very firm breasts, which Trixie estimated to be sizes B to C. Her whole body was lightly tanned, with no bikini stripes showing. Her pubic hair was trimmed into a clean triangle and a thin trickle of her sweat was already running from her chest into this triangle. Trixie walked around Karin and saw the strong back. Only now did she see that it had some small scars.

These were elongated and very narrow, and Trixie suspected that they came from previous floggings. The young woman's slightly sweaty body looked incredibly sensual.

Then she stood hesitantly behind Karin until Antje made a sign to her and nodded to her. "Just get started. Karin had wanted it that way. You don't have to have a guilty conscience, that's Karin's way. I mean, twelve strokes should be enough. But you have to make an effort. Otherwise Karin will be the first to moan, I can guarantee you."

Nevertheless, Trixie continued to stand there with the whip, but finally Karin shouted, "Now go ahead. Show me. Show that you can be a tough mistress. You want to go to our shared flat."

Trixie closed her eyes for a moment, concentrated for a moment, and when she opened her eyes again, she swung out and hit Karin on the back with the whip.

"Harder," Karin demanded from above. Again Trixie concentrated, swung again and hit Karin for the second time.

Beate came over to Trixie and briefly put her arm on her shoulder. "I don't know if I'll get through this," Trixie whispered. But Beate patted Trixie on the shoulder and whispered back: "You can do it. Hit as hard as you can. Karin really wants it that way. You don't have to worry about that. Close your eyes and get through it."

Trixie took a deep breath, then slapped Karin over her back with the whip. Now blow after blow followed, while Siggi counted aloud. With each stroke, the bell on Karin's clit rang softly. When Karin had received twelve blows, Siggi shouted "that was the twelfth. Done."

Trixie dropped the whip. Beate grabbed her shoulder and took her to her room while the others freed Karin. There they sat Trixie on her bed and comforted the sobbing Trixie. After Trixie had calmed down, Beate sent her to the bathroom. When Trixie returned, they went together to the kitchen, where the others were already waiting for her.

Karin reached across the table for Trixie's hand and patted her. "For the first time, it wasn't so bad. It was perfectly clear to me that this was a lot to ask of you, but you got through it. It was a real challenge. The last two strokes actually twirled a bit. I would like to put on record that my concerns have been dispelled. Trixie still has to get used to things like that, of course, but I think she can do it."

Now Antje took the floor. "I don't really have any objections either. I really liked how openly Trixie looked at everything and how bravely she tried some things. Of course, all this is still new to her, and she has a lot to learn in the near future. With that, we all spoke positively about Trixie's wish to come to our shared flat. Just for the sake of form, I would like to hold a short vote. If you are in favor, please raise your hand."

All hands went up and Antje noticed that Trixie was unanimously accepted into the shared apartment. Beate kissed Trixie on the forehead, then she stood up and left the room. While she was gone, the others congratulated Trixie, hugged her and gave her a kiss as well. After a few minutes, Beate returned. She held a large syringe in her hand.

"Dear Trixie," Beate announced solemnly and held up the syringe, "this is the syringe with the transponder with which you can open the doors here in the shared flat. As a sign that you now belong, I will now implant the transponder under your skin. You see, it's only about 2 mm thick and about 1 centimeter long. It hurts for a moment, but it passes very quickly and

afterwards it doesn't bother you anymore. This is, so to speak, the key to our shared apartment, which I hereby solemnly hand over to you."

Trixie put her arm on the table with her palm up and watched as Beate disinfected it just above the wrist. When Beate pushed the needle through her skin, she closed her eyes for a moment and gritted her teeth, but she didn't say a sound, no sound of pain came through her lips. When it was done, Beate pulled Trixie up and went with her to the front door, where she showed where she had to hold out her hand. When Trixie put her hand to the reader, there was a soft hum and the door opened.

Siggi showed Trixie a board in the hallway. The upper part was green, and there was a small sign with 'Antje' under the heading HERRIN. Below it hung similar signs with the other names under the heading SLAVES. Siggi conjured up a sign with Trixie's name on it from somewhere and gave it to Trixie. They hung it under the other names.

When they came back to the kitchen, Antje announced that they should end today's meeting when there was nothing more urgent. She would announce her instructions the next morning. Then they all went into the living room together.

There Siggi insisted that Trixie lie down on the living room table, face up. Siggi ran into the kitchen and came back after a few seconds with an ice-cold bottle of sparkling wine in an ice cooler and five glasses. She placed the ice cooler on Trixie's flat stomach, whereupon she shuddered and got goosebumps. Siggi opened the bottle and poured five glasses. She placed the glasses on Trixie's chest, where they stood a bit wobbly, but quickly everyone took a glass. Siggi also took Trixie's glass, then they all toasted. Siggi also took Trixie's part. Everyone took a sip, then Siggi raised the glass to Trixie's lips and poured some of the champagne into her mouth.

Trixie would have liked to get up, but the others said she should stay there. Trixie heard something whispered, the others laughed briefly, then Beate fished a few ice cubes out of the cooler, grabbed her pussy between Trixie's legs, opened it with two fingers and stuffed two ice cubes into the warm grotto. Trixie screamed and almost jumped up, but the others gently pressed her shoulders onto the table before she could rise. Trixie knew that she had lost and somehow she enjoyed lying there like that. She understood that her new friends only wanted to tease her. She remained lying there for a long time, then the others allowed her to get up. The celebration lasted until after midnight, when they all went to their beds tired.

Chapter 7: Roermond

In the morning, everyone was woken up by Antje. They gathered naked in the kitchen for breakfast as always.

"Today is cleaning day, like every Saturday. Beate, you're taking on the kitchen. Karin, the bedrooms. Siggi, living room, hallway and hallway. Trixie, the bathrooms. I ask that everything is sparkling clean afterwards. I'll check that. You all have until 9:30 a.m. After that, Karin and I have to go to the store. Trixie for your information: on Saturdays the shop is open from 10:00 to 14:00. It's not as long as the other days, but it's usually very busy. When you're done cleaning, you should do the weekend shopping. The best thing to do is to go to Roermond. Maybe you can go to the outlet center and buy Trixie some things."

Trixie asked Siggi what was going on in Roermond. But Antje intervened. "Thou shalt not gossip here. Now it's time to clean. Beate, can you please get a gag for Trixie?"

Beate went to her room and came back after a few moments with the red ball gag she had worn the day before. She held it in front of Trixie's face and Trixie obediently opened her mouth. Beate shoved it between her teeth and tightened the straps. "She'll wear it until you drive to the parking lot in Roermond," Antje determined.

Siggi then handed Trixie a bucket, cleaning rags and a brush and sent her towards the bathroom before she went to the living room with the vacuum cleaner herself. Trixie thought this treatment was wonderful. After a good hour, Antje came into the bathroom that Trixie was cleaning. She ran her finger over different places and then held the dusty finger under Trixie's nose. "Come with me," she ordered. They also went one after the other to the other two bathrooms, where Antje repeated the check. Here, too, her finger became dusty during the check.

"That was probably nothing," Antje remarked. "You'll do it all again. But you deserve punishment now. Spread your legs and lean forward." She pulled a plug out of her bag and shoved it first into Trixie's already wet pussy to moisten it and then into her buttocks. "He'll stay in there until the evening," she determined. "And now hurry up. I don't want the others to have to wait for you."

Trixie had no choice but to obey, but she actually liked this harsh approach. She would have liked to clean in chains. She was actually finished around 9:30 a.m., but she was wet with sweat.

Antje and Karin then drove to the store, while Beate sent Trixie to her bedroom so that she could get dressed there. She had given her a very short jerk and a sleeveless T-shirt with a huge sleeve neckline. Trixie put on the clothes and looked at herself briefly in the mirror. She noticed that you could look deep into her T-shirt, right down to her small breasts. She took a pair of sneakers and put them on, but when Beate saw the sneakers, Trixie had to take them off again. Beate and Siggi were also dressed similarly, they were also barefoot. They then took the elevator to the garage, where they boarded Siggi's van. Trixie had to climb back into the small closet.

When they arrived at their destination after 1 hour, Trixie was finally allowed to get out, and only then did Beate take the gag out of her mouth. Trixie first had to move her lower jaw back and forth a few times to get it movable again. They were standing in the parking lot of a shopping center and Siggi got a shopping cart. Together they then entered the store. Beate had a list of the things they needed for the following week. Siggi and Beate knew the shop well and they showed Trixie the many ready-made dishes and also the appetizing vegetables. Trixie immediately went into raptures. She told Beate how much she had missed the fresh fruit and vegetables in prison. Most of the time, there were not exactly fresh goods there. Beate then told her that she should draw from the full range and choose what she wanted.

"Can you cook," Siggi asked.

"It's possible," Trixie said. "For domestic use. But most of the time I only cooked for myself, you don't do that much."

"How about, would you like to cook something for us tonight? You can pick out everything you need here."

Trixie didn't need to be told twice and put together a menu in her head with salmon as a main course, an appetizer and a dessert. The shopping cart was filled to the brim when they finally

went to the checkout. They loaded Siggi's car, then Beate said that they wanted to go to the outlet center.

Of course, Trixie didn't know this yet and they drove about 2 km further and then to a large parking lot. All hell broke loose there, but they still found a good parking opportunity at the edge of the parking lot. It seemed strange to Trixie to walk across the parking lot so scantily dressed, but that was nothing compared to the crowds that rolled through the outlet center. She saw a myriad of well-known brands, some of which she would never have dared to enter.

After passing some shop windows, Beate pointed to a mannequin wearing a turquoise trouser suit. "It would suit you great, especially if you have a job interview. You're sure to look really sharp in something like that."

Trixie saw the price tag and turned pale. "I can never afford something like that."

Beate did not accept this and they entered the store together. Immediately, a saleswoman approached them and asked how they could help you. "That turquoise pantsuit they have in the shop window. Do you have it in your size," she asked, pointing to Trixie. The saleswoman confirmed this and Beate wanted Trixie to try it on. "Do you mind that my friend doesn't wear underwear here?" she asked the saleswoman. Trixie would have liked to sink into the ground and the saleswoman turned red in the face. The saleswoman stuttered a 'Agreed' and directed the three to the back of the store. When she came with the trouser suit in Trixie's size, however, she was not allowed in a changing room, but Beate ordered her to undress on the spot and try on the pantsuit. Beate asked for a matching blouse and the saleswoman very quickly brought two blouses to choose from. Trixie had to try them on as well, then Beate decided that they would buy both the pantsuit and the two blouses.

Trixie had to take off her suit and blouse again and when she stood naked in front of her friends and the saleswoman, Beate ordered her to kiss the saleswoman's shoes as a sign of her gratitude. The saleswoman wanted to run away when Trixie complied with this order. Only then was Trixie allowed to put on her old clothes again. Beate went to the checkout with the saleswoman and paid for everything with a credit card. She also gave the saleswoman a tip. The saleswoman asked Beate what this idea meant and Beate explained to her that they were all three slaves and that they had the order to proceed in this way. When they had left the store, the saleswoman first went to the back of the store and poured herself a coffee.

Next, they entered a shoe store together. There Trixie had to sit on a chair and Beate chose several shoes, most of them without heels, but also a pair with heels about 6 centimeters high. A very young saleswoman, she couldn't be much older than 18, got the boxes for the selected shoes and wanted to help Trixie put them on. When she bent down and looked at Trixie, she got a clear view under Trixie's skirt and the uncovered pussy. With a bright red head, she helped Trixie get dressed. Trixie tried several of the shoes without heels, then Beate decided on three of them. In addition, she also took the pair with the 6 centimeter heels. Here, too, Beate paid with her credit card. In the meantime, Siggi had also chosen a pair of shoes and tried them on. She also paid for her shoes with a credit card.

"We absolutely have to go to the bank next week so that you can get a credit card as soon as possible. Our cards all go to the same account, and they are always covered. You don't have to worry about that. And now please don't start again with the fact that you don't have any money after all." By now it was almost 1:00 a.m. and they went to a food stall where they got kibbelinge and drinks.

They sat down on a bench and ate their lunch. Trixie didn't think anything of it, but suddenly she noticed that about 15 meters away there were some young men who kept looking over at them. Apparently they had noticed that none of them was wearing anything under their skirts.

The three first brought the previous purchases to Siggi's car, then she went back to the outlet center and continued shopping. Trixie got several jeans, some T-shirts and a few blouses. In addition, a leather jacket and a rain jacket. But Beate and Siggi also bought jeans for themselves, Siggi also bought a windbreaker and Beate struck at another shoe store, where she bought shoes with 12 centimeter heels. But they had all their shoes packed again and again and continued to walk barefoot. Finally, they visited the branch of a sports manufacturer and selected sports equipment for Trixie. Both gym shorts and sneakers and a few sweatshirts went to her purchases.

When they walked back towards the car, Trixie saw that it was already 4 o'clock. Trixie estimated that they had spent at least 4 to 5000 euros in the past few hours, even though all the things they bought were 30, 40 and sometimes even 70% off in this outlet center.

On the way back, Trixie was allowed to sit between Siggi and Beate, but Siggi had insisted that she take off her clothes before she got into the car. During the ride, Trixie sat naked next to Siggi, who usually only drove with her left hand, while her right hand lay on Trixie's thigh, stroking it, and often daring to go up to Trixie's pussy.

When they got back home, Trixie had to move all her shopping up the stairwell one by one. However, she had to walk from the third basement floor up to her apartment several times. Accordingly, she was once again totally sweaty when she finally finished. Above all, the plug in her buttocks had caused her quite a bit of trouble when climbing stairs. She was very happy when she was finally allowed to take it out.

Antje immediately sent her to the kitchen so that she could prepare dinner. As an appetizer, Trixie hollowed out a few tomatoes and filled them with crabs that she had served with mayonnaise. For the main course, she peeled potatoes and cut various vegetables into small pieces. She put everything together on a baking sheet, put the salmon on top and poured a vegetable broth over the whole thing. Then she put the baking sheet in the oven. She also prepared the dessert, with a few ready-made pancakes that she had found in the Dutch shop. Beate and Siggi had tried to dissuade her, but Trixie had prevailed. She spread jam on the pancakes and rolled them up. She placed them on a plate that she had already deposited in the microwave.

Half an hour later, she called the others for dinner. Even the appetizer was very well received by their friends, but they were completely enthusiastic about the main course. As they neared the end of the main course, Trixie turned on the microwave. After 5 minutes, it turned off again. Trixie took out the plate and sprinkled the rolled up pancakes with powdered sugar and placed them on the table. The others eyed them suspiciously at first, then each took one of the roles. As soon as they tasted it, they demanded that Trixie prepare another portion of it. Trixie was happy how much her friends had liked it and she was proud of her cooking skills.

Beate took over the clearing. Later, they met in the living room, where Trixie, Antje and Karin had to report in detail about their experiences in the outlet center. She also had to show off the trouser suit and everyone thought it was made for her. When Trixie went to bed later, she fell asleep, tired and content.

Chapter 8 In the Gravel Plant

The next morning they were woken up very early by Antje. Antje asked her to have a hearty breakfast, because the day would be quite exhausting. Then she gave everyone simple T-shirts that barely reached their buttocks. After breakfast, they drove down to the underground car park together.

Karin climbed into the trunk of Antje's car once again after she had taken off her T-shirt. But Antje then suggested that Trixie should keep her company there. Trixie also took off her T-shirt and tried to get into the trunk. It was extremely close, but eventually she made it. The other three then climbed into the car and drove off. Of course, Trixie didn't know where to go and how long the journey would take. The air in the trunk soon became quite warm and stuffy. She finally noticed that the car had probably driven off the main road and was facing something like a dirt road. The car then stopped, but then drove on quickly and finally stopped. Trixie and Karin were relieved when the trunk was finally opened and got out. Trixie realized that they were in a gravel pit.

"What are we doing here?" she asked. "Are we even allowed in here? This is some kind of company premises."

Antje reassured her. "Don't worry. I know the owner." Siggi whispered to Trixie, "Of course the owner knows her. Because it is she herself."

"She owns this gravel pit," Trixie asked in amazement, but Siggi just laughed.

Antje took a suitcase from the back seat of the car, opened it and handed out a row of leather corsets. The corsets for Beate, Siggi and Karin were all custom-made, only for Trixie there was a corset off the rack. All corsets were extremely heavy and stiff and had a myriad of D-rings. They were closed at the back with straps and some of the straps were secured with small locks. Each of the corsets reached from the wearer's neck to below the navel. From the lower end of the corsets, a leather triangle, which merged into a strap, led between the legs to the back, where the strap was reattached to the corset. Antje tightened all the straps tightly so that they spread their buttocks. Then all slaves were given leather cuffs for their hands, upper arms and feet.

Antje grabbed the leather triangle of Beate's corset and pulled it tightly. A Velcro fastener gave way and exposed two straps underneath, to which the triangle had previously been attached, and which now ran through the crotch. They framed Beate's blonde pubic hair. Antje repeated this to the others.

"I like you quite well that way." Antje commented. Then she shoved an iron bridle between the teeth of each of them and fastened it behind their heads with a strap. She also secured this strap with a small lock. Finally, she connected the leather cuffs on the hands and upper arms with D-rings on the corset and she connected the cuffs on the feet with chains that were just 40 centimeters long. All this was secured with more locks. Everyone is already sweating from getting dressed and the other preparations, and the sun was burning on the black corsets.

The four then followed her to a shed. This was all new to Trixie, but the others already knew it. Antje opened the shed and pulled out a four-wheeled horse-drawn cart. There were harnesses at the back of the horse-drawn cart, and she harnessed the group like horses. Beate and Karin represented the front couple, Trixie and Siggi the back. Then she took a whip that

had also been lying on the horse-drawn cart, climbed onto the trestle and shouted "Come on, her lazy pack!".

The four of them had to work hard to get the car moving. Especially at the beginning it was very difficult, but once he got rolling, it was easier. Anke directed her over the paths in the gravel pit and if it didn't go fast enough for her, Siggie and Trixie in particular got an encouragement on the buttocks with the whip. After a few minutes, it was covered with welts. They quickly fell into a light trot. While the others were in pretty good shape, this was not the case for Trixie. She soon realized that she was struggling to keep up with the pace. But it didn't help, and she was determined to fight her way through it. The stones under the bare feet also made the whole thing even more strenuous and somewhat painful.

So they went around the whole area twice and when they finally stopped, Trixie fell exhausted to the ground. But Antje hadn't had enough yet. In the shed there was still a kind of sulki, such as was used in trotting races. Antje released everyone from the horse-drawn cart, but then immediately harnessed Siggie to the sulki. While Antje and Siggie were on their way, Trixie complained to Karin about her aching feet.

"I know they hurt. We all feel the same way," Karin explained. We also have shoes that look like hooves and sometimes we wear ballerina high heels with our pony dress. But here in the pit you would probably only break your knuckles with it. And honestly, I really like to walk around barefoot outside, especially in the forest or through the mud.

Siggie had to pull the sulki around the area three times, then she was replaced by Beate. Only then did it be Karin's turn, who lasted longer than the other two. After five laps, she was also exhausted. In the meantime, Trixie had recovered a bit and she had to take her place at the Sulki. But Antje was merciful with her and only let her run one lap.

In the meantime it had become noon and Antje took a picnic basket out of the car. The slaves had to keep the corsets on, but Antje took the bridles off them. They ate together on the shore of the lake that belonged to the gravel plant, while the sun continued to heat up the black corsets. Only after eating was everyone allowed to take off their corsets, but had to keep the cuffs on their hands and feet. Karin and Siggie fetched some pegs and a heavy hammer from a corner. Siggie then had to drive in the stakes and Antje tied up her friends with her arms and legs spread wide. Siggie was then the last to be tied to the stakes. But Antje got sunscreen from the picnic basket and creamed everyone thoroughly. Trixie in particular was even creamed twice because she had such pale skin and was not used to the strong sunlight after the years in prison. So they all had to lie there and roast in the sun. Only then was everyone allowed to take off the other shackles.

Later, they all went swimming naked together in the cold water of the quarry pond. They enjoyed the water and the cooling. Afterwards they lay down in the sun again, but this time without being tied up. As evening approached, they drove back again. This time, however, Trixie didn't have to get into the trunk, but she was allowed to sit next to Siggie in the back seat.

"I didn't know Antje owned a gravel pit," Trixie said.

"Not just a gravel pit," Siggie answered. "You wouldn't believe what she owns." When they passed a horse farm on the way to the city, Siggie pointed his finger in the direction of the

estate and only said "Antje". Trixie's eyes widened. Shortly afterwards, she passed a chemical plant. Again, Siggi pointed his finger at it and said "Antje". Trixie couldn't believe it.

"Before that, she only had all that," Trixie asked in amazement.

"She has inherited a lot," said Siggi. "But she has also invested very well. She visits most companies and other properties only three or four times a year. She has an incredible talent for looking for capable managers and she lets them do it. What you saw today is only a part of what she possesses. But that's not why she went crazy or took off. From tomorrow on, Beate will be our master for a week, and you will see that Antje subordinates herself completely, obeys every command and is absolutely on the same level as the rest of us. If our shared flat can afford many things, then of course we owe it to Antje. Our salaries don't really play such a big role, it's more symbolic. That's why it doesn't matter whether you already have a job or not. But I can tell you that Antje told me in confidence how happy she is that you now belong to us. She thinks you're a great addition to our group. She has fully accepted your decision that you want to be a slave for three months, but she is also curious to see what you will do with us when you are our masters for the first time. By the way, that also applies to me and the other two."

Then Siggi pointed out the window to a hotel they were passing by and said, "Of course Antje too."

They let the evening come to an end, and around 10:00 p.m. Antje said: "So, the day is over. Time for the changing of the guard. Beate, please take over." Then Antje got up, undressed and crawled into one of the cages that stood in the living room.

Chapter 9 Mistress Beate

In the morning, Trixie was woken up by Beate. "Come on, get up, you lazy woman. Put on sports clothes and sneakers. We're going jogging."

Sleepily, Trixie looked at her alarm clock and didn't believe her eyes. It was just 5:00 a.m. Was that a bad joke? Nevertheless, she got up and dressed as Beate demanded. When she came into the hallway, the others were all already there, all in the required sports dress.

"It was about time. This week we will go jogging for an hour every day. Yesterday you saw how the little bit of running got you down. And so that they know right away, I have early duty from tomorrow. That means I have to leave the house by 5:30 a.m. at the latest. If I want to take a shower and get dressed beforehand, we have to be done with the morning run at 5:00 a.m. So from tomorrow we will all get up at 4:00 a.m."

Trixie moaned briefly, but she didn't say anything, and the others also took note of Beate's announcement without any complaints. They walked down the stairwell to the street, then left the house and Beate led the group through several side streets. Then she came to a city park, where they followed the winding but at least well-lit paths. Beate slowly increased the pace and Trixie had trouble keeping up with the pace again. But she wasn't the only one who had problems that morning. For a while Antje walked next to her and Trixie saw her breasts swinging back and forth under the T-shirt. Trixie had already seen in the evening that Antje has very beautiful, full but slightly sagging breasts, the shape of which resembled pears. She'd wondered if it was cup size B or C, but she'd remembered that it probably wouldn't be, since none of them were wearing a bra.

When she realized that it was slowly heading back home, Trixie was relieved. Shortly before they arrived home, Beate gave Karin a sign. She swerved out of the group and ran in a different direction at the next intersection. Finally the group arrived back home and Trixie had hoped for the elevator for a moment, but Beate immediately headed for the stairwell.

Once at the top, Trixie asked Beate, "what about Karin?"

"What's wrong with you, she's going to get rolls."

They all undressed and went to the kitchen for breakfast. In the meantime, Karin had also arrived with the fresh rolls. This time only Beate was lightly dressed as a sign that she was the mistress this week. She had taken off her shoes, but was still wearing her gym shorts and the totally sweaty T-shirt. She handed each of her slaves a stainless steel choker. The chokers were secured at the neck with locks and a large ring hung down from the front. On the hoop was written in large letters SLAVE and the respective name, separated in the middle by the ring. "You'll wear them all week," Beate determined.

The choker Trixie wore was a bit narrower and thinner than the others, but Siggi explained to her that those of the others were custom-made that she had made herself and that she would soon make her own choker for Trixie in her workshop. Trixie asked Siggi if she could be there when it was made, because she was interested in how it was done. Later she remembered that she wondered if Siggi would be naked while blacksmithing and how her body looked shiny with sweat in the glow of the stove. She imagined it and smiled with pleasure.

"Trixie has a few things to do today," Beate explained. "Above all, she has to register with the residents' registration office. I don't want her to get into trouble. I have already filled out a certificate that she lives here with us. I'll also write down some things for her to get afterwards."

"Siggi, Antje and Karin, you're going to the workshop and the shop right now or around ten. I still have to prepare some things here for the next few days and will probably be busy here."

Trixie looked at the list of things she should buy. At the top of the list were two crates of sparkling water. Beate described to her where the drinks shop was. When Trixie asked if they had a shopping cart or something similar, Beate smiled a little sly and said, "I'm sorry, dear, but I'm afraid you'll have to carry the two boxes."

Trixie waited a while until around 8:30 a.m., then she took the subway to the residents' registration office. To her relief, things went relatively quickly there, and on the way back she went directly to the beverage shop and bought the two water crates. She dragged them home. When she arrived at the top of her apartment, she felt as if her arms were reaching the floor. Beate then gave her the list of the remaining purchases and also put the empties in front of her, which of course she hadn't had with her before.

In the afternoon, Trixie had to go to Beate's bank branch, where they reported to the counter. Beate asked to be allowed to speak to her account manager. He arrived immediately and led the two into a meeting room. Beate gave him a letter from Antje. The account manager let it through and tried the whole time not to take note of Trixie's choker with the inscription SLAVE. Both had to sign a series of papers, then the man explained that the papers would be delivered by a messenger in a few days.

The rest of the day passed without any special incidents. Trixie helped Beate prepare dinner. Later, when they were all sitting together, Antje asked Beate if she could help out in Antje's shop the next day after her early shift. She also asked Trixie if she had time and could go to the store together with Karin in the morning, so that she would not be alone there. When Beate asked why, Antje only said briefly that she had something urgent to do. Beate agreed with everything and since she was the mistress at the moment, Karin and Trixie didn't need to be asked any further about it. But Beate said that Karin and Trixie should do something first. She announced that she would give Karin the appropriate instructions the next morning.

The wake-up call the next morning actually took place at 4:00 a.m. It was still dark when the five set out on their run. After jogging, Beate got ready for duty, but also gave Karin the instructions she had already announced. After Beate had left for work, the others lay down again for a short time, but at 7:00 a.m. everyone got up again and then had breakfast. Siggi and Antje then said goodbye directly after breakfast.

Karin then told Trixie that she should get dressed and that they would have to go somewhere together. A few minutes past eight, they were standing in front of an Apple Shop. Of course, it was still closed and Trixie pointed to the sign with the opening hours. But Karin said that it didn't matter. They knocked on the glass door several times and were indeed opened. A man let her in and greeted her with a friendly "hello".

Karin closed the door behind her, turned to the man and snapped at him: "What do you think, you worm? Is that a way of greeting a mistress? Have you forgotten everything?"

The man fell to the ground like a stone. He knelt down in front of Karin and kissed her shoes. "Excuse me, mistress. That will never happen again. Please punish me."

Trixie was completely surprised by Karin's statement and the man's reaction. She had never experienced anything like it. The man addressed Karin as 'Mistress', which Trixie found somehow totally crazy considering the chokers they both wore and on which 'SLAVE' was written in large letters.

"That's better," Karin yelled at the man. "If that happens again, you won't be able to sit for two weeks. And now the computer shows us. My slave here needs a laptop for her work. But not just any cheap part for beginners, but something for professionals. And hurry up." Karin turned to Trixie as the man led her to the exhibits. "The guy's name is Rainer, actually a very nice guy. Married, two children, but sometimes he comes to Antje's shop with his dominatrix. He would probably like to jerk off when we left the store afterwards. But he can't."

"And why not," Trixie asked cluelessly.

"He wears a chastity cage around his best piece," Karin grinned. "He can't get to it anymore, the thing is locked and only his dominatrix has the key. He can be happy if he can touch the thing once a month. However, I have not the slightest idea what he is saying to his wife about this and whether the children know about it."

"I don't think so," Trixie exclaimed.

"Worm, come here. Immediately."

Rainer immediately came to the two and knelt on the floor in front of Karin.

"My slave girl here has never seen a man wearing a chastity cage. Pull down your pants immediately. If you're wearing underpants, then this one too. But I would be surprised if your mistress would allow you such a thing."

Rainer obeyed immediately and Trixie's eyes widened when she saw the chastity cage. Then Karin allowed the man to pull up his pants again.

Rainer showed them several laptops and Karin asked Trixie if she liked one of them. When Trixie answered that all of them would actually be enough for her, she asked Rainer which one performed best. He pointed to the second most expensive model and Karin immediately said "okay". "Trixie, does this thing have enough RAM or whatever it's called and a decent hard drive? And you certainly need programs for it."

Now Rainer said that he could install additional RAM in a few minutes and also a larger hard drive. None of this is a problem. The computer can use both the Apple operating system and the Microsoft operating system. Karin wanted both, plus the Office package for both versions and some software for video and image editing. Rainer also added an antivirus program.

"Listen, you worm, how is my slave supposed to transport the thing? We also need a bag. Do you have something fancy there?"

Rainer then showed them some bags, and Karin chose one that could be used both as a briefcase and as a backpack. Karin was satisfied that all this could be done so quickly, paid with her credit card and after barely half an hour they left the store again, this time heavily packed. Rainer asked Karin to greet Mistress Antje warmly from him. Karin turned to him and snapped at him again: "What do you think, you worm. Is it permissible to simply send greetings to a mistress as if she were someone?"

At home, they brought everything to Trixie's room and put it on her desk. Then they got ready to go to the store.

Once there, Trixie had to undress immediately. Karin also took off her clothes and let Trixie put her in shackles. But Trixie didn't chain Karin in the workshop so that she could come to the shop at any time. Before they opened the shop, Karin picked out a few things for Trixie. She wanted Trixie to be dressed appropriately when she served. Trixie realized very quickly that Karin had her own ideas of 'dressed appropriately'. She was given a full-body suit made of transparent latex. This suit covered the whole body from head to toe and only had a zipper at the back. When Trixie looked at herself in the mirror, she thought she could stay naked right away. But Karin reassured her that she was still dressed unconventionally, and what she offered the customers as a sight was very nice.

In the next few hours, several customers actually came. When she served Trixie in her transparent outfit, they could hardly get enough of it. Trixie tried to serve the customers as quickly as possible and was very friendly to everyone. Karin came to the front a few times and helped her, because an unusually large number of customers came that day. Karin asked one of the customers if he knew why so many people came today. He then said that he had been called by an acquaintance who had been to the store before. Trixie's appearance there had apparently spread quickly. When Beate came into the store at around 3:00 a.m., they had already made significantly more sales than Antje and Karin usually made in the whole day. Trixie hadn't allowed anyone to touch her, though. The looks that the men, but also the

women, threw at her intimidated her a bit, and she was aware that most customers would have liked to go to bed with her or do something else with her.

Beate asked whose idea it had been to dress Trixie like that. Karin confessed that it had been her and Beate announced shaking her head that she would tell Antje about it. Karin, however, took it quite casually, after all, they had made extremely good sales. On Beate's orders, Trixie put on at least a black latex panty and bra to keep at least some decency.

In fact, Antje came around 5:30 a.m., but without telling what she had done during the day. Beate told her about Trixie's original performance, but Antje thought that it had been very daring, but she also said that Trixie was getting more and more used to the shared apartment. She asked if anyone had complained, which was not the case. Trixie told the two about her performance in the Apple store and Antje confirmed that she knew Rainer and his dominatrix well. She was already looking forward to Rainer stopping by her shop again soon. She announced that she would treat him particularly harshly because he was into such treatment.

As they sat down to dinner in the evening, Antje mentioned that she had been in Frankfurt that morning. "What did you do there," Siggi asked.

"Business," Antje answered.

"What business," Siggi pressed on.

Antje grinned. "I made an offer to a certain company that had a claim of €250,000 against a former employee. As the godfather said, an offer they could not refuse. After some negotiation, they were willing to assign this claim to me in exchange for an immediate payment of €100,000. I told you that you could wait a very long time for this €250,000. But they could get the €100,000 on the same day. They weren't overly pleased, but they realized that a bird in the hand was better than the pigeon on the roof. And with that, dear Trixie, you are rid of your debts to them," she turned to Trixie.

"But I now owe you €100,000 for that," Trixie replied.

"Oh nonsense. Just take it as a small gift to move in. I enjoyed negotiating with the company. My collar has caused a lot of confusion and the rumor mill in the company is certainly running at full speed. I had a great time doing it. By the way, they told me in confidence how sad it was that you committed this stupidity. You have probably always done a first-class job there and your successor can't come close to you."

"Can't I return the favor to you somehow?"

"O.k., if you really want to. How about working in my store as a mannequin or something for the next four Saturdays? You can already imagine what kind of dress you'll wear then."

"Four Saturdays," Trixie asked in amazement, "what you did for me, I would have to serve you as a mannequin for four years."

"Four Saturdays are enough. Believe me, you wouldn't have to do anything at all, but if you feel better..."

Trixie stood up and hugged Antje. When she thought about how much her new friends spoiled her, she started crying out loud. The others comforted her and hugged her. Then Beate sent the other three into the cages and locked them.

She put her arm around Trixie's shoulder and led her into her own bedroom. There she tied Trixie's arms behind her back and let her lie down in her bed. She also undressed herself and lay down next to Trixie. She hugged her and snuggled up to the tied one and hugged her very tightly. She stroked Trixie's skinny body and explored him from top to bottom. At some point, the two fell asleep while their friends spent the night in the cages.

It was not until the morning that Beate let the three out of the cages. It was already 4:00 a.m. and it was time for her morning round.

Chapter 10 A Job

After the morning run, everyone except Beate wanted to lie down again, but Beate stopped Trixie. "Listen, before you get bored, I have something for you to do today."

She let Trixie undress and then ordered her into the kitchen. There she presented her with a doctor's coat. When Trixie put on the smock, she noticed that all the buttons were missing.

"Oh, they must have come off while washing," Beate said dryly. "But it's not bad. Come with me now."

She drove down to the garage with Trixie and let her get into her car there. Together they then drove to the university hospital. Beate stopped at a bus stop nearby to the entrance to the parking garage, where she had rented a permanent parking space.

Both got out and Beate opened the trunk. She had Trixie take out a heavy cardboard box and leave it next to the bus stop. Beate gave Trixie a small device the size of a cell phone. "This is a GPS locator with an integrated beeper. In the box are flyers for Antje's shop. You now gradually go to the subway stations and stops and distribute the flyers at the exits and the stops. However, do not stay at each station for more than 10 minutes at a time. In between, you can always get supplies here. I can check via the GPS whether you are changing places. When I'm done with my service, or if there's anything else, I'll send you a message with the beeper. Understood everything?"

She got back into her car and drove a short distance before disappearing into the underground car park. Trixie remained there barefoot with only the smock without buttons and her collar that said 'slave'. She was shocked for a moment and she saw Beate's car after her. This had to be one of the tasks that the mistresses gave to the slaves. She took a pack of flyers and looked around. In the distance, she recognized a subway symbol and stomped there.

She then stood at the exit and began to distribute the flyers. The wind blew under her coat and tried to blow it away. The lower hem was lifted up and again and again there were gusts of wind that drove into the neckline. The passers-by got to see plenty of skin as a result. Some made stupid remarks about Trixie and others even patted her buttocks. Suddenly there was a noise and she looked at the small display of the beeper. "Change position" was written there. On a clock at the exit, she saw the time: 10 past 6. It was going to be a long day.

By 11 a.m., she had distributed about half of the flyers. She couldn't have said how many hands they had grabbed by then. She had never been in such a situation before. But she could already imagine how her friends would react to the story in the evening. They had probably experienced something similar before. You would certainly have a great time. At least it wasn't cold, so she didn't freeze. She had always changed her position well, but in the course of the hours she had been in some positions several times. At the subway stations, she had scoured all the exits over time.

The device made a sound again and she thought it was again the request to change position. But to her great relief, she saw another instruction: "Come to the bus station."

When she arrived at the bus station a few minutes later, Beate was already waiting for her. They packed the remaining flyers back into the trunk, then Trixie was allowed to get in. Beate drove off without giving Trixie any explanation. Only when they drove into the underground

car park at home did Trixie slowly calm down. They drove upstairs and there Beate ordered her to put on the trouser suit and a blouse.

Barely 10 minutes after they arrived home, they drove away again.

"I had a long phone call today. That's why I took this afternoon off. You have an interview right now. We drive to a tool factory, where you will talk to the owner, a Mr. Bergmann. Dieter, so Mr. Bergmann for you, is a nice guy. He was once a patient with me. He asked me to come with him as well. That's a bit unusual, I'm not your mother after all, but Dieter is really nice and I'm happy to see him again."

They drove almost to the other end of the city until they stopped in a parking lot in front of a factory hall. They went together to the administration building, which stood next to the hall and Beate asked for Mr. Bergmann. On this occasion, she looked at Trixie in her pantsuit again and found that she looked really hot. She was still thinking about taking off her collar, but Dieter came through the door and greeted the two.

"Hello Beate, nice to see you again. I hope you are doing well. When I think about what they did for me, I don't know how to do it well. And this is her friend Trixie?"

"Yes. She's a bit shy, but believe me, she knows something about her job."

Dieter grabbed both women by the arms and gently pushed them towards a door. "I would like to show you the company first, then it will be a little easier to explain later what I am about."

They went to the factory hall, where there were a number of huge machines. Dieter explained everything to them, but actually they didn't understand most of the things. He showed them the different machines, then pointed to one and said, "It's going to Dubai next week." In another, he named Japan as the destination, then one for Munich, and others were destined for various corners of the world. Then they went back into the administration building, past warehouses, design departments, and offices. Finally, Dieter took her to the anteroom of his office.

"Beate, may I ask you to wait here? I would like to talk to Trixie alone. I'm sure you understand that." He instructed his secretary to get coffee for himself and his guests and then disappeared into his office with Trixie. There he pointed to a leather seating area: "Please take a seat."

When his secretary brought the coffee, he served Trixie politely before he started. "You have now seen our company. It's clear that they haven't understood everything by a long shot, and our machines are probably far too complicated for that. But they must have noticed how much effort it takes to produce such machines. As far as this type of machine is concerned, we are the world market leader. We introduced an SAP system here about ten years ago. A really great system, you probably know how powerful they are. But still, I'm not happy with it. We keep coming up against individual corners and ends. I would like to have special evaluations that I don't get, or that my employees have to laboriously create. This costs unnecessary time. In other places, too, evaluations are missing or you have to struggle through several menus. Other parts are completely unnecessary. Many processes could run much more efficiently. That's why I've been dreaming for several years of separating ourselves from SAP again and building our very own, custom-made system. Of course, that's not something you can do in a few months, not even in one or two years. But I will invest the time.

Two years ago I had a heart attack and Beate took great care of me. She took hours of time for me and talked to me. And not only about everyday things, but even about this dream of having your own data processing. She just listened and let me talk. A few days ago she called me to ask if she still had this dream. She then told me that she knew someone, namely her. And for me, the question now is whether you dare to take on such a task."

"Of course, something like that is kind of a dream, a huge challenge," Trixie replied. "But I dare to doubt whether I can do something like this all by myself."

"They certainly don't stand a chance all by themselves." Mr. Bergmann leaned back in his chair. "What I'm looking for is not so much a programmer, who will of course create the foundations of the new system, but above all someone who shows the direction, plans and develops the new system. I will then hire a few more programmers in due course."

"This is a really great task. And you are giving me a huge leap of faith. But there are a few things you need to know about me."

"If you want to tell me now that you have been in prison for computer fraud and that you live in Beate's strange shared apartment, then you are not telling me anything new. I also did my homework. Beate told me the most important thing, it was a question of mutual trust. The fact that you have been imprisoned for computer fraud can even be a small advantage for you. This means that you can also think outside the box. And I need someone like that." Then he confided to her; "I was even in this Antje's shop once. But it wasn't for me. But if you like that, that's OK with me and I'm fully behind you there too."

"How will the other employees react when they hear that I'm fresh out of prison," Trixie asked. "Not to mention the other."

"I can't possibly say," Mr. Bergmann confessed. "Some might bully her. But I would never allow something like that. If something like this happens, I expect you to contact me. But maybe you should be proactive and take the wind out of their sails from the outset."

"It's not going to be easy," Trixie moaned.

Mr. Bergmann laughed. "If it were easy, everyone would do it. Let's turn to the next problem. Many applicants shy away from this. Your salary. Of course, the normal tariff is not enough. I thought of 75,000. In addition, the usual social benefits and subsidies. 35-hour week and 6 weeks of vacation. By the way, I don't expect them to sit in the office from morning to night every day. I know that good IT people tick differently. It's enough for me if they are in the office from 8:30 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. The rest of the time you can work wherever you want. As far as I'm concerned, in the zoo or in the Früh-Bräu. As I know the IT people, you still program at night. Depending on the business situation, we also give a bonus once a year."

Trixie's chin almost dropped. "75,000," she asked in amazement. She would have expected at most half of that, perhaps a little more, because she was Beate's girlfriend and therefore certainly had a stone in Mr. Bergmann's board.

"All right, all right," Mr. Bergmann hurried. "You can try it. How about 85,000?"

"85,000 isn't bad," Trixie said with a pounding heart.

"OK. But 90,000 is really the end of the line." He made a hand gesture that ended the discussion.

Trixie stood up and held out her hand to him. "Agreed, Mr. Director. When can I start with you?"

"If we're alone, then Dieter is enough. But in public, you are certainly right when you say Mr. Director or Mr. Bergmann." As he did so, he shook Trixie's hand. "We have the 14th today. After your time in prison, you will certainly need some rest. How about the next first?"

"That would be great. A request, may I tell Beate?"

Mr. Bergmann went to the door and called Beate in. When she saw Trixie's beaming face, she knew everything. She hugged her warmly. She whispered to Mr. Bergmann for a moment, but Trixie couldn't understand what was being said. Mr. Bergmann finally nodded and shook Beate's hand.

"We're about to have a department head meeting, may I introduce it already? Normally the meeting takes place on Fridays, but this week I'm on a business trip."

"Of course. I am at your complete disposal," Trixie said with her head held high.

Trixie and Mr. Bergmann stood up. Mr. Bergmann motioned for Beate to come along. He led her out of the office into an adjoining meeting room. When they arrived, no one was there yet and they sat down at the front where Mr. Bergmann had his usual seat. Trixie sat down to his left, while Beate took a chair against the wall behind him. The room filled up in the next 15 minutes and there was some whispering. Everyone wondered what the young woman next to Mr. Bergmann meant and who the woman who was sitting on the wall was.

Mr. Bergmann then knocked twice on a glass and when everyone fell silent, he began: "Dear employees, you know that I have been dreaming for many years of giving our company its very own EDP. So far, I have searched in vain for someone who would have embarked on this task. But now I have found a young visionary who is brave enough to tackle this task. I would like to introduce you to the new head of the newly founded IT development department, Trixie Hansen. You will get to know them all in the next few months and I hope and expect the greatest possible cooperation from all of you."

He sat down, then added, "Trixie, do you want to say something?"

Trixie stood up embarrassed, knowing that she had probably blushed. "Uhh, yes, dear future colleagues, all this is very surprising for me and I am already looking forward to my work. I hope that we can work together successfully in the next few years." She fell silent for a few moments, closed her eyes and then continued: "I don't want any inaccurate rumors to come here because of me. That's why I openly admit that I did a stupid thing a few years ago and spent three years in prison because of it. I embezzled money from my former employer. That was stupid and I learned my lesson. That's why no one needs to lock their handbag or wallet away in their desk because of me." She closed her eyes once more and took two deep breaths. Then she grabbed the collar and pulled it forward a little with a thumb so that everyone could see it clearly. She grabbed Beate's hand and said with her head held high: "I also have a very idiosyncratic and exotic lifestyle and I hope you can accept that too. But you can count on me to help you in every area wherever possible, whenever I can."

With that, she plopped into her chair. It was deathly quiet in the room, only Beate put her hand on her shoulder from behind.

Then Mr. Bergmann stood up again and put his hand on her other shoulder. "I thank Trixie for talking so openly with us here. And I expect you as my employees to show the necessary tolerance towards Trixie. I can assure you that I knew everything Trixie just explained before we even started the interview." With that he sat down again and looked around.

There was still silence in the room. No one said anything, hardly anyone even dared to breathe. But then an older department head stood up, pushed his chair back and came to Trixie. He offered her his hand and said, "Welcome to our company."

One after the other stood up and came to Trixie to shake her hand. She bit her lip, otherwise she would have cried loudly.

Trixie didn't hear the slightest thing about the rest of the meeting. At some point it was finally over and everyone left the room. Mr. Bergmann stayed with Trixie and Beate for a moment. "That was damn brave. My respect. I wouldn't have thought you could do that. I look forward to working with us." With that, he shook Trixie's hand again and then left the room.

Beate then took them out of the company to the car. When they were a few hundred meters away from the company, Trixie let out a shrill cry of joy that made Beate start.

When they were back home, Trixie immediately undressed as usual. Beate put handcuffs and ankle cuffs on her and Trixie already began to prepare everything for dinner. When the doorbell rang, Beate went to the intercom and asked who was there.

Then she called Trixie to her. "Trixie, there's the messenger from the bank who brings your credit card and some other documents. However, you must acknowledge receipt. Why don't you go down and do it?"

Trixie looked at Beate incredulously. "I can do it, but I have to get dressed first."

"No, no time. The messenger also wants to call it a day. Just drive the way you are." She opened the door and pushed Trixie towards the elevator.

Once downstairs, the elevator door opened and she saw that Beate had apparently let the messenger into the hallway. Until then, she had hoped that she could only open the door a crack and receive the papers. Now the messenger, a young man of perhaps 20 years in a suit, suddenly stood in front of her and she was stark naked and in chains. Trixie and the messenger both turned crimson. With trembling hands, Trixie signed all the papers and the messenger said goodbye as quickly as he could.

Back in the apartment, Trixie had to sit down and calm down.

In the evening, they all sat together again in their living room. Trixie had to tell everything several times. She did not miss the slightest trifle. Antje admired her negotiating talent, although Trixie said that she hadn't actually done anything, that everything had come by itself. Karin and Beate were very impressed by the salary. "That's almost double what I earn," Beate commented.

When Trixie then told the experience with the bank messenger, the laughter was of course great.

When Trixie finally lay in bed, she couldn't fall asleep because she was so excited. She thought of how horribly and humiliatingly the day had begun and how it had ended now. At some point she found that what had been terrible and humiliating in the morning had aroused

her. And she had also survived the encounter with the bank messenger. However, she did not attach any importance to a repetition.

Chapter 11 Mannequin

The next Saturday began like the previous days. They started their early run at four in the morning and Beate went to work afterwards. But she had left some instructions. They found the division for the cleaning areas in the kitchen. For once, they had all gotten up a little earlier than usual and had already finished cleaning around 9:00 a.m. This time it was Trixie's turn with the kitchen, but Antje dealt with the bathrooms. When Trixie was already done and had gone back to her room, she looked briefly into the bathroom and found Antje there, who was cleaning the toilet thoroughly with a scrubbing cloth. Trixie thought it was great that Antje behaved like everyone else and took on even the most menial work without any complaints. There was no sign that Antje was so rich. Trixie poked her head into the bathroom and asked, "Do you want me to check you?"

Antje raised her head, looked over at her and then said, "That might make sense."

Trixie was startled. "This was only meant to be a joke," she exclaimed.

"Why? It's only fair if my work is also controlled. Maybe I'm missing something. You'd really do me a favor if you controlled me."

Trixie entered the bathroom hesitantly, then looked around. Everything she saw was really squeaky clean. She thought it was even cleaner than last week, when she had swung the cleaning cloth herself. But then she thought about the controls in prison and something came to her. A little joke should be allowed. She reached with her finger under the washstand, where some holes about the thickness of a thumb had remained from production, in places that were actually hard to reach and that no one ever saw. She wiped around with her finger once in such a hole and then showed Antje the actually negligible dirt.

Antje was impressed. She bent down under the washbasin and cleaned these areas immediately. "I think you have to punish me now," Antje said then.

Now Trixie was trapped. Antje herself had said that she had to be punished. But how? Then she had an idea. She ordered Antje to stand in the bathroom with her legs apart and to bend over until she could grasp her ankles. Trixie quickly went to her room and took a riding crop from the cupboard with the toys, which she had seen there. With this percussion instrument in her hand, she went back to the bathroom, where Antje was waiting.

"It was only a small procedure. I now expect an honest answer from you: are three on the bare buttocks sufficient in your understanding?"

"You could argue about that," Antje replied. "It depends on who the mistress is and what mood she is in. Sometimes three would be fully sufficient, other times it might even be ten."

"I don't want to overdo it now," Trixie said. "You get five on the bare butt. But I want you to count that and thank me after every blow."

Trixie took some distance from Antje, then she struck. Antje promptly answered: "One thing - thank you Trixie!" The next blows were also promptly answered by Antje. When she received the fifth blow, she rubbed her aching bottom. Then she went to the other bathrooms and cleaned the washbasins from downstairs as well.

After everyone had finished their cleaning, they met in the kitchen. Siggie said that she had received a shopping list from Beate, which she wanted to work through in the supermarket. After that, she has to get various things on a second list from the warehouse in her carpentry shop. Antje and Karin wanted to go to the store as soon as possible and Trixie had to start her first Saturday shift there.

Karin went to the garage in her usual get-up, naked and in heavy chains, and Trixie followed her, dressed only in a short T-shirt but without panties. Antje had explained that when driving you wouldn't see that she wasn't wearing anything at the bottom and that it wasn't necessary for the few meters from the parking lot to the shop. Trixie disagreed, but kept that opinion to herself and didn't say anything.

When she arrived at the shop, Antje let Trixie and Karin get out and sent them towards the shop. But she herself took her time to go to the front door, especially because a postman was passing by on the other side of the street with his cart full of letters. The man almost ran to the nearest lamppost, because he was so rarely allowed to enjoy such a spectacle.

They then entered the shop and Antje immediately locked the door again. She only gave Karin a sign, but she already knew from the day before what she had to do now. She had prepared a sheet in one of the shop windows, which she pulled up with two thin ropes until it blocked the view of what was in the shop window.

Antje handed Trixie a narrow, red and quite tight-fitting leather corset, of course with the inevitable holes for the breasts. But since Trixie was so skinny, there wasn't too much to see. But Antje came with a pair of small bells attached to alligator clips. She placed the alligator clips on Trixie's now hard nipples. Trixie drew in the air from the pain.

Karin attached a pair of leather straps to the bottom of the corset, which she ran through Trixie's crotch and then fastened back to the back of the corset. This framed Trixie's sparse red pubic hair very nicely. Then Karin Trixie carefully bent her arms back and brought them towards her neck. She put a pair of handcuffs on her and connected the handcuffs with a D-ring at the top of the corset. She explained to Trixie that this was a "reverse prayer." Then Trixie was allowed to sit down for a moment and Antje conjured up red ballerina high heels from a closet and dressed them in Trixie. On the feet were then placed leg irons with chains, which limited the stride length to barely 30 centimeters.

When Trixie got up, she almost fell down immediately. Antje had to hold her tight and Trixie walked through the store with unsteady steps. Then Antje led Trixie to the shop window. In the meantime, Karin had set up a treadmill there. When Trixie saw that, she started to protest. "I can hardly stand in these shoes as it is. And running is only possible if someone is holding me. What are you putting in front of it?"

"First walk slowly to the middle of the treadmill," Karin ordered. "We are not turning on the treadmill yet."

When Trixie had reached the required position, Karin pointed out two rings in the blanket that she had put there the night before. Ropes ran through the rings, which she now attached to D-rings on both shoulders of Trixie's corset. She took the other ends of the ropes and tightened the ropes very tightly. She attached the ends of the rope to a hook on the wall. Trixie looked around a little anxiously, but Antje was already turning on the treadmill at low speed. Trixie took a few steps, then lost her footing. But because she was held by the ropes, she only kicked

around a little for a moment before she could put her feet back on the treadmill and take the next steps. A few moments later, the game was repeated. She protested loudly against this treatment. Karin stopped the treadmill, but instead of freeing Trixie from this predicament, she put a ball gag between poor Trixie's teeth and fastened it behind her head with the strap. Then she turned the treadmill back on. Again, the game started again, but gradually Trixie got the hang of it and was able to keep up longer and longer on the treadmill.

Karin now let the sheet sink to the floor in the shop window, thus releasing the spectacle for this morning. Antje took a small film camera from her desk. With that, she went outside and filmed Trixie's efforts on the treadmill for almost 5 minutes.

It didn't take long for some customers to watch the extraordinary spectacle Trixie performed. Most of them came in and watched from the inside for a while. Suddenly Karin had another idea. She got a low boner, then she took a white sheet of paper and wrote on it with a thick felt-tip pen: "The buttocks may be stroked!" After a short consideration, she added with a slightly thinner felt-tip pen: "But only the buttocks, please!" She attached the paper to the low stand and placed it next to Trixie. Of course, the customers didn't need to be told twice. Again and again in the course of the morning, men, but also women, came and stroked Trixie's naked buttocks for a while. All this was accompanied by the tinkling of the little bells on Trixie's nipples.

Shortly after two Beate came and Siggi also appeared in the shop shortly afterwards. Both watched the spectacle and laughed. After 4 hours, however, Trixie was not in the mood to laugh at all. When Karin freed her, she scolded terribly, but then she stopped, looked at her friends and laughed too.

Then Beate asked Antje to close the shop. She had a lot planned for this weekend. "Antje and I drive up in Antje's car, and the others please follow us in Siggi's car. But let Trixie sit in the front so she can see something of the area." Karin then actually had to crawl into the small cupboard in Siggi's car and Siggi locked this small cupboard as well. In the meantime, Trixie had taken off the corset and the other things and sat down in the passenger seat in Siggi's car. Of course, she only had the short T-shirt in which she had driven to the store in the morning, but in the meantime she hardly cared to show herself like that anymore.

Beate guided the two cars through Cologne until they eventually came to the motorway in the direction of Olpe. They followed this for a few kilometers until they came to a spread out forest area. They left the highway and first switched to a federal highway and from there to an even smaller road. Finally, Beate guided Antje onto a narrow forest path into which they entered. After a slight bend that the path described, they stopped.

They all got out and looked around. Karin in particular was happy to finally escape her little box. Beate had them all undressed, which surprised none of them. Everyone put their clothes in Siggi's VW bus. Even Beate only kept on a thin pair of gym shorts to show that she was the mistress at the moment. Beate's gym pants were so thin that they hardly hid anything, and Beate had also cut out the inner shorts. She also walked barefoot. Karin already had her heavy handcuffs and ankles on, but now Antje and Siggi also got similar shackles. Only with Trixie Beate showed some mercy, since she had already spent several hours in the high heels. That's why she only got relatively light hand and leg irons. Siggi then had to clear everything out of the car that Beate had written on her list. But the others helped her, of course.

The largest load consisted of quite a number of larger and smaller fence posts. The slaves had to stand next to each other and Beate each put a thick round fence post on her shoulder. She let the slaves grab her from behind and hold her like that. They now stood before their mistress with their arms outstretched. With short ropes she then fastened the handcuffs of the slaves to these fence posts. Each of the slaves was also given a large red ball gag between their teeth.

Now Beate began to distribute the other cargo among her slaves. Antje, who always liked it very hard, got two 10 l canisters of water, which Beate tied to her fence post. Karin also got a very heavy burden. She had to carry the remaining fence posts that Beate had tied together into a bundle. But Beate had added a heavy axe. Siggi's load consisted of a canvas bag, the contents of which no one knew anything, and a bundle of chains. Trixie had to carry a whole bunch of ropes, but there were also two small canvas bags with unknown contents. Beate only took the 9-tailed cat with which Trixie had whipped Karin a good week ago.

Beate gave a signal with her whip and the four walked along the path bent over. They groaned a little, because most of the loads were difficult to transport. They hadn't gotten very far when Beate stopped her caravan.

"The moaning is bad," she scolded. "You know, don't complain, because it could get worse. Now it's getting worse." Beate went to a fir tree and plucked off a handful of twigs. She cut them up again when she came to her slaves, bent down and stuffed several of the small twigs one after the other in their damp grottoes. Everyone shrieked because the pine needles pricked them. When they started again, they noticed that the pine needles acted like barbs and the small twigs worked their way up their more and more. While they were on their way, Beate let the straps of the whip slap on her bare backs and buttocks. But she only hinted at these whiplashes because she didn't want to hurt her friends, but she wanted to continue with these implied whiplashes for a long time.

In the course of the afternoon it had become more and more humid, and they saw menacing clouds appear in the sky. Nevertheless, they kept running. Finally, Beate let the group stop. They had reached a small clearing in a hollow that was partly overgrown with thin grass. Most of the time, however, the forest floor was exposed. Beate took the burdens off her slaves, but they were not allowed to sit down. At least they got some water to drink from the canisters.

Then Beate grabbed a row of thinner fence posts, which were not very long either. At the corners of a square, she hammered two of these thin fence posts into the ground about 1 meter apart with the axe. One after the other, the slaves had to come to the corners, kneel down and Beate tied her knees to the fence posts with ropes. Her lower legs and the back of her feet were now firmly on the ground. Then Beate took slightly longer fence posts and knocked two of them into the ground just behind her feet.

Next, Beate pushed the slaves backwards one after the other and tied the thick fence posts, which they had been dragging around on their shoulders for hours, to the fence posts that had just been hewn into the ground. The bodies of her friends were now taut arches. Beate took her time now. She stroked the taut bodies, twirled her fingers on the nipples and kneaded the breasts with relish. In between, she reached with her fingers into the damp grottoes, which had been exposed to the pine needles for hours. The bodily fluids had long since run down everyone's thighs. Beate licked through all the grottoes offered to her and compared the tastes

of the individuals. In doing so, however, she at least pulled out the pine needles from her slaves, which, however, was associated with additional pricking.

In the meantime, the sky had become more and more threatening. When a few drops fell from the sky, Beate took a small throwing tent out of the sack Siggi had carried. The tent could be set up in a few seconds and Beate climbed in. Then she heard the rain increasing and soon a heavy thunderstorm rained down on the poor slaves.

Beate had downloaded an e-book on her mobile phone and now left it while she sat dry in her small tent and outside her slaves were raining wet outside. When the rain finally subsided, Beate came out of the tent again. In the meantime the sun had set and it was slowly getting dark. Beate looked at her slaves and noticed that they were already badly battered. But she was far from thinking of quitting.

The area where Beate had tied up her slaves had turned into mud in the meantime. Only the place where the tent stood was halfway dry. Beate first went to Antje and loosened the large crossbeam from the fence posts to which Beate had tied it before. Antje moaned when she could finally straighten her back again. But Beate was far from finished. She also loosened the restraint at the knees, then Antje had to lie on her stomach in the same place where she had been tied up before, with Beate's help. Now Beate tied the heavy fence post to the short fence posts that had previously held her knees. Antje's upper body was pressed firmly into the mud. To compensate for this, Beate's ankles are now attached to the longer fence posts. She repeated this to the others. She already imagined how dirty the four would be the next day, especially when the mud dried.

When she was done, Beate retreated back into the tent and devoted herself to her e-book. In between, she looked outside and noticed that the sky had cleared up and that the moon was shining down on her. She got a sleeping bag that had been in one of Trixie's bags and spread it out in the small tent. When she noticed that it had already become cooler, she also took four foils out of the bag, as emergency services use them, and spread them over the poor slaves so that they did not catch a cold. She read something in her e-book but at some point she lay down in the sleeping bag, curled up and fell asleep in a few minutes.

Beate slept quite long that morning. The sun had risen hours ago when she finally crawled out of the tent. The slaves had been trying to wake Beate for a long time, but since they were gagged, they could only make a few noises and they hadn't been enough to wake Beate. When they saw slaves their mistress, they hoped that they would soon be redeemed. But Beate wanted to go one better.

This time she started with Trixie. She released her from her bondage, which she had pressed with her chest to the floor all night, and also untied her feet. Then she turned Trixie on her back and tied her legs as far apart as possible. This time, too, she repeated this step with her slaves. When she was done, she took a jar of honey from one of Trixie's sacks and showed it to everyone. She opened the jar and ran two fingers through the sticky mass. Then she knelt between Trixie's legs, grabbed her pubic area and opened it slightly. She first stroked her fingers with the honey through the damp grotto and then spread the rest of the honey all around.

Beate was still the last to treat Siggi like this when Trixie let out a shrill scream. Some bugs and bees had landed on Trixie and were exploring the friendly honey offering. Within a few

minutes, all four were screaming. Beate listened to the concert and observed the reactions of her slaves. After a good hour, she came to the conclusion that it was enough.

"So, I think that's it for this weekend. What do you think if I now free you down to your carrying beams and we go back to our cars with our luggage?" When she looked around, all four nodded vigorously. Beate then quickly got rid of them and let them stand up. Then she loaded them again as the day before. They then immediately set off. For the four slaves, it was only important that they went home soon. In addition, they were hungry by now because dinner had been cancelled the day before and there had been no breakfast. And above all, they were happy not to have to endure any more pine needles. Siggi swore to himself that there would be no Christmas tree this year.

Finally she came to the place where her cars were parked. Actually, it could only be around a corner or two. But they continued to run without arriving at the cars. Beate turned around and the others followed her with difficulty, then Beate stopped and looked in all directions at an intersection. She was quite sure that they had arrived back at the place where they had parked the day before. When she took a closer look at the road, she noticed traces of a heavier car.

Beate went to her slaves and first took the gags out of their mouths. Then she also loosened the beams from their backs and helped them to put down the loads. At last everyone stood naked again in front of her, but without any burden. "What about my car," Siggi asked. Now Beate became meek.

"I don't know. I believe... Could it be that someone has towed our cars?"

"Oh come on, what's the point? We're really done now. So what about the car," Siggi asked.

"No, really," Beate defended herself. "Take a look at the tracks here. It looks like a tow truck or something like that was standing here charging our cars."

Now the five looked at each other helplessly and confused. Antje sat down on the floor and the others followed her example. They all looked at each other, but at the moment I didn't know what to do. "How are we supposed to get back to the city now," Karin asked. "I'm used to walking naked through the city for a short distance, but we'll never be as dirty as we all are and with the huge distance."

Beate was depressed. "Not only were our clothes in the car, but my money is also gone, and the car papers and what else."

"You have the cell phone," Trixie suggested. "Can't you call any taxi? I'm sure you have a taxi driver or something in your circles of acquaintances who can discreetly take us back to the city. When the cars are towed, they are parked in some police custody yard. We'll get them back tomorrow or the day after tomorrow."

"Sure," Beate shouted relieved. She reached for her cell phone and turned it on. At least that's what she tried. "Damn, I've been reading my e-book for too long," she cursed and threw the phone on the floor.

"That doesn't help us now," Antje said now. "And I definitely don't want to hear accusations against Beate from anyone now. Nobody could have expected that, it just went stupidly. Think about what we can do now."

After a few minutes, Beate got up dejected. "No matter how, it's definitely my fault. I was the mistress, or rather I still am. That means I have to spoon out the soup. I have no choice but to go down to the street and try to hail a taxi. Maybe the police too. That would both be extremely embarrassing, but that's the only way I can at least keep you out of it. If I find a taxi, I will be taken to the apartment. I promise the driver a fat tip if he plays along. Once I'm in the apartment, I can call a colleague who knows some about our games. He has a VW bus, so we can pick you up here. But then you have to hide here for the next few hours. Of course, it would be a little easier with the police, but even there I can't just say that there are still four completely naked women sitting in the forest. If we're unlucky, it will take even longer. But I don't see any other way."

The others agreed to the plan. "But I'll come with you," Trixie explained. "I then hide near the road and watch out so that nothing happens to you. If the driver suddenly goes to the laundry, I can at least come to your aid."

Everyone thought that this would be a good plan. Beate hugged Trixie. "I know that when things get dicey, I can rely on you. You also asserted yourself in prison."

Together, the two then close the door down to the street. They crouched between a few bushes and watched the road first. After a few minutes, a taxi actually passed by. They saw it from afar, but only when it had come within 100 meters Beate jumped up, ran to the street and waved her arms. But the taxi did not stop, but drove past her honking wildly. They were also no longer lucky with the next taxi, this time from the opposite direction. Some private cars drove along the road, but that was too risky for Beate.

Then Trixie discovered that a police car was approaching her in the distance. She drew Beate's attention to it. Beate squeezed her arm, then she stood up and stood on the road. Beate hissed at Trixie that she should get away and that she, Beate, would take care of the rest.

Two police officers were sitting in the car, who got out but kept their hands on their weapons. Apparently they feared an attack by terrorists or the like. They rushed suspiciously into the forest, but Trixie pressed herself to the ground and escaped their sight. Beate then began to tell you a story. It was about a bet she had lost, about friends who had drunk a little too much, etc. ... Because of this bet, she then got out of the shared car almost naked. But she was now embarrassed that she had gotten involved and she would now ask the officers for help. The officers looked at her doubtfully, then they looked at each other. One officer shrugged his shoulders, then made a sign, which meant that this naked woman must be going a little crazy. But then they let themselves be persuaded to drive Beate home. Beate had promised to show them her papers at home and prove to them that everything was right. It would have been a celebration that got a bit out of hand.

Less than an hour later, they had actually arrived at the shared apartment. Beate opened the doors with the transponder in her arm. The officers were amazed when they saw this technology solution. They had never encountered anything like it. When they came upstairs to the apartment, everything was clean and tidy and Beate was able to convince them that everything was really fine. She showed them her ID card to prove that she really lived there. The police wrote down the address and asked half a dozen more times whether everything was really okay. Finally, they left the apartment.

Beate quickly dressed, then she called her colleague to see if he could lend her his VW bus as an exception. But she preferred not to tell him what it was about, because she was a bit

embarrassed. Instead, she told him that she wanted to go on a trip with her friends. In fact, he gave her the keys to the car and Beate drove back to her friends as quickly as possible. But as she drove along the little road, she could no longer find the place where her friends were waiting for her. She drove to the next town, then turned around and drove back again. After she had driven the whole way three times, she was slowly desperate. Suddenly, the naked Trixie jumped onto the road 30 m in front of her. Beate got into the irons. The fact that at that moment a car was also passing on the opposite lane and the occupants saw the naked Trixie did not interest the two in the least. Beate jumped out of the car and hugged Trixie, then they quickly got into the car and Trixie showed her where the little forest path started.

They quickly packed everything up, but they left all the fence posts in the forest. There were also a few blankets in the van, which they put over their shoulders, because Beate hadn't thought to bring something to wear for her friends. When they finally got home, it had become late afternoon. Completely exhausted, they first visited the toilets, then they met in the living room without having previously agreed with each other.

"I can imagine now," Beate began, "that you're pretty mad at me now. You're right. I don't know how that could happen, but it was my fault."

The five sat silently in their living room for a long moment. Then Trixie, of all people, broke the silence: "To be honest, I thought it was great. We have to do something like that again."

Her friends looked at Trixie, then they started laughing like crazy. Everyone felt the relief, but Beate resolved to be a little more careful next time.

Chapter 12 The

The following morning, they had to sit down together and discuss how to get back to the cars. This time only Siggi was clothed, because she had replaced Beate as mistress

"Let's just go to the police and say they've disappeared from the forest path," Trixie suggested.

"It's not that simple," Beate replied. "I told them something about a celebration that got out of hand. How are 2 missing cars supposed to fit there?"

"Especially when they open the cars and find all our clothes in there. Including papers and money," Siggi pointed out.

"Do you have the names of the two policemen," Trixie asked.

"Sure, they gave me their business cards."

"Then give them a call. If someone answers, you say you've made a mistake. But with luck, one of them will get on the phone," Trixie explained.

"And what do I say then?"

"Also that you misdialed."

"That doesn't help," said Antje.

"Yes, then we know that they are on duty now. Then we don't have to deal with other police officers who don't even know what was going on."

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And then?"

"The truth. No matter how long we advise here, we can't get around it. We explain that we have done camping. We don't need to explain the details to them."

"We did camping. Good," said Beate, "and our clothes?"

"We are nudists. And we were so terribly ashamed when suddenly the cars were gone. And because we wanted to camp naked, we couldn't go to a campsite."

"Yes, that's right," Siggi admitted. "In the end, you're right, Trixie. We just have to adjust it a bit so that they don't think we're totally stupid. So, who's coming along? I'm definitely going because it's my bus. And Beate, because she knows the policemen. But we still have to have a female driver. Trixie, how about you. Do you even have a driver's license?"

"Of course I do. Why do you ask?"

"Because you've never taken a car to go anywhere. You always rode the subway"

"Uhhh, how? As you may know, I don't have a car. And you need yours yourself."

"You also saw the other cars in our underground car park area, didn't you?"

"Yes, yes. I was wondering who they belonged to."

Antje looked at Trixie in amazement. "Officially, they belong to a rental car company that I own. But the ones in the garage are reserved just for us here. If you need a car, you take one of them. The papers are in the glove compartments, all cars are fully insured and the tank is at least three-quarters full. That's the only rule: if the fuel gauge falls below it, you fill up. Either at the gas station here in the cross street, or on the way with the fuel card. It's also in the glove compartment. Only penalty mandates have to be paid for with your own money. If you want a specific car, all you have to do is say it. It's not a problem."

"A Porsche, too," Trixie asked jokingly.

"We once had one, but we all had a little muffle in the box. That's why I handed it in, but if you can handle it, I'm happy to request it again."

"Hey, that was just kidding," Trixie shouted.

"Not with me."

Now Beate intervened. "I thought I had told you that. How else are you going to get to work from next month?"

"I can just take one of the cars? Just like that? Also this bright red Mini?" Trixie's eyes had widened.

"Of course. It doesn't matter. Of course, you only have to ask her if you need Siggi's bus, because she needs it professionally. But be careful with the Mini. It looks harmless, but the engine is tuned. So, then you're going with us?"

"Sure. Antje and Karin have to go to the store. Can I drive?"

"No problem. Then we should get dressed slowly and off we go. I'll just take a little more cash with me, maybe it can be useful," said Beate.

"I also have almost all the 1000 euros I got from you," Trixie offered.

"You should spend it on yourself," said Antje. "We always have cash in reserve for emergencies. Probably no one has told you either?"

Trixie preferred not to say anything. But she consoled herself with the fact that she would be earning money herself from next month and would then also be able to contribute something to the maintenance.

Siggi called the police station as suggested, then she quickly hung up after saying "Sorry, wrongly connected". She confirmed that at least one of the police officers from the previous day was on duty.

When they got to the garage, Trixie asked if they could take the Mini. Beate wasn't exactly thrilled, but Siggi said it wouldn't be a problem after all. She could squeeze into the back seat. She had seen that Trixie's eyes had lit up with the Mini.

The journey lasted almost an hour until they got off in front of the police station. Beate and Siggi congratulated each other on having survived the drive, because Trixie had probably confused it with a Formula 1 race. However, she had complied with all speed limits.

They entered the police station and Beate immediately saw that one of the policemen who had brought her to Cologne the day before was sitting behind the counter. The policeman also recognized her immediately. A few moments later, the other policeman also came into the guard office with a coffee mug in his hand. He grinned and nodded to Beate.

"Well, let's get dressed today," said the first policeman. "And these are her friends, for whom the matter had slipped out of their hands a bit?"

"Something like that," Beate answered. "I haven't told you everything and we need your help."

"We already thought that that wasn't all. So out with the language."

"Well, there was no celebration. We didn't drink anything either. I just didn't know what to tell you. So the three of us and two others are nudists. We wanted to do a weekend nude camping here in the forest. We parked our cars on a forest path. Well, it was nice, but the thunderstorm wasn't that great and when we wanted to go home the next day, our cars were gone. With all our clothes and papers. The shorts I wore yesterday were the only piece of clothing that happened to be in our camping gear."

"And now you need help to get back to the cars? You certainly know that camping in the forest is prohibited. But let's leave that. Where exactly did you park? Can you show me that on the map?" He took a topographical map out of the drawer and spread it out on the counter. Then he showed Beate the place where they had picked her up.

"Take the next forest path right here," Beate explained and followed the path with her finger.

The two policemen watched, then he said a "forest administration?"

The other confirmed. "Yes, forest administration". He answered the phone and dialed a number. When someone answered, he said, "Hello, police station. Did you tow 2 cars out of the forest yesterday?" Turning to the three, he asked, "What kind of them?"

"A VW bus and a Passat, Cologne license plates"

"Did you hear?" he asked into the phone. "Yes, good. No, three ladies. Good. They are waiting here. About 10 minutes? No problem. Thank you. See you soon."

"So, no problem," you explained. "The wagons are in the yard of the forest administration. In a few minutes, one of the employees will arrive. But there could be a problem with the forest administration. Towing is not cheap, especially with the bus and the forest administration will probably also demand a warning fine for camping and unauthorized driving on the forest path."

"Serves us right," Siggi explained. "Won't happen again." She looked around and discovered a collection box for the children's charity. She nudged Beate lightly with her elbow and nodded her head in the direction of the collection box. Beate understood. She pulled out her wallet and took out a few bills, which she put in the box. The police officers took good note of this. They understood the gesture and said nothing more.

Shortly afterwards, a man came to the police station. He greeted the policemen, then introduced himself as an employee of the forestry administration. "So, you own the two cars we found on Saturday. The best thing to do is to come with us to our depot, where we can clarify everything. You're there with the car?"

Beate said yes. They said goodbye to the police officers and drove behind the forestry official to the depot. There he led her to a small office.

Beate repeated her explanations there, which she had also used to the police. She explained that she wanted to pay for everything, even if further damage appeared somewhere. She also told him that something like this would not happen again.

"Good," the man was satisfied with the explanation, "then I won't scold you any more. I can imagine that was a lesson for you. It certainly wasn't pleasant for you either. But tell me why you didn't just rent one of our forest cabins. It can't be because of the money, you seem to have enough of that."

Now Beate was amazed. "We didn't know anything about the fact that you could rent huts here. We would certainly have done that, and now that we know that, we will certainly do it soon."

"Only those who ask will get answers," said the man. He gave Beate a small brochure with information on the rental of forest huts. "There they are completely undisturbed. We have 5 cabins. No matter how loud the music is, or whether you want to walk around naked, it doesn't bother anyone. So, but last weekend. Towing costs 130 euros for the Passat and 180 euros for the bus. In addition, there are another 150 euros for wild camping. Actually, that would be 150 per car, but since you belong together and are understanding, we'll leave it at once. That makes a total of 460 euros. You transfer that?"

Beate just pulled out her wallet and took out the money. She handed him the bills. 10 minutes later everything was done. Siggi wanted to go directly to her workshop, while Beate and Trixie wanted to go home. On the way back, Trixie dutifully followed Beate.

"Tell me, Trixie," Beate began when they were back home and went up in the elevator, "when we left, you drove like the devil, but now on the way back like a lamb? How does that fit?"

"First, I wanted to see what's in the box. But I don't always drive like that. It was also fun to be back behind the wheel for the first time in three years."

When they had breakfast the next day, all naked except for Mistress Siggi, of course, Siggi asked Trixie if she had anything planned for the next few days, or if she could help her in the workshop until Friday. Trixie happily agreed. Siggi told her that she didn't need to wear anything because she was supposed to ride in the closet on the bus.

Trixie didn't mind and went into the garage unsuspectingly. There, too, everything went normally, Siggi locked them in the closet and only let them out again at the workshop. Next to the workshop door, Trixie saw a doghouse that she hadn't noticed on her first visit.

"Did you ever have a dog," she asked Siggi.

"I have a," Siggi answered mysteriously. When they entered the workshop, Siggi took an iron collar with a long chain out of a box. She showed it to Trixie. The collar said "Trixie". Trixie thought it was great to finally have a custom-made collar, only the long chain surprised her a bit. Siggi put it on her and secured it with a heavy lock.

She took the chain and pulled Trixie back outside behind her. There she attached the chain with a second lock to a ring that was attached to the wall next to the doghouse.

"My dog is called 'Trixie'," Siggi explained. "She guards the workshop. And she greets the visitors."

Trixie laughed, then she let herself down on all fours. "Trixie is a good dog," she announced and laughed at the situation.

Siggi went to the workshop and soon Trixie heard the band saw. She sat down in front of the dog hats and enjoyed the sun. At some point she fell asleep.

She woke up again when Siggi nudged her. "Hey, what a guard dog you are, just to sleep. Look, I've brought you water and food." She pointed to two dog bowls, one actually filled with water and the other with broken muesli bars.

Siggi laughed, she still thought the situation was funny. "Hey, I have to," she said.

"Wait, wait a minute." Siggi disappeared briefly into the workshop and then came back with a plastic bowl in which there were granules. "This is actually a litter box," Siggi explained. But it's probably enough."

"And I'm supposed to go for it?"

"Sure. Or do you mind that it's not a dog toilet?"

Trixie shrugged her shoulders, then squatted over the litter box and let it go. Slowly she found the joke Siggi allowed herself no longer just funny. Siggi disappeared back into the workshop, leaving Trixie alone.

Suddenly the doorbell rang at the gate to the street. Siggi came out and went to the gate. "Hey, you can't let me sit here like this," Trixie shouted anxiously.

"Stop the barking, Trixie," Siggi scolded and opened the gate.

A young couple entered the yard. When they saw Trixie, they laughed, but they didn't care about her. "Can you pet them," the woman asked as they entered the workshop.

"No problem, she barks, but she doesn't bite. But I'd better give you a treat, then she'll be friendlier."

After a few moments, the woman actually came out with a cereal bar. She held it up in front of Trixie and said, "Make a man."

Trixie thought she should play along. Apparently, the visitors were used to such situations. So she imitated a dog that made a man because of a treat and even let her tongue hang out. "Well-behaved," said the woman and gave her the bar directly into her mouth. Then she stroked her hair. "So, I have to go in. Siggi has to measure me, I should get a cage," she said goodbye.

Soon after, the couple left Siggi again and she got back to work. Slowly the day passed, actually quite uneventful.

At some point, Trixie didn't have a watch, on Siggi from the workshop. She locked the door and sat down in the car "Take good care of the workshop," she called to Trixie through the open car window. She opened the courtyard door, drove the car out and locked the gate again. Now Trixie suddenly didn't find the situation funny anymore. Should she stay here alone, naked? At least she wanted to have some cover for the time being and therefore crawled into the doghouse. Siggi would certainly come back in a moment and pick her up.

But then it got dark and no Siggi. Slowly it dawned on her that she should actually keep watch here like a dog. She stayed in the doghouse, snuggled up in the back corner and at some point even fell asleep.

In the meantime, Beate asked in the shared apartment what was going on with Trixie. Siggi told her this and Beate shook herself out laughing. When Antje and Karin came later, there was general laughter.

"And how long is that supposed to last," Karin asked.

"I don't know yet," Siggi replied. "She doesn't always have to be pampered by us, she also has to go through hardships. If she starts begging, I let her fidget a bit, then I release her in the evening."

"Trixie won't beg," Karin explained categorically, "she'll hold out. If necessary, the whole week"

"Never in my life," Siggi replies. "Tomorrow evening she will offer me something else, if only I free her." Now they began to discuss. Only Karin was of the opinion that Trixie would hold out. "She's a tough bitch," she explained. "She hasn't even pinched yet."

The four agreed that they would take a chance. Siggi promised not to tell Trixie anything, but to just carry on as if it were normal. Only if Trixie would start begging would she get rid of her. Friday afternoon was set as the extreme end.

In the meantime, Trixi was also thinking about it. She hadn't done anything wrong. She came to the conclusion that Siggi and maybe the others wanted to try out whether she could cope

with such a situation. She would show them that she belonged to the shared flat. And give in? Everyone, except her. That was the image she had of herself.

In the morning Siggi brought her breakfast, which Trixie ate like a dog on all fours. Siggi noticed that the toilet had been used and replaced the cat litter. But she didn't really talk to Trixie, only as if she were talking to a dog. "Good dog." "Good dog." "Sit!" "Down!"

Siggi expected a reaction from Trixie, but she accepted everything. Once a supplier came, but when Siggi ordered "Off to the hut", Trixie disappeared there and only came out again when the supplier was gone. And when Siggi drove home in the evening, she saw that Trixie disappeared into the doghouse and snuggled up there.

She reported in the WG in the evening. Karin beamed because she had been right and Siggi was no longer sure if Trixie would give up.

So Thursday and Friday passed. On Friday, Siggi came to Trixie around 4 o'clock. "Damn it, I never thought you'd keep it up." In doing so, she opened the two locks. Trixie stood up and stretched. "I've brought you something to wear," Siggi said.

"What for," Trixie asked, playing the serene one and secretly glad that it was finally over. "Don't I drive in the bar?"

"As you say," Siggi replied. Then she hugged Trixie and hugged her very tightly. "Damn stubborn," she said.

When they arrived at the shared flat, Karin was already at home, which was unusual because she was usually always in the shop with Antje. As soon as she saw Trixie, she ran up to her, hugged her, and lifted her up. Then she led Trixie into the living room, where there was a huge package of wrapping paper.

"For me," Trixie asked.

"For the winner," Karin explained.

Trixie tore open the package. Inside was a pony dress, like the others had, tailor-made and made of the finest leather that shone black. The head harness and boots that were modeled after horse hooves were also included. All rings, buckles and buttons were shining. "May I wear that," Trixie asked.

"Sure. Come on, I'll help you with that."

Chapter 13 Embarrassing, Embarrassing

In the evening, they sat down together in the kitchen as usual. Siggi was of course lightly dressed as the current mistress and Trixie wore her new outfit, which the others had dutifully admired. It amused her to see the almost childlike enthusiasm Trixie displayed. At the same time, they were impressed by their performance.

Siggi opened the meeting: "First of all, I would like to clarify something organizational. We have to draw lots to see who is planning this year's vacation. Trixie, I assume that we won't consider you in this raffle?"

"Yes, no problem. Especially since I don't know what you're talking about."

Beate jumped in: "Every year in autumn we take a two-week holiday somewhere in the sun. Where and what we do is determined by the loser in this raffle."

"The loser?"

"Yes. Usually involves a lot of work and planning. You can also call her a winner because she gets to determine what we do. If you like, I'll show you pictures from the last time later. We were in Florida."

"Yes, including a gentleman's visit!" Karin interjected.

"Gentlemen's visit?"

"Well, once there was a giant crocodile in the garden. The guy from animal welfare we called said that 2 meters was not extreme, but that was enough for us."

"OK" Siggi answered again: "Let's come to the raffle. I have 4 matches here, whoever draws the shortest is on it." She held 4 matches in her fist. Everyone pulled one, then Antje held up hers with a grin.

"That should be me then. No problem. Just one thing, Trixie, if it's the USA again or something like that, do you have a passport?"

"Yes, no problem. It is valid for another 5 years."

"Good," Siggi explained. "Antje, you have something else?"

"Yes," said Antje, "I have to go to London for 3 days next week. I visit two suppliers for the store and have a long meeting with my financial advisors. You've all been there a few times, does anyone mind if I take Trixie with me? Provided she agrees to the rains?"

"London," Trixie gasped, "I've never been there! What kind of rules? Anyway, I agree."

"Be careful," Karin warned. "First of all, Antje is your mistress on the trip, who determines everything, you are the slave who follows every command. And you have to prove yourself worthy this weekend."

"What does the 'I must prove myself worthy' mean?"

"Well, that brings us to the weekend," Siggi explained now. "I wanted to play the lottery anyway, we haven't had that for almost three months. Each draws a lot. Trixie, to prove yourself worthy, you have to play "three plus one". Karin, will you please get the tickets?"

Karin got up, left the room and came back after two minutes with a large salad bowl. Trixie saw that there were small capsules inside.

"It's very simple," Antje explained. "That's about 120 capsules, each with a task. Mostly, of course, something nasty. We did it some time ago. Each of us came up with about 30 tasks and described them very roughly. So, and today we each pull one of the capsules and complete the task at the weekend."

"Yes," Beate continued. "And for special occasions, we have come up with the game "three plus one". You first draw three tasks, then a joker task. The first one will be opened, as it is with us, and you will find out what it is. If it's too extreme for you, you can choose the joker task. When you have completed the first task, the second capsule will be opened, and so on."

"But you have to keep in mind that if you reject a task, you only have one joker. And what that is, that's your risk," Siggi interjected.

"And what are those tasks," Trixie asked.

"It goes from very easy tasks to difficult ones." Beate explained. "But assume that all the tasks will challenge you quite a bit."

"I can well imagine that," Trixie replied. "I wouldn't have expected anything else. But as I said, I've never been to London. And apart from that, I belong here and that means that I participate."

"Good, then that's settled." Siggi said. "Now please take one capsule each and you, Trixie, take three." Each of the "slaves" took a capsule and placed it in front of him. Trixie followed suit and put her three capsules in front of her. "So, and now you take another capsule, which we keep separately. That's your joker."

Trixie took another capsule and gave it to Siggi, who put it in a glass on the table. Then Siggi said: "Antje, you are the first in the alphabet. Please read your assignment to us."

Antje opened the small capsule and took out a piece of paper. "You do the weekly shopping, but on foot. You wear a black latex outfit, but without a mask, but with ballerina heels."

Antje thought for a moment. "On foot! That's more than 2 km each way. It's going to be pretty intense, especially on the way back with all the shopping."

"I'm afraid it's going to be even harder," Beate interjected. "We also need water. There is only one bottle left."

"Great," Antje replied. "Can I at least start from the store? It's a little closer than from here to the supermarket." When no one objected, she said, "Thank you very much. Then please give me the shopping list."

Next, Beate took her capsule and pulled out the note. "You're a licking slave this weekend. You will satisfy others where and as often as they want." Beate grinned and licked her lips meaningfully. "I don't mind that. It's even fun. So, whenever you want, I'm there for you."

Now it was Karin's turn. "Tour de France. In the low mountain ranges. You will cycle 80 km uphill downhill on the ergometer. Take the saddle with the two dildos."

"That sounds exhausting," Trixie commented. "How long do you have to cycle there?"

"On a flat track, I would do it in two and a half to 3 hours. Uphill downhill I need 4 hours. The dildos will challenge me quite a bit."

Trixie was very excited when she reached for the first capsule and opened it. She first read quietly what was written on the note, then she read it aloud: "You will ride the pony for 1 hour."

"I don't understand that now," Trixie said. "I think we're the ponies."

Karin answered her: "You will sit on a rack for a while. Some call it a horse, others call it a buck but we just say pony here. Actually, it's quite simple. Essentially, it's a thin plank that's rounded at the top and you're sitting on. You are tied up and positioned so that you sit with

your pussy exactly on the plank and it carries all your weight. It all sounds very simple, but believe me, for a beginner like you, 1 hour is already a challenge."

"I see. I'm curious." Trixie said. She reached for her second capsule.

"Stop! Stop!" Siggi interjected. "The next capsule will not be opened until you have completed the first task. That will be tomorrow afternoon, because you still have work to do in Antje's shop tomorrow."

After the meeting was over, they went into the living room together. Beate called up the photos on the computer that they had taken on their last vacation in Florida. When Trixie saw the crocodile, she didn't want to believe it. But the others assured her that it was all real and that this crocodile was special to her too.

In the morning they first did the usual cleaning work, then Trixie drove to the shop with Antje and Karin.

Karin started with the preparations for this day while Antje took care of Trixie. Trixie had only worn a long T-shirt on the way to the store, which she now had to take off. Instead, Antje handed her a white apron with lace, the kind sometimes worn by waitresses in cafés. Then Antje Trixie showed the preparations Karin had made. On a cupboard were several bottles of sparkling wine and orange juice, next to them the corresponding glasses and some bowls of pastries. Antje pressed a silver tray into Trixie's hand.

"So, when the customers come now, you offer them something to drink and pastries. It is best to always prepare the drinks. So sparkling wine pure or with orange juice, but some also prefer pure orange juice because they still have to drive."

"Is that how I should serve the drinks?" Trixie asked horrified.

Antje looked at her briefly. "You're absolutely right," she said and went to the cash register. She rummaged around in a drawer, then she came back with a crown for a waitress and put it in Trixie's hair. "That's perfect!"

Trixie looked at herself doubtfully in the mirror. From behind she was totally naked and in the front the apron covered her breasts and reached just below her pussy, but of course the apron didn't give any real protection. Finally, she sighed resignedly and prepared her tray. It didn't take long for the first customers to arrive. Trixie moved between the customers with her tray and offered the drinks. She tried not to let it show and always smiled friendly. But again and again someone grabbed her buttocks and some customers even lifted their apron a little. Then Trixie would have liked to sink into the ground.

"Could I get a glass of champagne with orange juice, please?" asked a male voice behind Trixie. Trixie turned around and, in shock, dropped the tray with the glasses exactly on Dieter Bergmann's shoes. She really didn't expect to see her new employer here and present herself like that. She quickly bent down and began to pick up the tray and the shards, but her boss also bent down and helped her with it. Karin came to the rescue with a dustpan.

Mr. Bergmann looked Trixie in the eyes, then he reached under her chin with a finger and together they straightened up again. He smiled at Trixie: "It's not that bad. I have already said that I know about their way of life and that I tolerate it. So you don't have to be embarrassed at all to show yourself like this here. And I hope that they don't interpret it as sexual harassment. Besides, I'm here today as a normal customer. My niece is a bit, how should I put

it, 'kinky' is what you call it. For her 21st birthday, she secretly asked me for a latex panty with two inner. She said size S. Can you help me with that?"

Trixie was completely overwhelmed. She stood almost naked in front of her boss, who took it all quite casually, while she herself had turned bright red. But Karin helped her out of this situation. She pressed the dustpan into Trixie's hand and sent her to the back to empty it. To do this, she took Mr. Bergmann to the appropriate shelves and showed him various models there.

Mr. Bergmann then chose a pair of panties and Karin went with him to the checkout, where she wrapped the panties in wrapping paper. "You know," said Mr. Bergmann, "Trixie is quite charming. I also think her embarrassment is actually quite nice. Can you please tell her afterwards that this appearance here will certainly not have any negative consequences for her."

Trixie had sat down in Karin's workshop. She had clapped her hands in front of her face and was close to tears. When Karin had finished serving Mr. Bergmann, she came to the workshop. She sat down next to Trixie and put her hand on her shoulder comfortingly.

"Listen, Trixie," she said quietly, "your boss is apparently a really cool guy. I am supposed to tell you that all this here will have no consequences for you. You're really lucky with a boss like that."

"But I was practically naked when I stood in front of him." Trixie said. "How many of his employees do you think he's seen like this?"

"I don't know. That's true. And if they do, then certainly only a few who have a figure like you. Since you've been with us, many people have seen you more or less naked. Just think of this action where you distributed the brochures. Or last week here in the shop window."

"That's right. But still. He's my boss, even though he was here as a normal customer. I know I have to deal with something like that. You seem to have fewer problems." Karin stroked her a little, then she took a tissue and wiped a tear from Trixie's face.

"Come on. The show must go on!"

"Give me a moment," Trixie said, leaning back a little and trying to breathe very calmly. She closed her eyes for a moment, then stood up. She took her tray, wiped it clean and went back to the sales room. There she drank half a glass of sparkling wine, then she put a few glasses on the tray again, took a deep breath, turned around and went to the customers with the tray with a smile.

Chapter 14: Three plus one

Still, it was torture for Trixie. She kept looking at the door to see if anyone she knew was entering the store. Accordingly, she was relieved when Antje closed the shop at 2:00 in the afternoon. Trixie was allowed to put on her long T-shirt again and then drove back to the shared apartment with Karin.

In the meantime, Antje had squeezed herself into a tight, black latex dress, consisting of pants and top, as her task had planned. The ballerina heels were a real torture for her. But that was part of her life in the shared flat and she accepted it. She walked from the store to the supermarket, where she grabbed a shopping cart and then looked at the shopping list for the

first time. When she saw the long list, she was startled. Even the first items on the list showed her that she couldn't possibly carry it home all at once. Potatoes, onions, vegetables and fruit. She roughly calculated it all in her head, you came to more than 11 kilograms. Antje suspected it would be a long day.

Meanwhile, Trixie and Karin were back in the shared apartment. Trixie told Beate what had happened in the store. Beate tried to calm Trixie down. She knew that Dieter was really as relaxed as he pretended. But to reassure Trixie, Beate promised her that she would call Dieter the following Monday.

Siggi came into the kitchen, where Beate was sitting with Trixie and Karin and where they all drank a cup of coffee. She then said to Trixie, "What is, do we want?"

Trixie nodded and stood up. Together with Siggi, she left the kitchen and went in the direction of the playroom. She still heard Karin say to Beate: "Let's go to my room, I can use this now."

On the way to the playroom, Trixie took off her t-shirt and when she passed the door to her own room, she opened it briefly and threw the t-shirt on the bed. Naked, she then entered the playroom together with Siggi. Siggi handed her leather cuffs for her feet, her arms and also for her upper arms. When Trixie had put on the cuffs, Siggi tied her arms behind her body and also pulled her upper arms close together with a rope. Then she showed Trixie her instrument of torture. The pony, as Siggi called it, really looked like a saw block. Only that the bar in the middle was very thin and rounded at the top. The legs were extendable and Siggi adjusted them so that Trixie barely reached the ground when she climbed on the pony.

When Trixie sat on the bangs, she had to slide back and forth a bit, with Siggi pushing her labia apart with his fingers. Finally, to Siggi's satisfaction, Trixie took the right position and Siggi took two ropes that she attached to the pony's legs. She led the ropes through the rings on the cuffs on Trixie's legs and pulled the legs apart a bit, so that Trixie could no longer reach the ground with her toes. In the ceiling above the pony was a ring dowel through which a rope had already been passed. She attached this rope to the cuffs on Trixie's wrists and slowly pulled it tight. This forced Trixie to lean in further and really focus all her weight on her pussy.

"Well, how does that feel?" Siggi asked with a grin. Trixie could only grimace.

"So, now it's ten to three. At ten to four I'll let you down here. I suspect that Beate will soon have satisfied Karin, then the two of them will surely come over here and visit you. We don't do this to torture each other without any sense or reason, but we all want to get something out of it."

"Can something happen to me?" Trixie asked agonized.

Siggi stroked Trixie's cheeks: "Don't worry. Your pussy can take a lot more than you think. I just go to the kitchen and get something to drink. Then I'll come back. If you can't stand it at all, then you let me know. But the way I know you now, you can do it."

She left Trixie alone for a moment and then came back with a glass of orange juice. She also had a photo camera and a video camera with a tripod with her. "This is a memorable moment," she said. "We should hold on to it." Then she took a series of shots of Trixie, not

only of the whole scene, but she also took some detail shots. Trixie grimaced and grimaced. Siggi set up the film camera and aligned it to record Trixie's performance.

She went to her friend, then grinned and ran her finger along the labia. "Well, at least it excites you." She said and lifted her now wet finger to her nose. Then she also held the finger under Trixie's nose and then let her lick the finger. She ran her finger along Trixie's labia again and this time licked the finger herself. "You taste good," she said. "Beate is to be envied if she is allowed to lick you. You should claim it right away when you come down here. That's also very, very good for your pussy, believe me."

It didn't take long for Beate and Karin to join Siggi. Karin asked Trixie how she felt now.

"It hurts like hell," Trixie explained. "But at the same time, I notice that it excites me. Siggi suggested to me earlier that Beate should grab it for me right away. I believe I will follow the advice."

Time passed slowly, but finally Trixie had made it. Siggi freed her from the bondage. Then she hugged her friend, patted her buttocks and said "brave little warrior".

Beate went with Trixie to her room and let her lie down on her bed. Then she carefully pushed her legs apart and sank her head into Trixie's lap. At the first touches of her tongue with Trixie's labia, Trixie twitched and moaned slightly, but the pain subsided more and more and the pleasure increased. Slowly and patiently, Beate licked the damp crack until she noticed that Trixie first became stiff and then relaxed with a long exhale. Beate withdrew carefully, then she left Trixie alone in her room so that she could relax a bit. In fact, Trixie fell into a short but deep sleep.

When Trixie woke up, it was already shortly after five o'clock in the afternoon. She stood up, stretched a little and rubbed her still somewhat aching pussy. But then she went into the living room, where her three friends were sitting in front of the TV.

"Have you heard of Antje," Trixie asked.

"Yes, she was there earlier with some purchases," Siggi explained. "But she hadn't been able to carry everything and went off again."

"Does she really have to fetch water as well?" Trixie asked.

"No, I did that this morning," Beate revealed. "But I haven't told her about it yet. She should feel free to believe that this is still ahead of her."

"Shall we open your second capsule?" Siggi asked. "Or do you let London go and give up?"

"That's out of the question," Trixie replied. "I'm not going to miss such an opportunity to come to London." She went into the kitchen and fetched the second capsule that was lying on the table. In the living room, she then opened the capsule and took out the note. "You get ten blows with a thin whip on the buttocks or back, then in brackets: if desired, both, clamp closed. In the evening, they go to a lesbian club in a short dress, backless. You will stay there for at least 2 hours. The mistress will accompany you and watch over you. If the others want to come along, that's okay, of course," Trixie read aloud.

"Well, Karin came up with this task flawlessly. Especially the "on request both" is quite typical," Beate explained.

"Guilty," Karin said.

"Still, I don't quite understand the task," Trixie said.

"The whip decorates your buttocks or back. You should see the Stienen clearly. This shows everyone that you are really serious about being a slave. When you appear in a lesbian club like that, everyone pounces on you," Karin grinned. "I think we'll all go to the club with you tonight and don't want to miss the spectacle."

"You have a good laugh," Trixie complained. "You can do that with me. I only have one left leg." She grinned at the others.

Siggi stood up. "So, are you doing it or do you want to pull the joker?"

"I'd rather save the joker. Does five also go on the buttocks and five on the back?"

"As far as I'm concerned," Siggi explained and looked at the other two, who nodded in agreement. "No problem. Do you have any special wishes about who whips you?"

"Actually, I'm still afraid of the whip," Trixie said. "But I know that I can stand it. When you took me in here in the shared flat, I had to whip Karin to show that I could do it. I think that would be an opportunity for her to return the favor."

"Trixie, Trixie, Trixie," Karin said. "You are simply unique. I also promise you not to strike with full force. But it has to be the case that the welts are then also clearly visible. Agreed?"

Trixie grabbed Karin's hand and pulled it up. "Come on, then let's get it over with. I suppose you two will come along to watch?"

The four went into the playroom together. There, Trixie first had to lie across the pony she had been sitting on before and Karin took a thin whip out of one of the cupboards. In the meantime, Siggi had set up the camera with the tripod again to record the whole thing, because Antje certainly wanted to take a look at it. She posed behind Trixie, then she swung out and the whip landed on Trixie's bottom. Trixie cried out, but then she said, "One. Keep going."

Karin swung again and gave Trixie the next blow. Before Trixie could say "two", the third, then the fourth and fifth blows came. "Better to do it quickly than to have to wait for the next one every time," Karin explained. "And how shall we tie you to the back for the five?"

Trixie straightened up from the bangs and massaged her buttocks. She turned to Karin and asked her: "How about I just kneel down, put my arms back and you whip me unbound?"

"Do you think you can stand it?" Karin asked in amazement. "It's not easy."

Trixie simply knelt on the floor and put her arms back her neck. "Go ahead. I can do it," she demanded.

The three friends looked at each other in disbelief. Then Karin swung out and gave Trixie a blow on the shoulder with the whip. The blow threw Trixie forward and she had to catch herself with her hands. "Sorry," Trixie said, returning to her previous position. "It was harder than I thought. Now I'm prepared for it. Just keep going, but please do it in quick succession as before."

The five welts on Trixie's back were concentrated approximately at the level of the shoulder blades. When Trixie stood up and wanted to rub her back, Karin dropped the whip and hugged her friend. Meanwhile, Beate quickly went to her room and got some wound ointment, with which she then creamed the welts on her back and buttocks.

They all went back to the living room together. On the way, Trixie whispered in Siggi's ear: "Honestly, when you whipped me in the workshop the other day, it hurt me more."

"After all, you fell forward on your back after the first blow"

"Yes, yes. I didn't expect so much momentum to be transferred to me. Above all, I had concentrated on blocking the pain."

A little later, Antje came back from her second shopping trip. She was quite exhausted and you could tell that she could hardly walk. "The shoes are killing me," she said. "Now I just have to get the damn water."

"Sit down." Beate demanded. "I've done the water thing. Come on, I'll take your shoes off."

Antje dropped onto a chair and stretched out all fours. "Whose fucking job was that?"

"I think, my dear, that was your own crazy idea." She knelt down in front of Antje and took off her boots, then massaged her feet, whereupon Antje grunted with pleasure. Beate crawled closer to Antje and carefully pushed her legs apart. Then she slowly pulled down her latex pants while Antje threw herself down a bit to support Beate. Beate penetrated further and further between Antje's legs until she reached her pussy and began to pleasure her friend with her tongue.

When Antje slowly relaxed again afterwards, she asked how Trixie had been doing in the meantime. Beate told her everything and then showed her the film Siggi had recorded on the TV.

All together they decided to leave around twenty-one o'clock and go to one of the lesbian bars they knew, so that Trixie could fulfill the second part of her task there. They were all curious to see how Trixie would do there.

After dinner, Siggi showed how she imagined Trixie's performance in the restaurant. She had picked out a short nightgown that left the back almost completely uncovered and the Trixie only reached very slightly over the buttocks. Trixie was supposed to put on the collar with "slave" on it and a pair of simple sandals. Trixie put on the clothes and everyone thought that she was dressed appropriately for tonight.

They then set off as planned shortly before 9:00 p.m. They drove into the city center in two cars. When they entered the restaurant, they separated. Antje, Beate and Karin sat down at a table against the wall while Siggi went to the bar with Trixie. Siggi ordered two non-alcoholic beers. While they waited for the beer, Siggi gave Trixie a cell phone. "Here on my mobile phone I have the films I shot today. You can show them around, but even if you are asked, don't send them to anyone, understood?"

"Understood. Actually, I don't like beer," Trixie said.

"Here it says: "Drink wine - stay alone. Drink beer-flirt with me". And that's also the appeal of the task." Siggi let her hand wander over Trixie's back, further and further down, beyond

her buttocks to her bare legs. Then she raised her hand a little again and lifted the nightgown over Trixie's brushed buttocks.

It wasn't long before a young woman stood next to Trixie. She smiled kindly at Trixie, while at the same time her hand found its way onto Trixie's buttocks. Siggi apologized and went to the other end of the bar. There she beckoned the barmaid over to her. "The little redhead will not get any alcohol tonight," she explained to the barmaid and pushed a small folded 100 € bill to her. The barmaid nodded and said that was not a problem. Then Siggi went over to the others and sat down at the table.

The four then watched Trixie, who was surrounded by more and more women. They saw that the others seemed to want to buy Trixie some drinks, but the barmaid gave Siggi a sign that everything was fine.

"Have you actually looked up what Trixie's last task is," Beate asked Siggi.

"Of course. I thought it would be better to take a look than to look stupid afterwards. Actually, she was supposed to work with the rowing machine for 2 hours."

"2 hours of rowing, that's not too difficult," Karin judged. "She should actually be able to do that."

"2 hours with the clock," Siggi replied. The clock was an addition to her rowing machine that checked whether the rower was maintaining a predetermined speed. If she did not do so, the device sent an electric shock via a cable connected to the rower's pussy. At first a very light one, but in the case of repetition it became stronger and stronger.

"Ouch," Antje commented. "But you said she was supposed to row for 2 hours. I guess you replaced the task with something else."

Siggi nodded: "I thought to myself, she has already done more than enough this week. First with me as a guard dog, then with you in the store and today the two tasks. I've come up with something else, you'll all like it. And I could imagine even Trixie has fun with it, at least a little."

Antje nodded in agreement: "You're absolutely right. But let's see how it goes on here. Oh, by the way, Beate, you're the lick slave this weekend. I could use it now."

"Here?" asked Beate. When Antje nodded, Beate slid out of her chair under the table. There she knelt in front of Antje and quickly found her way to her pussy. Antje tried to stay calm and postpone her orgasm as long as possible. When she came anyway, she said: "You are a sorceress. Do you also do magic with Karin and Siggi?" Beate had no choice but to devote herself first to Karin and later to Siggi. In between, the waitress once came to her table with a round of drinks. She asked where Beate was. Siggi just pointed his finger under the table with a grin. The waitress laughed and understood. She took Beate's glass and put it on the floor.

The friends continued to watch the scene at the bar. Apparently, Trixie showed the videos, because everyone crowded even closer around her.

Finally, they decided that it was enough for that day. Siggi paid for her drinks, then she went over to the bar. Siggi tapped the besieged Trixie briefly on the shoulder: "OK, enough for today. Let's go home."

On Sunday, they all slept a little longer and did not meet in the kitchen until around 9:00 a.m. While they were having breakfast, Karin said, "I hope you enjoyed it yesterday, Trixie. What is your new task? I guess you won't give up under any circumstances."

Trixie grinned at her: "You're absolutely right." With that she took the last capsule, took a deep breath, opened it and pulled out the note. She read aloud: "Get a complete pony dress from the store. Put it on, then the mistress will drive you to the main train station, where you will collect money for the sanctuary. The mistress is taking care of you."

"You don't need to get a pony dress, you already have it here. I think we also have a collection box from the sanctuary here," said Karin. "Actually, you can change right away and then Siggi can drive you there. It's just a shame that you then miss how I struggled on the bike."

"That would be a real shame," Siggi commented. "We would be if you drove her to the train station and took care of her. In 2 hours I will relieve you and you can start here with your Tour de France. When Trixie is done collecting, she will at least get to see your final spurt." Everyone thought that this was a good solution.

"What kind of sanctuary is this for which I am supposed to collect?" asked Trixie.

"At the sanctuary, horses but also other animals get the chance for a quiet retirement. Many of the animals have been freed from bad husbandry. We have been supporting this for quite some time. If one of our games involves a collection campaign, we do it this way. A few thousand euros have already been collected. That's why we also have a few collection boxes from the sanctuary, complete with a collection permit. There is already some money in the box we have here, but not very much. You can use it today."

"That sounds great," Trixie said enthusiastically. "I'll have to take a look at it when I get the chance."

"If you can fill the can, you can take it to the sanctuary tomorrow. They're sure to be happy."

Siggi helped Trixie put on the pony dress. Especially with the boots, which were imitated by a horse's hoof, Trixie needed help. Siggi also put a harness on her head with an iron bridle. Trixie swayed a bit when she walked, but then she quickly got the hang of it.

Karin drove with Trixie to the main station. She parked her car in the underground car park there, then they walked together towards the main station. Some passers-by looked at her in amazement, but Trixie immediately held out the collection box to them and before they even reached the main station, she had already collected the first donations. Karin then showed her in which area she should collect while she sat down in a nearby café and drank a coffee there.

Trixie kept going up to passers-by and holding the collection box in front of them. When she is asked what it is for, he mumbles her behind the bridle "Gnadenhof". Fortunately often, passers-by then reached for their wallets.

Siggi came as agreed 2 hours later to relieve Karin. "How's it going?" she asked Karin.

"If this continues, she will soon have made it. At the sight of her, hardly anyone says no. There was no trouble either. A patrol from the railway police approached Trixie and apparently checked the collection permit. But that was all." Karin then said goodbye and drove back to the shared apartment, while Siggi took her place and also ordered a coffee.

In the early afternoon, Trixie came to Siggi's café. "So with the best will in the world, nothing goes into the can. I think it was worth it because many people put not only coins in it, but also bills. Besides, my butt hurts. Many passers-by, especially the women, gave the pony a slap on the bottom."

Siggi paid her bill, then they went to her car, which Siggi had also parked in the underground car park, and drove back to the shared flat. Trixie placed the full collection box on the living room table. Then Siggi helped her to take off her pony dress. Trixie was especially happy to finally get rid of her boots. But then she immediately went to the gym to look at Karin, who was now totally sweaty.

When she entered the fitness room, she found Beate standing next to Karin holding a riding crop in her hand. "Nice to have you here, Trixie," Beate said. "You can relieve me here. Karin urgently needs someone to drive her. And you know Karin. It can get violent.", With that she pressed the riding crop into Trixie's hand.

Trixie made extensive use of the whip that afternoon. Karin's buttocks were soon solid red. When the ergometer finally showed that she had reached the finish, Karin straightened up relieved. She got down from the ergometer and rubbed her aching bottom. "Damn, you've learned a lot. Come on, let's take a shower together, and then we'll sit down in the living room and let Beate pamper us extensively."

Chapter 15 The Flight to London

The following day, Trixie drove to the sanctuary with the collection box. When she arrived there, she was initially warmly welcomed, but not particularly warm. That changed abruptly when she explained that she was the new member of the WG. She went into the office with an employee of the sanctuary and together they opened the collection box and counted the money. Trixie was amazed that she had collected over 1000 euros. When she also took a check out of her handbag that Antje had given her, the employee beamed. Both together would once again secure the sanctuary for a month.

Trixie took a close look at the sanctuary. She let the employee show her around and she told her the story of many of the animals. She also showed her a part of the sanctuary that was to become a kind of retirement home for dogs. But there is still a long way to go, as the woman explained.

In the evening, Antje came into Trixie's room with a suitcase. As mistress for the planned visit to London, she wanted to pick out the things that Trixie should wear in London. Of course, Trixie had to pack the pantsuit, plus a rather thin blouse and matching shoes. Antje also chose some T-shirts. It didn't surprise Trixie that she wasn't supposed to pack underwear or stockings.

Antje also chose a pair of jeans and another T-shirt, plus sneakers and a jacket that Trixie should wear on the trip. Antje had a plastic bag with her, the contents of which she now showed Trixie. The first part was a made of stainless steel. Trixie took it relatively easy, because she had often worn such a piece in the past weeks. Much more exciting was the second part, which Antje took out of the bag.

This part consisted of several twisted cables that ended at two stainless steel plates. The two plates could apparently be put together and secured with a lock. Above the lock hung down a rather thick metal ring. There were still several spacers between the two end plates. Trixie

looked at this construction in amazement for a moment, then she recognized it. She had already seen something like this a few times while surfing the Internet. It was a neck corset. She took it as a corset and put it on herself. Antje helped her and locked it. Trixie went to her mirror and looked at herself in it: "That's awesome," she exclaimed. Where did you get that?"

"This is from one of the suppliers we will visit in London."

"Well, I think it's incredibly chic. It's insanely eye-catching and I don't know if I could walk around with it here in Cologne, or even wear it to work. That would perhaps be too much of a good thing. But still, it's just awesome!"

"Do you want to show it to the others?", Antje inquired. Trixie nodded and stormed out of the room. She found the others in the living room.

"Look what I'm supposed to wear in London. Isn't that crazy?"

The others agreed with her. They also liked the neck corset. Antje joined them, but then insisted on opening the neck corset. Trixie would be able to enjoy it long enough.

The next morning, Antje and Trixie had to get up quite early. But Beate kept them company at breakfast. Trixie wore the neck corset again and Beate asked her if she also had the plug in her buttocks. Trixie confirmed this.

"Trixie is really a loving and obedient slave," Antje commented.

Shortly before six, the doorbell rang. "That's certainly the driving service to the airport," Antje rightly suspected. Trixie not only took her suitcase, but as a slave she also felt obliged to carry Antje's suitcase. Together they took the elevator downstairs, where the driver was already waiting for them.

They then drove to the airport, where the driver dropped them off right in front of the main entrance. Antje gave Trixie her boarding pass, then she took her suitcase and they quickly went to the passenger control. Since they both had relatively small suitcases, they were able to take them with them on the plane. In addition, both had only a small handbag with them.

At the check, Antje already had her identity card and boarding pass ready and quickly went through. Trixie fumbled around a bit and had to dig her ID out of her purse. Antje turned around briefly and called out to her that they would meet in the Lufthansa lounge. Then she went through the control a few meters before Trixie.

When Trixie went through the first sensor a minute later, the device beeped loudly and unpleasantly. One of the officers at the security checkpoint immediately approached her. With a quick glance, she recognized the problem. Apparently, the neck corset had triggered the alarm.

"Would you please take it off?" the officer asked kindly.

Trixie suspected that Antje had played a trick on her. She probably had to go through it alone. "I'm sorry, but as you can see, the neck corset is secured with a lock. I am not allowed to take it off, my mistress has forbidden me to do that. Besides, I don't even have the key to it. My mistress has it."

"And where is her mistress," the officer inquired.

"It's just through here. We want to meet in the Lufthansa lounge."

"Your mistress. And you?"

Trixie blushed: "I'm her slave."

"Then come here to the side, you slave," the officer demanded, shaking her head. "Then I have to feel them with the handheld device."

She looked at the neck corset very carefully and also called a colleague for help. Together they came to the conclusion that the neck corset was unusual, but probably did not pose a danger. Then the first officer drove down Trixie from top to bottom with a handheld device. When she came up to Trixie's buttocks with the handheld device, it beeped again.

"And what's there," she asked, a little annoyed.

Trixie had already blushed before, but now she could only open her mouth. Inwardly she cursed Antje that she had gone so far. "That's my," she stammered.

The two officers looked at her in amazement. Then they led Trixie to a booth that stood next to the checkpoint. Together they entered this cabin. "It's extremely unusual what you're delivering to us here," said the second officer. "Do you do something like this often? So if you think that something like this is a joke, then put yourself in our shoes. We have to check that now. Would you please open her pants and pull them down a bit?"

Trixie stammered several apologies. It was more than embarrassing for her to make such a performance here. And she knew the next highlight would appear when she pushed her pants down. With trembling hands, she unzipped the pants and slowly pushed them down.

"No underwear?" the officer announced in amazement.

Trixie tried to calm herself. She took several deep breaths, then gathered her courage, straightened up and explained, "No, no underwear. I'm forbidden to do that."

The officers asked Trixie to lean forward. They looked at her from behind and saw the bottom plate of the. "We're sorry, but you have to take it out now. Or did your mistress forbid you to do that too?" She handed Trixie some paper towels.

Trixie took one of the paper towels, then grabbed her buttocks with it and carefully pulled the out of her hole. She quickly wiped off some traces with a second paper towel, then presented it to the two officers, who stared at the plug in amazement. For a few seconds, neither of the three women said a word. Then one of the officers grabbed herself. "Shove that damn thing into your slave butt, then zip up your pants and disappear. But if you come across me again with this part at the control here, you can get rid of your flight. Did you understand that?" With that, the two officers stormed out of the examination booth.

Trixie breathed a sigh of relief. Carefully she pushed the plug back into her buttocks, then pulled up her pants and closed them. She left the cabin and got her suitcase, which had been checked in the meantime. When she looked around again, she saw that the two officers were whispering with their colleagues and that everyone was looking after her.

She saw a sign for the Lufthansa lounge and followed it. When she wanted to enter it, a stewardess asked for her boarding pass, as the lounge was only intended for first class and business class passengers. Now, for the first time, Trixie consciously looked at the boarding

pass and realized that they were apparently flying in first class. She thought to herself that she could have guessed it.

Antje was already waiting for her in the lunge. She was sitting at a table and had a coffee in front of her. "Did you have any problems?" she asked with a grin.

"That was mean," Trixie pouted. But Antje stroked her hair and so Trixie had no choice but to grin at last.

There were only four seats in first class on the plane, and the other two seats remained empty, so Antje and Trixie sat there alone.

"The way you handle the money, I'm almost surprised that we don't fly to London on a private plane," Trixie joked. "How much money do you actually have? Or is that too indiscreet?"

"A private plane would be just right for my tax consultant," Antje replied as she dug her cell phone out of her handbag and began to tap on it. "But I think a private plane is just ostentatious. My tax advisor has already explained to me a few times that I have to report more costs."

Apparently, she had found what she was looking for on her cell phone. Trixie saw that Antje opened a PDF document and then held it up to her. Astonished, she saw a list of assets. She scrolled down the document with her finger. There she saw a sum: 4,354,618! "Over 4 million," she said in amazement. But Antje scrolled up the document again and pointed to the header. "In 1000 €" it said.

"4 billion," she whispered questioningly.

Antje shrugged her shoulders. "But don't tell anyone," she demanded.

As they left customs in London, Antje saw a man in a chauffeur's uniform holding up a sign with the word "LLL". She walked up to the man and put her suitcase in front of him. "That's us," she said, pointing to herself and Trixie.

The man bowed slightly. "My name is Frank. I am their driver for the next three days. If you will please follow me." He grabbed the two suitcases and walked in front of Antje and Trixie.

Antje whispered softly to Trixie: "I have my problems with the damn left-hand traffic. I prefer it if we let ourselves go. It's much easier and safer that way."

As they sat in the car, a spacious limousine, Frank turned around and asked for the destination.

"First briefly about our pension," Antje replied. "And then we have to go to the city center." She handed Frank two business cards, which he looked at briefly. Then he nodded and they drove off. Trixie looked out the window most of the time, trying to see as much of London as she could. The traffic was really very extreme and she wondered if she would have been able to cope with the left-hand traffic herself. Finally, Frank turned off the main road, going through two side streets and finally turning into a small street with a park on one side. He stopped in front of a Victorian-style house. Frank got out and hurried to hold the door open for Antje. Then he took the two suitcases out of the trunk and followed them over several steps into the small boarding house, where Antje always stayed.

The house had already looked quite dignified from the outside, but inside there was pure luxury. A man in a dark suit was waiting for her: "Good day, Mrs. Antje. Everything is prepared for you. I hope you're doing well"

"Hello Hubert," Antje replied. "Thank you very much, and how are you? This is Trixie, my slave. It's always nice to be here in London." Hubert had taken the two suitcases from Frank, whereupon Frank went back to his car, while Hubert led the two to their rooms. But this was not a simple room but a complete apartment with two bedrooms, two bathrooms and a living area.

Antje and Trixie freshened up briefly, then went back to Frank. They got back into the limousine and drove towards central London. Trixie was still amazed at the traffic. When they finally arrived at the address that had been on the second business card, it was almost noon. They entered a commercial building, where they were received on the ground floor. Antje introduced herself and after a few minutes an employee in an elegant suit came and greeted her.

They were led into a conference room and asked to wait a moment. The man offered them drinks, but then another man appeared, apparently his superior. They sat down on a seating set and the man who had just arrived opened a notebook they had brought with them to present the company's product range. "Perhaps you would like to take a look at our production facilities here in the house," he asked politely.

"I already know the workshops," Antje replied politely, "but Trixie would certainly like to take a look at them." Trixie stood up and the man who had greeted her at the beginning led her out of the room to the workshops. Antje stayed behind and leafed through the notebook, marking various articles and writing numbers next to each one. Her interlocutor was delighted because a lucrative contract was on the horizon. The meeting lasted over 2 hours. When everything was settled, Antje asked where Trixie was. Her interlocutor grabbed a phone and passed on the question. "Miss Trixie is waiting for you at the reception," he then explained.

In fact, Trixie was waiting for Antje at the reception and they left the building. Outside, they met Frank, who was already waiting for them. They sit down in the limousine and Antje asked Frank to bring her back to the pension. After they had been on the road for a few minutes, Trixie fished something out of her pocket. She held a small bunch of keys with several keys on it in front of Antje's face. "Since you're my mistress on this trip, they probably belong to you."

Antje took the keys, looked first at her, then at Trixie and asked: "For what?"

Instead of an answer, Trixie grabbed Antje's hand and guided it between her legs. Antje felt something hard under her jeans. "Did you get pierced," she whispered back. Trixie grinned and nodded slightly. "Devil's roast," Antje commented.

When they were back at their boarding house, they went to their area, where Trixie immediately had to let down her pants and a simple pair of cotton panties. Antje knelt down in front of her and looked at the piercings and the locks. Trixie now had three holes in each of her inner labia. The shackles of the locks had been inserted through the holes.

"Did it hurt a lot?" asked Antje.

"It worked. They first cooled the labia a little and disinfected them."

"And now?"

"The pain has subsided, but I feel every movement. I should always disinfect myself there in between. They also gave me a spray. It burns, but it could be worse."

"I'm surprised you didn't get your clitoral foreskin pierced as well," Antje said.

"I had planned to do it at first, but then I said they shouldn't do it. Are you angry with me?"

"Evil? Why is that? I just wouldn't have had it done on this trip if I were you. We still have a number of dates and you want to see something of London. That means a lot of running around. But one question: what did you pay?"

Trixie hadn't even thought that they would walk around a lot. But now it was too late for that. "One hundred and fifty euros," she explained.

"All right," Ante explained. "And what does it look like? I wanted to go shopping a little. Are you coming with us or do you want to rest? If you want to rest, Frank can get you later and we'll meet for dinner."

"Out of the question," Trixie protested. "I'll come along. Maybe I'll see something fancy. I have the money with me that I got from you at the beginning."

Frank drove her to Knightsbridge, where he dropped her off at Harrods. Trixie, of course, had to roam through the most famous department store in the world. "Is it true that even the royals shop here?" she asked.

Antje laughed. "Yes, they do. But you won't get to see them. If they shop here, then outside the usual hours. Then the whole department store is there just for them."

They left the department store and Antje showed her some boutiques nearby that offered really great things. Suddenly she stopped and pulled Trixie back a few meters. "Look, that leather jacket. Isn't it great? It should suit you."

Trixie looked at the leather jacket, which looked really great. But she also saw the price tag and knew that she couldn't afford the jacket. But Antje pulled her into the shop, where a saleswoman immediately took care of her. Antje smiled at the saleswoman: "Hello, my slave would like to try on this leather jacket you have in the window."

Trixie almost sank into the ground when Antje introduced her as her slave. But the saleswoman only raised an eyebrow briefly, then she got the jacket. It fit like a glove and the leather was incredibly soft and delicate. Trixie looked at herself in the mirror, ran her hand over the leather. Then she began to take off her jacket with regret. "Why don't you leave it on right away. They can certainly pack your jacket for you."

Trixie protested, but Antje didn't listen, but rummaged through the shelves. After a short search, she also found a leather jacket that she liked. She went to the checkout and presented her credit card. At that moment, Frank entered the store. He received the shopping bags and disappeared again.

Trixie looked after him in surprise. "How did he know where we were?" she asked in amazement.

"That's the advantage here when you work with a first-class chauffeur service. He followed us on foot and will continue to do so so that we don't have to struggle with the bags here."

They walked on and looked at the displays. Trixie saw a pair of sandals that she liked and was in her price range. She bought it and Frank reappeared to take the bag from her. After all, Antje had had enough. She waved to Frank, and a few minutes later he was standing in front of them in the limousine.

"Do you know the 'Kalamaras Greek Taverna'," said Antje Frank.

"Of course. Bayswater, Inverness Mews." He drove her to a street heavily frequented by tourists and let her get off there on a street corner. Trixie followed Antje, who turned into a side street and then went into an even smaller alley. Trixie wondered what they wanted in such an area, but Antje walked purposefully until they came to an illuminated door. The restaurant was rather small, and because it was still relatively early, only one table was occupied. The service was friendly and fast, the food just wonderful. Trixie and Antje hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, which is why they chose not only a main course, but also a starter. When the waitress came with the menu for dessert, however, Antje looked at the clock and waved it off. "Sorry, but we have tickets. Maybe next time."

In the meantime, Trixie was no longer surprised that Frank was waiting for her on the street corner. "What cards," she wanted to know from Antje.

"Evita," Antje explained. Frank handed her an envelope in the car, from which Antje took two tickets for the musical. They then drove to the theatre district in the West End.

When Frank let her get off in front of the theater, Antje said: "Thank you very much. That was all for today. We'll take a taxi from here later." Frank bowed briefly and drove off.

Trixie knew the song "Don't cry for me, Argentina", of course, but she had never seen the whole musical. Especially the song of "New Argentina" carried her away.

"I've seen it at least a dozen times," Antje revealed afterwards. "But I just think it's great."

Chapter 16 Natalie

The next day brought new challenges. When she saw the breakfast that was being set up in front of them, she couldn't help but be amazed. Trixie tried to try everything at least once. The sausages and the braised tomatoes taste very good to her, but when she was offered kipper, she went on strike after all.

"Today, I have to talk to my asset managers most of the time about a few things," Antje explained. "I asked Frank to drive you around London a bit and show you the main sights. I can't say exactly how long it will take for me, but when I'm done, I'll call Frank and you can pick me up."

Trixie was delighted with this opening. There were so many things she wanted to see, and she knew she couldn't possibly do it. From the guesthouse, they first took Antje to the meeting with her asset managers, then Frank began his sightseeing tour for Trixie. It turned out that Frank was an excellent tour guide. Somehow, he always managed to park the car near the sights. They always got out and Frank explained to her what she got to see in detail. Especially the huge Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens made a big impression on Trixie. Only the Speakers Corner was a disappointment for her, because there was nothing going on

there during the week. Frank explained to her that the visit there would only be worthwhile on Saturday morning. At noon, he took them to a pub where they ate turkey sandwiches.

Later, when she returned to the car after visiting Westminster Abbey, Frank's cell phone rang. Antje called and asked to be picked up.

"Well, how was it," Antje asked Trixie.

"London is truly breathtaking," Trixie gushed. The many impressions she had received made her love the city. "Actually, we wanted to go to St Paul Cathedral," she explained.

Antje looked at the clock, then she said, "Why not? I haven't been there for a long time. We still have plenty of time, but tonight we are invited to dinner at one of my asset managers. I hope you don't mind."

After they had visited this beautiful church, they drove back to the guesthouse and dressed up for the evening. Trixie put on her pantsuit, while Antje dressed in a chic costume. Frank took her to the house of Antje's asset manager in Kensington.

They were greeted at the door by a butler, who then led them into the drawing room of the house. Antje Vermögensberater was a man in his mid-40s, whom Antje introduced as Mortimer. Shortly afterwards, his wife and daughter also entered the salon. Trixie had to look up at the young woman, whom she estimated to be at least 1 meter 85. She wore her black hair cut very short and close to her head. The daughter seemed a bit bored at first, but when she saw Trixie's neck corset, her eyes began to shine.

"That's totally awesome," she exclaimed quietly. "You and Antje are ..."

"Mainly we are friends," Antje explained. "We live together in a shared flat with three other friends. But here on this journey, Trixie is my slave and I am her mistress."

"You see," said Mortimer, "I told you that supper would be interesting for you, too. From time to time you should listen to your old man. I guess you want to ask Trixie a hole in the stomach now. Why don't you two go to the library, you can talk to each other undisturbed."

Natalie grabbed Trixie's hand and pulled her with her. Trixie looked over at Antje, who only nodded at her briefly. They then went into an adjoining room, which Natalie called a library. The room really corresponded to the cliché with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. In the middle of the room stood a leather sofa, on which the two sat down.

"What is it like to be the slave of a woman," Natalie wanted to know first.

"Actually, I'm not her slave," Trixie replied. "As Antje said earlier, there are five of us and we are alternately mistress and slave. I have only moved into this shared apartment for quite a short time, but I think I have found the right environment for me. At the moment I'm just one of the slaves and here on this trip Antje is my mistress. But this is only an exception. Actually, another of my friends, Karin, is my mistress this week. And she is also Antje's mistress, although she is Antje's employee, professionally speaking."

"And how does that express itself," Natalie inquired.

"Well, when we're at home, we're usually all naked, except for the mistress. I actually always wear a slave collar, even when I go out of the house. The role of mistress is changed every week. But because I've just gotten into it, I'm just a slave for the first three months. The

mistress then always determines what I have to do or what I have to wear. Here in London, Antje decides what I have to wear."

"And what did you do before you moved into this shared apartment? And what do you do?"

"I was in prison for three years."

"In prison? What did you do?"

"I embezzled money from my employer for my boyfriend. Pretty stupid. I don't know how I could be so stupid. When I was exposed, he disappeared never to be seen again and I was allowed to pay for everything alone. In prison I met the sister of one of the flatmates."

"And that's how you came to them?"

"When I got out of there, the others took me in. They have also helped me with a job that I will start next Monday. Actually, the others spoil me more than I deserve. Sometimes they play nasty tricks on me, but that's part of it. And I'm not the only target of these pranks, but they go in turn." Then Trixie told Natalie about her experience at the airport.

"You showed up there without underwear," Natalie asked in amazement.

"Yes, of course. I have completely given up the habit of wearing underwear or stockings. Yesterday I got pierced here at one of Antje's suppliers, so for once I wore panties afterwards. That was really unusual for me. But that was only yesterday, now everything is back to normal."

"You got pierced? Where? And you're now without underwear again? I have to see that."

"That's not possible," Trixie protested. "But I can't just take my clothes off!"

"Why not? We are alone here. Dad and mom won't come to the library here. Besides, the two of them know me."

"And your butler?"

"James is a real butler. Part of his training is that he doesn't see anything he shouldn't see. He would never carry any of what he hears here to the outside world. Apart from that, he has seen me naked more than once." She started to unbutton Trixie's blouse.

Trixie didn't feel comfortable with it, but she already saw that Natalie gave her no choice. She undressed and then stood in front of Natalie, her legs slightly apart. Natalie ran her hand to her locks. Trixie twitched slightly at the touch, because she was still very sensitive. But Natalie didn't let herself be stopped and stroked Trixie's pubic area. "You're pretty wet down there," Natalie commented. Trixie blushed once again, but didn't say anything about it.

"Well, you see," said Natalie, "it doesn't matter at all if you undress here. Do you feel better if I take my clothes off too?"

Trixie nodded and Natalie literally tore off her clothes. Of course, she was also wearing underwear and tights, but everything landed on the floor in a flash.

"Listen," Natalie then explained, "we have to show dad and mom right away. I want to have a piercing like that, too. Can you tell me the address where you had it done? Mom in particular would certainly be okay with it if she knew that it was done properly and that I didn't go to

some bungler in town." Natalie ran her index finger through the ring on Trixie's neck corset and pulled her behind her. Trixie followed her reluctantly, but she didn't have many options.

"Dad, Mom," Natalie shouted as they entered the salon, "look at the piercing Trixie has. I want something like that, too. Don't you think that's great, too? Trixie also gave me the address where it was done to her."

Mortimer and his wife stared at the two naked men, while Antje had to keep her mouth shut so as not to laugh out loud. She could vividly imagine what was now on the minds of Mortimer and his wife. Only James didn't pull a face. Instead, he filled two glasses and brought them to Trixie and Natalie.

Finally, Mortimer composed himself: "Listen, Miss, you are not quite tight. You have just turned 21 and can decide for yourself. But I will do what I can to prevent something like this."

"Oh dad, calm down. After all, I'm still asking you and mom. And if you both don't want it, I'll stick to it. Even if I don't have to. But that also has advantages for you!"

"That has advantages for us," Mortimer's wife asked in amazement. "You have to explain that to us!"

"It's simple. You get the keys. And when I go to the disco at the weekend, you don't have to be afraid that a lot will happen there."

Mortimer and his wife's jaws dropped. Antje couldn't pull herself together anymore and she laughed out loud. Even James couldn't help but grin.

"Well, uh," Mortimer began. "I .. , oh what. We don't have to decide that here and now. I mean, you go back to the library and get dressed again. And then we can eat."

It was then a nice evening. Mortimer told about his travels and Antje also did her part. Only Natalie looked at Trixie almost the whole time. She noticed this and she understood that Natalie would have liked to disappear with her into her bedroom. But she held back. It had been turbulent enough. But afterwards she slipped Natalie a note with her telephone number and address.

At breakfast the next morning, Antje Trixie returned the keys and also the keys for the neck corset. Trixie had asked for a quiet return flight, which Antje understood. They drove from the guesthouse to Antje's second supplier, where Antje also placed a nice order. On the way to the airport, Antje Frank stopped at a fish & chip stand, because Trixie had heard a lot about this combination and wanted to try it.

In the early afternoon they were back in the shared flat. Antje immediately drove to her shop, while Trixie lay down on the bed in her room and thought about the trip.

Chapter 17 Relaxing

The following Friday evening, they all met as usual in the kitchen for their weekly meeting. Tixie had given Karin, who was the mistress this week, the keys to her new locks.

"So, dear slaves," Karin then began, "the weekend is coming. Of course I thought about it, but this time I'm probably the one who is lacking. Somehow, there are hardly any opportunities to do something bigger."

"Why?" asked Antje.

"Well, Beate is on duty in the afternoons and evenings and is therefore absent. We are both in the shop on Saturday, but after that we have a little more time."

"I'm in the shop too," Trixie interjected.

"You, my dear, be very quiet for a moment," Karin replied. "I spoke to Beate. I'm a little afraid for you, and Beate agrees with me."

"Why are you afraid for me?" Trixie wanted to know.

"Since you've been here, you've been in the fast lane. That doesn't work well in the long run. I know you're about to say "I can do it", that's become your motto here. And that's why we all love you so much. But you still need a break. Remember that you have to be on the mat with Dieter on Monday. He is expecting a rested new employee. And not an exhausted slave."

"Karin is right about that," Siggi intervened. "We've been doing all this here for years, but not around the clock. Each of us relaxes sometimes, be it a weekend or even three weeks. And you come here and you're from zero to a hundred in 3 seconds."

Beate hugged Trixie. "It's not against you. We still want so much from you. And there must also be time to rest. Besides, I think you've lost some weight. When was the last time you were on the scales? Two or three kilos more would do you good."

"Should I spend the weekend in bed," Trixie grumbled now.

"No," Karin replied. "You shouldn't." Tomorrow morning it's time to clean. Afterwards you drive with Siggi to Roermond and buy groceries. Maybe you'll cook for us again. If you want, you can also go back to the outlet center. Take your time."

Now Siggi got in touch. "Listen, I have another idea. The shop in Roermond is also open on Sundays, it's not in Germany. How about Trixie and I going to the North Sea. Somewhere in a nice hotel for the two days. And on Sunday we drive past Roermond on the way back and then do some shopping."

"And what are we doing in Holland," Trixie asked doubtfully.

"Walks, chilling, cuddling," Beate replied with a grin. "I'm sure Siggi will take some toys with him?"

"Maybe. The main thing is that it runs smoothly and relaxed. And don't do great things. Maybe a hotel with spa and massages. There was something like that about at the height of Alkmaar, but by the sea."

"Yes, I remember. That was quite nice. But I don't know what it's called," Antje explained.

"Well, agreed," Karin asked.

Trixie was a little disappointed, but she realized that her friends all wanted the best for her. "If it's supposed to be," she grumbled, still not enthusiastically.

"Good, then that would be settled," Karin then said, "what do you think about us logging in to the dungeon again?"

"What's the dungeon," Trixie asked.

"Siggi can explain that to you at the weekend," Beate replied. "But I think the dungeon would be a good idea in three or four weeks. Agreed?" Everyone nodded.

The next morning, when they were sitting at breakfast and Karin was supposed to announce the divisions for the cleaning service, she said: "Siggi and Trixie, you'd better leave right away. Antje and Beate can take over your cleaning areas." Antje and Beate nodded without any hesitation. Trixie still found it amazing when she thought about the numbers she had seen on Antje's cell phone and now she cleaned for two without any grumbling.

Siggi and Trixie quickly packed their bags. Siggi had two bags with him, one of which was apparently a bit heavier. They took the elevator to the garage and packed everything into the Mini. Trixie got behind the wheel and Siggi assured her that she would show her the way.

Most of the route was on the highway, but Siggi slowed Trixie down a bit and explained to her that in Holland the speed limits were much stricter than in Germany. Behind Amsterdam we went on a very well-developed country road to Alkmaar, then we went over to the coast on smaller roads. Siggi searched the areas off the roads with her eyes, at some point she suddenly shouted "stop" and let Trixie turn around. They drove back a short distance and Siggi directed Trixie into a hotel driveway.

The hotel was large and modern and it was completely easy to get a very nice room with a view to the sea. Siggi immediately spoke to the lady at the reception and was able to book appointments for a massage for both of them. The hotel had several masseurs, so both dates were at the same time. Siggi and Trixie first went to their room, but then she went back to the hotel bar, where they enjoyed a non-alcoholic cocktail. But then it was time for the massage.

When Trixie came to their shared room after the massage, Siggi was already in bed. She threw back the duvet and Trixie quickly took off the bathrobe she had borrowed from the hotel and slipped under the blanket with her. She snuggled up to her friend a bit and fell asleep in a few minutes. Siggi pulled her friend even closer to her and stroked her thin body. She wondered where Trixie got all the energy from.

Trixie slept for over 2 hours, and only woke up when she wanted to turn around a bit, but it didn't work. She opened her eyes very slightly and saw Siggi's smiling face in front of her. She yawned, but when she wanted to close her mouth again, Siggi shoved a gag into her mouth in a flash. Now Trixie really woke up. She tried to grab her mouth, but her hands were tied behind her back. Now she tried to stretch out her legs, but they were also tied up and tightly bent. When she tried to move her legs, she felt a jolt on her wrists. Siggi had given her a hogtie in her sleep without her noticing.

"Well, slept well," asked the grinning Siggi. Trixie couldn't answer because of the gag. She felt that it was not a ball gag, as she had often worn at home. This gag reached far into her mouth and she saw that it obviously also had a part that led forward and resembled a penis.

"Well, my little hostage," Siggi grinned. "If you want to get out of the hostage situation below, you have to do something about it." Trixie looked at Siggi questioningly. She stacked some pillows at the head of the bed and moved into a half-sitting position. The duvet landed on the floor and Siggi sat there with his legs apart. "First of all, you're going to spoil me now," Siggi commanded.

In her tied position, Trixie had to roll around on the bed like a stranded whale until she had Siggi's pussy in front of her with her penis gag. When she was finally able to penetrate her

friend with it, she tried to do so carefully and sensitively. Siggi crossed her arms behind her head, closed her eyes and tried to stay as calm as possible and keep her arousal at a low level to delay the whole thing as long as possible. But Trixie was tireless as always and then gave her friend a slow and sustained orgasm.

Siggi left her friend in her hogtie afterwards while she went into the shower herself. Then she got dressed and went downstairs to the reception and from there to the restaurant, because she wanted to look around there first. She also met a waitress there and spoke briefly with her. In the process, a few banknotes also changed hands. Then she went back to her room. She had already come up with something at home, which she now wanted to go through.

The first thing she did was loosen the handcuffs that connected Trixie's legs to the handcuffs on her wrists, and Trixie was happy to finally be able to stretch her legs again. Siggi then replaced the ankle cuffs on Trixie's legs with other ankle cuffs that had a chain about 30 centimeters long between the legs. Now she put a chain around Trixie's slender waist, closed it at the front and then led the chain between Trixie's legs to the back, pulled it tight and also fastened it with a lock at the back. Only now did she take off Trixie's handcuffs, which she had put above her elbows, and used this pair to attach Trixie's left hand to the waist chain with this handcuff. Only then did she loosen the handcuffs that connected the two wrists and pulled her right arm to the other side, where she also attached the hand cell to the hip chain. Trixie had to get up now and Siggi dug out of the bag in which she had her toy a long sleeveless T-shirt, the seams of which were cut between the sides between the sleeve hole and the hem. She pulled it over Trixie's head. Above and below the waist chain, she connected the front and back parts of the T-shirt with clips to keep the shape halfway.

Siggi now looked at her friend and realized that she had guessed well. The T-shirt barely covered Trixie's pubic area and buttocks. Finally, she finally took the gag out of Trixie's mouth and took a dog leash out of her bag. She hooked them into Trixie's slave collar. So she then pulled her friend behind her towards the door.

"We can't leave the room like this," Trixie protested. But Siggi didn't let that irritate him. She pulled Trixie behind her to the elevator. With that they drove down into the hotel lobby and Siggi pulled Trixie behind him to the restaurant. Fortunately, there were very few guests on the way, but those who were there watched the spectacle in amazement. In the restaurant, the waitress Siggi had spoken to immediately approached her and led her to an alcove in the back of the restaurant. Immediately afterwards the waitress brought them the menus.

"What would you like to eat," Siggi asked. She had opened the menu in front of Trixie and ran her finger slowly from top to bottom along the menu.

"Are you crazy," Trixie asked desperately. "What's going on with the other guests? Can't we go back to the room? Please, please!"

"No, firstly, hardly anyone sees us back here and secondly, I'm hungry. We haven't eaten anything since breakfast. You'd better take a look at the map. I think sole is exactly my thing. And for you? How about the eel in cream sauce? And I think of a nice rosé. Agreed?"

Trixie closed her eyes and tried to take a deep breath. Then she nodded. She could already imagine how Antje and Beate would laugh when she told them about it. The waitress came back to her table and Siggi placed the order. For the first time, Trixie looked the waitress in the eye and noticed that the waitress was obviously enjoying herself royally. Even when the

food was on the table, Siggi did not free her friend from the handcuffs. She had to sit there with her hands tied to the waist chain. Instead, Siggi fed her friend and put the glass to her lips in between so that she could drink some of the rosé. But Trixie had to admit that at least the eel tasted excellent.

When they had finished eating, the waitress quickly brought the bill at Siggi's request before the table was cleared. Siggi paid for everything and gave the waitress a good tip again. While clearing, the waitress dropped a fork from the plate to the floor. She quickly put everything back on the table, then knelt down and suddenly disappeared. Before Trixie could react, she suddenly felt a hand on her thigh. The hand wandered further to her naked pussy and penetrated her once very briefly, then she withdrew again and Trixie heard a soft "Mmmmmmm!" under the table. Then the waitress reappeared with her head above the table and stood up. She smiled at the two of them and licked one of her hands.

Upstairs in the room, Siggi finally freed Trixie from all shackles. Trixie didn't really know whether she should be angry with her friend now or whether she should just be ashamed of her performance in the restaurant.

"Actually, I should spank your ass for that," Trixie scolded.

"Help yourself," Siggi replied laughing. She held out the bag with the toy to Trixie, then she put the bag on the floor and threw herself on her stomach on the bed. Trixie hesitated for a moment, but then she reached into her pocket. She found Paddle, took one and knelt next to Siggi on the bed. She hit Siggi Po quite hard with the paddle, but she only laughed. Siggi laughed even after Trixie had given her two dozen blows on the buttocks and leaned back exhausted. When Siggi rolled over on her back, she moaned briefly when her buttocks came into contact with the bed, but Trixie saw that her friend's juices were already running out of her pussy.

They slept tightly embraced that night. In the morning, they took a shower together before going to the restaurant, where the breakfast buffet was set up.

"What do we do now," Trixie asked.

"How about a long walk on the beach? I also wanted to tell you what the dungeon is all about."

On the beach they took off their sandals and then walked barefoot slowly along the beach. Siggi explained: "So the dungeon. You have noticed by now that we all have our masochistic pages. From time to time it does us quite good when we are really touched very hard. Actually, we should whip ourselves vigorously from time to time or do other things to ourselves. But because we are friends now, we feel far too sorry for each other. Some time ago we discovered the dungeon. We go there and let ourselves be sold as slaves to other people for one night. Mostly these are men, but sometimes there are also women or couples. They often use us quite extensively. Some of it hurts quite a bit at the moment, but afterwards, when it's over, we feel somehow relieved. From time to time, even a real cock has its advantages. There are a few rules in this dungeon to avoid serious injuries. Among other things, a so-called guard always monitors what the buyers do with us. If it gets too violent, these guards intervene."

"What kind of people are these guards, Trixie inquired now.

"The guards are people like us. Above all, it is not just any people, but usually those who were the slaves the week before. So if we let ourselves be sold there as slaves in three weeks, we will be back in the dungeon the following week and then act as guards. If you want to join in, you're just a novice at first. This means that you must not be treated as harshly as we are. Only when you have been there three times as a novice, you are threatened with the very harsh treatment. Of course, I don't know if you want to take part in it at all. You don't have to have any qualms about telling us that this is out of the question for you."

"That sounds pretty violent, of course," Trixie replied. "I guess the men are fucking us through?"

Siggi nodded. "Not only that. Some also piss on us or demand that we drink their piss. But it's actually not as bad as it sounds. In addition, there are very close ties, we are sometimes paraded and some actions take place in front of an audience, so to speak."

"And how long will it take?" Trixie asked. "And you said we're going to be sold? Who gets the money or is it not about money at all?"

"So we have to be on site at 3:00 a.m. on Saturday. But that's not a problem, from the store it's a maximum of 20 minutes by car. From 3:00 a.m. until shortly before four we are then visited. You can imagine to yourself that we are naked and in bondage. At four o'clock the auction takes place and then we belong to the highest bidders until the next morning at eleven. It's about real money at the auction, but it will be donated to a good cause. Each slave can decide for herself where the money goes. You won't believe what the guys put on the table to get their hands on us. My highest bid is 8000 euros and Karin has even taken 9500 euros. The buyers know how resilient it is. However, the minimum bid is already 2000 euros. In addition, most buyers give us a good tip, which is really for us, unlike the purchase price."

"So I can say, for example, that the money is intended for the sanctuary?"

"Whatever you want. The sanctuary is ok, the Red Cross or SOS Children's Village. It doesn't matter. But believe me, it's hard-earned money."

"That's the typical hammer again. But I will definitely participate. At least for the first time. I can still decide whether I still take part after that."

Siggi pulled Trixie close to him and hugged her very tightly. "I didn't expect anything else from you. And knowing you, you'll enjoy it too. Maybe not at the moment, so if it's happening right now, but when you think about it afterwards, you'll be glad you participated." Then she looked around, looked briefly at her watch and said: "Well, slowly we have to turn around again. I said we check out around two. Then we still have enough time to do our shopping in Roermond."

Chapter 18 New Beginnings

On Monday night, Trixie slept restlessly. She was nervous and wondered what the first day at her new employer would bring. She got up much too early and took a long shower. She put on a flawless white T-shirt and jeans and a pair of comfortable sneakers. She also put on her slave collar and locked it with a padlock. She put the key in her purse. At 7 o'clock she went to the kitchen to have breakfast.

When Trixie opened the kitchen door, her friends were already waiting for her. "What are you doing here," Trixie asked.

"We already thought that you would get up very early and be totally nervous," said Beate. "We want to at least make sure that you have a decent breakfast and then we all want to wish you the best for the day."

With that, Beate led her to her seat, Karin came off the stove and served her a few scrambled eggs while Antje poured her coffee. Trixie sat in front of her plate, and suppressed a tear. She ate quickly and finished the coffee, then she got up, hugged all her friends in turn, and left the kitchen for the elevator. When she reached the apartment door, she heard Siggi call her: "Trixie!"

Trixie went back to the kitchen and asked, "What is it?"

"You forgot your briefcase," Siggi said and pointed to a leather briefcase that stood next to the refrigerator.

"You, sorry, that's not mine."

"But your name is on it," Siggi replied.

Trixie fetched the suitcase and sure enough, "Trixie Hansen" was engraved above the handle. She turned to her friends and saw their happy faces. She came to the breakfast table with the suitcase and laid it on it. She opened it and was completely surprised. In the left half of the suitcase was a leather-bound notebook with her name on it. When she picked it up, she saw a folder underneath it that said "Documents" and in the bottom corner was her name again. Next to it she saw a transparent plastic box with business cards. Her name was emblazoned in the middle, but at the top was written "I can do it!". Trixie laughed and saw that under her name was the address, plus her e-mail address and a cell phone number. "What kind of number is that?" she asked. At that moment, the bell rang from the suitcase. Trixie looked and found a brand new iPhone in a compartment of the suitcase. Karin put her own cell phone aside, with which she had called Trixie's new cell phone.

"You're totally crazy," Trixie cried through tears. Then she hugged her friends and kissed each of them.

"Do you at least have money with you," Beate inquired.

Trixie took her wallet out of her small purse and looked inside briefly. "About 15 euros," she said.

Beate went to the kitchen cupboard where the money was kept, took out some bills and handed them to Trixie. "That's definitely not enough. Here are 100 euros for now and when they are gone, you take even more. You know where the money is. You can give it back to us next month or the month after when your salary is in the account."

Trixie then went to the elevator, happily swinging her suitcase back and forth on the way. In the garage, she took the Mini as previously agreed and drove to her new workplace. When she arrived there, it was shortly before eight and she reported to the receptionist.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hansen," the receptionist greeted her. "Mr. Bergmann usually comes around five past eight. He has already announced it and asks you to wait for him here."

In fact, Mr. Bergmann came barely 3 minutes later. He smiled at Trixie as he greeted her. He also had a briefcase with him, but he gave it to the receptionist and asked her to have the suitcase brought to his office.

"Hello Trixie," he greeted her. "Come on, I'll show you your office." Together they took the elevator to the third floor, where Mr. Bergmann then let them enter a room at the end of a corridor. "Actually, this used to be a meeting room, but we rarely need it, so I thought we could use it more sensibly than your office. At first I had planned to assign you an office on the boardroom, but I don't want you to feel monitored."

Trixie looked around the room. On one side, two desks with corresponding swivel chairs stood head to head. On the other side was a single computer desk with a swivel chair, next to it a conference table with six chairs. Trixie looked out of the window for a moment and could look at the factory halls. "Who else is sitting here in this room," she asked.

"At the moment, no one. But I think we'll hire another programmer soon to help you. But then you are his superior. I have already said that you should be the brain of the whole thing. During the development phase, I thought it would be best to build a smaller server here. Hence the single computer desk. As soon as you know what you need, contact the purchasing department, who will get the appropriate device for you." Then he pointed to a single sheet of paper that lay on one of the desks. "That's just for today, there's a lot of running and paperwork to do." Pointing to the first line on the sheet, he said, "First on the list, of course, is the human resources department. This is one floor below us, but you will find everything listed here. I'll leave then. But we'll see you on Friday at the latest in the department head meeting."

Trixie put her suitcase next to the table and sat down on the swivel chair. She took the note and read it through. In fact, the HR department was listed as the first item. There was also room information on the note, so she got up, took the elevator down one floor and went to the HR department there.

She was also greeted very warmly in the HR department. In the next hour, she had to sign various documents, including her employment contract, a non-disclosure agreement and various other documents. A photo was taken of her, which was immediately printed on a plastic card, which would serve her as an access card and also as an account card for the canteen. In addition, there was a parking permit and various information brochures. Trixie had brought the note from her office and showed it to the employee. "Here, at 10:00 a.m., IT. But there is no room indicated. This is followed by the works council at 11:30 a.m., also without a room, and then at 2:00 p.m. by the company doctor. Can you help me with that?"

"It's very simple. If there is no room, it takes place in your office. At 10 a.m., someone from the IT department comes and brings you your computer and helps you connect to our system. As far as the works council is concerned, two or three works council members come and inform you about the necessary things. They will then also go to the canteen with you for lunch. An initial amount of €20 is deposited on the account card, which all new employees receive here as a small welcome gift. You can then top up further money at a machine in the canteen. The company doctor is not actually a real company doctor. You simply walk along the road for about 300 m, you will come to a medical centre. There is the practice of Dr. Müritz, who is conducting an examination. However, the company only learns whether they are able to work here at all. But unless you're carrying your head under your arms, that's not a problem. They then also go to our ophthalmologist, who is on the second floor of this medical center. You will mainly do screen work and he will take a quick look at your eyes. If further examinations are necessary, they will still be carried out today at very short notice. But you really don't have to be afraid of that. Mr. Bergmann has agreed with the works council that all

employees will have a thorough medical examination every three years. However, all results remain confidential between the doctors and the employees. Only if there is something special to take into account at work for the future will we be told. However, this usually only affects older employees, so that they do not have to make too much effort. But you're still young."

After everything was done in the HR department, Trixie went back to her office where an employee from the IT department came shortly afterwards. He brought her a laptop and a printer. The laptop also included two large monitors with high resolution, which were easier on the eyes. On a separate sheet of paper were passwords and access information for the company's own network. Trixie was more than satisfied with the computer equipment. "Director Bergmann tells you that if you need any other software, you should just let the IT department know, and we will get you everything. But there is also a collection of programs, which you might be able to take a look at first."

Punctually at 11:30 a.m., two members of the works council, a man and a woman, appeared for a meeting. They also brought some information material with them, especially on pensions but also on other topics. "Director Bergmann has sent us some information about her in advance. Neither he nor the works council have any problems with your past or with your lifestyle. But if anyone, whoever, ever thinks that they have to talk to you stupidly about it, then it is a strict instruction to you to report this immediately to Mr. Bergmann or the works council or both. Here in this company, everyone gets their chances, and if they make a mistake, they should learn from it and get better. Only those who learn nothing have no business here."

Then they invited Trixie to accompany them to the canteen for lunch to welcome them. On the way to the elevator, the female works council member quickly showed Trixie the coffee kitchen and explained how to operate the coffee machine, as well as pointing out the toilets and the escape routes. This was not part of her area of responsibility, but she wanted to help her new colleague. The food in the canteen was very tasty but a bit too rich for Trixie. After that, Trixie went back to her office, sat down at her desk and closed her eyes for a moment. She thought about what she had heard and was happy.

However, the feeling of happiness only lasted until the visit to the company doctor. She hadn't expected something like this at all and, as usual, didn't put on any underwear. When the company doctor then asked her to strip down to her underwear, she had to swallow. She confessed to the doctor that she never actually wore underwear. He then asked her to undress anyway. Of course, he had long since noticed her slave collar. That's why he wasn't overly surprised when Trixie made this confession to him. Trixie was then thoroughly examined, also measured and weighed. Even though it was a doctor in front of whom she was now standing naked, she was still a bit embarrassed.

The doctor took another blood sample, then she was allowed to get dressed again and sit on a chair. The doctor was supposed to hand out a form and handed it to her. "Here is the certificate from me that you are healthy enough to start your work. You will receive the results of the blood test by mail in the next few days, but I don't expect anything special to happen there. You are going upstairs to the ophthalmologist in a moment and I would also like you to stop by our orthopedist. You will sit a lot and the wrong sitting position is often a problem. My consultation hours help will announce you to the orthopedist right away."

The visit to the ophthalmologist went without any major problems, then she went on to the orthopedist. There, too, it was her turn after only a very short wait and the orthopedist wanted to have an X-ray taken of her. He therefore sent her to his employee, who directed Trixie to a dressing room and once again asked her to strip down to her underwear and take off all metal objects, such as watches. Trixie was glad that she had put the key for her slave collar in her purse. Nevertheless, of course, she had a problem: "Uhh. Hello, unfortunately I don't have any underwear on," she explained to the employee. She raised her eyebrows, shook her head and then went to a shelf, where she took out a patient's shirt and gave it to Trixie. With a bright red head and bare buttocks, Trixie then had the recordings made.

When Trixie came out of the medical center, it was already shortly before 5:00 p.m. She went back to the company where her car was parked and drove home.

Kapitel 19 Sulky

Over the next few days, Trixie's routine in the office began. She had been given a lot of freedom by her boss when it came to her office hours, but especially now at the beginning, she wanted to do her normal working hours in the office like any other employee. It also gave her the feeling of leaving the time in prison behind her a little more and finding her way back to a normal life, even if what happened in the shared apartment could not be called normal.

On the second day of her employment, she went to the head of the IT department and asked him if one of his employees could explain to her the existing system and the network associated with it. The head of the department had no objection and put one of his employees at her disposal. Over the next three days, she surfed through the whole system and asked a myriad of questions. When she once looked into an area and asked her new colleague what it was, he explained to her that it was older projects. She tried to open one of the files in the corresponding folder, but did not succeed. Her colleague then explained to her that these files were from times when a different operating system had been used. After a system change, the files had been saved, but the necessary programs no longer ran on the new operating system. Trixie made a short note and then moved on to the next area.

In the afternoon she looked at her notes again. She frowned, then leafed through an IT magazine that she had borrowed and after a short time found an emulator for the old operating system. She wrote a short e-mail to the IT department with the request to procure this emulator. There was another inquiry, but just two days later she was able to download the corresponding software from the manufacturer's download page. She installed the software, followed by the programs for editing the files she found in the company network. Finally, she called up one of the files and tried to understand how the project was structured. But she quickly realized that she still lacked a lot of detailed knowledge. She looked at a second project with the same result. She decided to look at the files again at a later date and delved back into her studies of the entire system.

On Thursday afternoon, Director Bergmann came to her briefly and asked her how she was getting on and if she had any urgent wishes. Trixie explained to him that she had started to look at the previous system. Director Bergmann was very satisfied with her approach. "Good, see you tomorrow at the department head meeting."

"Should I really come there," Trixie asked doubtfully. "I'm brand new and don't really have a real department, I'm just getting started. I don't want the other department heads to think I'm megalomaniac."

Director Bergmann, however, reassured her and told her not to worry about it. He would have explained to the other department heads what he was planning with Trixie and they agreed that she belonged in this group.

So it happened that she joined this round the following day. Each department head briefly explained the status of the ongoing work in his department. Questions were asked and Director Bergmann made some decisions. Trixie was the last in line. She explained that she would familiarize herself with the system and that she would like to sit in on the individual departments in the near future to get to know the working methods and programs.

"Then it's best to start with the project department," decided Director Bergmann. "I think they're going to have to spend at least the whole next week in the department to understand how we're going to do it there. I would also like you to set up a smaller server for development in your office as soon as possible. Tell the purchasing department what you need, and it will be procured."

In the evening of the same day, as every week, the meeting took place in the shared flat for the next weekend. Trixie had to help out in Antje's shop for two more weekends. Antje asked Trixie to put on her new pony dress that Saturday and show it off in the store.

"Do you have a sulky in the store," Trixie asked later, when the meeting was over and they gathered in the living room.

"Unfortunately, I can't serve with that," Antje explained. "That would also take up too much space in the store."

Siggi took Trixie aside. "You're up to something again," she whispered to Trixie. "What were you thinking about?"

"Well, I thought again about an action in favor of the sanctuary."

"The sanctuary has apparently grown close to her heart," Siggi judged.

"Yes," Trixie confessed. "I think it's great what is being done there. I like animals, especially dogs. They are planning a kind of retirement home for dogs whose owners have to give up their dogs for health reasons. But there is still a lack of initial capital. They can't get enough donations. I have spoken to some of the employees and almost all of them work for free. But why do you ask?"

"There is a light sulky in my workshop. You can remove the wheels with a few handles and then I can transport it in my bus."

"Can you do that? But please don't tell Antje about it yet, it's supposed to be a surprise."

"All right, but please promise me that you won't do anything stupid."

On Saturday morning, Siggi hurried up with her cleaning work and then disappeared under a pretext. She drove in her workshop, where she loaded the sulky and brought it to Antje's shop. She arrived there almost at the same time as Antje, Karin and Trixie. Antje made a stupid face when she saw what Siggi was unloading.

Trixie had previously given Siggi a plastic bag, from which she now took out a cardboard sign: "Donate to the sanctuary," it said in large letters. Underneath it was written: "for every donation over 20 euros, they are allowed to drive a lap around the block on the sulky."

Karin had to laugh out loud, while Antje shook her head and grinned. Sigggi whispered to Trixie: "I told you not to do anything stupid. Do you think it's going well?"

"I hope so. Please keep your fingers crossed for me."

Karin and Sigggi harnessed Trixie into the reassembled sulky. Antje brought a table from the shop and put one of the collection boxes on it. Next to it she put Trixie's sign and next to the table came an umbrella stand, in which Antje placed three light, long whips. Trixie looked at Antje questioningly. "If you want to pull the donors for the sanctuary around, they must also be able to drive you. I'm curious to see what your butt will look like this afternoon." Trixie had to swallow.

Barely 10 minutes later, the first 50 Euro note went into the collection box and a young woman climbed into the sulky, grabbed one of the whips and shouted "Go!". A small queue quickly formed with Antje's customers, all of whom wanted to take advantage of this offer. Trixie walked with the sulky to the next intersection, then she turned left onto the cross street, then through a one-way street and finally back to the shop, where the next sulky driver was already waiting.

After a good half hour, a patrol car suddenly appeared. Two police officers got out and looked at the sign. They also read the text on the collection box, then they consulted quietly before one of the policemen came to Antje. "The collection is okay," explained the policeman. "But have you registered this whole action here?"

Antje was a little embarrassed now. "Honestly, no. It was a spontaneous action by my acquaintances. Do we have to stop it?"

The policeman frowned, then went to his colleague. They spoke to each other again, then one of the two went to the patrol car and spoke into the radio. After a short time, two more patrol cars appeared and four police officers got out.

"Oh damn, that looks like trouble," Sigggi whispered to Karin.

The policeman who had spoken to Antje before came back to her. "So normally we would have to break off the whole thing here. But so far no one has complained here and they are lucky that there is little going on today. However, this cannot go on like this. If her colleague walks around with the sulky, it has to be secured, otherwise another misfortune will happen. I will take turns with my colleagues and regulate traffic at the intersections for a few hours. But this is only an exception. The next time you plan to do this, please register it properly. I can't say how long we can do that today. If we have an operation, we have to leave and they have to promise me that they will then cancel the event."

Antje was quite taken aback and hurried to promise the policeman that everything would be done the way he wanted. She thanked him for his kind help. Two of the policemen stopped at the table in front of Antje's shop while the others spread out to the intersections and started to stop the traffic accordingly every time Trixie passed there.

After 2 hours, Trixie was pretty exhausted and her butt was one big of welts. Karin had put on her pony dress in the meantime and offered Trixie to relieve her for a while. In the meantime, Beate was also in the shop after she had been called by Sigggi. She watched the spectacle, but she could only watch in amazement. Around half past one, Antje even had to exchange the

collection box for another one, because with the best will in the world, nothing could fit into the first collection box.

Around two o'clock they called it a day. They thanked the police for their help and drank another cup of coffee with them in the store. One of the policemen looked at Trixie's buttocks. "Phew," he commented, "I hope the result of their collection was worth it. You will have difficulties in the next few days when you sit down."

Trixie felt her buttocks. In fact, it really hurt and she thought that the policeman was probably right with his remark.

Together they then counted the money from the collection boxes. This time, almost 3,000 euros had been collected. Trixie explained to Antje what had been the reason for her action. When she heard this, she took her cheque-book out of her desk and wrote a cheque for the same amount. "So, it was doubly worth it," she explained.

Trixie was overjoyed, but in her eagerness she had forgotten that Antje was the mistress this weekend and as such of course wanted to have fun. She hoped that Antje had nothing planned as far as her buttocks concerned. Antje locked the shop and the friends drove back to the shared flat. When they came to their parking area in the underground car park, a dark van with black-tinted windows blocked the entrance. A driver was nowhere to be seen.

"What idiot has to stand here of all places," Beate scolded. Everyone got out and looked at the obstacle. But then Antje reached into her handbag and took out a car key.

"This, dear fellow sufferers, is our new van. After our last debacle, where we had to borrow a bus, I thought about it and I think we also need a way to be able to transport us all in a single car and, if possible, to have some luggage or other things with us. I've also come up with a few additional features that I'd like to show you right away. And since I'm the mistress at the moment, if we try some of it right away." Antje got into the car and drove it a little away from the garage door, then they opened the gate and they drove all the cars into their separate area. Antje parked the van so that they could examine it from all sides.

"You don't really need any clothes for the inspection of our new van and our first test," Antje explained. The others looked at each other briefly, then quickly undressed. All the clothes ended up in a big pile.

Antje first showed them the driver's seat, and they immediately saw that the bus was apparently very well equipped. Not only was there a good radio system with all the trimmings, but they noticed that there was both air conditioning and parking heater. Next to the driver's seat there was a bench for one or two passengers and Antje showed them that you could raise a dark tinted window behind the front seats. This window would then hide everything that happened in the back of the van from the public.

In the rear compartment there was seating for six passengers, drawers were attached under the seats and there was also space for a lot of luggage behind the seats. The friends sat down on the seats and found them very pleasant and comfortable.

"Don't get too comfortable," Antje said. She then showed them that the seat cushions and backrests could be removed in just a few simple steps. They placed the removed seat cushions in the luggage compartment. Underneath were wooden plates that could be turned over. Here Antje's imagination immediately showed itself. The upside-down wooden plates were

studded, each no thicker than a little finger and perhaps 2 centimeters long. These nubs would make sitting very uncomfortable. Straps were attached to the backrests and there were also eyelets everywhere to attach shackles to them. Now the friends had to sit on the seats and Antje took handcuffs and other shackles out of the drawers under the seats. Within a few minutes, the four "slaves" were condemned to immobility.

Antje got behind the wheel of the bus, opened the garage door with the remote control and in a few moments they were on the road. "I can tell you what's in store for you today," she called to the back. "One of my customers, Herbert - Karin, you know him - has been provided with a real stately residence by his father. So I would call this residence a castle. It was built in the second half of the nineteenth century. They are particularly proud of their water features there. And tomorrow evening there will be a concert there, with these fountains being performed in the background. Now there is a catch: these water features are fed from a reservoir that is a few hundred meters away from this castle and which is unfortunately empty at the moment. Our task will be to fill the reservoir. But you don't have to be afraid to run to the reservoir with buckets full of water from a small stream that flows by. We live in the century of technology and the builders of the castle have built a conveyor for the water. These are three large scoop wheels, each over 8 meters high. The lowest wheel draws the water from the small stream into a trough, which is a good 7 meters higher, then the second scoop wheel draws the water from this trough into the next higher trough and finally the last scoop wheel into the reservoir. And these scoop wheels are operated by someone walking around in them like in a hamster wheel. And that's us."

"So we're supposed to run around like hamsters in a wheel," Siggi asked. "And how long is that supposed to take?"

"Yes, that's what it boils down to," Antje explained. "I can't say exactly how long it will take. But I agreed with Herbert that we would finish tomorrow at 2:00 p.m. at the latest. But there are still a few smaller points so that we also get our money's worth."

"So tomorrow at two is the end of the day," said Beate. "And when do we start? At 8:00 a.m. tomorrow morning or at ten? Why are we going there now? And what are these smaller points so that we get our money's worth?"

"So we'll probably start at four o'clock today. Otherwise it's no fun. By then, we should be there and have prepared. Well, the smaller points aren't really that bad. So first of all, you don't have to walk alone in the council, but of course I also participate. Of course we are naked and we get a few shackles on. They make running harder, but they also bring some weight and that helps us to turn the wheels again. We will set up a kind of shift work, three of us are always in the bikes and two are resting. After an hour, one of us is relieved in the bike and can then rest for two hours. And so that we don't get bored, Herbert asked his wife to cheer us up with a whip and a few other gimmicks all the time."

"Oh, shit," Karin commented. Siggi just groaned loudly.

"Are you serious," Beate asked.

"You have to see this as an opportunity. We'll be in the dungeon next week, and we can really use some training beforehand. Herbert's wife won't hit so hard, I've agreed that with her. I know that at the moment this seems pretty heavy to you and if one of you wants to get out, I understand it. But of course that would mean that the others would have to work all the

harder." Antje knew, of course, that none of the others would drop out and leave her friends hanging. Nevertheless, it became very quiet in the car for a while.

When they approached the destination, it was shortly before 4:00 p.m. They drove into the courtyard of the castle, which everyone could only look at with amazement. In the courtyard, Herbert and his wife were already waiting at their car. Herbert came briefly to Antje at the driver's window and asked her to follow him and his car. The last part of the way led them through a forest until they stopped at a wooden building.

Antje stopped and opened the side door of the VW bus. She freed her friends from the shackles, with the help of Herbert's wife, who called herself Rosi. Herbert first showed them the chains they were to wear for the next few hours. In the meantime, Antje had also undressed and stood naked next to her friends. The chain sets consisted of a neck ring that was secured at the back with a padlock. A chain hung down to about the waist at the front, where a larger ring was embedded that ran around their tallia and to which handcuffs were attached on the sides. These handcuffs were also put on them and secured with locks. From there, the chain continued to the feet, where it split and ended in shackles. Each set weighed about four kilograms. They would only be able to take small steps that were not much longer than their feet. Trixie also got a heavy chain around her waist twice. When she asked what it was for, Herbert explained that she weighed much less than her friends and that the extra weight of the chains would be very helpful for the work.

Thus captivated, the five entered the building and looked at the construction. Everything in the building looked quite old but still in good shape and stable. The three scoop wheels were huge, but Herbert showed them that they were still relatively easy to turn. Karin was sent to the first scoop wheel, Trixie came to the middle and Antje climbed to the top wheel without any grumbling. Siggie and Beate were temporarily chained to the wall next to the first scoop wheel as a replacement. However, these chains were relatively long and they could reach a table on which drinks, sandwiches and fruit were arranged.

Rosi then ordered Karin to begin. Karin took a few steps and indeed the wheel began to turn. After she had done a few laps, there was also enough water in the first trough for Trixie to start her work and finally Antje could also get started in the top scoop wheel.

It was a tedious but boring job and the chains hindered her walking. It took them a few minutes to get the hang of it and stop tripping over the chains. Rosi went tirelessly from one floor to the other and cheered on the slaves. Everyone received a few light blows on the back, but they were not very violent and did not leave any welts. Nevertheless, the slaves knew that even these light blows would hurt quite a bit after a while.

Rosi had looked at the clock when they started their work and after 1 hour she came with Siggie to Karin so that she could relieve her. Siggie was already sweating wet when she came to Beate in the rest area. Beate looked at her friend briefly, then she told her that she should drink as much of the water as possible and also had to eat something, because there was still a very long time waiting for her. Hour after hour passed, and the slaves noticed how it was getting darker outside. But there was no rest at night either. The scoop wheels turned incessantly and brought more and more water into the reservoir.

Rosi had also come up with a few additional jokes, which she gradually applied to all slaves. At the beginning of her second shift, Trixie got a few smaller weights hung on the holes in her labia. With each step, the weights jerked a little and pulled the labia long. At the beginning of

her third shift, Rosi shoved a vibrating egg into her pussy for a change and closed the labia with small padlocks. The vibrating egg aroused Trixie and soon the juice ran down her thighs. She even got a slight orgasm that made her stumble. Luckily, Rosi was with her at the time and caught her.

When the sun rose again, the slaves knew that they had completed half of the agreed time. But they also noticed that they were slowing down and dragging themselves along more and more. Rosi decided not to come to the slaves with the whip, but to bring them something to drink and give them a few pieces of glucose so that they had more strength. She also shortened the times the slaves had to run and now changed the slaves every 40 minutes. Of course, this also shortened the rest periods somewhat. Gradually, everyone lost their sense of time.

Suddenly, a loud voice shouted "stop, end off". It was Herbert's voice and he looked at the clock. It was 2:00 in the afternoon. Antje, Karin and Beate, who were just in the wheels, sank exhausted to the ground. Herbert released Trixie and Siggi from their chains, which tied them to the wall, and also took the other chains from them. Trixie had rubbed herself a little sore on the chains she wore around her waist and she moaned. But then she pulled herself together and helped Herbert, together with Siggi and Rosi, to get the others out of the scoop wheels and free them from the chains. Everyone went outside and sat down on a small piece of lawn next to the building. Herbert went back into the building and they heard how suddenly an apparently quite powerful electric motor started working.

When Herbert came out, he smiled at her and said, "The reservoir is almost three-quarters full. My pump does the rest in half an hour. I hope you enjoyed it. If you want, we can do it again. Then you can also take a look at the trick fountains, but I don't think you're in the right shape for it today."

Chapter 20 Auctioned

everyone was happy when they arrived back home. When Antje drove into the underground car park, she had to wake up the others. Still exhausted, they took the elevator upstairs and went to their rooms. Trixie took a shower together with Siggi again and then they spent some time together in Siggi's bed.

Later they met again in the living room, but that evening neither of them felt the need for any more games. Antje suspected that there was no point in wanting to continue, the mistress Rolle handed over to Beate.

On Monday morning, Trixie went to the project department, where she turned to the department head, Mr. Hoffmeister. He was already waiting for her and smiled at her when she came to him at his desk in the open-plan office. "Good morning, Mrs. Hansen," he greeted her.

"Please call me Trixie," Trixie replied. "I always feel a little uncomfortable when I'm addressed so formally. Of course, this also applies to their employees."

Mr. Hoffmeister was pleasantly surprised. He knew that Trixie had a stone in the board with his boss, but she was polite and obviously didn't intend to show off her status as department head in any way. "I thought it would be best to give you the same instruction that we give our apprentices when they spend a while with us in the department. For us, this would be the easiest way and you can of course always ask questions or ask for additional explanations. Initially, Mr. Nolan will look after you for a day or two, and then you should watch other

colleagues for a while. Probably some things will seem like Bohemian villages to you at first, but that's how we all feel when we come to a new area. You will quickly notice that my employees even appreciate it if you ask more questions, because they also receive feedback and can also instruct you better."

Mr. Nolan was a small, somewhat chubby 40-year-old man with a bald head. He also greeted Trixie very kindly and offered her a chair. Over the next few hours, he gave her a first general overview of the department's activities. Trixie had expected the work in this department to be very complex, but she hadn't expected this scale.

Mr. Nolan chose a file from a few folders that concerned what he said was a smaller project.

"You call this a small project," Trixie said in amazement when she saw how many details this project encompassed. "What does a big project look like then?"

"If you want to see a big project, then you can be helped." Mr. Nolan chose a different file and Trixie saw that this project was many times larger than the one Mr. Nolan had initially chosen.

"As a precaution, I'll drag the two projects onto a USB stick for you. Then you can work with it later without having to access our data here. Of course, you have to promise me to keep everything strictly confidential. The smaller project, which we will start with anyway, I also have on another USB stick. We can smear around and make changes without running the risk of any change to the original data."

Over the next few hours, he explained to her how the individual components in this project belonged together. Trixie, of course, had a lot of questions, which he answered patiently. Nevertheless, she had the impression of standing where a giant mountain was. When he was told that, Mr. Nolan just laughed. "It's clear. If you had to explain your project to me, I'd be just like an ox in front of the mountain as you are now. You are the expert in your field, and we here are the experts in our field."

In the early afternoon, Trixie said goodbye to Mr. Nolan for the day and promised to be back the next morning with new questions. She took the USB stick with the two projects with her to her office, where she transferred the data to her computer and then tried to understand what she had heard.

It continued like this in the next few days, but gradually Trixie began to understand the systematics of the offers and the projects, at least roughly. All the staff in the project department were always friendly and she felt really welcome. The fact that she wore her collar with SLAVE on it was also not addressed by anyone in any way. She spoke to all the employees during this time, only once, when she came to a younger employee, Mr. Hoffmeister called her to him.

"Trixie, I told you you can talk to all the staff here. Of course, this includes Mr. Vossen, but to be honest, Mr. Vossen is not exactly a shining light. He started with us as an apprentice and barely managed the apprenticeship with a bang. Mr. Bergmann has nevertheless given him a fixed-term contract, but it expires in a few months. Mr. Vossen has been in various departments, but he has not particularly distinguished himself in any area. I suspect that his contract will not be renewed either. You are welcome to talk to him, but that might be a bit of a waste of time."

Trixie thanked him for the hint. She walked past Mr. Vossen's desk and nodded to him in a friendly way, but then turned to one of his colleagues who was sitting at the next table. But she decided to talk to Mr. Vossen on occasion. This colleague also helped her and showed Trixie what she was busy doing. When she left Trixie alone for a few minutes to do something, Mr. Vossen came to Trixie with some leaves and asked her if she could give him some advice. Trixie looked at the sheets and was amazed that it was a function written in SQL and was meant for querying and comparing different tables. She read through the whole function several times and although she herself worked in this computer language, she needed some time to understand the draft. Then she asked Mr. Vossen what he intended to do with it and what the problem was. He explained it to her and when she looked through his draft again, she couldn't find any mistake either. But he explained that his computer worked extremely slowly when he called this function. Trixie asked him if she could take the leaves with her so that she could analyze the problem and promised to bring him a possible solution in the next few days.

The employee with whom she had talked earlier came back and continued her explanations. Trixie only got around to dealing with the problem again in the evening. She noted down a few suggestions to structure the query differently and gave the sheets the next day to Mr. Vossen, who thanked her happily. After that, she continued to devote herself to the study of the individual projects.

The week went by way too fast and when Trixie thanked Mr. Hoffmeister for his kind help on Friday, she told him that she would probably come back to him again. But she was also a bit inattentive that day, because she was thinking about what was waiting for her and her friends this coming weekend: the dungeon.

On Saturday morning, Trixie drove to the store with Antje and Karin. Once there, the two put Trixie in a skin-tight black latex costume. They had agreed that Trixie would do her last assignment in the shop in this form, without any action, because in the afternoon the dungeon would be waiting for all members of the shared flat.

Beate and Siggi arrived at the shop with the van shortly before 2:00 in the afternoon. Antje closed the shop on time and the three of them also got into the van. After a little more than half an hour, they reached a moated castle, where, as Beate Trixie explained, the dungeon would take place. They parked the van and walked over a bridge into the moated castle. Beate headed purposefully towards an entrance and Trixie followed her together with the others. Beate knocked on the door once, and immediately she was opened and a woman of about 35 years greeted her: "Hello, hello. It's nice that you're here again. When you're there, it's almost a guarantee for a successful weekend. And that's your new girlfriend?"

"That's right, that's Trixie," Beate explained. "Trixie is of course here for the first time today and I hope we have good guards today. Is there anyone who has a little more experience with novices?"

"Yes, it would be best if Helga took care of Trixie. She's probably done it six or eight times. Come along, you know the whole thing. Just go to the changing room and take off your clothes. I'll come with Helga to put you in chains. We still have a good 20 minutes until the tour begins."

Beate and Antje went ahead and soon she came to a relatively small room in which there was a large chest of drawers and where some coat hooks were attached to the wall. Everyone

immediately started undressing and hanging their clothes on the hooks. Trixie followed the example of the others and in barely 2 minutes everyone was naked. "By the way, Trixie, that was Simone just now," Antje explained. "It mainly has to do with the organization. If necessary, she also steps in as a guard, but most of the time she manages to organize enough guards. Next week, the four of us will definitely be here as guards, so you can spend a quiet weekend because you don't have enough experience for the job."

At that moment, Simone and another woman, who introduced Simone as Helga, came into the room. They opened the chest of drawers and Trixie saw for the first time what she would be equipped with in the next few hours. The equipment was strongly reminiscent of the clothes they had worn the previous weekend, only they were much heavier. First, each of them was fitted with a very heavy neck iron with a lock. Heavy handcuffs dangled from short chains at the back of his neck. The two guards brought the arms behind the friends' backs and put the heavy handcuffs around their wrists so that they were in a "reverse prayer" position. Finally, the friends were fitted with heavy leg irons, which were also equipped with locks.

So impressed, the two guards took the five into a small hall, where two similarly equipped slaves were already waiting. In addition, six other women were already gathered in this hall. The now seven slaves lined up in a row and Simone came with a small bucket, from which she drew a ball for each of the slaves one after the other. There were numbers on these balls and they had to line up in that order. Only with Trixie an exception was made, she came to the end of the series.

The slaves now had to stand on a pedestal. When they had taken their places, the guards came and put a spreader bar between the foot bars on each of them's feet, so that they had to stand with their legs apart. In doing so, they gave a view of their pubic regions. Afterwards, Simone clapped her hands once and shouted: "The tour can begin! Let the bidders come in!"

A door opened and a group of men and women entered the room. They were the bidders, nine individual men, three individual women and three couples. Trixie recognized some of the bidders because she had seen them before in Antje's shop. Everyone now began to walk back and forth between the slaves and to look at them extensively. Meanwhile, the guards walked around among the bidders with trays containing drinks and snacks. The slaves had to turn back and forth, which was not easy with the spreader bars, they had to lean forward and the bidders also grabbed their breasts or between the legs more than once. Each slave was commented on extensively. Trixie was not the only one of the slaves who already got quite wet during the viewing.

After the bidders had had enough time to look at the slaves, Simone said aloud: "Then we can start the auction. As you know, the minimum bid is 2000 euros. Today we have a novice with us, who will be the last to be auctioned. Please note that, as always, there are restrictions on the use of this novice. We start with number 1, our slave Siggi, whom some of you certainly have fond memories of. Please their bids!"

The bids came in quick succession and only stopped when the highest bid was 5500 euros. "Is there another commandment," Simone asked. When no further bid was submitted, she said: "sold for 5500 euros! Siggi, where can I transfer the purchase price?"

Siggi grinned, because she and the other flatmates except Trixie had agreed: "The money goes to the sanctuary." Siggi's buyer, a man of about 40 years old, came to Simone and handed her

his credit card. The transaction was processed quickly, while Trixie stood at the end of the row with her mouth open and looked over at Siggie.

The next slave to be auctioned off was one of the other two that had already arrived in the dungeon earlier. It was auctioned for 4500 euros, with the proceeds being transferred to the Cancer Aid. Then it was Karin's turn, of whom the bidders knew that she was very resilient. Therefore, no one was surprised that almost 8000 euros were offered to her. She also asked for the money to be transferred to the sanctuary. Beate was auctioned off for 6000 euros, then it was the turn of the second slave who did not belong to the shared flat and who only reached a relatively meagre 4000 euros. Finally, it was Antje's turn, who was sold almost as expensive as Beate and for whom the hammer price was 5900 euros. Both Beate and Antje had the proceeds of the sale transferred to the sanctuary as agreed. In all of them, the transactions were processed just as quickly as the first one.

"Now we come to the auction of our novice," Simone announced. "I repeat once again that there are restrictions on use. What are their commandments?"

Trixie watched as the bids placed for her came thick and fast. They quickly rose to 4000, then to 6000 euros, and suddenly a voice from far back in the hall said: "10,000 euros"

Immediately it became quiet in the room. Simone said, "Would you please repeat that?"

"I said 10,000 euros," said the husband of a younger couple. He came forward with the woman accompanying them, while the other bidders made room for him.

"More bids," Simone asked. "No? Then sold for 10,000 euros. I would like to say that this is the highest bid we have achieved at the auction this year. And never before has a novice been auctioned off for such an amount. Congratulations, Trixie!"

After the transaction was completed, the bidders who did not get their turn left the room and went to their cars disappointed. The winners of the auctions then picked up the slaves they had bought at auction. The spreader bars between the leg irons were replaced by short chains and the neck bars were connected with lead lines. Then the buyers took their slaves to different rooms prepared for the following games. The guards followed the slaves into these rooms.

When Trixie entered the room, she knew how to look around first. In the room was a large bed, a table with several chairs and several cupboards. Whips and various other implements hung on the wall, stood on shelves or leaned against the wall. In one corner of the room stood an armchair on which Helga sat down.

"I'm Dieter, that's my wife and slave Doris. And you're Trixie, as we've heard. But you will address us as "master" and "mistress" and we will address you as "slave" or "piece of dirt" or something like that. Did you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," Trixie replied with presence of mind. She hesitated for a moment, then she got down on her knees before the Lord and bowed her head.

"I am impressed," the Lord declared. He went to the wall and stripped down to his underpants. His wife followed his example, but she was not wearing underwear. The gentleman pulled his penis out of his underpants and came back to Trixie. "Are you looking forward to it?" he asked.

Trixie could well imagine what her role was. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and stuck out her tongue. It wasn't the first time she'd had a penis in her mouth, one of her friends would have liked to. The gentleman put his penis, which was still half flaccid, into her mouth and Trixie immediately began to suck it and squeeze it with her tongue. It didn't take long for the now stiff member to empty into her. But the gentleman did not withdraw the penis, but waited, then he smiled and a warm liquid flowed into Trixie's throat. She realized that the man was pissing in her mouth. She thought it was disgusting, but she thought it could have been worse. In addition, she had already talked to Beate about this topic when she had just come into the shared flat and knew that something like this was not unusual in these circles and did not pose any danger.

Chapter 21 in the Dungeon

Then the mistress came to Trixie and led her to the bed. There Trixie had to lie on her back, all fours stretched far away from her. The gentleman and mistress got ropes from one of the cupboards and tied Trixie to the bed in this position. The mistress shoved a pillow under Trixie's head and climbed onto the bed herself. She knelt over Trixie so that her pubic area was right in front of Trixie's mouth and Trixie could begin to pleasure her with her tongue.

Then Trixie felt that the Lord was also tampering with her. He first dealt with Trixie's left foot, which he licked and massaged and squeezed at the same time. He put her toes in his mouth and sucked on them. He licked the soles of her feet, which tickled eerily. Finally, he switched to her right foot, where he repeated the treatment. The feeling was completely new for Trixie, no one had ever been so concerned with her feet. It was erotic and she noticed that she was getting wet in her crotch.

The gentleman worked his way up Trixie's right leg, licking it and feeling every centimeter. Eventually, he approached Trixie's crotch, but before he reached it, he switched back to Trixie's left foot, this time starting the ascent from there.

At the same time, Trixie worked on the mistress's pussy. She found an incredibly moist cave for her tongue to penetrate. She played with the labia, bit them playfully and pulled them down, sucking. The mistress cheered her on, demanding more and more, while she herself played with Trixie's tiny breasts, pinched her nipples and massaged her narrow upper body. Finally, Trixie managed to give the mistress an orgasm. She felt the mistress freeze and then slowly relax with a pleasurable grunt.

Both Lord and Mistress let go of Trixie, the Mistress got off the bed and the Lord went to Helga to talk to her. Helga made a short phone call, then everyone waited a few minutes. Trixie was still tied up. She asked for something to drink and the mistress came with a champagne goblet and gave Trixie some of the champagne to drink. Actually, Trixie would have preferred pure water, but the champagne didn't taste bad either.

Then two young women in maid dress entered the room. They brought several trays with them, which they first placed on the bed next to Trixie. Now they began to decorate Trixie's body with the food. They created a work of art made of sausage and fish, salads, cream and ketchup. Trixie could only see this to a limited extent, as she couldn't lift her head high enough without destroying the whole thing. But Helga came with a hand mirror and showed Trixie the work of art. When it was finished, the mistress lay down on the bed to the right of Trixie and the gentleman on the other side. Between Trixie's legs was a small basket of bread

and the two began their dinner directly from Trixie's body. From time to time, they also fed Trixie, who found this situation bizarre, but not unpleasant.

Even during the meal, the gentlemen felt Trixie's body, which seemed even more slender than it already was due to the shackling in the widely spread position. The costal arch and hip bones protruded and every single rib was clearly visible. The gentleman let his fingers glide over his ribs again and again. Instead, the mistress turned especially to the only slightly hairy mons venus. She ran her hand over it and then her fingers penetrated Trixie. However, they did not allow Trixie to come. Trixie's lust built up very slowly more and more. The maids had placed a portion of poultry salad directly on Trixie's navel and when it was eaten, the gentleman licked Trixie's belly clean.

After dinner, the gentleman and mistress disappeared and when Trixie, who was still tied up on the bed, asked, Helga said that the two were probably in the bathroom. Trixie would have liked to accompany her because she felt greasy. But Helga explained that the gentlemen wanted Trixie just as well.

Finally they came back and freed Trixie from the situation. Trixie asked to be allowed to use the toilet, which she was granted. But to their horror, the Lord accompanied them. She was also not allowed to sit on the toilet, but had to stand over it with her legs apart, put her arms back and defecate in this way. Trixie was incredibly embarrassed to be watched like this and it took her a while to relax and empty the bladder. But the gentleman only laughed when he watched Trixie's embarrassment.

Then they went back to the room, where the mistress had made other preparations in the meantime. Two ropes hung from the ceiling, at the ends of which hung leather hand cuffs. The mistress put the leather cuffs on Trixie, then the gentleman pulled Trixie up with the ropes until she lost her footing. In addition, Trixie also got a spreader bar with leather cuffs between her legs. The mistress took small weights and hooks from a cupboard, which she attached to the holes of the piercings in Trixie's labia. Trixie's body was tense, every bone was clearly visible and she soon started to sweat.

The mistress took a whip from one of the cupboards and showed it to Trixie. Trixie recognized a nine-tailed cat, as she had already used it in the shared apartment. Finally, the mistress stepped behind Trixie and a few moments later the first blow landed on Trixie's skinny back. Trixie screamed and the blow went through her whole body, which he threw forward. The small weights tugged at her labia. The pain was severe, but after the third blow, Trixie perceived something else besides the pain. It was a feeling she couldn't have described at first, a mixture of electric shock, but soothing and lust-inducing like a massage. Trixie noticed that she was getting wetter and wetter, that her pubic area answered every blow with a cramp.

Then Helga intervened. "That was 15 strokes now. Trixie is a novice, that's enough."

But Trixie hadn't had enough. "Don't stop!" she squeezed out between her teeth, "I need more! Please!"

Helge hesitated, but finally she nodded to the mistress. She continued to strike hard, but took more time between the individual blows. After the 23rd blow, Trixie tore wildly at the ropes, screamed loudly and an orgasm like she had never experienced before went through her. Afterwards she hung exhausted, wet with sweat and happy on the ropes.

Together, the gentlemen took Trixie down and the Lord carried her to bed in his arms. Both lay down next to Trixie, who lay there like in a sandwich. The mistress stroked the welts she had caused, while the master let his hands slide over Trixie's body again. It didn't take long for all three to fall asleep. Helga also leaned back in her chair and fell asleep.

When they woke up the next morning, Helga led them to another room one floor below, where there was a whirlpool into which they climbed together. They enjoyed the hot water and especially Trixie found it pleasant to be really clean again. Afterwards they had breakfast together, with Helga taking part this time.

Helga also brought a cream, which the mistress massaged into Trixie's back. The gentleman watched the two while he sat half lying in an armchair. When the mistress clapped her hands on Trixie's shoulders with a "Ready!", she stood up and walked over to the gentleman. She knelt down in front of him and he spread his legs. Trixie slid between her legs and grabbed his penis, which was not yet fully erect. She put it in her mouth and in no time it was hard as iron. Trixie did her best, sucked and massaged the member until the Lord unloaded into her.

Finally, the three of them lay down on the bed again and cuddled together until Helga announced that the time would soon be over. The gentlemen got dressed and then said goodbye to Trixie. They emphasized how pleased they were with that night and Trixie replied that she had enjoyed it too and thanked them for the new experience.

Helga took Trixie to the locker room, where Karin was already waiting. She asked Trixie how it was and was happy that she had liked it.

"And how was it with you," Trixie inquired.

"Also very, very satisfying. But Beate will scold again," said Karin.

"Why," Trixie asked.

Karin turned around and showed Trixie her back. Trixie was startled. Karin's back was covered with welts from neck to bottom, some of them had also burst open. "Beate always gets far too upset. Well, she will sew a few places, but what counts is what I feel. And I'm completely satisfied. Every now and then I just need that."

Little by little, the others came. As Karin had already suspected, Beate scolded, then she took some bandages out of her handbag, because she had already expected that she would need it for Karin. Trixie learned that the others were also happy with the night, although none of them told what exactly had happened. Everyone got dressed and when they said goodbye, Simone gave Antje five envelopes.

When they were back in the car, Antje handed out the envelopes with their names on them. "What's that," Trixie asked.

"That's our tip," Siggi explained. "The proceeds of the auction will go directly to the places we have indicated. So these days the sanctuary receives over 34 thousand euros, always with the note of how much from whom. But the tip is for us, each of us treats ourselves to something nice from it." She opened her envelope and took out 500 euros. "Hmmm. That should be enough for my new boots."

Karin even found 750 euros in her envelope, which she wanted to put into a Tens device. Beate explained to Trixie that she wanted to add her 500 euros to a fund that was intended for

Gaby when she got out of prison. Beate opened Antje's envelope because she was at the wheel and pulled out 600 euros.

"I'm going to invite my friends to the musical. In the..."

"Starlight Express, Starlight Express" was played by a four-part choir. Everyone laughed, only Trixie was surprised.

"Don't tell me anything," she said.

"A musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber, has been running in Bochum for a thousand years. Totally crazy. All the actors on roller skates, great music. We have been there 5 or 6 times. You'll like it."

Trixie held her envelope in her hands. Then she gave it to Beate and asked her to open it for her. She herself closed her eyes and held her hands in front of her face. She heard Beate tear open the envelope, then it was strangely quiet in the carriage. Then Siggie just said, "Wow!"

Trixie peered through her fingers. "That's 2000 euros," Beate whispered. She counted again, then confirmed: "Two thousand. No one of us has ever collected so much."

She gave the money to Trixie, who stared at it in amazement. "Congratulations," Karin said. "What are you going to do with it?"

Trixie had to swallow. She thought about it, then a grin crossed her face. "I'll be honest with that. My lawyer gets just under 1,900 euros and from the rest I invite my best friends to a giant ice cream!"

Chapter 22 The Gear

Although Trixie's back hurt quite a bit, that was of course no excuse not to go to work the following morning. But Beate had smeared her back with an ointment in the morning and given her a painkiller. She had also given Trixie another pill to take around noon.

That morning she reported to the head of the department, a Mr. Schmidt, who was already waiting for her in the design department. He introduced her to the employees of his department and finally handed her over to one of his employees, Mr. Steffen, who was to explain the first basics to her. Trixie had already seen the previous week how complex the systems were that were manufactured in this company. But now she was surprised to find that the individual components of these systems were each much more complex than she had expected. Devices that were added to a project in the project department with just a few mouse clicks often consisted of countless, sometimes tiny individual parts.

Mr. Steffen showed her this with various examples, and let the construction drawings come to life in individual simulations. Trixie could have watched these simulations for hours.

Shortly before the lunch break, Trixie received a call from Mr. Häfner, the head of purchasing. "Hello Mrs. Hansen, yes, I know, so hello Trixie. Our director said in the last department head meeting that they need a server for an Oracle system. I had a visit from our computer supplier this morning and mentioned in passing that we would soon request such a system from him. Now he just called me back and made me a great offer. Apparently, their test department has implemented a feasibility study that was about exactly such a system. It seems that this is quite a power piece. I'll just say, two Xenon 2679 processors, two 128 gigabytes, a Raid-5 system with SSDs and a few other little things. Even an Oracle version for 99 users is already installed. We can get the system for testing purposes for at least one year. It doesn't cost us a cent, the supplier just wants a few evaluations every month to assess the performance."

For Trixie, the whole thing sounded very tempting. That's why she said, "I wouldn't mind. Don't we have to ask Director Bergmann about that?"

"No, we don't have to pay anything for it. But we should at least mention it in the next department head meeting."

"And what's the delivery time," Trixie inquired.

Trixie heard a giggle from the receiver. "That's the best thing about it. What do you think of the day after tomorrow?"

Trixie was thrilled. She hadn't expected it so quickly. She agreed that she would be notified immediately when the device arrived. Mr. Häfner also mentioned that a technician would probably also come along to monitor the installation. Then Trixie devoted herself again to getting to know the design department.

Around the same time, a customer entered Antje's store. Antje greeted her with a smile: "Hello Doris. How was your weekend?"

"Absolute madness. Your Trixie is a cracker. I mean, as she hung there, you could see and feel every bone in her body. And then her willpower. I hit a few times with full force, but if you think she once begged for mercy, no. With every blow you could see how it went through her whole body. Even when Helga said that it was enough, she didn't care and asked for more."

If she is already so intense after barely two months that she has been with you now, then I don't want to know what will happen in one or two years. I think she will even outshine Karin, albeit in a slightly different way. I mean, less focused on pain, but it's completely lost in lifestyle."

"I'm glad you liked it so much," Antje replied. She took a thick envelope out of her purse and handed it to Doris. She pocketed him without looking inside. Then Doris chose a whip before she paid and left the store again.

"Tell me, what was that just now," asked Karin, who came from her workshop to the front of the shop. "What was there in the envelope you gave Doris?"

Antje turned around. She grinned at Karin. "You know we're here in Cologne? Quite far in the west of Germany?"

Now Karin was taken aback. "And what's the point?"

"In the West, it's never good when one knows too much," Antje said, leaving her friend standing in amazement.

Meanwhile, Trixie continued to work in the design department. She was shown various programs and was deeply impressed by the dexterity of her colleagues.

Two days later, she was called to her office in the morning, where a technician from the computer supplier was waiting for her with the new server. He showed her the configuration and explained in particular the elaborate safety equipment. The system was even equipped with a fingerprint scanner, without which various functions, such as the erase function, could not be used. Trixie then went back to the design department, but later in the day she took some time to look at the server.

She was tempted to try out how fast he was. When she looked at the clock, she noticed that in a quarter of an hour it would be closing time in most departments. On the spur of the moment, she typed in a few commands, started a monitoring program, and commanded the computer to copy the entire contents of the company's main server to its own raid system. She expected it to last at least the whole night, but since there would be hardly anyone left in the house, the internal network would easily be able to handle the load.

In fact, the next morning she found out that the new server had completed the task in just under 4 hours and that the new raid system was only 40% occupied. She briefly considered whether she should delete everything immediately, but then she decided to wait. She was also in a bit of a hurry, because Mr. Steffen had promised to explain one of the construction programs to her in more detail.

She spent the next few hours constructing a gear in this design program with the help of Mr. Steffen. Before that moment, she would never have thought that even the construction of a gear wheel could be so complicated. But Mr. Steffen was very patient and showed her every step. Gradually she understood everything and when they were done with the cogwheel, she was really happy about it.

Mr. Steffen only glanced at the clock: "So now it's just before eleven." He pressed a button and the construction disappeared from the screen. "You now have time until, say, one o'clock in the afternoon. You start all over again and you should be done by one. If you can do that,

around 1:30 a.m. the ice cream truck will be out there," he pointed to the window facing the street, "then I'll give you a giant ice cream. If you don't make it, you pay."

Trixie laughed. She loved such a challenge. She threw herself eagerly into the task, but after half an hour she sensed that she had little chance. She tried again and again to recall the individual work steps she had previously carried out under Mr. Steffen's guidance. But in many cases it took her several attempts before something worked.

When Mr. Steffen actually came at one o'clock to see how far she was, the cogwheel was only half finished. He then sat down next to her and helped her with the further steps. All of a sudden, everything worked like clockwork. When shortly after 1:30 a.m. a bell rang from outside, signaling the arrival of the ice cream truck, the cogwheel was ready. Trixie took her wallet and fetched two large portions from the ice cream truck for Mr. Steffen and for herself.

"I never thought it would still be so hard," she explained while spooning her ice cream.

"Well, if it were that easy, I could look for a new job next week," Mr. Steffen replied. He did not mention that most of the apprentices with whom he had taken the same test had taken much longer to do so. Then, in the course of the afternoon, he showed her more tricks with this construction program. Shortly before closing time, a worker in a green jumpsuit came into the office and placed a small brown cardboard box on the table in front of Trixie. Trixie looked at him in amazement, but the man just said "You're welcome" and left the office again.

Trixie looked questioningly at Mr. Steffen, who asked her to open the cardboard box. When she did, there was a stainless steel gear in front of her, shiny and flawless. "Is that the cogwheel I constructed with your help this afternoon?"

"I added a tiny thing when you got the ice cream," Mr. Steffen explained. He pointed to a spot on the cogwheel. Trixie had to look closely to see it. It was engraved: "Trixie" and today's date.

"This gets a place of honor in my office," Trixie explained. She hugged Mr. Steffen and thanked him for his patience. In the evening, however, she took the cogwheel home with her, where she would show it to her friends.

In the shared apartment, she was once again bubbling over with enthusiasm. Beate and Siggi, who were already at home, put up with it. Beate locked Siggi and Trixie naked and in chains in the cages in the living room, while she herself sat down on the sofa and watched the news. Together they waited for Antje and Karin to come out of the store.

When the doorbell rang, Beate went to the door opener and saw a young woman on the screen. Beate asked her what she wanted and talked to her for a short moment. Then she came into the living room. "You, Trixie, there's someone at the door. A Natalie, she wants to see you. Do you know them?"

Trixie thought for a moment, then she said no. "Did she say what she wants from me?"

"No, she didn't. She is a bit strange and has a strong accent. Apparently a foreigner, I would say from England."

Now Trixie screamed loudly: "Natalie! This is Mortimer's daughter. You know, Antje's financial advisor from London. Quick, let me out!"

Beate opened Trixie's cage and she rushed to the door, still naked and in chains. She looked at the screen and sure enough, there was Natalie, whom she had met in London. Trixie pressed her nose on the door opener and shortly afterwards Natalie was standing in the hallway of the shared apartment. She hugged Trixie, and Trixie would have liked to return the hug, but the chains that bound her arms behind her back didn't allow it.

"What are you doing here," Trixie asked.

Natalie first greeted Beate, then she said: "I just wanted to visit you and see how you are doing. Besides, I have to think about some things in peace and could use a friend with whom I can talk about everything."

Beate took her small suitcase from her and put it in the hallway. Then she and Trixie brought Natalie into the living room. Natalie thought it was great that Trixie actually walked around naked and in chains at home. Trixie had told her that, but Natalie hadn't quite believed it. When she also saw the naked Siggie in the cage, she stood there with her mouth open and looked at the picture that presented itself to her.

Without a moment's hesitation, she tore her clothes off her body and knelt on the floor. She put her hands behind her back and lowered her eyes.

Chapter 23 Visit

About half an hour later, Antje and Karin came out of the store. Karin was once again naked except for a few chains and Antje had transported them in the trunk of her car.

When they came into the apartment, they immediately saw Natalie's suitcase, which was still standing in the hallway. Beate came out of the living room. "Hello you two. How was your day?"

Antje answered: "As usual. And with you?" She pointed to the suitcase and looked at Beate questioningly.

"We have visitors," Beate explained, "And I'm not sure you'll be thrilled about it."

Together they went into the living room, where all three cages were now occupied by naked young women. Antje's eyes widened when she recognized Natalie. "Hello Natalie, what are you doing here?"

Beate explained: "As I understand it, she ran away from home. She probably had a lot of stress with her parents. But I haven't really understood what exactly it's all about."

"Mistress Antje, I have not run away," cried Natalie. "I'm over 21! I can come and go as I please."

"That's true, of course," said Antje. "But as far as I know, you still live at home, and go to a law school in London. Of course, you can come and go as you please. But your parents are still worried about you. And your father is one of my most important confidants. Apart from that, I'm not a mistress. At the moment, Beate is the mistress and I'm a slave."

"But in London you were Trixie's mistress," Natalie objected.

Now Trixie intervened. "I explained to you that the role of the mistress rotates. But we had special appointments last weekend and also the next, so everything shifted a bit."

Beate had to put her foot down now. "I think you're all coming out of the cages now. Antje, you can go undress and freshen up. Natalie, Trixie will show you the guest room. Then we'll meet here again in ten minutes and Natalie will explain everything to us from the beginning and very calmly."

When everyone was back in the living room, all naked except Beate, they sat around the table. "First of all, something in advance, Natalie. We are all on first-name terms here, even the respective mistress is on a first-name basis. So no formalities. And now explain to us what's going on."

Natalie cleared her throat, then she began: "Well, of course it's true that I still live at home. I also get pocket money from my parents as long as I don't earn anything yet. I have been going to law school for more than two years now and am to be trained as a lawyer there. But that's not really what I want to do. Yes, I admit, at first that was my wish, but that has changed. Always sitting over some files all day is not for me. I want to deal with people, and I want to help these people. I thought about whether I shouldn't train as a nurse instead. Or social worker. But mother is against it. Dad asked me if I wanted to become a doctor, but with my grades, it's not easy to get a place at university. I could study abroad, Austria or Hungary. But that takes too long for me. I can't discuss this with my friends in England, they just roll their eyes. They are like that...."

"And you thought you'd come here and talk to Trixie above all?" asked Antje.

"I'm not such a good advisor," Trixie interjected. "Look at what my expertise has brought me: three years in prison."

"But you've learned from your mistakes," Natalie shouted. "My father has a lot of respect for you. He says that if someone learns from their mistakes and starts a whole new life, you can learn from them."

"That's why we like Trixie. And because she is so determined to overcome any challenge," Beate explained. "Trixie won't let herself be brought down. If you want to talk to her extensively, you might not have been able to pick a better weekend because the rest of us have an appointment that weekend while Trixie is actually free. But I think we should at least call your father and tell him that you're fine."

"I think so too," said Karin. "The best thing to do is to talk to him."

"Please don't," Natalie asked. "If he hears that I'm here, he'll sit on the next plane to here and then show up here!"

Now Antje became thoughtful. Of course, that was a completely normal reaction. "I'll talk to him. We have to tell him that you are here and that you need some time. I think he'll have something against it at first, but he's sensible enough to see what's best."

Hesitantly, Natalie gave in. Antje got her cell phone and called London. Mortimer was immediately on the line. The others listened to Antje. She was very calm as always, but she still had to repeat herself often. But slowly Mortimer relaxed a little and promised to stay at home for the time being.

"Good, then that would be settled," Beate said after the phone call was over. "But what happens now? We should first welcome Natalie as a guest. Trixie and the rest of us have to go to work tomorrow. Would you like to see Cologne or what do you think about going to the

store with Antje and Karin tomorrow? You can help sell or serve as a model. And Trixie can think tomorrow about what you two will do on the weekend, so that you don't just sit here and sink into an endless discussion. Maybe you could go somewhere, relax, then I'm sure you'll find a solution. And you can rely on us to support you as best we can."

"You're really nice," Natalie said.

They all went to the kitchen together for dinner. As always, they discussed the day's events. Trixie showed them the gear, which of course everyone dutifully admired.

Afterwards, they treated themselves to a few drinks in the living room until they went to bed one after the other. In the end, only Trixie and Natalie remained. Trixie also wanted to go to bed. "May I sleep with you tonight," Natalie begged.

Trixie hesitated for a moment, but she realized that Natalie needed her closeness. So she agreed and they went to Trixie's room together. There, Natalie snuggled up to Trixie in bed and they slept tightly embraced.

At the meeting the following Friday, Natalie sat at the table, but of course only listened. Of course, it was also about the appointment in the dungeon, where they were to act as guards that weekend. Natalie asked what it was all about, but Trixie promised to explain it to her the next day.

"I will probably go to the sanctuary with Natalie," Trixie explained. "And then I thought about visiting Burgers Zoo in Arnhem. It's supposed to be great and we'll have plenty of time to talk on the way there."

"Good idea," Siggi said. "But why don't you stay there overnight and don't come back until Sunday afternoon. Why don't you go to a nice hotel, eat something delicious or go to a disco? You have your credit card, Trixie, you can use it to pay for it."

Trixie hesitated, but the others encouraged her to do so. Finally, she looked questioningly at Natalie, who smiled brightly and nodded at her. Later, Antje went on the internet and reserved a room in a good hotel, because she was afraid that Trixie wouldn't dare to check into a slightly more expensive hotel.

On Saturday morning, the usual cleaning service began again. Natalie was amazed that Antje took part like everyone else, because her father had told her that she was so rich. But Antje just waved it off and finally shoed Trixie and Natalie out of the apartment.

First they drove to the sanctuary. On the way, Trixie told what the dungeon was all about and that they had arranged a nice donation in this way. "Weren't you afraid when you were auctioned," Natalie wanted to know from Trixie.

"Of course I was nervous. And how. But the others have done this several times and I relied on them not to let me do anything stupid. And in the end it was really cool. I never thought I could come just because I would be whipped violently. That was completely new to me."

They were greeted very warmly at the sanctuary. Trixie showed Natalie around and showed her the stables and the pastures. Then she had a long conversation with the director of the sanctuary. The conversation lasted quite a long time, but in the end Trixie was satisfied with the result. Then they set off in the direction of Arnhem.

Now Natalie had the opportunity to explain the problem to her friend. Natalie's parents, like all parents, wanted the best for her, Natalie saw that too. But a career as a star lawyer or as an asset manager like her father just wasn't what she wanted. And marrying a wealthy man, as her mother had in mind, was out of the question.

Trixie then asked about Natalie's ideas. But at some point she realized that Natalie knew more about what she didn't want and little about what she wanted herself. But it became apparent that she attached great importance to contact with other people and that she wanted to do something to help the underprivileged, as she called them.

They talked about it for hours, even when they walked through the zoo later and even in the evening. At dessert, Trixie had ordered both Crepes Suzette for her, Trixie had an idea.

"Tell me, did you ever think the other way around," she asked Natalie.

"What, the other way around?"

"Yes, what if you fulfilled your parents' wish and finished your studies?"

"And then?"

"Well, when I think back to the time in prison, we often sat together and talked about many things. But what struck me was that although there were many offers of help for prisoners and their families or even for welfare recipients, they were rarely accepted. Either because people didn't know about it, or because they were too proud and sometimes because they gave up at the first resistance to the authorities. There are certainly organizations in your country that are committed to such people and that also support them with legal advice. Couldn't something like that be an option for you?"

Now Natalie began to ponder. "Surely we have something like that. I haven't even thought of this possibility yet. That would perhaps also be satisfying. But I have to think about it. I can't say anything about it so quickly. Mom would probably be thrilled, she would walk around with a halo." Both had to laugh now.

"And your father," Trixie asked?

"He might like it too. He is happy every time he can somehow get a subsidy from the bigwigs. Or reduce the tax. Comes out the same."

They talked for a while, then went to their room. Trixie took a few handcuffs out of her travel bag and showed them to Natalie. She grinned and they both took off their clothes completely, with Trixie noticing that her friend had also given up underwear. They lay down on the bed together and hugged each other. They put on the handcuffs and fixed themselves in the embrace. That's how they spent that night.

In the morning, Trixie released the handcuffs and after breakfast they went to the wellness area of the hotel. They first went to the sauna, then they had a massage. Natalie was much more relaxed by now and Trixie was sure that her friend had found a way for her future.

In the early afternoon, they drove back to Cologne, where the others were already waiting for them in the shared flat. Natalie told how she imagined her future now. Even though there were no concrete plans yet, she still had a good feeling. She called her father and promised him that she would return to London the following Monday. Mortimer let Antje give him

again and thanked her for her help and patience. Karin offered to drive Natalie to the airport in the morning.

But Natalie still had something on her mind. "I have seen here how harmoniously you live together here. Do you think that it is possible that I will come to you from time to time, sometimes longer, maybe three or four weeks. Maybe during the semester break. And of course only as a slave. I will then also follow all the orders of the respective mistress. And if you play tricks on me like you did with Trixie, then that's OK too."

The five looked at each other without saying a word. Each nodded barely noticeably, then Trixie announced, "Of course you're welcome. That's not a problem. The guest room is usually free, otherwise we will find another option. We can also accommodate you here in one of the cages. And maybe one of us will visit you in London. In any case, I would definitely want to see the city more. Then you can show me the real London, not just that for the tourists."

The rest of the day went by much too quickly for everyone. At some point Karin went to her room in between and came back after a few minutes. She had an iron collar with her, which she put around Natalie's neck. "This is supposed to be a sign to you that you are welcome to us," she explained and secured the collar with a lock. She put the key in a padded envelope and had Antje write Natalie's address on it. She held up the envelope: "So, you'll get it by mail in the next few days. But I don't know how long it takes a letter from here to England."

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Natalie looked at the envelope in amazement. "And how am I supposed to go through the control at the airport?"

"I don't know," Karin said. And Trixie added: "If you want, I also have a spare plug in my room."

Beate said: "And Caesar said, 'Let the games begin!'"

Chapter 24 Sometimes You Have to Be Lucky

The following working week brought new experiences for Trixie. But she also began to get used to her actual work. She had taken a closer look at the program that the project department was working with and decided to use it for herself. In the afternoon, she always worked for two hours on the planning of the new program. The front wall, on which the new server stood, was already half covered with printouts of a program scheme. In the coming weeks and months, she would continue to develop these plans.

In the meantime, Siggi was the mistress for this week and she had come up with a little meanness for Trixie. Every morning she shoved a small vibrating egg into Trixie's pussy and closed it at the piercings of the labia with small locks. The vibrating egg did not work continuously, but was equipped with a random generator that freely selected the frequency, duration and intensity of the active phase. Trixie wore very dark jeans at the time, as she feared that otherwise a damp spot might be visible in her crotch.

On Thursday morning, she sat next to a milling machine and once again watched in fascination as the machine transformed a stainless steel blank into a holder for a complicated mechanism. An older worker in overalls monitored the machine and had to hold on to Trixie's almost reverent attention in order not to laugh out loud.

"Haven't you tried to work something for yourself yet?" he asked her.

"For myself? I don't understand. The design department had a gear made for me, which I designed with their help."

"It's more of a simple part. But we have a slightly older milling machine in the back room for the apprentice workshop that is rarely used. Most of the time, the apprentices also work with the latest equipment, which makes more sense. But you can do a lot with the old machine. The director has allowed this and even provides the material for it. He says that this practices and promotes our abilities. I've already built three metal car models on the old machine. Completely self-made up to the functioning engine. I can bring you one tomorrow if you're interested."

Trixie asked what kind of model it was and the man explained it. Suddenly, the phone rang at his desk. He answered, listened briefly, then handed the receiver to Trixie.

"Hello Trixie, this is Hoffmeister from the project team. Could you please come to us very quickly? We urgently need their help." Trixie told him that she wanted to come right away. She washed her hands briefly in the toilet, looked in the mirror, then went to the project department. When she entered the office, she immediately saw that everyone was sitting at their devices, excited and hectic. All IT employees were also present.

Herr Hoffmeister called her to him. "Trixie, we're up to our necks in trouble. We have to submit the bid tonight for some plants that are to go to Japan. A huge project and extremely important. Two plants, together worth over 60 million euros. Actually, Mr. Nierlich is responsible for it, you met him the other day."

Trixie thought about it. She remembered him, a small, usually grumpy man in his late 40s.

"He called in sick yesterday. Something like that happens, it's quite normal. Therefore, Mr. Nolan should take a quick look over the documents again this morning and then send them out. But we can't open the files. We tried everything. The IT guys are also at a loss. I tried to call Mr. Nierlich, but he doesn't answer the phone. That's why I sent Mr. Vossen. He has come back with very disturbing news. A neighbor of Mr. Nierlich told him that he had moved out yesterday. A furniture van picked up all the things and Mr. Nierlich finally drove away with the movers. I don't understand. But for now, it's about our project. Can you please try to see if you can get to the files or if you can open them?"

Trixie sat down at one of the computers and tried. When it didn't work, she tried various alternatives, but in vain. "What about the backup," she asked one of the IT employees. He showed her the backup files, but the files could not be opened here either. She tried to open up some other projects. All but two files could be opened. Mr. Hoffmeister watched. In the case of the other two files that could not be opened, he explained that Mr. Nierlich had also worked on them. Trixie changed programs and took a closer look at the fuses. Then she asked the head of IT to come to her. She pointed to the files. "Look, the encrypted time stamp is not correct here. There has been manipulation."

She had to explain to Mr. Hoffmeister that the system not only backed up the actual date of the files, but also encrypted and stored another date on which the backup had taken place. In her head, she converted the new time stamps. She stood up and announced: "I have to go to my office for a moment and have a look there. I have an idea, but I'm not quite sure. It

certainly won't take long." Mr. Hoffmeister looked desperately at the clock, which showed almost eleven o'clock in the morning.

Trixie went to her office and sat down at her notebook. With this, she called up the files from the complete copy that she had pulled last week to try out the server and that no one knew anything about. In fact, she was able to find the project files and open them without any problems. She copied the files of the three projects onto a USB stick and scrolled through the current project to see if it was complete or if something was missing. Suddenly she frowned. She had seen this part of the plan before, but it had looked a little different then. Of course, she was not an expert. She thought for a moment and decided that it could only have been one of the two files she had accessed when she tried the emulator for the old operating system. She looked at the two files and quickly found what she was looking for. She printed this file as a PDF document on a second USB stick and went to the project department with the two sticks.

"I have a legible copy of the project here," she explained to Mr. Hoffmeister and handed him the first stick. "But I still have a question."

Mr. Hoffmeister almost snatched the stick out of her hand and gave it to Mr. Nolan, who immediately set to work. "They saved our lives," Mr. Hoffmeister exaggerated. "If I had had to report it to the boss, he would have freaked out. And rightly so. What do you want to know?"

"I saw something there that I had seen elsewhere, but where it looked different. In the other version, there was another device between the D47 and C13 components, which was designated K14. According to the list, a "sub-transporter". But I don't know what that is."

Mr. Hoffmeister went to Mr. Nolan and asked to be shown the passage. He and Mr. Nolan looked at everything carefully. "Trixie is right. That's not how it works. But we haven't built a sub-transporter like this for ages. We don't have that in our library," Mr. Hoffmeister judged. "Can you do it, Nolan?"

He shook his head. "No chance. I need two or three days for that."

Now Trixie pulled out the second USB stick. "Here I have a PDF copy of the old project. Could it help?"

Mr. Nolan took the stick and opened the file. "Great. A few designations have to be changed, but it's done in two hours. Then we can still submit the offer on time."

Mr. Hoffmeister thanked Trixie several times. Since it was now noon, she went to the canteen and after dinner back to the workshop.

At the department heads' meeting the next day, Mr. Hoffmeister praised Trixie in the highest tones in front of the other department heads. Mr. Bergmann was also very satisfied. After the meeting, Trixie went to her office to continue working on the plans when Mr. Bergmann came to see her. He looked at the plans and noticed with satisfaction that the project of new software was slowly taking its first steps.

"You delivered a real masterpiece yesterday," he said. "Mr. Hoffmeister can hardly contain himself."

Trixie emphasized that this was just a coincidence, but Mr. Bergmann explained that sometimes you just had to be lucky. "They have to go to the HR department next week. They should place an ad for a programmer who supports them."

"Isn't that a bit too early," Trixie objected.

"No. It will certainly take quite a while until we find someone. Remember, it took me years to find you."

"Mr. Director, I know who," Trixie said hesitantly.

"And who?"

"Mr. Vossen from the project department. As far as I have heard, his contract will not be renewed and he will then leave us. I once saw something that he programmed for himself at home, and that was really good."

"Mr. Vossen? Are you serious? Nobody wanted it. He's a nice guy, but is he really any good? Or are you doing it out of pity?"

"No," Trixie said now. "It was really good. OK, he'll need a few more courses, but then he'll be great. And he also knows the whole company inside out. We even save time."

Mr. Bergmann grabbed the phone and called Mr. Hoffmeister to him. When he told him Trixie's wish, he had absolutely no objection. After he left, Trixie said, "There's something else. Mr. Vossen is tariff G7. He would like to have his own apartment, but that is not possible with G7. Could he perhaps start with G8 with me?"

Mr. Bergmann laughed. "They seem to have eaten a real fool at him. Is he really worth it?" Trixie nodded. Mr. Bergmann thought for a moment, then he picked up the phone again and called Mr. Hoffmeister again.

After a few minutes, there was a knock on the door and Mr. Vossen entered the office. Mr. Bergmann had sat down next to Trixie and pointed to a chair that stood in front of the desk. Mr. Vossen sat down.

"Mr. Vossen, you know that your contract ends at the end of next month and we see no possibility of extending it," Mr. Bergmann began. Mr. Vossen nodded and looked sadly at the floor. "Our Mrs. Hansen, who wants to be called Trixie by everyone, has now told me that she really wants you as a programmer in her department. Would that be in your interest?"

Mr. Vossen was totally surprised. He stammered that this was his dream. He could hardly contain himself and a few tears came to his eyes.

Finally, Mr. Bergmann interrupted his flow of speech. "All right, then it's official. You'll be called by HR next week to sign the contract. But you can rely on it." Trixie cleared her throat. "Yes, yes," said Mr. Bergmann, "Take it easy. Mr. Vossen, Trixie told me that you would like to have your own apartment, but you can't afford it with G7. That's why she convinced me that you will be upgraded to G8 from next month. I think that's in your interest?"

Mr. Vossen looked at Trixie incredulously, who smiled at him. Mr. Bergmann got up and left the office. As he walked out, he smiled at Trixie again and winked his eye.

In the evening, Trixie talked about her experiences as always. The others thought it was great that she had stood up for Mr. Vossen. Karin said: "Well, now our slave has her own slave. Not sexually, but he will be eternally grateful to you, you can rely on that."

On Saturday, Siggi waited with the van in front of Antje's shop until it was closed. Then she invited her friends. In the luggage compartment of the van, under a few blankets, there were some bags and other parts that the slaves of this week had not yet been allowed to see. They drove the van to the gravel pit, where they had been a few weeks ago. This time, however, Siggi drove to a somewhat remote part of the pit, where there was a small grove.

Siggi took two bags out of the wagon while the slaves had to undress. In the pockets they found iron hand and leg irons. They helped each other to create them. Meanwhile, Siggi took four spades out of the van and distributed them under the trees. "So, my dears, now you are each digging a hole, right where the spades are now. The holes have to be deep enough that your heads just stick out."

It took over an hour to finish the 4 holes. Except for Trixie, who didn't see through it yet, everyone had a queasy feeling. When they were done, Siggi first tied the feet of the friends to the leg irons and then the hands behind their backs. She then helped them climb into the holes. When everyone was finally in their hole, Siggi took a spade and shoveled most of the previously excavated earth back into the holes. Now the four were trapped and could no longer move. Only the heads looked out as requested. Siggi then took another bag out of the car. Inside were ball gags and eye masks. Each was given a gag shoved into her mouth and a mask over her eyes.

Siggi got an air mattress from the car and a portable TV. For hours, the slaves now heard the noises from the TV, which allowed them to at least estimate the time. From time to time Siggi came to the prisoners, took the gag out of their mouths and gave them something to drink.

Later, Siggi turned off the TV, put the air mattress in the van and lay down in it to sleep while her friends were trapped in the holes in the ground.

Trixie found this unpleasant, but she suspected that it would get worse. Gradually, she realized that she was squeezing her bladder. The desire grew stronger and stronger until she finally gave in. She felt her urine mix with the earth and it was stuck in the damp earth.

In the early morning, a short shower descended on them and everyone just wanted to get out of the holes. But Siggi knew no mercy. She continued to give them something to drink again and again and everyone wetted themselves. It was not until the afternoon that Siggi began to dig out the girlfriends. She started with Karin, who immediately took part in the digging until finally everyone was freed.

Chapter 25 Hundeglück

When they got back home, they all took a shower to wash off the dirt of the day. Trixie went into the shower with Siggi as so often and they took their time. After that, Trixie went to her room and lay down on the bed for a moment. She closed her eyes and thought about how her life had changed.

Suddenly the door to the corridor opened and Beate stuck her head through the door. "I wanted to see how you were doing," she explained. Without waiting for the answer, she threw Trixie a long T-shirt and said, "Please put this on and come to the living room."

Trixie thought that was strange, but she complied with the request. When she came into the living room, the others were already there, all kneeling naked on the floor, their torsos erect and their hands clasped behind their necks.

"What's the point," Trixie asked.

"Trixie, sunshine," Beate began. "When you applied for admission to our shared flat, you yourself suggested that you should initially only play the role of slave and that you could only become mistress for the first time after three months at the earliest. But now almost two months have passed and we have all watched your development. And we are of the opinion that you have long since matured enough to fill the role of mistress. That's why the four of us decided that Karin should not be our mistress next week as planned, but you. Karin then becomes the mistress the week after. But now Siggi is passing the scepter to you, so to speak. Please be merciful to your slaves and surprise us next weekend with challenging tasks, whatever you can think of."

Trixie looked at her friends in amazement. She hadn't expected that. It was an important, responsible task and she was not sure if she was up to it. She first went to Beate, hugged and kissed her, then it was the turn of the others. Then she sat down on the couch while the others remained in her position.

"Ok, you don't have to kneel around like pillars of salt," Trixie said now. "Make yourselves comfortable. But not on the furniture. Slaves stay on the ground." They talked for a long time, then they watched a movie on TV before going to bed. The slaves stayed on the floor the whole time.

When Trixie came into the kitchen the next morning, Siggi had already prepared everything. However, there was only one place setting on the table, while the other place settings stood on the floor.

"What's the point," Trixie asked.

"Mistress, you said yesterday that the slaves stay on the ground. And the order still stands."

"That was only meant for the evening," Trixie said.

"Oh, we didn't understand it that way. Why don't you go into the rooms of the others and take a look."

Trixie then immediately went out of the kitchen to the rooms. When she opened Beate's room, she was lying on the floor in front of her bed and had covered herself there. Trixie quickly checked Antje's and Karin's room as well. These were also lying on the ground. Finally, she looked into Siggi's room and saw that the bedding was on the floor here as well. Trixie went back to the kitchen.

"That was a lesson for me," she explained. "Please come to the table. The others are still asleep, but when they wake up, they can move normally here again. If we're already gone, I'll put a note in them." She resolved to pay more attention to how she had to formulate her orders in the future.

Later, in the office, she had a phone call with the director of the sanctuary and asked whether the agreement she had recently made with him was still valid and whether she could bring everything forward a bit. He confirmed all this to her.

She then went to Mr. Hoffmeister from the project department and agreed with him that Mr. Vossen should first finish his current tasks and then come to her from the following week.

In the afternoon there was a knock on the door and when Trixie called "Come in", Mr. Vossen entered the office. He had a small folder with him. He told Trixie that he had just come from the human resources department, where he had signed a new, permanent employment contract that included the announced wage increase. He was close to tears and thanked Trixie again and again for standing up for him. Trixie was almost uncomfortable as he showered her with gratitude and she tried to steer the conversation in other directions. Finally, she succeeded and was able to explain the rough scheme of the planned program to Mr. Vossen, who asked her to call him by his first name "Herbert". She also showed him the previous drafts and they agreed that they would not start working on the plan together until the following week.

Over the course of the week, her friends asked Trixie from time to time if she had any plans for the weekend and if she didn't need help yet. But Trixie pretended to be mysterious, and said she was still thinking. On Saturday morning, after the cleaning service, she sent Antje and Karin to the store, while Siggie and Beate were supposed to do the shopping.

When she was alone, she fetched from her friends' rooms their custom-fit hand and leg irons, as well as the chains and neck irons. She packed everything into the trunk of the van. After Siggie and Beate were back from shopping, she also sent them to the store and announced that she would pick them all up at closing time. Only then did they pack a cooler and a second basket of food and loaded everything into the van.

Just in time for closing time, she stood in front of the store with the van. She shoed everyone into the passenger compartment and gave them dark blindfolds so that they could not see where they were going. Half an hour later they arrived at the sanctuary, where the director was already waiting for them. Trixie asked him to get in, but put her index finger to her lips and then pointed to her passengers. He grinned and didn't say a word. Together they then drove to the area of the sanctuary that was intended for the dogs.

The area was already separated by a fence and there were some dog houses on the side. At the edge of this area, but still within the fence, there was a barn in which straw and hay for the horses were stored. A few dogs were already running around freely there and playing on a huge meadow. Next to the fence were a lot of tools and some wheelbarrows. In addition, there was a large, folded plastic tarpaulin and a thick hose next to it. The director of the sanctuary said goodbye to Trixie. "Then I wish you a lot of fun. You can be sure that you will be undisturbed here this weekend. I'm curious to see how far you get," he said as he said goodbye.

Only now did Trixie open the door to the passenger compartment and let everyone take off the bandages. When they left the car, they blinked and had to look around first. But then they realized where they were. "And what now," Karin inquired.

"Well, you know that the sanctuary is to be expanded to include a department for older dogs. The fencing is also already finished, which was done by part of our donations. As you can see, the first inmates have already moved in. The barn is to be converted later. This is still in the planning stage, but the financing is already partly in place. Here in the middle of the meadow, a small pool is to be created, in which the dogs can also let off steam. But as you can see, there is a meadow and not a hole. And that is our task of the weekend. We will dig the pool, the outer dimensions are already marked with stakes."

She would go together to some stakes that stood in the meadow. Siggi looked around and began to calculate in his head. "And how deep should it be?" she inquired.

"In the final state about one meter, in the middle a little more, because that's where the drain should go. In addition, we have to dig a little deeper, because a layer of gravel has to be placed over the plastic film to protect it. There are shovels and wheelbarrows on the fence, the excavation comes to the right," she pointed there, "there is a small hill. It will be covered with the turf, which we will first lift at the lake."

Everyone then went to the tools, but then Trixie shouted "Stop". She ordered them all to undress completely and took the chains and irons out of the van. The friends laughed and after they had undressed, they helped each other to put everything on. Trixie also undressed and would fully participate in the work.

Very soon everyone noticed that this work was not a walk in the park. By evening they had piled up the turf away from the lake and also from the area of the future hill and had begun to dig the hole. The dogs watched them, but did not let themselves be disturbed in their peace. Finally, Trixie finished work for the day and led everyone into the barn.

She got the food supplies out of the van. The director of the sanctuary had everything prepared in one part of the barn and had an area with straw prepared for a sitting and sleeping area. Exhausted, they dropped onto the straw and rested for a while. After some time, they then ate their dinner, with the dogs joining them and also taking part in the meal.

Later, they lay down in the straw to spend the night there. The straw was comfortable, but it still pricked the skin and the chains hindered her further. They would have loved to take a shower, but Trixie hadn't planned for that. So they lay dirty and sweaty in the straw, with which they also covered themselves. The dogs lay around the group and obviously enjoyed the company.

In the morning, Trixie woke up very early. It was just before six o'clock in the morning. She got up and prepared breakfast. When she was done, she woke up her friends. Beate and Antje moaned because they had sore muscles, but they were happy that there was something to eat. The director of the sanctuary also came by and brought a large pot of coffee. The sight of the naked women in chains worried him a little, but it also excited him. In order not to show that, he quickly made it again that he gained land.

Then Trixie announced that the work should continue. But since everyone was already a bit tired, she decided that Siggi should first drive them all on with the whip for an hour. Then Karin would replace her, followed by Beate, Antje and finally Trixie. Everyone was soon covered in sweat again, but gradually the outline of the pool could be seen. Around noon, Trixie found that the hole was big enough. She had fetched a folding rule and was aiming for the depth of the hole over the edge. She then took her cell phone out of the van and called the director of the sanctuary to get his OK. While they waited for him, they also had their lunch, with the dogs happily keeping them company and dusting off a good part of the food.

Finally the director of the sanctuary came. He looked at the hole and was very pleased. Next to the plastic tarpaulin there had been a very rigid hose, for which Siggi and Karin dug a trench. Then they connected the end of the hose with some elbows. In the meantime, Beate, Antje and Trixie fetched the very heavy and stiff pond liner and spread it out halfway. Then they all pulled the multi-layer film into the right position together. The foil already had a

connection for the drain in the middle and Siggi connected it to the hose. Then they spread the foil all the way out.

When that was done, the leader drove away and soon came back with a large truck filled with coarse gravel. He drove to the edge of the pool and then operated the truck's tilting device. Several cubic meters of gravel poured into the pool. Siggi and Karin then began to spread the gravel in a single layer over the foil, while Beate and Antje covered the new hill with grass sod. At the same time, Trixie began to cover the edge of the foil with more turf. The manager drove away again and fetched a second load of gravel so that the whole pool floor could be protected. It was already quite late when all the work was finished. Now the leader fetched a fire hose and connected it to a water pipe nearby.

When the water poured into the pool, the five took the opportunity to wash off their sweat. Soon the bottom of the pool was covered and not only the five friends, but also the dogs were playing in the ice-cold water. Finally, they climbed out of the pool and sat down on the edge. While they were eating a last meal, they watched the dogs enjoying themselves in the pool.

Antje took Trixie aside and squeezed her very tightly. "You are really a great mistress. How did you arrange all this so quickly? But it doesn't matter. Now we see the dogs and how they have fun."

Then Antje went to the director of the sanctuary. "I see you like what you see," she said and let her gaze glide over the man's pants. He was a little embarrassed, but Antje continued laughing: "Don't worry about it. It also excites us. It's natural, at the sight." Then she asked him how much was still needed for the expansion. He made an estimate. Antje thought for a moment, rounded up the amount and announced a transfer in the next few days.

Finally, everyone had recovered enough to take off their chains and put them back on. The leader thanked them all and gave Trixie a special hug. The slaves were also very satisfied with Trixie's first mistress role and did not spare praise.

Then they set off on their return journey. But when they got home, they all disappeared into their rooms and it was very quiet because they all soon fell asleep from exhaustion.

Chapter 26 Great Prospects

The following Monday, Trixie spent most of her time in her own office. She helped Mr. Vossen to set up his workplace. She also asked the HR department to pick out some programming courses for him. She would then decide together with him on a course that was suitable for him.

She continued to work with Mr. Vossen over the next few days, and she quickly realized that he actually knew every department in the company. He was even clearly superior to Trixie, but she wasn't particularly surprised. After all, she had only been here for a little more than a month, while he had been employed here for five years.

On Friday, she sat with the other department heads in the usual meeting room. Mr. Bergmann was, which had never happened before, a little late. When he entered the room five minutes later, he grinned from ear to ear.

"Dear staff," he began, "Please excuse my lateness. I still had to do various things quickly. But I bring good news. Our offer for the plants in Japan has been well received and we have been asked to come to Tokyo with a delegation to negotiate the final terms of the contract and

to give a few more explanations about the machines. However, it will not be two machines as we offered."

There was silence for a moment, then Mr. Hoffmeister said: "Well, a machine works too. It doesn't look like much, but it's still a good start. Over thirty million is also money."

Trixie looked over at her boss, who was still grinning. "That's right," he said. "A machine wouldn't be bad either" Then he paused. "But three are insane!" He stretched three fingers in the air.

Everyone looked at him in amazement, then everyone talked at the same time. It took time for the mood to calm down. All those present in the room were able to calculate the importance of the order for the company.

When peace finally returned, Mr. Bergmann continued: "Well, we'll leave Düsseldorf next Friday. 8 p.m. with All Nippon, non-stop to Tokyo. Arrival Saturday at half past three in the afternoon due to the time difference. A 12-hour flight, but you can survive it in business class. We live in the guest house of our Japanese business partner. Mr. Takamura takes care of everything. We will use the rest of Saturday and Sunday to get used to the time difference. Monday to Wednesday are scheduled for the negotiations, with the contract signed on Thursday. After that, probably every evening karaoke or dinner with geishas or the like. On Friday we return at 11 a.m. and we are back in Düsseldorf at 4 p.m. on time for the end of the day on Friday. The members of the delegation please prepare everything by Wednesday. I want everyone not to come to the company on Friday, but to rest a little at home. And besides, the participants in the trip should master two or three rackets so that we don't embarrass ourselves in the evening. Folk songs would also be good."

"And who flies to Japan. I suspect you are leading the delegation," Mr. Hoffmeister asked.

"Of course I'll come along," said Mr. Bergmann. "I'm definitely not going to miss it. In addition, there are Hoffmeister and Nolan from Projekt, Schmidt and Steffen from Design, Driesch, Heinemann and Köhn from Production and Hansen from IT Development."

Now Trixie's head snapped. Had her name just been mentioned? That had to be a mistake. She looked at her boss and raised her hand. Mr. Bergmann looked at her, then made a reassuring downward movement with his hand. "Trixie, please come to my office right after."

The meeting lasted more than an hour, and there were countless questions to be answered. As always, all department heads had to report on the status of work in the departments, but this was all a bit shortened on this day.

When the meeting was over, Mr. Bergmann went to the door and asked Trixie to follow him. They went to his office, where he sat down at his desk and Trixie sat down on a chair in front of it. "Mr. Director," Trixie began, "I can't do anything... ,"

Mr. Bergmann cut her off. "Trixie, I don't think you still know what you've done for the company. They didn't just save this one job. This is only the first order in a whole series. We will be selling dozens more of these machines throughout Southeast Asia in the coming months and years. This mission is a signpost. This is all the more important for us. Just to give you an example: In the next few months, we will hire 100, maybe 120 additional people. This is thanks to you. Of course not only, I know that too. But you were lucky and luck is sometimes worth its weight in gold. And if they come along now, it's more of a reward. You

can't really do much in the negotiations. This is a male domain and especially in the evenings, when the important decisions are made over sake or whiskey and karaoke, you have no place as a woman. It's a pity, maybe you would impress Mr. Takamura, but it's a different culture. He doesn't know what he's missing. They are supposed to see Tokyo. Sightseeing. Mr. Takamura has firmly promised me, he makes for a first-class guide. Just enjoy it. And please don't take it badly if Mr. Takamura or the guide think you're my mistress, i.e. mistress, or something. That's just the way it is."

Trixie was totally amazed. She made a few more objections, but in the end it was a wonderful offer. Watching Tokyo was really not a punishment.

In the evening, she had to suppress her grin with difficulty when she came to the shared apartment. She didn't want to come out with it until the weekly meeting. Steffi noticed that something was going on, but Trixie didn't reveal anything. At the meeting in the evening, Trixie also waited until the most important points had been discussed. Only then did she say in an emphatically relaxed tone, which was only acted: "By the way, next weekend you have to do without me."

"Why," Antje asked, "Do you want to spend a weekend on your own and go away?"

"Almost," Trixie said. Then she screamed: "I'm flying to Tokyo!!!!!!!"

The others looked at her in total surprise. Then it gushed out of Trixie. She told everything, from the department head meeting and also from her conversation with Director Bergmann. The four could hardly believe it, but each of them begrudged Trixie.

Finally, Beate touched her head: "You can't believe it. First London, now Tokyo. Who knows which city will shake next under you!"

"Dubai," Antje said very quietly.

"What," Karin replied.

"Beate asked which city would shake next under Trixie and I said "Dubai"."

"Do you mean to say we're going on our annual vacation in Dubai," Siggi now inquired enthusiastically.

"Not only, but also. OK, I can let the cat out of the bag. I won the organization of the trip," Antje reminded her friends. "And I really got in the mood. At the end of November, we fly from Düsseldorf to Dubai on Wednesdays with the Emirates Airbus 380. I've always wanted to take a shower on the plane. That's possible in first grade. We arrive in Dubai on Thursday. Then we go to the hotel "Fairmont The Palm" for 10 days. But on Saturday and Sunday we're going to Abu Dhabi for a sporting event."

"Sport," Beate asked. "Camel race?"

"Not quite, but close. More precisely, the Formula 1 finale on Yas Island. Beate, you have to get earmuffs for all of us. That's really loud. Otherwise, there are a few highlights interspersed in the week. Desert drive, helicopter flight, Burj Al Khalifa, the souqs, especially the Gold Souq, of course the Dubai Mall with its tiny twelve hundred shops. Well, you can probably guess that. Then we fly on to Muscat in Oman for 4 days and have a look around. It should also be very interesting. But it has nothing to do with the nuts. Then back to Dubai, where the hotel was unfortunately full. We will then have to move to another hotel."

"It certainly doesn't matter. There should be plenty of first-class hotels there," said Karin. "Where did you book us?"

„Ins Burj al Arab.“

"Is that the hotel with the sail?" Trixie asked with shining eyes.

"That's right. The hotel with the seven stars. If necessary, it will work. There we have six two apartments with three bedrooms each and a butler each. That would be it roughly. In the first 10 days in Dubai and then in Muscat we have a van, which Trixie is supposed to drive, in the Burj al Arab we get a limo with chauffeur from the hotel. Oh yes, by the way, I have arranged for your credit card limits to be raised and I demand that you take advantage of them to the last euro."

"What's the point of that," Beate objected. "As far as I know, all of us have a limit of ten thousand except you. And I don't think I've ever needed more than 5 or 6000."

"That's right. But with 1200 shops in the mall, that's not enough. 50,000 are still very close. But in a pinch, mine is almost unlimited. Choose something nice. Trixie in particular needs more clothes. But this also applies explicitly to the rest of you. And there are still these souvenir shops near the Burj al Arab, I want to take a look at them."

What souvenir shops," Siggi promptly fell for Antje's trap.

"Maserati, Bentley and so on. Maybe I'll find something suitable for my turquoise scarf."

Siggi shook his head. That was typical Antje. Money meant nothing to her and she enjoyed spending it on her friends.

"Wait a minute," Trixie objected. "You said, 'The six of us will have two apartments.'"

Now the others also looked at Antje questioningly.

"I thought Trixie got along very well with Natalie, and with Mortimer's consent, I invited her to a kind of "sleepover". I hope you don't mind."

"Now you just have to explain one thing to me," Beate said. "How is Trixie supposed to fall asleep tonight with such news. It needs a sledgehammer anesthesia."

Capitel 27 Such

The next morning Karin, who was mistress at the time, sent Beate and Trixie to Roermond. She thought that Trixie couldn't possibly go on such a trip with just a chicken dress. Siggi and Antje were also of the same opinion and said that this was true. Trixie protested, but finally Karin put it into an order. She explained to Trixie that she was obliged to carry out an order from her mistress on duty.

Beate and Trixie came back around three o'clock in the afternoon and presented the purchases. Trixie had finally realized that she needed more choice in her clothes. On this occasion, they also acquired a suitcase set, which they would surely need for their trip to Dubai. Trixie wanted a black set, but Beate chose a set in a light purple. Trixie didn't find it so appealing, but Beate explained to her why it was better.

"It doesn't really matter what it looks like. But with this color, it's much easier to spot on the baggage carousel at the airport than a black set. There are dozens of them."

Then Karin led her friends into the playroom, where she took them quite hard for the next few hours. In the early evening, everyone had their backs and buttocks full of welts and had to rest first. But Karin gave them little time. At nine o'clock they drove into town in their van and visited a disco there. When choosing her clothing, Karin had made sure that everyone wore something backless. In addition, they all had their collars and leg irons on, but these without chains. They earned a lot of astonished looks and also heard corresponding whispering behind their backs. Some of the other visitors would have liked to hook up with them, but that was out of the question for the five.

They stayed until half past two in the morning and were happy when they could finally fall into their beds. But Karin didn't want to be satisfied with that yet. She woke up her friends at five. The first thing on the agenda was a morning run. The weather was very bad and it was drizzling all the time. Therefore, they were soaking wet when they returned. Breakfast that day was cancelled, but they had to struggle for a few hours in the fitness center. But around noon the slaves went on strike. Karin had an understanding and allowed them to rest for two hours and then have lunch.

But she still had one last challenge up her sleeve: After lunch, she went to a public sauna. There, too, the strained bodies caused quite a stir. Only then was it enough for Karin.

The following Friday, Beate took Trixie to Düsseldorf Airport, where the delegation had arranged to fly to Tokyo. Mr. Bergmann welcomed all employees. When he saw Trixie, he noticed that, unlike usual, she wasn't wearing a choker.

"I thought it wouldn't be appropriate on a trip like this," Trixie explained. But she mentioned that she had her choker in her purse. However, she concealed the fact that there was also a plug there.

Mr. Bergmann thought it very considerate of Trixie. "But if you prefer to wear the choker on the trip, that's fine. They have their lifestyle and we all respect that. So if you change your mind, that's fine with me. And our Japanese business friends will get used to it. I'm sure they'll come to visit us from time to time, and you'll certainly wear the hoop."

Trixie thanked him for his understanding and took her choker out of her purse. When she opened the lock, Mr. Bergmann took the lock from her and then helped her put it on. So he showed her very clearly how he felt about it.

Trixie was the only woman in the group and therefore had a free choice of seats next to Mr. Bergmann. She chose a window seat. The flight took off into the night, but she wanted to watch the sunrise later. The Dreamliner of All Nippon did not have first class but only business and economy, but the seats in business class were very spacious and Trixie could stretch out completely. She was amazed at the extremely friendly on-board service and the meal served was a revelation. There were comfortable blankets and even light slippers were thought of.

Trixie couldn't fall asleep because of the excitement and watched a whole series of films about life and highlights in Tokyo. At some point, however, she fell asleep and when she woke up, she had promptly slept through the sunrise. About an hour before landing, she freshened up in the toilet and also took off the support stockings she had worn on Beate's orders on the flight.

At Narita Airport, you were greeted by a young man and a petite young Japanese woman. The man introduced himself as Seichi Takamura and was the technical director and eldest son of the client. Mr. Bergmann was pleasantly surprised by this high-level reception. Mr. Takamura introduced the young Japanese woman as Michiko and explained that she would act as a tour guide. He led the group to a bus that they all took to the guest house. On the way, Michiko, who spoke very good German, explained that she had arranged a meal for the early evening and that they would go to a sumo tournament afterwards. Since they would only be in Tokyo for such a short time, this would be the only opportunity to do so. A guided tour of the city was to take place the next day and negotiations were to begin on Monday.

Michiko approached Trixie and explained to her that she was also available for her as a guide for the remaining days. She asked if Trixie had any special wishes. "I've heard a lot about the fish market, it's supposed to be great. And if at all possible, I would also like to go to Fuji. Otherwise, I don't have any exact plans. We will certainly see most of the sights tomorrow on the city tour. So I rely on you. Oh yes, I have a small shopping list if that's feasible."

When they arrived at the guest house, Mr. Takamura led them into the house, but then said goodbye until the following Monday. Michiko went to the reception and asked for the room keys. She turned around and came to Trixie: "Trixie-San, you mistress of which gentleman?"

Trixie wasn't too surprised, because Mr. Bergmann had warned her in advance and explained to Michiko that she wasn't anyone's mistress. Michiko couldn't understand that. She pointed to Trixie's choker and told her that there was no shame in her being the mistress of Miner-San or one of the others.

Finally it turned out where the problem was: Only 8 rooms had been prepared, as her host had assumed that Trixie would sleep with one of the other delegation members, probably with Mr. Bergmann. There was a brief confusion, but then Mr. Hoffmeister piped up: "No problem. I have already discussed this with Mr. Nolan and we can both share a room. Trixie saved our necks with this offer, so we can return the favor a little."

After they had all freshened up, they met a little later at the bar next to the reception, where Michiko was already waiting for them with welcome cocktails. They took the bus to an old restaurant in a small park, where Michiko had reserved a room for them. As always, the service was very friendly. No sooner did anyone ask for anything than one of the waitresses stood behind him with what he wanted and handed it over with a polite bow. The food was prepared in front of her eyes by a cook in a kimono at the table and served sizzling hot. Michiko sat between Mr. Bergmann and Trixie and explained the individual courses. She also recommended the appropriate drinks, only with hot sake Trixie did not follow the recommendation, as she rarely drank alcohol.

Afterwards we took the bus again to a sports arena, where a sumo tournament took place that evening. Michiko explained to them that this was not a very important tournament, but it was the only one that took place that weekend. She led the group into a box from where they could watch the fighting. Again, Michiko explained the rules, but the fights were sometimes over in a few moments. When there was a break in between, three of the fighters appeared in the box and were introduced to the guests. Trixie was photographed next to the rather gigantic fighters and rightly felt very small.

The next morning, everyone gathered in the breakfast room of the company villa. The night had done them good and so the effects of the time difference were limited. Nevertheless, they

were glad that the negotiations did not start that day. Of course, they also wanted to see as much of Tokyo as possible. After all, it would be the only visit to this metropolis for most people.

Michiko came by bus around half past nine and they started a detailed tour of the city. Although it was Sunday, there was plenty of traffic and the Japanese were driving on the wrong side. They stopped in front of the huge grounds of the Imperial Palace. Antje had given Trixie her camera and Trixie took one picture after the other. They would have liked to visit the palace, but Michiko explained to them that there were only some gardens to visit and that the actual palace was not one of them. They drove on to Ginza, the main shopping street, and then headed for the other destinations.

Michiko pointed to the red and white Tokyo Tower. "You see, again perfectly fine after destroyed."

"How was it destroyed?" asked Mr. Hoffmeister. "An earthquake?"

Michiko looked at him with a deadly serious face. Godzilla. For the second time. This scoundrel!"

There was silence in the bus for a moment, then thunderous laughter rang out.

At noon, Michiko took her to a vending machine restaurant, where the food drove past the guests on a conveyor belt. Everyone took what they wanted from the assembly line and the plates were collected. Mr. Nolan, who was an amateur photographer, asked Trixie to take a look at her camera. She handed it to him across the table. He looked at it thoroughly, quickly took a picture of Trixie with her stack of plates and then handed the camera back.

"A beautiful piece," he commented.

My girlfriend lent it to me. The camera is a bit heavy, but it is easy to use. The zoom is great."

"Your girlfriend must trust you very much. The camera costs more than a mid-range car."

Trixie stared at Mr. Nolan, then looked at the camera. She had treated her with care before, but after this statement she became even more cautious.

Finally, with the help of Trixie, Mr. Bergmann brought the plates to the checkout and paid there. Billing was based on the number and color of the plates.

The tour lasted the whole afternoon and ended with a robot cabaret. All participants found it a successful day and were curious to see how the negotiations would go the next day.

Trixie and Michiko had arranged to meet the next morning. After breakfast, Mr. Bergmann wished Trixie an interesting day and she went to the subway together with Michiko. They had agreed to drive it, as the traffic on weekdays was otherwise very extreme. But the subway was also partly jam-packed. Trixie thought that was wonderful. They first drove to the Tsukiji fish market, which Trixie had heard a lot about. Some of the stalls offered specialties that Trixie tasted. Michiko also showed her various spices and other ingredients. She explained what they were for and Trixie was allowed to try some of them.

Trixie had received a short shopping list from the flatmate. To her amazement, a knife set had been at the top and when she showed Michiko the list, she explained to her that they would find what they were looking for here at the fish market. Beate had warned Trixie that a good

set would be very expensive, but Antje had brushed this argument off the table in her usual way. That's why Trixie had no qualms about spending the equivalent of over 2,000 euros for an excellent set.

Michiko also looked at the rest of the shopping list. In a department store they found the pens they wanted, which could be erased and in a small shop nearby, Trixie Hanko ordered stamps for herself and her friends. The shopkeeper promised to deliver the stamps to the company villa on Wednesday. The last position was kimonos. This time, Michiko warned that it would be a rather expensive pleasure if you bought real kimonos and not the tourist version. But here, too, Antje had given Trixie her instructions. Antje had insisted on real silk. Michiko led them to a corresponding store and when they left it two hours later, Michiko had been amazed to see that Trixie's credit card was charged with over 30,000 euros without any problem.

"How can you afford that," Michiko asked. Trixie then explained to her that she lived in a very special shared apartment. Michiko had trouble understanding all this and she asked Trixie more and more questions. In between, Trixie bought a large cloth bag, which she would need for her shopping of the day on the return flight.

In the late afternoon, they drove back to the villa, where the other members of the delegation had also arrived in the meantime. Mr. Bergmann explained to Trixie that the day was not over for the men and that there was still a karaoke evening on the program. Mr. Nolan reported to Trixie in the meantime that her contractual partners had put her in a tight spot especially with regard to the sub-transporter, which had only been included in the offer at the last moment after Trixie had pointed it out. Michiko and Trixie took the subway to Ueno Park and walked along the illuminated paths. Finally, Michiko Trixie showed a smaller shopping street away from the glamour of the Ginza, where the simple Japanese shopped. There they had dinner in one of the many street restaurants.

The next morning, Michiko Trixie explained that the weather was unusually good and that they should take the opportunity to go to Mt. Fuji. Trixie agreed and was amazed that Michiko had already arranged for a chauffeured car. The chauffeur bowed to the two women as he boarded. Trixie noticed that he addressed Michiko extremely politely and bowed after every remark Michiko made.

On the journey they had time to talk about all kinds of things. Michiko asked Trixie especially about the shared apartment, which apparently fascinated her. Trixie asked Michiko if she had heard how the negotiations were going. Actually, she didn't expect an answer, but to her amazement, Michiko knew very well. "Your Bergman-San is obviously trying very hard to adapt to our customs and customs. He does make mistakes, but that's not a bad thing. He shows respect and is trying. He's much better than the other man."

"What other man," Trixie asked.

"Two weeks ago, another man from Germany was here. From a place called Mun Chen. He was very arrogant. I took him out one evening, but he wanted more from me than was proper. Not respectful. He urged Takamura-san to buy his machines. Said construction comes from Germany but production from China. That's why it's cheaper than machines from Bergmann-San."

"And why didn't Takamura-San buy from him," Trixie asked.

"Takamura-San says that "Made in Germany" is the best quality. Better than China. Besides, he doesn't want the man to show no respect. Takamura-san wants to teach him a lesson. That's why not just two machines should be bought, but three."

"And where did this man come from? I didn't understand that."

"From Munich. Must be a big city in Germany."

"You mean Munich," Trixie said now.

"Ja, mouth. Mün Chen."

"Tell me, was the man's name "Nierlich" by chance?"

"Yes," Michiko replied in amazement. "You know the man?"

"I think so. Do you happen to have a picture of him?"

"No," Michiko answered. "But there are pictures of all visitors from other companies on the homepage of Takamura-San's company. I can tell you the address tomorrow."

Trixie had become really curious now. "Tell me, Michiko, how do you know all this?"

Takamura-san told me that at breakfast," Michiko answered.

"And why do you have breakfast with Takamura-san?"

"That's quite normal. The whole family has breakfast together every day," Michiko explained.

"Does that mean you're related to Takamura-san?"

"I am his youngest daughter. Takamura-san has three sons and two daughters. My brothers all in company. I study tourism and do guided tours and excursions for my father's guests on the side."

Trixie's jaw dropped. It took her a moment to digest it.

"And how do you know this man," Michiko now inquired in turn.

"Actually, he's the reason I'm here now," Trixie explained. Then she told Michiko the whole story about the unreadable files and the sudden disappearance of Mr. Nierlich.

This time Michiko was also horrified. "Traitor. No honor," she blurted out.

The drive to Mount Fuji was beautiful. The mountain shone in the sun. But the first snow had already fallen and so they couldn't go too far up. Then we went on to Lake Hakone. But Trixie was a bit distracted. She wondered what Mr. Bergmann would say if she told him what she had heard.

Finally, they drove to a train station, because Trixie wanted to take the Shinkanzen once. She had read about the "bullet trains". As they stood on the platform waiting for the train, they talked. Suddenly there was a rush, almost a bang and then one of the bullet trains with 300 km/h raced through the station 10 meters away from Trixie. Before Trixie could react properly, the white train had disappeared again.

The train that was supposed to take them back to Tokyo arrived at the station on time. Michiko explained to Trixie that it was a shame for the train driver if there was a delay. The

train was very comfortable, the seats were reminiscent of an airplane. In less than half an hour they were back in Tokyo.

When they were back in the company villa, Mr. Bergmann and his companion had not yet returned. Trixie was waiting for him near the reception and when he came, she told Mr. Bergmann that she had to speak to him briefly. Mr. Bergmann, however, first freshened up and prepared for another evening with her host.

"What's the matter, Trixie," he said when he had dressed up. Trixie told him what she had learned. When he heard that, he first had to sit down. When the others came, Trixie had to repeat everything again. Everyone was equally shocked. But Mr. Bergmann explained that they should not let it show. Everyone should save face.

The last negotiations took place on Wednesday. Michiko and Trixie drove to the suburbs of Tokyo, where Michiko Trixie showed more of normal Japanese everyday life outside the big metropolis. They were again on the road with the car and chauffeur. Suddenly, Michiko started talking to the chauffeur in Japanese. It went on like this for over 10 minutes, finally the chauffeur apparently gave in. "What happened," Trixie asked.

"A surprise," Michiko said. A little later they came to a small house, where all three got off. The chauffeur opened the doors of the house and led them inside. "I wanted to show you how a normal Japanese person lives. Kenjazu, that's the name of our chauffeur, lives here with his wife and son."

Trixie knew that it was a rarity to come into a Japanese household as a foreigner. Kenjazu's wife was at home, preparing lunch for herself and her son. Trixie looked at everything very carefully and tried not to appear intrusive under any circumstances. She bowed to the woman and also showed her respect to the chauffeur. Soon the ice was broken. Kenjazu's wife, whose name Trixie never learned, showed Trixie how to prepare various Japanese foods. In between, she went shopping with Trixie and Michiko, with Michiko paying for the purchases, then she showed Trixie how to make sushi and tempura. It was a beautiful day for Trixie that she would probably never forget.

At breakfast the next day, Mr. Bergmann asked her to join the delegation for the day. Trixie was happy to do him this favor. In the late morning, the ceremonial signing of the contracts took place. This time, the company owner, Mr. Takamura Senior, was also present. Mr. Bergmann had already revealed to Trixie that the deal had been much cheaper than he had expected.

In the afternoon, to Mr. Bergmann's amazement, there was another meeting with some businessmen he had not known until then. After some time, it turned out that about half of these businessmen were from all over Asia. Most of them were interested in machines similar to the ones Mr. Takamura had bought. The Japanese businessmen were also interested in other products that Mr. Bergmann had on offer. In the course of three hours, Mr. Bergmann and Mr. Hoffmeister had noted down two dozen addresses and inquiries that they would answer in the next few weeks.

Mr. Bergmann was aware that Mr. Takamura was standing up for him in an unusual way. He would have liked to inquire about the reason, but that was not possible. But he suspected that it had to do with what Trixie had told Michiko. In the evening there was another big dinner, which was to be attended by the whole delegation and a number of high-ranking employees of

Mr. Takamura. This time, Mr. Takamura Senior insisted that Trixie sat between him and Mr. Bergmann, and that Michiko sat on Mr. Bergmann's other side. Next to him sat Seichi Takamura, who had led the negotiations for the past three days.

This dinner was again delicious and various toasts were made. Even Trixie, who usually drank hardly any alcohol, couldn't get past the hot sake this time. Later it became a little looser. Mr. Takamura was very polite and explained to Trixie that his daughter had told him a lot of interesting things. Seichi Takamura then opened a series of karaoke performances, for which the members of the delegation returned the favor in the same way. Even Mr. Bergmann performed a German folk song. Then Mr. Takamura asked Trixie if she could also present something. Mr. Bergmann looked at Trixie. He suspected that she was very reluctant to be in the spotlight and he felt her embarrassment. But then Trixie nodded and talked to the disc jockey. He nodded and Trixie went on stage. She collected herself and when the music started, she performed a version of "One moment in time". Mr. Bergmann and the others were totally amazed, but the Japanese participants in the meal drummed enthusiastically on the tables. When Trixie sat down again, Mr. Bergmann gave her a kiss on the cheek and Mr. Takamura bowed deeply to her.

In the morning they drove to the airport, where Michiko and Seichi Takamura said goodbye to them. Michiko slipped Trixie two USB sticks and winked with his eye.

Trixie also had a window seat on the return flight. But this time she first took out her laptop and looked to see what was on the first stick. The first file was a JPG file and when she opened it, she saw a picture of Mr. Nierlich. The second file was a PDF file. Trixie opened it and found an offer for the machines that had been the subject of the trip. But when she took a closer look, she realized that it was the offer of her competitor company. She scrolled through it to the place where the sub-transporter was described, but there was nothing. Then she called up the website of Mr. Takamura's company, whose link was stored on the stick. After a short search, she found the picture she was looking for. Mr. Nierlich shook hands with Seichi Takamura.

Trixie asked Mr. Bergmann to take a look. "Where did you get that from," he asked. Trixie explained to him that Michiko had slipped her the files. "Delete everything," he ordered. Trixie looked at him in amazement, but he just nodded. Trixie formatted the stick.

"We now know what happened," explained Mr. Bergmann. "But we don't go to that level. The trip was a complete success. And you have a decisive role to play in this. In addition, Takamura-San and I will announce our contract publicly on Wednesday. I would have to be very wrong if Mr. Nierlich still has a job the next day. And he won't get a job with another mechanical engineer either, so word gets around far too quickly about what he did with us. We don't need to say anything about that, it'll happen all by itself. No, Mr. Nierlich's mechanical engineering future will probably not take place."

On the second stick, she found pictures of her excursions that she had made with Michiko.

When they arrived in Düsseldorf, Trixie headed for customs. Most recently, she had to pay over 6,000 euros in customs, but she had expected that and Antje had already told her so. Mr. Bergmann wished all delegation members a relaxing weekend and also gave them all Monday off for recovery.

Chapter 28 Good News

At the exit of the arrivals area, Karin was waiting for Trixie. Trixie had loaded her suitcase and bag onto a trolley and they drove it to the parking garage where Karin had parked.

At home, Beate was already waiting for her. Trixie was completely excited and she would have liked to tell all the experiences at once. But Beate slowed her down a bit and made her wait until the evening with her stories, when Antje and Siggi would also be at home. Trixie placed a kimono wrapped in wrapping paper and a small jewelry box with the Hanko stamp on each of her friends on their seat at the kitchen table. She also unpacked the knife set and put the knives in the appropriate drawer. For Antje, she laid out the invoices for the kimonos and knives in an envelope. Beate checked the knives and was highly satisfied with the quality.

The Friday meeting took place a little later that evening, as everyone first unpacked the kimonos and then put them on promptly. For Trixie, it was the first time that everyone attended the meeting dressed. Antje took a quick look at the invoices: "Tell me, where is the bill for the Hankos," she asked.

"There isn't," Trixie replied. "They are a small gift from me."

Antje hugged Trixie. "That's nice of you, but you'd better spend your little money on yourself."

"Leave me the joy," Trixie begged. "You keep showering me and I'm all the more happy when I can make you happy."

Then the usual meeting began. At the weekend, Antje would still be the mistress, and from the following Monday it would be Beate's turn. Antje announced that they would all probably spend a large part of the weekend in the playroom. Since the weather had gotten worse, this was convenient for the others.

"I would like to announce something else," said Beate when all the topics of the evening were over. "As you know, I was in Frankfurt yesterday. There is wonderful news: On the occasion of the anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall, there is a small amnesty, which also affects Gaby. The rest of her time is suspended and she is released early. I hope she will decide to move in here with us. She'll be released on Thursday and I'll go there to pick her up."

Everyone was excited and happy with Beate. Only Trixie was a bit quiet.

"Was hast du", Karin frowns.

"If Gaby is to move in here, a room is missing. The guest room is too small in the long run. That means that I have to move out because I was the last to come. But I understand that."

Now everyone was silent. Then Beate jumped up. She leaned her hands on the table and leaned over to Trixie. "Tell me, Miss, who shit in your brain that you are saying such nonsense?" Beate had become quite loud, which hardly ever happened to her.

Trixie was startled by this violent reaction. "I just mean, I don't know ..."

"First of all, my dear, when you moved in here, I explained to you that we still had plenty of space on our floor. Siggi has had the plans in the drawer for a long time and she can start with the conversion at any time. Secondly, it is not at all certain that Gaby will move into the shared flat here at all. We don't even know if she is joking and we are joking with her. And third, I'd rather sleep on a mattress in the pantry than kick you out of here. In case you still

haven't figured it out, we all love you and don't want to do without you!" Now Beate plopped down on her chair again.

Trixie was in tears. The others agreed with Beate and Siggi bent over to Trixie and hugged her very hard. Slowly, Trixie calmed down. Antje went to the fridge and fetched Trixie an ice-cold vodka, which she drank in one gulp at her instruction. But then Trixie had to cough violently, because she wasn't used to such a thing.

"Well, now that Trixie has said this nonsense, we can talk seriously about the necessary measures," Antje said. "Siggi and I thought about it some time ago. We all knew that at some point other members would move into the shared flat. I would like to prepare three new rooms for the time being. And a few other changes."

"And what are you thinking of," Beate asked.

"Well, so far we have used the room next to yours as a pantry. The passageway from the bathroom is already there. I think we should build two smaller new rooms behind the playroom as a pantry. Siggi can set them up in a day or two, all we have to do is pull the walls and then we can put them away. Not much needs to be done in the pantry. The floor in the old storeroom has to be renewed. The old carpet out and a new one in. And then we can set up the usual furniture. Siggi has already built them in stock and stored them as individual parts in his workshop."

Now Siggi took over. "Our fitness area will then be moved to the free space behind the pantries. There is enough space and we can also build a few other things there to create a real wellness area. I convert the old fitness area into two more rooms with the bathroom in between. Even if we don't know yet when we need the rooms, but once it's my turn, I can do it right away."

"What do you mean by things that go into the wellness area," Karin wanted to know.

Siggi grinned: "First of all, a sauna. That would really appeal to me. Then a whirlpool and also two sunbeds."

"No swimming pool," Karin asked mockingly.

"No. We would have liked to," Antje replied. "But it just doesn't fit in from the height. The pool would have to be about 1.30 meters high and then there would be too little space up to the ceiling."

"And if we did," Trixie began and immediately fell silent again.

"And if we do something," Antje inquired. "Come on, spit out, maybe you have a better idea than the one to move out."

"I don't know," Trixie said, "But if we tear out the ceiling over the pool? There's only the roof over there and we don't need any floor there. Then maybe the height would be fine."

Siggi looked at Trixie thoughtfully. "Hmm, could work. Trixie is right about that. But I can't calculate that. A real architect would have to plan something like that. We may also need a corresponding building permit. And I can't build it either, we need a company for that."

"I have a company at hand. They also build in the chemical company. And the architect is no problem either. I have to sleep on it," Antje explained.

"And we could have a few large windows installed in the roof," Karin said. "A sunroof would be better, of course." Everyone laughed at the performance.

"Isn't it all too expensive all together," Beate asked.

"Don't worry about that," Antje replied, "This year has been extremely successful so far. And in all my companies, even in the store. After the first 9 months, the sales and profit targets were already exceeded everywhere. Especially in the chemical plant. But also in the store, thanks to the help of a new attraction. At the moment, all employees will probably get the maximum bonus. That also applies to you," turning to Karin.

"Twenty percent," Karin asked. Antje nodded. Karin beamed like a honey cake horse.

They then ended the meeting and went into the living room. Trixie showed them the pictures she had taken.

On Saturday, after Antje and Karin had come home from the store, they went to the playroom. Over the next few hours, Antje tied up her friends in a wide variety of positions. For Trixie, some of the positions were completely new. At first she thought some of it was actually quite bearable when she saw her with her friends. But when it was her turn, her opinion changed. Antje tightened all the ropes very tightly and when they could hardly move, every posture quickly became uncomfortable. Antje put alligator clips on Trixie's small breasts a few times, which Trixie soon learned to hate. Nevertheless, Trixie persevered just like the others, according to her motto "I can do it".

After Antje had challenged her friends quite a bit on Sunday, Trixie could have spent a quiet Monday at home, since Mr. Bergmann had given them the day off. But Trixie drove to the office anyway. Mr. Vossen had been working on the program structure and Trixie looked at his changes with him.

Around half past eleven the door opened and Mr. Bergmann came in. "What are you doing here," he asked. "I gave you the day off today."

"They are also here and I would like to take a day off on Thursday instead."

"You didn't have to come to that today," explained Mr. Bergmann. "But that's okay in any case." Mr. Bergmann looked at the sheets on the wall, then he left the office satisfied.

Trixie had asked Beate to go with her to Frankfurt to pick up Gaby. Beate had agreed, because she suspected that her conversation with Gaby would not be easy. They left around 6 a.m. because the dismissals always took place at 9 a.m.

As they pulled onto the highway, Trixie suddenly started laughing, and Beate looked at her in amazement because she couldn't explain Trixie's outburst. "Do you remember when you picked me up back then? You told me that you had a plug in your butt and your pussy was locked with locks. And now, a few months later, we come back here and this time we both have a plug in our buttocks and the closed."

Beate laughed, then she became more serious. "Gaby has no idea what the shared apartment is all about. She knows that I live in a shared apartment, but she believes that it is a normal shared apartment. She has no idea of our games and the trappings. I never dared to tell her about it."

"Oh, that's going to be interesting. Is it better for me to get behind the wheel on the way back?"

"Maybe it would be better," said Beate.

"You, Beate, I'm planning an assassination attempt on you."

"What," Beate wanted to know.

"I had my labia pierced in London. But I feel like it's not complete yet."

"Not completely????"

"Well, on the one hand a ring is missing through the foreskin and on the other hand I would have liked to have my breasts pierced. But I'm a bit unsure about that. They are not very big."

"That doesn't matter so much," Beate reassured her friend. "Do you want your piercing on the breasts further forward in the nipples?"

"No. I imagine it more at the grassroots level. It should be stable and resilient."

"And should it be a ring? Welded, perhaps?"

"I thought of something replaceable. In the office, I could rather carry a staff, that wouldn't be so provocative. And downstairs, I wanted to ask Siggi if she could forge a ring for me that was without a seam."

"You mean, permanently? Siggi would have to forge it together if you have him inside. I wouldn't recommend that. Better if she welds it. Because of the heat."

Trixie thought for a moment, then agreed.

"Do you need an address where you can get your piercings? I have someone there."

"That's the assassination: I want you to do it to me."

"Me?"

"Yes. You know about it. And you know where nerves or veins run. And I have more confidence in you than in anyone else."

Beate hesitated, then exhaled slowly. She knew Trixie well enough that she knew there was no point in arguing it.

"And when should that take place," Beate asked.

"I would prefer to come home from work tomorrow. Then there is time over the weekend for the pain to subside. And I'd rather do it quickly, otherwise I'll just get more scared."

"Phew. Typical for you. Close your eyes and get through it."

"Yes, just like driving a car."

Both laughed. Then Beate continued gravely: "Agreed. On one condition. On weekends, you can opt out of our games. You might be able to do something with Gaby. This also distracts you from the pain. And you take all the pills I give you. I make sure that there aren't too many, but pain just doesn't make sense."

They were still talking about the planned conversions, but then Trixie became quieter and quieter.

"What is the matter?" asked Beate.

"The prison," Trixie explained. "Actually, I never wanted to go there again."

"Calm down," Beate said and put her hand on her thigh, "It's just to pick up Gaby. Then we'll be gone right away."

"Still," Trixie said.

Shortly before nine o'clock they arrived at the parking lot of the prison. Beate got out and stretched her legs, but Trixie stayed in the car and slid into the driver's seat. "Don't you want to get out," Beate asked.

Trixie shook her head and looked at the street, away from the building. Beate thought about it, then she stuck her head into the car. "Are you a coward? Face your past. You can do it!"

Trixie shook her head. Beate leaned her back against the car and looked at the door of the prison. After a few minutes, Beate heard the car door open. Then Trixie came to her and stood next to Beate. Beate grabbed Trixie's hand and squeezed it tightly.

When Gaby stepped through the door, the sisters walked towards each other. For a moment they stood face to face without a word, then they hugged. Trixie held back to appreciate this moment. She saw that both sisters had tears in their eyes. After a small eternity, the two broke their embrace and Gaby came to Trixie.

She hugged her friend. "My little fire alarm," Gaby said. "Without you, it was so lonely in there."

They packed Gaby's bag in the trunk and quickly got in. Gaby and Beate sat in the back. Trixie drove off quickly to get away from the prison.

"How are you, Trixie," Gaby wanted to know.

"Believe it or not, Trixie is the new star at her employer. Last week she was even allowed to travel with a delegation and then made Tokyo unsafe," Beate explained.

"Really? Tokyo? It's crazy!" Gaby was really amazed. "And she now lives in your shared apartment?"

"Yes. She is also the star with us. But I have to give you a few explanations about our shared apartment." Then Beate began to tell her sister about the shared apartment. Again and again Gaby looked at her sister and Trixie in disbelief.

"There's the parking lot up there," Trixie said suddenly.

"What a parking lot," Beate asked.

"You know where we stopped the first time."

"And you mean?"

Instead of answering, Trixie pulled the car into the parking lot. She turned off the engine and got out. The two sisters followed her into the bushes. Gaby didn't understand what that was all

about. But then Beate and Trixie stopped, looked around again and pushed their pants down. Gaby stood in front of them in disbelief and looked at them. She noticed the lack of underwear, saw the locks that locked the and when the two turned around and leaned forward she saw the plugs, one green, the other dark blue.

When they were back in the car, Gaby had to calm down first. Somehow she thought she was in the wrong movie. On the rest of the route she hardly said a word. And when they finally arrived at the shared apartment, it didn't get much better for them.

First, Beate showed her the guest room, where she was to move in first. But Beate explained to her that if she stayed, she would get a room like the others. This could take a little time, but for now it should go that way. Beate sat down with Gaby in the living room while Trixie went to change. Karin, who was mistress at the time, had laid out a set of chains for her. From a heavy neck iron, chains went to equally heavy hand and foot rings. However, Trixie was able to move relatively well in these chains because it was not the first time she wore the set. Otherwise, she was naked as usual.

She went into the kitchen and put champagne, orange juice and some glasses on a tray and brought everything into the living room as a welcome drink for Gaby. She poured and then they drank with Gaby on her dismissal. When Trixie sat down in an armchair, Beate got up, apologized and went to her room to change her outfit as well. She found a dark brown leather corset on her bed, which she put on. In addition, there were leather cuffs for the hands and feet, all attached to the leather corset with chains. The leather corset itself, not unexpectedly, had holes in the most important strategic places. When she came back into the living room, Gaby choked and had to cough violently.

Later, Antje, Karin and Siggie came home. Everyone greeted Gaby warmly and told her that they were happy that she was there and that they hoped that Gaby would join them. Siggie and Antje found themselves naked in the cages in the living room shortly afterwards. Nevertheless, they celebrated Gaby's arrival. However, they all had to go back to work the next day except Beate, so the celebration didn't last too long. Karin also left Antje and Siggie locked in the cages overnight.

Chapter 29 Gabi

The following day, Trixie came home after work as usual around half past five in the afternoon. She found Beate in the kitchen.

"How's it going with Gabi," Trixie asked.

"Not very good. Maybe it was a little too violent what we put her through. I have the feeling that she is withdrawing more and more."

"If it's too much for you, we can move my piercings," Trixie offered.

"That's out of the question," said Beate. "Gabi is with Mona right now and is having her hair done. We still have a good hour to spare. It's best to do it here. This is the only high table we have. Go undress, I'll get the piercing utensils from my room."

A few minutes later, Trixie was actually lying on the kitchen table. She was nervous, of course, and the situation excited her. When she realized that she was totally wet in her crotch, she was a little ashamed, but Beate didn't mind.

Beate first cleaned her clit foreskin and disinfected it. "I thought about cooling your skin with a few ice cubes first, but I don't think that's necessary. You're tough."

She tightened the skin a little with her left hand, then she applied the piercing needle. When she had found the right spot, she stabbed briefly. She immediately stabbed through both sides. Trixie squealed loudly, but then she caught herself again. Beate pulled the needle out again and pushed a short aseptic stick into the holes instead. "Siggi is welcome to put the ring when all this has healed, but at the moment it's best that way."

"As you say," Trixie pressed through her teeth.

"You'll best wear panties for the weekend. And probably a bra too," Beate explained while she cleaned the area of blood. But the bleeding was only slight. Then Beate turned to Trixie's nipples. They were now rock hard. "Last chance," Beate warned while she disinfected them.

"Go ahead. I can do it," Trixie said defiantly.

This time Beate first gave her a light local anesthetic, then she pierced the channels through the base of her nipples with a bent needle. She kept looking Trixie's face to see if it wouldn't be too hard. Trixie had turned pale, but she gritted her teeth and held her breath. When Beate had pulled out the needles, Trixie let out her breath with a hiss. Here, too, Beate first guided aseptic sticks into the sewers, then she cleaned everything.

In the meantime, the bleeding on the clit had stopped. Beate cleaned the area again and then put a bandage on Trixie, which she fastened with adhesive strips. She also cared for her breasts in this way afterwards.

"Now go to your room. On the bedside table is a pack of painkillers. You take two of them now and then one every four hours. Put on light panties and your sports bra and lie down in bed. I'll wake you up when we start the meeting."

Trixie struggled to get up, then slowly walked into her room. The piercing had affected her more than she had thought. But she didn't want to show any weakness. Meanwhile, Beate cleaned up the kitchen and disinfected the table. She put the needles, syringes and the bloody bandages in a small box that she would dispose of in the clinic next week.

Trixie lay down on her bed after taking the pills. She wondered how Beate came up with the idea that she could fall asleep, the piercings hurt so much. She closed her eyes for a moment and thought about Gabi. What would she say about these piercings? With the others, she was sure that they would approve of her decision.

Suddenly Beate shook Trixie's shoulder. "Hey, wake up," said Beate. Trixie looked at the clock and saw to her amazement that more than three hours had passed and that she had been fast asleep. She felt a bit tired, but overall it worked.

When she entered the kitchen with panties and bra, her friends were already sitting at the table. Siggi hugged her and Karin squeezed her hand. "Well, you Swiss cheese, how are you?" asked Antje.

"Why Swiss cheese," Trixie said indignantly.

"Well, because of the many holes." Antje grinned at her.

Gabi sat with them at the table and looked disapprovingly into the round.

Antje had various things to announce. "First of all, a few changes regarding our vacation. It starts in just under three weeks. I talked to Natalie because I didn't get another seat on the plane from Düsseldorf. That's why Natalie flies directly to Dubai with British Airways and we meet her there at the airport. Their plane lands just twenty minutes later than ours, so it's no problem. For her, this is even better, because she saves on changing trains in Düsseldorf. I have rebooked her seat in Gabi's name. In the Burj al Arab I booked one triple and two double suites instead of two triple suites, in the other hotels I simply booked one room each. I hope you're okay with that, Gabi?"

"I'm not sure yet if I want to join you here," Gabi interjected.

"You should think about it very carefully," Antje replied. "But two weeks of vacation in the warm will certainly do you good. Especially after the long time in prison. And you should have enough time to think about how you should go on overall. Please don't rush it, I know our way of life is unusual. Maybe we shouldn't have attacked you like that, but that's the way it went."

"You're not obligated to anything here," Siggi interjected. "Of course we want to seduce you, so to speak, but in a friendly way."

"Exactly," Beate added. "We will of course accept your decision, no matter what it is. And you can count on our help in any case."

"And the help is great," Trixie added. "The four of them overwhelmed me. Not only financially, but above all with love."

"Good," Antje continued. "First of all, let's talk about the other topics. I have conversion plans here. My architect really did wonders. I explained to him that the renovation should take place while we were on vacation. Time is running out, but I've promised him and the construction company a bonus if they can do it. I suggest we go over so I can show you everything."

"How do we get there," Trixie asked. "Do we have to go down and then up via the other entrance? I've never seen a door to the back area."

Siggi laughed. "Of course you never saw the door. In the playroom there is the high cupboard with the whips in front of it. We just need to move it aside."

They went together to the playroom, where Siggi and Beate pushed a large cupboard a good metre to the side. Behind it, a door actually appeared. There was even the key in the lock of the door. As they walked through, Trixie saw for the first time how much space was left.

"Then show us the plans," Beate demanded. Antje spread out a blueprint on the floor.

"Well, thanks to Trixie's suggestion, we can actually fulfill Karin's dream. Moving our fitness area is no problem, we can do it ourselves on a morning after our holiday. After that, Siggi can convert the old area into two more rooms. Behind the playroom there are two smaller, narrow rooms on each side. On one side, two pantries with shelves and so on. This is also where the washing machine and dryer go, they take up too much space for me here in the kitchen. So we also get a little more space here. I think it would be good to have a second stove here. On the other hand, Beate gets her own small treatment room and a warehouse for medical supplies. I don't want such operations to be repeated on the kitchen table. Beate can order the necessary furnishings in the next few weeks."

"A real treatment room is great, of course," Siggi said. "We can really use it."

Antje stood with her back against the wall to the playroom and measured 8 steps from there. "That's about as far as here."

"So, then to the new wellness area. So, the highlight will be a swimming pool, 9 meters long, 3 meters wide and 1 meter 50 deep. The basin will have a counter-current system. Above the pool and a good 5 meters further, the roof can be pushed aside at the request of a single lady. The previous roof will be replaced by large windows. Since there is some roof work to be done on this occasion, we install a solar system directly on the roof. Then we have the sauna, the whirlpool, two sunbeds and right next to the pool there is room for a few sun loungers.

"Can they really do it in two weeks," Siggi wondered.

"That's the deal," said Antje. "If they want the bonus, they have to make an effort."

"And how do you pay for it," asked Gabi, who had no idea about Antje's fortune yet.

"That's no problem," Antje replied. "The whole thing doesn't cost much more than the vacation. And believe me, this is more for the petty cash. I have more problems finding new, good investments for the profit this year. Mortimer should make suggestions to me."

"Don't you want to wait with the whole thing until you know if I'm moving in here? Otherwise, you may do all the work for nothing."

"No," said Beate. "You're right that you haven't decided yet. And the renovations and the vacation should not influence your decision either. But the conversions would be due at some point anyway. If the construction company can do this during our vacation, we will be spared the noise and dirt. So, I'm all for it."

"And the rest of you," Antje wanted to know. Siggi, Karin and Trixie nodded.

"Good, then I'll commission it."

They left the area and went back to the kitchen.

"After that's settled, we'll come to the weekend," said Karin, who was the mistress this weekend. "Trixie is out, but I can promise her that we will make up for everything with her. The best thing to do is to go to the city with Gabi. Maybe they can do the shopping. And otherwise, Trixie is sure to come up with something. You're probably going to the sanctuary with Gabi?"

"The sanctuary is Trixie's pet project," Siggi explained for Gabi, who had once again looked questioning.

"Probably," Trixie said. "Let's see what else we do. What are you up to?"

"We will probably make the gravel pit unsafe," Karin explained.

As planned, Trixie went shopping with Gabi the next day. Gabi was amazed that Trixie already had a car, and such a stylish one at that. But Trixie then explained to her that the car belonged to Antje's car rental company. She also told Gabi that she could take one of the cars at any time if necessary. Gradually, it dawned on Gabi that money didn't play a role in this shared apartment.

The two bought the food on the list in a large supermarket. Then they brought everything home first and then drove to the city center. Trixie parked in the underground car park at the cathedral and they then walked from there to the old town. They strolled for hours through the shopping street and Trixie bought some jeans and blouse for Gabi as well as a warm jacket for the winter. In between, they stopped off at a brewery and had lunch there.

"Wasn't it difficult for you to settle into the shared apartment," Gabi asked. "After all, it's mainly about sex. And not exactly of the usual kind. So I can't really imagine that."

"I felt the same way at first," Trixie replied. "Some practices really scared me. Especially the idea of having myself whipped sent shivers down my spine. But I tried it out and then found that some things sound worse than they feel. Of course, it hurts a lot when you get whipped, but let's be in trust: We were once in a castle, they call it the dungeon, I was whipped and when I hung there and the whip landed on my back, a crazy feeling went through my whole body with every blow and I had the most violent orgasm of my life. I still can't imagine what that must have looked like."

"And you let that happen to you voluntarily," Gabi wondered.

"I was also unsure, believe me. But I trusted that the others would never put me in a situation that would overwhelm me or cause me serious harm."

"But you have suffered damage. The welts and so on."

"They heal in a few days or weeks. I'm certainly not going to go to extremes like Karin. If you look at her back, you'll find some scars where the skin had burst open. But Karin is really the only one of us who goes that far. For the rest of us, it's over before that."

"And the piercings yesterday," Gabi wanted to know. "Did the others say that you should have them done for you?"

"They would never do that. That would never be an option. I decided freely for all piercings. Of course, yesterday's ones still hurt, even now. But it works. I guess on Monday I don't need the panties and bra anymore. It's totally unusual for me to wear something like that. It will be a real challenge on our Dubai vacation to walk around with it for two weeks, but Antje explained to us that this will unfortunately be necessary. Dubai is very tolerant, but there are still limits."

"That's what I wanted to ask you anyway: Antje throws money around like that, is she really that rich or is she just pretending?"

"No, she's so rich. If you want to know exactly, you have to ask her yourself. But you also saw this morning that she did her part of the cleaning just like the rest of us. She doesn't mind being treated like that. She probably even enjoys being treated like everyone else and not as someone special."

On Sunday, Trixie drove with Gabi to the sanctuary. She had bought a large bag of dog treats from her own wallet in the supermarket the day before. She showed Gabi the whole facility and when they came to the new dog department, the dogs greeted her. Trixie gave Gabi some of the snacks and together they fed the dogs. Trixie also showed Gabi the pond that she and her friends had dug and told her exactly how it had happened.

"It's wonderful here," Gabi said and looked around. "So peaceful and friendly. When I think of the prison, And the vastness. No walls. I understand why you like being here so much."

The director of the sanctuary came to them and handed Trixie an envelope. She opened it and found an invitation for the shared apartment to the official opening of the dog department. Trixie looked at the date and realized that it was the first Saturday after her Dubai vacation. So that should work.

"Your friend here has really rendered outstanding services to this area," the man explained. "Without them, we would not be able to celebrate the opening for a long time."

They stayed at the sanctuary for quite a long time and did not return until about three o'clock in the afternoon. On the way, they had to stop at a McDonald's at Gabi's request, where she treated herself to a Big Mac and fries that she had missed for so long.

Chapter 30

The following week was also rather quiet. Trixie continued to work with Mr. Vossen on her project and it slowly took shape. She made an appointment with Mr. Bergmann for the following week, in which she wanted to explain her planning to him and hear his opinion. For Mr. Vossen, she arranged a two-week programming course, which was to take place during her Dubai vacation.

She asked the HR department if she could get twelve days of vacation. The employee did the math briefly and told her that it was fine. In addition, there was a note from Director Bergmann that he had promised Trixie this vacation as part of the employment negotiations. Trixie was surprised, but when she asked Beate about it, Beate explained that she had discussed it during the interview.

When they met on Friday as usual for their weekly meeting, Beate came with reddened eyes. Everyone was surprised, but Gaby immediately spoke up. "Dear ones, you have really welcomed me here and you have made me great offers. Especially the offer to move in here permanently was probably the best offer I have ever made. But, as sorry as I am, I can't and I won't accept it. You have a way of life here that I can't get along with. It's not up to you, it's just me. And that's why I ask for your understanding if I reject the offer and that also applies to the great holiday. It would be unfair for me to come along."

"I've already thought of something like that," said Antje. "Sure, that's a low blow for Beate. She had been looking forward to living here with you. And she wants to protect you. We would like to help her with that too."

"That's nice of you," Gaby said, "but I have to look for a job and an apartment first. Maybe I can live here for a few more days, that would be a great help."

"Of course you can stay here for now," Siggi said and the others nodded.

"I would also know a job for you," Antje added. "Nothing great, but at least a start. But not here in Cologne, but in Porz. That wouldn't be so far away and you and Beate could see each other from time to time or you could visit us here."

"That would be great," Gaby said surprised. "What would that be?"

"There is a vacancy in the branch of my car rental company at the airport. That means shift work, but if you could get used to it ..."

"But I don't want to be given any preferential treatment now," Gaby interjected.

"No, but you won't be treated worse in any way. By the way, in car rental, we change the cars every one to two years, depending on the type. That's why you can get a used one that you can pay off with little money. And an apartment is no problem either. The HR department in my chemical company has contacts with various brokers. We need that when we hire skilled workers. I had already guessed your decision and there would be an apartment. Two rooms, kitchen, hallway, bathroom and garage. Five minutes to the airport and three quarters of an hour to us. Well, how is it?"

Beate gave Antje a grateful look. So Gaby would at least stay nearby. Gaby was now also in tears. The sisters hugged each other. Then Gaby got up and went to her room. She had nothing more to do with the meeting.

After the meeting, Trixie went to Gaby in the guest room. She found Gaby lying on the bed.

"You think I'm pretty ungrateful," Gaby asked.

"No. I had already thought that it wouldn't fit. When I came here, I also doubted, but after two days my doubts were dispelled. I just want to tell you that we all understand you. Sure, Beate is sad, of course, but she will get through it. And if you really visit us from time to time, that will help her too. But I want to tell you, whenever you need help, call me, no matter what it's about. OK?"

Later that evening, Beate knocked on Antje's door. When Antje answered, she entered. Antje lay in bed and looked at her. "I wanted to thank you for what you do for Gaby. I don't know how to make up for it all."

Antje threw up the blanket and Beate slid under the blanket to her friend. "Stupid, I'll be happy to do that for you. You're my best friend."

The last days before the holiday passed uneventfully. On Sunday, everyone packed their bags and got everything ready for departure on Wednesday. Antje asked her friends to pack only the medium-sized suitcases of the sets they owned and then pack them into the large suitcases. So everyone from the shared flat would have a large suitcase for the shopping for the return flight. Antje also ordered a large van for the five from a chauffeur service, which took them to Düsseldorf Airport the following Wednesday.

This time there were no problems with the control. Trixie had feared that one of the others would play a trick on her, but everyone was looking forward to the vacation too much to come up with stupid ideas. They passed the time waiting in the lounge of the Emirates, but then they soon went to the gate at Trixie's insistence. Trixie went to the window where the huge Airbus 380 was parked. She saw the plane and stood motionless. The others noticed this and looked at her for a moment in amusement. But when she still hadn't moved after ten minutes, Beate came to her. "What's wrong with you," she wanted to know.

The plane," Trixie answered, "It's talking to me."

"The plane is talking to you," Beate asked incredulously. "And what does it say?"

"It wants to fly. It wants to take people to other places. It speaks of the joy it has at altitude when it flies over lands and seas. It says, "Come on, get in."

Beate went to her friends. "Trixie says the plane is talking to her," she said. "It tells her that it wants to fly. Trixie is totally blown away."

"I can understand," Antje replied. "Some time ago, when I had to get off at an airfield and not at the terminal, I was also standing in front of the plane. These jet engines are incredibly large. And then I also had the impression that the thing just wanted to fly."

Fortunately, the call to board came just before Beate finally lost her composure. When the friends boarded the plane, they were all extremely impressed. Each was assigned her own private area. The service was friendly beyond all measure and the stewardesses already suspected every wish.

After take-off, they met at the first-class bar and drank a glass of champagne together to celebrate the upcoming holiday. They were happy to see Natalie again soon and Beate had also calmed down so much about Gaby that she wanted to enjoy the vacation because she knew that Antje in particular would take care of Gaby. The flight went by almost too fast for them and they land in Dubai early in the morning. None of them had slept much, so they looked forward to the time ahead.

Behind passport and customs control, the first surprise awaited. Antje ran a small office in Abu Dhabi as part of her chemical plant, only three employees, and the office manager was waiting for her at the exit. Antje greeted her with a kiss on the cheek. "May I introduce you to Tessa, the head of my branch office in Abu Dhabi. Tessa will take care of us and show us around during our holiday."

Tessa smiled at her friendly: "Welcome to Dubai, the craziest city in all of Arabia. I hope you will enjoy your time here. I am available to answer any questions you may have. Which one of you is Trixie?"

Trixie stepped forward a little surprised. Tessa grabbed her by the arm. "Please wait here for your friend from London, she has to get out of here in a few minutes. In the meantime, Trixie and I go to the car rental company to do the paperwork." Apparently Tessa was a bundle of energy and she was immediately sympathetic to everyone.

In fact, after barely 5 minutes, Trixie held the keys to a van in her hand. They went back to the others and sure enough, Natalie was waiting now. Natalie and Trixie hugged each other, but held back a little so as not to offend anyone. After all, Dubai remained an Arab country.

Together they went to the exit of the airport, where the van was already waiting for them. They quickly loaded the luggage, then off they went. Tessa sat down next to Trixie and would show her the way to the hotel. "Don't be intimidated by traffic," Tessa Trixie advised before she started. "It's chaotic and every now and then there is honking. But they will quickly realize that they are still given enough space and no one likes an accident. Watch out for pedestrians, they are actually allowed to cross the street here. Consideration is also shown there."

In fact, the traffic was extreme. The roads were wide and 4 or 6 lanes, but still they were hardly enough. Trixie stayed in the right lane until Tessa told her that they would have to turn left in two hundred meters. To her great amazement, what Tessa had said was really true and she was in the far left lane in no time without any problems.

When they arrived at the hotel, Trixie already felt as if she had never driven anywhere else. Trixie pulled up to the main entrance and let the others get out because she wanted to drive the car into the parking lot. To her surprise, a page came, knocked politely on the door of the car and opened it. "May I have the key, please, I'll park the car for you. Here's your receipt. If you need the car, just hand in the receipt at the entrance, then I will bring it immediately. Such service is perfectly normal in such hotels, but for Trixie it was new. The luggage has also already been taken care of.

Antje was already at the reception and received the keycards for all of them. A page rolled in front of them with a baggage cart to the elevator. On the 12th floor, the elevator stopped and they found themselves in front of their rooms. Since Antje had originally booked a room for Gaby as well, she had come up with the idea of offering Tessa the surplus room. The rooms were all next to each other and were equipped with connecting doors. Only the connecting door to Tessa's room remained locked, as Antje did not want her to feel bothered by the relaxed lifestyle of the shared flat.

When Trixie entered her room, she was totally surprised. There was no simple hotel room, but there was also a living room. The bedroom and living room were both significantly larger than the rooms in the shared apartment. The bathroom was well equipped and Trixie wondered if she should really dare to wash herself in such a room. When she came out of the bathroom, Siggi had come into her living room. "Isn't that crazy," Siggi asked enthusiastically. "I've never seen anything like it. And they don't even have to be the best suites."

They freshened up a bit, then they met as they had agreed at the hotel bar, where Tessa was already waiting. "So, where do we want to start," Tessa asked.

"The best thing to do is to take a city tour. Then we get a first impression. Tomorrow we want to go to the Dubai Mall and of course to the Burj Khalifa. The day after tomorrow and Sunday, it's Abu Dhabi and Formula 1's turn." Antje had taken command as a travel organizer.

"Then let's go," said Tessa. We can take a lunch break later in Deira. This is one of the liveliest neighborhoods in Dubai. Actually, I always end up there."

They drove through the city for the next few hours while Tessa explained everything. Trixie, of course, had to concentrate mainly on traffic. Finally, Tessa asked Trixie to park the car so they could have lunch. Tessa led them to her favorite restaurant, where they were already awaited. "To get in the mood, I have taken the liberty of ordering in advance so that you can get an impression."

They sat on the terrace of the restaurant, the heavy pedestrian traffic passed them by. The waiters brought flat plates with a paste and fresh, hot flatbread. "It's hummus, a porridge made from chickpeas, plus olive oil and pine nuts. Grab it."

The mass looked strange, but they liked it. "The main course is lamb," Tessa announced. "Only the best for my guests, fresh lamb eyes. They will like them!" The bite got stuck in the mouths of the six. "No," Tessa laughed, "that was a joke. But here you can find the best lamb chops in the world."

Tessa leaned over to Antje. "Say that the others in the office politely ask if you want to come to the office. Of course, they would like to get to know the great boss."

"Not really," Antje replied, "This is a private vacation."

"It doesn't matter," Karin interjected. "We understand that. How about we all meet somewhere nice for lunch. Wouldn't that be ok, don't you think?"

The others agreed with Karin and Antje gave up. "What would you recommend," she asked Tessa. Tessa whispered in her ear, then Antje grinned. "Please organize it. We'll be in the mall tomorrow anyway."

"And as for you," said Antje, "I'll do that well for you. I don't like to mix service and private life, except for LLL. I already know what I'm going to do with you."

After a delicious lunch, they decided to return to the hotel and relax by the pool. The night flight had been a bit exhausting.

The next morning they drove to the Dubai Mall, which is the largest mall in the world with 1200 shops. But even before that, there was a highlight for Trixie when she drove the van along the highway in Dubai's skyscraper canyon. She was intimidated and almost hit the brakes. Tessa quickly guided them into one of the side lanes, where they stopped and took in the sight.

After a few minutes they went on and came to the mall and the Burj Khalifa right next to it. "We're going up there around 5 a.m. and we'll watch the sunset and the trick fountains. Until then, we'll go shopping and meet at 2 a.m. at the aquarium, on the lower part of the 1st floor. Natalie, I also have a credit card for you so you can strike. You probably want to go out with Trixie?"

Natalie hadn't expected it at all, her father had provided her with generous pocket money, for which she would certainly still find use. But Karin offered to accompany Trixie and Natalie. She suspected that otherwise both would be too shy to shop sensibly. Siggie and Beate set off together and Tessa went in a different direction with Antje. On the way, Tessa reported on the preparations she had made and with which Antje was very satisfied.

It didn't take long and they found a store that specialized in pantsuits. Karin had tried to persuade Trixie to have a fancy Mini, but Trixie thought that her legs looked like stilts. That's why she opted for pantsuits when it came to more formal wear. They found plenty of what they were looking for in the shop and when they left after a good hour, Trixie had bought three complete suits and some matching blouses that she could combine. Karin was reasonably satisfied with the selection. They didn't have to bother with bags as everything would be delivered directly to the hotel. In the next few hours, Karin and Natalie also found some things they liked. But also when it came to swimsuits and fashionable sportswear, the selection was really excellent.

At some point Karin pointed to the clock and said that they should slowly go to the aquarium. Trixie had only seen the clue on the signposts until then. When they came to the huge aquarium, they were more than impressed. The front of the aquarium is over 30 meters wide and 8 meters high. The largest fish, sharks, are over 2 meters long and a display board explained that 33000 fish swam there. They couldn't get enough of it. Trixie especially liked the rays that were making their rounds.

Soon Antje and Tessa joined them. They waited a little longer, which was not difficult for them at this sight, then Siggi and Beate came. Everyone explained that they had made plenty of loot in the mall and that everything would be delivered to the hotel.

Tessa then said that her colleagues in 'Joe's Crab Shack' would be waiting for her on the 2nd floor. They drove to the next floor and then saw the restaurant. Siggi and Beate were a bit surprised, as they had expected something very chic, but it looked rather easy. Would Antje feed her employees in a cheap snack? It didn't look like her. Tessa headed for a large table where a man and a woman were sitting. The two rose to greet her and all were introduced to each other.

Beate took Antje aside. "Tell me, isn't this a bit easy here," she asked quietly.

But Antje only answered quietly "Wait and see".

They sat down and immediately the waitress brought a tray of fruit cocktails. Afterwards she came back and brought plastic aprons for everyone, which they tied around the astonished guests. They had to wait a moment, then two waiters brought small buckets with huge crab legs peeking out of them.

"My dears," Antje had stood up, "and I also welcome you, my employees, you surely remember this documentary on TV with the shrimp fishermen in Alaska. The hardest job in Alaska or something like that. Well, these are the king crabs caught there. Then bon appétit."

They still needed some instruction from the waiters, but then it really became a feast. And they also quickly understood why they wore plastic aprons. The crabs in garlic butter with potatoes tasted delicious and the portions were so large that they could hardly cope with them. Karin's employees emphasized several times how great it was to be invited to this restaurant, which is inconspicuous from the outside. They told of their encounters with the locals and the sometimes annoying sheikhs. Trixie was amazed when she learned that they were doing very well as ex-pats and wanted to stay in Abu Dhabi for as long as possible, they all had families with them and everyone mentioned that they had 2 or 3 Indian domestic servants. Antje explained that this is so common here. Among Indians, jobs with ex-pats are particularly popular because the wages were better there.

After Antje's employees had said goodbye, not without thanking them again for the visit and the invitation, they strolled together to the elevator of the Burj Khalifa. There they first drove to the "At the Top" level and looked around. But contrary to what the name suggests, it goes even further up to the "Sky" level. The view from 555 meters was breathtaking and they enjoyed the sunset with a few cocktails. In addition, they could admire the unique water features deep below them, which were over much too quickly.

The evening ended with a small snack in the hotel. The next day, Abu Dhabi and Formula 1 were on the agenda.

Chapter 31

The next morning, after breakfast, they set off for Abu Dhabi. They were no longer dressed quite as casually as the day before. Trixie had put on one of the new pantsuits while Natalie, Beate and Karin arrived in minis. Antje and Siggi had opted for designer jeans.

From the hotel we first went on the expressway. When they reached the canyon of houses with the skyscrapers on both sides, Trixie said, "Well, I could fall in love with this sight. How wide is the road here?"

"Let's have a rough estimate," said Siggi, who had the best sense of proportion. "So there would be 6 lanes, then there will be this small green strip. Then the parking bays, the local road and the sidewalk. The whole thing times two plus the median strip. If we assume four and a half meters per lane, I get 90 to 100 meters."

"And I suspect," Karin interjected, "that some architects had to listen to accusations from their clients as to why they put such puny buildings here. Some of them are barely a hundred meters high and I don't think anyone is much more than 300 meters."

"It's a great course," added Beate, who was also impressed. "How far do you think this will continue?"

"Not very far," Tessa answered. "After a few kilometres, the expressway narrows and between Dubai and Abu Dhabi it has only 4 lanes. Of course, in each direction. But trucks are only allowed to use the right lane."

"Very pleasing," Trixie said. "Hopefully there will be no traffic jams then."

Tessa noticed the sarcasm in Trixie's statement. "If you think there are no traffic jams on an 8-lane highway, then you have to take a look at what's going on on the highway from Sharadsha in the morning. 2 hours of traffic jams are quite normal."

After a good hour, they reached Abu Dhabi. Tessa guided through the city and pointed out some buildings. The new mosque is particularly worth seeing. There, everything had been decorated with real gold and over 120kg of gold leaf had been used. At some point, she pointed to a rather ordinary high-rise building. "We have our office on the 38th floor. If you want to visit it, I'll be happy to show you, but it's nothing special. They then drove to one of the shopping centers. But they soon realized that Abu Dhabi was nowhere near as lively as Dubai.

After a coffee break, it was time to drive to Yas Island. Especially Trixie and Siggi wanted to ride the roller coaster in the Ferrariworld. The entrance tickets also included access to it. They were guided to a parking lot and from there with a shuttle bus to Ferrariworld. First they supplied themselves with red fan shirts and caps and many other little things, then they went to the roller coaster. Antje, Beate and Tessa only took a look at the part, then they said they wanted to do without. "If I go there, I can enjoy the delicious king crabs from yesterday again, but I'll still do without," said Beate.

The other four got the seats in the front row. Trixie in particular screamed her heart out. She and Siggi immediately queued up again to ride a second time.

After that, they finally went to the race track. Antje, as was to be expected from her, had booked a whole box. But when they looked around a bit downstairs, Trixie stopped in amazement.

"What is it," Antje asked.

"We are here in an Islamic country where you are not allowed to drink alcohol in public. But over there I see people drinking beer and wine."

Tessa laughed. "It's a question of interpretation. There are a few partition walls around this area. This makes it a separate "private area", and you are allowed there."

"Hello Tessa," a man behind Tessa suddenly said. Everyone looked at him, apparently a sheikh or something similar stood there in a white robe.

Tessa spun around. "Hello Highness," she said. "May I introduce you to my companions? This is my boss with her friends. Ladies, Sheikh Ahmed bin Hafez al Maktoum."

"Very pleased," said Antje.

The sheikh bowed slightly. "Is this your first time in our country? Do you like it?"

"It's very exciting here," said Antje, who had to conduct the interview as the boss.

"Tessa," said the sheikh, "you should have told me that you have such a high-ranking visitor. We should have arranged something."

"Excuse me, Your Highness," Antje objected, "But this was to be a private vacation. My companions are not employees, but we live together in a shared apartment."

"Oh, indeed? Very interesting." Antje and the sheikh talked a little more, then he said goodbye.

"Who was that exactly?" asked Antje Tessa.

"Sheikh Ahmed belongs to the ruling family, as the name suggests. Al Maktoum. A cousin or something like that with connections to the ruling family in Abu Dhabi. I negotiated the last two deliveries of crude oil with him. A nice guy, but tough as nails when it comes to business."

"Then I should take it on," Antje said, "but not this time. Maybe I'll come here again when I get the chance."

They then went to their box to watch qualifying. Fortunately, Beate had got the hearing protectors. The screeching sound of the engines went through the marrow and bone.

After qualifying was over, they enjoyed the following concert until they headed back to their hotel around midnight. Trixie was tired, but she still drove home highly concentrated.

The following day they left a little later. Trixie had spent the night in bed with Natalie and was not well rested. Therefore, Tessa offered to drive the van. Trixie and Natalie cuddled in the back seat, which caused Tessa to frown.

"Are the two in a relationship," she asked Antje, who was sitting next to her.

Antje decided to make a clean sweep. "No, Natalie is more of a friend in itself. But the rest of us, you could say that we are all in a relationship. There are no exact ties or rules, everything is very relaxed."

Tessa thought about it. "Is that why the door between my room and yours is locked?"

"Yes, we didn't want to embarrass you. With us, you never know who sleeps in which bed."

"Oops," was Tessa's only comment.

Tessa parked near the new mosque. It was really a magnificent building that impressed them all. Especially the huge carpet that covered the whole floor was incredible. After visiting the mosque, they drove to the coast and spent a few hours there until it was time to go to the racetrack again.

This time they take the opportunity to walk through the pit lane. They found it exciting to see the famous racers from a short distance, but also other celebrities. Then they took their seats in the box again. Shortly before the start, there was a knock on the door. A messenger brought a letter addressed to Tessa. She opened it and read it through.

"You surely remember Sheikh Ahmed, whom we saw yesterday. He invites us all for the day after tomorrow. He has a small desert camp in a remote corner of the desert. There he would like to welcome us and show us, among other things, how to hunt with falcons. So if you're interested in something like that, this is a rare opportunity. His hunting falcons are famous and he pays tens of thousands for care.

Antje looked at the others. It was a stupid situation. But this time it was Siggi who saved her. "Why not. Falcon hunting is supposed to be very exciting."

Antje decided to really compensate her friends for these interruptions. The messenger had been waiting for an answer and Tessa told him that they were happy about the invitation. The messenger took out a second letter and handed it over. When Tessa opened it, she found directions that she urgently needed for the trip.

Then the race started. The start was incredibly loud. Soon, the favorite Hamilton prevailed. But actually none of them were a Formula 1 fan. They thought it was interesting, but that's about it. The concert afterwards was great again, but since they were all still tired from the day before, they left before the end.

The next morning brought more sights. Antje had asked Tessa to visit the spice souk. Trixie parked the car on the other side of the creek, which almost divided Dubai, according to Tessa's instructions. From her parking lot, Tessa took her to the ferry boats that connected the two halves of the city. The crossing was a great experience, Beate and Trixie sat at the front and screamed at the wild ride with the boat.

It was only a few steps from the pier to the spice bazaar. At one of the dealers, Tessa bought something that she showed to her friends. It looked like colorful stones, shiny, white and light blue. All possible shades of color. "Try it," Tessa demanded and put a stone in her mouth. Everyone did the same. When the mass melted in their mouths, they were amazed. Chocolate.

"This is chocolate made from camel's milk," Tessa explained. The tour continued, suddenly Beate had disappeared. When Antje looked around, she noticed that Siggi was also gone. They looked around to see where the two of them were. Then Beate came out of a small shop with a paper bag. "Saffron," she said and grinned broadly. A minute later, Siggi was also back. She also had a bag in her hand. "I bought us some saffron for the kitchen," she explained. Everyone looked at each other in amazement, then laughed. Only Siggi understood later why they were laughing.

Antje led them a little further down a street and they were already where Antje wanted them to be: In a shop window lay a huge ring of gold. According to the description next to it, the largest gold ring in the world. The whole shop window was hung with gold jewellery. The windows next to it also showed vast quantities of gold. Wherever they looked, jewelry was

everywhere: gold, diamonds, watches, pearls. It was clear that they were in the gold souq. Astonished, they went from one window to the other. As they stood at a shop that exhibited watches, Antje pointed to one of them. "Look Beate, wouldn't that be for you?"

Beate looked at the clock. "Looks good, but far too expensive."

Antje didn't seem to be listening. "And there are the clocks on the left. Wouldn't that be something for Trixie. Have you seen the cheap watch she's wearing? I bet she likes such a high-tech watch." Antje turned around. "Come with me, we'll go in there."

In the shop they were greeted by a man who was probably the owner. Antje explained her wishes to him and he took out clock after clock. Antje urged her friends to try them on. She also chose a watch herself. Antje only gave up when everyone, even Tessa, had chosen a watch. Then Antje looked around, grabbed the man by the arm and went with him to his small office.

"Poor sock," Beate commented.

"I know," Tessa said, "It's going to be expensive. You can feel sorry for Antje."

"Who's talking about Antje," Beate laughed. "I feel sorry for the guy. When Antje is done with it, he can be happy if he can afford another coffee."

In fact, it took Antje half an hour to come out of the office grinning. She handed her credit card to the owner and entered her pin. Beate saw the amount for a second: 42,000 dollars. But for Antje, that was beside the point. The main thing was that she could give her friends a gift.

They spent the afternoon and most of the following day at the hotel's swimming pool. Trixie enthusiastically fiddled with her new watch and tried out what it could do. Meanwhile, Beate wondered if her patients would appreciate it when she measured their pulse with an \$8,000 watch.

In between, Trixie disappeared into her room with Natalie. After 10 minutes, Trixie joined the others again. Only Natalie stayed away from the group.

"What about Natalie," Karin asked as they ordered some snacks for lunch, "Isn't she hungry?"

"No," Trixie replied, "She's watching a captivating movie."

Beate looked over at Trixie, shook her head, but she grinned. Except for Tessa, everyone knew what was going on.

They arranged their trip to the desert camp so that they arrived there shortly before four o'clock in the afternoon. The sheikh was already waiting for them. He showed them his birds and they thought it was great to stroke such wonderful creatures. Then the sheikh sent one of the birds to hunt. Although everyone felt sorry for the hare that the bird killed, it was an impressive performance.

In the meantime, servants of the sheikh had made a campfire and were roasting mutton there. Shortly after 6 o'clock night fell, only the campfire gave off some brightness. At Karin's request, however, this was also deleted and they all lay down in the sand and looked at an unforgettable starry sky.

The days passed much too quickly. They spent a lot of time at the pool, but also made some trips to the Indian Ocean, where they all jumped in, and they visited the Dubai Mall and a few other malls several times. Nevertheless, none of them could even come close to fulfilling Antje's requirement to fully utilize the credit cards. After a week, Tessa said goodbye to them, as they were supposed to go to Musquat the next day.

The flight to Musquat took her to another world, far away from the glitter of Dubai. They also saw the prosperity there, but the hustle and bustle of Dubai was missing. But that also had its charm. Everything was very clean and tidy. Trixie was amazed that she was handed some vouchers for car washes at the car rental company and asked to drive through the car wash once a day. The employee explained to her that the ruler of the country did not tolerate dirty cars on the streets.

Finally, the last highlight of the trip was on the agenda: When they landed back in Dubai, Antje took her friends to another area of the airport. To her surprise, there was a helicopter with a running rotor. Antje shooed her friends into the cabin and they let themselves be flown to the Burj al Arab, where they landed on the platform.

This hotel topped the holiday. They had already indulged in luxury in the first hotel, now it went even further. Antje had ordered three suites, which were next to each other and connected by doors. Two of the friends moved into each of the suites, Siggi moved in with Antje, Karin with Beate and Trixie of course with Natalie. Each suite had its own butler to take care of it. They toured the hotel from top to bottom. Gold and the finest wood everywhere. The restaurants were incredibly good, but they couldn't do more than eat. Karin in particular nibbled extensively on the confectionery that was in the rooms, but the supply never ran out.

Nevertheless, time passed. Soon everyday life would have her back. But they did not regret it. It was a memory they would remember for a long time.

Nevertheless, there was still a surprise that nobody, not even Antje, had expected. On the penultimate evening, Mortimer, Natalie's father, called and talked to Antje for over half an hour. The others followed the conversation and saw that Antje gave in at some point. But she said nothing when the conversation was over.

They spent the last evening at the Burj in Antje and Siggi's room, where the three butlers had a last festive menu served.

The next morning they were picked up by a limousine, a Rolls, of course. Her luggage followed in a second car. They joked about how they would be received with all the excess luggage. But after barely three minutes, Trixie realized something was wrong. They should have turned left onto the expressway towards the airport, but instead the limousine turned right. Trixie had acquired enough local knowledge through her driving to notice this immediately.

"Hey, where are they taking us," she exclaimed, alarmed.

"That's okay," Antje explained. "You remember the conversation with Mortimer the day before yesterday? It's constantly in my ears, I would have to incur more operating costs. He would prefer me to buy a private plane. For what? To fly from the shared apartment to the store? Complete nonsense. But he has spoken to an aircraft company. In a nutshell: For advertising purposes, she flies us home on a private jet. The latest model of a Learjet."

Silence spread through the limousine, then suddenly everyone was talking at the same time. None of them had expected something like this.

"To be very clear," Antje said when the others had calmed down a bit, "I won't buy this plane, no matter what Mortimer says. We have our lives and we want to keep it that way. The vacation was really awesome, I agree with you. But on Monday Karin is back in her workshop, Beate is in the hospital, Trixie is carpenters again with her husband Vossen Siggi and I open the shop at 11 o'clock sharp. Only Natalie will fly home on Monday."

Everyone agreed with her. They wanted to continue living as before. And then Karin reminded her that the converted shared flat was still waiting for her. No one had thought about the fact that there was still something waiting for them.

Chapter 32

Antje had arranged everything with the chauffeur service and so she was expecting not only a limousine but also a VW Bulli for her now really extensive luggage at the airport. In addition to her two suitcases, each had one or two bags with clothes. In addition, an employee of Antje's chemical factory was waiting for them, who took care of any customs matters there. He received a mountain of receipts from the girlfriends for their purchases. Trixie had entered all the receipts into her lab during the flight and gave him the list on a USB stick. He would then take care of the orderly processing.

When they arrived back in Cologne, they were of course curious to see what their apartment looked like now. Antje hadn't told them all the details. She simply enjoyed surprising her friends. They unloaded the suitcases from the van on the street level and put everything in the elevator. Antje and Siggi drove upstairs with the first tour and put the suitcases in the hallway. Then gradually the other suitcases came upstairs and finally the friends came up.

None of them wanted to go to their room first, but they let Antje go first. At Antje's request, Siggi had quickly fetched a tray of champagne and glasses from the kitchen and so they went together to the door to the back of their playroom. There, Antje awkwardly opened the champagne and calmly poured the glasses. She loved to keep her friends on the edge of their seats.

"Now go ahead," Karin urged.

"Always slowly," Antje replied. "First of all, a sip of the wonderful holiday and the inauguration of the new part of the apartment."

They toasted, but Antje realized that she really couldn't stop the others anymore. She opened the door and walked slowly. The first part was a hallway like the one in front of her bedrooms. Two doors each opened to the right and left. Antje opened the first door on the left and, followed by the others, entered the room. On the left were the washing machine and dryer, plus a large table, and an ironing board on the window side. Shelves were attached to the right side.

"Here we can store mainly the suitcases and larger parts," Antje explained. The others followed her into the second room. There were two rows of shelves and two large new freezers at the front.

Then we went to the first room on the right. Beate was thrilled. Here was a real couch for treatment, which could also be moved down or up electrically. On the side were cupboards and shelves.

"How did you do that in such a short time," Beate marveled. Antje just smiled and everyone understood that it was only a question of the bonus. From this room we went to a small storage room, which was already filled with various medical supplies. However, this room could not be reached from the hallway. Of course, there were no prescription drugs, but everything else was available, including a defibrillator and an ECG.

The second door on the right led into a tiny room filled with electronics. "This is the control center for our solar system. We can consume the electricity ourselves or store it up to a certain amount. The rest then goes into the public network," Antje explained. Trixie was particularly interested in the technical side.

Then we went to an open area, which was still completely empty. "This is where our fitness area goes," Antje explained. "I didn't want the workers to go to our apartment, there would have been stupid questions. Only the architect was with us with two of his employees and made a few minor changes. This means that we will have to rearrange the fitness equipment ourselves in the next few days. This also applies to the old pantry. Siggi can then convert the rooms into more bedrooms. But she already knows that."

Attached to the fitness area was a large sauna with a plunge pool and shower. When Antje opened it, everyone was speechless. The ceiling to the roof had been removed and the old roof had been replaced by huge glass elements. "The roof elements can be pushed into each other," Antje explained. "Then we'll have a kind of penthouse here."

There were several normal loungers but also two solariums. A whirlpool had been installed opposite, in which they all fit and then came the highlight. Across the entire width of the room there was a swimming pool, a total of a good 10 meters long and 4 meters wide, with a rim about one meter wide as a walking surface. A few steps led up from the normal level to this edge.

They stood there stunned for a moment, then Siggi literally tore the things off his body and ran to the pool. Without a second's hesitation, she jumped in and came back to the surface after a few moments at the other end, snorting. "It's wonderful," she exclaimed enthusiastically. Two minutes later, everyone was with her in the pool.

Antje also had the roof raised once, but now in December it was actually too cold for that. Beate went to the front again and got another bottle of champagne and the glasses and they then took another sip in the pool. Everyone thanked Antje, not only for the renovation but also for the great holiday, which was rather unpleasant.

They spent the rest of the weekend unpacking their suitcases. However, they soon realized that Siggi would probably have to build additional cabinets. In between, however, they visited the pool again and again and Siggi also tried out the sauna together with Karin and Antje.

Nevertheless, this weekend also came to an end at some point. On Monday morning, Beate was on early duty and Siggi and Trixie also drove to work. Antje and Karin, who didn't open the shop until noon, took Natalie to the airport beforehand.

Trixie was already in the office shortly before eight o'clock. Mr. Vossen arrived only a few minutes later. He told her about his SQL course. The course had inspired him and now he was bubbling over with ideas on how to improve the future program. Trixie listened patiently and took notes. Some of the ideas really weren't bad.

When she came home in the evening, she met Beate in the underground car park. Beate had made a few more purchases and Trixie helped her to carry them up. In the kitchen they found a note from Karin, who was the mistress this week. She ordered them to undress and put on heavy chains. This order also applied to Siggi if she came later. Of course, they obeyed this order immediately, even before they put away the purchases. This was also a sign that everything should go as usual.

They were still busy putting away the groceries when they heard that the apartment door was opened. Actually, it was still a bit too early for Siggi, but then they heard them calling for them: "Beate, Trixie, are you there yet? Please come here quickly, I urgently need help!"

Chapter 33

Beate and Trixie already recognized from Siggi's tone that it was really an emergency. They ran as fast as their chains would allow into the hallway. There they found Siggi with a woman dressed in rags. Siggi had to support the woman because she was apparently too weak to stand upright. Trixie helped Siggi hold the woman.

"To the treatment room," Siggi asked.

Beate looked at the woman for two seconds. "No, better go to the guest room. I don't see any obvious violations. What happened. Who is it and where does it come from?"

"I'll explain it to you in a moment," Siggi snorted. "First I have to catch my breath and the woman should ideally lie on a bed."

Together with Trixie, Siggi took the woman to the guest room and laid her on the bed there. Only now could Trixie and Beate see her face, because her long hair had previously covered it. They estimated it to be about 30 years old. She was pale and had sunken cheeks, and dark circles around her eyes.

Beate began to carefully undress the woman. She defended herself very easily, but even with chains, Beate had no problems asserting herself. In the meantime Siggi went into the kitchen and fetched the keys to the chains. The woman said something, but it was incomprehensible.

"I think she's asking why we're naked," Trixie surmised. "That apparently scares her."

"We can't change that at the moment," Beate explained. In the meantime, the woman was also naked except for panties that had apparently been worn for a long time. She had not worn a bra. Beate noticed that the woman was trembling. She concluded that she was slightly hypothermic, as the thermometer had fluctuated around freezing point in the last few days. In addition, they all saw that the woman was emaciated. Her body had a variety of fading bruises. "Apparently she was mistreated."

Beate sent Siggi to the kitchen, where she was to warm up a chicken soup that they had recently frozen. "Not too hot, it's no use burning her mouth. Just stick a finger in to see if it's not too hot."

Trixie was sent to Beate's room, where she was supposed to get her cell phone. When she brought it, Beate quickly looked for a contact and called: "Hello Doctor Kiefer, this is Beate. I need a favor from you. Can you please come to my apartment quickly, there is something you should see. But please don't tell anyone anything. I don't know much either, but it would be good if you came quickly."

"Shall I get us something to wear?" asked Trixie, who was worried if a stranger saw them all walking around the apartment naked.

"You can get us bathrobes, but it's not absolutely necessary. He's seen you naked and he's even fucked you. You know Dr. Kiefer as Dieter."

"The one from the dungeon?"

"Exactly that."

But Trixie still quickly went to her room. On the spur of the moment, she put on gym shorts and a T-shirt and then got a bathrobe for Beate. When the doorbell rang shortly afterwards, Trixie opened it after she had made sure over the monitor that it was really this Dieter who had bought it at auction in the dungeon and then took it quite a bit together with his wife.

When Dr. Kiefer entered the apartment, Trixie had turned red. But he only gave her a fleeting kiss and a light slap on the bottom. "Well, where is it burning?"

Trixie led him into the guest room, where Siggie was in the meantime pouring the woman some soup. "Hello Dieter," Siggie greeted him, as she also knew him from the dungeon.

Beate was a little more professional, which seemed appropriate to her, and greeted him "Hello Dr. Kiefer. This is Tatiana, she comes from Murmansk, Russia. But we don't know more than that yet. Please take a look at her body."

Dr. Kiefer took a stethoscope from his doctor's bag and examined Tatiana very carefully. "Severe abuse. And she must have been starving recently. I was also supposed to examine her genitals, but I guess that would only scare her. I also know that she was raped."

"What should we do with her," Beate asked, although she knew the answers.

"Going to the hospital is probably out of the question," Dr. Kiefer suspected.

"Better not. It's such a gut feeling," said Beate.

"Well, you should build it up slowly. Washing, clean clothes, light food at first, but as often as possible, but always only a little. The stomach first has to get used to the food again. What worries me is that she comes from Murmansk."

"Why," Trixie asked.

"There lies the Red Fleet and there it is being scrapped. That means a lot of radioactivity, because they don't attach so much importance to environmental protection. I have to take a few blood samples for the laboratory. Vitamin injections and bed rest. Maybe it would be better if you took the blood samples, Beate. With a woman, she may be less afraid. I'll take the samples to the lab later and call you at the ward tomorrow. OK?"

Dr. Kiefer then said goodbye to take the blood samples to the laboratory. Beate decided to let Tatiana rest a little longer. Siggie brought a second plate of chicken soup. This time Tatiana

tried to use the spoon herself, but she was still shaking and then let herself be fed. Siggi then wanted to explain where Tatiana came from, but Beate said Siggi should wait a little longer, because Antje and Karin would be coming soon and then Siggi wouldn't have to tell everything twice.

Tatiana ate about half of the soup, then she sank exhausted into the pillows and fell asleep. Beate signaled to Trixie and Siggi, then they left the room after they had turned off the light.

When Antje and Karin came home, they sat down in the kitchen and Siggi told them what had happened: "You remember the doghouse that Trixie lived in a few months ago. The hut is still outside in front of the workshop on the left side. Today everything was normal, but around half past four a supplier came and brought me the wood I need for the new cabinets. When we unloaded the stuff, I noticed a movement in the doghouse more out of the corner of my eye. When the guy was gone, I checked. I was quite shocked at first. But somehow I had the impression that it wasn't just any bum who had spread out there, but that there was something else behind it. I still don't know what exactly."

"Didn't she say anything," Karin asked.

"It was totally disjointed. She may have broken out somewhere and she is terribly afraid of being beaten. She doesn't want to be brought back, but where, I don't know. Then she said something about men, but that wasn't understandable either."

"I have a very vague idea," said Beate. "But first I want to try again to get more out of her."

"Tell me, even if you're completely wrong," Siggi now demanded.

"Well," Beate said, "she comes from Russia, was beaten and probably raped and was held captive. That fits a forced prostitute. I have heard of such cases. Young women are either kidnapped or recruited under false pretenses and then end up in some brothels."

"That's disgusting," Trixie said. "Do you think something like that was done to her?"

Beate shrugged her shoulders. "Would fit, but as I said, we have to learn more first."

"In any case, one of us should stay at home in the next few days and take care of her," said Antje. "The shop opens around 11 a.m., Karin could come a little later. When is your shift over, Beate?"

"Around four."

"I could go to the company from about one or half past two this week," Trixie offered, "I don't have fixed times, except on Friday."

"Ok, then let's do it this way," Antje said. "Karin and I will put her in the shower together tomorrow, it should be possible for the two of us."

Beate regularly checked on her guest in the evening, but Tatiana seemed to be fast asleep. Siggi cooked a semolina porridge and put the bowl on the bedside table with a spoon so that she would have something to eat at night. They also put a bottle of fruit juice next to her bed.

When Beate went to work the next morning, Tatiana was still asleep, but when Siggi got up a short time later and checked on her, she was awake. She was anxious and asked where she was. But Siggi calmed her down and sat down on her bed. They were both talking to Tatiana,

but something seemed to irritate the young woman. But from their conversation it came out that Beate had apparently been right with her assumption. Then Karin joined them. For once, she was wearing a bathrobe, which apparently calmed Tatiana down a bit. It dawned on Trixie that Tatiana was worried that she and Siggi were naked as usual. Apparently Tatiana feared that she had ended up in a brothel again, where everyone had to be naked. Trixie whispered to Siggi that they should get dressed first and then come back. Perhaps that reassured Tatiana.

In fact, Tatiana became a little quieter when Siggi and Trixie sat next to her in their everyday clothes. Antje also joined them, also in a bathrobe. Trixie prepared breakfast for Tatiana with toast and scrambled eggs, plus coffee and orange juice. Tatiana was still very weak, but managed to eat everything. Siggi and Trixie then went to breakfast themselves and then left the apartment, while Antje and Karin continued to take care of Tatiana.

They learned that Tatiana had been an accountant in a small business near Murmansk. There she had often gone to one of the discos on weekends, which were now also there. One day she had had a drink there with a nice young man and had suddenly fainted. When she woke up again, she was tied up in a basement.

In this basement she had been raped by the man and his friends and later sold to another man. It had been smuggled in a truck to the West, where it was passed on to the next man. He ran a brothel. All his wives had been made submissive by him by force. Tatiana had been beaten and whipped several times until she finally did what he wanted. After a few weeks, one of this man's customers had been careless and she had been able to escape. But she didn't know where to go. She did not want to contact the police, as they tended to work with the mafia in Russia. By chance she had found the doghouse at Siggi's workshop and then hid there for over a week.

Antje and Karin assured her that she was safe in the shared apartment. Tatiana was unsure, however, because she had seen that some of them had walked around naked. She still feared that she had ended up in a brothel again.

"Please, you're completely misunderstanding that," Antje explained. "We're just friends who live here together. We have all had bad experiences, but we have developed our own way of life from them. We just like to have sex, and we all have a penchant for quite rough sex. But everything is voluntary."

"I thought you were something like slaves," Tatiana replied.

Now Karin had to laugh. "You're right. We are slaves. At least temporarily. This week I am the mistress here and the others are my slaves. Until next Sunday evening. After that, Trixie will be the mistress. This is the little redhead. Then I'm a slave again. And after that, Beate, the blonde, is the mistress. But no one is forced to do anything."

"That's crazy," Tatiana said.

"Maybe, but we like it," said Antje. "We all have normal jobs, at least more or less. I have a shop where I sell fetish clothes. Karin is my employee there. But now, this week, she's my mistress and I'm following her orders."

Tatiana shook her head. "I don't understand that yet. But something else: Can I go to the toilet?"

"Of course. We'll support you until then. And how about a hot shower afterwards? You smell pretty bad."

Tatiana agreed. Karin then went into the shower with her. After that, they gave her clean underwear and a bathrobe and slippers. Then it was time for Antje to go to the store. Karin sat down with Tatiana in the living room.

"It's all very nice here and so clean," Tatiana said.

"Shall I show you the whole apartment," Karin offered, "We have just had a lot of things rebuilt, and we are not quite finished yet. But you're going to be amazed."

Together they first went into the kitchen, which Tatiana was enthusiastic about. Then Karin showed Tatiana her room and let her look around thoroughly. Then she opened the rooms of the others, but said that since these were their rooms, she could only take a quick look inside, which Tatiana understood. Since the five had already rearranged the fitness equipment at the weekend, this room was empty and Karin explained what was to be done there.

When they entered the playroom, Karin wanted to lead Tatiana through quickly, but Tatiana looked at the equipment there.

"Antje told you earlier that we like pretty rough sex. Well, that's what happens here."

Tatiana looked at her doubtfully, but then she looked at the nearest devices. Karin also opened a few cupboards and showed her chains, whips and much more.

"And all voluntarily," Tatiana asked.

"One hundred percent. Nobody is forced to do anything. Each has its own limits, the others are usually a bit too soft for me. But we can do it."

Then she showed Tatiana the treatment room and the storage rooms. But when they came to the wellness area with the whirlpool and the swimming pool and sauna, it was almost incomprehensible to Tatiana. "This is all just for you," she asked.

"Yes. Actually, it all belongs to Antje, she is incredibly rich. But she shares it with us."

"Does she belong to the mafia," Tatiana wanted to know.

Karin began to laugh loudly. She couldn't get herself back together. "No," she said when she had calmed down a bit, "Antje and Mafia, that doesn't work at all. Antje is the most honest person you can imagine. They don't even submit a false receipt to the tax."

Tatiana looked at the swimming pool. "Can we go in there, or do we have to ask for permission?"

Karin tore the things off her body "Come with me," she called. Tatiana also quickly undressed and followed Karin.

After swimming, Karin made lunch for both of them. Tatiana then lay down for a while and soon fell asleep. When Trixie came to relieve Karin, she first looked briefly into the guest room and then went into the kitchen.

That evening they all sat together with Tatiana in the living room and she repeated her story. She also talked about her past, about growing up in an orphanage and about her dreams. She

wanted to travel and see the world and she wanted a better life than the one she had led so far. She knew that she couldn't do it without work, but she was willing to do anything except work as a prostitute. But she had no illusions that she would have an easy time with her education in the West.

The fact that Tatiana had been kept as a forced prostitute gnawed at them all. "We have to do something about it," said Siggi.

"Are there any other women in your situation," Antje inquired.

"Yes, there were eight of us," Tatiana replied.

"Who can we contact," Antje asked, looking at Beate.

"Police," was the answer. "You don't have to be afraid here," Siggi said, "We will turn to someone we can trust one hundred percent. The police here are not corrupt. And we can protect you."

Suddenly Karin said: "Antje, there was once this guy, a senior public prosecutor or something, who ordered this transparent latex costume. Minte or something like that."

"I know who you mean," Antje said after a moment's thought. "Mintlein. Yes, that would be good. He can also ensure that Tatiana is protected. I know where his office is. I'll visit him tomorrow."

They had to talk to Tatiana for a long time, who was very afraid. But she realized that she had to help her fellow sufferers if possible.

The next morning Antje set out at nine o'clock to see Mr. Mintlein. He was a bit confused and embarrassed when he recognized Antje, but after she had explained to him what it was all about, he immediately composed himself. He picked up the phone and called the responsible police station. Within half an hour, 4 high-ranking police officers were in his office listening to Antje's report. Before noon, an inconspicuous observation was set up.

Antje promised Mr. Mintlein to talk to Tatiana so that she would testify to him and also in court. In return, however, she demanded a new identity and a new passport for Tatiana. In addition, she would only testify in court in disguise. Mr. Mintlein agreed to the conditions.

Antje drove back to the apartment. She sent Karin to the store and then discussed everything with Tatiana. It took her quite a long time to convince her that she could trust Mr. Mintlein and the police. Antje didn't drive into the shop until Trixie came to relieve her.

Trixie and Tatiana talked all afternoon. Trixie also told Tatiana her own story. The fact that Trixie had been in prison until a few months ago amazed Tatiana. And her experiences since then have been almost more than she could believe.

Finally, Tatiana asked very carefully and embarrassed: "Tell me, there in this playroom, there was such a device. Karin called it a pony. May I try it out?"

"Of course you are welcome to try it out. But I can only warn you. It hurts meanly. I've sat on it for an hour and that was really hard."

"But did it excite you? Did you have an orgasm?"

"Yes, I did. But I think it's wrong to start with something like that right away."

"I'm not starting with it," Tatiana said.

"I don't understand," Trixie said

"At home, in Murmansk, in my room, I sometimes tied ropes around my stomach and then between my legs from front to back," Tatiana confessed with a bright red head.

Trixie looked at Tatiana with her mouth agape. Then she recovered from the fright. "Then let's go."

Chapter 34 Deliverance

When Beate came home from work, she went to the guest room to check on Tatiana. Since she didn't find her there, she thought that Trixie was safe at the pool with Tatiana and went there. But when she came into the playroom, she found the two already there. The sight took her breath away.

Tatiana sat on the pony, her arms tied behind her back and pulled up to the ceiling with a rope, so that she had to bend her upper body far forward and sat exactly with her pubic area on the crossbeam. Trixie had also clamped alligator clips with weights to her nipples.

"Are you crazy," Beate asked horrified. Tatiana's body showed countless traces of the abuse she had endured before she left.

"I wanted that," Tatiana said a little laboriously. "It really appealed to me."

"How long has she been sitting there like this," Beate wanted to know.

"Longer than I'd like," Trixie confessed. "But she doesn't want to give up."

"Enough now," Beate said a word of power. "You're coming down there now. You're nowhere near ready to take part in such games."

Together, Trixie and Beate lifted Tatiana off the pony. Tatiana had slight problems when she stood on her own two feet again. Nevertheless, she smiled at Beate and thanked Trixie for her help.

Beate shooed Tatiana into her treatment room and let her lie down on the couch there. Then she began to massage Tatiana. She started at the neck and carefully worked her way down. She felt that Tatiana was very emaciated and that the bones were much too close to the skin. When she finished the massage, she gave Tatiana a bathrobe.

"Can't I rather stay naked," Tatiana begged. "You all walk around naked here as well. Trixie confirmed that to me. In the last few days you have put on some clothes out of consideration for me, but I don't want to make any trouble for you."

"You don't bother us," Beate replied, "But if you really don't mind, then we can walk around like we always do. But if you get cold, at least you'll put a blanket around yourself, I promise?"

They then went together to the living room, where Trixie was already waiting for her. Beate shooed Trixie into one of the cages. Tatiana immediately got down on her knees and crawled to the cage that stood next to Trixie. Beate opened the cage for her and let her crawl in. They then talked and Tatiana described her self-bondage efforts in her small apartment in Murmansk. Later, Siggi joined them, and finally Antje and Karin. When Karin saw the scene

in the living room, she went to her room and came back shortly afterwards in her iron chastity belt and heavy chains.

"I'm the mistress this week," she explained, "But I've been missing that for a while. That wasn't possible in Dubai and here we did almost nothing during the week. I need it now."

Everyone thought it was good that they could walk around naked again as usual. Later, the doorbell rang. Beate went to look, then let Dr. Kiefer in. He came into the living room. "That's how I imagined it would be here," he said as he looked around. "A dream, even if I am only allowed to look and not tackle."

Tatiana was let out of the cage. She stood in front of Dr. Kiefer, who looked at her thoroughly. He saw the fresh pressure points on her breasts and pubis. As he raised his eyebrows, Tatiana hurried to assure him that everything was fine and that these were just insignificant marks from a game.

"I understand," he said with a grin. "I don't know if Trixie told you what my wife did to her a few months ago. In any case, this doesn't shock me here, but I ask you to really hold back a bit. At least until you've gained a little, let's say five kilos. But otherwise I can give you the all-clear. You only got bruises from your tormentors, but no venereal disease. But there are a few smaller problems, but they are really manageable: Above all, you need vitamins. In addition to lots of fruit and vegetables, you also need a vitamin supplement. I've brought you something. And I would suggest that your family doctor give you a complete set of vaccinations: measles, mumps and all the childhood diseases. I am rather suspicious of Russian vaccinations. Actually, however, I had thought more about how you would cope mentally with the past few months. But if you take part in the games here, I don't have to worry as much. Beate will certainly pay attention. If something happens, she can talk to me or a colleague."

Then Dr. Kiefer wanted to leave again, but Karin stopped him for a moment. "Dieter, can I talk to you again briefly in private?"

Dr. Kiefer nodded and Karin left the living room with him. About a quarter of an hour later, the others heard Karin say goodbye to Dr. Kiefer at the door and thank him. Even before Karin came back into the living room, Siggie said: "Tatiana, don't be frightened. Karin is just a bit extreme." Tatiana but also Trixie looked at Siggie questioningly, while Beate got up and went towards the door. "I'll be right back with everything."

Karin entered the living room. Antje went over to her, grabbed her shoulders and turned her around so that Tatiana and Trixie could see her back. It was covered with welts, a whole row was bleeding.

"Was that necessary now?" asked Antje.

"Yes, slave," Karin replied. "What do you think of questioning your mistress's actions?"

Beate also came back. She had disinfectant material and plasters with her. "Twenty," she asked.

"Thirty," Karin replied with a grin.

On Friday evening, they sat in the kitchen as usual for their weekly meeting. Tatiana was also there, of course. Karin, as the mistress on duty, presided. "Well, tomorrow it's time to clean as

usual. Later we drive to the store. We all meet at two o'clock. If we make it on time, we can easily make it to the sanctuary at three. That's when the inauguration of the dog area takes place. Beate, can you get some clothes for Tatiana in the morning? And on Sunday, Siggie and Tatiana can go to Roermond. And shop there."

"I don't need anything," Tatiana protested, "and I don't have any money."

"Not that discussion again," Antje moaned. "We already had that with Trixie. Trixie, you should explain to Tatiana how this works."

"May I go to Roermond on Sunday," Trixie asked.

"Sure," Karin said. "Anyone else? You can take the van."

"What do we want in Roermond?" asked Tatiana.

"Shopping," Siggie said.

"I thought the shops would be closed here on Sunday," Tatiana said uncertainly.

"Roermond is in Holland," Trixie explained, "Different rules apply."

On Saturday, everyone began with the cleaning work. It was Trixie and Tatiana's turn with the hallway and the wellness area. Tatiana went into the kitchen once in between to get another pickup. When she returned, she was confused. "You, Trixie, When I was in the kitchen, Antje knelt on the floor and wiped it up."

"Yes, and? Does she do it thoroughly or were there places she left out?"

"You said she's so rich," Tatiana said.

"It doesn't matter. When it's her turn with the bathrooms, she even cleans the toilets. There is no extra sausage for them. But I know what you mean. I once checked her while she was cleaning, and because I found something that wasn't one hundred percent, I had to give her a few with the cane."

"You hit her with a cane," Tatiana asked.

Later, Trixie asked Tatiana to help her in the garage. They took the elevator down together, both naked, although Tatiana was very insecure. The red Mini was loaded with parcels except for the driver's seat. Trixie explained that the packages had to be reloaded into the van. "What is all this?" asked Tatiana.

"We'll go to the sanctuary later. On Monday, I hung an appeal for donations on the bulletin board at the company and asked for donations in kind. Most of it is the result of that. But on the way home yesterday I stopped at a dog food store and bought something."

"What is the sanctuary? You talk about it all the time, but I don't know what it's all about."

Trixie now explained to Tatiana what the sanctuary was all about. "You do that for animals," Tatiana asked in amazement. Trixie then told her about the various actions she and the others had done for this good cause.

When they were back in the apartment, Beate was also back with a few pieces of clothing. Tatiana looked at the things. "I've never had such good things at home," she enthused. Beate

had bought two pairs of jeans, a pair of sweaters, warm boots with fur inlays and a thick parka. The things were just right for this day, because it was sunny but quite cold.

They later drove to the shop to pick up Antje and Karin. Tatiana visited Antje's shop in amazement. Some of the items there attracted her as if by magic, which the others noted with amusement.

Then we went on to the sanctuary. There was a real hustle and bustle there. Hundreds of visitors were present. The director of the sanctuary greeted them enthusiastically. They unloaded their souvenirs at the office, but Trixie took a large bag with treats for the dogs but also carrots and apples for the other animals. Antje inconspicuously slipped an envelope to the director. When he looked inside, he hugged Antje stormily and gave her a kiss.

Then they went through the sanctuary. They distributed the treats to the animals and enjoyed the day. Trixie noticed that quite a few of her colleagues were also there, which was probably also a consequence of her posting. Even Principal Bergmann had come and Trixie greeted him. She showed him the pond that she and her friends had dug and she even told him the details. Mr. Bergmann looked at her and said: "I would have liked to have watched. But with the best will in the world, I can't rule out the possibility that I wouldn't have forgotten myself at the sight."

As it slowly got dark, the friends drove back to the shared apartment. But at Beate's suggestion, they stopped at a restaurant and ended the day there.

On Sunday, they all slept a little longer. After breakfast, Trixie approached Siggi that they could leave. To her surprise, however, there was a small change of plan. Instead of Siggi, Karin went with them to Roermond. Siggi explained somewhat vaguely that she had something important to do.

In Roermond, all hell broke loose again. There was already a traffic jam on the way to the outlet center. When they finally parked, it was already after eleven o'clock. Tatiana was amazed at how many people were here on a Sunday. They visited various shops. It was really fun for Trixie and Karin to buy something for Tatiana, because she was happy about every piece like a little child. She immediately put on a jacket they bought and strutted around with it. During the break they took in a restaurant, Tatiana didn't even want to take off her jacket, even though it was well heated.

Later, as usual, we went to the supermarket, which was about two kilometers away from the outlet. After they had worked through their shopping list there and were just returning the shopping cart to the market, Trixie's eyes fell on the electronics store, which was located in the same complex. She nudged Karin and briefly pointed her head in the direction. Karin understood and so the two of them dragged Tatiana into the electronics market. An hour later, there was an iPod with headphones and a mobile phone in the basket. Tatiana also had to carry a package with a laptop to the checkout. When she burst into tears, Trixie and Karin took her in the middle and hugged her warmly. Tatiana felt like she was in seventh heaven. But neither Trixie nor Tatiana had any idea of the surprise that awaited Tatiana in the shared apartment. Only Karin was privy to it.

Back in Cologne, Trixie and Tatiana headed for the guest room. To her surprise, however, the door was locked. Tatiana was helpless and didn't know what that meant. She feared that she

would have to leave the shared flat. When Trixie went into the kitchen, she found the others, who looked worn-out. Somewhat tired, they rose.

Siggi grabbed Tatiana's arm and led her to the former pantry next to Beate's room. "We are of the opinion that you will stay here with us for quite some time. Whether permanently or not, we can't say, of course. But until then, we think the little guest room is not for you. It's way too small and the furniture is really old."

Tatiana protested. "The room is so great. It's much bigger and prettier than my room in Murmansk was."

"Maybe," Antje intervened, "But still. The pantry was to be converted into a shared room anyway. Most of it was already prepared. And Siggi had been storing the furniture in her workshop for some time. That's why we got all the stuff and set it up. All we had to do was buy a new carpet." She opened the door and pushed Tatiana into her new room. She saw the large room, the new furniture and the generous equipment, which was in no way inferior to that of the other rooms. With tears in her eyes, she turned to the friends and hugged them one by one.

On Monday, however, Tatiana caught up with her past again. Trixie and Siggi had already driven to work and Beate was slowly getting ready when Mr. Mintlein, the prosecutor, called. He asked to be allowed to speak together with a commissioner Tatiana. Antje and Karin would like to be there. With a heavy heart, Tatiana agreed.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Mintlein and the inspector arrived at the shared apartment. They reported that the observation of the address given by Tatiana had already provided important insights. They explained that they wanted to strike that day. But they asked Tatiana for help. She was supposed to sit in one of the observation vehicles and add her knowledge. It was important that all perpetrators were gathered there. Tatiana was horrified that she was supposed to go there. She was incredibly scared, but Antje and Karin talked to her. Finally, Antje made a compromise proposal, which Tatiana accepted very hesitantly.

At Antje's suggestion, they drove the van of the shared flat near the address. Karin stayed at the wheel the whole time and the key was in the ignition. Antje sat with Tatiana, Mr. Mintlein and the inspector in the darkened part of the van. On the way, two armed police officers joined the group in the car. They also brought bulletproof vests for everyone and several handheld radios. Karin parked the van about a hundred meters from the entrance on the opposite side of the street. It was agreed that they should leave the scene ten minutes before the planned action.

All day long they watched the entrance with binoculars. Tatiana identified several men and a woman who left the house and later re-entered. Mr. Mintlein had stayed with them and spoke over the radio with the SEK squad that was going to storm the house. Finally, he instructed Karin to start the car and drive back to the shared apartment.

But Tatiana suddenly said, "Stop."

Astonished, everyone looked around at her. "What's wrong," Karin asked.

"I want to see it," Tatiana said.

Karin looked at her. She realized that Tatiana had a hard time saying that, but she also saw her determination. She nodded to Mr. Mintlein and he gave the command.

Suddenly, two VW buses drove up in front of the house and a dozen men jumped out. Within a few seconds, the front door was smashed in with a battering ram and the men stormed the building. A few minutes later, the message came from the radio that everything was secured and that the criminals' victims would be brought out. Some ambulances came and stopped in front of the house. Karin counted nine women who were taken out of the house and taken to the emergency vehicles.

"Didn't you say that there were eight of you," Karin asked. Tatiana nodded.

"Mr. Mintlein asked over the radio. " Not everything is clear yet, we have to do some research first. The nine women were chained there in a room. According to what we learned in a hurry, two more women joined us last week."

"What happens to them now," Tatiana asked.

"They are now first going to the hospital, later to a rehabilitation clinic. They need medical and psychological care. We will offer them all that they can either go home or get a residence permit for Germany. They can probably also get a German passport. I will treat this very generously, trust me."

"And the criminals?"

They end up in prison. It will take two or three months until the trial. They will probably get eight to twelve years. Unless we find out more, such as murders or the like. I don't want to rule it out, with this scum. And after the verdict, we will make them an offer."

"What an offer," Tatiana wanted to know.

"If they talk, they can serve their sentence here. If not, it's off to Russia. There are agreements with the authorities. Compared to Russia, a stay in a German prison is a spa stay. With luck, we can smash the whole organization."

"And what will happen to me?", Tatiana wanted to know.

"Well, until the trial you stay in the shared flat for the time being, we agreed on that. They also get a kind of salary as long as they last. And after that we'll see, but don't worry, we'll find something suitable," said Mr. Mintlein.

"And we're still here," Karin said and stroked Tatiana's hair.

Chapter 35 The Mistress Again

This week Trixie was the mistress for the second time. She gave her friends a series of rather harmless instructions, making sure that she did not give instructions that lasted longer than the following day, as she did the first time. Tatiana had asked to get such instructions as well, but Trixie was careful not to be too strict with her. On Tuesday, she put heavy handcuffs and ankles on her and ordered her to clean the wellness area thoroughly. However, she told her that she was only allowed to work for a maximum of one hour at a time and then take a one-hour break. Siggi heard the orders and whispered to Trixie that this was very appropriate for Tatiana. In any case, Trixie should not do anything with cleaning or the like on the other days, so that Tatiana should not feel exploited as a cleaning lady.

When Trixie came home after work, Beate was already there. She asked Trixie if she could talk to her in the kitchen. Since Christmas was approaching, she wanted to talk slowly about the preparations. Trixie had time, but she suggested that Tatiana join the conversation as well. That would involve her more in the shared flat and she would also see that her opinion was also very important. So the three of them sat down at the kitchen table.

"So," Beate began, "we always put up a Christmas tree with root balls in the hallway. On the days before Christmas, it is then decorated. We have a nursery that delivers us a great tree every year with a very large bale, so that it will certainly grow later. He comes to the small forest on Antje's gravel pit at the beginning of January, where we have already played a few times. We have to see who participates in the tree decorating.

"May I join in," Tatiana asked. "I have nothing to do, and I would really enjoy that."

"If you like, that's no problem. We have the decoration in a few boxes in the garage," said Beate. "To the gifts. That's especially important for you, Trixie. We don't give any gifts. What could we give Antje, for example, she has everything. And the rest of us always buy what we need. That's why we said at the very beginning of the shared flat that we would avoid this stress. But what there is is first-class food. And plenty of it. But none of us usually really wants to cook. I'll do a lot on the holidays, but on the 24th I'll have a double shift."

"Why is that?" Trixie asked. "On that day of all days."

"That's perfect in reality," Beate explained. "I start at six o'clock in the morning and finish at nine o'clock in the evening. People with children then have the opportunity to celebrate at home with their loved ones. The hospital discharges as many patients as possible anyway and there are no planned surgeries or anything like that. Only if an emergency occurs. To compensate for this, I have the following two days off and on New Year's Eve I have a day off from one o'clock in the afternoon and we can celebrate the New Year."

"That sounds really reasonable, it's in everyone's interest," Trixie said.

"Trixie, I've noticed that you're a pretty good cook. Would you like to cook some things for Christmas? But nothing too elaborate. High quality, but time-saving, if you know what I mean."

"Sure, I would enjoy that. How about a turkey and potato casserole. There is also something left over for a second day, which is also delicious. And it's not a lot of work."

"What is a turkey," Tatiana asked.

"A turkey is kind of like a big version of a chicken," Trixie explained. "A very large version."

"A turkey? That's a lot of work," said Beate, "Of course, it would be relatively lean meat without a lot of fat. But isn't it dry? And potato casserole? Sounds good too. But even then I'm afraid that you'll make too much work for yourself."

"Let that be my concern. I have a perfect recipe that takes a maximum of half an hour for the turkey to be in the oven. Of course, without shopping you like that. Do you know a farmer who breeds turkeys in this area? And the potato casserole isn't much more work either. However, I need jacket potatoes for that. Maybe Tatiana can help me with the peeling?"

"Absolutely," Tatiana said enthusiastically. "I'm curious to see how you do it."

"And that's supposed to be ready around 9:30 p.m.? Since we now have the second oven, where the washing machine used to be installed, it can be prepared well in parallel. In the past, I would have had to prepare the casserole in the microwave, which also has convection."

"Yes, when I'm off work, I'll come as quickly as I can. But the others are certainly hungry."

"Well," Beate said, still a bit skeptical. "What else do we have to think about? Antje will definitely take care of the drinks, for both parties. I don't need to say that you can expect a lot."

"How about homemade cookies," Trixie suggested.

"Do you have a quick recipe, too?" asked Beate.

"Something like that. But it will take 2 or 3 evenings."

"I also know a recipe," Tatiana intervened. "If we can buy the ingredients together, I'll have another day to do."

"It's working better than I would have thought," said Beate. "And on New Year's Eve there is traditionally a fondue. There will be seven of us, so we can make a fat and a cooking fondue at the same time."

"Seven of us? Come Gabi," Trixie asked.

"No, I asked her, but she doesn't want to. Not yet. It's a pity, but it still needs some time. But Natalie is coming."

"What? Natalie? Great!" Trixie was looking forward to it.

The next day, Trixie came home from work at the same time as usual. She didn't say anything to Beate, who was already at home, but locked her and Tatiana in the cages in the living room. The two thought nothing of it. When the two were in the cages, Trixie took the elevator to the garage and took a rather large but flat package from her car and hid it in her room under the bed. She planned to have fun with her friends in the playroom on the weekend and prepared a surprise for Karin, who could never be hard enough.

In addition, she secretly went into Karin's room once and opened her cupboard, where she kept her toys. There she found the Tens device that Karin had bought after visiting the dungeon. Trixi opened the suitcase that contained the device and stole the instruction manual, which she then studied in the evening. She made some notes that she had with her the next day on a visit to an electronics store.

On Saturday, everything started as usual. Trixie, however, ordered that everyone had to carry out the cleaning work in heavy chains. Since Beate had been on the night shift, Trixie Tatiana had her help with her territory. The others thought that it would probably be relatively easy with Trixie this weekend. They whispered something about it among themselves. After cleaning, Trixie sent Antje and Karin to the store while the other three were supposed to do the shopping. Trixie used the time to prepare everything. She took the package out from under her bed and took it to the playroom. She opened it and took out a collapsible mesh cage.

When the shoppers returned, Trixie took Siggie aside and took her to the playroom. There Siggie had to lean her back against a pole, while she was squatting. Trixie tied Siggie's arms behind the pole. In addition, Trixie Siggie tied her lower legs to her thighs. Finally, Trixie shoved a rather large dildo into her friend's pussy.

Then Trixie brought Tatiana into the playroom. With her, Trixie wanted to proceed a little easier. She felt that Tatiana needed more rest. So Trixie got a big box out of a corner. There Tatiana had to lie down on her stomach and Trixie gave her a tight hogtie. When she was done, however, she at least locked the box, leaving Tatiana in the dark.

Trixie looked at the clock. It was only half past two and she expected Antje and Karin to come out of the shop in an hour. So she sat down with Beate in the living room and talked to her until the two finally came. She then asked Karin to wait for her in the living room and went into the playroom with Beate and Antje. There she tied the Ame to their backs and also put a spreader bar on each of their ankles. Then both got ball gags in their mouths. These balls had some holes in the surface so that the wearer could also breathe with her mouth and, if they had to vomit, spit everything out. Trixie threaded thin ropes through two of these holes, which the two did not understand. Now she helped them to lie down. When they were lying on the ground, they each got a vibro egg in the pussy and a dildo in the buttocks. She then locked the with padlocks. Trixie had chosen vibrators that were connected to the controller via a cable. First, she set the vibrators so that they only delivered 10 minutes on medium and then paused for 10 minutes. The dildos in the buttocks would then start working during this break. But then Trixie pushed Antje close to Beate, but in such a way that one person's mouth was right next to the other's pussy. Now Trixie threaded the thin ropes from the ball gags through the locks in the. Both were already slightly aroused by the vibrating eggs and the scent rose to the friend's nose. They would have liked to lick their girlfriend now, but the gags and the locks prevented that, and they both realized that they had to lie there for hours on a low level, excited, unable to satisfy their desires.

Only now did Trixie go into the living room, where Karin was still waiting. Trixie gave her a latex suit that had holes or a zipper in the strategic places, i.e. on the breasts and crotch. So Trixie took her to the playroom. There she first tied her arms behind her back. Then she took her purchases out of the electronics store. When Karin saw very strong alligator clips in a small plastic bag, she suspected that it would be harder today than she had thought. But first, Trixie pulled a leather cap over her head, which didn't let any light through. Trixie then put the clamps on her nipples, clit and labia. With each clamp, Karin drew in the air between her teeth sharply. Then Karin had to crawl into the wire cage. There, Trixie tied her feet as wide as possible to the floor of the cage. Then she pushed Karin through the cage with a rod under her belly. Then Karin had to lean forward until she reached the ground with her head. Trixie now shoved another pole over her neck. So Karin was already completely unable to move. But that wasn't enough for Trixie. She took the Tens device out of Karin's room and put it on

the cage. She connected the cables of the Tens device to the alligator clips and then ran the device on a high setting. Alternately, a slight current flowed through the breasts and the pubic area, which was slightly unpleasant in this strength. But Karin suspected that Trixie would let her stew for hours. But at the same time she liked it. Trixie added another detail to the ensemble. She gave Karin a switch that was connected to a bell.

"So, you decide for yourself how long you hold out. If you can't do it anymore, all you have to do is press the switch. But there is a small problem with this: If you press, I don't come immediately, but only an hour later."

She left Karin alone with that. She went to Beate and Antje and changed the setting on the remote control for the vibrators. She also went to Siggi and hung a few weights on her nipples. Then she went into the living room and watched a movie. Every now and then she got up and went into the playroom to check on her friends and change the bondage a bit. She saw that Antje and Beate in particular were soaking wet in the meantime. She also knocked on Tatiana's box and asked how she was doing.

It was only after the film was over that she was the first to release Tatiana. In the meantime, Siggi also moaned very violently, as the squatting posture was very exhausting. Trixie had also hung small weights on her labia. But Trixie decided to wait a little longer. But finally Trixie released Siggi as well. Siggi first had to lie down on the floor for a while, because her legs hurt quite a bit.

Finally, Trixie decided that it was time to free Beate and Antje as well. The two had spent more than three hours in their posture and Trixie was sure that both were now extremely horny. Tatiana helped her loosen the shackles. As soon as the two were freed, Beate grabbed Antje's hand and disappeared with her into her room. There they made up for what had been denied them before. Trixie called after them that they were forbidden to shower.

Together with Tatiana and Siggi, Trixi waited in the living room until Beate and Antje had let off steam. The sight of the two sweaty bodies also excited the friends. Both Antje and Beate's juices had flowed down their thighs and they smelled very strong.

"When are you going to free Karin," Beate asked. "I saw the posture in which she has to kneel. It's going to be pretty hard in the long run."

"I've set midnight as the outermost limit for me," Trixie answered. "But Karin can break off at any time before that. That's why she got a kind of alarm button. But I told her that if she pressed it, she would have to wait another hour. But let her believe that, there's no way I'm going to make her wait more than 15 minutes."

"You're a beast sometimes," Antje remarked. "But that actually happens to Karin quite right. She always wants it harder than the rest of us."

"All right, rest a bit first. I'll go into the kitchen with Tatiana and prepare dinner." With that she grabbed Tatiana's hand and disappeared through the door.

After half an hour, Trixie called the others for dinner. When they entered the kitchen, they had to laugh. Trixie had tied Tatiana to the kitchen table and then prepared dinner on her body. It looked similar to Trixie in the dungeon. Tatiana had been enthusiastic about the idea and had of course participated. A large salad was arranged on her belly and her breasts were the

cheese platter. Trixie had filled her pussy with poultry salad and Trixie had spread the sausage on her legs.

The four sat down at the table and enjoyed the Lord's Supper, but of course they fed the helpless Tatiana again and again and also gave her something to drink.

Shortly after 8 p.m., however, the alarm sounded from the playroom. Apparently, Karin had finally had enough. Beate and Antje had just asked if they should free Tatiana, but since it was just a good fit, Trixie said that Tatiana should endure something else, to which Tatiana laughingly agreed. So Karin would also be able to enjoy the evening buffet. But first they cleaned up the kitchen, because they wanted to let Karin stew a bit.

Only then did they go to the playroom together: Siggi had gotten the video camera because she wanted to have a recording of what it looked like when Karin was finally done. Trixie first pulled the bars out of the cage, which had forced Karin into this uncomfortable position. Then she loosened the other shackles that fixed Karin in the Käfug. Only now was Karin allowed to crawl out of the cage. However, her arms were still tied and she still had the mask on. When she straightened up, she swayed slightly and Antje preferred to hold her by the arm. Trixie loosened the alligator clips one after the other, which Karin answered with a groan.

Finally she was able to free herself from the suit and also pull the mask off her head. Beate handed her a bottle of mineral drink, which Karin emptied in one gulp. "How long was I in there," Karin wanted to know.

"About five hours," Trixie said.

"Only five hours," Karin asked. "It seemed like two days to me. I came so often, it was really exhausting."

How often," Siggi wanted to know.

"I don't know, after the eighth time I stopped counting."

Now everyone had to laugh. "Where is Tatiana?" asked Karin, who was surprised that she was missing.

"She's taking care of dinner," Trixie said, which earned her a questioning look from Karin.

"Come with me, then you'll understand," said Antje and led Karin into the kitchen. When Karin saw Tatiana tied up, she had to laugh out loud. "I hope you took a picture of the buffet before it looked so eaten."

Chapter 36 Christmas

In the week before Christmas, it slowly became a bit festive in the shared apartment. Already on Monday, the nursery brought a wonderful fir tree in a large tub as promised and set it up in the hallway. Tatiana took the jewelry out of the garage and decorated the tree. When the flatmates came home in the evening, they were able to admire the tree.

Trixie had received a shopping list from Tatiana and brought everything with her in the evening. She had also bought the ingredients for her own Christmas cookies. She asked Tatiana for help, which she gladly did and they baked a big mountain of butter biscuits that evening. Of course, her friends also came and nibbled first on the raw dough and later in the living room a plate full of the evening's products. Tatiana promised to bake her cookies the next day.

On Thursday, Trixie was also busy shopping after work. Beate had picked out the address of a poultry farm where Trixie had ordered a large turkey. When she picked it up, she also saw the other offer in the shop belonging to it and bought bacon there and she also found the potatoes of the kind she particularly liked to eat.

The following day there was a Christmas party in the company and Mr. Director Bergmann handed over small gifts to all his employees. When Trixie opened her gift, she had to laugh. In a small box was a "Ring of O". Director Bergmann looked at her and she smiled at him and put the ring on her right ring finger.

On Saturday morning, everyone started cleaning the shared apartment as usual. Only Beate had already driven to the hospital before six o'clock for the double shift of that day. Tatiana asked Antje during breakfast why she wanted to open the shop that day.

"That's just the way it is here," Karin explained with a half-full mouth. "Christmas comes as such a surprise to some people that they urgently need a present. You don't believe what kind of ideas some people have. They want a custom-made dress to take with them immediately. But many people buy really expensive things. And half of them will then be exchanged before New Year's Eve."

The cleaning was done quickly on this day, because Tatiana had already cleaned most of the rooms in the past days despite protests from the others. She had always argued that she would otherwise be bored. She had even baked bread herself the day before. She wasn't fully familiar with the stove yet, but the bread tasted just too good.

Siggi drove back to the supermarket to buy a few last things, mainly fruit, and she picked up a large package from a fish shop that Antje had ordered. When she came back around half past one, Trixie and Tatiana were sitting in the living room drinking coffee.

"Well, you're comfortable," Siggi said. "Do you have everything ready and in the oven yet?"

"Why," Trixie asked, "we still have plenty of time. The bird doesn't go into the oven until five o'clock and the potato casserole even later."

"And our appointment at two? Have you forgotten it?"

Trixie and Tatiana looked at Siggi in amazement. "What kind of appointment? We don't know anything about it."

"Oh, crap. Didn't Beate tell you anything? We have to be in the hospital at two. Trixie, the stoves have a timer. Please get everything ready quickly and then we will program the ovens. But I can help you."

Trixie stormed into the kitchen, followed by the other two. Luckily, Trixie had already cooked the jacket potatoes in the morning and they were in a large pot of water on the kitchen counter to cool down better. In the meantime, they had also cooled down well. Trixie asked Siggie and Tatiana to peel the potatoes. The two sat down at the table with the potatoes and immediately got to work, watching Trixie.

Trixie took a deep baking sheet and a rack out of one stove and put everything on the kitchen counter. Then she took aluminum foil and laid it across it, with the foil still protruding very far beyond the sheet metal. Where the sheet was under the foil, she then covered the foil with bacon slices. Then she went to the pantry and got the turkey she had bought the day before from the reserve freezer. The innards belonging to it were in a plastic bag.

When Tatiana saw the turkey, she could hardly believe it. "You said a turkey is something like a big chicken."

"Yes, it is. This chicken weighs almost 6 kilos."

Tatiana looked at the turkey and continued with the peeling, but at the same time watched closely what Trixie was doing. She washed the turkey thoroughly, then salted and peppered it and put some marjoram inside. So she then put it on the bacon slices.

Now she took several cans of fruit salad out of the cupboard, opened them and poured the contents into a sieve. She collected the juice in a plastic bowl. She first filled the turkey with the fruit, and what fruit was left she poured on the bacon around the turkey. Then took more bacon slices and covered the top of the turkey with them. She also put the innards next to the turkey. Then she folded the aluminum foil over the turkey and sealed everything as best she could. She opened the oven and shoved the turkey and the baking tray into it. She programmed the stove so that the turkey would cook for about four hours at 180 degrees.

"But that went quickly," said Siggie. "That was barely 15 minutes. And that works?"

"Definitely. How far are you with the potatoes?"

"Done."

Trixie looked at the potatoes, then she took two large casserole dishes and two egg slicers from a drawer. She stood in front of one of the moulds, took the egg slicer and put a potato in it. She fanned out the sliced potato slightly and placed it in the mold. Siggie and Tatiana understood this, found the use of the egg slicer funny but practical and imitated her. Quickly, both molds were filled with very decorative sliced potatoes. Then Trixie got started. She first salted everything, then pepper, a little nutmeg and fresh herbs of Provence came over it. Tatiana peeled some garlic cloves and these were also sprinkled over them. From the freezer, Trixie first took bacon throws that followed the spices and then some pieces of cheese.

She took her electric cheese grater and pushed several pieces of Emmental, Dutch and Parmesan cheese through the grater one after the other. She gathered everything in a bowl and mixed it up. This mixture was then sprinkled thickly over the potato. Now Trixie took several cups of whipped cream out of the freezer and poured 3 cups of the liquid cream over the cheese. Finally, an aluminum foil was placed over each mold and both went into the second

oven, which Trixie set to convection and programmed so that the casseroles would cook for a good hour.

"Done," Trixie commented and looked at the clock. It was just a quarter past one and they had plenty of time to get dressed and then drive to the hospital. But Trixie and Tatiana still didn't know what that was all about and Siggi didn't reveal anything but just grinned.

In fact, all WG members met shortly after two o'clock in the hall of the university hospital. "What are we doing here," Trixie wanted to know.

"We're playing Santa Claus," said Antje. She pointed to several trolleys that stood next to the reception and were filled with gift boxes.

"The hospital sent the patients home as far as possible. But nevertheless, many patients have to stay here over the holidays. And they get a surprise. Trixie, Tatiana, you put on the angel costumes that lie on the two left wagons. Then you took these cars and go to the children's hospital. Each customer receives three gifts. There is always an age indication on the packages and the packages that are more for girls have pink ribbons, those for boys blue. If something doesn't fit, you simply give the person concerned another package. There are enough packages, and what is left over goes to the nurses and caregivers for their children. The rest of us take care of the patients here in the bed tower."

"Where do the gifts come from," Tatiana wanted to know.

"I ordered them and the apprentices in my company packed the packages last week," Antje explained.

On the way to the children's clinic, Tatiana asked Trixie: "Tell me, that costs quite a lot of money?"

"That's typical Antje. Money doesn't mean much to her. But if she can make us or others happy, as she is doing here, then she enjoys it."

On one of the trolleys stood a small music system with a CD player and when Trixie turned on the system, Christmas carols sounded. The two felt a bit strange in their costumes, but when they arrived at the children's ward, they were welcomed joyfully. When they saw the children in their hospital beds, they almost cried, but then they saw their joy. She spent several hours walking through all the rooms and thought it was just wonderful. The nurses and caregivers helped them and many parents were there. They often sang a few Christmas carols and watched as the children enthusiastically opened their packages and forgot about their illness for a short time.

It was already after eight o'clock when they were all back home except Beate. The smell of the food already filled the apartment. Trixie looked after the food and later took the foil from the casseroles and opened the packaging of the turkey as well. Antje and Karin stayed in the kitchen and prepared appetizers plates of salmon, oysters and lobster for everyone.

Beate also came back shortly after nine. She quickly undressed, then everyone sat down to Christmas dinner, naked as usual. When Trixie served the turkey, everyone was amazed at how well Trixie had once again succeeded in conjuring up a delicious meal with relatively little effort. For dessert there was a tiramisu, which Antje had brought from a pizzeria near the shop.

When everyone was really full and the table was cleared, Antje got up.

"My dears, first of all, I want to thank Trixie for this delicious meal. We will still have enough of that tomorrow, so we don't have to stand in the kitchen for long. But now something else. We don't give any gifts, that's the custom since we've been living together. But today there is an exception, for one of us." She pointed to Tatiana. Antje grabbed a briefcase that was under the table and put it on the table. She opened it.

"For me," Tatiana asked wide-eyed. "But you gave me such a gift."

Antje took a small flat envelope out of the suitcase and handed it over to Tatiana. "This is not from Us, but We only deliver it."

When Tatiana opened the envelope, she found a small red book inside. She looked inside: her German passport. She looked at him stunned, then she pressed him to her chest with both hands and tears came to her eyes.

"It goes even further," Antje said and handed Tatiana a leather cover. When Tatiana looked inside, she found her new identity card, a health insurance card and an account card. Then Antje gave Tatiana a thin folder in which she found a naturalization certificate, a confirmation from the pension fund for payments from her 18th birthday and an approval for a monthly payment for the next few months. Tatiana looked at everything and passed the things on to the others so that they could also look at them.

Then there are a few things coming from us," said Antje. "So, if you're interested, this is a job offer at the chemical company. In accounting, you will be responsible for customers in Eastern Europe and Russia from January 16." She gave Tatiana a letter to that effect. "And since you have to get into the company somehow, but you don't have a driver's license, here's a voucher for driving school a bit down the street. After a phone call between the public prosecutor and the road traffic authority, you will be allowed to take your exam on January 12 or 13." Again Tatiana received a letter.

"You can then take a car from the pool down in the garage, Trixie will explain it to you. But because you also have to fill up and need other things, here's your credit card."

Tatiana sat in front of a small mountain of documents and hardly knew what happened to her. There was a whole new life ahead of her, even better than she had ever dreamed of. She begins to cry uncontrollably with joy. She came to her new friends and hugged them all and kissed them. Then she sat down again and wiped away her tears of joy.

They then went into the living room and had another drink. Tatiana held her new passport tightly to her the whole time. At some point, Karin went to the kitchen to get another bottle of sparkling wine. But she also came back with the casserole dish in which a rest of the potato casserole had remained. "You have to try that, it tastes so awesome," she shouted and handed out a few forks. In fact, the only lukewarm casserole was a delicacy.

"Now you know why I made two forms of it. One was enough for tonight, the other is tomorrow."

The next two days were also very peaceful. On the second holiday, Natalie came from London and would stay in Cologne until New Year's Day. Tatiana and she got along very well with each other right away. Mr. Bergmann's tool factory had been closed between Christmas

and New Year for many years and so Trixie had time to do a lot with Natalie. Tatiana even got her first driving lessons during this time. But she still had time to join Trixie and Natalie.

But Trixie and Natalie also spent a very nice afternoon tied up close to each other in the playroom, where Tatiana had shown them what she understood about bondage. Tatiana had really tied the two very tightly to each other and they were happy when they were freed again. Afterwards, the three went to the sauna together, where they not only enjoyed the outside heat.

Two days before New Year's Eve, the public prosecutor, Mr. Mintlein, accompanied by a commissioner, came to the shared apartment for a meeting. Tatiana had asked that her friends be allowed to be present. "The interrogations with the detainees went very well," explained the commissioner. "Everyone sings very vigorously and some additional things have come to light."

"Why are they singing," Tatiana asked confused. "What's the point?"

Antje had to calm her down. "When a criminal confesses, it's called 'singing,'" she said. Now Tatiana understood.

"We have completely new insights. What I am telling you now must not be made known under any circumstances: we have spoken to our colleagues here in Germany, but also in Belgium and Holland, and have agreed on an action. On New Year's morning, we will appear very suddenly in various brothels in our countries and we hope to be able to free more victims there. We chose this date because on New Year's Eve all brothels are in full swing and in the morning everyone is still very tired and probably halfway drunk. And then we want to distribute a lot of our fashionable bangles, as you sell them in your shop."

"How many more victims do you expect to be able to free," Antje wanted to know.

"We can't say exactly, but it could easily be twenty. In addition, other crimes have come to light. Mainly drug trafficking and also two or three murders. In addition, of course, the other small things such as bodily harm, blackmail and so on."

"I think that's very good," said Antje. You know what? I will provide a small fund at my bank for all the victims, so that rehabilitation measures are guaranteed and a small compensation or other help can be paid for the victims. Business in my chemical company has been so extremely good this year, so I can do something like that."

The public prosecutor and also the commissioner were totally surprised and delighted. They thanked Antje in advance. Tatiana also gave her a grateful look, not only because she had taken care of her, but because Antje also wanted to take care of her fellow prisoners.

Trixie, Natalie and Tatiana spent the last two days of the year mostly in Antje's shop. Tatiana only went away a few times in between to take more driving lessons. Trixie wore her pony costume, while Natalie usually walked around in a more or less transparent latex suit. Tatiana also wore a latex suit, but it was dyed darker because the last bruises were still visible. However, there were also quite a few fresh welts on the others. All three friends always had collection boxes for the sanctuary with them, which quickly gained weight.

Chapter 37 (Year) End

On New Year's Eve, Antje closed the shop shortly after 2 a.m. and they all drove home together. Siggi and Beate had done the last shopping and it would be a pleasant afternoon. They went to their new wellness area and swam a bit and also went to the sauna. In between, two or even three said goodbye for some time and retired to one of the rooms.

At seven o'clock in the evening they all met again in the kitchen. Beate had prepared everything for a feast. In addition to a fat fondue, there was also a fondue bourguignonne. Both were something completely new to Tatiana, but Trixie also only knew the fat fondue.

For dessert, Beate then put a chocolate fountain on the table, which spat out partly white and partly brown chocolate. But actually everyone was already so full that relatively little of it was taken.

Afterwards, they watched the inevitable 'Dinner for One' together on TV, which Tatiana in particular found stunning.

Karin disappeared around half past eleven, but none of the friends thought anything of it. They assumed that she would certainly have to go to the toilet. About 10 minutes before midnight, Karin reappeared.

"Dear ones, may I ask you to follow me quite inconspicuously?" She turned around and left the living room again. The others rose and followed her. They wondered what Karin had to show them right now. Karin led her to the wellness area, where she had set up dozens of candles and tea lights. There Karin asked them all to get into the whirlpool with her. Next to the whirlpool there was sparkling wine on a table and the water was preheated to a very pleasant temperature. Karin let the roof move to the side and they had a clear view of the night sky. They were all lying in the pool and each got a champagne glass in her hand. While the last minutes of the year passed.

"Dear friends," Karin began, "A year ago there were four of us and we spent the turn of the year in front of the TV. That was really nice. But the past year, especially the second half, was really tough and now there are seven of us. Trixie, the whirlwind, has mixed things up quite a bit. She then also landed Natalie across the Channel. We experienced a lot and shortly before Christmas we also got a kind of Christ Child in the form of Tatiana. If this continues, I don't know how next year will end. But we are certainly all satisfied with this year. Then let's toast and welcome the New Year."

Everyone leaned forward and toasted while the first firework rockets rose into the sky above them. They all relaxed in their pool and each of them was a little lost in their thoughts.

Trixie in particular had to think about how much her life had changed. She had left prison behind her, had made new friends whom she loved. In addition, a completely new lifestyle. She had a new job that she enjoyed a lot and was a challenge at the same time. She thought of Director Bergmann and of Mr. Vossen, who was a really nice fellow. She had become acquainted with new cities that she had never dared to dream of.

Trixie closed her eyes and dived so far that her nose was just above the water. Her friends were talking quietly and high above the rockets were banging.

There was a strange feeling in her that she couldn't really interpret at first. Then she realized it: SHE WAS HAPPY!

E N D E