

Unfree Volume 4: Bound In Service

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Acknowledgements

For all my readers – thank you!

Bound in Madness

Chapter One: An Unwelcome Resemblance

Virginia raised the whip and flicked her wrist, sending the tip slashing through the air. It struck against sweaty buttocks, the slender curves of a female form dangling from the ceiling by their wrists, feet just about able to touch a raised wooden block. Their backside was already well-marked with whip-welts, the plump buttocks covered with red lashes. Raven-black hair, the same color as Virginia's own, clung to a sweaty back, tumbling from beneath a dark leather hood.

Virginia flicked the whip again, enjoying the sight of the buttocks tensing up, and the gasps of pain coming from beneath the hood. Beneath her own long skirts and tight corset, she could feel her heart racing, her body heating up, the folds of her cunt slickening.

'What a delight this is.'

The hooded figure whimpered, their mouth stuffed with a rag. Virginia cast the whip aside, tossing it to the floor before stalking swiftly towards her victim. They must be able to hear her approach, shifting about on the wooden block that was their sole point of balance, unable to escape. She made sure her leather gloves were both securely on, before reaching out and running a hand down the smooth curve of the woman's back, as yet unmarred by any punishment.

'You do have exquisite flesh. Smooth and pale, not suited at all to a peasant slut like yourself.' Their skin was clammy and sticky with sweat, Virginia glad of her gloves – she didn't want to sully her own noble skin with their dirt and grime. She moved her hand down, able to feel the heat throbbing from their punished buttocks even through the material of her gloves. They whimpered just from her hand touching their whip-marked skin, gasping in pain when Virginia delivered a sharp slap, feeling the tautness of their muscles – having to work had certainly giving their legs and backside an admirable amount of tone, and the firm muscle was a delight to punish!

She pushed her fingers between the buttocks, making the twist away. They swung, suspended only from their wrists as they lost their balance, moving off the block.

'Oh? Why so shy? I know what you common sluts are like. You were probably taken like a dog as soon as you had your first bleeding. It won't be your first time. Or you sold yourself for a few drinks.' She grabbed them, wrapping an arm around their waist, sliding her other hand between their ass-cheeks and slowly shoving a finger into them.

They resisted, or tried to, choked sobs coming from beneath the hood, but they couldn't do anything to stop Virginia, as she slowly forced her gloved finger into their tight asshole, violating their body. She twisted it around, forcing the tight and narrow hole wider, feeling how they gasped and twisted around her.

'You're going to be a good toy for someone. I don't want you around here, so I've made arrangements to have you shipped off to an asylum. Somewhere you'll never be seen again. I would sell you, but it wouldn't do if you were to be sold on to someone of high rank. You might show up somewhere inconvenient!' She jammed her finger all the way in, up to her knuckles, smiling as they tensed and twisted, unable to escape the violation.

Virginia used her body to keep them in place, dropping her other hand down to their waist, sliding a finger along their crotch – it was untidy and unkempt, messy strands of pubic hair in the way, but she found their slit, sliding a finger in. They were barely wet, whimpering again, their head shaking around, hair flicking against Virginia's face.

She started to finger the woman, sliding a finger around their dry walls, feeling the leather scrape against flesh, her own cunt now hot and ready. She tensed her thighs, feeling her juices flowing, pushing fingers in and out of both holes. The woman was a *commoner*, she'd probably been taken like this plenty of times before, fucked in both holes at once, her body pumped full of cum.

Their pussy started to slicken as Virginia pumped her fingers in and out, the woman succumbing to the sensation. They were slender, Virginia easily able to push them around, light enough that she would be able to endure the wrist suspension for quite some time without permanent damage.

Her chest was sucking in-and-out, breasts heaving, the front of the hood puffing in and out. Violetta slid her fingers out of both holes simultaneously, wiping her fingers off against their body, smearing their sweat further.

Their body sagged down, feet fumbling around for the wooden post. Virginia glanced at them in distaste – worn and calloused, a clear sign of the woman's low position, as she moved around to their front. Despite their low birth, the woman did have a fine form – breasts just a little larger than Virginia's, a flat belly, hips and waist curving into a pleasing shape, even without the assistance of a corset, skin pale and smooth, without any of the pockmarks or other taints of menial work.

She gave them a back-handed slap to the belly, knocking the air out of them, before grabbing a nipple and squeezing, crushing the tender bud between her fingers. The hood over their face obscured their features, but Virginia could hear them crying, unable to form coherent words.

'A viper in the nest! How long you've managed to evade my notice, I don't know, but now it's time to dispose of you.'

She let go of the tit, making them splutter again, before reaching up to the bottom of the hood, a leather strap holding it in place. Virginia unbuckled it and let it drop to the floor, before reaching up to yank the hood off, revealing the sweaty and tear-stained face of the woman beneath.

Even with the signs of distress on her face, it was still uncanny – like looking into a disturbing and mottled mirror. They had the same elegant cheekbones and bright green eyes, the same long and glossy black hair falling down to the middle of their backs, the same noble forehead and delicately-pointed chin, the two of them so alike that, had the slut been well-dressed, they could have passed for twins. Although the woman's cheeks were currently bulging, a wad of cloth forced between soft lips, the resemblance was still uncanny and obvious.

The green eyes slowly managed to focus, some semblance of sense returning as the woman tried to gather her strength. She tried kicking out, her hip twisting, but Virginia backhanded her across the cheek first, making her sway backwards, grunting in pain as her weight all moved onto her wrists, the metal manacles biting into skin.

'You must be some by-blow of my father. He was too fond of common sluts, spilling his seed everywhere! But I'm the only trueborn child he had. And once I've had you disposed of, then I don't need to worry about you thinking you have any claim or entitlement to *my* property.'

They twisted their lips, trying to work out the wad of cloth. Virginia grabbed their mouth and squeezed their cheeks, hard enough to hurt, their eyes burning with pain and humiliation.

‘You’re going to be left here until you are collected tomorrow. And then you can be used as a fucktoy for the diseased and insane. Maybe I’ll have them seal you into a hood permanently?’

The thought excited her – the soft, tender body, with metal locked over their face, arms pinned and bound. She kept squeezing their cheeks, feeling the pliant flesh beneath her fingers.

‘Perhaps I should have some more fun with you?’ She could feel the fabric pushing against her palm, through the glove, the woman still trying to spit it out. She had spirit, at least – that must be her noble blood! As their swaying wriggles stopped, their feet finding the wooden block again, Virginia kicked it away, sending it flying over the wooden floor, chains tinkling as they dropped. Their feet flailed, desperately seeking something to support them, the floor several inches out of reach.

‘Hmmphhh!’ They had no leverage, their wrists dangling downwards, Virginia stepping away and admiring their body.

‘Maybe the whip again? I’ve only applied it to your buttocks so far. Or the pins? Or maybe I should let my man, Adam, have you. It’s been some time since I’ve let him have any relief.’

‘Npphh! Leph meppphh gpppphhh!’

The spit-soaked fabric was starting to slide out from between the woman’s lips, as Virginia looked around, seeing what tools were available. There were several candles, glowing with soft light, the fat shafts filled with molten wax. As they struggled to clear their mouth, Virginia moved behind them and stooped to grab an ankle, snapping another manacle in place. Their one free leg kicked and flailed before Virginia secured that as well. Now they were suspended at an angle, their writhing making the chains shiver and twitch.

She picked up one of the candles and then grabbed their foot, twisting it so that the sole was upwards. It looked dirty and calloused as Virginia tipped the candle, wax flowing out, white and hot. It landed in a hot stream, the thick fluid swiftly starting to dry. Virginia wondered how much it would hurt, but from how the woman reacted, it was painful, their thighs and calves tensing up, the other foot knocking powerlessly against Virginia’s body.

Virginia kept a tight grip on their ankle, feeling the slenderness of their body, before moving the candle upwards, trickling more droplets of wax over their flesh. Where it landed, it would trickle a short distance before drying, forming a tight skin over their flesh. She could see fine blonde hairs on their legs, making her wince in distaste – her own legs were soft and smooth, kept carefully shaved by her manservant. The lust in his eyes, as he was allowed to touch her body, was a delight – his own belt was spiked on the inside, ensuring he kept a tight control on his own lust or be punished by his own body. If his cock still functioned, maybe he should be let loose on this woman? She liked to tease him, making him beg her to stop.

When one leg was liberally coated with beads and streams of drying wax, some parts slowly flaking off as the leg tensed and twitched, Virginia turned her attention to the other foot. This time she peeled their toes back, dribbling hot wax in the tender gaps between the toes, enjoying the wet whimpers and blubbing sounds.

When the well ran dry, she put the candle down and picked up another one. Before tilting it, she held it close to their foot, keeping her grip tight as they tried to break away, keeping the flame close to the skin, watching it pinken.

‘Nppphhh!’

‘Want me to burn that hairy cunt of yours?’

‘Nppphhh!’

‘Then be a good little slut and stay quiet.’

She moved the candle away, next scorching a bit of their thigh, before tilting it and splashing white wax all over their sole. It swiftly dried into a skin, clinging to the flesh, the woman having enough self-control to force herself to silence despite the pain.

‘A dirty slut like you probably enjoys this. But soon you’ll be getting a lot of attention. Used as a distraction for madmen and syphilitics.’ Once the wax had cooled and dried, then she pulled at part of it, digging her fingers in and twisting, peeling the stuff off the woman’s skin.

With both their legs suspended, there was nothing they could do except powerlessly twisting and wriggle around, their hair flicking about. Virginia stepped between their legs, laying one hand on their buttocks, the other sliding between their legs, twisting into them again, through the distasteful mat of pubic hair. They were wetter now, Virginia sliding two fingers in without much resistance.

With her other hand, she grabbed their hair and yanked, pulling their head back, enjoying the grunt of pain, feeling some strands tearing out of their head. She kept finger-fucking them as she leaned in and kissed their ear, whispering to them.

‘Dirty, useless slut. You should have left, and then I would never have seen you. But now you’re going to be sweet, silent fuck-meat. I can’t have their being any doubt that I’m the true heir, of the noble blood.’

Her gloved hands slipped and twisted inside of them, their walls smooth and wet, body heating up. Virginia could feel her own body, hot and sweaty within the confines of her corset, her own cunt beneath heavy skirts and petticoats, hard to access for a quick wank, even though she was hot and wet herself.

She twisted and twirled her fingers, feeling and hearing their response, licking at their skin, tasting their sweat.

‘See? You’re a natural slut. Even with all this pain, your body still wants to come. You’re going to fit in well, you’ll be a natural.’

They whimpered something, Virginia not sure if it was words or just a gasp of pain, as they were pushed over the line, twisting and tensing as they orgasmed, fluids splashing to the floor.

‘Hmm. I’ll have to have their cleaned up. Dirty thing.’

The heat between her own legs was even more focused now, and she slapped her hand down on their red and angry buttocks, making them whimper again.

‘If you make any noise overnight, I’ll organize something even worse for you. Do you understand?’

She didn’t wait for them to respond, before grabbing a leather strap and binding it around their head again, making sure the thick wadding stayed stuffed between their cheeks.

Then she left, making as fast as she could, wanting to assuage her own lust. Waiting outside the training room was her man, wearing his tight trousers and jacket, cut to show his muscles, the metal of his belt visible, a bulge over his cock. Although he was at least a foot taller than she was, she smiled at him before approaching pressing her body against his, reaching down to cup the metal.

‘Keep an eye on her.’ As she spoke, she rubbed her body against her, grinding her own crotch against his legs, pressing her breasts against his strong, firm body. ‘You may punish her if she makes any noise.’

‘Yes, Lady Virginia.’ His voice was quiet and controlled, his eyes closing for a moment. She squeezed the metal, imagining the cock, hot and hard, swelling beneath it, Adam sighing as

he tried to control himself. 'Maybe I'll let you use her, if you're a good boy.' She leaned up and kissed him on his cheek, slightly stubbled. 'Or maybe not.'

She stepped away, walking briskly down the hall, trying to pull at her clothing as she moved, hitching up her skirts, and reaching through the seemingly-endless layers of petticoats, stooping awkwardly until she finally found bare skin, just as she reached her own bedchambers.

'Undress me!' She barked the order at her lady's maid, who looked up in surprise, her collar-chain clinking. She was tethered to the wall, Virginia having to move close to her in order to let herself be undressed. As her clothing was loosened, she kept tensing her thighs, trying to keep the loose wetness, feeling the arousal slowly ebbing.

'Faster!' She snapped at the maid, who flinched away from the harsh words, a leather panel over her mouth preventing her saying anything back, or even having an expression. Once the corset was loosened, she pulled it off and started massaging her breasts, stroking the nipples and flesh. When the skirts were removed, she let them drop to her ankles and stepped away, now wearing only her stockings and boots, falling onto the bed. Her hands moved between her thighs, fingers twisting and sliding, restoking her lust. She spread her legs wide, feverishly fingering herself, thoughts of that body, so similar to her own, squealing beneath her.

'Yes! Yesss!' The orgasm was strong and violent, making her vision black out as she sagged back down on the bed. She just barely had the strength to order her maid to turn the lights out as she crawled under the blankets, snuggling herself tight and warm.

Chapter Two: A Switch of Identity

Virginia wriggled happily, bundled up in her thick sheets and blankets. From somewhere on the edge of her consciousness came the whimper of her lady's maid and the clink of the collar chain, as she tried to make herself comfortable. Virginia grumbled to herself, trying to remember through the haze of sleep to punish the woman in the morning. Maybe it was time to trade her in for a new one? She was a Parisian import and had been expensive, but was slow to respond, and had heavy, clumsy fingers.

Another sound cut through her half-doze, the door sliding open. Who was that? She hadn't ordered an early awakening, and her servants knew better than to interrupt her. Someone would be getting a whipping for this!

Her blanket was suddenly whipped away, her warm flesh exposed to the cooler air of the room. Her eyes were blinded by bright, sharp sunlight, the heavy material of the curtains getting pulled back. She couldn't see what was happening, other than that several people had burst into her room.

Virginia pulled herself backwards, air nipping at her mostly-bare flesh – all she was wearing was her stockings, and her boots still, from when she had sunk into the comforting embrace of the bed.

'There she is!'

Hands grabbed at her, rough and calloused, pulling at her wrists and ankles, pinning her onto the bed.

'Hey! Let me go!' She tried shaking them off, but they were too strong, keeping her in place. 'I am Lady Virginia Cumberwald, of the... gphhh!' Something was pushed over her mouth, rank-tasting and rough fabric trying to force itself between her lips.

Another female voice spoke, almost a caricature of an aristocratic accent. 'She's the one! Wretched slut, she attacked me yesterday.'

Virginia opened her eyes fully, managing to see through the painful morning light. Stood in the doorway was... herself? Her mind slowly fumbled towards comprehension. The figure stood there had her height and build, but the face was plainer, the hair not quite as glossy, and the clothing was one of her newest outfits, that she had only received yesterday and not yet worn herself.

She tried to throw off the hands grabbing her – burly men in plain uniforms, heads shaved or close-cropped, faces covered by cloth half-masks. The other woman, the slut from yesterday, stepped forward, unable to hide a wince of pain, Virginia feeling some pleasure at having inflicted suffering, before panic started to rise up with her. One of the men pushed the dirty rag against her face again, still trying to push it between Virginia's lips. She had to keep her jaw tightly shut, or it would be shoved into her mouth, gagging and silencing her!

'The cheeky slut thought she would impersonate me.'

Virginia managed to twist an ankle free, kicking out and feeling the heel of her boot connect with someone, hearing a grunt of pain. That woman was the impersonator! How had she got

free? With one leg free, she had more leverage, twisting around and trying to get her other leg out, desperately shaking her head to try and get away from the hand grabbing at her face.

‘Fortunately, my man-servant saw through the deception and freed me.’

Adam stepped into sight, Virginia growling at him. What was he doing! He should be trying to help her! Instead, he stayed close to the faker, and she leaned up to give him a kiss. From the mingled look of pleasure and pain on his face, he liked it, but it was making him hard, the chastity-belt spiking his cock.

A hand grabbed her ankle again, yanking on her ankle, pulling her leg hard enough to jar her hips.

‘You will be able to deal with this... individual?’

The impersonator strode forward, staring down at Virginia, who was suddenly aware of her nudity, a flush of shame washing over her body. The hands tightened around her limbs, restricting her movement even further, pressing her down against the bed.

‘Oh yes, your ladyship. We get all sorts. Deal with them nice and gentle-like, make them tame. Some of them can be right vicious!’

They cast cool eyes over Virginia’s exposed body, deepening her sense of shame. She filled out Virginia’s clothing well, and had even taken some time to apply cosmetics, although a little sloppily. In her hands was a crop, one of Virginia’s own, and her nails were ragged and cracked, the tip of the crop moving uncertainly. They reached forward, running a hand along Virginia’s leg, the nails sharp and scratchy, laddering the stockings, making Virginia grunt in protest as the fine material was ruined.

The crop swished forward, the leather head striking against Virginia’s knee, although without any great force, the imposter unskilled with it. The strike against her leg made Virginia suddenly aware of her bare cunt though, soft and shaved crotch fully displayed to the intruders, their grips too strong to break out of. The crop slapped her body again, this time against her thigh, making Virginia inhale reflexively. The bitter and sweat-tainted taste of the fabric was vile, and she tried to prevent it getting pushed deeper into her mouth.

‘I think I will come and visit her sometimes. To see how well her treatment is progressing, and if you can reform her into being a productive servant.’

The crop knocked against Virginia’s exposed twat in a clumsy strike, although still with enough force to sting, making her try and close her legs. The forces pinning her in place were too strong, the hands on her body hurting her muscles as she strained against them.

‘Of course, your ladyship! Thanking you for the kindly donation. It takes a lot of money to keep the crazies locked up, so for a donation like that, you’re welcome to visit.’

‘Mpphh!’ Had that bitch bribed these men with Virginia’s own money?

‘She looks like a wriggler. Well, we’re used to that. Get her up and let’s make her ready for transport.’

‘Npphh!’ The hands lifted her off the bed, strong enough that there was no way to fight back. Even tensing her body as much as she could did nothing, the men keeping her spreadeagled in the air as she was pulled off her bed and twisted around. The rag was removed from her mouth, and she inhaled, ready to protest, to have the usurper punished and sent to her punishment. But instead fingers grabbed her jaw and forced it open, her tongue wagging against calloused fingers, metal twisting between her lips, a double-ring arrangement forcing itself into place, one behind and one in front of her teeth. A strap was buckled around her head, keeping her mouth forced open.

She couldn't even try and move her lips anymore, her attempts at words reduced to incoherent mumbles, straining to keep her head up. 'Grpppphh!' She looked at Adam, wanting to order him to help her. He was her manservant, he should be obeying her, not some slut!

Another of the men shook something out, a beige thing of rough canvas, covered with straps. She shook her head as arm-shapes were held out towards her, her own arms getting yanked forward. She twisted her fingers, trying to push the canvas away, but lacked any strength or leverage as her arms were forced into place, buckles clinking ominously.

The material swaddled her hands and arms, so thick that she could barely move her fingers, even before her arms were wrapped around her body, each dragged to the opposite hip. More straps bound them into place, the sleeves extending so that they could be buckled around her body, meaning that she couldn't move her arms at all. Another coarse strap buckled between her legs, scratchy and rough as it was pulled between her buttocks, scraping the flesh. It went around her front, sliding into her pussy, scraping painfully as more straps were tightened.

Her whole torso was wrapped up in the rough sacking, strapping holding it closely to her body, her arms squashing her breasts down, spittle already dribbling from her mouth and soaking into the fabric.

'Before you take her, then I think my man deserves a reward for his diligence.' Her imposter looked around the name, before her eyes settled on the keys by the bed.

Virginia shook her head in desperate denial as they walked towards them and picked them up, sorting through them until they found what they were looking for, walking back over to Adam and dropping his trousers. His chastity belt was battered and scratched metal, the cock-pipe small. The woman gave him a kiss on the cheek before trying several of the keys in the lock, before finally finding the one that fit. Virginia grunted in protest – couldn't they see that the woman was faking? This was all wrong!

But the metal opened up, the scent of sweat wafting out. As the metal unfolded from his body, she could see the nubby spikes inside of the cock-shaft, to torment the wearer whenever they got aroused.

The imposter reached down and stroked his cock, the abused flesh stiffening under her light strokes and touches. The men holding Virginia twisted her around, pulling her legs together and putting leather bands just above her knees, joined by a short chain, another pair going around her ankles, hobbling her if she were ever allowed to try and walk.

She was shoved onto the ground on her knees, hands still keeping a tight grip of her, as she tried to twist free. But with her legs bound and her arms wrapped around her own body, all she could do was twist her shoulders and head, trying to push the ring-gag from her mouth with her tongue, without any success.

'Adam, you may take her mouth. You deserve it.'

Virginia tried to turn her head aside, but hands grabbed her temples and wrenched her into place, straining and hurting her neck muscles as Adam approached, cock in hand. It looked monstrous and warped, misshapen from being trapped in the tiny cock-cage for too long. She couldn't close her mouth, the tip of the thing sliding into place.

It tasted dirty, sweaty and rancid, turning her stomach, filling her mouth with its length. One of his hands rested on her head, gripping at her hair as he thrust it all the way in, sliding it down her throat. She coughed and gagged, and tried to bite down, but the metal rings were too strong, forcing her to keep her mouth open and available.

The cock twisted and slid back and forth, pumping in and out of her mouth. She couldn't move her tongue anywhere to avoid it, the uncleaned skin filling her mouth with the taste of dirty

sweat, rough pubes brushing up against her nose. All she could see was his crotch, the cock sliding all the way into her throat, making it hard to breath. When she inhaled through her nose, she could smell it, the scent turning her stomach.

More spit flowed from her mouth, the material of the straitjacket thick enough to absorb it. Adam grunted and gasped, not bothered to speak, before the cock spasmed in her mouth. Cum, hot and thick, burst into her mouth, overpowering the taste of sweat. Virginia tried to let it flow out of her mouth, but was unable to avoid swallowing some of it, the stuff flowing down her throat, her stomach roiling in shame and fear.

He was slow to withdraw as his cock shrank, slapping against her cheek, leaving cum and spittle stuck there. The smell was vile, the odor of semen making her feel used and shamed as he rubbed himself against her cheek again before doing up his trousers.

The imposter spoke. 'You may treat her roughly as needed. But I would appreciate her back once she has been made more obedient. I think it would be nice to have her around the place, when her behavior has improved. So don't sell her on, and try and keep her body intact.'

'Yes, your ladyship. If she's got any sense, she'll be nice and obedient soon enough.'

Virginia tried to use her tongue to flick the cum-tainted spit from her mouth, hating the taste of it. She wasn't crazy, and she wasn't this bitch's toy! As soon as she got free, then she'd have the imposter whipped and broken!

A hand wrenched her head back by the hair, a leather plug sliding into her mouth to seal it shut, making her mute but for soft grunts.

'We'll be taking her off your hands then.'

Virginia was lifted into the air and dragged away from her bed, towards a waiting crate, the inside filled with dense padding, thick enough to absorb her being dropped without a problem. The lid slammed down, locking her into darkness, the inside so small that she couldn't even twist around and try and kick out, her body bundled into the straitjacket.

Chapter Three: An Issue of Nerves

Virginia twisted around inside the crate, trying to knock her feet against the walls. It was hot and dark inside, the air thick with the scent of her own sweat and that of previous occupants, a bitter taste beneath, of piss and fear. She felt dirty and grimy and wanted a bath! But it was hard to even breathe, the air heavy and fuggy, hard to think, her chest starting to hurt from the lack of clean air.

They must have carried her somewhere, through the city streets, but the crate walls were so thick that so couldn't hear anything, especially when being jolted around. It was padded enough to give her some protection, especially with the straitjacket, but it still hurt being jolted around, her skin starting to bruise.

The jolting stopped, the crate getting slammed firmly down. She tried to make a sound, the plug in her mouth silencing her, the kicking of her feet achieving nothing except to tire her out. The lid was suddenly opened, hands reaching in and pulling her out, easily dragging her upwards, into a bright room, the walls gleaming white tile. Surgical instruments hung from the walls, painful-looking curves of steel, as well as more familiar implements of leather and wood, designed to inflict pain.

In the center was a chair, bare metal without any cushioning, and covered with lots of leather straps to hold someone in place. Virginia tried wriggling around, wanting to free herself, but the men holding her were too strong, easily dragging her over towards the chair.

She was dumped down against the cold metal, feeling it squash her buttocks, her legs falling into curved slots, bent at the knee. Her hobble-chains were released on one side, before experienced hands slammed buckles into place to seal her legs down. Another strap went around her neck, threatening to choke her if she moved her head forward at all.

Metal clanked as gears ratcheted, tilting her backwards and then spreading her legs wide. She could still feel the coarse material of the straitjacket between her buttocks and wedged into her pussy, scraping against her soft flesh when she wriggled. She could twist her torso about slightly, but nothing more – she was locked into place!

Panic surged through her and she started to shake and twist more. The leather straps bit into her ankles as she strained against them, the neck-strap compressing her throat, making it hard to breathe.

'Mppggghhh! Gppphhhh!' Her tongue rubbed against the prong pushed into her mouth, making it wobble around, but she couldn't dislodge it. Let her go! She didn't deserve this! That bitch-whore of an imposter should be here, getting punished!

Heels clicked against the tiled floor, a young woman in a severe black uniform moving into sight – her dress was long and dark, her hands covered with leather gloves, hair bound behind a nurse's cap, a severe expression on her pointed features. Behind her was an older man dressed in a suit and waistcoat, his sleeves rolled back.

'A vigorous specimen, Nurse Fran. Although most are.'

The woman nodded, checking her gloves as she approached. 'Yes, Doctor. But I'm sure this one can be reconditioned, as with our other patients.'

‘Yes, she does appear of fine stock.’ The man, the doctor, moved closer to Virginia, feeling at her leg, before tearing at the remnants of her stockings and ripping them from her body. ‘Good skin, well fed. A little out of trim, hasn’t been worked hard. Maybe a little pampered?’ He ran his fingers up her thigh before moving to her side. Virginia tried to shake her head, wanting to demand that he stop, that he leave her alone, but instead he felt at her breasts, cupping them in his hands, rubbing the nibbles. ‘These are a good size. And nice and sensitive, to judge by her reaction.’

Virginia blushed, not liking the hands on her breasts, wanting to be left alone. He let them go, then looked at her face. She couldn’t look away, staring into his pale grey eyes. Surely he would see her true nobility and realise that this had all been a mistake! But instead he felt at her hair, rubbing strands between his fingers.

‘She’s been well looked-after. This hair will fetch a pretty penny from the wig-makers.’

‘Mmpgh!?’ Virginia tried to pull her hair from the man’s grasp, not wanting it cut away.

‘Well, Nurse Fran, if you would be so kind as to begin your inspection?’

‘Yes, Doctor. It will be my pleasure.’ She moved between Virginia’s legs, unbuckling the crotch-strap and lightly pressing a finger against an outer lip. ‘The patient appears to be in good physical health, without evidence of misuse. The flesh is strong and has been well-maintained.’ Her leather-wrapped fingers, soft and smooth, started to stroke and tease around Virginia’s crotch, gently parting her folds and starting to tease inside of her.

Virginia tried to close her legs, hating the indignation of being spread-out and exposed, but the restraints were too strong – she couldn’t even hear any strain being put onto the chair as she exerted all the strength she could!

‘The patient seems to want to fight back, but that isn’t unusual for those undergoing this assessment.’

Virginia could feel her pussy-walls starting to slicken and lubricate the probing fingers, a digit pushing further inwards with surprising gentleness, the leather supple and well-worn. Her body was starting to heat up, responding to the arousal being forced onto her.

‘Although there are no signs of enforced chastity, the patient responds well to physical stimulation. If her re-education goes well, then she may be salvaged as something that can be sold on to an appropriate buyer. She’s certainly well-favoured, although may be less so after the therapy.’

‘Grrphhh!’ Virginia didn’t want treatment, she wanted to be set free! The woman’s slightly bored tones, as her finger continued to probe into Virginia’s most sensitive parts, didn’t do anything to set her at ease, another finger pushing into her and probing her more deeply. It was impossible for Virginia to hide her blossoming pleasure, as the warm tingling of her pussy got more acute.

‘Hmmm, it’s always hard to find placements, so if we can send her to a good home, then that would be good! And we could always do with the money, of course.’

The fingers continued to twist around inside of her before suddenly slipping out of her. The nurse sniffed the finger, visibly dark with Virginia’s fluids, then licked it.

‘She appears clean and un-diseased. The patient should be kept away from the general wing if we want to maintain that.’

‘Mphh?!’ Seeing the woman taste her finger was degrading, but Virginia didn’t want to end up diseased. What was this place?

Next, the nurse felt at Virginia’s belly, pinching at the small rolls of flesh there. Her fingers were still slightly damp, pulling at the rough canvas straitjacket to get at the flesh beneath.

‘She is in good health and has been well-fed. Again, no signs of illness or disease. No evidence of punishment or misuse.’

‘A fresh patient? That is rare! Well, that should make the treatment easier.’

‘Yes, she will likely have little stamina.’ The nurse groped at Virginia’s breasts through the straitjacket. ‘A good size. And sensitive, judging by the patient’s reaction.’

Virginia was still unfulfilled, her pussy hot and wet still. But the nurse moved to grip Virginia’s throat, under her chin, tilting her head upwards, her grip tight against Virginia’s flesh. The grip tightened, squeezing her throat, making her rasp for breath. It hurt, her lungs starting to burn, the nurse simply watching her, loosening her grip just a little to let Virginia rasp in a scraping, painful gulp of air before squeezing again.

Virginia heard herself whimpering through the choking grasp, her eyes watering. She tried moving her arms, but the material was too tough, keeping her arms tightly bound around her body, unable to do more than twist them slightly. The woman let go, and Virginia took a deep breath, trying to tuck her chin in for some form of protection.

‘Has good lung capacity. If we were to use the breathing therapy, then she should be started on the third or fourth grade.’

Next, the hands come up to Virginia’s mouth, twisting the plug outwards and letting a string of spittle dangle and splash downwards. Then two fingers pushed into her mouth, probing around her tongue. She could taste her own fluids, the slight tang of pussy-juice arousing her again, before her tongue was grabbed, fingers pulling it forward and out of her own mouth.

‘No piercings. Teeth appear to be strong, without evidence of rot or other damage.’ The fingers squeezed her tongue, Virginia trying to draw it back into her mouth but unable to do so, the grip too strong. ‘The patient is of good stock – a step above most we receive. It will be a pleasure making her into a useful member of society.’

The nurse stepped back, tracing fingers down Virginia’s covered abdomen, before putting them between her legs again. She felt pressure on her head as her hair was roughly gathered up and pulled on, jerking her head up, painfully stretching her neck upwards. There was a metallic *snip* and the pressure suddenly eased, as her hair was cut through. She whimpered in protest, not liking the forced cutting.

A finger pushed against her asshole, and her body tensed up. She tried wriggling, wanting to twist herself through the metal. She didn’t want anything there! That was where slaves and sluts had things pushed, not nobility like herself!

‘Nppphh. Nppphhh! Plllehhphhhh!’ Her protests went unnoticed as the finger shoved into her. She tensed her buttocks as tightly as the finger tried to violate her. It withdrew, the nurse spitting onto her finger and then shoving it forward, spearing into Virginia in a single brutal motion. Breath blasted out of her lungs, the finger feeling far larger than it had looked. She kept her ass-cheeks tensed, trying to preserve herself as much as possible, but not that it was inside of her, there was nothing she could do to prevent it sliding deeper in.

‘The patient is resisting – that will need to be trained out of her. Unless she wants to be used as relief by the patients in the acute wards?’

‘Mppphh? Nppphhh!’ Virginia took a deep breath and forced herself to relax, the finger pushing even deeper into her, until she felt knuckles bumping up against her buttocks, the full length of the finger inserted into her. She’d never had anything in there before – it hurt, the barely-lubricated thing inside of her! And it wasn’t somewhere that things *should* go! But the finger twisted and twirled around, spreading her inside walls wider, before sliding out.

Virginia sagged against her restraints, empty, numb and violated, feeling tired and weak. She wasn't meant to be here, and didn't want to be treated like this! She tried protesting, but could only manage a weak mumble through the gag, tongue tasting the metal of the rings, pressing against the inside of her mouth, clicking against her teeth.

'Step aside, Nurse. Time to see what effect a brief touch of the wires has on her.'

Her shoes were pulled off, along with what little was left of her stockings, leaving her feet completely bare. The doctor grabbed at one, feeling the skin.

'She must have been someone's pet – very soft, barely any callouses. Well, that should make her easier to treat. The soft ones always break nice and fast.' One of the men wheeled in a heavy trolley, holding some clicking and clanking device, pumping out lots of steam. The doctor took hold of two black cables, and poked one against Virginia's foot. The tip was metal, jabbing into her skin.

And then the other one touched her flesh, and her leg spasmed, a burst of pain spearing into the sole of her foot. Another touch of metal, and the same happened, her lungs emptied of air, her heart pattering unevenly.

'Well, that certainly seemed effective! Now, somewhere a little more sensitive.' He moved between her legs as she started to sob – one metal prong poked into her, sliding between her moistened lips. And then the other touched her pussy, and fire sparked through her crotch and spine, her vision growing dark, a moan getting torn from her lips.

The nurse leaned in from the side, checking Virginia's reaction. 'She is still conscious. That's a good sign.'

'I think we have a new test patient then. Hopefully she will do better than the last one.' He jabbed the metal against her again, and there was the searing jolt of pain that wrenched away control of her body, pleasure and pain mingling together. 'The ether then, nurse.'

Out of the corner of her eye, Virginia saw the nurse pick up a cloth and a glass vial, carefully removing the stopper and pouring out fluid onto the cloth. It was placed over Virginia's face, a thick chemical haze wafting upwards and stealing away thought and awareness, Virginia falling into darkness.

Chapter Four: Experimental Treatment

When Virginia woke up, she was in a padded room, her body sunk slightly into the soft flooring. She tried moving, feeling the rough material of the straitjacket restrict her, her arms still wrapped around her body. When she moved her legs, leather bands snapped taut, and she twisted herself around to see – the sturdy cuffs had been re-applied, above her knees and at her ankles, with leather straps between them, preventing her spreading her legs much. Some metal devices had been applied to her feet, bending her soles like she was on heels, but without anything beneath her heels, her toes capped with metal.

She twisted around, feeling spit flowing around her mouth, struggling to try and rise, unable to get any traction, wriggling uselessly around on the floor. There was a metal door with a view-hatch, and she moved towards that. Maybe if she could knock against it, she could get someone's attention and get let out of here? It was hard to move though, having to squirm and twist like a bug, the straitjacket chafing against her body.

Before Virginia could reach the door, bolts clanged and it opened. Standing in the doorway was the nurse that had violated her before, with some burly male orderlies stood behind her.

She looked down at Virginia, expression cold, and still wearing the same strict and severe gown as before.

'The patient is awake. Good.' She leaned forward with a patently false smile as Virginia tried to move away, rolling over and wriggling towards the back corner of the room, not wanting to be probed and violated again. 'We have been waiting for a good, sturdy patient to conduct tests on. Most of those sent to us are diseased or sickly to begin with.'

'Mpphhh!' Virginia didn't want to be a test subject! She shouldn't be here at all!

'Of course, if you don't want to comply, then the porters will be more than happy to take you to another ward, where the less-stable patients will relieve themselves upon you.'

'Npphh! Npphh!' Virginia shuddered at the thought, of some deranged half-wit slaking themselves upon her body, disease-ridden cock shoved into her holes, tainted seed filling her up.

'So will you be a good patient?' The nurse held up a heavy metal collar on a chain, the curve swinging from side to side, dragging Virginia's eyes with it. It had stubby metal spikes on the inside – if the leash were to be pulled on, the wearer would feel it, jabbing into their neck.

'Plpphhh...'

'If you agree, then that nasty gag will be removed. I'm sure you would like that, wouldn't you?' The woman kept her voice light, as though taking to a pet or a simpleton, the collar still swaying.

'Ypphhh...'

'Then come over here.'

Virginia started the process of wriggling and twisting her way back over towards the nurse. Although the room was small, with her feet forced to be bent and her ankles and knees bound, she couldn't move very fast. And dull, throbbing pain was starting to spread from her crotch and asshole, a reminder of what had been done to her yesterday. Maybe if she behaved, then that wouldn't happen again? If she could just talk to them, then she could explain the imposter!

Memory of that bitch, the one that had looked so much like her, stirred an anger within Virginia. She'd have that slut mounted on a cock-pole, her ass spread, to be used by anyone that wanted it! After being whipped raw and bloody, made to beg for release. Maybe metal speared through her tongue, to prevent her ever speaking again?

She wriggled close to the woman, who stooped over and wrapped the collar around Virginia's neck. Even with the straitjacket, she still felt the cold of the metal, the inside spikes jabbing into her neck from the weight of the metal. The lock clicked shut, sealing it in place, and then the nurse pulled upwards.

Virginia squeaked in pain, trying to twist around and get her knees under herself, to prevent herself being choked, or jabbed by the spikes. The metal restraints around her feet and ankles meant she couldn't straighten up her feet to stand at all, her head getting pulled upwards.

'Good. This will be a lot easier if you obey and are compliant. Now, I'm going to remove your gag. If you start to speak, then you will be punished. Until you are ordered to, you will remain silent. Is that understood?'

She pulled the collar upwards, Virginia twisting her neck to avoid being choked, spikes jabbing into the side of her neck, her own weight hurting her. Virginia made desperate pleading sounds, wanting the pain to stop. The pressure suddenly went, and she sank down, face almost crashing into the woman's skirts, leather boots just about visible beneath the long dress.

'Good. This will be a better test if you are not already injured.' The collar got dragged on again, but now Virginia was ready for it, better able to balance herself as the leash was handed over to one of the porters. Up on her knees, Virginia's face was on level with their crotch, able to see the bulge in their trousers. They shouldn't be getting off on her suffering! They were far, far beneath her!

Fingers brushed against her face, still gloved, feeling along the gag-strap, twisting on the buckle until it was undone. The pressure in Virginia's mouth and jaw lessened, the straps getting pulled away from her face – she could feel lines of soreness from underneath, where the straps had pressed into her. The rings had to be tilted to remove them, metal clicking and rattling against her teeth. The woman gripped Virginia's jaw tightly, the leash choking and jabbing her, the gag getting handed over to an orderly.

'Not a sound, patient.' Fingers gripped painfully tight into Virginia's jaw before letting go, as Nurse Fran turned away for a moment, coming back with an assembly of brown leather straps, held together with bright metal rivets.

A wide strap went onto the back of Virginia's head, her ears scraping against the leather. Another strap went over her forehead, before a narrow leather cup was placed over her chin. A final strap went from this around the back of her neck, pulling on her chin and forcing her mouth open. She tried to tense her jaw and close her mouth, but the leather was too tight, and she couldn't force her chin out of the leather cup.

'This should produce less damage than that metal ring. It will make it easier to sell you on. And these side-handles should make it easier to handle you roughly. Billy, the mirror – it is important that the patient be shown her position.'

The nurse stepped aside so that one of the porters could hold a small and dirty hand-mirror up, reflecting Virginia's face. The straps were fresh and shiny leather, not yet grimy from use, but there were leather grips on either side of her head, just in front of her ears.

'Eugh! Apphh! Grrphh!' Unable to move her chin, Virginia couldn't properly enunciate, making more pathetic babbling noises. And her hair! It had been hacked brutally short, sliced off, leaving tattered and ragged stumps.

‘Billy – you may test the head-harness. Be rough – it needs to be able to withstand hard use.’

The porter put the mirror aside, Virginia trying to pull herself backwards. But the leash was still in place, limiting her movement. He grabbed her head, one hand gripping the leather side-strap. With his other, he lowered his trousers, cock already erect, swollen head pointing straight at her. With that out, he grabbed the other strap, one hand now on each side of her head.

She tried to tense her neck, but it was useless, her head getting pulled forward towards the sweaty shaft. Her eyes darted around – there was no relief or escape, her mouth getting pulled forward to sheathe the cock. It slid into her mouth, hard and hot, Billy grunting in anticipation of pleasure.

He started to drag her head forward and back, cock sliding in and out. With each dragging thrust, it penetrated deeper into her, sliding into her throat. She wanted to close her mouth, to reject the thing, but the straps were too tight, keeping her mouth open. Her attempts at protests were empty, pathetic and meaningless grunts, making her tongue slide over the erect length, sweaty taste making her gag.

‘Harder!’

Billy obeyed, dragging her all the way in and out, his cock sliding fully from her mouth before getting shoved back in, slamming all the way into her throat. His grip on her head was strong and sure, using the handles to force her back and forth. It hurt, forcing the narrow passage open, making Virginia’s eyes water, tears trickling down her face, bitter and salty.

She wagged her tongue, sliding it around the cock, hoping to make the degradation faster. It didn’t take long before he came, hot jism shooting into her mouth. It hurt to swallow, her throat aching from the intrusion of the cock still. He didn’t retreat after coming, leaving his cock in her mouth, even as it shrank away.

‘That’s good. I was worried that it might be torn away. We wouldn’t want a repeat of the cockbiter incident.’

Billy tensed, shoving his shrinking shaft into Virginia’s throat again. ‘You didn’t tell me that!’

‘Well, no harm done. And you seem to have enjoyed it. Now, drag her towards the wet room, and we can clean her.’

‘Mphh?!’

Billy and another porter grabbed her by the straitjacket and started dragging her along, her feet dragging on the floor, still bound in metal. As she was pulled from the room, she tried to flex her jaw, to get the gag-harness off, but the leather was too tight, without any give. She could taste cum and spit, trying to use her tongue to push it from her mouth. It oozed down her chin, leaving her feeling dirty and grimy.

The hallway were bare stone, broken only by metal doors into other cells. Deranged gibbering and cackling came from somewhere, along with sounds of pain and pleasure, anguished cries of orgasmic torture and the sounds of whips echoing around the bare stone. Her collar dug into her neck, the leash held by the nurse, walking ahead of the porters.

Virginia twisted, managing to get her feet underneath herself for a moment. But with her feet in the metal bindings, her feet were forced straight – she couldn’t support herself on just her toes, making it impossible to stand!

She let herself be hauled along the passageway, the floor rough on her knees, rough grit and dirt sticking to her flesh, spit oozing from her mouth. They came to a gated archway, the nurse unlocking the metal grille to let them through, another porter watching them pass through.

From there, Virginia was dragged into a larger room, the floors and walls covered with tiles, the whole thing stinking of harsh cleaning products. Hooks hung from the ceiling, and long rubber tubes were connected to some kind of engine.

Virginia got hauled upwards, the straps of the straitjacket get looped over a hook, leaving her suspended above the floor. No matter how she stretched, she was too far away to get in contact with the ground!

Spit was starting to soak into the material above her breasts, making it heavy and sticky. The nurse looked up at her, before commanding Billy again. 'Make her accessible. We want to make her clean. On the inside, at least.'

Thick, heavy fingers fumbled at the crotch-strap of her straitjacket before it was released, her slit now bare. He poked and fingered her before withdrawing his hand, letting the nurse approach with a rubber tube, the tip shaped into a bumped prong. She reached between Virginia's legs, pushing the rubbery thing against Virginia's asshole, slowly pushing it into her. Without lubrication, it hurt, the rubber rough and dense against her sensitive skin, scraping and rubbing as it was shoved into her.

She kicked around with her legs, trying to stop the violation, but the nurse was merciless, continually shoving the thing forward until it was deeply lodged inside of herself. It was even worse than the finger, fatter and harder, aching whenever she tensed around it.

The other porter approached, grabbing the strap between her ankles, and snapping a chain around it, before locking that to a loop on the floor. It was tight enough that she could no longer move her legs, the chain locking her movement down.

The motor started up, and she heard liquid flowing. She tried to turn her head, wanting to know what was happening, but the collar and head-harness prevented such a movement.

Water, cold and sharp, pushed into her bowels from the tube. She squeaked in pain and humiliation, feeling it push into her belly, her internal space expanding to take it, leaving her feeling painfully stuffed and stretched. The water settled inside of her, the cold settling and oozing through her body.

A hand slapped against her buttocks, before the rubbery plug was pushed even deeper in, some water leaking out through her asshole as the thing was twisted.

'The patient should relieve herself. The floor in here can be cleaned, and you will be punished harshly if you make a mess of your cell.'

Gloved fingers reached around and parted Virginia's lips, briefly pushing inside of her.

'If you do not, then it will be forced.'

The porters had both stepped backwards, although their eyes were staring at Virginia's pussy, making her blush, the shameful heat mingling awkwardly with the coolness of the enema-water. The engine changed tone, the fluid getting sucked away, leaving her feeling empty. But the relief was short-lived, as she was pumped full of water again, even more this time, her belly straining to hold it, but she couldn't force it out, with the plug in place.

Looking away from the porters, desperate to make space inside of herself, she relaxed her bladder. Piss, hot and stinking, poured out from between her legs, splashing against the tiled floor. She could feel it, the stream jagged and irregular, some of it splashing onto her lower legs. She tried flicking and twisting her ankles to get it off, but could feel the dirty stuff seeping into her skin. She didn't want this! She wanted to be clean and pampered! Not suspended above a puddle of her own piss, as bitterly cold water pumped into her bowels, cleaning them out.

With the mouth-harness in place, she couldn't do anything except mewl and whimper in protest, her spit soaking into her straitjacket. She was restrained, suspended and powerless!

Chapter Five: Therapy Session

Chains creaked, metal ratcheting as a weight dropped. Virginia's arms were wrenched upwards, spread high and wide as she was lifted off the floor by the wrists. Her arms were both stretched out, her muscles aching. Tensing or relaxing did nothing – all her weight was on her wrists either way. The metallic rattling continued, her legs getting pulled wide as well. With the metal restraints on her feet, even if she had been lowered, she wouldn't be able to stand. Each foot had a curved length of metal running from her ankle to a band around her toes, forcing her feet bent and stretched, like she was a ballet dancer. Any attempt to stand would only result in pain, her toes unable to bear her weight.

The air of the room was cool, uncomfortable against her naked skin, and she shivered, the only movement she was allowed. Her skin, once clean and beautiful, was now dirty and grimy, covered with sweat that had collected under the rough material of the straitjacket. Tears had streaked and dried on her face, and her lips felt chapped and sore. She tried to keep licking them, to keep them moist and comfortable, but the head-harness had never been removed, her mouth not allowed to close. Her mouth was always dry, her jaw sore from being forced open, her tongue aching.

'You've responded well to the initial training.' The nurse snapped a whip between her hands, pulling the cord taut. 'We find that patients respond better if denied their mouth. It stops them biting their tongue off, for starters. Now, some food, and then we can begin.'

She put the whip onto a table, holding an eye-watering amount of torture implements. Virginia flapped her tongue, making soft whimpering noises, wanting to beg for mercy, even though she couldn't form any words.

With her limbs spread out, she was raised up slightly higher than the woman, looking down on the top of her head, starched nurses cap stark white against her tightly bundled black hair. She moved over a stepladder, then picked up a bowl of gruel. The gross-looking paste had several dollops of semen on top.

'It's best to get you used to your position. And the acute patients need some relief.'

The nurse stepped upwards, stirring the bowl, semen fading into the paste before a portion was spooned out. Virginia couldn't close her mouth, and the woman tipped the contents of the spoon downwards. It coated Virginia's tongue, the taste sharp and vile, the taste of cum overpowering the otherwise bland flavor. But she couldn't spit it out, and there was no choice but to swallow, consuming the degenerate seed. It couldn't contaminate her, could it? Rot her body or mind, turn her into a cretin herself? Although just the small amount of food made her own stomach rumble, desperate for sustenance.

'Upphh! Upphh!' She tried to sound thankful, hoping to avoid further punishment, as the cum-addled substance was spooned into her mouth. She could smell it now as well, the sharp, sour scent of cum, feeling her body react, even though she didn't want it to.

'Good girl. I thought you looked nice and soft and easy to break. We'll be sure to get a good price for you. Although I hear that a lady is coming to see you – I expect you to be on your best behavior.'

‘Npphh!’ That bitch! Coming to rub it in! Virginia strained at her chains, feeling the tightness of the cuffs, unable to make them move at all, her limbs forced spread. The nurse fed her a large spoonful, making her cough and splutter, having to relax until she had managed to swallow it down.

‘Now, you’ve been fed. Time to start the therapy. This is something the Doctor is pioneering.’ She stepped back down off the stepladder, moving it away before turning to the table and picking the whip up again. She gave it a flick, cracking it against the tiled wall, before snapping it forward. It struck against Virginia’s belly, the pain coming several seconds afterwards. It was a sharp, cruel bite, a snap of agony burning into her. Several more impacts followed, against her stomach and breasts, each one a fresh slash of pain. She couldn’t do anything to evade or lessen the strikes, hanging in the air, powerless and vulnerable.

The heat from the assault made her body heat up, the slash-marks merging together into a general aching agony. Her breasts jumped around under another attack, flesh jumping around.

‘That should warm you up.’ The whip was put aside, the nurse adjusting her gloves before picking up metal clamps.

Virginia tried to shake her head, but her movements were ignored, the nurse approaching.

‘Npphh! Npphhh!’

A gloved hand slapped against Virginia’s pussy, skilled fingers parting her lips. ‘Good. You seem to have a natural inclination already – that should make the therapy easier.’

The soft-gloved fingers probing around inside of her felt good, spreading her lips wide, a finger sliding deep into her. She could tense up her insides, trying to draw it deeper in, wanting at least some vestige of pleasure. But the finger withdrew, and she puffed out air, her eyes barely open.

Metal clicked, a sharp pressure biting into her pussy-lip, the skin getting crushed and then stretched outwards. Virginia’s eyes flicked open and she looked downwards, seeing that a clamp had been applied onto one lip, spreading it wide. It hurt, pinching her skin, the clamp on a string that was wound around her thigh, keeping her pussy half-open.

The action was repeated on the other side, spreading her wide open, fully exposed. There was nothing she could do, as the woman backhanded her cunt. The impact throbbed through her, thighs tensing up, trying to close, making the chains scrape and hurting her lips even more as the clamp-strings tightened. Another slap knocked all the breath from her lungs, but there was nothing she could do to escape or evade, or lessen the pain.

After several more stinging pussy-slaps, Virginia’s cunt felt brutalized and sensitive, the cool air doing little to sooth the red flesh. The nurse started to stroke her folds more sensitively now, fingers teasing and light. Virginia could do nothing but hang there, feeling the fingers stroking against her.

‘Good. You have retained functionality.’

Virginia could feel herself loosen, moisture welling up from her flesh, her body betraying her, even with the clamps in place.

‘Your future owner will want you to be receptive in every hole. Your therapy will make you associate pain with pleasure.’

Virginia squeaked, the stroking teasing of the nurse having an effect, a gentle warmth clashing with the pain of the whip-welts.

‘Good, nice and loose. You must have been extensively used before to have this reaction.’ If she had been able to talk, Virginia would have protested – she was noble, not some common

slut! But all she could do was endure the teasing, stroking fingers, drawing out fluids into her pussy, her arousal growing.

Spittle welled up in her mouth, spilling out, splashing between her breasts. It was sticky and warm, tainted by the porridge-and-cum meal. It slowly oozed down her body, leaving a dirty trail down between her breasts, flowing into her navel. The nurse started sliding a second finger into her, pushing her internal passage wider open. It felt so good, but it shouldn't!

The movement of the fingers stopped, still lodged deeply into her as another hand came up, holding a metal clamp. It traced over her body, cold and hard, before stopping over her nipple. As it was squeezed open, then Virginia could see that the inside had little metal teeth, sharp and cruel. It opened on either side of her erect nipple, and then was released. The two sides of the clamp bit into her skin, crushing the nipple. It hurt, a constant biting ache on her chest, the metal shaking as she breathed. Even shaking her torso didn't dislodge it, making the clamp jump and jolt around, hurting her even more.

The other clamp bit into flesh, squashing the other nipple. Both breasts throbbed with crushing pain, too tight to dislodge, a queasy, intense hurt seeping into her chest. The fingers continued to twist and writhe inside of her, stirring up her pleasure, not quite enough to overcome the pain.

'Do you enjoy that?'

'Mmpphh!'

'Now, for the lotion.'

Would that help? The fingers slid out of her, already lubricated by her own fluids, before the nurse picked up a glass bottle, the contents a murky-looking paste. When it was opened up, the scent made Virginia's nose sting, acrid and sharp. What was it? A thick globule was gathered up on the nurse's middle finger, before sliding it into Virginia's slit.

A fierce burning sensation started, soaking into her folds. She tried twisting her hips, wanting to get the finger out of her. It hurt, a savage prickling heat settling into her body, drowning out the slowly blossoming pleasure. The finger felt savage now, a throbbing intrusion of pain, heat building up and up, her own fluids carrying it within herself.

'As part of your therapy, you need to learn to find pleasure in suffering. You will not be allowed more normal pleasure.'

Spit dribbled from Virginia's mouth. Even thinking was hard, red haze permeating her loins, settling deep into her folds and crevices. As the finger twisted around inside of her, smearing it deeper, she felt herself start to cry, tears trickling down her face. One trickled into her mouth, the salty taste sharp in contrast to the cum-porridge.

The nurse kept the finger pushed deep inside of Virginia, awkwardly twisting away to slick her other finger.

'Nppgghh!' Virginia wanted to shake her head, tensing up her body, which had the effect of making the burning in her pussy even worse. The gloved hand reached between her legs, coming up between her buttocks, finger probing until it found the knot of her asshole. The paste provided at least a little lubrication, but as soon as even the tip was inside of her, the burning started in her backside.

The finger shoved into her, one now in each of her holes, both twisting around, searing agony spreading through her. Sweat started to prickle her skin, the clamps still biting her breasts, her forced-open pussy-lips aching.

'When you climax, then I will stop. This therapy will be repeated until the pain is sufficient for you to climax.'

The chains clinked as Virginia tried to twist, to do something to relieve any of the torments being inflicted upon her body. Both her holes were aching and throbbing, the burning paste smearing around inside of her. And her breasts! The dull throb was getting worse and worse, her nipples bruising under the constant pressure.

Another finger joined the first in her backside, spreading her asshole even wider, the tight hole being forced to gape wide. The fingers felt fat and huge, like they were scissoring inside of her, as though they would meet if they pushed much further forward! All Virginia could do was babble and burble, slimy spit starting to mingle with sweat as it trailed down her body. Pain and heat flared over her body, pain-sweat oozing from her pores as she was tormented and tortured.

The paste was smeared all over her clitoris, sending her into deeper paroxysms of pain, the stuff searing into her. But the constant teasing and stimulation was having an effect, pleasure slowly building up within her, despite the pain.

She was gasping in air, not even trying to communicate, tears sparkling in her vision, some of them falling into her mouth. The nurse continued her work, face expressionless.

And then, finally, despite the agony, Virginia climaxed. It wrenched through her entire body, a guttural scream sounding from her throat, a wash of fluids bringing another wave of pain as the paste was spread even deeper into her cunt. It was powerful and overwhelming, blasting through her mind, draining all strength from her limbs, and any thought from her mind.

Virginia went limp in her restraints, dangling from her wrists, legs spread wide.

‘You see? Soon, if the therapy is successful, you will be unable to climax without the gel. It’s the personal invention of the Doctor, and you will be the test patient. You should be proud.’

‘Mpphhh...’ Virginia lacked the strength for anything else, vague mumblings escaping her lips. As the orgasm faded, the throbbing pain returned, the paste still spread thickly within her pussy and asshole. Tensing up just made it hurt more, but the constant seething, prickling sensation ached without remorse – how long would it take to recover? With the pussy-clamps in place, she was entirely exposed as well, the nurse taking care to rub her exposed lips with her finger, adding more stabbing thrusts of pain.

‘I have to go on my rounds now. When I return, then the process will be repeated.’

Virginia let her head slump to the side, feeling her tit-clamps shake with the movement. She didn’t want this! But she couldn’t move at all, or make any protest beyond empty, pathetic wheezing. The pleasure had completely faded now, to be replaced by agonizing, throbbing aches and heat, as the nurse turned and left.

Chapter Six: Display Day

Virginia heard the sounds of wood on skin, a paddle slapping against flesh, before a broken and whimpering voice sounded out. ‘Thank you, master. Please, ag...’ Whatever they had been saying was cut off by another strike, and a grunt of pain. She shivered, the metal walls of the crate already warmed by her body, wondering what was going on outside. Heavy metal restraints locked her in place, making it impossible to move, especially with her feet still in the metal bands.

At the moment, most of her weight was on her crotch – a triangular wedge of metal was between her thighs, the topmost ridge buried in her pussy, wet with her juices even as it dug painfully into her flesh. But after multiple sessions with the burning, stinging paste, the metal seemed kind by comparison! And when she had first been placed onto it, then it had seemed pleasantly cool, despite the pain of the metal wedge-ridge.

Whatever was going on outside of the crate sounded painful, bodies getting slapped, spanked and whipped, voices begging for more. And other voices, stern and authoritarian, and that weren’t the usual voices of the staff. She heard the metal snipping of clamps, and then the sharp intake of breath as metal was applied to someone’s body, metal shaking about.

The door to her crate opened, daylight shining in, soft and warm. She flinched away, knowing she was dirty, before a hand grabbed at her collar.

Her pussy slid along the metal wedge, making Virginia thankful it was lubricated with her pussy-juice, making it less torturous as she was pulled forward. As soon as she was off the wedge, her weight moved onto her feet, forced onto points by the metal bands, her toes in sudden agony, unable to bear her full weight. She couldn’t move her arms to help, thick leather bands binding each hand to the opposite elbow, her hands shoved into fists and then pushed into small sacks.

Virginia tottered forward, her balance already gone, toes in agony, stumbling towards the shadowy form that had dragged her forward. Another hand gripped her by the throat, lifting her off the ground, leaving her feet kicking powerlessly in the air, unable to touch anything. Her tongue wagged powerlessly, the head-harness still in place, forcing her mouth open.

She was being gripped by one of the porters, his hand grasped tightly around her neck. The Doctor was looking at her, and there was a noblewoman stood by his side. Virginia’s vision swam, her mind suddenly confused – that was *her*. But herself as she should be – not dirty and sore, her pussy recently spread wide on metal, but herself in fine clothing, a corset pushing up plump breasts and shaping a narrow waist. It was the imposter!

She tried twisting in the man’s grip, ignoring the pain coming from her throat, or the flickers of darkness in the corners of her eyes as her lungs started to burn, denied air.

‘Lady Cumberwald, this is the subject you, uh, donated, so generously to us. The therapy is going well.’

Virginia continued wriggling – her being here was all this bitch’s fault! Her tongue wagged, spit welling up and trickling down her chin.

‘The harness has been in place for some time now. It means that the patient will have difficulty speaking, even if it were to be removed. And, of course, it also means that their mouth is fully accessible, but also allows their face to be displayed. She’s a little grimy at the moment, but she can be cleaned.’ Virginia’s vision was starting to blur, her lungs empty, her strength fading. ‘Put her down, Billy. Let her have a little air. It would be a shame if she were to pass out.’

Her body was lowered, just enough that her toes were back on the ground, making pain flare again through her feet. It hurt, but at least now she could breathe, making mewling sounds, all that the harness allowed.

‘She’s not normally this vocal.’

Her imposter smiled, Virginia growling back.

‘It’s almost charming. That she thinks she can do anything that matters. What a stupid slut.’ The woman raised a gloved hand and backhanded Virginia across the face. The straps of the head-harness absorbed some of the force, but it still flicked her head to the side, the tattered fringe of her hair brushing the nape of her neck. The imposters own hair was styled and coiffured, a raven-black curve trailing down onto her dark dress.

‘She’s normally much better behaved. But she’s quite attractive – would you be interested in having her back? I’m sure another buyer could be found if not.’

The woman moved her hand downwards, squeezing one of Virginia’s breasts, digging her fingers into flesh. Virginia could feel their nails through the glove, carefully cut and manicured, while her own were ragged and stumpy, sealed away in the sack.

‘Yes, I think so. The staff could do with something to entertain themselves with. And I do like the harness. The hand-grips especially. May I see it in use?’

‘Of course. Would you like it to be tested by yourself? She hasn’t had much training on, um, the delicate parts of the fairer sex.’

‘A cock will be fine. And then to test her cunt.’

The imposter’s words made the Doctor cough and look away, unused to hearing such language from a woman. ‘Yes, of course. Once again, thank you for your generosity – it is hard to keep this place going, so any money is welcome. Now, Billy, put her down, and then use her mouth.’

Virginia tried to straighten her legs, wanting to resist, but she was put down too fast. Billy immediately grabbed at her head-handles, thick hands moving over her ears, muffling her hearing.

‘Mrhmmm! Mphhh!’ She couldn’t protest in any more coherent fashion, her head getting pulled forward, her face pushing up against Billy’s trousers. She could feel the stiff length of his cock through his trousers, her nose squashing against it.

He had to let go with one hand to unzip himself, cock falling out, slapping against her forehead. From this level, all she could see of the imposter was her dress, dark and trailing along the ground, next to the Doctor’s legs. When she tried pulling her head back, Billy just grabbed her other head-handle and pulled her forward, carefully aligning her mouth with his cock.

‘Mpphhh! Npphhh!’

He pulled her forward, impaling her on his cock. With her mouth forcibly held open, there was no resistance, the erect meat sliding into her mouth and down her throat. She knew better than to resist, as it pushed open her throat, making her splutter and choke. He tasted dirty and uncleaned, the taste and smell of sweat overpowering as her face was pushed up against his body.

‘Is she skilled?’

‘She broke relatively easily. I think she must have been a pampered pet before – and so without support, she retreated inwards. Of course, not being allowed to speak will certainly have a mental affect as well – I don’t think she would ever become fully non-verbal, but it will certainly have an effect. The porters report that her throat is soft and tight, and she’s stopped struggling. And the therapy has had an effect as well – once Billy is done, then I can demonstrate that.’

‘Yes, of course. I’m very interested in seeing how she behaves.’

The cock slammed in and out of Virginia, all the way in and out, the spittle-stained tip knocking against her lips before sliding back in. She swirled and twisted her tongue, trying to get him to come as quickly as possible, wanting the pain and humiliation to stop.

When he came, he was lodged deep in her throat, shooting his load into her. She coughed and spluttered, struggling to breath, hating the taste. But she could feel her own body reacting, a warmth blossoming between her legs, a deeper shame.

The cock was wiped against her cheeks, leaving a trail of cum and spit on her soft skin. She felt as though she had soaked in the stuff, the gross feel and odor etched into her body! But there was no relief as the doctor grabbed at her collar, pulling her forward, making her crawl on her knees, towards a heavy metal ring set into the floor, a rope loose around it. He dragged her downwards, using the rope to tie her there, bent over, ass up in the air.

She couldn’t move enough to protect her dignity, as a hand slapped her buttocks, igniting the pain from previous whippings. Her cheek, smeared with cum, pressed against the stone floor, the heat of the cum rapidly fading away. She tried twisting her arms, before a hand slapped her buttocks again, a female voice issuing a command.

‘Down!’

Virginia whined but complied, stopping her twisting. Fingers pinched her buttocks again, making her squeal in pain. Spittle flowed from her mouth onto her cheek, sticky and gross, as her backside was groped and prodded, before hands delved between her thighs. Virginia couldn’t fight back or resist, her private parts getting examined. Having her lips peeled apart made her squirm again, some residue of the burning paste still present, even a light touch making the prickly biting heat return.

But that heat made her feel good, her body heating up, her walls wetting themselves.

The Doctor spoke. ‘Ah, there we go. As you can see, she has been conditioned to behave in certain ways.’

The finger continued to tease and stroke at her, before another hand spread her lips wide. Virginia tried to lift her head to protest, but the rope was too short, snapping taut, as her pussy got swiftly wet, the fingers probing deeper, easily sliding in. She couldn’t resist sliding her own hips back and forth in time, her body swallowing up the fingers, ignoring the prickling remnants of the burning heat.

‘If you use this, then it has a rather interesting effect. Made from nettles and such like – although do be careful about getting it on yourself. In your eyes especially – I’ve found that useful on the most uncontrollable patients, but I’d rather not damage the others. This one especially has been fairly well-behaved.’

A third finger pushed into her, making her gasp, her insides getting stretched out.

‘She’s very loose. I suppose she must have been used a lot?’

Virginia wriggled her hips, trying to pull the fingers deeper in, ignoring the slight stings of heat. She heard a jar being opened, then a familiar scent wafted out. There was a gelid sound

before the fingers were removed, and then suddenly plunged into her again. They slid in more easily this time, covered with something, and then the burning started.

‘Aaarrgggphhh! Plllphhh!’ Three fingers shoved and wrenched around inside of her, without any gentleness. The burning assaulted her pussy, tears stinging her eyes, her senses overwhelmed. But it was easier to find pleasure in the agony, her pussy producing wetness of its own, pleasure throbbing alongside the pain. Three fingers curled back and withdrew, scraping her walls, before a fist pushed into her, filling her entirely.

It was too large, and she tried to pull away, but there was no give in the rope. The gloved fist twisted and shoved into her, her soft walls no barrier to its intrusive entry. The paste was smeared all around inside of her, deeper and thicker than before, hurting her deeply. But the sheer size of the fist felt *so good*, an intrusive and enforced pleasure.

‘As you requested, she has been trained in all her holes. Would you like to try?’

Cloth rustled behind her, fine material lightly touching against her flesh. Before she could protest, another hand pushed between her buttocks, two fingers shoving against her asshole. It gaped open as they pushed into her, spearing into her body. Having violating intruders in both of her holes was intense, heat flaring as her soft tissues were chafed and irritated.

‘Your training seems to have been very effective.’

‘Thank you, your ladyship. This one was a good patient – lovely bit of meat. Nurse Fran was very complimentary. Most of our patients are very rough and harsh, and it’s a lot of work just to break them down. But this one was nice and soft and easy.’

Virginia was shaking and sobbing, her pelvis feeling stretched out. Every finger inside of her stretched her out even more, shifting and grinding around, smearing the burning paste all over her insides. Her body broke into a fever, short and desperate grunts escaping her lips. When she came, there was a moment of relief as her own fluids gave a breath of cool relief, before the burning resumed.

‘Phhrphh! Stphhh...’ The spit from her mouth was starting to congeal around her face, sticking it to the floor.

‘Does she meet your requirements?’

The fist inside her anus twisted as it withdrew, and Virginia could feel her asshole stay gaped and wide, the intrusion too large for her body to recover from.

‘She seems quite thoroughly broken. And that harness means that she won’t be able to speak?’

‘Indeed. Quite an effective thing, isn’t it? I’ve registered for a patent already.’

‘Yes, it would be inconvenient if she were to talk. I think she’s much better like this.’

Virginia shuddered and cried, trying to tense up, feeling her asshole and cunt only slowly closing up, still hurting from having been fisted and violated.

‘Box her up and have her delivered to my estate. I think I’ll be able to give her a good home.’

Virginia tried to protest, burbling from on the ground, tongue flapping, spit welling out. She didn’t want to go home, where she would be used as a fucktoy!

‘Have her hooded.’

‘Of course, my lady. And the harness?’

‘Keep that on. I don’t think there’s any reason to remove it.’ A foot pushed down against her ass, before a toe tapped against her cunt, making her whimper in pain. ‘I think she’ll be good as a mute, babbling fucktoy.’

Virginia's protests were entirely ignored, but she felt a strap wind around her ankles, dragging them together. A rough sack was dropped over her head, smelling of sweat and cum, opaque and impossible to see though, the neck-rope loosened and then twisted around her neck.

Metal scraped as a crate was brought close, and then hands picked her up, dropping her into the crate. The lid slammed down, a lock clicking shut, sealing her into darkness, her holes still violently sore. Was she going to be a slave of her imposter? But there was no way to escape, no way out, and her whole body hurt, from being violated and ravaged in her holes.

Bound in Steel

Chapter One: A Special Purchase

Lauren curtsied, lifting up her skirts, having to roll and bundle the material in her hands to lift enough of the ankle-length material to actually show off her legs from beneath. The training-mistress flicked her cane through the air, striking against the hands of another servant that was too slow, drawing out a hiss of pain.

Lauren looked down at her legs – she had been permitted to wear stockings today, white silk sheathing her toned legs, brightly-polished black leather shoes on her feet, heels adding another few inches to her height. She preferred shorter skirts, that let her show off her legs, but the training-mistress had insisted on the ankle-length dresses, although at least the dress-top was nice and tight, showing off her large breasts despite the neck-high cut, only just showing off the top of her leather collar. *That* was too tight, the leather chafing her skin – maybe she could get a kindly master, and be allowed just a cute little choker? She didn't want to have to wear one of the heavy metal ones! Or, even worse, having something welded on, like happened to the *bad* girls.

She shuddered at the thought, trying to hold herself straight and poised – she'd seen some of the failed servants, those that had tried to run away or displeased their masters, that had metal sealed onto their body, permanently locked into place. Or with piercings, metal shoved into their sensitive parts, not seen but obvious in how they moved.

Lauren pushed her shoulders back and her breasts forward, as the cane gently tapped against her thigh, before sliding up between her legs. She held her skirts up a little higher, the ridged wood sliding between her legs, coming up against her slit.

'Good. Nice and clean. That's a nice, clean shave. Lauren should be an example to the rest of you.'

Compared to the other servants-in-training, all in their uniform whites-and-blacks, the mistress was wearing dull black, her whole form sheathed in widow's weeds, her face half-hidden behind a veil. Despite her age, she still cut a sleek figure, her corset tight enough to bind her into shape, although Lauren knew from dressing her that it was needed – unlike Lauren's own figure, which naturally had that shape, only aided a little by the stays and structure of the stiff bands and fabric beneath her maid's uniform.

'This is a very wealthy man that is viewing you, who wants nothing but the best. Any failure to perform or any disobedience will result in punishment. If I see any mistakes, then I will lock the perpetrator into the box for a few days. Is this understood?'

'Yes, ma'am!' Everyone answered back, youthful female voices sounding in chorus.

'Excellent. Now, into the viewing room.'

They all formed into a line, following behind the mistress, their skirts falling back to their ankles. Stepping out of the dark and dirty back-passages into the viewing room was always a thing of wonder – it was kept beautifully clean and well-maintained, the wood burnished to a warm glow, erotic sculptures in wall-niches now uncovered from beneath the sheets that normally hid them, with a central walkway that they could move down, and podiums for "display

pieces". And, prominently displayed, several coiled up whips, as a reminder of the penalty for failure.

In front of the walkway was a padded leather chair, far more comfortable than the usual wooden chairs given to visitors. All this, just for a single man? Lauren craned her neck, trying to see who was sat there – how wealthy was this person to set everything aside for him? Although he had a woman already – stood by his side, wearing a sleek red dress, more suitable for a fancy party rather than day-wear, but definitely like something a noble would wear, rather than a servant! But there was metal around her neck, even if it was gold, a leash coming from her neck to his hand. And her face was half-covered – covering her mouth and nose was a muzzle of blood-red leather, finely-worked, but something more suitable for a dog, not a person. She was stood oddly as well – what Lauren had at first thought was a shawl over her bare shoulders was actually more leather, straps binding her arms behind herself, pushing her breasts further forward, her dress highlighting her cleavage.

The mistress clapped her hands. 'Good afternoon, Lord Sheffield. Thank you for visiting my establishment, it is an honor to have you visiting. I hope you will enjoy my girls, and of course, should you wish to acquire any of them, then I'm sure we can come to some arrangement.

His voice was smooth and powerful, sending a surge through Lauren's loins. He was clearly wealthy, and strong, and... She bit her lip, hoping he would buy her. She wanted a man, and someone like this, able to buy her the finest clothing and jewelry! She could probably displace the woman with him easily enough, get her sent to serve the male servants, and take her place. Although without the muzzle or the armbinder! She'd have to show him how good she was with her mouth, so that it would never be sealed away.

Several of the other girls had been paraded down the walkway, striding with their hips rolling, standing at the end and lifting their skirts up to show their crotch. He had a polite smile on his face, but didn't look very interested. The woman's eyes were flat and empty, barely focusing even when the man pulled on the leash, making her dip her head forward. He whispered something into her ear, and a spark of life came into her eyes, before she draped herself across his lap, her dress pooling over him as he wrapped a possessive arm around her waist.

When it was Lauren's turn, she took a deep breath and started to stride forward, keeping her back straight and shoulders level, rolling her hips, using one hand to hold her skirts up, flicking the material from side to side and showing off her ankles in what was hopefully a seductive fashion. She reached the end of the walkway, then turned around, leaning over to push her backside out, knowing that the material draped over her buttocks to show them off. And then she turned around again, still leaning over, pulling the material over her breasts.

She didn't meet his eyes, keeping her gaze respectfully downcast. Would that be enough to interest him? He made a small cough, and Lauren glanced over at the mistress, who nodded. She stayed in position, slowly rotating to show herself off.

'Lauren is one of my better students. I've had some offers for her already, but she would be best suited to one of the grander houses. She is talented in everything that you might expect, and also has some measure of domestic skills. Although I wouldn't rely on her cooking skills – she is definitely better suited to being a display piece than domestic work. I hear that you are outfitting your estate?'

His voice! Smooth, cultured and elegant, making her want to sigh in pleasure just hearing it.

‘Yes, I have the core staff, but am definitely looking for a few more display pieces. And she is fully trained?’

‘She is mostly obedient. She had a dislike of the lash – as you know, I prefer not to mar the skin. That can be left to their new owners. She does have a delightful squeal though.’

‘Hmmm. I will test her.’

The mistress nodded, and Lauren stepped down from the walkway, her head bowed as she approached. The other woman was looking at her with sharp hostility, her eyes sharp now. If she was given the chance, she could easily take their place! Having her body sheathed in fine silks, although without the armbinder, so she had full movement.

The woman was pushed away, managing to stand, Lauren catching a glimpse of high heels beneath the long skirts, although they managed to move with grace despite their bound arms. Lauren approached, eyes still downcast but making sure to smile. She preferred her hair down, long auburn curls framing her face, but the Mistress had ordered all of the girls to have it up in buns, and it felt tight and scratchy.

He stood up himself, about a hand taller than she was, filling out his suit well, bulge visible in his trousers as she approached him. His hands were large and well-muscled, only lightly calloused – he wasn’t some rough-handed merchant or crafter, but a high-ranked noble! He felt along her shoulders, assessing her posture. Next he felt at her breasts, cupping them from beneath, stroking them through her dress without being too rough. She couldn’t restrain the hitch in her breath, shivering slightly, and he chuckled quietly.

‘A good size.’ He pinched her nipples hard, crushing the soft flesh, making her head reel, but she kept herself under control, not yelping or gasping. ‘And nice and sensitive. And she is already trained, but not used to harsh punishments?’

‘Oh yes, Lord Sheffield. You are aware of my reputation, and she is one of my premium products. A little high-spirited, but nothing that you can’t handle, I’m sure.’

He moved behind her, running a hand down her back and then squeezing her backside, quite hard. She pushed herself against him, feeling the muscular strength of his body and the richness of his clothing. He would be far better as a master than most of the customers that came in – dull little merchants or grubby-handed gentry.

His hand grasped the back of her neck, tightly gripping and shaking her around. She let herself be moved around, going limp, his other hand slapping her ass.

‘Hmmm, good and obedient. You don’t keep your girls in chastity, do you?’

‘I keep them restrained at night, and they know not to misbehave. Lauren hasn’t been allowed any release in a month.’

He kept one hand on her neck, the other lifting up her skirt and reaching between her legs. Fingers pushed into her thigh-gap from behind, and this time she couldn’t entirely control a sigh of pleasure.

‘Already wet? That’s a good sign. I like a sign of eagerness.’ His fingers were skilled, one probing into her, stirring her up. She couldn’t help but tighten herself around the intrusion, wanting nothing more than to grind herself back and forth, to let herself be pleased. But after an exploratory push into her most private parts, the finger withdrew, leaving her wanting more.

‘Please master, may I...’ His hand tightened around her neck, fingers digging into the sides of her throat, silencing her.

‘I will test her mouth then.’

She was spun around, hands pushing down on her shoulders. She dropped to her knees, resting her hands on her thighs, letting her jaw hang open. She was eye-level with his crotch-bulge now, shifting nervously, unsure if she was meant to be pulling his trousers down herself.

One of his hands gripped her head, the other opening up his trousers. Her mouth started to water – she'd been trained, extensively, on the dildos and fake cocks, but she'd barely even seen a real one. Compared to some of the training ones, this seemed medium size, the scent making her head reel.

He shoved his hips forward, cock shoving into her mouth. It was hot and hard, as Lauren tried to remember her lessons, rolling her tongue around. The taste! Raw and tangy, she tried to savor the taste, but it was hard to breathe with the thing shoving into her mouth and down into her throat, making her cough and splutter.

All she could see was the material of his trousers, his fingers gripping tightly onto her hair as she was yanked back and forth. His cock filled her mouth entirely, sliding down into her throat, as she tried to avoid hacking and spluttering. She tightened her lips around it, sucking her cheeks in. From down on her knees, she couldn't tell anything of his expression or attitude – hopefully he was pleased? Maybe even pleased enough to buy her?

His cock twitched and shivered, before blasting cum into her mouth, mingling with her spit. She swallowed, cum sliding down her throat, the taste sharp and slightly bitter. The cock stayed in her mouth, and she kept licking and kissing even as it shrank away, the fat shaft shrinking away to a more disappointing size, kissing it clean as she had been trained to.

The hand pushed back, the cock getting pulled back into trousers.

'She's certainly eager. And attractive enough. I'll take her – how soon can you have her delivered to my estate?'

'I can have her boxed up immediately, Lord Sheffield. Do you wish to have any equipment?'

'I'll belt and hood her.'

Lauren squeaked – she didn't like the darkness, and *definitely* didn't like having metal locked around her privates! She opened her mouth to protest, but his hand grabbed her by the jaw, holding her mouth shut.

'Of course.' The Mistress clicked her fingers. 'Hannah, fetch the items.'

Lauren heard footsteps move, a cupboard opening, items getting retrieved. The scent of his hand, strong around her face, was arousing her, strong and manly. The footsteps approached, and then there was the rustle of heavy canvas, before a bag came over her head, a heavy strap sealing it around her neck. She could breathe through it, but it was hot and stuffy and unpleasant.

She got pulled to her feet, her skirt lifted up again, before metal pushed against her crotch, the waistband too tight and pinching at her skin, a band running between her legs. She grunted in displeasure, not wanting to be sealed away, before her hands were cuffed behind her back.

Female hands pulled at her, dragging her away, and she was moved away, hearing the sounds of wood. A shove, and she bumped against wood – she was in one of the shipping crates! Nails hammered into wood as it was nailed shut around her, getting jolted around as she was picked up and carried.

Lauren tried to make herself comfortable against the uneven planks, wondering what her new home would look like, as she was carried away inside the coffin-like box.

Chapter Two: Informal Dinner

Lauren walked past the mirror, quickly checking that she was presentable for service – her maid’s uniform was light gauze, mostly transparent, showing off her body beneath. The metal of her chastity belt pinched between her thighs, but other than that, her clothing was soft and lovely. Far better than the shifts and slips she was used to, instead it was delicious lace enveloping her body, soft cups over her breasts, showing and shaping her soft curves. Silk stockings sheathed her legs, gauze sleeves covering her arms. The neckline of the dress was technically high, but the material was so sheer that her collar could be seen beneath it, the metal polished and shiny.

She was moving with a gaggle of other maids, all dressed similarly. Although they were attractive, they weren’t as sexy as she was! They were all well-shaped, leggy and curvy, in outfits that showed off their bodies. All of them had the same collars and cuffs, chastity belts sealing away their sexes. The head maid walked behind them, older, her knee-high black boots sounding out against the wooden floors, her ankle-length skirts swishing in time with her strides.

‘Lauren, you are to assist serving Lord Sheffield today. This is your first time performing such service – any failure will be punished.’

‘Yes, Miss-oww!’ Something whistled through the air, cracking against her ass and making her yelp in pain.

‘You will speak only when ordered to. You are a tool, a piece of furniture, and should behave as such. Failure to respect Lord Sheffield’s rules or commands will result in punishment.’

She nodded again, resisting the urge to stroke her ass to try and dissipate the pain. That hadn’t been fair! But this was the first time she had been bought in front of the Lord, and she wanted his attention. She drew herself up, pushing her breasts out, trying to look as sexy as possible.

The maids lined up outside a grand double-doorway, evenly split on either side of the portal, Lauren taking her place amongst them. Six beautiful maids, and the head maid with her crop, all waiting for the lord to take his meal! He must be wealthy and powerful to have this much attention, and she could seduce him, make herself a pampered pet!

The head maid looked over them all, using her crop to push a chin up or shift a stray arm into a better position, before moving into place herself.

They weren’t waiting long before the Lord came, walking down the main hallway. On all fours behind him was the woman in red, crawling along and naked except for a red leather hood. Metal bells hung from her nipples, chiming every time she crawled forward. Despite her enforced blindness, she was moving smoothly, the leash attached to her neck not fully taut. A tail flicked about behind her, stiff hair poking up from between her buttocks, swaying in time with her movements.

The Lord didn’t bother talking to them, walking straight past the head maid, pushing open the double-doors into his dining room. As the woman crawled past, Lauren could see that her buttocks were marked up with red lines from a lash, more welts down her back. And the tail was

attached to a metal plug, shoved into her asshole! Further down, between her thighs, gold gleamed, a curve of metal impaling her cunt.

Lauren preferred to look at the Lord though, her new owner – he was a magnificent sight, strong and powerful, his clothing rich and magnificent. Just the sight of him was arousing, making Lauren tense and wet behind her belt, wanting it off, wanting to be fucked. She wanted his cock inside of her! Or at least his fingers!

But there was the meal to serve first, and any failure would be punished. The maids all filed in after him, everyone seeming to know what to do. The table was swiftly set, a fine white cloth being laid atop the fine wood, cutlery put into position. Lauren carefully lifted up a tea-set, moving it into the correct place close to the chair. There was another seat, but it was left pulled under, the head maid pulling back the chair for the lord. It was done swiftly and tidily, everything moved into position with a minimum of noise, before the maids lined up against the wall, ready to be commanded.

The Lord sat down, giving the leash a tug to pull the woman forward so that she was close to his side, settling into a kneeling position, red-bound head looking downwards. He gave her a pat on the head, before turning to the line of maids, casting his eyes over them. There was a soft rustle of silks and petticoats, everyone trying to make themselves as appealing as possible.

His eyes stopped on Lauren before nodding. She stepped forward from the group, ignoring the soft grumbles from behind her. She would serve the Lord herself! The head maid glared at her, a warning not to make any mistakes.

Another maid wheeled in a cart, covered with silver trays. As gracefully as she could, trying to hide her nervousness, Lauren walked towards it. Drink first, wasn't it? There was a teapot, elegantly made and decorated, already steaming, a decadently expensive aroma wafting out. She lifted it carefully, trying to hold it level, and to keep the hot parts away from herself, keeping her eyes downcast. Her owner's legs were visible though, tight breeches showing off toned calves, his crotch hidden beneath the table.

She approached closer, hesitant in case she was told to stop, but no command came. As she moved closer, his hand reached out and groped against her thigh, strongly grabbing at her flesh, squeezing it hard. The warmth and power of his hand was stimulating, although he gripped tightly enough to hurt. His hand groped up her leg, feeling the inside of her thigh, and she twisted her hips slightly, feeling the strong fingers between her legs. If only she wasn't belted! She could feel her own arousal though, a building warmth within herself, locked behind the belt.

He squeezed again, right on the nerves inside her thighs, making her twitch. Something butted against her from behind, the bitch-pet pushing against her. The teapot twisted in her hands, liquid splashing out onto the table, immediately staining the white cloth a dirty, muddy brown. The hand pinched tighter, and she managed to not squeal in pain, although then a crop flicked out against her backside.

The Lord's other hand came up and stroked her chin, before sliding around her head and pulling it down. Pulled off balance, more tea slopped out and she had to twist to avoid scalding water on herself.

'You seem to have made a mess.'

Her head was pulled further down, and she managed to fumble the teapot back into its central place as her lips brushed against the damp fabric.

'Clean it up.'

She licked at it, not wanting to slurp and suck, but trying to lap at the small pools, hoping to clean as much of it as possible up. Her hair twined around his fingers, her hand tight against her

skull, pushing her head downwards. All she could see was the dirtied tablecloth, his grip sure and strong. The tea had a strong flavor, stimulating her senses, far richer than the gruel she was normally allowed, making her feel slightly dizzy.

She heard a chair scrape against the floor, the angle of the force on her skull shifting around, a few hairs getting torn from her scalp. With her face pressed down, she couldn't see where he was, only sense his presence via his hand as he walked around the small table, until he was standing close by her. Was that just her imagination, or could she feel the heat from his body?

A hand lifted up her skirt, the fluffy petticoats getting pulled away from her backside.

'I would prefer my maids not make a mess.'

A hand smacked against her ass with a sharp *crack*, making her yelp in pain.

'And they should be silent.'

She pushed her mouth down hard against the table, feeling the wood press back against her, the scent of the polish mixing with that of the tea. Another spank, but she managed to stifle most of her yelp of pain, wriggling her jaw to take some of the material into her mouth, gagging herself. The blows were continuous, her cheeks reddening and heating up, muscular fingers slapping against her soft flesh. Wetness seeped down between her legs, the metal between her buttocks feeling far too tight. She wanted more, she wanted to be actually fucked! The impacts kept coming, repeated strikes to her buttocks, which had gone from warming her flesh to "painful". She drew more of the tablecloth into her mouth, biting down hard to prevent herself crying out in pain.

She lost count of how many times she was struck, the Lord not saying anything, a presence felt only by the grip on her hand and the increasingly-painful slaps onto her ass-cheeks.

The hand tightened on her hair, adding another source of pain. She had just enough presence of mind to release her jaw, the spit-sodden fabric falling from her mouth as she was pulled upwards, still facing away from him. Her backside flared up where her petticoats brushed against her skin.

'I'm disappointed. Have her taken to my study, I will see to her there. After I have eaten.'

'Of course, my Lord!'

Two of the other maids stepped around her, lifting items off the table, before the cloth was expertly flicked over her head – it was so thick it was almost completely opaque, blinding her to her surroundings. Female hands grabbed her shoulders, nails sharp enough to be felt even through the cloth. She was shoved forward, blindly staggering. When she put her arms out to steady herself, hands grabbed her wrists, twisting her arms painfully behind herself, metal clicking between her cuffs.

She didn't resist, not wanting to be punished further, her ass starting to throb with pain now, every movement making it tingle more. But now the Lord was going to see her personally! Even if it was to punish her, this was a chance to show her body off and make him fall in love with her!

Chapter Three: Punishment Session

Lauren was marched through the house, being shoved by unseen hands whenever she stumbled, her heels bumping into steps or over uneven surfaces. There was still much of the house she'd never seen, so she had no idea where she was being taken. Whoever was shoving her – probably the head maid – wasn't being gentle about, keeping her moving at a fast pace.

She heard a door open, heavy wood shifting, before being pulled forward again. Her heels sank into a soft surface – probably an expensive rug. Even through the tea-and-starch scent of the tablecloth, she could smell luxury, fine polishes and woods, expensive liquors, and fuck-scent, sweat and lust. Her pulse quickened. Would he want to... use her? Thrust himself into her? She was skilled with her mouth – maybe he would honor her with his cock there?

Wood and rope creaked, and she felt a noose around her neck, quickly tightening in place, drawing her upwards. It wasn't choking her – yet – but it wouldn't take much more pressure to do so, and she was having to stand as straight and tall as she could, feeling her shoes pinch at her toes and feet.

A hand lifted up the bottom of the masking cloth, slapping her ass again, making her squeal in pain. Fingers pushed against her face, feeling for her mouth, pushing material in. She didn't resist, letting it enter her, a strap or something slapping around her face to keep it in place.

'Don't move, don't make a sound, don't make a mess.' The hand squeezed her ass again, quite hard, and Lauren managed to resist groaning in pain as she was left.

There was no way to tell time other than the slow and steady building of pressure in her legs. She tried shifting her balance slightly, keenly aware of the faint creaking of the floor beneath herself whenever she moved, not sure if anyone was looking at her. She liked heels, liked the way they made her legs look, but standing still in them resulted in a swiftly growing discomfort and tiredness.

After a while, she heard the door open again, heavier footsteps and an oddly-pattered sound together after the door closed. The click of the lock sent a thrill through her – she was sealed in, ready to be punished by her owner! The sound of leather, a deep breath.

'Ferula. You may stand.'

'Thank you, Master.'

That must be his woman, the one in red. And out of her hood now! Footsteps, heavy and masculine, approached her, and she shivered – he must be close, standing over her, close and powerful. There was sudden contact, a hand squeezing her breast, the material of the tablecloth and her dress doing nothing to protect her.

'And you. Sloppy work. You came highly recommended, but you don't live up to your promise. Although it will do Ferula good to have some practice.'

There was a short, excited-sounding yip, almost like a dog.

'You may speak. You have more right to that than this one.' The hand mauled at her breast again before withdrawing.

'Thank you, my master.' The voice was female and polished, educated and refined, and now coming from a more usual height, not down on the ground.

‘Now, what shall I do with you?’ Fingers groped at her skin, warm and strong, and she felt her passions surge. ‘Hm, do you have any suggestions? The cane, perhaps?’

‘No, I think she needs to be taught a stronger lesson. If you would permit me, my Lord? I think her overproud. She is not yet used to service.’

Lauren tried to be as still as possible – she was a good girl! She’d just made a mistake, but that didn’t mean she deserved too much punishment!

‘Yes, that may be entertaining. Let me see what you have done. Although if you don’t entertain me, then it’ll be the water-chamber again. That seemed to teach you last time.’

Lauren heard a quick and fearful intake of breath, before feminine fingers touched her breast, squeezing the sensitive skin.

‘I will make you proud, my Lord. May I use your tools?’

‘Of course. You have experience of all of them, after all. Although try not to injure this one too badly. It was a problem to sell off the last one after you were done with her.’

‘I will obey, my Lord.’

They moved away, and Lauren heard the unsettling clank and rattle of chests and cupboards being opened up, other sounds she couldn’t place, metallic clicks and clacks, the more familiar sound of a cane slicing the air. A chair creaked, the man making a satisfied sigh as he settled himself down, bare footsteps getting closer.

A cane struck against her belly, knocking the wind from her. With the cloth over her head, she was too hot and warm, struggling to get enough fresh air. The blow stung, a thin sear of pain, followed by several more swift strikes. She tried to take them as stoically as she could – she wanted to at least be punished by her owner, not his pet bitch!

The strikes came in quick succession, stinging her skin, making her hiss in pain as the soreness intensified, welts laid upon welts. Then, just as suddenly as they had started, they stopped, leaving her belly throbbing in pain. She felt her clothing, the fine gauze, get plucked at, and then pulled on. There was a ripping sound, the lovely material tearing away from her body. She grunted and twisted, wanting to protest, not wanting her fine uniform to be damaged. But she couldn’t protest herself at all, feeling the material getting ripped away, until she was mostly naked except for the ragged tatters hanging around her neck and waist.

When she was stripped, fingers pressed against her skin, making the welts hurt more, before tickling down her body, a nail probing into her navel. She shivered as it poked into her sensitive skin, trying to twist away, but the finger kept pushing into her, nail jabbing into her navel.

‘She is soft.’

‘Not as soft as she seems, I would imagine. She has been trained fully, after all. I imagine she can take some punishment before breaking. Not as much as you’ve endured, but she’s not as special as you.’

The nail moved away, hand lazily drifting over her throbbing belly, before moving over to her hip. When it moved upwards over her exposed flanks, she shivered, trying not to giggle as she was tickled, unable to fully control her reaction.

‘She needs to learn self-control.’ The fingers kept running over her body, tickling and teasing. Lauren couldn’t keep her body from juddering and shaking, trying at least not to laugh. The hands withdrew, before a finger, sharp and hard, suddenly jabbed beneath her ribs, forcing the breath out of her, then reaching around and grabbing at her buttocks. Metal stroked down her stomach, a spring creaking softly, and then metal clicked, a key sliding into a lock.

Her heart leapt as her chastity belt was unlocked, the metal pulling away from her skin. Air teased against her slit. She mewed, twisting around, hoping for something to grind herself against. Surely her lord would see how hot and sexy she was, and want to fuck her?

Something bit into her pussy-lip, crushing sensitive flesh, a weight dragging at the skin, stretching it downwards. 'Mppphhh!' It hurt! She couldn't fight back though, and her wrists were cuffed behind her body, so she couldn't reach around even if she had been unwatched. Another clamp bit into the opposite lip, being pulled apart to force her fully open, metal clicking again, the clamps staying wide apart, something keeping them in place. Lauren shifted around, trying to relieve some of the strain from her heels, feeling the clamps shake around, a metal bar holding them in place.

'Such a soft pussy!' The woman's voice was cloying and seductive, as her fingers continued to tickle and tease Lauren's body. She could feel her folds moistening with juices, even the light stimulation of the air enough to excite her. The tickling suddenly stopped, before the cane slapped against her ass with enough force to push her forward. The clamps swung upwards and then dropped back down again, jerking painfully on her pussy lips.

Then fingers traced over her face, feeling her shape through the bundled fabric, pushing against her eyelids. Metal snip-scraped, scissors opening and closing, worryingly close to her face, cutting through fabric, making eye-holes.

She could see now, although her vision was blurred at the edges by the fabric. His bitch-pet stood in front of her, collar brilliant red, otherwise naked except for red elbow-length gloves, a hand coming back to slap her cheek, most of the impact taken by the tablecloth, other hand holding scissors. Behind her, the lord was sat on a chair, looking on with interest, his cock straining at his trousers. The walls of the room were covered with shelves, all holding instruments of pain and torture – whips, canes, metal things covered with spikes and worse.

'A maid should be silent and obedient. And not make mistakes.' The woman turned away and walked to a shelf, Lauren admiring the lines of her body – an hourglass waist, well-toned buttocks marked with red lash-marks. When she turned back, she was holding a metal bulb in her hand, steel bright against her red gloves.

Lauren didn't recognize the device, her legs starting to tire from being held in position for too long. It was held up in front of her face – it looked like something to slide into the body, a curved bulb with a large base. Then the woman twisted the base and it clacked open, dividing into three prongs. Another twist, and it folded up again.

'Where should this go?'

Fingers reached out and between Lauren's legs, a finger sliding into her pussy. She was already so wet that it slid in easily, twisting around inside of her before withdrawing, knocking against the bar keeping her pussy spread open and making her lips ache again.

'Mmmpphhh!'

The bulb was pushed against her mouth, knocking against her gag, before the woman turned it around and started to suck on it herself, sliding it in and out of her mouth, twisting it around. The sight of the simulated oral sex excited her, although she wanted more teasing, to be allowed completion!

When the bulb came out again, it was covered with spit. The woman gave her a wicked grin, sliding a finger into her again, her other hand reaching around and then pushing the now-slippery against Lauren's buttocks, sliding it forward until it encountered her buttohole.

Lauren squeaked, tensing up against, despite the pleasure of the finger inside of her. It was inexorable, cold metal pushing against the knot of muscle, sliding inside of her, spreading her

open. But the pleasure! She hadn't been allowed to touch herself for so long, or be touched by anyone else, and it made her whole body feel warm and loose, despite the thing shoving into her ass.

It twisted around, shoving deeper and deeper into her, suddenly sliding in by itself, now lodged deep within her body, impossible to force it out. It felt far larger than it had looked, a fat, cold lump inside her soft hole.

'My lord, my I use some of the red lotion?'

He grinned. 'Oh, of course! That does seem an appropriate punishment.'

'Thank you, my lord.'

The woman stepped out of sight, Lauren unable to twist her body enough to watch her. Instead she looked at her owner, trying to twist her body in an appealing way, flattered that she could see the outline of his cock through his trousers. Even if he couldn't see her face, then he clearly enjoyed her body!

The woman returned, blocking her vision, holding a glass jar full of some form of red paste. She opened it up, a sharp and slightly acrid scent wafting out, the woman scooping some onto her middle finger.

She leaned in close against Lauren, their bare breasts compressing together, so close that Lauren could feel her breath, their warmth mingling together. The red-covered finger moved downwards, then slid into her.

Lauren tensed, trying to twist her hips away, pussy-lips aching as the clamps swung and twisted. A heat seared into her, her own juices carrying it deep into her pussy, agonizingly hot. With the leash around her neck, she couldn't move backwards, the finger, a twisting thing of burning pain, twisting around inside of her body, violating and hurting her. But she was still reacting to the stimulation, wetness rising up from her core, making the vicious heat even worse.

A hand reached around her waist, further limiting her movement, twisting downwards and grabbing the base of the butt-plug. It twisted, and suddenly her ass was even more full as the bulb expanded, pushing itself against the inside of her body. No matter how she tensed and strained, there was nothing she could do, no way to force the thing out of herself.

She squeaked and grunted through her gag, unable to restrain herself from making any sound, between the burning pain in her pussy and the stretching violation of her asshole. The woman smiled at her, showing her teeth, expression harsh and cruel, single finger twisting and curling inside of Lauren.

Tears formed in her eyes, her vision blurring as her body betrayed her, arousal making the hot spread further. Even the lord's clear interest wasn't enough, this *hurt*, and there was nothing that she could do about it! Having another finger pushed inside of herself only made the searing heat worse.

'Hmmm, good work, Ferula. Now, tend to me.'

The fingers slid out of Lauren, getting wiped onto the cloth, so she could smell her own lust. The stinging pain didn't fade though, seeping into her folds, throbbing and aching despite the hand no longer being there. She moaned, earning herself another slap before Ferula turned away, stretching out a slender arm and peeling a glove off, pale flesh emerging from beneath the red.

She dropped to her knees, crawling back towards their master. He smiled down at her, reaching out and grabbing her hair, savagely dragging her upwards as her hands reached towards the bulge in his trousers. He opened up his trousers, cock springing out, guiding her head into position. She started to suck him off, mouth falling over his shaft, taking the whole length into her mouth in a single movement, then shaking her head up and down.

Lauren was still in agony, her pussy throbbing with vicious heat, her ass filled with the expanded bulb, mewling in jealousy. She wanted to be between the lord's legs, his cock in her mouth! Although the pain made it hard to properly think, tears making her vision watery.

Ferula's head shook up and down, hair swaying as she sucked him off, wet and slobbery noises adding to Lauren's pained arousal. His moment of climax was obvious, as he sank back against his chair, Ferula only slowly withdrawing her head from his cock. He gave her a fond and gentle pat on the head, stroking her hair, as she licked his cock clean, before he pushed her away and did his trousers up again.

'Get dressed, and we can go riding. The farm on the eastern boundary needs checking.'

'Yes, my master.' She rose, walking past Lauren and smirking at her with a look of triumph, before walking over to a rack of expensive dresses hanging on the wall.

'And blindfold the slut. We might have some more fun with her later.'

A hand slapped on her buttock, before tweaking the plug, making it scrape around inside of her, and then thick leather settled itself over her eyes, blinding her, leaving her alone with her degrading pain.

Chapter Four: Test Subjects

Lauren twisted her hips, enjoying the way her short skirt flicked up, revealing her thighs, the fluffy petticoats not nearly long enough to cover anything. The dress was far finer material than she was used to as well, crisp black mini-dress with a skimpy white shift and fluffy petticoats beneath, her legs sheathed in fine silk stockings, wearing shiny black shoes with sturdy three-inch heels. The front was low-cut in a square shape, the curves of her breasts on display, her neck bare except for a black leather collar, still new and stiff. And an empty name-plate, a polished steel rectangle not yet engraved with anything.

She twisted her hips again, smiling as the material settled back into place. She was distracted from her pleasure by an annoyed hiss, another maid flicking about the place with a feather duster. This one's mouth was sealed by a leather panel, sturdy straps running around her head, a padlock glinting in the sunlight, through her auburn hair. She flicked the feather duster again, unable to raise her hands far from her waist thanks to the chains linked to a heavy leather belt, nodding her head at the higher shelves.

Lauren sighed and took the duster from the maid, sloppily brushing it along a shelf that the other woman couldn't reach. They grunted and grumbled into their gag, their mouth fully plugged and sealed, Lauren unable to make out what she was saying at all. She glanced around – she wanted the Lord to see her! He'd bought her, after all, surely he wanted to do something with her. She tensed her thighs, feeling the chastity belt there, the metal snug around her slender waist, sealing around her slit. No more than brief, glancing touches were allowed, her lust steadily building up, along with memories of that horrible burning, settling deep into her folds, making even thoughts of pleasure painful.

She flicked the duster around again, more angrily now, a few stray motes of dust sparkling in the sunlight. She didn't want to have to actually do any *cleaning*! She wanted to be fed and pampered and fucked, given nice treats and fine clothing. And the library was the worst room to clean, full of loads of old books and ornaments and trinkets. She looked at the neatly-etched designs on the spine, wondering which bits were letters, and which just decorative swirls. Maybe some of the other maids could read them? Although they probably weren't anything interesting – she'd opened a few at random, hoping for some nice pictures or something, but they had just been filled with page after page of neat little black lines and curves.

The other maid grunted in seeming satisfaction, her wrist-fetters clanking. Her palms were marked up with red slash-marks – what she had done, Lauren wasn't sure of, but the head maid had been punishing her harshly, taking a cane to her hands, breasts and backside, as well as sealing her mouth within the gag. She was pretty enough, but not as nice looking as Lauren was, especially not when trying to hide her pains. Lauren was glad that her own injuries hadn't lasted long, her asshole aching for a while but now healed, the burning of her pussy lasting longer but eventually fading.

The door to the library opened, a bell tinkling in warning. Lauren immediately turned around and faced the bookshelf, holding her hands up against her throat. The other maid

assumed the same position, but wasn't able to move her hands fully upwards, instead crossing them over at her waist.

'Well, Lord Sheffield, this certainly is quite the collection!'

'I took the liberty of travelling, and purchasing, widely. And of course, inherited a fair amount of it as well.'

They were down an alleyway formed by bookcases, and even without that, with her face up against the wall, Lauren couldn't see the speakers, but she recognized one voice as the man that had bought her, the other also a man, but sounding a lot less wealthy and cultured. They probably couldn't see herself or the other maid, but Lauren knew better than to move from her position – when a noble, especially her owner entered the room, she was to press herself against the wall and wait until they exited before going about their activities.

Along with their footsteps, she could hear another, quieter, tapping sound – it must be that bitch Ferula, his favored woman or whatever she was, walking along close behind, unable to fully silence her heels on the wood and rugs.

'The device I spoke of is down this way.'

The footsteps approached, getting closer. The thought of the man, her lord and owner, sent a thrill into Lauren's cunt, the metal body-warm, and she couldn't stop herself grinding up against the bookshelf, without any success.

As the footsteps approached, she heard a sudden intake of breath, unable to prevent herself smiling. But the footsteps continued past, the scent of her owner suddenly intense, making her mouth dry, her cunt getting even wetter. Would he take her? She shook her backside, hoping that the petticoats would fluff up and draw attention to herself – who could resist her?

'I think you mentioned a few deliveries from George?'

'Melissa's husband? Yes, there's a few things he'd rather his wife doesn't see – not much, but some ideas and devices that he'd prefer she not test on their own servants. Some fascinating ideas, and I was hoping that you could help with some of the practicalities. You come highly recommended - Eva speaks highly of you.'

There was an awkward cough, the sounds of shuffling feet. 'Well, that is rather flattering! She's a good customer, and very adept.' The other voice sounding... unsure? Or just awkward? Quite a bit younger than her owner as well – in his twenties, maybe? 'Some of her ideas are quite interesting. There was one with a cord, that would allow for prolonged stimulation of the, uh...'

'Oh yes, I think I saw that one. Although the motor was rather too powerful – got the girl going far too fast, and then she was numb afterwards. Still, make it weaker and that could be entertaining. Especially for several at once.'

They walked directly past. Lauren heard a pained squeak, the other maid shifting about as a hand slapped their already-sore buttocks. Then a hand trailed across the meat of her backside, fingers pinching her buttocks. She pushed back against it, enjoying the feeling of the strong fingers grabbing her flesh. She wanted to be noticed, not be stuck doing cleaning chores! She wasn't some skivvy-slut, she wanted to be in his bedroom, to have him inside of her. A feminine scent wafted past her, the lord's personal woman stepping close, without making any other sound.

'I've had it built, if you want to see it. And maybe suggest some improvements?'

'Well, Lord Sheffield, I will certainly try. Although it can be hard to judge without some testing.'

'That's fine. There's always some meat around for testing. Ferula, bring them.'

A hand suddenly grabbed at Lauren's neck, pulling her forward. She resisted, tensing up, as nails dug into her skin, and then she remembered her place. The bitch-woman had grabbed her firmly and was pulling her forward. With the Lord so close, she couldn't resist, but she wanted to be the one in charge! Or at least pampered first.

'Now, in here.'

At the end of the bookcase-tunnel was a small wooden door, a key rattling in a lock until it opened. Lauren was being held in front of Ferula, a hand tight on the back of her neck and keeping her moving. From inside came the scent of machines, steel and oil, and the slight reek of something that had been burned.

Gas lamps flared into brightness, revealing a round stone chamber, quite different to the warm and polished wood of the library outside. The only light came from the gas-lights, revealing what looked like an engineer's workshop, filled with odd curves of metal, bits of shaped leather and a large boiler in one corner, currently turned off. One wall was... something. Lauren looked at it, trying to figure out how it worked, or even if it was actually *something* or just a pile of rubbish. Some of it looked as though it could be used to restrain someone, but it looked awfully complicated for just that.

She was pushed forward towards where a chain dangled from the ceiling. This was looped around her neck, a hand appearing in front of her for a moment, clipping a padlock into place between two of the links. The metal was cold and heavy, pressing down on her neck, oily and greasy. She didn't like that, she liked being clean and sweet! The other maid was also restrained, chained to the ceiling as well. Lauren moved her neck and something above her rattled – when she looked up she saw that the chain was attached to a metal rail on the ceiling, running in a circle around the room.

'Ah, I see. Yes, I can see what you were trying to build. Although it would take quite a lot of pressure to keep everything moving, and if a pipe were to burst, the effects would be unpleasant. You would also need a lot of coal. But for simpler mechanical actions, it would more than suffice.'

Despite his tone and somewhat cultured voice, the speaker was powerfully-built, his arms threatening to burst out of his somewhat ill-tailored suit. He must be a pit-boss or some other kind of laborer, rather than a clerk. He moved over to some of the metal pipes, squatting over them and sucking in a breath. 'These haven't been well looked-after. Need a lot of work done.'

In the center of the room were several vertical metal poles, topped with leathery dildos, standing tall and proud. Just the sight of them made her tense up, wanting one inside of herself. It had been forever since she had been allowed to pleasure herself, the damned belt always in the way. At least let her put on a show for the Lord!

As if able to read her mind, the grip on her neck tightened, nails jabbing her soft skin, making her hiss and twist in pain. Bitch! But resisting here, with the Lord right there, would only get her in trouble. The burly man was looking over more of the machinery – Lauren had never seen anything like it, all sorts of moving parts, metal chains clinking, leather straps and flaps moving as he pulled on something. He wasn't too bad-looking, and at least was clean, unlike most laborers. But he was nothing compared to the Lord! Richly dressed, well-groomed, just looking at him made her cunt wet.

She was pulled forward by her neck, the chain yanking her forward. The movement was too fast for her to walk sexily, and nails scratched at her neck as she was jerked from the grasp of the other woman, across the room.

'Ah, so that's hooked up like that...'

As the laborer tinkered with the mechanism, the Lord casually reached out and groped at her breast, strong fingers digging into her flesh. She made herself make a happy sigh as he tightened his grip, then turned to look at her for a second, actually seeing her for the first time. Then he backhanded her across the face – hard enough to turn her head, before gripping her tit even more tightly, hard enough to hurt. Now he was staring into her face, and she had to restrain herself from gasping in pain, as his fingers crushed her nipple, squeezing it hard and painfully.

‘Let’s get it started up. That will make it easier to see what works.’

He pulled her forward by her breast, stretching out the skin as she was dragged towards one of the poles. It was at the outmost reach of what she could get to with the neck-chain in place, the chain taut, collar tight around her neck, squashing her throat. The hand let go of her breast, blood rushing back with a fresh swelling of pain before he reached beneath her skirt and her chastity belt clicked, getting pulled off and casually discarded to the floor. Her cunt was already slick, the air of the room brushing against it, exhilarating and powerful. She whimpered again, unable to control herself.

The Lade an annoyed sound, before slapping her face again, still-warm cheek getting hit, turning her head. ‘A pretty face, but can’t control her mouth.’

His hands wrapped around her waist and lifted her up off the ground, pulling her forward. The vertical cock pushed against her lips, and then she was dropped onto it. It shoved into her, forceful and violent as her own weight impaled her, the thing filling her up entirely.

It knocked the air from her lungs, her vision swimming – she’d never been filled up so fast! And it was cold as well, a solid lump of ridged leather now inside of her, her walls feeling scraped and violated. On her heels, she couldn’t even rise up to lessen the pressure, especially with her head pulled to one side by the chain. A hand gripped her mouth, fingers digging painfully into her cheeks.

‘Another sound and I’ll seal your mouth. Understood?’

Lauren tried to open her mouth to answer, but the grip was too tight, so she gave the tiniest nod of her head, the only motion she could manage. The thing inside of her felt huge and lumpy, stretching and spreading her out in ways she’d never experienced! She wanted to grind and rock on it, but had no way to actually move, having to endure the humiliation of the thing violating her, without any way to actually get off.

The hand let go of her jaw, with another parting slap to the other cheek, her whole face now stinging from the impacts, her breath hitching as the thrill of being penetrated started to run through her body.

‘Hmmm...’ Through the haze of pain and pleasure, Lauren made out the laborer going over to the wall, twisting a large wheel. The impaling cock suddenly started moving forward, the shaft moving backwards. It was so high she could only take tiny, mincing steps, unable to move her hips up and down, the leather shaft chafing her inside, as her body loosened and moistened around it. She was having to lean her body forward, even the releasing of pressure from the chain doing little to ease her discomfort, starting to pant. There wasn’t enough stimulation to let her come! Although she probably shouldn’t, at least without explicit permission.

She could just about focus enough to see that there was a metal channel on the floor as well, the shaft clicking along that, somehow moving forward, gears turning and clicking. It brought her close to the wall, until the strange assemblage of cogs and leather was only another pace or so away.

‘Turn around! Stupid slut.’

Lauren tried to obey – every twist of her body made the dildo rub and twist within herself, the uneven surfaces scraping against her walls. It felt so *good*, despite the roughness of the material. Tears were starting to blur her vision, but she managed to focus enough to complete her movement, turning around to face everyone else.

She made herself smile, despite the roughness of the cock, attempting a curtsy, but unable to bend enough to make the motion while impaled.

‘Hands into the device.’

She didn’t like the sound of that, but moved her hands back against the metal surface, the thing rough and uneven, all sorts of odd spikey bits prickling her skin. There were two metal tubes, and she slid her hands inside, trying to ignore the roughness against her arms. There was a horizontal metal bar inside, and she wrapped her hand around it.

More metal clattered and clinked, the Lord twisting another part of the machinery. It pinched at her skin, something sharp pricking into her skin, making it an effort to maintain her polite smile.

‘You’re the one I got from Madame Shannon. Hmmm, you certainly look good, although you’re clearly in need of training.’ His gaze moved over here, and she tried to remember her posture lessons, holding her shoulders back, pushing her breasts out. He nodded in approval. ‘Good. Presenting yourself to your owner. But you’re here to be tested on.’

‘Ah, there we go. It won’t go for long, but should be enough. Whoever put this in didn’t take enough care, all the gaskets are cracked to buggery. Uh, begging your lordship’s pardon.’

‘Oh, no need to watch your language.’ He waved his hand dismissively. ‘But it works?’

‘Aye, once it’s all together again.’ The man shoved pipes together, something hissing behind her, metal tightening around her wrists. She could feel sweat seeping from her palms onto the metal bar, the other maid looking nervous as well, at least as much as her expression could be read with the muzzle-gag over her face, pole running up between her legs, juices flowing down the shaft.

Lauren wanted to know what it would do, but didn’t dare ask. Both the men were having some in-depth conversation, more metal clacking and clicking. And then the cock moved, suddenly twisting around inside of her. It pushed even further upwards into her, and she tried pulling herself upwards, unable to get enough purchase from the metal, trying to rise further up onto her tip-toes. It was so deep into her it was hurting, thrusting straight up her, and she wasn’t properly ready for something this large, or this big! It started to twist, the whorls and lumps stretching her out.

‘At full power, it would move more. And there’s a few extra things it can do, although...’ Something cracked, metal breaking, the shaft not withdrawing, leaving her stuck there. ‘Ah, something’s broken.’

‘Would you be able to fix it? I can supply whatever tools you may need.’

The laborer tinkered with the pipes again, before glancing at Lauren, the blush looking awkward on his slightly grimy face.

‘If you want to entertain yourself with some of the maids, you can do so. This one has a soft mouth.’

‘Well, she ain’t moving until I get this fixed.’

Lauren squeaked, feeling the thing buried deep inside of her.

‘Then fix it. If you wish to relieve yourself upon either of them, you may.’

‘Um, of course.’

‘While you are here, you will be treated as a guest.’ Ferula stepped into sight, whispering something into the Lord’s ear. He nodded. ‘I have other business to be about. I will send someone to assist you, and ensure you are fed and watered.’

Chapter Five: Practical Engineering

Being impaled on the cock was brutal and frustrating – it hurt, pushed deep into her, but she couldn't move enough to properly get off. She could feel it compressing and squashing her insides, her fluids lubricating it but not enough to make it not hurt. And the restraints on her arms were hurting as well, rough edges scraping and pricking her arms.

The cock twisted, pushing even higher up, making her yelp in pain, trying to pull herself upwards.

'Hmmm, shitty work.'

Something rattled again, the metal around her left arm tightening, applying inexorable pressure to her skin. She hissed in pain, the laborer looking up from his work. He'd pried off part of the wall, metal scraping and tinkling as he moved around whatever was inside. He looked at her, seeming to actually see her for the first time, looking her over from ankle to head. Lauren couldn't help but preen, pushing her shoulders back to push her breasts forward, although she couldn't move her legs at all, wedged in place by the dildo.

'Hmm, you are a nice thing, aren't you.' He withdrew his hands from the machinery, now covered with grease and oil. 'Far nicer than anything I normally get.' He slammed his fist against the wall, something shaking loose and the cock dropping slightly, letting her drop into a less uncomfortable and violated position.

'I am the property of Lord Sheffield.' She tried to sound strong and proud – the man wasn't bad-looking, but he was dirty and grimy, and almost certainly poor; not the sort of person she wanted to use her. His cum would probably taste dirty as well!

'Well, I figure I may as well make use of the facilities.' He reached out and groped one of her breasts, leaving dirty fingerprints on the fine material, heavy and calloused fingers digging into soft flesh. The oil and grease soaked into the clean fabric, Lauren trying to draw away, but unable to move thanks to the cock inside of herself. She couldn't even move enough to get off!

'Wonder how often you've been used? Your Lord certainly has a lot of you around, he can't be fucking all of you.' He reached down to her crotch, feeling around her skewered cunt – she was at least wet enough now that it didn't hurt as much, but it was still painful and large. He pulled aside the gauze, running his hand between her legs, leaving a trail of grease. She tried tensing her thighs to keep him away, but his fingers were too strong, and she didn't dare fight back any further. A finger pushed against her lower lips, wet with her own juices, pushing her wider open.

She squeaked – she didn't want a dirty finger inside of her! Her pussy was only to be used by the wealthy, not some common laborer! He groped at her breast again with his other hand, clumsily fumbling at her. He wasn't even properly dominant!

'Play nice, and I might let you go.' She could feel his cock straining against his trousers, pressing against her, the thought of it making her mouth water. But she didn't want some dirty cock to use her! His hand reached between her legs, rough material of his shirtsleeve rubbing against her thighs before he grabbed at a buttock. 'Hmm, I prefer a little more meat. But you're available, so I may as well use you.'

He kept wiping his hands on her uniform until they were mostly clean.

‘So, if I let your hands go, you let me have a ride and don’t start complaining?’ He kept groping her breasts and ass, merciless and hard, the pressure making her heart race, her pussy getting wetter. She didn’t want him fucking her, but he could just keep her stuck here!

‘Yes...’

He pinched her ass. ‘Shouldn’t you be more polite? I think you should use “Sir”. Unless you want me to start experimenting and seeing what this can do.’

‘Yes Sir!’

‘Good. I suppose you girls are trained to be nice and obedient?’

He let go of her, then turned and kicked at the wall. Chains rattled and clanked, metal straining, something out of sight snapping, and then the pressure on her arms suddenly released. As fast as she could she moved her hands outwards, not trusting the thing not to compress or attempt to capture herself again.

‘Turn around. Can’t get your sweet slit, but you’ve got another hole to use, haven’t you? Wonder if your Lord ever takes the back road, or if he’s too fancy and just takes you in the front. Or has he never even touched you? That belt of yours looked like it hadn’t come off that often.’

Lauren winced – she wanted to be in her Lord’s bed, used by him, hard and often! The man squeezed her breast again, harder now.

‘Well, you’d be popular with a lot of the lads. Just ‘cos your lord’s got all you pretty young things to play with.’ He wrenched at a breast. ‘Turn around!’

Lauren managed to force herself to turn around, still impaled on the cock, thankful that it was lubricated with her own fluids, but it still scraped and rubbed. The other maid was watching them, eyes sharp, making Lauren blush – she didn’t want anyone else know that she had been used! It seemed safer somehow to be facing the wall – outside from the strange mechanisms and devices built into the structure, she could see that it had metal tether-points, to help restrain someone, as well as to keep any devices attached.

Hands pulled her skirt up, the material getting bundled to the side, before her buttocks were pulled apart. She heard a spitting sound, and warm and slimy spit landed between her cheeks, a finger brushing it over her asshole. She shivered, but didn’t dare speak, her collar-chain rattling slightly. There was another rough hacking sound, another wad of spit dirtying her flesh.

He took a firm grip of her breast with one hand, the other holding her buttocks apart, pressing against her from behind, his breath hot against her neck. ‘You smell sweet! Like a lady, not a common slut.’ He must have dropped his trousers, as she could feel his bare cock against her backside, his hand guiding it into place. She squeaked as it pushed against the knot of her backside, pushing against it, the spit getting rubbed into place.

Another wad splashed onto his cock and between her buttocks, as she tried to make herself relax, feeling her back passage slowly getting pushed open. She’d never had a real cock inside of herself there! It was less rigid than the fake ones, despite being hard and erect, pushing a little into her. With the dildo still inside her pussy, she couldn’t rock her hips at all, couldn’t do anything but let it slowly and steadily push into her, a little at a time, the man gawping and gasping as he eased himself in.

How large was his cock? It felt massive, making her asshole gape as it distended around the intrusion, making it hard to breathe, her eyes watering at the forced violation.

‘So... tight...’ His grip on her tit was painfully tight, his other hand wrapping around her waist as he pushed deep and deeper into her, until his hips were snug against her back, his length

finally fully sheathed inside her body. Being stuffed in both holes made her head swim, her pelvis feeling full and stuffed, a fat cock in each hole!

‘Gugh...’ Lauren couldn’t manage to form any more coherent words, as the man started to shift his hips back and forth, spitting again to help ease his passage.

Having the pressure on her asshole, and inside of her body, stirred up her juices, her whole body feeling fever-hot. He thrust in and out of her, her asshole now distended and spread, tightly sucking around the cock. It felt strange, different than a pussy-fucking, harsher and more raw, and without the sense of pleasure that normal sex brought.

When he came, Lauren felt it, a sticky wetness blossoming in her ass, further lubricating the shaft. It moved with greater ease now, especially as it started to shrink. It stayed lodged inside of her, the man still gripping tightly onto her, his breathing rough and irregular, holding himself in close.

As he withdrew, she felt cum and spit oozing out from between her buttocks, leaving her feel dirty and used. And she hadn’t been able to come herself! Even with the dildo lodged inside of herself, there was no way to rock her hips or shake enough to get towards her own pleasure.

A hand slapped her ass, making her yelp in pain and surprise, the flaccid cock getting wiped against her skin, adding more grime to her buttocks. ‘Saucy tart! And one hell of a tight ride. Now, let’s see what this thing can do.’

She tensed her buttocks, feeling the slime still oozing out of her, with more still inside of herself, shot deep into her bowels. Her anus didn’t feel entirely right, still distended by the cock that had so recently been pushed into it.

‘Please, use her.’ She turned and pointed at the other maid, who gave her a nasty look back, unable to speak through her gag.

‘Can’t – that line’s busted, so can’t move her closer. Looks like you’ll have to do. But you’ve already taken it up the ass, so I think you’re tough enough.’ He pushed her forward, the cock sliding forward, until her nose was touching the wall. His hand grabbed her hair making her bend painfully backwards as he pulled at the surface, a metal tube concertinaing outwards. Steady pressure was applied to the back of her head, forcing her to stoop as the thing shoved into her mouth. It was cold and hard, her teeth clinking against the metal, making her open her mouth wide, the thing sliding into her throat. It hurt even more than the anal sex had, sharp ridges of metal pushing against her soft tongue and into her throat, her eyes stinging with tears.

Lauren tried to pull back, but the man’s hand was too strong, keeping her locked into place. With her face pressed against the wall, she could barely see what was going on, feeling more metal settle around the back of her head, even harsher than leather restraints, keeping her securely locked into place.

‘Mpphhh!’ Her tongue slid around the prong, trying to make it move, or at least to make herself more comfortable, but it was solid and immovable.

‘Don’t make too much noise. I like having a nice fancy girl like you so close, but if you start to get annoying, then I might look for whatever makes that thing move.’

It could *move*? It was bad enough simply being lodged there, static and still, if it started to twist around, then it would force her throat wide, and she’d struggle not to retch. She tried to make herself passive and compliant, not resisting when he kept groping at her, although she could feel cum still trickling between her thighs, her asshole bruised and injured, as the wall made some worrying clanks. There was no give at all in the metal band around her head – if the cock-

shaft suddenly moved, then she'd be brutally yanked away, but without being able to move her head.

‘Never had such a fancy rag to clean myself on!’

Lauren wanted to growl in protest but didn't dare, still shifting about and trying to find the most comfortable position, or at least the one that hurt the least, without much success. If she strained, out of the corner of her eye, she could just about make out the man tinkering with the machinery, occasionally reaching out and wiping grease onto her skirts or stockings. She tried to twist away, but that just made the dildo wrench around inside of herself, stretching out her pussy walls and hurting.

She could feel spit starting to well up inside of her mouth, slowly oozing over her lips, splashing onto her breasts and soaking into the fabric. She felt dirty, used and cold, cum and sweat starting to dry between her legs, her own spit staining her once-pristine uniform, as she was used as a rag, and resisted the urge to cry, not wanting to draw any further punishment.

Chapter Six: Display Piece

Lauren tried not to show her discomfort as she walked, her asshole feeling stretched and bruised from frequent use. She wasn't sure if the feeling of cold cum and spit oozing out of her and down her thighs was actually there or just her imagination, and didn't dare check, the head maid close behind her, cane in hand.

She tried tensing her backside, but that just made it ache more, another dull throb of pain. She'd lost cost of how often she'd been sodomized by the workman, apparently given over to him to use whenever he wanted, her clothing and body dirtied by grease and oil, her bowels shot full of his cum. And he hadn't even used her pussy! Her mouth and ass had been used, frequently, his sweaty cock pushed into her mouth, forced down her throat, it's dirty length unpleasant to taste, his cum sweeter than she'd expected, but her pussy was wet and unused. She couldn't derive any pleasure from being ass-fucked, his cock simply slamming into her, forcing her body open, using her as nothing more than a cum-dump.

It was a relief to be back upstairs with the other maids, her clothing clean, surrounded by their sweet scents and soft bodies. Despite the aching of her backside, she tried to carry herself well – maybe she could impress the Lord and be assigned away from the mechanical room! What the device did, she had no idea, other than it had all sorts of restraints built-in, and spiky and ridged protrusions that could be used to restrict and bind. Or those dildo-poles, shoving up into her, keeping her impaled in place, without even the release of pleasure! It wasn't fair – some of the other maids should be sent instead. They weren't as pretty as she was!

At least she wasn't gagged like some of them were, able to smile and show off her red-painted lips properly. Hopefully the Lord wouldn't be too put off by her having sucked off someone else!

The head maid tapped her on the buttocks with the cane, steering her down a passageway. They were in the most ornate part of the house, filled with luxuriously expensive artwork and ornaments, brilliantly-colored rugs underfoot, silencing the noises of high heels on wooden floors.

A whimper came from a corner, pale flesh in the shadows of a cage, a mouth stretched around a gag, ropes biting into soft flesh. Spit had splashed onto the metal of the cage, the occupant forced to squat, unable to move due to the tiny size of the box, eyes hidden behind a blindfold. The head maid flicked her cane at the bars, making the occupant flinch away from the sound.

Lauren tried not to let the sight un-nerve her, keeping her shoulders level. A large door opened as they approached, the scent of fuck-sweat wafting out. There was the sound of a whimpering cry, and the crack of a cane on flesh, a chain creaking, a fierce heat coming from somewhere along with the pop and roar of burning logs.

When Lauren's eyes adjusted to the darkness, she could see the orange edge of a fire, a thick screen shielding most of the light. A sweat-covered body hung in front of it, being held up by chains attached to their wrists, feet unable to touch the floor – a whip snapped out, curving around to hit a pert breast, another gagged yelp of pain sounding forth. The suspended woman

swung slightly, and Lauren could see that her body was covered with whip-welts, a heavy leather muzzle sealing her mouth, tears streaming down her face, her ankles bound together as well.

Ferula was wielding the whip, wearing a gorgeous and figure-hugging dress, tight red material showing off her curves, a deep cleavage showing off the top and sides of her breasts, corsetry compressing her flesh into an hour-glass figure. The Lord was sat close by, casually sipping from a glass, his feet up on another woman, this one down on all fours, head hooded in leather but otherwise naked, her skin marked up with lash- and whip-marks.

The cane prodded against Lauren's buttock, and she curtsied, dipping her head down. She wanted him to notice her, and pamper and treat her! Or at least give her a good, hard fucking! He changed position, dragging his heels along the woman's back, the "footrest" shivering in pain. They'd probably done something to deserve it!

A voice spoke from the shadows, Lauren just about managing to see the speaker – another noble, although in more rugged dress, well-made but worn. He was well-built, wide at the shoulders, arms bulging beneath his clothing, with a trimmed salt-and-pepper beard. Were they here to entertain the pair of them? Although there were several women here already they could use.

'Some fine samples! Good healthy stock, if I'm any judge.'

'Feel free to test them. They're all trained and obedient. That one's been entertaining the workman I've had in.'

'Oh, you're still trying to get that thing working? I prefer a more hands-on approach, but I can appreciate some of the work.'

'They're based off the plans you sent me!'

'Well, they were more theories than plans. But you can show me later.' The stranger moved forward, coming into the light, Lauren trying not to show her reaction – he looked so strong and virile, her loins quivering at the sight of his well-muscled body. 'You've done a good job with your Ferula.'

The whip cracked through the air, slicing into unprotected flesh, the body of the suspended maid shaking about, a trickle of dark blood mingling into their sweat.

'Yes, she is rather a find. Once she realized the alternative, she was even rather keen! I think she's starting to enjoy her position.'

The man approached Lauren – he was at least a foot taller, big enough and strong enough to simply carry her away, or throw her down and have his way with her. Not that she would fight back! He took her by the chin and looked into her eyes, her heart juddering, before he slapped her across the cheek. She grunted in pain, but managed to stay standing.

'Hmmm, no complaint. That's good – sometimes the pretty ones are whiners, or too soft.' He stepped around behind her, running his hands down her body, feeling the curve of her waist, and then cupping her buttocks, before putting his hands around her waist. 'This could be compressed a little more. I like these dresses, but I prefer stricter clothing. It's nice to be able to get your hands around a girl.' He pressed on the narrowest part of her waist, pressing it in until his fingers met, compressing her body, her organs getting squashed together. 'And it stops them moving as much, if they're struggling to breathe. I've been looking into some longer-term forms of restraint.'

'Yes, I read what you sent. And little Ferula has a few golden piercings, to help her know her place.'

Golden piercings? The Lord must truly think a lot of Ferula, to give her *gold*! She wanted something like that herself, to show how loved and adored she was!

‘Melissa has been doing something similar. I hope she’s given the staff enough time to heal! I’d quite like to have some fun with them when I visit. Oh, if you could not let her know I’m back? I want it to be a surprise. And there’s a few gifts I’ve had sent that I’m waiting to arrive. Something to keep her occupied, I hope. And hopefully to get rid of any guests – she had her niece and some friends of hers to visit. Charming enough, I daresay, but I’d quite like to spend some time with my wife! See what new pieces she’s bought, maybe break them in myself. But enough of that. You were wanting me to show you the golden bell, were you not?’

‘Yes! I don’t think it would suit Ferula, but any of these will suffice.’

‘You’ve certainly stocked your house well.’ He squeezed Lauren’s buttocks, drawing her close into himself, so close that she could feel his erection against her body, hot even through her clothing. Was she allowed to fuck someone else? Well, if her Lord permitted her! And he was certainly better-looking than the laborer. And richer, from the way he was talking to her Lord!

‘I’ll use this one then. She doesn’t seem to have even earned a name yet, so I take it you don’t mind a little damage?’

‘No, she’s nothing special.’

‘Good.’ He gave her buttocks another squeeze, before grabbing her and throwing her over his shoulder, her world suddenly all askew, his shoulder against her stomach, pushing the air from her, one hand keeping her pinned in place. Her face was against his broad and strong back, her hair falling down.

Being so forcefully commanded was a powerful thrill, her body warming up as she was carried around. It was hard to see anything as he marched forward, moving past the suspended woman, her face contorted in pain as she tried not to sob, silent tears falling down her face.

The air got hotter as they got closer to the fire, Lauren trying to flick her head about to keep her vision clear. Was she going to be given gold? It sounded like she’d been selected for something.

‘Got some rope? Don’t want her wriggling around.’

‘Of course. Ferula, help George.’

There was the slithering hiss of clothing as the woman moved, Lauren suppressing a hiss of distaste. Her world spun again as she was flipped around, falling downwards until she was caught, getting supported by his strong arms. She resisted the urge to wrap her arms around him, not knowing if that would get her in trouble, but being this close was making her feel warm and excited, her pussy slicking, despite the dull throb of her butthole still.

‘Arms back, over your head.’

Lauren obeyed, twisting her arms backwards, heading out behind and beneath herself until she found something, coming across a stout wooden pole, gripping onto it.

‘Ferula, bind her arms. Tightly. It’ll be messy if she starts to wriggle around.’

Having her head upside-down was making her feel giddy. Ferula clicked close to her, kneeling close by and starting to wrap rough rope around Lauren’s arm, binding it securely to the post and then knotting it off, then doing the same to the other arm.

Both were tight-bound against the post – not so bad as to make her arms pinch under the pressure, but with thick enough rope that she couldn’t even move her fingers, arms still beneath her waist to support her.

‘Now, take her legs and move them into the same position.’

Ferula moved out of sight, before nailed fingers grabbed Lauren’s left leg and moved it into position, dragging it against another wooden pole, more rope wrapping around it. Her foot was at least on the ground, but if she were to be denied support, then her weight would be on her

forcibly-bent limbs – would she have to hold this position for long? It didn't take long until her other leg was also tied into place – the thing she was tied onto must be like a table, but upside-down, the table legs used to tie her to, cords nipping at her flesh, too strong and tight to get off.

As soon as the man removed his support, her torso dipped, until she tensed herself, forcing herself into position. It was already straining her limbs, the position making her shoulders ache, but she didn't want to show weakness. The man felt along her body, running fingers over her breasts, then her stomach, before raising his hand and bringing it down in a slap, knocking the wind from her.

'She feels healthy enough. Seems to be in fine fettle, a good specimen.' He slapped her belly again, her clothing giving no protection against the blows. 'And not prone to complaining – that's good. I dislike screamers. Ferula, could you strip her as well? This will be easier without anything in the way.'

Lauren had to strain her neck to lift her head up and be able to see anything, Ferula moving around and getting a length of shining metal, a knife catching the light. Lauren shivered, at least as much as the binding ropes let her, seeing how sharp the blade was. She didn't want to be bled!

The tip tapped against the neckline of her dress, the blade so sharp it easily parted the material, just barely touching her skin. It moved down her body, Lauren sucking her breath in. Ferula looked at her, a harsh grin covering her features, drawing the knife down slowly, tip kissing against Lauren's skin, not hard enough to cut her, but so close she could feel the metal.

As it sliced over the waist of her dress, the weight of the material started to pull it from her body, the material slithering to the ground, leaving her breasts free. She was suddenly thankful for the fire, keeping her warm, body warming from the effort of keeping herself in position.

The rest of her dress fell away, leaving her naked but for her belt. The man tapped it, making the metal vibrate, the shock against her pussy exhilarating.

'Ah, let me find the key.'

'Oh, don't trouble yourself. I learnt quite a bit from the beggar-thieves of Cairo. Won't take me long.' He reached into a pocket and withdrew a wire, carefully inserting it into the lock and twisting it around, his eyes closed as he listened to it. The metal made small clinking sounds, her Lord looking on in interest. Lauren tried to smile at him, hoping this would impress him, the wire scraping against the lock on her belt.

Something clicked, and the pressure around her waist released slightly, before the belt was opened up and removed. There was the usual rush of exhilaration from being outside of the belt, even though there was no way that she could touch herself. The man's hand resting on her belly, before feeling her skin, fingers separating to trace either side of her cunt, probing and poking her flesh.

'She's eager. And well-made. A good find.'

'From one of the places in London. Biddable enough, but I've not the time to tend to her.'

'Hmmm, well, this will make her more of a display piece. Although you want be able to use her for a while.'

Her Lord lazily waved a hand. 'There's plenty more. But it will make an interesting show.'

The fingers started to tease her, tickling either side of her cunt, strong and confident. Her breath quickened, her walls wetting themselves.

'Gag her. Securely. This may be a little noisy.'

What were they going to do to her? She could withstand a whipping or other punishment – she was tough enough for that! Ferula tapped the knife against her breast, the threat of the blade

making Lauren suck in her breath again, not wanting to be cut. It stayed in place, the metal wicking heat away from her body before Ferula withdrew, Lauren sagging down in relief, her back aching.

It only took a few moments until she came, holding a leather panel with a large dildo on the inside. Lauren closed her mouth tightly, not wanting the thing inside of her, but then fingers pinched her slit, making her gasp. In that moment of weakness, the cock slid into her mouth, then penetrated her throat. She grunted in frustration, but had no way to force it back outside, the thing firmly lodged into her. A hand reached around her head, securing the buckles into place, locking it on – now all she could do was suck pained breaths in through her nostrils.

It was a struggle to keep her head raised, the cock deep into her throat, her eyes watering.

‘Let me just get the mirror. I like letting the piece see what’s happening.’

The man’s fingers teased her again before withdrawing, and she felt him step away. Metal scraped, as a large mirror was dragged over and twisted into position – it let her see herself, her legs spread wide, pussy wide and ready to receive a cock. She tensed and twitched her thighs, trying to look as sexy as possible.

‘Now, it’s best to excite them first.’ The man started to stroke her pussy again, stirring her up before slipping two fingers inside of her. ‘And, of course, one must first the right spot.’ The fingers shoved in and out of her, easily sliding all the way in. She pulsed her hips, relishing the feeling, trying to keep her head steady so the throat-dildo didn’t hurt.

She could see her own reflection, her pert breasts shaking as she was stimulated. The warmth and pressure building up inside of herself quickly peaked, her body heating up, any conscious thought fading as she came, her whole mind melting into white fire. When she tried to sag back, the cock in her throat bumped around, forcing her to keep her neck stiff.

A second later, fingers pinched at her most sensitive part, stretching it out, and then there was a fierce jab, cold metal spiking into her flesh. She managed to focus, looking at the mirror, a long needle in the man’s hand, the tip stuck through her skin. Several seconds later, pain, sharp and cruel, ran through her, the needle stuck into her nub.

‘Mpphhh!’ She didn’t dare move her legs for fear of making it hurt more, as the needle passed through her skin. It hurt! She didn’t want to be jabbed with needles down though! And then he held up something else – a golden ball on a short chain with a ring on. He shook it, the thing chiming like a bell. She froze in fear and pain, watching as the ring was slid through her skin, through her soft and delicate nub of flesh. The pain was increasing, the comforting buzz gone, replaced with a cool shame and feeling of degradation. As soon as the man released the ball, she felt the weight through her body, dragging her nub down, bell-sound chiming out.

‘Mpphhh...’ She couldn’t scream with the cock deep in her throat, having to suck air in through her nose, her crotch now afire with pain.

‘That should mark her out. You’ll need to let that heal, but then you can try the other modifications I suggested. And maybe make her dance – it can make some fascinating sounds! Just be careful with it, if you tear it out then it does rather damage them.’

He flicked it, making the thing tinkle again. Lauren felt tears prickle her eyes, pain and shame overwhelming her, her juices still hot and wet between her legs, feel the weight of the metal drag on her skin.

‘Hood her, Ferula. We can leave her to start healing.’

Lauren tried to shake her head about to resist, but a sack was drawn over her head, close and musty, getting tightened around her collar. It was dark and even harder to breathe, and the strain and pain were starting to affect her, limbs beginning to shake and twitch. She could hear the

others leave, the suspended maid whimpering, probably still hanging there, as she tried to hold herself as comfortably as possible.

Chapter Seven: Golden Display

Lauren tried to move with slow and steady steps, despite her feet being held almost vertical within brutally high heels. With every step, the metal sphere tugged at her body, swinging between her thighs, dangling between her thighs, the chain fed through the slit of her chastity belt. It was a constant throbbing ache, weight on her most sensitive part, and it was arousing as well, exciting and stimulating her. The inside of her chastity belt was wet and sticky, her lust seeping out.

She was carrying a tray, having to focus to keep it steady, flutes of champagne on top, filled to the brim. None had spilled yet, but Lauren didn't want to get in trouble! Other maids bustled around, their petticoats bright white in the dark room, perfume standing out amongst the underlying scents of sweat and sex. From somewhere in the darkness she heard grunting and squeaking, and the creaking of wood – one of the maids must have been grabbed and bent over the furniture, getting a good shafting. The sound sent another quiver of teasing pleasure through Lauren – despite the aching weight of the bell-ball, she still wanted to be fucked!

One of the guests reached out and took a flute, Lauren having to shift her grip on the tray as the balance changed. He looked her up and down, smiling in approval – her gauzy dress showed off her breasts, the skirts cut short in front to show off her legs, with lacey stocking-tops on her thighs, the golden ball swinging between in place between her legs.

She tried to turn away, but the bell struck her thigh, the balls inside tinkling against the outer shell, making a delicate chiming sound. His gaze travelled down her body as he stepped back to properly look, eyes landing on the shining sphere.

'Oh, you're that one?' He reached down and flicked the ball. The change in pressure tugged on Lauren's slit, making her squeak nervously. 'You must be well-trained to not even need a gag.'

She dipped her head in respect, not wanting to say anything that might draw attention. The guests here all looked wealthy, but her cunt was still sore and aching, and she didn't want to spill and drink and risk punishment for that! But he gripped the ball when it swung back, meaning that she couldn't move away at all.

'Keeps you locked away while letting you be tormented. Clever idea. On your knees.' He let go of the ball and she obeyed, dropping to her knees as smoothly as possible given the ballet-heels on her feet, glad to take the weight off her legs.

At this level, she was on eye-level with his crotch, his cock bulging against his trousers. She had to shift the tray so that was holding it in one hand, off to one side, as he opened up his flies, cock sliding out.

Her mouth immediately started to water, her neck bobbing forward, despite the tight collar she wore. His hand rested on the top of her head, gripping her hair and dragging her forward, roughly impaling her throat with his cock. It felt warm as it penetrated her, and she pushed her head forward, wanting to show willing. Being down on her knees made the bell rest on the ground as well, relieving the strain on her body, although she could hear it on the floor beneath herself.

Lauren relished the sensation of having the cock in her mouth and her throat, savoring the taste as she swilled her tongue around, the hand so tight on her hair that it hurt, stopping her pulling away to kiss the shaft. It was a struggle keeping the tray balanced on her hand, her arm straining to keep the glasses level as he pushed into her. Her throat was forced open, cock fully filling it, making her gag, her eyes watering.

The man twisted and pumped his hips, and she spluttered and mewed. When she inhaled through her nose, she could smell the sweat of his body, his pubic hair shoving up against her face, tickling her cheeks. All she could do was tighten her lips and cheeks, hoping to get him off as quickly as possible.

It didn't take long for him to climax, drawing back and blowing his load over her face. It splattered over her cheek, hot and thick, slowly dripping down her face. She strained her neck upwards, licking the tip clean, letting the taste flow over her tongue, trying to keep herself balanced. He slapped his cock against her other cheek, spittle smearing over her skin as he wiped himself off against her face.

She stayed in position until he had put his cock away, eyes downcast, before standing up when no-one else appeared to take his place. Returning back to standing in the heels was a struggle, her legs straining until she was fully standing, the tray shifting in her hands. Music wafted out from a string quartet in the corner, accompanied by spluttering and hacking as another maid had her throat ravaged.

Lauren could feel the spit and cum on her cheeks, wet and sticky, slowly sliding down her face. Hopefully they hadn't ruined her makeup too much! She wanted to look as good as possible for all the guests here. So many wealthy and powerful men, all well-dressed, and even some women, the nobility clearly distinct from the property in their attitudes, striking out at the servants. A whip cracked somewhere out of sight, followed by a strangled gasp of pain and the fluttering tearing of fabric, and then another whip-crack.

She looked around, trying to see if there was anyone particularly impressive. Maybe then she could prove her worth? And have the bell removed! It was valuable and shiny, but having the weight pulling on her nub *hurt*, as well as keeping her aroused all the time. It was even harder to ignore her lust than normal, with the constant force and pressure on her flesh.

A man stumbled past, Lauren just barely moving the tray back in time to avoid it being knocked aside. He was dragging another maid by the hair, their arms in a leather armbinder behind their back, struggling to keep their balance on their 5-inch heels. Spit was dribbling from her gagged mouth, her cheeks red with pain and humiliation as she was pulled around, probably being taken away for a good fucking. As she was pulled forward, Lauren could see up their skirt – their asshole was already spread open, cum oozing out, falling onto their frilled stocking-tops.

The other guests parted ways for the man, the maid getting dragged away, just barely able to stay standing. Lauren watched her go, feeling slightly envious – she wanted to be fucked! And she still had the damn belt on. With the bell attached, she wasn't sure if she *could* be fucked there – would it get in the way, or would she be too sore?

A cane cracked against her buttocks, making her yelp, the glasses shaking and chinking together. Another strike, even harder this time, making her ass ache and throb as pain flared. She managed an awkward turn, calves straining from the heels, to find Ferula standing there. The woman jabbed with the cane, sliding it between Lauren's thighs and tapping it against the bell. Lauren felt it tug at her skin, stretching out her parts. She bit her lip in pain as Ferula smiled at her, eyes bright and hard.

‘You will follow me.’ The bell chimed as the cane tapped it again, before coming up and knocking against the metal of her chastity belt.

Lauren ducked her head in obedience and followed, wincing as the bell stretched and tugged on her flesh again. The crowd let her through, the other servants careful to avoid the woman’s gaze. Ferula’s dress was tight against her buttocks, making it clear that she wasn’t wearing a chastity belt, a corset shaping her body, boots clicking on the floor.

They passed a set of stocks holding a hooded woman, shaking about as she was vigorously fucked from behind, long braids being used as handles. The hood puffed in and out, whoever was inside panting and gasping. White stains smeared the black leather, other guests having ejaculated directly onto the hood.

Ferula suddenly whirled, flicking the cane against Lauren’s tits, then running it along the back of Lauren’s neck to draw her close.

‘Clean her hood.’ She applied pressure to Lauren’s neck, making her step forward. Lauren could see the beads of cum, slowly seeping downwards. She stepped closer, sliding her tongue out. The woman was still being vigorously fucked, head being pulled backwards. Lauren licked up along their cheek, sliding her tongue along the leather, tasting the cum. Their heat had seeped into the hood, breath puffing through the nose-holes, mouth sealed away. Lauren licked along their eye-socket, feeling the indentation, licking away more cum, leaving behind darker lines of spittle. The cane tapped against her backside, not yet hard enough to hurt, but a promise that it might.

Lauren made sure to lick off every drop, not wanting to get into any more trouble. And the taste was good, making her feel warm and fuzzy, even if she was locked away, with the bell attached. But the guests were looking at her – maybe one of them would see how attractive she was?

The cane slid around her throat, pulling her backwards, a trail of spit linking her to the hood for a moment before breaking and splashing to the floor. She drew back, standing up straight.

‘Good. You have some use, at least. Although our master has chosen you to experiment on.’

Lauren didn’t know what “experiment” meant, but if the Lord had noticed her, that must be a good thing, surely? Where was he? She tried to look, the cane still against her neck, quickly spotting him, chatting to others of similar rank and wealth, a woman suspended between them, naked body covered with welt-marks, heavy clamps hanging from their breasts, face hidden by a hood.

The cane moved from around her neck to against her buttocks, prodding her forward again. Lauren smiled, the taste of the cum heavy still against her tongue, thick and strong, as she strode forward. When she tried to sway and roll her hips, the cane flicked against her hip, catching her on the bone, sending a flare of pain through her. She grunted in annoyance – just because Ferula was a bitch, and jealous! A few more strides and there was another flick of the cane, expertly targeting where she had been struck before, and making her wince in pain, changing her gait.

The change of pace made the bell jangle, bell swinging between her thighs. She couldn’t move too fast, otherwise the swinging would increase and hurt her more. As she approached, the Lord and several of the other guests looked at her, some of them nodding in appreciation. She smiled back, pushing her breasts out.

‘This is the ornament I was mentioning.’ He stepped forward and grabbed at Lauren’s collar, dragging her forward. The large steps she had to take made the bell sway, stretching at

her skin and jingling again. All of their eyes dropped, taking in the golden sphere. Lauren wriggled her hips, making it ring again, glad of the attention, but not liking how it felt.

‘I was going to apply the next stage.’ He pulled her close, and she was pulled against him, her breasts against his chest, breathing in his scent. His hand was still grabbing her collar, strong and firm around her neck, before he groped her breast with his other hand. ‘I was going to use her as a display piece, but I’ll be using her to test a few things on.’ His hand moved down her body, moving between her thighs and cupping the bell. She could feel his tugging through the chain that connected it to her body, wanting to bend her knees to relieve the strain, but his grip on her neck was too strong.

She had to force herself to keep smiling as her nub was stretched out, pain starting to flare up, before he let go. She could feel her own wetness beneath the belt, despite the pain, her lust overt.

‘So you will shape her body further?’

‘Yes.’ He released her throat and grabbed at the neckline of her dress, ripping downwards, simply tearing the material of her body. ‘I want to see how much it is possible to reshape her. The heels will be altering her legs. I haven’t yet decided if I want her to retain the use of her hands – I may seal them away, to make these breasts more prominent. But it’s her waist and hips first. Shall we see how tight we can bind her?’

There was a general murmur of agreement, before Ferula passed over a corset, currently loose and open. The boning was metal, cold as it pushed against her skin. It curved in around her slender waist, tight against her body, and then the laces started to tighten. At least she didn’t have any injuries that could be aggravated by the tightness, but the men were harsh about it, yanking the cords and compressing her body. She could feel her internal organs getting squashed, the top of the corset beneath her breast-line, poking uncomfortably into her skin.

She tried to suck her stomach in to make her body as slender as possible, hearing the cords snap taut. ‘Bend over.’

Lauren obeyed, although the pressure on her body was starting to intensify, half-turning to press her hands against the wall. A foot pressed against her back as the cords were pulled even more tightly, compressing her waist down. It pushed the air out of her, making it a struggle to breathe, the metal stays merciless as they re-shaped her body, curving her waist inwards, pushing her hips inwards. The leather cords tightened against her back, the metal creaking as it tightened.

Her vision was darkening, her breaths quick and panting. Someone grabbed her arms and pulled them behind her back, and Lauren was glad of the support, her body swaying. More leather cords dug into her wrists, then her arms, wrapping tightly around as her wrists were crossed and bound. The cords dug into her skin, pinching the flesh, hurting her unless she kept her arms tensed to relieve the strain.

Hands groped at her breasts, and Lauren was thankful for the heavy fingers pinching her skin, the pain helping her to stay conscious. Her hips and chest ached under the constant pressure, her ribcage getting forcibly warped.

‘Time to see if the piercing has healed.’

Someone was gripping her from behind by the wrists, more hands still feeling her breasts. Ferula stepped back into sight, moving between the men, then kneeling down before tapping the chastity belt. The flicking impact made her shudder, and then the woman slid a key into the belt. Lauren tensed her thighs in anticipation as the metal was removed, snagging on the metal chain. Her vision blurred, able to scent her own lust. Just the sensation of being freed was

overwhelming, her pussy open and available! Even the feeling of the chain being tugged and twisted felt good rather than painful, metal scraping and scratching.

‘The leather harness, my Lord?’

‘Very good, Ferula. Something easier to maintain. Her arms will be bound – she won’t be allowed release until she has been fully shaped. But how is the piercing?’

Lauren was able to look down, although the corset was so tight she doubted she would be able to bend over. Ferula was kneeling in front of her, fingers carefully probing around Lauren’s crotch. She didn’t want to be stimulated by a woman! But the fingers, firm and forceful, felt so good, tracing around her lips, sliding into her.

The air rushed out of her lungs – she wanted that, but more! Or, even better, an actual cock! There was an underlying throb of pain, the piercing not entirely healed. Fingers pinched her nub, squeezing it and making Lauren squeal. The hands mauling her breasts squeezed painfully, yanking and pulling at the skin. A hand spanked her ass.

‘I’m sorry, my lords!’

Her words didn’t stop her body being squeezed, groped and molested, as Ferula tugged on the metal that impaled Lauren’s cunt.

‘She is healing, my lord.’ The fingers kept squeezing on the metal, twisting it to and fro, stretching it out, fingers slipping around inside of Lauren. ‘She appears healthy enough, and desperate for more attention.’ She kept teasing and caressing at Lauren’s walls, Lauren’s breath quickening. The corset caged her body, making it hard to breath enough, but it felt so good!

And then Ferula’s fingers slid out, getting wiped clean against the stiff panels of the corset. Lauren sagged in disappointment – she wanted more!

‘May I seal her again?’

‘Yes, you may.’

Lauren whimpered, her gaze fixed on Ferula as the woman took a leather garment, attaching straps to the bottom of the corset. The bell-and-chain slide through a groove in the leather, dangling free again, the leather pushing tightly against her cunt, another strap sliding between her buttocks.

Ferula tapped the bell again, the sensation of the metal and chain twisting around making her head swim. The woman gave the bell a strong flick, making it jangle about, Lauren whimpering.

‘Now, if any of you gentleman would care to sample her mouth? She has some skill there.’ He pulled down on her shoulders, making her drop to her knees, then took a grip of her hair. Ferula scuttled away, her place being taken by one of the other lords, cock already hard, hand pumping back and forth.

Lauren moved her head forward, starting to suck him off. If she could prove her worth here, then she might be permitted more, even to come!

It wasn’t long until she tasted cum again, and then someone else took his place. Lauren stayed on her knees, sucking and licking, her mouth getting used again and again.

Chapter Eight: The Forge

The corset had continued its work since being wrapped around Lauren's body – it hurt less now, or she had become more numb to it, but the constant pressure on her body made it harder to move, any exertion tiring her, forcing her to inhale deeply. And her mouth was almost constantly filled, making it harder to breath! A leather prong had been pushed between her lips, not quite sliding into her throat, but still making it harder to breath. Her feet were forced into arches, with stubby spikes within the knee-high stiletto boots nipping at her soft skin if she ever walked without putting all her weight onto her toes. Every step made the cunt-piercing sway, dragging at her, teasing her without giving her any hope of release, and meaning she had to be careful to move or it would swing and drag at her nub painfully.

But she was drawing more attention – Lauren had seen the way that men were looking at her, their eyes filled with lust. The corset pushed her breasts up, showing off their soft curves, and some of the servants had taken the chance for quick gropes when no-one else was watching, their fingers rough and calloused against her tender flesh. Her cunt was still sealed away, warm and juicy beneath the metal, but surely it wouldn't be much longer until it was used? She tensed her thighs, feeling the metal push back against her skin and twisting her shoulders. A leather mono-glove had been slid up her arms, pulling them together behind her back and locking her hands into a useless pouch, pushing her breasts further forward.

Spittle flowed from her mouth, sliding between her breasts, and she winced in discomfort. She didn't like the sticky, dirty feeling, of being soiled, but there was nothing that she could do about it – a leather ball had been pushed into her mouth, held there by a strap wound around her head, and she couldn't swallow fast enough to keep her spit from sometimes overflowing. Even though it drew more attention to her breasts, she would still rather not have the creeping, sticky sensation sliding between her breasts, soaking into her skin.

Her neck was compressed by a tight leather collar, and she was tugged forward. The bitch was leading her somewhere, pulling her by the leash. Lauren growled, but only softly, not wanting to draw attention and get into trouble. She had to keep moving anyway, otherwise the shoe-spikes would start to bite into her heels again, and it was easier to keep weight of them when moving!

Ferula was dressed in expensive, luxurious clothing, showing off her own body, but far less tight and restrictive than what Lauren had been compressed into. Although as she walked, her hips swaying, Lauren could see something sticking out from between their buttocks – had a plug been forced into her? Served her right!

They were walking down one of the hallways, both their heels clicking against the stone floor. The air was warmer than it should have been, something somewhere dumping out a lot of heat, making Lauren's skin prickle and bead with sweat, the leather chafing against her skin. What was going to happen, why was she being led down here? But she couldn't stop walking without risking getting choked by the collar.

They turned a corner and the heat grew stronger – she could hear metallic clinks and the steady sounds of a fire burning, as well as the low hum of masculine conversation, but couldn't

make out the details. The bitch started to walk faster, Lauren straining to keep up, her thighs and calves straining.

The heat was getting even stronger, and then they stepped into... a workshop? Although it was more like a forge, with a large fire banked at one end, molds against the wall, a burly shape silhouetted and working on something, hammer rising and falling with the sounds of metal being struck.

Another girl was there, heavy rope binding her to a wooden post, rope wound tightly around her breasts, the skin made to bulge, worryingly red from the pressure. A large metal ring had been forced into her mouth, stretching her jaw wide, clamps holding her tongue in place, something metallic shining brightly on the pink skin.

Lauren froze, the leash immediately going tight as the bitch kept walking forward. When it was fully tight, Lauren staggered, getting dragged forward, still resisting. She didn't want anything forced into her body!

The bitch turned around and glared at her, giving the leash a harsh yank. 'Keep moving! Unless you want to be punished?'

Lauren tried freezing, trying to dig her heels in, but the spikes bit into her heels, making her yelp, and she was pulled forward, into the warm. The heat buffeted her skin, a coal fire burning away, shedding fierce heat, before the leash was tied around a post in the center of the room, tethering Lauren into place.

The fire cast the room into strange and shifting light and shadow, but several burly men seemed to be working away, shaping metal into various shapes.

'Ah, there she is.' Lord Sheffield's voice cut through the noise, powerful and commanding, sending a quiver through Lauren's body. And Ferula's as well, the bitch squirming, the plug beneath her clothing shaking around, as their master emerged from the shifting shadows.

He put a hand onto Lauren's breast, giving it a casual squeeze, making her breath hitch in her throat. She tried to push forward, wanting to be touched more, feeling her cunt heat up even more. She was having to twist and shift her balance to keep her heels from being spiked, but tried pushing her breasts forward. Would he notice her, take her belt off and fuck her? She mewled softly through her gag, another ribbon of spit splashing between her breasts and oozing down her body.

'Good, she seems hale, and already used to being shaped.' He ran his hands down her body, feeling the forcibly-compressed curve of her waist, lifting her arms to squeeze her ass while murmuring in satisfaction. 'Yes, she should do well to practice on.'

'Mmmph?' Practice on? What did that mean? She wanted to be fucked, what was going to be practiced on her?

He grabbed her hair, bending her neck backwards, the collar making it even harder to breath.

'I've always wondered what the effects of having a harness locked on would be. From now on, you're going to be shaped for a specific purpose.' He gestured at one of the smiths, who came over with an assembly of metal bars, carefully shaped and welded. 'The under-mask first.'

Hands, quick and female, fussed with the back of her head, unstrapping the cord keeping the gag-ball in, as Lord Sheffield took the metal shape and pressed it against Lauren's face. Metal pinched and pushed, forcing her jaw open, the bands following the contours of her face. He pushed harder, the metal impressing itself against her skin, slightly rough. She tried to move her jaw but couldn't, the thing pressing hard enough against her jaw that it was held open.

'Mmhhh!' She didn't like this, feeling a cold dread start to broil within her stomach, feeling her guts with lead. But his grip on her hair was too strong, and she felt her collar getting

unbuckled, leaving her feeling defenseless and vulnerable as it was pulled away from her skin. 'Npph! Wpvh!'

'The collar first. May as well weld it on, I think she'll be wearing it from a while.'

Ferula's voice was cloyingly obedient. 'Yes, my lord.' Out of sight, metal clanked, and then cold, hard iron was placed around her neck. It made her shiver, a high band of metal getting pushed around her neck, compressing her throat slightly, and she whimpered, her legs shaking, as some part of it clicked, locking it shut.

Lord Sheffield rearranged the face-thing, nestling it into a notch on the collar, nodding in satisfaction. 'Yes, the collar first.'

One of the smiths stepped forward, holding a red-hot poker, his hands wrapped in thick leathers. 'Begging your pardon, lord, if you would stop back. Wouldn't want an accident!' Lord Sheffield withdrew, the metal drawing away from Lauren's face.

Lauren's eyes focused on the red tip of the poker, the dull light seeming to blank out everything else. She was frozen in terror, but could feel the fierce and vicious heat of the metal as it was pushed forward, pressing against the metal collar, the heat conducting itself through the collar. Whatever part of the collar could open cracked and popped as it melted, getting sealed shut.

'Npphh!' Lauren could feel tears welling up – she wanted to be pretty and pampered, not to have an ugly metal collar locked around her neck forever! But as soon as the poker was withdrawn, Lord Sheffield slapped her across the cheek, hard enough to turn her face.

'Now, the head-harness, and then the mask.'

He pushed the thing against her face again, the shape of the metal naturally pulling her mouth open, settling into the curve of her chin. She could feel it wrapping around her head, bands running around her cheeks.

'Ferula, if you would move her hair. Maybe I should have had her shaved in advance?'

Ferula's hands tweaked and twisted to move Lauren's hair around, metal clicking and shifting. Tears started to roll down Lauren's face, until they hit the metal and were diverted from their natural path. The metal was compressing Lauren's skull now, tightly pinching at the skin as the smith approached again, coming at Lauren from the side. She was still frozen in terror, feeling the savage heat of the poker, and then there was the smell of burning hair and hot metal, as it was melted into place. She could move her tongue, and her eyes, but the collar was tight and high enough that it was virtually impossible to move her head from side-to-side, and whenever she looked down, she could just about see the raised bars of metal, a permanent reminder of how locked in she now was.

'Npphhh!' Lauren tried to protest, waggling her tongue, trying to move her chin enough to properly talk, but the bar sealed over her chin was too tight. Lord Sheffield slapped her again, the metal taking most of the impact.

'Tongue out.'

She slowly obeyed, sliding her tongue from her mouth, as he produced a spiked clamp, a wide one that he slid over her tongue before twisting to lock it into place. The ends extended past the width of her mouth, making it impossible for her to draw her tongue back, and making the range of sounds she could make even smaller and more limited. It bit into the soft flesh of her tongue, squashing it down painfully.

'That should keep you nice and quiet. And now the mask. Ferula, hold her in place.'

Arms wrapped around her waist, holding her there. Her weight settled downwards, her heels getting tormented by spikes, and she tried to break free, but the woman was too strong! All she

could do was powerlessly whimper, unable to meaningfully protest, as a metal mask was produced. She could see that it was hinged, with parts that could open to expose the eyes or mouth, but was made of ugly, riveted metal.

‘Npphh! Npphh!’ Lauren tried turning her head, not wanting to be sealed into the thing, but Lord Sheffield grabbed her by the top of her head and pushed the metal forward.

Her vision went black as it was pushed against her face, her forcibly-extended tongue making the lower part open slightly, but the eye-panel was shut. She could feel and hear clicks as it settled into place, completely covering her face, harsh and cool. It sealed the light away completely, rendering her completely blind, the eye-slots locked shut! She could feel the cunt-weight drag between her legs as she shook, trying to wrench herself free from the harsh grip, wanting to shake the eye-slits, wanting to see!

It didn’t cover her nostrils, so at least she could breath, but the metal held her mouth open. When she pushed her tongue forward, she could rub it against the inside of the mouth-panels, and tried pushing them open, but there was no give. When she mewled, the sound echoed and reverberated strangely, muffled and distorted by the metal, her breath pushing back at her. The device was tight around her head, pressing painfully against her skull, and then fingers groped her nipples, squeezing and crushing them.

‘An interesting experiment. So much more permanent than just a gag! I’ll have to order the kitchens to mush up some food for her. Now, do you think you could shape something to maintain her form? Use metal to make this even more permanent?’ A hand ran down her body, feeling the enforced curve of her hips and waist.

‘Aye, I think so. Won’t be easy getting her out again afterwards though.’

‘Oh, that won’t be a problem. Think of her as a test-piece to play with.’ The hand moved between her legs, the weight suddenly shifting as it was tapped, making her squeak with pain and denial. ‘If you have any other ideas you wish to test, then you can use her.’ His hand slapped against her buttocks, making her shake from the force of the impact, the swinging of the ball stretching out her nub painfully. She could feel her juices behind the belt, thick and pungent.

‘Down.’ A hand pushed down on the top of her head, and she tried to obey, although the boots made it hard. When she managed it, the floor was cold and hard against her skin, her cunt-weight settling against the stone. She couldn’t see anything, and the weight of the metal headgear was disorientating her, and filling her mouth and nose with the taste and scent of metal.

She heard a lock click, and then air moved across her mouth, making her sigh in relief, at not being completely locked away.

‘Maybe her feet as well? Something more permanent than those boots, but keeping the same shape?’

Fingers pushed into her mouth, pinching at her tongue, squeezing the wet flesh. They withdrew, and then a moment later a cock, already hard and hot, pushed into her mouth. She couldn’t do anything but accept it, the shaft sliding into her mouth. There was no hesitation as it kept pushing into her, all the way into her throat, making her gag and splutter, spit welling up. Who was even using her? She couldn’t see!

But she didn’t want to disobey or seem like a bad girl, so she curled her tongue around it, tasting it as it forced her throat wide. It tasted clean, so maybe it was her Lord’s cock? It was full and fat, a hand gripping the top of her head by the metal and not allowing her any escape, her chest burning as she struggled to breathe.

It tensed, spitting hot cum into her mouth, the metal cover getting shut, a lock clicking shut as she was sealed away. She mewled, taste of cum heavy in her mouth, but that was better than the metal!

‘I’ll get her sorted.’

‘You may use her as you wish. If you want to add to her cunt-weight, you may do so – I don’t think that she’ll be worth selling on afterwards, so may as well make the most use of her before she breaks. And then I suppose you can use her body – her mind will likely go first.’

Lauren tried to mewl, but couldn’t hear herself, the metal absorbing all the sound. She didn’t want to be broken! She was special and wanted to be pampered and spoiled! But the metal was hard around her head, forcing her jaw open, cum-tainted spit oozing over her chin and starting to pool, soaking into her skin. She couldn’t do anything about it, and she felt herself starting to cry, bitter tears trickling down her face, the metal stopping their flow, and she could feel the salt starting to dry on her skin. All she could do was blubber and weep, unheard by anyone, sealed into the mask, her body shaped entirely by her master’s will.

Binding a Maid

Chapter One: A Mistress, and a Choice

Joseph moved fast, walking briskly through the crowd, glancing up at the clockface on the side of the church. He was late – hopefully not by much though! He jumped over a puddle of slurry, not wanting to dirty his suit, then turned down an alleyway, scraping mud off a street sign. The entrance should be somewhere down here!

The high, stone walls looked like something more suitable for a prison, with shards of glass cemented along the top, in case anyone tried to climb over. When he came to the door, it was a small thing, heavy wood banded with iron, and a large metal knocker. He lifted it, the thing's own weight slamming it into the wood with a *thud*, hoping that someone would hear. Even though it was noon, between the narrowness of the street and the smokey smog in the air, it was evening-dark.

Metal clattered and clicked, before the door opened, smoothly and without creaking. Stood in the shadows was a female form, compressed in tightly at the waist into an hourglass figure, a corset pushing generous breasts upwards. Their face was half-covered, a smooth leather panel over their mouth. Chains connected her wrists to her waist, her hands covered in leather gloves. She curtsied, before staring at him, her black hair framing a pale face, blending into the shadowy background.

'I'm Joseph Jacobs.' He dipped his head – not bowing as deeply as her, but it was possible that this woman was the chief assistant of the mistress of the house, rather than just a girl being trained. 'I'm expected.'

The woman stared at him, her muzzle making her expression impossible to read, before she turned around and walked smoothly away, her shoes clicking onto the stone floor. From behind, her ass-cheeks were bare, dress falling around them, cheeks red with cane-welts.

Joseph walked after her, trying to feel confident as he stepped inside. The door slid shut, sealing itself locked and making him jump, the entrance-way now dark – he had to follow the pale glow of the woman's buttocks, unsure how large the room was.

He reached out, glad that he was able to find a stone wall, rough and cold under his fingertips, using it to steady himself. A moan echoed off the walls, followed by the crack of a whip against flesh. The angle of the heel-clicks changed, heading upwards, and he slowed, reaching out with a foot, feeling for the first step, walking up the stairs without stumbling.

Another doorway opened, and light flooded out. More bare-stone passages, although there were tools hung in place – a heavy whip, coiled in a neat spiral, next to two crossed crops. They seemed ornamental rather than practical – the passageway was too narrow to do anything in. The passageway was crooked and kinked, the doorways off it all blocked with heavy doors – was that where the produce was kept? Another flight of stairs, and he was in a wood-paneled passageway, framed pictures hung in neat lines. They were neat sketches depicting restrained figures, bound and spread, with little notations of where to apply strikes for maximum pain. This was more what he had been expecting!

At the end was a door, with a frosted glass panel. He could see a hint of movement through it, but preferred to look at the woman's buttocks – a little lean for his tastes, but they were

covered with a generous amount of lash-marks, pale skin marked with countless red welts. Had she been punished, or was that just normal training?

The maid knocked on the door, waited for a few decorous moments, then opened it, a bell chiming.

‘You are late.’ A cane flicked and Joseph winced in anticipation, although the grunt of pain came from close by. An older woman, dressed in a tight and prim black dress, flicked a cane again, hitting it into the bare tit of a hooded woman. Their breasts were being squeezed in a vice, metal bars pinching their supple skin, currently discolored to an unpleasant purple tint. The unfortunate victim was bound with heavy metal cuffs at their ankles, a solid pole coming from the ceiling and attaching to their collar, their hands out of sight behind their back.

‘With your financial problems I would have thought that you would want to get started as soon as possible. Unless you want to end up on the trader's block yourself, for some reason?’

He shook his head. ‘Sorry, ma'am. London Bridge was blocked, and it took...’

‘None of your excuses! You come recommended, despite your problems. This way, and none of your laggardly ways, or you'll taste the cane.’ She flicked it against the crushed tit again, whoever was under the hood yelping in pain. ‘I've got three new pieces you can shape - or try to, at least. They're up for sale before the nobility come to town for the social season, and I pride myself that this house creates nothing but the finest servants. I have taken on your debt, but, in return, I expect you to train them. If their sale price doesn't cover your debt, then you'll be sold as well. A handsome little thing like you would do well as an ornament somewhere. Although you might be rather... inconvenienced by having to be collared, and the training can be somewhat degrading, especially for one of your background. I doubt you would take well to being fettered and lashed.’

‘I will do my best, ma'am.’ Despite her age, the woman was still strong, the cane moving with brutal accuracy to leave a welt on the crushed tit. He didn't want the same applied to his testicles!

‘Well, you're polite at least. You may refer to me as “ma'am”, “mistress” or “Mistress Helena”. The last trainer I got in I had to gag, she simply had no idea of decorum! She's still down in the basement, I should tend to her at some point, get her ready for purchase. A looker, to be sure, but most ill-behaved, and a mouth like a sailor! At least before it was plugged. Now, follow me. And don't get any ideas about Helen – she's already been bought and paid for, she just needs a little more refinement. If you do well, then I might let you help train her.’

There was another, final and brutal strike, before the cane was slid between their breasts. Although the woman was more than a head shorter than him, she still radiated authority, her back stiff and straight as she led him forward, towards a heavy metal doorway, pulling a key from her sleeve.

‘Now, through here are the training rooms. We have all the usual equipment - the horse, canes, whips, candles, the finest rope - I hear that you've acquired some of the oriental rope-work skills? Very exotic - perhaps you could demonstrate them sometime? I have some nice red rope that would set off pale flesh in a lovely way.’

The lock opened smoothly as she turned the key, warmer air rushing out, the scent of sweat and lust making his nose twitch. A raised wooden platform looked over a large and well-equipped space, filled with restraints and the tools of torment. There was only a single, small window to the outside, high up on the walls, the light coming from a banked fire, shedding warmth into the room as well.

‘Oh, you have suspension rings?’ He gestured at the shining metal rings, dangling downwards. ‘The place is certainly well-equipped, you live up to your reputation.’

‘I pride myself on being the best! And a little flattery will always help, but don’t you ever try and lie to me, boy.’ They passed by a heavy metal shell, shaped into a female form. ‘Watch out for that iron maiden - the hinge is stuck, and little Odette is still inside. The smith should be here in a few days to release her, but at least she’s stopped her crying now. And there’s some brands in the fire still - they’re still hot, I had to mark up a piece this morning.’

‘Thank you for the warning.’ The metal poles were still stuck into the fire, shedding a dull glow.

‘I try to avoid permanent marks, but some of the Lords do insist on it when they buy someone, despite all the crying and carrying-on it causes. Now, the pieces have their dormitory up those stairs, at least the well-behaved ones.’ She gestured at a barred doorway. ‘The cells for the rest are down there.’ She pointed at a trapdoor, currently propped open and leading downstairs. ‘Nice thick walls - stops the neighbors complaining. There’s a room in the garrets you can have. But don’t get too comfortable, not until you’ve proven yourself. My chambers are back the way we came, but don’t enter without permission, or I’ll sell you off to the cheapest, nastiest owner I know, and you don’t want to be cleaning the sewers with your pretty tongue.’

He smiled, trying to seem polite and compliant. ‘Thank you for telling me. Who will I be working with?’

‘I’ve got them set up in here. All good quality, but some are in need of more work than others.’ She walked down the trapdoor-passageway – Joseph had lost track of where “ground level” was, and wasn’t sure if this was actually beneath the ground or not.

The scent of sweat, cum and pussy-juice was even more intense down here, seeped into the walls. It was like a proper dungeon, thick stone walls, chains dangling from the walls.

‘Here were are. The one in the cage is Molly. Nice and soft and curvy.’

Pale, soft flesh was pressed up against the bars of a cage, the space inside not quite large enough, breasts and ass seeping around the bars. Black hair had fallen in front of the occupants face, their hands cuffed to the bars.

‘She should be easy to work with, although can be a little lazy if you don’t keep an eye on her. Sometime she acts up, I think she likes the attention.’

‘Next we have Rosa.’ Soft brunette hair cascaded down to just above bare buttocks, flared red with lash-marks. She was held with her arms stretched out, chains around her wrists with barely any slack, forcing her to stand close against the wall. When she moved, her hair flowed over her back, and Joseph could see more welt-marks down her back. ‘She was behaving inappropriately, which is why her backside is currently lashed red. But her features are fashionable at the moment, so if she can be tamed, then that would go quite some way towards your debt.’

Angry grunting came from the corner, where a woman was held in a full restraint-cage – her wrists and ankles were bound in circular rings on the cage, as well as her head, currently within a leather hood. Within the cage, she couldn’t move at all, trapped even more than Molly.’

‘The hooded bitch in the cage is Ivy - she’s a hellion. She clawed her last master, who sold her to me. Beautiful, but high-strung and with a temper – she used to be a kept woman, and is used to the finer things in life. She’ll need breaking in before selling, otherwise she’s worthless. I’ll let you choose which of the three you want to start with.’

Joseph could see that the skin around her wrists and ankles had been chafed red from trying to break free, despite the thickness of the metal.

‘Hmm, they all look like good stock.’

‘I try and get the best wares to sell.’ She moved close, giving his bicep a squeeze. ‘You would make a fine addition, if needed. Hmmm, I wonder if you will manage to pay your debt off? I have heard that you are talented, but we’ll see.’

Ivy must be able to hear them, struggling in her restraints again, despite the damage it was causing to her skin. She was panting from beneath the hood, soft leather puffing in and out, and he approached, running his hand down her covered face. Her breath hitched, an uncertain “mew” sound coming from her covered face. The ridge of her nose was easy to find, and he pinched that shut, hearing as the timbre of her breathing changed. Her mouth was held open rather than plugged shut from the sounds she was making – he reached down around her neck and found the bottom of the hood, then rolled it upwards. A delicately-pointed chin appeared, shiny with spittle, and then lips, red lipstick partially worn off. A chunky metal ring was inside her mouth, holding it open, breath coming in short, hot pants.

He felt his cock stirring, and looked at Helena for permission. She nodded. ‘Best keep the ring in, unless you want your cock bitten off. So, you think you’re up for the challenge? She has the potential to be high value, but it’ll be a lot of work.’

He kept Ivy’s nose pinched, smiling at the sucking in-and-out of her breathing, as it was forced through her mouth.

‘I think I can tame her.’

There was a whine of protest, a pink tongue sliding into view for a moment, as he opened his flies, his cock already hard enough that he didn’t need to hold it. He pushed his hips forward, placing the tip in her mouth, her tongue recoiling backwards. Her fingers twitched and scrabbled, brushing against his thighs, before pinching back hard.

He thrust his hips forward, her throat accepting his cock, soft flesh deforming around the intrusion. She was wet, warm and tight, her tongue now rubbing against the underside of his shaft, gasping for breath.

‘Be a good girl and I’ll treat you nicely.’

Her fingers pinched his thighs more tightly, starting to hurt.

‘But naughty girls need to be taught their place.’ He pushed forward again, until the full length of his cock was sheathed in her throat, blocking off her breathing. She started to whine, unable to breath. ‘Would you like my cock?’

‘Huuuuuuu...’ Between the gag and the cock, she couldn’t form coherent words at all, just a desperate whine. Her tongue fondled along his length, wrapping around him, and he withdrew, enjoying the sucking increase of pressure as she gasped in some air.

‘Good girls get treats. Bad girls get punished.’

She gagged and spluttered as he shoved into her throat again, her muscles tightening around him.

‘But I’m sure you’ll be a good girl, won’t you?’

He slapped her cheek, able to feel the impact through her flesh, enjoying the feeling, and slapping her again, as he started to thrust in and out. The pinching pressure from her fingers started to lessen, her strength fading as the air faded from her lungs. He didn’t let her pass out, carefully timing his thrusts to let her have short and panicked breaths, her spit sticky on his shaft.

‘You’re going to be a good girl. Otherwise I’ll have to break you down, and you don’t want that, do you?’ It was getting harder to think, his climax approaching, and he let instinct take over, ramming his cock in hard to her tight throat.

Coming was a relief, rational thought returning again, his cum mixing with her spit.

‘Swallow, slut.’

There was a whine of protest, hands weakly flailing against his legs before dropping down. He kept his shrinking cock in her mouth, forcing her to taste him, limiting her breathing still.

‘I said swallow! Or do you want a plug in there?’

He slapped her cheek again, her throat tensing and relaxing as she obeyed, ingesting his cum.

‘Good girl.’

She whined in protest, but her hands stayed limp, not trying to pinch him again. He wiped his cock off against her cheek, smearing soft skin with spittle and cum.

‘So, you’re choosing Ivy then? Well, you’ll need a lot more than that to break her spirit, but it’ll be worth it if you can tame her. She’d be good piece for one of the fancy, if she were better behaved. Well, I’ll leave getting her out of her cage to you – you’ve certainly got the muscles for it. Supper is served at 7 on the dot – miss it and you’ll be eating slave-slop. You’ve got a month to train her, but her value will be less if she’s marked up, so you’ve not got long for anything rough.’

‘Thank you, Mistress Helena.’

‘Good boy, keep that tone unless you want a taste of my whip. I don’t mind some vulgar language, but I won’t be disrespected in my own house! And you can have a little fun with the others if you want, but not too much, or I’ll belt you. Don’t want you getting distracted.’

Ivy was starting to recover, managing to growl through her gag. He pinched her nostrils again, making her splutter, before tugging her hood back down.

‘Come with me, I’ll show you where the keys are. If you’re training Ivy, you’ll probably need them, the bitch is fierce.’

Chapter Two: Opening the Cage

The winch chattered, metal scraping as Ivy's cage swung towards the center of the room, her hands and feet twitching, still locked within the metal, making an uncertain sound. She had no scope for movement between tiny, impotent twitches. When she was hanging in the middle of the room, he started to inspect her. Her feet were well-formed, only lightly calloused – whatever she had done before being here, she must have been pampered and well looked-after.

Through the cage, he could poke and prod her flesh, feeling her body. No obvious signs of unhealth, other than the chafe marks from the metal, her breasts were soft and large, and she hissed in a nervous breath as he ran gloved fingers down her flanks. Her cunt was currently dry, but had no signs of discoloration or disease, and she seemed sensitive enough from her hiss of irritation when he slid a finger into her. The gloves he was wearing were soft leather, but must still have chafed a little.

She grunted and wriggled, sounding angry through her hood and gag. From the abrasions on her limbs, she'd been scraping against the metal for some time, the flesh broken and raw. He'd have to make sure they didn't get infected – that would definitely reduce her resale value! But aside from that, her skin was smooth, if a bit grimy from her extended captivity.

'Ever been fucked here?' He withdrew his finger from her dry cunt, then parted her buttocks and gently poked her asshole.

She made another angry grunt, feet flexing.

'Somewhere else to train then. I suppose the first thing to do is to find out where hurts you the most.'

'Grrphhh!'

Joseph went to the wall and looked over the options available – whips, canes, crops and paddles, all neatly hanging from hooks. Helena kept things tidy! Or more likely she had someone do it for her. His hand settled over a cane, flicking it through the air, feeling the flex of it, before cracking it against a bare sole.

Ivy gave another indignant grunt, trying to wriggle her feet out of striking distance, despite the cage locking them into place.

'If I open up the cage, how much are you going to struggle?'

'Fuphh opphh!'

He cracked the cane against her feet again. She really was stubborn! To be worth this much trouble, she must be very attractive. Although he didn't have long to break her down.

'I'm going to keep hurting you then.'

'Nphh!'

Although with her body in the cage, his options were limited. He struck her feet several more times, and then stepped around to the front of the cage. Well, there was one easy way to weaken someone. He put the cane back, then grabbed at the bump of her nose and clamped his hand over her mouth, blocking her breathing. She tried to whine and protest, but through the hood and his hand, her airflow was limited, and she couldn't struggle enough to make his hand move.

He moved his hand away, letting her have the tiniest amount of air, watching as her body tensed within the metal confines – she had good lines, her body healthy and well-fleshed. When she started to fade, limbs going limp, he applied a little more pressure, before moving.

As quickly as he could, he opened up the cage, locks clicking, releasing her wrists and ankles, before opening the front of the cage, reaching in and pulling her out. Mercifully, she didn't weight much, although she tried to resist, limbs weakly starting to move.

He dragged her out and held her naked body against his own, one hand around her throat, the other covering her mouth and pinching her nose, keeping her airflow limited again. The curve of her buttocks and the swell of her back pressed against him, her flesh soft and compliant, unable to muster any strength.

'The more obedient you are, the less this will hurt.' He gave her throat another squeeze. 'Although it would be nice to hurt you – your body is lovely.' He pushed his hips forward, letting her feel his hardening cock against her body. As he squeezed her throat, he could feel a collar beneath the hood – sturdy leather, with O-rings on the front and back. The wall had a convenient number of hooks and clips, making it easy to push her forward and up onto her toes, sliding a collar-ring over a hook. It was high enough to keep her on her toes, legs supple and tight.

An arm swung backwards, a slow and pathetic strike – he grabbed it and snapped a cuff around her wrist, tethering that to another wall hook. When he repeated this on her other wrist, she was pinned in place – her breasts squashed up against the wall, arms forced to be spread, her buttocks tense.

'Let's have a proper look at you.' Just in case, he bent over and cuffed her ankles together as well, using just a short chain, then ran his hands up and down her body. Her legs were well-formed, without any of the flab that sometimes formed on those with too much idle time, smooth-skinned, especially when held tight.

Her buttocks had a good amount of meat on, and she made a grunt of pain when he pinched the plush meat, she squealed and tensed up further. Her legs were trim enough that there was a thigh gag, and he tickled her pussy – it was starting to grow a light black fuzz, which would need trimming back.

Her figure was impressive, her hips flowing in and out again – with a corset as well, that could be emphasized. As long as she behaved! He pulled the hood upwards, tugging it a little at a time, raven-black hair starting to appear from beneath. It fell down her back, a river of darkness, sticking to her sweat-covered skin. It was still glossy and shiny – she must have been well-fed before, and it was worth keeping as a selling point. Although might need a trim and tidy!

Joseph pressed against her from behind, letting her feel his greater strength, grinding his cock against her, while squeezing his hands against her breasts. A good size, nice and pert, with large nipples – maybe some piercings might help? Although that varied by seller. He could feel every breath she made, her heart racing, body heating up.

'You like this, don't you?'

'Npnh!' The hair flicked about as she shook her head, flashes of an elegant, patrician face appearing.

'Are you sure?' He leaned in, pressing her tightly against the wall, gripping her throat again with one hand, the other pushing between her thighs and starting to tease her slit. She tried to pull her thighs together, but there was no way for her to force him away, as he parted her folds

and slid a finger into her. It was easier now, as she started to loosen. ‘Your body doesn’t lie, does it? Did your old master ever do this to you?’

‘Nph! Keph ophh!’

He was gentle, lightly stroking her pussy, smiling as her breathing started to be in time with his finger-thrusts and twists, with first one finger, and then two. ‘You like it rough. That makes things easier.’ He pulled his fingers out, lifting them to her face. ‘Lick. Or I’ll make you regret it.’

She didn’t respond, even when he pushed them into her mouth.

‘Hmmm. Very well.’ He wiped them against her belly – soft and smooth, with just a hint of a healthy bulge. Definitely suitable for a wealthy man’s piece! As long as she was obedient, at least. Time to show her why obedience was the better choice!

He took a whip, uncurling it and then flicking his wrist. The cord flew through the air, cracking against her ass-cheeks, leaving a red welt. And then another, across her back, across her shoulders, muscles shifting beneath skin, her hands flapping powerlessly against the hooks, unable to break free.

Her breathing was ragged now, as was worked up and down her body, leaving angry red lines on her pale skin.

‘If you obey, then you don’t get punished. But naughty girls need to be hurt until they obey.’ She hissed something, her words cut apart by a whip-strike across her lower back. ‘And good girls don’t answer back. The more you resist, the more I will hurt you. You’d be nice as an attractive ornament, but if I have to make you into a broken doll, I will.’

‘Nphhh!’

He made sure to mark her up evenly, weakening his strikes as he went over already-marked flesh, not wanting to break the skin. She shook about on her bound-together feet, but had no way to escape, her gasps turning to low sobs.

‘Will you obey me?’ He seared her buttocks with another red line.

‘Pleph! Stoph!’ Her words were garbled, wet sobs, as she danced about in a pathetic attempt to evade the strikes.

‘If you try anything, then I will choke you out and leave you impaled on the largest cock I can find.’

‘Nphhh! Stphhh, pleapphh!’

He cracked the whip in the air, taking pleasure in the way she flinched away. Go in harsh, break her will, and then make her obey. Keep her off-balance and unable to recover, until she was molded into a more acceptable set of behaviors. To make it clear he wasn’t succumbing to her speech, he whipped her a few more times, until her buttocks were glowing a bright red. He slapped an ass-cheek with his hand, feeling the heat radiating from her, enjoying her yelp of pain.

‘If you disobey, I will hurt you. I don’t care who you were before, but you are meat now. You will be broken and trained.’ He slapped her ass again, before pinching one of the welts across her shoulder-blades, checking that he hadn’t broken the skin. ‘I’m going to release your hands. Be a good girl or it’ll end badly for you.’

He pressed against her back again, hearing her hiss of pain. That should soften her up enough to start with! Pressing his body against her let her feel his strength, and his cock, before he lifted one of her arms, moving the cuff off the hook, then doing the same with the other arm.

‘You will speak only when spoken to. You are going to be an ornament – if you do behave, you will be well-treated and might end up with a kindly owner. But if you don’t, then I can

make your life very unpleasant. That pretty little neck of yours is going to be squeezed a lot – I think that will make you appreciate breathing a lot more.’

Joseph waited a moment, and then slapped her ass again.

‘When I speak, you will respond. You may refer to me as “Sir” or “Master”. If there is any disrespect, then you will be denied your breathing privileges.’ He grabbed her by the throat and squeezed, feeling her pulse.

‘Yeph maphter!’

He let go. ‘See? Obedience brings rewards.’ He saw a hand twitch and grabbed her wrist, twisting her arm up. ‘You will only move when instructed.’ She was light enough that it was easy to pull her away from the wall and spin her around, hearing uncertain whimpering.

‘Kneel.’

He let her go, stepping away, leaving her unsupported. She swayed, before dropping to her knees. Her arms dangled at her side as he walked around her, before stepping onto the back of her leg and pressing down, feeling the muscle compress under his weight.

‘Proper posture!’ He pressed down harder – a ridged board would make it more effective, but even just the bare stone floor would hurt. His fingers dug into the back of her neck, starting to slide around her throat – make her associate that touch with pain and punishment. A shiver ran through her delicate frame, her shoulders coming up. ‘Do you need a lesson?’

‘Pleaph... Maphter...’

‘Your hands should be behind your back. Nice and tidy. Unless you want them to be bound away?’

Her arms moved swiftly, coming up so that each hand was neatly curled around the opposite elbow – in that position, she would be easy to bind and tie. He eased up the pressure on her leg, before sliding his hand further around her throat, digging fingers into the top of her jaw. Even without squeezing, her breath and pulse fluttered against his hand.

‘Forget whoever you were before. For now, you belong to me. The more you behave, the less I will hurt you.’ He applied pressure, this time to the veins running into her head. It wasn’t long until her head sagged, and he eased off, just enough for her to stay conscious. ‘I am going to feed you. You’re fresh meat, so all you deserve is slop.’ With his empty hand, he started tugging on the hood, easing it up her head. He squeezed her throat again. ‘When your master offers you something, be thankful.’

‘Yeph, Maphter!’

He squeezed again until her head sagged before relenting, keeping her on the edge of consciousness. ‘Obey, or suffer.’ He pulled the hood up, thick waves of black hair cascading outwards, the framework of a ring-gag forcing soft lips wide. Her face was thin and high cheek-boned, flesh mottled by tears, currently a rather unfashionable and blotchy red. ‘Down.’ He let go and shoved her head forward, and she tilted forward, not very controlled, just shy of bumping her head onto the floor.

‘Good. You know some commands at least.’

With her head like that, she couldn’t see him, as he went to pick up a bowl of gruel. It was cold and had partially congealed, globs of grease and fat floating amidst the lumps. He placed it on the ground in front of her, her head coming up. He grabbed her hair, pulled it upwards and slapped her across the face.

‘You may only eat when given permission. You may not ask, you must wait. Is this understood?’ He slapped her again, before shoving her head down, grinding it against the floor, the metal edges of the gag scraping against stone. ‘You are not a person. You will obey me, and

later, your master.’ He kept shoving her head down, although she wasn’t fighting back, her hands still clasped behind her body.

‘Aughh!’

‘Beg to eat, and I might be merciful.’

‘Pealph, Mapther! Pleaph leph meph eaph.’ Her stomach gurgled, and he made sure to pause for a long time before answering.

‘You may eat. Slut. Although you haven’t earned the gag being removed.’

Her head came up, hair moving in untidy strands, with some falling into the goopy porridge. With the gag still in place, she couldn’t eat properly, but her tongue emerged from between her lips, lapping at the food.

While she ate, he moved behind her, stroking her backside, pressing against the lash-marks until she whimpered into her food, before moving one hand between her legs. As she ate, he started to stroke her slit.

‘You are a slut-slave. You need to learn to be useful and accessible at all times. Your master should never have to excite you to use you.’

She was still dry, only barely responding to his teasing fingers. He didn’t stop, continuing to stroke and finger her folds, teasing out the barest touches of fluid, using that to ease his passage deeper into her. Ivy made a pained whine, interspersed with gulps as she ate.

‘You should learn to appreciate whatever attention you are given. This is a lot kinder than I could be. Or maybe I should try elsewhere?’ With his other hand he probed against her asshole again, her buttocks tensing against her finger. ‘No resistance. You are here to obey and be used.’

Her cunt was starting to loosen now, succumbing to his stroking, more fluid seeping out from her folds, letting him push deeper into her, until his knuckles pushed against her skin. He teased his finger back and forth, listening to her breathing, as she licked away at the bowl. Watching that tongue lick against the metal bowl, licking up every drop, leaving the bowl clean.

‘That’s good. You need to learn to be thankful for everything. Everything you have, everything you are, can be taken away from you. You are property. You are a fuck-slave, to be used by your owner.’ He spread and twisted fingers inside of her, feeling her warmth seep through the glove, her fluids staining the black leather even darker. ‘You will come only with permission. What do you say?’

Her voice echoed oddly against the bowl, tongue flicking against the surface. ‘Yeph, mapther!’

‘I’ve got a special cage, just for you. The better you behave, the more comfortable it will be. Stay.’ He pulled his fingers out, walking over to a wooden crate and opening up the top. Inside, every surface was covered with ridged panels, rough and uneven – he’d been up all night making it! It was long enough for her to lay out full-length in, with metal rings on the inside to secure her. ‘Come over here. Face down.’

It was hard to see through the mess of hair, but she looked quite attractive, given the circumstances, as she crawled towards him, stifling a sob.

‘Curl up into a ball.’

There was a moment of hesitation, before she obeyed, rolling into the fetal position. He quickly bundled her with rope, tying her like a parcel, making sure that she couldn’t escape, winding a length around her mouth, just in case she tried to spit her gag out. With that done, it was easy to lift her up and put her into the crate, before shutting it and locking it.

Chapter Three: Breaking Resistance

Joseph could hear wood rattling, the crate shaking, loud thuds sounding out. One of the panels jolted slightly, the thing not securely made, as he approached. He could hear angry grunting from inside it, and the sounds of movement before it shook again. He'd been hoping for a more relaxed training session! Ivy must have managed to slip out of her ropes!

He looked around, grabbing some more items, having to rapidly re-assess from some light restraints. Fortunately, there was a large jug of cold water on the side. After taking a deep breath, he unlocked then opened the crate, pouring the water inside. As expected, Ivy had managed to slip out of her restraints, her feet kicking against the wall, her gag removed, although her wrists were still bound. She shivered under the cold water, giving him a moment to grab her and lift her out.

The water made her slippery, and she tried to fight back, twisting her hands and pushing against him, trying to wriggle away. He felt the cold water soaking into his own clothing, but gripping her tightly, pressing her arms against his body and making sure to keep her high enough that she couldn't grab his balls. If some of the property escaped, then Mistress Helena really would sell him off!

'Let go, you bastOWWW!'

He dug his fingers into a breast and squeezed, managing to get a hand around her throat to further pin her into place. Pressed close against his body, he could smell her sweat and grime, with the sharp tang of piss beneath it all – she must have soiled herself in her captivity.

She kept squirming, although with less force as her air was cut off. She tried to speak, but Joseph grasped her throat more tightly, so the only sound she could make was a pained wheeze. He kept his own voice flat and calm, repressing the irritation he felt.

'You need to be shown your place. And punished for making a mess.' This close, the smell of piss was getting stronger, making him wince, before manhandling her towards one corner of the room, where the floor dipped into a gutter. He allowed her a single breath, before choking her again – getting her into position would be hard if she started fighting back! Although even without air, her body was stiff and inflexible, limbs locked up as she tried to resist.

He shifted his grip, wrapping one arm around her waist and bodily lifting her off the floor, easily able to lift her slender body. It took more effort to flip her upside-down, taking a metal cuff that hung from the ceiling and clicking it around an ankle. The metal pinched painfully at flesh, all of her weight suspended from a single point, as she twisted and flailed, momentarily blinded by her own hair.

Next, Joseph grabbed her other ankle and locked that into place. Suspended there, her cunt was on level with his eyes, her arms scrabbling, pushing against the ground in an attempt to stabilize herself. One hand grabbed his leg and he kicked it off. If she were cheaper, then he could be rougher with her, but she would need to be without any obvious injuries in order to sell! He evaded another grab, before stooping to grab one of her wrists, using another cuff to lock it into place.

'Let me go, you bastard! I shouldn't be here! I'll have you sold for meat!'

Despite her struggling, it didn't take long to grab her other wrist and lock that into a manacle, forcing her into an upside-down suspended spread-eagle. She didn't stop wriggling, the chains rattling, although she couldn't do anything more than that.

'A good slave shouldn't speak like that. I'm going to gag you now.'

'Don't you dare, you filthy mmpphhhh!'

Whatever she had been saying was cut off as he started shoving fabric into her mouth, cheap cotton filling her cheeks. She tried to bite his fingers, but he squeezed her jaws with one hand as he stuffed her mouth, until it bulged, her tongue now squashed and unmovable. A simple leather strap between her lips bound it all in place, and he stood. She was still grunting angrily, trying to flex her limbs, her eyes hard and fierce.

'A good girl would get warm water. Instead, this is all I can offer you.' He opened up his flies, watching the look in her eyes change from anger to doubt, then disgust, as he urinated. The golden stream played over her belly, trickling over her breasts, and she tried to twist her head aside to avoid letting it touch her there, before dropping into the guttering.

He let his bladder empty completely, her writhing wriggles making the chains clack, her hands tensed into fists, her eyes shut.

'Now the dirty slut needs washing. I've got a nice stiff brush, just for you.'

She growled, eyes opening as piss continued to trickle down her body. There was nothing she could do though, as he poured a bucket of cold water between her legs. She squealed in shock, and then he started scrubbing at her flesh with a stiff-handed brush. Where it scraped her skin, it left angry red furrows on her pale flesh.

'I'm going to have to pay particular attention to your dirty little cunt.' When he dragged the bristles over her folds, she squealed in pain. 'It looks like you're going to need house-breaking. Maybe I should rub your face in it? Or pump you full of water to make sure that you only go when permitted.'

'Grrphhh!' She growled at him, or at least tried to through her gag, then yelped as he slapped the brush against her pussy.

'I can't mark you too much, but that just means that I'll have to be a little more inventive.' He moved around behind her, admiring the way that her buttocks curved into her back, the elegant lines of her neck, even if being upside-down was making some of her flesh sag in odd way. Scraping the brush down her back made her squeal delightfully, and he couldn't resist slapping her buttocks, watching the flesh compress under the strike. 'Maybe half-drown you in your own piss?'

'Npph! Grphhh!' She growled again, but sounded less certain now.

'You definitely need discipline training. I'll have to break you first, and then train you in proper behavior. You have a nice body, just a shame about your spirit.' He started to wash her front down, harshly scrubbing her breasts down. 'So your life is going to get a lot rougher. But if you'd been a good girl to start with, then this wouldn't be necessary.'

When she was fully scrubbed, he stood back, admiring her body again. Despite being a stubborn bitch, she would fetch a good price, at least if she could be tamed.

'Everything you have, you will have to earn. Your clothing, your make-up, even your air. If I had more time, I would shave your hair, just to demonstrate this. But at least this will get your face clean.'

'Mphhh!'

He grabbed her hair and wrenched her head back, then shoved a bucket of water beneath her head. He could feel her neck tense up, but she wasn't strong enough to resist, her face being

forced beneath the surface. Bubbles streamed from her mouth and nose, her limbs shaking about again. He let her up for a single convulsive gasp through her nose before dipping her head again, holding it for longer this time.

When he let her up again, her movements were slowly, her suspended body now limp, just barely conscious. A hard squeeze to a nipple bought her back to some semblance of consciousness, along with a squeal of pain.

‘Whatever power or influence you may once have had, you do not anymore. You are meat, for sale to the highest bidder. If you’re a good girl, then you might go to someone that wants to protect their investment. If you’re naughty, then you’re probably just going to be fuckmeat.’ He dunked her again, just a quick submersion this time. ‘It seems that whoever owned you before was very lax – that needs correcting.’

The cloth gag in her mouth was sodden now, making it even harder for her to breath, her eyes watering, chest heaving.

‘Your only hope is to obey me. If you do well and impress me, then I will be kinder to you.’ He stroked her smooth, bare belly, then slapped it with the back of his hand, knocking the breath from her lungs. ‘I’m going to keep hurting you, and then you will be given the chance to speak.’ He slapped her belly again, before placing his palm against her skin, feeling her breathing, her skin cool from the water, straining to breath, pert breasts moving in time with her desperate inhalations.

‘First some clamps. Those tits of yours are too nice to just leave.’

It seemed like she didn’t have the energy to protest, as he pinched spiked metal clamps onto each nipple, joined by a short chain. It shifted with every breath, rattling against her body. As the water cooled off her body, she started to shiver, but couldn’t do anything to warm herself up.

‘Like some more piss to warm yourself up?’

‘Nphhh!’ She had enough strength to shake her head, the motion making the tit-clamps shake about.

‘A good girl doesn’t get pissed on. And might even be allowed clothing, if she’s *very* good. But first they need to learn to obey. You’ll fetch a higher price if you’re more intact, but I could just hold your head under the water again and again, and hope you’re capable of walking and talking afterwards. I’m sure you’d rather not have that happen, isn’t that right?’

When she didn’t answer, he slapped between her legs with the back of his hand, her body convulsing and the chains clinking.

‘When a slave is asked a question, she should respond. Or she will be punished. Does the slave understand?’

She didn’t answer, and so he slapped her again. Her grunt of pain was louder, before becoming a wet, coughing splutter, some of the water from her gag falling down her throat.

‘Does the slave understand?’

‘Ymph.’ She managed to make her weak cough sound indignant, but it was a start.

‘You are to speak when spoken to and only then. If I hear you speaking, then you will be punished. You are to be obedient at all times, otherwise I will punish you. If you anger me, then I won’t hesitate to take your pretty head and hold it under. You have a nice body, and there’s always a market for meat that won’t complain. But you’ll be worth more if you’re not drooling and daft.’

He flicked his hand again, and she flinched even though he didn’t make contact with the strike, instead just lightly touching a finger between her folds.

‘A good girl gets rewarded.’

He began to stroke his fingers, moving them over her cold flesh, feeling her start to warm up.

‘You might protest, but you’re a slut at heart really, aren’t you? Wanting to be filled and stuffed.’ She was starting to shiver, body shaking, the chains making a soft clinking. Having to punish her without leaving any marks that would take too long to heal would be a challenge, but the alternative was being sold himself, if he couldn’t pay his debts.

Her cunt was loosening, and he could more easily slide a finger into her, twisting it around, smiling as her thighs tensed, unable to close up. Her inner walls tried to pull him deeper in, her body wanting more stimulation. He withdrew his finger and licked it.

‘You taste clean. You’ve been well-kept, haven’t you? But now you’re just property. The sooner you adjust, the better.’

He twisted his finger inside of her again, teasing her before walking around behind her, staying inside of her. She had nice taut buttocks – whatever she had done before, she hadn’t been lazing around! Joseph kept stroking her pussy, lightly running his other hand down her back, feeling the shivering of her body as she tried to fight off the chill creeping into her body. Stirring her up made a warmth blossom inside of her, her juices flowing more strongly now.

The whip hanging on the wall was tempting, but would leave marks that might not heal in time. Instead, he kept fingering her as he stretched out, straining towards a flogger, the end of the leather cords tied into hard lumps.

Ivy’s body was convulsing now, between her cold shivers and the pleasure forced onto her body, eyelids fluttering. He withdrew his fingers from her, then cracked the flogger, bringing it downwards and hitting her on the pussy and thighs.

‘Maarrghmph!’ The way her muscles moved, smooth and tight as she futilely tried to close her legs to protect herself, was a delight, showing off her body, and how valuable she could be, if made obedient. Her skin was white now, the flogger leaving red marks, her pussy wet and open, as he struck her again, before changing the angle and bringing it across her pert buttocks. Joseph counted in his head, before stopping after twenty and then stepping around in front of her.

The chains were in constant motion now, scraping and sliding around. She looked up at him, eyes wide and desperate.

‘A good slave counts her punishments. How many times were you struck, slave?’ He prodded her in the belly with the flogger, before gently tapping her in the forehead with his foot.

Fear and uncertainty sparked in her eyes.

‘Well? A good slave should know how much punishment she deserves. Do you think that was enough, for how much of a bad girl you’ve been?’

She whimpered, torn between possible answers – she clearly didn’t want more punishment, but saying that might be the wrong answer.

‘Well?’

‘Sttoopphhh! Pleaphhh!’

He struck her across the belly with the flogger, leaving more impact-marks, then attacking her tits, making the clamp-chain shake about.

‘You soiled your box, and you have been disobedient and unruly. And you are not even counting your punishments! No, you need to be hurt more.’

Joseph kept the flogger-cords moving, cracking it over her body, again and again, changing the angle of strikes to cover her entire body with red cord-marks, her body unable to escape or evade the hits. She had a lovely body, with perfect curves – wide hips and a narrow waist, and would look magnificent in proper clothing, if she proved herself worthy.

He lost count of how many strikes had been delivered, but tears were falling from her eyes, her breath weak and desperate. Another strike, with his full strength behind it, made her body convulse as the knotted cords smashed into her tender belly.

Then he reached forward and started to tease her pussy again, ignoring the dusting of pubic hair, her slit still warm and wet, making his voice softer and more gentle.

‘You see? Be a good girl and you can enjoy this. But a naughty girl will be punished.’

She was whimpering and mumbling now, unable to form anything more coherent, her body red with marks, flesh cold except for the wet heat of her cunt. He slid two fingers into her, twisting them in up to the knuckle, smiling at the way she gripped him, pulling him into her body. He moved them about slowly, teasing and exciting her, feeling her body driven into heat, her breath coming in time with his movements.

As she started approaching her peak, he slapped her belly, knocking the air from her, making her cough and splutter and whine. She tightened up around him even more, whining in between gasps, and then he withdrew. Her pussy was wet and open, wanting to be used and filled, but he just slapped it, enjoying causing her pain, feeling himself harden.

‘A good girl gets pleasure. But you haven’t earned that yet.’ He started to stroke himself, opening up his trousers again, letting her see his cock as he pumped it, spitting into his hand to lubricate himself. It didn’t take long to come, splatting his seed onto her smooth belly, pearl beads sliding down her body. She whimper-whined again, but only quietly this time.

‘You can think about your actions until I return.’ He reached out and took a blindfold, bending over to wrap it around her eyes. She didn’t resist, although there was fear in her gaze, and when he pinched her nostrils for a moment she tried to shake him off. ‘You will need to learn to not resist. When I return, I hope that you will be a lot more obedient, otherwise I will have to be a lot harsher. Do you understand?’

‘Yeph!’

He pulled on a tit-chain. ‘Do it properly.’

‘Yeph, Maphter!’

‘See? Not that hard, is it?’ He squeezed on a clamp, releasing it, hearing her whine as blood returned, repeating it on the other nipple.

He stood up to examine his handiwork – suspended upside-down, arms and legs spread, flesh marked with red welt-marks, her slight shivering making the chains hum and sigh. His cum was pearl-flecked across her belly, slowly seeping into her flesh, the scent of her pussy-juice vivid. At least she wasn’t utterly stubborn – good progress for a session!

Chapter Four: Assuming the Positions

Joseph gave Ivy's throat a squeeze, although she didn't resist. It was almost a shame to cover up her slender neck, but she needed to be shown her place! She shivered when he put the heavy metal collar around her neck, three inches of dull steel forcing her to hold her head high. It wasn't made for her, so wasn't as snug a fit as he would like, but he could always check for chafing regularly. The padlock was work and battered, covered with scratches and dents from previous wearers trying to break it. He tidied her hair, making sure that none of it was trapped inside the collar – her long, black tresses were definitely one of her selling points! Although he hadn't put the blindfold on very well, the strap all caught up with strands of her hair.

He felt her arms twist within the sheathe of the armbinder, but without much force. Was she getting more obedient? Or just biding her time?

'Time for some slave training. If you start to disobey, then I'll start drowning you again.' He reached a hand over her mouth, pushing his finger against the wad of material still banded between her cheeks. 'Remember your position.' He unbuckled the strap from around her head and reached into her mouth, stretching her lips wide to pull out the bundled-up fabric and pulling it out. It had been warmed by her body, thoroughly soaked with her spit, sticky to the touch, as he cast it aside with a splat.

'You have a good body, but your posture and gait needs work. You would be far better as a display piece than an actual maid, so there's no need to teach you housekeeping or anything.'

'Mphhh...'

Her jaw would still be sore from the gag, but at least she didn't try to speak.

'I hope you like the dress. It suits you.' He stroked her back, feeling the translucent gauze – a white apron had been tied around her waist, but mostly to draw attention to her figure rather than anything else, her breasts visible through the lace and gauze. 'I think it might be suitable for you to wear when on the auction block.' She made a faint sound of unhappiness, then grunted as he slapped her ass. 'If you want to be sold as something fancier, then you should have been better behaved to start with. I'm going to release your arms. Will you obey?'

Her voice was raw and weak as she spoke. 'Ye... Yes, Master.'

He stroked her body. 'Good girl.' Unstrapping the armbinder didn't take long, the leather sliding off her arms. She tensed and twitched her fingers, but kept her hands behind her back, still blindfolded. 'Arms out. Nice and straight.'

She obeyed, holding her arms up horizontally. He stroked along her shoulders and arms, enjoying how she shivered with every contact.

'A good slave can move smoothly and quietly.' The leather cuffs on her wrists had metal D-rings – he clipped a metal bell onto each, the things chiming as the metal balls inside each rolled and struck against the outer shell. As soon as he dropped them, they chimed again. 'Another for your neck, and then your waist. I don't think you're up to the ankles yet.'

The bells were bright brass, a stark contrast to the dull metal of the collar. Around her waist he buckled another belt, with four bells on, all of them jangling as he twisted it into place. Between her ankles, he put just a hobble-chain, limiting her strides, and taking the opportunity to

feel her legs. Long and smooth, they really were one of her best features – maybe a shorter skirt, or long at the back and short at the front, to show them off? And definitely a lace garter on one!

‘You are going to need to move without making unnecessary noise. Otherwise you will be punished.’ He poked a cane against her buttocks again. ‘You will also need to learn to serve tea and so forth. A few skills others than those needed in the bedroom.’ He poked harder, until she responded, voice quiet, still raw from the gag.

‘Yes, master.’

‘I hope this obedience is permanent. Although I was tempted by the idea of you drinking down my piss. That would serve as punishment for any poor behavior, I feel?’ Her shiver of revulsion was pleasurable, showing her to be controllable, at least somewhat.

‘Please, Master, may...’

He slapped her ass, quite hard, silencing her. ‘You have not yet earned the right to request anything.’ He kept his fingers dug into her ass-meat, squeezing it hard. ‘Your first trial is to eat and drink. *Silently*.’ Still groping her ass, he removed her blindfold, brushing hair from her eyes.

They weren’t in the dungeon, but in one of the display rooms, fit for the nobility to stand in while being show the produce. Grimy sunlight poured down from a skylight, illuminating wood in need of a dust and polish – Helena needed to get someone to clean it!

On the floor was a bowl of slave-slop, next to a bowl of water. He gave her a push forward, the bells chiming, the ankle-fetter snapping taut as she tried to step forward again.

As she bent over, the dress pulled tight around her, highlighting her ass. Her bells chimed, and he flicked his wrist, slapping the cane over the buttocks. The flesh compressed under the attack, making her shake, more of the bells chiming. His next strike was less hard, giving her a moment to collect herself. Now, when she dropped further downwards, it was more slowly, trying not to make another noise.

Ivy moved onto her hands and knees, slowly moving forward. In that position, she was a tempting target – it would be so easy to flip her skirt up and fuck her, here and now! But he resisted, just moving around to her side. The dress really did flatter her, although grit and dirt was sticking to her hands and knees.

One arm moved with careful slowness, coming up and forward as she started to crawl. He made an encouraging noise, moving to be on the edge of her vision, making sure the cane was within her vision. She managed to move forward and place her hand on the floor without making a noise. Getting to the bowls took her a while, but she managed it with only a few soft jingles, each earning her a tap to the ass.

When she reached her destination, she lowered her head, placing her lips against the water in the bowl. Her neck-bell hit the rim of the bowl, and she froze, her sudden intake of breath loud enough that Joseph could hear it. He flicked the cane against her backside, making her squeal in pain. ‘A slave should be more aware of her surroundings. You wouldn’t want to startle your master, would you?’

Her tongue lapped at the water, splashing as she drank.

‘I do hope you’re not making a mess. It would be a shame if that nice dress of yours were to be dirtied. And try to be more elegant in your drinking.’

The slurping sound lessened as she licked at the water more slowly. Joseph went around to her front and squatted, enjoying the way she tensed up in momentary fear. He patted her on the head, tidying her hair further, trying to keep it out of the water bowl.

‘Good girl. If you obey, you will be allowed a nicer life than if you resist.’ He gripped her hair but didn’t yet pull on it, letting her drink further. He could feel the tensing and relaxing of her throat as she lapped and swallowed, breathing in a cute little huffs between gulps of water. The bell gave soft chimes, impossible to entirely still.

‘Now, eat. You will need your strength.’

He pulled her up by the hair, dragging her head from the water-bowl and moving it over to the slop bowl. She whined, softly protesting as her lips were forced towards it.

‘Eat, slut. Or would you rather have it poured down your throat? Beg to eat.’

He pushed her head down until her lips brushed the greasy slop. She closed her mouth, and he tightened his grip, feeling her hairs snap and tear under the pressure. Her back went rigid as he kept pushing down, her lips breaking the surface before he pulled her up.

‘Beg.’

She growled, and he pushed her down again, more forcefully this time. ‘Please let me eat, master.’

‘Good. A slave should obey, not resist.’ He held her head in position, allowing her to lick at the slop. ‘You must be hungry. Eat, and then your training can continue. Just remember to do so cleanly and quietly.’

Her tongue flicked out of her mouth, pink and soft, as she ate, lapping and swallowing down the gloopy paste.

‘Good. If you behave, then you will be permitted your hands. Otherwise, they will stay bound behind your back. A fuck-slave doesn’t need hands, after all. Isn’t that right?’ Joseph pulled her head up, forcing her to meet his eyes. ‘A slave should answer her owner.’

‘Yes, master...’ Her voice was quiet and hesitant, her lips flecked with slop. ‘Please...’

He pushed her head down and let her finish eating, enjoying the sight of her tongue lapping up the slop.

When she was done, he pulled her up to standing by her hair, holding her up – she was shorter than he was, so she had to strain onto her toes, or risk her hair getting torn out. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, her lips a thin white line.

‘Is there something you want to say, slave?’ He shook her around by the hair.

‘Nph!’ She didn’t raise her eyes to meet his.

‘Good. A slave has no opinions. Now, your training – you are to walk across the room and fetch that vase.’ He pointed over a blue vase on a shelf, above her head height. ‘You are to do so quietly.’ She grunted in pain as he forced her to take a step forward, her hands starting to form into fists before he hardened his voice. ‘Remember your position, and present yourself appropriately.’

He let go, and she took a faltering step by herself, a look of fury coming over her face, rapidly suppressed. So, she wasn’t broken yet. But she was obeying, despite hating it – that was progress! Another slow step, her arms unnaturally stiff.

‘Try and look appealing. You have a good body – your master will want you to display yourself well.’

She moved with a little more animation now, swaying her hips a little, her arms very slowly moving, making her look less like an animated puppet. The chain between her ankles limited her movements as well, keeping her feet close together, forcing her to take attractively small steps, even if it did slow her further.

The quiet tinkle of a bell sounded. ‘That was one. Keep going, and you will be punished when you are done.’ He could hear her whimper-sigh, but she kept going, walking across the

room. While she was distracted, Joseph picked up two metal balls, each half the size of his fist. When she reached the other end of the room, the vase was high enough that she had to stand on tip-toes to reach it, her bells tinkling again, the movement making the dress tighten around her body, and then she turned and began walking back.

‘Relax those shoulders a little. You need to be softer-edged – the more attractive you are, the less likely your owner is to hurt you.’ Her eyes flicked up in irritation, meeting his for a moment before looking down, but she obeyed, the change making her seem less tense and angry, and more attractive.

‘Good girl.’

Joseph stroked her cheek, then slapped her cheek, hard enough to turn her head from the impact. She opened her mouth to protest, and he slapped her again, her flesh reddening under the impact.

‘Good, but not perfect, and so you are being punished. I’m sure you will improve in time though.’ To stop her retreating, he grabbed her by the throat and squeezed, continuing to slap at her cheeks with his other hand. ‘Squat. Legs spread.’

He used her throat to guide her downwards, feeling her pulse beat against his fingers. She squatted, her legs spread, translucent skirt showing off her legs, the enticing darkness of her slit just about visible.

‘You may place the vase beneath yourself, pull your skirt up, and then spread your arms.’

She wasn’t certain what was going on, moving slowly and suspecting some trick, but he gave her throat a squeeze and then she obeyed. Ivy looked up at him, flinching when he raised a hand, although he didn’t slap her, instead stroking her cheek, sliding a finger into her mouth.

‘The better you behave, the better you will be treated, and the more likely it will be that you get a kindly master. Or maybe even a mistress.’

As her arms came up, she moved too fast, one of the bells chiming. He squeezed her throat more tightly, her tongue stiffening against his finger, licking it in some desperate attempt to placate him.

‘Hands open.’ As soon as she obeyed, he dropped one of the metal spheres into each palm. ‘Keep your arms straight.’ They were heavy enough that he could see her strain immediately, trying to keep her arms fully extended without dropping them. ‘You may put them down when you have pleased me.’

Still with one hand in her mouth, he opened his trousers with his other hand, taking his erect cock and using that to slap her across the face, then withdrawing his finger.

‘Mouth wide and open.’

Her soft lips spread open, and he slid his cock-crown into the inviting space, sliding forward until he met the resistance of her throat.

‘Use your tongue, slut.’

It started to writhe and slide over his shaft, and he took a tight grip of the back of her head, slowly thrusting in and out.

‘You can’t just use your looks, you need to show some skill as well. Unless you want to just be a useless slut?’

She began to put effort in, using her lips to suckle his cock, tongue twining around his length. Her body was starting to twitch and judder from the strain of her position, her arms struggling to stay straight, her calves under stress from squatting, but she couldn’t protest. He twisted her hand around his hand, using it as a convenient handle to face-fuck her. Ivy’s throat started to succumb, the tight passageway giving way to his thrusts, Ivy making wet blubbling

sounds. When he looked down, he could see tears beading in the corners of her eyes, starting to trickle down her face.

‘Good. With some mascara, that will be an attractive sight.’

If she tried to say anything back, it was lost in the gulping swallows as her tight throat was deformed by his cock, until he came.

‘Head back, swallow. You should never spit out any of your owner’s cum unless instructed.’

She was still dazed and short of air, obeying without grumbling.

‘Mouth open, tongue out.’

Her spittle was still mixed with some of his cum, but she had obeyed.

‘Good girl. Now you may relieve yourself.’ Her arms were starting to shake, the effort of holding the balls up taking a toll. ‘Once that is done, then you may rest.’ He reached down between her legs and pulled her skirts completely up, so her pussy was visible, and her face flushed, a delightful spike of shame and humiliation. ‘Your body is not your own. If your master wishes to look at you, then you will let them.’ He moved the vase to better position it. ‘Now obey.’

She closed her eyes, trying to look away before he slapped her again, her eyes flashing open. He shook his head.

‘Obey, slut.’

Liquid came from between her legs, first a tiny dribble, but then coming out in a hot and urgent stream, splashing into the vase. Her face started to burn a deep red, overcoming the marks from the slaps, humiliation searing her skin, her eyes dancing around and refusing to look at him.

‘Isn’t this better than soiling yourself? Unless you want me to pour that onto your body?’

She shook her head, brief and desperate movement making her neck-bell chime. ‘No. I’m sorry, Master! Please don’t... do that. Please!’

‘Well, you do have some talent at cock-sucking, and have progressed faster than expected. But you will need to keep that obedience, otherwise that lovely body of yours will be punished. Do you understand?’

The piss was still flowing out of her, splashing into the vase, her arms visibly convulsing now.

‘Yes, Master.’

‘Good.’ He waited until she had finished pissing, almost filling the vase. ‘You may release the balls.’ She turned her hands, dropping the spheres to the floor with loud *thuds*, her arms dropping, weakened past use. ‘Now, I’m going to hood and bind you, and once you’ve recovered your training will continue. What do you say to your master?’

‘Thank you, Master.’

‘Carry on.’

‘Please... Please train me further, Master.’

The look in her eyes didn’t entirely match her words, but the obedience was a good start.

‘On the floor, grasp your ankles with your hands.’

She dropped down into the “hogtie” position, making it easy to truss her up, her whole body arced into a bend, held tight. Then he slipped a hood over her face, ignoring her quiet grunt of protest, then picking her up by the ropes, able to carry her like an oversized package. There was still work to do, but it was a good start!

Chapter Five: Water and Rope

Joseph held Ivy's head underneath the water, watching as desperate bubbles streamed from her mouth and nose, her armbinder-wrapped arms shaking about, unable to exert any force to break free. Her feet kicked against the floor, drumming against the wood, impacts getting weaker and weaker until he let her up for a single, convulsive breath, then shoved her head under again. He repeated this several times, until her limbs stopped flailing, her body going limp.

He held her up, her body shaking, lungs heaving as she coughed up water, spewing it down her front. Joseph slapped her between the shoulder-blades to help her, holding her head above the water.

'You were doing so well, but such language is not appropriate. You are going to be an attractive and polite doll. And if you swear, then you will be punished.' He pushed down, holding her lips just above the water. She tensed up, but had barely any strength to resist. 'What do you say?'

Her voice was weak and wet. 'I'm sorry, Master! It won't happen again!'

'See that it doesn't. It would be a shame to seal that mouth of yours. You've gotten quite good at giving oral pleasure. Now, I am going to prepare you to show to Mistress Helena. If you misbehave, then what you have just experienced will be repeated for several hours. I've seen that done to people – they generally find it rather hard to think afterwards. Is that what you would like? You may answer.'

'No, Master!' Fear tinged her voice. 'I'm sorry! I was stupid! I won't disobey again!'

He slapped her across the back, before stroking his hand down her back, feeling the chill of her body. 'Mouth open.'

She obeyed, stretching her jaw wide, her breath making the surface of the water ripple. He resisted the temptation to push her head down into the water, instead putting a metal ring behind her teeth, strapping it into place. Then he dried her down, using an old and scratchy towel. Her body was lovely and soft, despite her coughs and splutters! It would be a shame when she was sold, but if it cleared his debt, then he could get some other meat to train. Even if they probably wouldn't be as high quality.

'Stand.'

She managed to obey, although her body was shaking still. He rubbed at her with the towel, trying to warm her up – he didn't want her to get sick! Her posture was better now, standing in a seductive pose with her breasts out, her feet slightly arched, despite the recent torments she had been subjected to. He unbuckled her armbinder, sliding it off her arms, patting the flesh, checking there was no infirmity, that her skin was unblemished still.

Joseph then took one of her arms and bent it behind her back, twisting her hand so that her palm was vertical, then repeating this with the other hand, pulling the two of them together until they were pressed against each other, as though she were praying, but with her hands behind her back.

It made the muscles of her back and shoulders shift beneath her flesh, showing off her fair, smooth skin. He held them there with one hand, then picked up a coil of red rope with the other, wrapping it between her fingers and then around her wrist. With practiced skill, he looped around her elbows, and then knotted it around her neck, forcing her hands into the reverse-prayer position. If she relaxed her arms too much, then it would put strain onto the rope over her throat, choking her.

‘Grpphh...’ She squirmed against the ropes, unable to wholly resist putting some weight onto the ropes.

‘Shhh. They look good on you.’ The bright red ropes did set off her body well, contrasting with her skin and hair. Although her hair was rather bedraggled at the moment – he’d have to give it a good wash soon! And her nails as well. But there was the rest of the rope first. He took another coil and unknotted it, finding the center and then starting to wrap it around her body, twisting it back on itself to form a harness around her body. It cinched tightly around her waist, drawing attention to her slender shape, and the curve of her hips. He shaped it tightly around her breasts, tweaking and twisting it into hexagonal shapes. It was always fiddly getting this right! Her navel was framed in the middle of one segment, a cute little nub of flesh.

Her pussy was in need of a shave, but that could wait for later. He took the rope and tucked it around itself, then pulled it tightly into her slit. She tensed her thighs, her inner walls dry and the rope scraping.

‘You should learn to enjoy such things. It will make it easier for you.’ He pulled the rope even tighter, using it to part her buttocks as well, tying it onto the back of the harness. When he tweaked the rope, she winced and shuddered, not liking the sensation. He reached around her, one arm around her waist, the other stroking her lower lips. The fuzzy pubic hair was unappealing, and really would need trimming soon! But she responded well to his probing, her body desperate for any sensation that wasn’t painful.

‘That’s better, isn’t it?’ Her pussy rapidly warmed and loosened, and he tightened the rope as it drank at her pussy-juice. ‘Nice and tight! Shoes next.’

He knelt down, gently lifting one foot and placing it into a high-heeled stiletto, forcing her foot fully into an arch, leather straps holding it into place, showing off the soft skin of her foot. The heel-spike was high enough that it threw her off-balance when just one foot was shod, wobbling until he strapped her other foot in as well.

‘Stand tall, be proud. You are high-quality meat, and I want you to show that off.’ As he stood, he looked her over – she was still shorter than him, even with the heels, but was pushed upwards. Having her arms bound behind her, along with the ropes themselves, made her breasts push outwards more, making them look larger, but still well-formed. The bite-marks from the clamps had healed now, her nipples soft and inviting. When she saw him looking, she tensed her jaw, making an attempt at a smile around the gag. ‘Very good. I knew you had the makings of a good slave. Once you became obedient.’

Her eyes looked away, and he grabbed her chin, kissing her. He could feel her tongue recoiling away from his, pressing his own into her mouth, overpowering her within her own mouth. As he kissed her, he kept stroking between her legs, feeling her body warm up under the gentle pressure. He stepped back, smiling at the slight whine of protest she made, her body wanting more pressure and contact.

‘Good girls get rewards. Bad girls get hurt. And you haven’t proven yourself as a good girl yet. Now, your bells.’

She whined again, but only quietly, as he attached several of the ball-bells to the ropes, the metal falling close against her body, then stepping behind her, stroking her body and twisting the ropes into a more attractive placement. Her natural odor was slightly sweet, although undercut with fear and lust.

‘I’ll get you some scent for when you’re displayed – would you like that?’

She froze, then nodded her head, a bell softly chiming as she moved.

‘It will probably increase your price. Now, walk forward. I’m going to display you to Mistress Helena. You are going to be *very* well-behaved.’ He rubbed against her body, letting her feel his erect cock through his trousers.

She took a slow step forward, the ropes settling into place – tight enough to restrain her body and be impossible to break out of, but not so tight as to cause harm. The crotch-rope spread her buttocks wide, while the heels made her calves and ankles pleasingly taut. As she walked, her hips adopted a soft swaying motion, drawing attention to her hips and buttocks.

He took a cane and walked close behind her, using the cane to steer her, tapping it against her buttocks whenever there was a junction. The scent of her lust intensified as she walked, the rope wedged into her pussy rubbing and stimulating her.

Joseph had to step around her to push a door open, a floral scent washing out as they stepped into Helena’s personal chambers. Everything here was warm and light – well-polished brass ornaments and decorative plates were on the walls or displayed on a heavy wooden cabinet. Framed etchings depicted various women in positions of suffering, their bodies contorted and twisted. A vividly green plant was potted in the corner, bright red chilies dangling down.

Helena was sat at a table, covered with a white cloth, pristinely clean, a hot cup of tea on a delicate porcelain saucer. Stood against the wall, in a close-fitting maid uniform, was Molly, her large breasts straining at the cheap fabric.

‘Good afternoon, Mistress Helena.’ He dipped his head in respect, then put his hand against Ivy’s back, grabbed a rope and twisted, making it hitch between her buttocks and tighten against her pussy. She gasped, shivered and tensed her legs, unable to keep the cord out of her sensitive parts. He pinched her back until she bent her body at the waist in a bow, although the ropes were pinching and shaping her body.

‘This is your rope-work then? Hmmm, looks pretty enough, I suppose.’

He reached around and groped Ivy’s breasts, held pert and tight within the harness, then pushed her forward, allowing Helena to better inspect his work. She reached out a hand, nails sliding along flesh before twisting around the rope and tugging on that. Ivy shuddered, a bell softly chiming. He slapped her backside as a swift punishment, digging his fingers into her flesh.

‘Clever. And she’s soft enough to take that pose. That should tame her. Although she’s looking a lot more docile.’

Joseph kept stroking Ivy’s body, feeling it heat up, her arousal overt, nipples hardening.

‘I found that she disliked the water training. Isn’t that right, slut-slave?’

‘...Yeph, Maphter...’ Her voice was weak and hesitant, especially with the gag, but it was good that she responded, rather than fighting back.

Helena nodded. ‘Harsh, but effective. The pretty ones always dislike it. Although she needs some sprucing up – you’ve let her hair get messy. And what’s all this?’ Fingers grabbed and tugged at pubic hair, yanking out a few strands, the sudden pain making Ivy yelp.

‘Yes, Mistress. I’ll be giving her a thorough clean and tidy-up before the auction. But she has good muscle tone already, and has good endurance. She’s getting particularly good at holding her breath.’

Ivy couldn’t hold a shiver of fear, and then Helena dug nails into her belly, feeling at her body. ‘Tougher than I thought! But not a surprise for how much she spat and fought. Worse than an alleycat!’

‘Would you like me to suspend her?’

‘Yes, I think that might be useful. And a good way to show her off. There’s some rope on the side.’

Joseph looked up – there was a heavy light fixture hanging from the ceiling, iron chains easily strong enough to support her weight. The rope that Helena gestured at was heavy hemp, rough and prickly – not as elegant or attractive as the bright red, and more suited for significantly heavier loads than was needed here.

Still, it was satisfying to throw a loop of the rope over the chandelier, then around Ivy, adding onto the harness around her body and using that to lift her off the floor. She hung there limply, dangling downwards, supported around her waist, with a splatter of dribble falling from her mouth onto her chest. Her crotch-rope was now even tighter, wedged deep into her pussy, partially hidden from view.

Next he wrapped a rope around her ankle, making sure that it wouldn’t put weight anywhere that might cause damage, before throwing the rest of the cord upwards. Using that, it was easy to tilt her body to be partially horizontal, her other leg limp and loose. Another twist of rope supported her knee, while leaving that leg outstretched and exposed. Her other leg he started to bind beneath the first, using it as a tether.

The effect ended with her torso being held vertically, but her legs stretched out, like she was reclining comfortably, except with no way to escape, and her arms still bound behind her body. She was utterly exposed and vulnerable, her body bound and suspended.

He slapped her buttock. ‘Try and move, slut.’

She made a pathetic mewling sound, but obeyed, trying to move her limbs. She could shake her legs about a little, her ankles able to move, but there was nothing more than that she could manage. He moved around to stand by Helena’s chair, looking at his handiwork. Her shoulders tensed and bunched, making her breast-harness tighten and pinch her tits further. She kept struggling, straining against the ropes without any success, more spit flowing down her chest, running into the red cords.

‘Hmmm. Quite a nice look. Although the ropes do seem to limit access.’

Joseph tugged on Ivy’s crotch rope, tightening it even further, making her gasp in pleasure-pain, before sliding his fingers around it, into her juicy cunt. It tensed around his fingers, pulling him deeper in.

‘There are other ties possible, but this one is a nice balance.’

‘Hmmm, I find chains easier, but I suppose this fancy foreign sort of thing is all the fashion at the moment. But it does suit her well. Although don’t the ropes get in the way of any strikes?’ She stood up from her seat and approached Ivy, slapping at an exposed belly, the strike partially blocked by the ropes. He felt the slight impact through Ivy’s body, as she exhaled in a gush.

‘That is true, but I find that there are other benefits.’ He pulled his finger out and then gave her a push, her body swinging. Ivy tried to angle herself in order to gain some control, but there was nothing she could do except swing back and forth. He gave her another, harder shove,

making her sway with more force, her hair swinging as well. There was panic in her eyes, her loss of control total. She tried moving her legs, but all she could do was shake slightly, still swinging back and forth.

‘If you’re careful with the rope placement, it’s possible to leave someone suspended for lengthy periods with less damage than chains. Although there can be damage done if the ropes are incorrectly placed.’

‘It’s pretty, I’ll grant that.’ Her old, withered hand contrasted with Ivy’s young and soft flesh, as she slid fingers beneath the rope and tweaked it tighter, pinching and compressing the skin beneath. ‘And I can see some uses for it. I think I’ll stick to straps and harnesses myself – a lot easier to work with. But maybe you can tie up some of the meat, make them prettier to sell. Although I do like how you’ve displayed her pretty little cunt.’ She fingered the wet slit herself, Ivy shaking, trying to wriggle away. But she was unable to move away, only strain uselessly against the ropes. ‘Nice and exposed and vulnerable.’ She poked and prodded at exposed skin. ‘And no marks? Good. Bruised meat goes for less. I’ve gotten Molly nice and trained, and Rose is currently in the punishment box for some sloppy work – but she should be able to heal in time. I’m surprised to see Ivy so compliant.’

‘It took quite a few forced submersions. I think she may be starting to get the idea now. Isn’t that right, Ivy? You may speak.’

‘Yeph, Maphter!’ She squeaked as he gave her another shove, making her swing about.

‘Courtesy? That is a surprise. Hopefully it will keep until after she is sold.’

Ivy’s chest was shiny with dribble now, as she couldn’t stop it spilling out from her forced-open mouth. Her sheer lack of control was a pleasure by itself, as the bright red fruit on the chili plants caught his eyes. Helena saw him looking.

‘Lady Melissa sent that to me. Those little things are quite vicious. Hmmm, why don’t we use one on little Ivy here? She did advise drying them out and using them on the eyes of a troublesome slave. But I think they can be used raw as well.’ She walked over and carefully plucked two, careful not to touch them with her fingers, just her nails. ‘If you would like to?’

He took them onto his palm, wincing for a moment, expecting some pain. But they felt just like plants – smooth and light. He nibbled at the end of one, and a burning heat seared his tongue, making him splutter. ‘They seem, um, quite biting!’ He huffed and blew, trying to dispel the sensation in his mouth, but it persisted, settling into his throat no matter how much he swallowed.

Ivy’s wriggling continued, especially as he approached. Her eyes focused on the bright red fruits, and he raised his palm for her to see them.

‘One is going to go into your mouth. I want you to keep it there – if you spit it out, then I’m sure I don’t need to tell you what I will do. If you use your tongue enough, then you can probably soften it enough to eat.’

He reached around her head and grabbed her hair, using it to pull her head back, and dropping one of the things in. She whined, her face reddening, cheeks tensing and her breath quickening.

‘Mistress Helena, do you have a plug for her mouth?’

‘Yes, I want to see her reaction when the other one goes in, without having to listen to her screams.’

Ivy was twisting and wriggling, managing to keep her head tilted back, but making pained squeals, her breasts rising and falling as she panted. Helena grabbed at Ivy’s head herself, pushing a puck of leather into the girl’s mouth to seal it. The wet gurgling quietened but didn’t

cease – Joseph could see feel the heat stinging his own mouth, having the whole thing must be even more intense!

As her head was released, her head rolled back to the side, and she saw that he was still holding another one. Her nostrils flared desperately, her cheeks burning red. When he reached towards her pussy, she whined, high-pitched and desperate, but she couldn't resist at all, suspended as she was, as he pushed the other plant into her sopping wet cunt. It contracted around his fingers, and he felt a prickling heat on his nails.

Her body immediately stiffened, walls contracting tightly around his fingers, her breath fast and rapid. Despite the slight discomfort on his own fingers, he teased and stroked inside of her, her whole body twitching and convulsing. Her breath was coming in desperate pants now, her hips shifting and shaking.

He gave it another push, making sure it was firmly wedged inside of her, before slowly withdrawing out of her and then stepping back, making sure the crotch-rope was tightly wedged into place.

Her eyes were wide and desperate, sweat starting to make her skin shine. Her face was flushed and red, a keening sound coming from her plugged mouth. The ropes held tight, even as her sweat started to soak into the ropes. Even in her tormented state, she was still attractive, although her face was rather blotchy now. He could see her cunt twitching, juices flowing, tears streaming down her cheeks.

'Hmmm. That does seem effective. Maybe the plant was worth the trouble of keeping it alive? Now, why don't you sit down and have some tea with me? We can see how long it lasts, and how your rope work endures. Molly, pour Joseph some tea.'

The maid stirred into life, stepping forward and obeying, pouring out a cup, before pulling out a chair. He sat down, opposite Ivy, enjoying her groans and squeals, then taking a sip of the tea.

Chapter Six: Final Preparations

Ivy had wrapped herself into a tight ball, her skin shiny and wet as she sat in the tin bathtub. Joseph lightly prodded her between the shoulders with the brush.

‘I need to wash you. This means that you need to relax. Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle. I don’t want to mark up your skin.’

Her mouth was plugged with a leather ball strapped into her mouth, her hair tied up in a high ponytail. She grunted from behind the gag-ball, her eyes downcast, but she did relax, the muscles of her arms not gripping around her legs as tightly.

‘Good girl. And I even had the water warmed up for you.’ He reached a hand in and swirled it around, splashing her a little, then feeling her skin – still warm and smooth. ‘Hands on your head, so I can wash you properly.’

Water splashed as she obeyed, putting her hands on her head, showing off her breasts. He took the bar of soap and started to wipe it over her breasts, enjoying the feeling, lightly squeezing and stroking them, working up a light skim of suds.

‘You’re a lot more obedient than you were. This makes it more likely you’ll get a buyer that treats you kindly. Although only if you continue to be well-behaved – if you misbehave, they will punish you, or might bring you back here for more training. Is that what you’d like?’

She gave a short, urgent shake of her head, with enough force that her hair whipped about.

‘Then you’ll be a good girl, won’t you? You may speak.’

‘Yes, Master! Please, don’t...’ She trailed off, unable to meet his eyes, as he kept stroking her breasts, washing away grime and sweat.

‘Good girls don’t get punished. So don’t misbehave. Now, I’m going to prepare you as though you were being sold. The nicer you look, the higher a price you will get, and the happier everyone will be. And you want to make people happy.’ He scrubbed downwards, reaching beneath the water and wiping the soap along her torso. It was violet-scented and had been expensive, but he should be able to make it back, if Ivy sold well! Having her body washed was making her relax a little more, although she was still obviously nervous, her breath coming in short pants through her nose. ‘Try not to dribble. Although when on display, people will want to inspect you, so you should open your mouth if anyone wants to look. Fortunately, you have good teeth and gums. Lean forward.’

She obeyed, and he scrubbed along her arms and shoulders. ‘You’ve got good muscle tone – some of the street-sluts are too scrawny, shows they’ve not been fed well, and that they won’t be able to withstand anything rough. But you’ve been well-fed. Who knows, some owners like a girl that struggles a little? Maybe you’ll get one of those.’ As he washed her, he poked and probed with his fingers, checking for any points that made her wince, any signs of infirmity a buyer might settle on and use to try and drive the price down. When he jabbed her in the kidneys, she twitched in response and squeaked, but nothing else.

‘I’m going to wash your hair now.’ That made her whimper slightly. ‘I won’t hold you under for long, I just need to wet your hair.’ He pushed her head forward and down, making her bend at the waist. There was the faintest touch of resistance, but he pushed harder and she

succumbed, allowing her head to be pushed beneath the surface, and he splashed water all over it, before dragging her upwards again. Her mouth dropped open as she inhaled, her body shaking in fear. He untied her hair, letting it flow freely, and started to brush it. In her captivity, it had gone longer, although dead strands fell out as he brushed it, long lines trailing from the brush. 'Hmmm. I should have done this before. But you were misbehaving, so it was hard to find the time.'

It took some time, but he cleared out all the dead hair, before dunking her again, rubbing scented oils into her scalp. A luster was starting to come back to her hair, a raven-gleam, accompanied by the sweet scent of the oil. Rubbing and stroking her body was arousing him, although he tried to focus on cleaning her, tempting though it was to use her mouth. That would have to wait for later!

'Hands.'

She lifted her hands from the water, holding them towards him. 'I need to trim your nails. And then maybe a reward before dressing you? Would you like that?' She gave a small, worried nod, wincing as he took some nail scissors. 'Don't move, I don't want to slip.' He held her hand and trimmed her nails as neatly as he could, cutting off the cracked and damaged parts, shaping them into neat curves. He would have to put them as well, but that could be done later.

'Good girl. Now up. You need a trim.'

She stood, water splashing down her body. The sight of her long and slender legs was still pleasurable, as was her obedience in keeping her arms by her side, not trying to cover herself up. After wiping her legs with the soap, he pointed at a chair. 'Sit. Legs spread. And tidy your hair.'

Still dripping wet, she obeyed, taking a seat, keeping her legs spread wide to expose her pussy, complete with slight curls of pubic fuzz, running fingers through her hair to try and tease it into order. Fortunately, it fell mostly straight, not needing much effort in order to keep straight and tidy.

'Don't move, I don't want to cut you.' She winced when he got a razor, her eyes following the bright metal. 'Don't worry, I won't hurt you unless you make a mistake. Legs wide.' She spread them wider, letting him move between them. He smeared a soft brush with foam, then wiped it over her crotch, the hairs sticking together, making sure to coat them all.

Then he took the razor and gently wiped it over her flesh, feeling the hairs slice away from her skin. He angled the blade to cut as close to her skin as possible, wanting to make the shave as close and clean as possible.

'You want to be a clean and good girl, don't you? Then someone might protect and look after you.' He applied more shaving foam, making sure to slice all her hairs off, before wiping her clean with a flannel. She winced, her skin sensitized from the close shave, still moist from the bath-water. 'Good girl. You obeyed your master.' After wiping her clean, he felt the shaved flesh, feeling the faintest stubble left. He'd have to give her another trim before the auction, but it was a lot neater already. And more sensitive, to judge by how she reached when she was touched there, the skin scraped and soft. He lightly stroked her, enjoying her reaction, her breath quickening, thighs tensing, but she kept her legs spread wide. She was quick to loosen, her pussy wanting more, greedy and lustful. But he stopped, lightly slapping her thigh. 'Now dress yourself. You want to look your best.'

She whimpered, her hands still playing with her hair, teasing out a few tangles, then stood up.

‘You are a lovely thing. I’ll have to enjoy you before you’re sold. I’ve picked out a dress for you. Something nice and light – to show you off. And your figure doesn’t need much help, fortunately.’

Towel-drying her was a delight, letting him stroke and feel the smooth softness of her body, warm and sweet. When he reached between her legs, she shivered, but her cunt was wet with more than just water, responding to his touch.

‘Good, you know how to behave for your master. That means you will probably be punished less.’ Ivy shivered and sighed, but didn’t speak, stepping out of the tub. ‘Time to get you dressed.’

She was obedient enough she even helped, moving her arms and legs to let herself be dressed, changed into a light dress that highlighted her trim figure, her breasts pushing the front out. A wide leather belt cinched in at the waist, refining her hourglass figure further, the dress sleeveless to show off her arms, and shining metal cuffs on her wrists. The soft fabric brushed against her legs as she moved, showing off the lines of her body beneath.

‘Give me your foot.’

She obeyed, balancing precariously on one leg as he shod her – when he slipped the high heel on, she winced.

‘Yes, the insides are spiked.’ He strapped the high heel on, tight and secure. ‘It should make you step lively, and the purchaser won’t be able to see until they get you home.’ Ivy let out a long sigh as all her weight was put onto the stubby spikes inside the shoe while he slid the other one on. ‘Now, let’s check your posture and gait. Start walking.’

The spikes had the effect of making her legs even tighter than normal, her buttocks visible beneath the light material of her dress – to try and stop her heels getting punished, she was walking even more on her toes than normal.

Joseph stepped forward and felt her ass. It was lovely and tight, the muscles taut beneath yielding flesh. ‘Maybe a plug as well? To show off that you’ve been trained in that hole? Keep walking.’

Ivy walked forward, taking swift and even steps, managing a regular gait despite the spikes tormenting her feet, the line of her shoulders and neck straight and even. Her hair swayed in time with her steps, the ponytail flicking from side-to-side just like a horse’s tail.

‘Hands behind your back.’

He took a cord and lashed it between the rings on the cuffs, connecting them just above her buttocks, so the downward-pointing triangle of her hands and arms made a pleasing line downwards to her buttocks. Joseph took the opportunity to grope her again, stroking her breasts and grinding his crotch against her backside, letting her feel his growing cock. Another strap went around her elbows, bringing them tightly together.

‘Keep going.’

He had to reach around her to open the door, then stood back to admire her walking. Even with her hands bound, she had good gait, and wasn’t showing any signs of pain.

‘That’s good. The nicer you look, the more likely you are to get a kindly owner. Or at least someone that’s paid enough for you that they won’t want to hurt you too much.’

Her ass swayed, almost hypnotic – yes, definitely a plug there, to draw attention. A shiny metal one? Probably without a gem on the end though. The way her hair swayed drew attention to her slender neck – wrapped in a collar, something shiny, that would look even better. Maybe leather? Shiny, glossy black, with a padlock and a shiny metal ring on the front.

‘Turn.’

The hallway outside of the bathroom wasn't very wide, but Ivy still managed to spin on a heel, although a look of pain came into her eyes, the motion putting her weight onto the heel spikes. She managed to maintain her composure though, her face smooth, eyes downcast, lips forced open around the ball-gag.

'Approach.'

She walked forward, placing each foot directly in front of the other, her hips swaying seductively, making his cock harden further. Having her arms bound behind her back pushed her breasts further forward, straining against the thin fabric, nipples visible. Spittle was starting to ooze out of the bottom of her gag.

'No dribbling.'

'Mph...' She tilted her head upwards, struggling to swallow.

'Clean girls normally fetch a higher price. Turn and show yourself off. All the way around.'

She put some effort into it despite the pain it caused her, turning with enough energy to make the light material of her dress rise upwards, revealing the lines of her legs beneath, before settling back down. That would work well to show her off! The dress really was good on her – although a lot of that was due to her own body beneath the fabric.

She posed, hips cocked, managing to show herself off despite her bindings, even leaning forward slightly to show off her breasts, a splat of dribble falling to the floor.

'Good girl.' He approached, lightly pulling at her shoulders to adjust her posture, taking the chance to grope her breasts again – it would be a shame to let her go! But if she got anything like a fair price, then that would cover his debts and then some. Then he stepped behind her and grasped her shoulders, pushing her forward, towards another of the training rooms, reaching around her to open the door.

Heat, dry and fierce, washed out, an intense fire burning, a metal iron heating above it. Mistress Helena was turning the iron, her forehead shiny with sweat. Tightly bound onto a metal rack was Molly, her naked body bright with sweat, a fat leather and metal bit between her teeth and a leather strap holding her head in place. She was whimpering in fear, her breasts already marked with lash-marks. Her whole body was tense, her eyes fixated on the metal pole in the fire, whimpering every time Helena moved it, her own hand wrapped in thick wadding.

Joseph cleared his throat, not wanting to startle Helena. Metal rattled as she turned it again, checking to see if the end was hot enough yet, Molly whimpering again. Her restraints rattled as she strained on them, arms trying to break free of straps, without success, her fingers bunched into tight fists.

'This slut doesn't want to be marked.'

'Hellllphhh!' Molly's eyes were wide and desperate, teeth clamped around the bit, but she had been restrained without any hope of escape.

'She's been reserved, and the buyer wants her marked. And I find that the sounds help encourage obedience, although I can't abide screamers.' Her eyes to Ivy, scanning her over before nodding. 'Good work on the outfit. And she seems obedient. Her body?'

'Performs.' Joseph lifted Ivy's dress up, bundling it to the side, then stroking between her legs, wet and ready. He slid a finger lightly into her, feeling her warm tightness trying to pull him further in. 'She has a dislike of being drowned, which should be useful for her new owner.'

'I heard the splashing. You've managed to keep her figure, and not damaged her. That should help. She's even relatively intact.'

She lifted the branding iron, the shaped head bright orange. Molly whimpered again, still desperately trying to move away from the red-hot metal. Ivy tensed as well, watching the iron move forward. Molly tried to twist again, but there was no way for her to move, before the iron pressed forward against the skin of her belly. She screamed through the gag, a pained and desperate sound as her skin was burned into the shape of the brand – some kind of horsehead? The seared skin was angry and red, the mark burned into flesh. Even when the brand was removed, Molly kept whimpering, her eyes wide and tearful.

‘Would you give her some pleasure? Something of a reward. And it might be the last time she gets any enjoyment, her new owner is a fan of denial.’

Molly was too far gone to respond, but Joseph lifted Ivy’s arms and hooked the end of the straps over a spike on the wall, keeping Ivy in place. When he approached Molly, she whimpered slightly, not entirely insensate. Her cunt was dry and shaved, skin stubbly and rough-looking.

He squeezed her breasts – larger and fuller than Ivy, she would make a good pleasure slave for someone; quiet and compliant. And now marked – the reek of scorched flesh was stomach-churning. But her owner must want her for a while, to have her branded – that would drastically lower her resale value!

Her heart was racing, chest heaving from the physical trauma, and he started to stroke her crotch, fingers sliding and stroking over her lips. Her thighs tensed, but she couldn’t close her legs, as he kept stroking and caressing her, feeling moisture start to creep between her folds.

‘That’s it. You want to be a good girl, don’t you? You want to come and feel pleasure?’ he kept his voice low and smooth, trying to sound reassuring, despite the pain she must be in. ‘You’ve been marked, and that means that you’re owned. You’re going to be a good girl, aren’t you?’

He continued to stroke and tease her pussy, using his other hand to caress her breast, digging his fingers into the soft meat. She was starting to react, her pussy slickening, for all that whimpers were coming from behind the gag, her eyelids fluttering. He was able to finger her more easily – she wasn’t as tight as Ivy was, slightly pudgier and more accommodating. But she was quick to respond, her body pulling his finger into her. He slid it back and forth, until he could slide another one, twisting them back and forth.

The whimpers changed in tone, a tinge of pleasure entering her gagged voice. Although he had to be careful not to brush against her belly and touch the sear-mark and hurt her! She must have been kept in denial to react this fast! He started moving faster and faster, her eyelids fluttering partially open, although without focusing on anything.

He used his thumb to stroke her erect nub, feeling it emerge from her body, and then she climaxed. It was forced and juddering, her moans equal parts pain and pleasure, before she sagged back into her bonds, unconscious again.

‘That’s her done. Well, I have a lot more preparation to do.’ She carefully put the branding iron back in the fire before walking towards the door. ‘See that she behaves properly.’

‘Of course, Mistress Helena. I hope that attendance is good?’

She didn’t answer, walking past him and towards Ivy. She squeezed a breast, hard enough that Ivy groaned and winced, earning herself a light slap across the face until she forced herself to be silent.

‘Hmmm, a lot better than I expected. Good work.’

Chapter Seven: Open Auction

Joseph tweaked Ivy's clothing, pulling down her top a little to show more of her breasts. She shifted uncertainly, her eyes covered by a blindfold, but able to hear the sound of the potential buyers, as they milled about in the display room, separated by a curtain. He gave her throat a quick squeeze, just in case she was thinking of rebelling, but she kept herself in a timid pose, her head down, arms by her waist. The collar around her neck was blood-red leather, clean and fresh, wide enough to make her stretch her neck out, with bright brass rings hanging from it.

He'd chosen something similar to a maid's outfit for her, but crafted from far finer material, lace and gauze more than hinting at her body beneath, showing off her curves. It fell to one side in an asymmetric fashion, exposing the leg all up one thigh, letting potential buyers admire her legs, taut in 4-inch heels and sheathed in stockings. More red leather was wrapped around her wrists and ankles, cuffs ready to restrain her, neat brass D-rings showing how easily she could be restrained. The neckline came all the way up to the collar, but with an open panel to show off her cleavage, already shiny with spit that had dribbled from her mouth. A bit gag was pushed between her teeth, strapped behind her head, bright white teeth on display behind reddened lips.

He stroked down her back, feeling the warmth of her body, then reaching between her legs. She wasn't wearing any underwear, her cunt soft and warm, his finger easily sliding into her. She shivered, her folds tensing around his finger, trying to draw it further into herself, and he obliged, sliding it all the way in, feeling her body accept him.

When he withdrew, she whimpered and sighed, her clothing rustling as she tried to rub herself against him. He took his finger and wiped it against her face, just beneath her nose.

'That should keep you in the appropriate state of mind. Remember what you're here for. Be a good girl, and you'll be treated like a nice pet. If you're naughty or bad though, then you'll be bound onto the block and used by everybody. You don't want that, do you?'

She whimpered again, cheeks flushed with makeup and arousal, the air around her filled with mingled scents of her lust and the sweet perfume he had sprayed her with. He lightly slapped each cheek, adding a little more warmth to her face, before squeezing her breasts.

'So you need to show them that you're a good girl, nice and obedient and willing to fuck when commanded.'

He clipped a leather leash onto her collar, giving it a tug, drawing the cord taut. From outside, he could hear the sounds of an auction happening, one of the mundane pieces getting bid on. It wasn't going very fast, the auctioneer trying to hype up the crowd, but without much success. Well, they weren't really anything special, so it wasn't really a surprise they weren't attracting much attention.

As the bidding went on, Joseph continued to stroke and caress Ivy's body, getting her warmed up, pulling her towards the peak of arousal. Her juices started to stain her thighs, soaking into the tops of her stockings, her breath quickening into short pants, responding to his touches. With his other hand, he wrapped the leash around her neck and tightened it, forcing her to struggle for air, but without leaving any marks, careful to let her have just enough air that she didn't pass out.

A smattering of polite applause came from outside, as the current meat was bought. For a not-very-good price. Well, hopefully that would make Ivy look better by comparison! He gave her ass a slap and then lifted her skirts, pushing a metal plug into place. She knew better than to resist, the bulb sliding between her buttocks without resistance, her body swallowing up the intruder. The outside of the plug nestled between her pert buttocks, catching the light before he tugged her skirt back down into place, leaving no sign it had been pushed into her.

Then he stepped back in front of her, giving her a final check-over, stroking her clothing back into place, giving her throat another squeeze, making her eyes go wide, more spittle welling up around her bit-gag. Then he unwound the leash and gave it a tug, pulling her into slow and steady steps, the gauzy dress spilling around her legs, showing off the taut calves and thighs.

He pulled the curtain aside, stepping forward with Ivy in tow, onto the long walkway that had been erected. Mirrored lanterns shone down, making it hard to see the audience as anything other than vague shadows, although from the sounds of it, someone was getting a slobbery blowjob, wet and loud.

He pulled on the leash, with enough force to make Ivy step forward in front of him, then she crossed her arms behind her back as though they were bound. When she stepped past him, he unclipped the leash, and she walked ahead. Her gait was smooth and even, each step pushing her leg out and forward, to highlight the lines of her body, her shoulders back to push her breasts out. When she reached the end of the walkway, then she stopped, slowly bending over and letting everyone see her breasts, before turning on the spot to show her body off fully.

After holding the pose for several breaths, she walked back, Joseph clipping the leash back into place and leading her off the walkway. The light was less blinding down her, his eyes adjusting to the comparative gloom.

‘This piece has been tamed and trained especially to be sweet and submissive.’ Mistress Helena’s voice came from somewhere above. ‘She has been trained to be accepting in all holes, and trained especially as a personal attendant. She would make a good match for someone seeking entertainment while rustivating, or to be used for group entertainment during the season.’

Joseph pulled Ivy forward, before taking a position behind her and grabbing her head using it to steer her. A noble, or at least someone wealthy, was looking at her with interest, and he pushed her close.

‘Would you care to inspect her more closely?’

He bent Ivy over at the waist, the man pushing Ivy’s lips back, checking her teeth and gums, before squeezing her breasts. ‘Hmmm. A good physique, nice and firm. Early twenties. Any markings?’

‘She is a blank canvas – as you can see, good, clean skin, easy to mark up. A few strikes with lash or cane leaves nice red marks.’

The man reached between her legs, feeling the warm wetness there, brutally yanking her skirt aside.

‘And hot and ready to go!’ With the back of his hand, he rubbed against her cunt, before sniffing the residue. ‘A healthy flow. What about behind?’

Joseph spun Ivy around, keeping her bent over so her ass was presented, a buttock getting slapped. Ivy squeaked, a line of dribble splashing from her mouth onto the floor as the plug was twisted and tweaked.

‘Hmm, she really is trained in both holes.’

‘I try to provide the best service I can.’

Several other potential buyers had walked over, gathered around, a woman in a tight corset and full skirts approaching. She grabbed at a breast, digging her nails and crushing the flesh, Ivy whimpering through her gag.

‘Hmmm, I prefer my meat to be quieter when being hurt. Is she a screamer?’

‘She was, but now she’s rather quieter. I trained her to not protest too much, so she will be nice and quiet, especially if you keep her gagged. I’m sure she would make a fine addition to your collection.’

The hand continued to squeeze, crushing the breast, tears starting to trickle from Ivy’s eyes, making her makeup run in black streaks down her pretty face. ‘Her color isn’t in fashion this year though. And I’ve got one like her already. Have you taught her any tricks?’

‘She is polite and compliant, but no special tricks, I’m afraid. She was something of a hellion, so shaping her into this took quite some work!’

‘Oh, she used to be poorly behaved? I suppose she was sentenced to this? I suppose that’s good work, but I prefer meat with a little more... skill.’ She gave the breast a final squeeze, before stepping away, her place being taken by a younger man. He wasted no time in squeezing a buttock, grabbing the plug and pulling it partway out, forcing her asshole to gape wide as it was stretched and held open.

‘She’s certainly well-bodied. I like this type – not too much flesh. And she doesn’t complain too much?’ He slapped her ass, hard enough for the *crack* sound to echo around the space.

‘She’s a good girl. Isn’t that right?’

Ivy mumbled something that was probably agreement, or at least didn’t actively protest.

‘And she’s been trained with her mouth?’

‘Indeed. She will happily suck if instructed. And, of course, is fully trained in both holes.’ The man tweaked and twisted the plug, distending her asshole further. When he let go of it, her body swallowed it back up again, the metal bulb sliding back into place, Ivy taking it without even a whimper.

Joseph took a grip of her throat and twisted her around, lifting her skirt up to reveal her crotch.

‘She was chastity-trained as well – a little denial will make her appreciate contact all the more. It doesn’t take much to get her going.’ He stroked between her thighs, parting the lips of her cunt, spreading it wide so that it could be seen. The man slid one of his own fingers in, Ivy sharply inhaling as she was penetrated.

‘She is fresh and eager, isn’t she?’ He started to finger-fuck her, pumping in and out, Ivy’s breath hastening into short puffs through her gag. Joseph yanked on her hair to pull her head back, trying to keep her from drooling onto a possible buyer. Her body started to softly shake, and he tightened his grip on her throat, not wanting her to climax yet.

Fortunately, the man withdrew his finger before Ivy got off, wiping them clean against her dress, leaving a smear of pussy-juice.

‘Bidding starts at twenty pounds and ten shillings!’

‘Hmm, she’s pretty, but I’m not sure how much she’s worth.’ The man groped her breasts, before stepping away, letting someone else take his place.

‘Twenty-three ten!’

Joseph stroked her back, trying to keep her calm, and tickling her to try and keep her focused. Her body was hot, feverish from the teasing, not quite ready to peak.

He kept his voice low, so as not to interfere with any of the bids. ‘She will serve you will, and would look good if well-dressed – you could even take her out to town as a display piece. She’s very responsive to punishment, so if she is ever any trouble, it will only take a little chastisement to set her right.’

A female voice spoke from somewhere in the nearby shadows.

‘Twenty-five pounds!’

The man inspecting her backhanded her in the stomach, hard enough to push the air from her lungs, and she would have bent over if it wasn’t for the grip Joseph had on her, keeping her upright.

‘Twenty-seven!’ The one inspecting her shouted, before lowering his voice. ‘How did she take to the cane? She appears unmarked.’

‘She dislikes pain. But I mostly used water to train her. She’s developed a rather intense dislike of being drowned, but it made it possible to train her without marring her flesh.’

‘Yes, she does have soft skin – although it would be pleasant to mark it up a little. Maybe some more permanent markings?’

‘Thirty and ten!’

The man looked into the darkness – did he know the other bidder? It would scarcely be a surprise if he did, all the damn nobles always did.

‘Forty. I think I’ll be taking this one home with me. She’ll look good bent over a chest, and if she disobeys, then the footmen can have some fun with her.’

‘Forty-five.’

The man looked shocked, but didn’t put in a counter-offer. ‘Going once! Going twice! And sold! The meat goes to Lady Donovan. My lord, if you would like to use her, there are chambers available. Joseph will show you the way.’

A woman emerged from the darkness – tall and dark, her breasts visible as pale flesh pushed up by her corset, a gloved hand grabbing Ivy by her collar ring, pulling her from Joseph’s grip and groping her breasts.

‘Yes, I think a little fun to start with.’ She looked at Joseph, favoring him with a faint smile. Jewelry sparkled on her neck, a fortune in fat emeralds and glistening sapphires, all set in silver. ‘And you are certainly pleasing on the eyes as well – a shame you’re not on sale.’

Joseph dipped his head, breaking away from her sharp gaze. ‘This way.’

He walked away, letting the woman follow behind him, hearing the clicking sounds of Ivy’s heels and the quieter sounds of the woman’s boots. The bedding chambers weren’t far away, although there was a thick door in the way, to keep any sounds from disturbing the rest of the auction. Joseph pushed it open – inside, there was a large four-poster bed, with chains attached to the posts, as well as an open set of stocks.

‘Will you be requiring any assistance, my lady? I can fetch whips or canes.’

‘Hmmm, I think maybe fill the basin? It’ll be amusing to see her reaction. I’ve never had a water-trained bitch before.’

Ivy whimpered as Joseph went to the tap on the wall and filled the wash-basin, getting it to the brim, and then wrestling it over to a raised dais. The woman ripped away Ivy’s dress, leaving her in just stockings and cuffs, easily shoving her over towards the basin, then shoved her head down. Despite her gender, she was strong enough to drag Ivy around, strong and confident.

Ivy tried to resist, but had no strength left, her face getting shoved beneath, the man easily controlling her. She held Ivy there until her body started to go limp, before allowing her up, and she took a convulsive breath, barely conscious.

She looked at Joseph, eyes dark, before flicking down to his crotch. 'Why don't you take her? Show me how well trained she is.'

Ivy was moved across the room, her neck placed into the stocks, her arms going into the grooves of the wood, and the top came down, locking ivy in. Then the woman sat on the bed, drawing her skirts up, revealing long legs, black leather boots coming up to her knees, a faint shadow of hair around her pussy.

'If you do well, I may let you pleasure me. Take her as you will – demonstrate your mastery to me. I do like to see a craftsman at work.'

She started to stroke her thighs, gloved fingers teasing at her cunt. Joseph ground his crotch against Ivy's exposed backside, his cock hardening as he opened up his trousers. Fortunately, Ivy was already wet and ready, his cock sliding easily into her. He looked across at the bed, as Lady Donovan started to excite herself, her breasts straining against the front of her corset, her fingers easily sliding into herself. Despite that, she gave him a harsh look, and he redoubled his efforts, taking a strong grip of Ivy's hips, shoving his cock deep into Ivy. She grunted through her gag, not even trying to fight against her restraints, simply taking the pounding.

Her buttocks pushed against his hips, his fingers digging into the soft skin of her hips, as he gripped around body, feeling his own passion quickly rise.

Lady Donovan spoke between gasps, her voice nevertheless strong and sure. 'You have my permission to climax.' From the color coming to her cheeks, she wasn't far off coming herself! It didn't take long to feel the pressure rising up in his balls, before he came, shooting his load into her pussy, She was tight and hot around him, even as he faded. He could feel his cum mixing with her own pussy juices as he withdraw, wiping his cock against her bare ass.

Lady Donovan was more vigorously stroking and fingering herself, gloves stained with her juices. 'Attend me! Do well, and I may be generous.' She pulled her skirts up and spread her legs wide, gesturing him forward.

He went onto the bed, the mattress compressing beneath his weight, pushing his head between her thighs. She grabbed his hair and pulled him in closer, pulling his mouth against her cunt. He lapped at her slit, sliding his tongue into her, listening to the sounds she made. Behind him, still in the stocks, Ivy whimpered. With the money he'd made from her sale, he could discharge his debt! And Lady Donovan might even leave a tip!

Binding and Training

Chapter One: Harsh Training

Eliza took a deep breath, just in time as the cane cracked against her buttocks, just barely managing to suppress a whimper of pain. She couldn't show any weakness! Her arms were held above her head, chains dangling down from the ceiling supporting her, and she was naked save for her stockings, heeled shoes and elbow-length gloves. And the leather bands around her wrists, ankles and neck, the leather new and slightly rough.

A gloved hand ran up her spine, fingers trickling upwards and making her shiver, before a girlish voice spoke from behind her.

'Another five? Or are you going to surrender?'

Eliza growled, before the cane slapped against her buttocks again, even harder than before, and she almost bit her tongue.

'You know how to make this stop.' The cane tapped against her sore buttocks, the skin red-raw from the impacts. She'd have some vicious striped bruises! 'You're going to become my slave, just admit it.'

A bell rang, Eliza sagging in her bonds, the throbbing of her ass settling in. There was a sound of annoyed disgust from behind her, and the rattle of wood as the cane was put away.

'Very forceful, Hester. But release her – now it's feeding time.'

'Yes, Mistress Falmouth.'

Her attacker approached, slight breasts pushing against Eliza's bare back, hands reaching up to release the wrist-chains, freeing Eliza from her bonds. A hand pinched her tortured buttocks, but she managed to control herself from squealing in pain, not wanting to show any weakness, before she turned and curtsied at Lady Falmouth.

She was fully dressed, resplendent in a bright red dress – she wasn't as trim as Lady Melissa, but was an intimidating figure still, her skin fully covered except for her face, sat in a throne-like chair with a faint smile on her face as she watched them.

'The two of you are doing well. Although there's not long for one of you to win – just another few days. My boys do need someone to breed with, so I hope that one of you can make the other submit, otherwise it will be both of you.' Her smile broadened. 'The thought of the two of you tied over the block, these tender pussies of yours getting filled – quite enticing, is it not?'

Eliza tensed, trying to cross her legs. No! She didn't want to be taken like that!

'The two of you are both becoming good little mistresses though. Now, go and feed them. You can go like that – show them what they might be getting soon.'

Hot, bitter shame roiled within Eliza's stomach, and she had to resist the urge to cover her breasts and cunt with her hands.

'A true mistress should show her power and dominance at all times, even when naked, even when bound. You are getting better at withstanding pain, little Eliza, but do not yet have the true aura of a mistress. Now, go on with your tasks.'

Eliza took a deep breath, happy at the praise, trying to push down the shame, not wanting her cheeks to tinge pink with the humiliation she felt. Hester was already moving towards the

heavy metal door that keep Lady Falmouth's "boys" sequestered – she as dressed the same as Eliza, in shoes, stockings and gloves, but was taller than Eliza, with long and slender legs and larger breasts. Her own buttocks were well-marked with cane-welts, from where Eliza had punished her, in an attempt to get the girl to break and submit, without success. A long coil of auburn hair coiled down her back, tied with red ribbon, swaying from side-to-side.

Eliza couldn't help but stare at them, the way their muscles shifted, legs tensing up as she walked towards the cell containing Lady Falmouth's property. The smell of masculine sweat, tangy and harsh, filled the air, making Eliza's head foggy with more lust. She tensed her thighs again, hoping it wasn't too obvious, as Lady Falmouth rose from her seat, the wood creaking.

Steeling herself, she entered, hearing the rattle of chains in the low light, the intakes of breath. Predatory eyes glinted, staring at her, several of the "boys" opening leering at her, taking in her naked form. A long mirror on the wall let her see herself – pale flesh, sheathed with dark material over her arms and legs, leather collar black and shiny. She hated the feel of the thing, but couldn't remove it, the leather locked on. But she couldn't let herself show fear! There was a crop hanging from the wall and she took it, feeling better with it held tightly. She swung it, making her grip crisp and loose, enjoying the sound of it cutting the air.

'Feeding time for you miserable animals!' She made herself sound as contemptuous as possible, trying to communicate that she was in charge and couldn't be denied. The sight of the breeding blocks – heavy things of wood, made to force the occupant's backside upwards for ease of use – nearly made her voice quiver, trying not to imagine herself bound over it.

Cages and cells lined the walls, about half of them with young men inside. They were all bound – heavy metal collars around their necks and chained to the wall, their hands bound behind their backs. That they were all restrained made Eliza feel a little more comfortable, even if all of them were bigger and stronger than her, and could easily overpower her if they were free.

One of them, a powerfully-built man, his torso half-covered with seaman's tattoos, leered at her, grinning in a perverted fashion as he looked her up and down, his cock visibly growing, emerging from a shaggy black bush of pubic hair. He crawled forward on his knees, his chains clinking and scraping on the ground, Eliza tearing her eyes away from his cock and making herself meet his eyes, making her features composed. His hands were safely bound away behind his back, so it was safe to approach, despite the shame she could feel inside.

His leer intensified as she approached, his eyes on level with her crotch, staring at her shaven cleft.

'You're a bit wee for me, lassie, I'd rather have the other one, but you'd make a tasty snack. Ever had a real man in your cunnie?'

She pushed her arm through the bars and flicked her wrist, smacking him squarely in the balls with the crop. He gasped in pain, cheeks puffing out, the muscles of his arms and chest straining at the chains. Then she flicked the crop up, more gently tapping him on his cheek, staring him down. 'Closer. Crawl, like the filth you are.'

He couldn't stand, but obeyed, shuffling on his knees until he was close enough that she could grab his hair and use that to rag his head about, although his neck muscles were strong enough that she could feel him resisting.

'Unless you want to be gagged, then none of that disrespect!' The bars were set far enough apart that she could fit a leg through, kicking him in the thigh and then trying to find his cock, lightly bringing the tip of her shoe down onto the rigid shaft. 'You are here to be trained and to give pleasure.' Her crop flicked forward, striking him against the chest, hitting a nipple. 'And if

you do well, then perhaps you will be allowed some pleasure yourself?’ She used her foot to stroke his cock, feeling it harden even further. ‘Or maybe just pain?’ She pressed down, bending the cock, before twisting her foot around to lightly kick him in the balls. He grunted in pain.

‘Down. Kiss my boot.’

He tensed, resisting, but she kicked him in the balls again, knocking the air from his lungs, slapping his cheek with the crop again. She withdrew her foot and he slowly bent over when she let go of his hair, messy black curls dropping down as he dropped his head down, kissing at her shiny black boot.

Lady Falmouth pressed against her from behind, soft fabric making her ass flare with pain, startling her. A gloved hand stroked at her breasts, squeezing a nipple, another moving between her thighs, a finger easily sliding into her. ‘My, you are enjoying this! What a lovely little thing you are. It will almost be a shame if you were to loose – I wonder if your reputation could bear the stain? Or your body, you are rather petite and fragile-seeming.’

The finger teased around inside of her, the velvet glove making it smooth against her walls. She wanted to tense around and shake against it, but didn’t want the “boys” to see her getting pleased. Teeth nipped against her back, just beneath the collar.

‘But seeing your pride break on the block, that would be delicious. You are such a delightfully prideful little thing, I suspect this will be the making or breaking of you.’ The finger was sliding in and out, a delicious sensation that she wanted more of, her body warming up, a nipple getting rolled between skilled fingers. She couldn’t break away, having to endure the molestation, fingers teasing her, silks smooth against her back. ‘Lady Melissa was right, you do have a natural talent for this. But a dominant needs to learn to always be in control, even when pressured. Unless you wish to be taken against your will the first time someone slips their chains.’ The teeth bit again, harder this time, making Eliza wince in pain as they worried her flesh. ‘Perhaps that would do you some good? You’ve never had a man yet, have you?’

‘No, Mistress.’ The finger slid out of her, before being wiped clean on her belly, leaving her navel slightly damp.

‘Hmm, that would be memorable, wouldn’t it? None of these specimens have known release for several weeks, and many would never have been permitted anything quite so fine as yourself. Your skin, slicked with sweat and seed, and your holes filled, again and again... My, that would be quite pleasurable to see!’ The hand came up towards Eliza’s face, sliding against her lips, and she could scent herself, before being forced to lick and suckle the finger that had been inside of her.

‘Hester is proving tougher than I had thought – but I suppose she doesn’t want to become the breeding bitch herself. Although if both are you are stubborn, then it’ll be the pair of you mounted up and spread. I wonder what noises you will make? Who will scream the loudest?’

Wood clattered, liquid slopping, Lady Falmouth turning and dragging Eliza with her, easily lifting Eliza up. Being so small was a problem, everyone felt like they could just pick her up and carry her around, and most people could! It was embarrassing being manhandled all the time, and made it impossible to feel in charge at all. Even Victoria could push her around if she tried!

Hester was carrying a bucket of porridge-slop, glaring at the bound men. From somewhere in the darkness came grunting gasps and the sounds of panting, one of the men grinding themselves against the ground.

Lady Falmouth let Eliza go. ‘Help Hester. The two of you are meant to be my assistants, after all.’

Eliza had to twist to withdraw her foot from between the bars, taking a moment to feel his cock beneath her foot. He ground back, desperate for stimulation, hips twisting as she pulled back. She filled her voice with as much contempt as she could. 'Get back! Wretched filth.' It would be easier to be commanded if she was allowed clothing, and if her pussy wasn't warm and wet!

She went to get a bucket herself, filling it with a mixture of oats and lard, then pumping water in until it formed a vile mixture. At least she was given proper food! Gutters ran into the cages, filled with the dried remnants of past "meals", and Eliza poured her bucket so that it flowed towards them. Chains clinked as they crawled forward, licking at the food-gunge.

'Now, the two of you need to show yourselves to the meat. Let them see what they might be allowed to enjoy.'

Eliza looked at Hester, the two of them sharing a moment, both hating this part. But there was no choice, the two of them moving to stand by Lady Falmouth, Eliza not liking being the shortest. The sounds of hungry lapping ended, the men all knowing what was coming, eyes gleaming in the low light.

'The two of you may pleasure yourselves. Show them your lovely bodies.'

Eliza started to stroke her own breasts, stroking them, spreading her legs, one hand dropping downwards, a finger teasing her own bud. Panting sounds came from the darkness, but Eliza reminded herself that she was in charge, and not restrained. She could easily slide two fingers into herself, hand bent backwards, her fabric-wrapped fingers sticking to her walls. But it felt good! Beside her, Hester was doing the same, the two of them displaying their bodies to the men. The mounting blocks were close by, their bulk threatening, as she tried not to imagine herself bound and spread on it, her holes exposed and used. Instead, she made herself think of herself fully dressed, like Lady Melissa, in a full dress and tight corset, able to punish and play with some toys. Maybe even having a man of her own, spreadeagled for her pleasure...

Her fingers slid deeper into herself, and she spread and twisted them around, her breath quickening. From somewhere in the shadows, the gasps and groans getting louder, followed by a panting release, one of the men managing to get their own release. Was that his seed she could smell or was that just her imagination? But then she was lost in her own imagination, stroking and touching herself, feeling the warmth growing within herself, rising up and overwhelming herself as she reached her own climax, swaying backwards, Lady Falmouth supporting her, soft material comforting as she half-faded.

Chapter Two: Aid and Entertainment

Eliza pulled at her skirt, wishing that it was less sheer – the silk at least covered her body, but it clung and whispered and stroked over her skin, showing off the curves of her body whenever she moved. And it offered no protection, she had discovered from being struck with whips or canes – she would rather have the protective shell of a corset and a long, proper dress wrapped around her body! At least she was permitted a mask for the entertainments tonight – a black leather domino mask that closely followed the curve of her face, making her look (she hoped) mysterious and domineering, decorated with lunar curves and masks. Elbow-length gloves sheathed her hands and arms, with harsh metal nails on her finger-tips.

She took a deep breath, settling herself. Who was Lady Falmouth entertaining tonight? Some more friends of hers, who would probably be bringing their own servants. She would hopefully be permitted to practice on some of them! A finger-nail jabbed into her neck, just beneath the hated collar, making her hiss in pain.

Hester spoke. ‘We are instructed to wear these.’ She was holding a leather item in her hands, a stiff and shiny curve of leather reinforced with metal, looking similar to a corset, but a lot smaller. Before Eliza could twist away, she had started to wrap the thing around Eliza’s neck, the shape of it forcing her to hold her head high. The curve of leather came up to cover her mouth, stopping just beneath her nose – it pushed her jaw upwards, effectively sealing it shut. And it was tight, pressing in around Eliza’s neck, compressing the skin, pushing the collar beneath it deeper into her and making it hard to breath.

Buckles snapped and clicked, locking the neck corset into place. When it was there, Eliza tried moving – she could twist her neck at all, having to move her entire body if she wanted to look around. She tried speaking, but couldn’t manage more than a weak and pathetic mumble, the leather thick enough to absorb her noises, her lips rubbing at the inside of the thing.

Hester smiled cruelly at her. ‘If you just surrendered, this would be much easier! You’d be a pretty little brood mare, your sweet cunt filled with seed. Although I bet you’d look weird pregnant, you’d be as wide as you are tall!’

Eliza growled, standing up and wiping Hester’s grip off her, picking up another of the neck corsets and holding it up, then pointing at Hester’s neck.

‘I’m never going to surrender to you, you silly spoiled bitch.’

Eliza had to resist the urge to smack her, even though she wasn’t sure if she would win in a fight, instead shaking the neck corset again, before Hester sat down, letting Eliza reach her neck. She shoved the contraption into place harder than she needed to, taking some pleasure in Hester’s grunt of pain as the leather buckled into place, forcing her into the same high-necked position that Eliza was in. The front, under the chin, was reinforced with metal, making it impossible to even try and look down. The buckles clicked smoothly into place, locking it on, the metal brightly polished and shiny, even in the low candlelight. When she was done, she pressed down on Hester’s shoulders, enjoying the grunt of pain this provoked, the girl’s buttocks still throbbing and sore from previous beatings. Not that Eliza’s were any better, still covered with bruises and impact-marks, making it painful to sit or lie on her back!

A bell rang, Hester springing to her feet and throwing Eliza off, both off them heading towards the sound – Lady Falmouth did not appreciate tardiness!

As she moved, the silk gown whispered and stroked around her body, smooth and seductive, despite the pain coming from her buttocks. The softer clothing was maybe more comfortable, but she didn't like being shown off like this! But Lady Falmouth had been very clear about the consequences of failure, and she needed to learn how to command and dominate. Why did it have to be in front of guests though?

The bell rang again and they both tried to move as fast as they could, Eliza feeling her calves strain, the height of the heels hard to deal with at speed. But it didn't take them to reach the parlor, where Lady Falmouth was waiting for them, dressed in her full finery, a majestic red dress that showed off her elegant curves and cleavage, a choker around her slender neck.

'Good, there you are.' She stepped forward, clothing rustling, stroking her hands over Eliza's clothing, tweaking the sheer gown into a slightly better position, before stroking a breast. 'Hmmm, you are a lovely little thing! If you ever came onto the auction block, then you'd fetch a good price. Now, a few of the guests tonight can be a little rambunctious, so you'll need to wear these as well.'

She clapped her hands together, and Peter stepped forward, emerging from a shadowed corner of the room, holding a metal box. It was open, showing two chastity belts.

'I believe that cunts are for using, not locking away, but it would be awkward if either of you were to be used before your little competition is over. Don't worry, you will be unlocked afterwards.'

Eliza's eyes hovered over the metal, bright and unyielding. Having that locked around her privates... Although it was better than being abused by the guests! She reached in and grabbed at one of the belts, the metal slightly chill in her hands. Then she turned away, feeling a flush come over her features, not wanting to let Peter see as she awkwardly lifted the folds of silk, wrapping the metal around her waist. It was tight and cold, pinching just above her hips, compressing her skin, although not as tightly as a corset. The crotch-panels fell into place, tight enough to intrude slightly into her, tight between her buttocks before she locked the back into place, then let her silks drop again.

'Oh, the pride! So delightful!' Lady Falmouth chuckled, Eliza feeling heat prickling her cheeks. She didn't want to have to be commanded like this all the time! 'But don't worry, you are simply here as some lovely little assistants, not part of the entertainment itself – your holes are all sealed, so the guests can enjoy looking at you but won't be using you. Although, of course, I expect you to put on a show. The two of you are meant to be learning the craft, after all. Even if you may have to take a break to be used as breeding stock!' She ran her hands down Eliza's body, feeling the belt, twisting at the metal and making it dig painfully into Eliza's skin.

Peter winked at Eliza, as Hester fumbled with her own chastity belt. There was a prominent bulge beneath his tight trousers, metal likely locked around his cock.

'I will allow the two of you to do as you will for tonight. But remember to be beautiful and entertaining about it! Everyone should be arriving soon, so you may as well begin. And you may be harsh, but nothing permanent – these are some of my higher-value pieces. Peter, start the lights.'

He bowed, moving to a gaslight on the wall and igniting it, going around to illuminate the room. As he did so, Eliza could see the "entertainment" – sturdy metal frames held young men and women, all gagged, some blindfolded as well, bodies strained and taut, some marked with whip-welts. Heavy leather bands bound them in place, although a few of them were tensing and

straining, trying to get free without success. Most were naked, a few dressed in tattered remnants of clothing.

Eliza moved closer – the frames were hinged, allowing them to be tilted backwards or forwards, in case any better access was needed. There was a good mix of genders, although the women were all petite and slender, the man all powerfully built. Eliza carefully checked some of the restraints, as bitter eyes followed her movement.

She approached one, a hulking male figure, his power obvious, leather straining as arms tensed, his biceps as thick as her waist! She carefully checked that the restraints were tight and in no danger of giving way – if he broke loose, then she would be powerless against him. His muscles were like iron, tense and hard, easily resisting her pinches. His only clothing was a posing pouch containing his privates.

Eliza took a deep breath before staring up at him, the neck-corset at least making it easy to maintain good posture. He growled, body rumbling against the metal frame, and then she surprised herself by growling back, managing to make a noise through the leather that covered her face. She'd have to establish her position first!

She laid a hand on his belly, then dug her nails in. There was a small line of hair running up from his crotch towards his navel, and she could feel the tough muscles of his stomach beneath her fingers, jabbing into him. He grunted in pain but didn't break his gaze, arms still straining against the straps. If it hadn't been for the thick mittens on his hands, he would seem even more fearsome! She pressed harder, all while staring into his dark eyes, leaning in and putting her slight weight behind her arm, before swiping across his flesh, raking at the skin.

That had an effect, making him wince in pain. Good – she could do something that affected him! She scratched up his flesh – it was dark, tanned from exposure to the sun. Had he been a laborer? It would probably be a better life for him like this, at least if his owner wasn't too harsh. Was he one of Lady Falmouth's, or had she borrowed him? If so, then he'd watched her pleasure herself. A heat started to rise within her, her cheeks reddening. She jabbed nails into him harder, before scraping them down and tugging at the cord of his pouch, untying it.

His cock flapped loose, surrounded by bushy hair. Eliza winced – she preferred men to be nice and clean-shaven. She took his ballsack into her hand, feeling the weight of it, cupping it in her palm, and then starting to squeeze. Not hard, not yet, but she could feel the testicles, and how he immediately tensed up.

Guests were starting to arrive, other nobles walking in, looking around with interest, some of them already starting to “play” with the entertainment, gagged groans sounding out. She'd have to try and put on a good show herself!

She stepped back for a moment, finding the lock on the frame and tilting it backwards, making it easier to reach everywhere on the man without awkward reaching. With that done, he was now tilted back, his eyes trying to watch her.

His cock was currently flaccid, so she leaned over him, and squeezed his balls again, using her other hand to squeeze his cock. She couldn't spit on him to moisten the shaft, or do anything other than roll it around her palm. At least it was swift to respond to her touching, his length starting to stiffen, poking up from amongst the dark curls of his pubic hair.

A hand suddenly touched her backside, startling her, her nails digging into tender cock-meat. The hand groped her backside, before another one cupped one of her breasts, and she tried to twist away, turning her body to see who it was.

One of the guests, a middle-aged man, dressed in a suit, looked at her. ‘You are a fine young thing, aren't you? Shame your face is hidden away.’ His bearded face was already

slightly flushed, red from drinking as he let go of her, reaching for her face. She tried to step back but was caught between the rig restraining the captive and the man himself, and had to use a hand to try and brush his hand off. With the neck-corset on, she couldn't speak to him, to tell him to back off, but she managed to growl, her body vibrating with indignation.

He seemed taken aback by her vehemence, grabbing at her and pulling her close. He was too strong to directly resist, her breasts pressing against his chest, able to feel the fabric of his suit jacket through her skimpy dress, her nipples rubbing against him.

'Nice and small, just how I like them!'

She hissed from behind her mask, unable to make any more coherent noise, trying to twist her arm free, wanting to rake her claws against him. His breath reeked of alcohol, making her gag.

'My apologies, my lord, but the Lady Falmouth does not appreciate her nymphettes being interfered with.'

Peter appeared from somewhere, his hand grabbing the man's shoulders, quite hard if the sudden expression of pain was anything to judge by. The arms around Eliza relaxed just enough that she could wriggle free, stepping back the small distance she could and hissing again.

'You may enjoy the show, or take your pleasure with any of the other meat, but this one is not to be interfered with. Otherwise you may get some rather unpleasant scratches.' Peter used his grip on the man's shoulder to pull him away, giving him a push towards some of the other meat, then he smiled at Eliza. 'Please, continue. Or do you need some calming strokes first? You are rather similar to, ah, an annoyed cat. Perhaps some petting would calm you down?'

She managed to not hiss at him, instead settling for a glare. If she got the chance, then she'd have to punish him harshly for that! But a group was gathering, and if she didn't entertain them then she would end up in trouble.

'Perhaps the kitty should try and tame their subject?'

That did earn him a growl, but at least he handed her a crop, the leather handle helping her to feel more settled. The bound man was still fighting his restraints, mumbling profanities from behind his gag. That wouldn't do! How could she best tame him?

She rocked his frame again, making him horizontal, and then jabbed her nails into the soles of his feet. Despite the callouses (he must be fresh, to not have lost them yet! Hopefully he wouldn't have to labor as much in his new position) she heard him suck in breath. She pressed harder, feeling the skin deform around the metal nails built into her gloves, scratching down his feet.

After mauling his soles, then she rotated the frame back so that it was angled to let her reach more easily. She made the crop slice the air, before bringing it sharply forward, stopping it just shy of impacting his sack. He tensed in anticipation of pain, his body going tense, eyes closing. Instead of striking him, she used the flat of the crop to caress his balls, as though she was inspecting him, although the pubic hair made it hard to see the quality of what she was dealing with.

As expected, that made him start to harden, cock growing. Then she delivered a swift, stinging strike to his testicles, knocking the air from his lungs. Keep him off-balance and confused, rather than focused on anger! His cock was large enough now that his foreskin was starting to peel back, the crown of his cock strangely pale, and very vulnerable looking.

Eliza moved in close, letting her see him, watching his eyes move over her slender, petite body. If he wasn't tied down, then he would easily be able to overpower her, ravish and use her however he wanted to. But here, in this place, she was his to play with, even if she was muzzled

herself. A tap of the crop against his broad chest bought a confused grunt, and then she pressed her body close against his – she could feel the hairs on his chest, feel his warmth, as she cupped his balls, letting her nails lightly prick his sensitive skin. She rolled them around her palm, his cock pressed against her belly, feeling massive and hot. What would that feel like inside of her? Would it hurt, stretching her out? Not that she would ever allow herself to be sullied by such a person! The thought of having his seed pumped into her body repulsed her – she wasn't some brood-mare, to be fucked and bred!

Her grip tightened, nails pinching into skin, and she rubbed herself against him, feeling precum staining her dress, the cock getting even harder.

She stepped back, wanting to be sure the audience could see – his cock was now fully erect, angled up from his body, his hips tensing up from where he had been grinding against her. When she looked down, she could see that there was a stain on her dress, showing his mounting pleasure. Behind her belt, she could feel herself getting more excited as well, and the crowd was looking on, their eyes eager.

What to do next? Without being able to speak, it was hard to properly dominate, or to show that she was in charge! She used the crop again, flicking it against his chest, although he barely noticed the blows, too muscly and tough. A stinging strike against his testicles he definitely noticed though, making him suck in a deep inhalation of air. Spit was oozing down his chest, his gag making it hard to swallow, before Eliza took a firm grip of his cock and started to pump it up and down, steady and slow.

Without any lubrication, it was rough and harsh, and she used her nails to scratch and tease – when she lightly tapped his exposed crown with one, he whimpered, trying to shake his hips to escape her. Behind her muzzle-collar, Eliza smiled, then pressed harder, hearing the whimpers intensify, but he couldn't escape.

Having to stand slightly to one side and contort her body so that everyone could see was awkward, but having the rapt attention of the audience was pleasurable, with backing sounds of pained and pleased whimpers coming from elsewhere around the room. She kept pumping the cock up and down, a rough and brutally dry motion, hearing the tone of his growls change, showing an increasing desperation. She could feel his release building, a tense tightness within his body.

As it quivered, she let go, releasing his cock. He whimpered, now desperate for release, cock-crown bobbing around, shiny and pink. Eliza grabbed it again, taking a secure grip of the shaft, her nails pricking the skin, using her thumb to tease and torment the crown. The crowd murmured – was it approval?

The cock spasmed in her hand, shooting out a load of sticky, stinking cum, pearl droplets spraying over her arm, soaking into the fabric of her glove, a few droplets staining her silk shift. Eliza dug her nails in harder – she hadn't wanted him to cum yet! She backhanded him in the balls, taking some satisfaction in his pained reaction, although she didn't like the feel of the cum on her clothing, how it was soaking into the fine material.

There was a smattering of applause, some of the nobility discussing things amongst themselves. She didn't look at them too hard, but kept her hand tight on the man's balls, hoping she had distinguished herself through her performance!

Chapter Three: The End Of The Night

The air was filled with the scents of sweat and cum, the guests pleasuring themselves. Eliza could hear the wet gasps of throats being ravaged, along with the sounds of flesh-on-flesh, squeaks from gagged mouths.

She stepped back narrowly avoiding a hand that was trying to grab her breast, flicking back with the crop to try and ward them away. She kept to the shadows of the chamber, not wanting to draw attention to herself, although the sight was exhilarating – in front of her, there was a line of three shapely women in stocks, bent at the waist, shapely buttocks reddened with whip-welts and hand-marks. Cum oozed from their assholes and pussies, their stockings torn and rent, just barely held in place by garter-belts, ankles chained in place.

Eliza moved around to their front – all three were gagged, leather panels sealing their mouths, one of them looking barely conscious, eyelids trembling. The other two were more awake and aware, one of them struggling against the stocks, unable to make the heavy wooden bars move at all. Eliza stared at them, approaching, and holding the crop up so that she could see it.

The woman's struggles intensified, wrists and neck twisting against the wood, without any success. Their hair had been styled into an elaborate whirl, but had escaped from the coiffure, sweat plastering it across their forehead. They whimpered from behind their gag, something inside fully blocking their ability to make any noise, their eyes furious. But the stocks held, the wood not shifting.

Eliza stroked her crop against the woman's cheek, before flicking it, making a sharp tap against soft skin. Their gasp of pain was pleasurable, sending a thrill into Eliza, her own pussy still locked behind the metal. Not that she wanted to run the risk of being molested here! She hadn't expected this sort of thing to be part of her training! But it was making it easier to slip into the mindset of being dominant and powerful, even when in such a position. She slapped their cheek with her crop again, leaning in close to the woman, gently kissing their ear, hearing their desperate and pained breaths coming through their nose.

'Have you been good? Or do you deserve punishment?'

'Mmphh!'

Eliza stepped around behind them, reaching up and feeling the supple warmth of their skin, trickling her nails along the bottom curve of their buttocks. Their legs shivered, a chain clinking, locked around their ankles. She pinched a buttock, squeezing it between her nails and twisting, as hard and far as she could. The chain clinked again, the woman trying to throw her off, but there wasn't enough slack for them to get away.

Their backside was glazed with cum and sweat, showing the signs of past abuse – they had been whipped and welted, the impact marks from caning obvious. She brought her crop forward, watching as the flesh warped around the strike, a ripple going through the soft flesh. She made several more swift strikes, before reaching forward and fingering them, finding their slit hot and wet, her gloved finger easily sliding into their pussy. They shivered again, sending another thrill into Eliza, as she savored having power.

‘You are a cute little thing, aren’t you?’

The voice was deep and masculine, suddenly close, a tall and lanky figure appearing from the darkness. He had some metal clamps in his hand, clicking them sharply, his expensive shirt partially open to reveal his smooth chest.

‘One of Falmouth’s nymphettes? Well, she does train you well.’ He reached out and grabbed her collar, pulling her close and against him. She couldn’t break free, and was no so close that she couldn’t see his face, her own face against his chest, soaking in his cologne. He stroked down her body, squeezing her breasts, then running a hand over her stomach. She flinched when his fingers brushed over the scar on her belly, the skin there less sensitive to the touch.

‘You are a petite little thing! I wonder if she’ll end up breeding you, I know she likes that. You’d look strange, your belly swollen, and these lovely small breasts heavy with milk. I’m not really in favor of such things.’

She could feel his cock swelling against her body, her own cheeks flushing, her hand tight on the crop. But if she struck him then she’d get in trouble herself! The fingers reached between her legs, making her breathe in sharply as they stroked against her inner thighs, gently stroking and teasing, before tapping against the metal of her chastity belt.

‘Hmm, I suppose she prefers you as un-plucked flowers? Well, you can entertain me with some of the meat, at least.’ He groped her breast again, grinding his cock against her, before pushing her away. ‘I want you to make them squeal, or I’ll tell your Mistress that you were less than obedient. I’ve never had the delight of seeing what she does to you when you fail, but with how often she replaces her nymphettes, it seems likely to be unpleasant. I rarely see any of you again after a few months, unless they’re with child.’ He stroked her belly again. ‘So unless you want to be used as breed-stock, then you should try and entertain me.’

He pushed her away and she stumbled backwards, knocking against the restrained legs of one of the women in the stocks – if it hadn’t been for them, then she would have fallen over! She forced herself to smile, or at least not grimace, resisting the urge to flick him in the crotch, although that would definitely get her punished.

‘Yes, my lord. I will punish one of them, as you command.’

Being ordered around so directly rankled, but with the belt on, she had some protection from being directly used, unless he ordered her to her knees, so that he could use her mouth! The thought made her uncomfortable, her tongue suddenly fat and heavy in her mouth, sliding awkwardly over teeth – was there anyone that might protect her? Of course not – but if she entertained him, then that should keep him distracted. But what could she do?

To start with, she used her hand to slap the ass of the one she had knocked against, as hard as she could, leaving another hand-print on their skin. A table had several implements on, along with a candle shedding pale light, a fat shaft holding a well of liquid wax. She picked up a strap-on, tying it around her waist, the weight of the cock settling over her chastity belt – it was large, longer than her hand, and fat and bumpy. Then she put the crop down and picked up the candle, before tipping some of the wax over the exposed back of the woman.

As soon as the wax hit their skin, it dried into droplets and a smooth slick, and they shivered and whimpered, their shoulders and spin twisting in a futile attempt at evasion. She tilted the candle again, carefully moving it up their spine and covering their skin with a thick, white smear, adding to the glaze of cum already covering them.

Which hole should she use? Which would make them squeal more? She placed the tip of the cock against their asshole, sucking her cheeks in to get enough liquid in her mouth before spitting, white bubbles landing on the cock.

Fortunately, she must have been used before, her anus stretching to accommodate the intruder, her muscles too sore to resist. Eliza slid into the woman's ass, having to pivot her hips a few times to get the cock all the way in, but it didn't take long until it was fully buried, all the way up to her hips. She began to grind back and forth, shoving the cock in and out with every motion. The woman beneath her started to moan, her own hips moving in time with Eliza's.

As she fucked them in the ass, she turned to face the man, who was watching her with interest on his face. As long as he didn't want to punish her!

'Is this acceptable, Lord?' She tipped her hand, adding more waxen splatters to the woman's back, trying to target uncovered flesh.

He walked up behind her, running his hand down her own back, making her shiver reactively, before he cupped a buttock, fingers strong and sure.

'Hmmm, you are a rough little thing, aren't you? A kitten with claws.'

Being groped while ass-fucking someone was new, and she could feel her body reacting, with a sharp and not-entirely-uncomfortable flush of heat. When she was released from the belt, she'd be rubbing herself frantically, loosing herself in lust and desire! And she could feel his cock against her back again, as he ground his hips, pushing it against her thin clothing. His hands came up to cup her breasts, fingers rubbing her nipples, making it even harder to focus.

'Don't stop, little kitten.'

She dug the nails of one hand into the small of the woman's back, hard enough to leave red furrows in the skin, while trickling wax still from the candle, now moving it over shoulder-blades, the woman trying to shake it off, without any chance for success. Next she used her hand to scrap at some of the wax, peeling it away from the skin, while still shaking her hips backwards and forwards, the cock stretching out the pucker of their asshole.

She could feel the man's cock against her back as he ground against her, still playing with her breasts. His thumbs were stroking her nipples, flicking the sensitive nubs.

'Hmmm, nice and small! I do prefer this sort of size.' His breath was puffing against her hair, making it sway and wave. As she thrust forward, she tensed her thighs, feeling juices trickling from her pussy against the body-warm metal of the belt, the hard material pinching her skin. The woman she was fucking and tormenting with the wax was mewling and whimpering as her body shook, and when Eliza felt between their thighs she could feel a sticky moisture, their cunt overflowing. She started finger-fucking them, using her fingers to massage their outer lips, pinching and twisting the skin, teasing and hurting them, even as she was used to grind against.

It was easy to slide fingers into them, four fingers pushed together sliding into the loose, wet cunt, used and abused. Eliza was glad of her glove, trying not to think of how much cum had been shot into them already. She felt them trying to tighten around her hand, reacting instinctively despite the abuses they had suffered, wanting more.

The man's breath was shortening, coming in short pants she could feel against the nape of her neck, his hands tightening against her breasts. Then there was a gasp, and she felt a sticky wetness blast over her back, plastering her thin silks to her body. She could feel it, hot and clammy on her skin, a fever-heat washing over her body, of shame and lust mingling together.

He kept holding her tight, even as his cock shrank away, fingers digging into her breast meat. She tipped the candle, emptying the well of wax all over them, the torrent flowing over skin, forming into loose hanging droplets, making them squeal from the sudden assault.

With the man pressed against her from behind, she couldn't withdraw the cock from their ass, but she twisted her fingers around inside of them, feeling their walls tense and tighten as they were violated, vaginal spasms and contractions tightening.

'Good kitty! You are well-trained. A shame I can't take you for a proper ride.' He pinched her nipples, making her hiss in pain, but she was sandwiched between him and the restrained woman, her back smeared with cum. He moved a hand from her breast to around her neck, sliding it under her chin. She couldn't twist her neck free from his grip, and pulling back just pushed her closer against him. 'Keep going. I didn't order you to stop!'

She was hunched over awkwardly, squashed into place, as she felt his cock start to harden again, as he pushed himself against her again. The cum was starting to dry onto her clothing, making it stick to her, before his cock pulled back. There was the sound of spitting, her silk skirt getting pulled up, and then the cock slid between her thighs, hard again.

'Nice and tight, kitty-cat!' The grip tightened around her throat, making it hard to breath, and she pumped her own hips, still ass-fucking the restrained woman. She could feel the cock as a firm length between her thighs, long enough to push all the way through, sticky with spit.

'If I can't take your belt off, then this will have to tie.' His fingers dug into her throat. 'Tighten up!'

She seethed, but tensed her thighs, trying to pull them close together as his cock slid back and forth, smearing spit onto her thighs. Was that the prickling of his pubic hairs she could feel against her buttocks, or was that just her imagination! But he released his grip slightly, letting her breathe more freely. Eliza tried to focus on the feeling of her hand inside the woman, wanting to feel at least some dominance, but the feeling of the cock between her thighs was making her heart race. He was so strong, there was nothing she could do!

Was her vision fading, or was the rest of the chamber getting darker? She could still hear the sounds of fucking, of pleasure and pain, but all she could see was a few low lights, reflecting off pale and sweaty flesh, most of the guests now tired and relaxing. Why couldn't this man be like that? But it was strangely exhilarating having him between her thighs, bare inches away from her wet cunt, sealed behind the metal.

She thrust her hips savagely forward, the woman grunting as she was firmly ass-fucked, pulling her fingers out and then reaching down. With her gloved palm, she stroked the tip of the man's cock, spitting downwards to slick the crown.

He grunted in surprise from behind her, his grip on her throat loosening further. She shook her head, trying to dislodge him, bending her fingers to stroke them around the exposed tip. He emitted a strange whine, especially when she applied a little pressure, tightening her thighs as much as she could to keep him locked into position. She started setting the pace, reaching further between her thighs, awkwardly bent but able to reach his balls, cupping them with a firm grasp.

Despite the rapid beating of her heart, she made her voice as cold as possible, trying to sound domineering and commanding. 'Would my lord like to climax?' She gave his balls a squeeze, feeling their soft resistance, hearing him gasp. 'Well?'

'You are a... rough little... kitty!' His hand started to slide around her neck, but she squeezed just a little harder, and it moved away. She moved her hips more slowly now,

rhythmically pumping his cock, feeling her belt knock against her pussy, a frustrating teasing, impossible to get enough stimulation to get off from.

‘Would my lord wish a climax?’ She released her grip slightly, clenching her thighs, taking command of the cock there, feeling its heat against her thighs.

‘Ah! Yes, you... damn kitty!’ She had his cock and balls both caught securely now, so he could only move when she wanted him to, and she kept her own hips moving with tortuous slowness, feeling him harden, his breath getting more and more ragged, feeling his cock twitch and shudder, caught in place but without enough stimulation to get him over the edge.

She changed pace, moving faster, and his cock twitched, shooting another load of cum. It splashed itself against the inside of Eliza’s dress, ropes of shiny pearls soaking in. Eliza’s eyes following the splattering smear, as the cock twitched again, shooting another blast. Some of it struck against her own thighs, hot and sticky, waves of lust and shame rippling through her.

He sagged away, Eliza releasing him before spinning around to face him. His face was reddened from effort, breath still coming in ragged gasps, as she curtsied, lifting up her silks to show the metal beneath, and the cum-strains.

‘I hope I was of use, my Lord.’ She could smell the cum, and her own desire, her clothing slicking against her skin. His eyes were glazed, struggling to focus on her, his cock now shrunken and flaccid, the tip still glistening and wet. ‘I will leave you to recuperate, my Lord.’ She curtsied again, before letting her cum-stained skirt fall back into place and then walking away, with a final spank onto the buttocks of one of the women.

Chapter Four: Testing Times

Eliza tried to shift her pose without being noticed, the ridged board she was on digging into her knees, making her muscles ache and twinge. She was still wearing the cum-stained dress, the silks giving no protection against the ridges, and the smell was making her feel woozy, heavy and tangy, making her salivate heavily.

Hester was kneeling in the same position, her own dress stained with cum, even more heavily than Eliza's. It looked as though she had been slapped and caned a few times as well, with red marks visible on her skin, through her dress. They were in Lady Falmouth's dungeon, with a few of her personal friends watching, passing a bottle of wine between themselves. In the cells, the men murmured, pulling on their chains, sensing that something was going to happen.

Lady Falmouth sat in her chair-throne, a goblet of wine on the armrest, a booted foot tapping on the floor.

'The two of you have both been entertaining, or so I hear. And it seemed that you have managed to acquire quite a reputation already, little Eliza. An impressive task, given your position. Although both of you are a little... stained. But my guests need more entertainment. Eliza, this will be your final chance. If you can make Hester beg you to stop, then she will be bound over the block. If you fail, then the both of you will be bound and used. That will be entertaining enough to see, I think – the two of you, bound into place, your soft, young bodies getting used and fucked.'

Eliza swallowed, her mouth suddenly dry, glaring at Hester, who stared back at her, although not without a touch of fear herself.

'Yes, Mistress Falmouth. May I stand?'

'You may. And use whatever tools you wish. You should strive to entertain us!'

Eliza stood, feeling her knees flare with pain as the wood bit into them for a final time. What else could she use on Hester? She'd already tried whipping and caning, clawing at the other woman's breasts, using candle wax, or clamps, even slapping and pinching at her pussy, all without making her break.

'Hester, stand, and walk over to the cross.'

Hester glared at her, but obeyed, rising to her feet and walking over to the X-shaped cross. Through gritted teeth, she spoke. 'Do you wish me to face forward or backwards?'

'Backwards.'

The eyes of the audience were sharp and hard, watching as Eliza walked towards Hester as she pushed her limbs against the limbs of the cross. Eliza reached up to snap padded bands into place over Hester's wrists, one at a time, locking them into position. She could smell the cum from Hester's dress, but tried to ignore the smell, nibbling at Hester's neck, then kneeling down and locking one of Hester's ankles into place. The other, she pulled up, finding a belt and binding it against a thigh, forcing her off-balance.

She slapped a hand against the woman's buttocks, hearing her hiss in pain, before whispering into her ear. 'Surrender! And then I won't hurt you.' She slapped the woman's backside, trying to strike her forcefully enough to have an impact.

‘No! If I’m getting fucked, then so are you. Prissy little want-to-be noble bitch!’

Eliza spanked her again, before looking around, wanting to see some tool, something harsh and cruel that might let her break Hester. She’d used the whip before and that hadn’t achieved much!

To start with, she picked up a knife, looking at Mistress Falmouth for permission, getting a nod. She started at the nape of the neck, carefully slicing down to strip off the silken dress, cutting it off their body, fully revealing their flesh from beneath the thin clothing.

She ran a hand down their back, feeling them shiver. The way that Hester moved gave her an idea – she pulled her gloves off, then ran her bare hands down Hester’s flanks, feeling the curves of her hips and the way her hips flared outwards. Hester shivered again, flicking her hips, trying to throw Eliza off. Eliza didn’t stop, pushing her fingers in harder, one hand running up towards Hester’s armpit. As soon as her fingers brushed into the dip of flesh, Hester shivered again, but with her arms bound against the cross, there was no way for her to escape.

A whimpering laugh escaped her lips as Eliza kept tickling, waggling and twisting her fingers, swiftly finding where Hester was most sensitive. Hester’s body started to convulse, laughter rippling from her chest. Her bound leg waggled around, knocking against Eliza, but without enough force to push away.

Eliza leaned in close, continually tickling and stroking, dropping one hand to Hester’s exposed foot, running her fingers along the sole. That had the strongest effect, especially when Eliza used her other hand to keep tickling at Hester’s armpit. The laughter that pealed from Hester’s lips was forced, her body convulsing, straining to breath. Eliza didn’t relent, keeping the pressure on. Hester’s body was heating up, the laughter straining her lungs.

‘Npphh!’

Eliza had to resist the urge to stop tickling her and just hurt her, but could this work? Hester’s breathing was getting more and more ragged, her body pushed past endurance, her laughing getting increasingly pained, Eliza not giving her a chance to rest or recover.

‘Ple... please, stop...’ Eliza did so, looking at Lady Falmouth, as Hester realized what she had done. ‘No! I didn’t mean it!’

Lady Falmouth nodded, as Hester started fighting her restraints more forcefully.

‘Impressive, and surprising. An unconventional technique, but it seems to have worked. Now, if some of you would be good enough to move Hester onto the block? So that she can be used fully.’

‘No! Let me go!’ She was straining herself against the restraints, but without any success, as Eliza took a step back. Two of Lady Falmouth’s friends approached, both burly men, easily uncuffing her and pulling her from the cross, ignoring her struggles.

Eliza watched with interest as she was carried over to the heavy wooden breeding block, her legs spread over it, heavy bands snapping over her thighs. Her arms flailed, but she wasn’t strong enough to break free, pushed over at the waist, her arms getting pushed against the heavy wood and cuffed into place. Eliza could see the bands digging into her skin, tight enough that Hester couldn’t escape, as well as hear the panting of the prisoners, readying themselves to fuck the now-restrained girl, rubbing and grinding themselves against the floor, chains clinking.

‘Eliza, be a dear and fetch out one of the captives. One of the larger ones, I think.’ Lady Falmouth pulled at a chain around her neck, a key appearing from her cleavage, which she held out. Eliza hastened to move towards her, taking it from her hand, feeling messy and dirty next to her clean and easy elegance. But at least she wasn’t tied up to be fucked and bred!

‘Thank you, Mistress.’

A hand reached out to stroke at Eliza's cheek, the fingers soft, warm and clean. 'You have done well. Although it is a little disappointing that I won't get to see you used, we can both take some enjoyment in Hester's torment.' Her hand patted Eliza on top of her head, before pulling a few stray tufts of hair back into some form of order. 'You may take a whip if you wish, to keep them under control.'

Eliza curtseyed, feeling dried cum flake off her dress, more plastered between her thighs. Then she moved to obey, taking a heavy whip from the wall, hoping that it would be enough. Although she still had her chastity belt on, granting her some protection, and with the easy meat of Hester on offer, then hopefully they wouldn't try and grab her?

She walked towards the cell door and unlocked it, the key turning smoothly and easily. She could see naked flesh gleaming in the low light, wrapped about with chains, gleaming eyes watching her every movement, as the sounds of Hester's futile struggles continued behind her. Eliza cracked the whip, the cord striking against the stone floor, hearing chains strain as the men flinched away from the sound.

'Behave, and there is fresh meat for you. Disobey, and I will hurt you.' She cracked the whip again, giving her eyes time to adjust to the low light in the cell, looking for a suitable prisoner to be the first to take Hester and that was close by. If she had to walk all the way through the cell, then she would be surrounded, and the chance of being grabbed would get far higher!

Down on hands and knees close to the entrance was someone that looked likely – a broad, well-muscled back covered with partially healed whip-welts, a shaggy head of black hair, eyes gleaming through. Even better, his arms were chained behind his back, fetters between his ankles to hobble his steps.

She pointed the whip at him. 'You. Stand and entertain your betters.'

The eyes narrowed, before chains clinked, the man standing up. Eliza swallowed nervously – he was larger than she thought, towering over her, his hair falling to cover his face, his cock swelling out of a thick, shaggy bush. And from the injuries she could see, was used to being punished! He took a step towards her, chains clicking and scratching, before stopping mid-stride, halted by a chain locked to the wall.

The only way to free him was to walk past him! Even with his chains, he could still grab at her, or just use his bulk to push him against the wall. But to stand down would appear weak – she cracked the whip again, before stepping forward, ready to bring it to bear against his bare flesh if he moved. She had to focus on keeping her gait steady and confident, not wanting to show any fear. Her foot brushed against flesh, a leg in her way, but she managed not to stumble, instead pushing her heel down onto it, grinding into a calf, until it was moved.

The air around the man was filled with his scent – hard and masculine, a powerful musk of sweat, and then she was past him. He was behind her now, the chain linking him to the wall straining and tight. She reached towards the lock, the chain relaxing slightly. She flicked her wrist, the tip of the whip hitting someone in the shadows who grunted with pain, forcing her other hand not to shake as she inserted the key into the lock and turned it. Fortunately, it turned with ease so she didn't have to risk using her other hand, the lock popping open, chain slithering to the ground.

She turned, not wanting to present her back to the man longer than necessary, looking up at him. He had turned towards her, the tip of his cock staring right at her, thick chains still wrapped around his arms. He dipped his head in an incongruous gesture of respect, a stubble-splashed chin moving downwards.

‘Out!’

He obeyed, turning around and walking towards the cell exit. His back was a mass of scars and fresher wounds, with whip-welts and the marks from canes and crops. But despite that, he radiated power and strength, the chains between his ankles snapping taut with every step, bulging muscles straining at the arm-chains.

She didn’t dare relax until she was back outside of the cell, pushing the door shut and locking it, then poking the handle of the whip into the man’s back.

Hester was positioned so her back end was towards the cell, her ass raised into the air, chastity belt still sealed in place. She was still resisting, her hair tossing about as she tried to twist and break free, but the bonds were too strong. Her head twisted around, fearful eyes looking at Eliza, her back straining powerlessly to escape.

Lady Falmouth had risen from her throne, and was looking at the man with approval. ‘An excellent choice, Eliza. Freshly-broken meat can be more vigorous than something that’s suffered long under the whip. I’m sure he will appreciate the chance to take his pleasure upon such a sweet little thing as Hester as well.’

She swept forward, dress flowing around her legs, full of grace and power. Hester blubbered and begged, desperate for release, but was ignored save for one of the other nobles shoving a bit between into her mouth, her teeth biting down into the leather, her cries now garbled and distorted.

‘Keep the meat nice and hard while I prepare Hester. Ensure that he is ready.’

Chains clinked as the man turned back around to face Eliza. She couldn’t see much of his face, but his cock was prominent. She had to put the whip down, feeling weaker without the handle in her hand, but she had to keep hold of the key and had nowhere to put it.

She reached out a hand, running it down his chest, feeling the strength of his chest muscles, before running it down his belly, then onto the base of his shaft, taking a firm grip of his length. Heat seemed to radiate out from the cock, and she wished she’d put her gloves back on. She could smell him, the odor making her mouth and cunt both water. She took a firmer grip, looking up at him, through the veil of his shaggy hair.

‘You are to entertain your owner. You are fortunate to be granted the chance to use someone like Hester, who is far above you.’ She gave the shaft a squeeze, the foreskin sliding back, using her thumb to lightly tap the crown, making him shiver. ‘Be a good boy and do not disappoint. Do you understand?’

There was a long pause, before his head dipped again, a rumble shaking his chest. ‘Yes, Mistress.’

She managed to not whimper in delight at the title, but used her grip on his cock to pull him around, hearing the click of a lock as Hester’s belt was removed. She led him forward, to where Hester’s bare cunt was now presented, her lips already moist.

‘Then you may begin.’

Lady Falmouth pressed down on Hester’s back, restraining her wriggling, as Eliza guided the cock forward, pressing the tip into the waiting slit, then withdrawing her hand. The man took the initiative, thrusting his hips forward and sliding further into the now-squealing Hester. Impaled, she couldn’t do anything to break free, the cock pistoning in and out, visibly wet with Hester’s fluids.

Eliza moved around to the front, seeing Hester’s face – tears were running down her face, her mouth running in black streaks from her eyes, her teeth biting deeply into the bit as she was taken from behind.

Lady Falmouth patted her on the head again. ‘Good girl. Lady Melissa said you had potential and you have lived up to it. And avoided this fate!’

Hester blubbered, trying to force words around the bit, before Lady Falmouth slapped her.

‘I suppose I should let you dress yourself from now on.’ She started to stroke Eliza’s chest, her nipples still sore from where the man had pinched the earlier, before she reached down and released the belt, the metal clanging to the floor. ‘You can wear that if you wish, but I suspect you would prefer to be free?’

The air coiled around her privates, and now she felt dirty and sweaty, with cum slicking her skin. But the praise made her feel giddy and woozy, a smile crossing her face, despite Hester’s grunts and whines as she was fucked.

‘Thank you, Mistress!’

Lady Falmouth leaned downwards and kissed her on the lips, still stroking her breasts.

‘Now go and sleep, little one. You’ve earned it, while Hester deserves her punishment.’

‘Eugh!’ Hester was still trying to break free, without any chance of success, while the man had his full length buried into her, ramming it back and forth. He gasped as he ejaculated, Hester whimpering again.

‘Ah, the sight of a young cunt and womb getting filled with fresh seed. You should have been more commanding, Hester, then you wouldn’t be getting bred. Now, Eliza, off to bed with you, and tomorrow you can begin taking a more... commanding position.’

Her kiss was soft and warm, before she stopped and released Eliza, giving her a push towards the door.

‘If you wish to dally with the guests, you may, but some of them may be a little rough, especially not that you are unprotected.’

Eliza could feel the heat of her own loins – although watching Hester getting fucked, again and again, would be pleasing, she wanted to pleasure herself! And to sleep. And so she obeyed, leaving the dungeon to return to her own chambers, there to rest.

THE END

About the Author and Artist

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

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

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Prisonette's Dilemma Preview Chapters

Making friends is hard. But that doesn't mean Eliza wanted to be locked into a torture chamber with some class-mate she's never met! And now they're locked and shackled together, forced into closeness and made to torment and tease each other. Made to hurt each other, bound into confinement, never allowed to be apart, but never allowed to climax or enjoy each other's presence. Soon, all Eliza can think of is the other girl's soft body and warm eyes, but touching her brings pain! All Eliza wants is the other girl's gentle touch, but without the shock or the lash... Will she ever be allowed to take her pleasure with the other girl?

Prisonette's Dilemma Chapter One: An Uneasy Meeting

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

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

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

'Is this your first time?'

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

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

'But... How? Why?'

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

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

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

'But... that sounds horrible.'

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

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

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

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

'Secrets?'

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

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

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

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

'So what do you think we should do?'

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

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

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

'What's your worst nightmare?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prisonette's Dilemma Chapter Two: Response Required

It was uncomfortably cold. Whatever she was sat on was frigid and hard, enough to make her butt sore already. Things had been pushed into her, ass and pussy both, recently enough that the metal hadn't yet warmed. From the soreness she could feel, it had barely even been lubed, simply shoved straight in. Eliza tried moving her legs, barely getting an inch of movement before a chain snapped taut. Underfoot, it was tile, cold and hard. And, the thought arose, easy to clean if someone got too rough.

Her eyes were gummy, sticking shut until she forced them open, a cold and hard electric light shining down on her. She tried rising a hand to wipe the gunk from her eyes but was prevented from doing so – they were cuffed together by a chain, running through a metal loop on the table in front of her, itself securely attached to the ground. She was sat on a metal bench, with what felt like a pole behind her, uncomfortable against her spine, with a metal ring around her neck that locked her head in place, a strap around her forehead. A ballgag had been strapped around her head and pushed into her mouth, the plastic stale with someone else's spit.

Opposite her was a long mirror, filling one wall – clearly for observational purposes, although she hoped the audience was small. To add to the sense of being watched, there was a camera in one corner, red light blinking on and off. On the table in front of her was a laptop, currently closed, but also attached to the desk by heavy-duty metal brackets, to prevent her wrenching it away and throwing it or using it as a weapon.

Other than the mirror, every surface looked the same; smooth white tiles, harsh and cruel. Cold, empty and far too easy to – she shivered – simply disinfect after use, wipe away any trace of whatever had been done. Unable to move her head, her vision was limited – all she could hear was the loud fans of the AC, drowning out her own breathing. She hadn't been stripped, for what that was worth – her skirt had actually been pulled back up, her blouse rebuttoned, but the thin fabric offered little protection against the cold, or if anyone were to strike her skin.

She kicked her legs again, testing her restraints – it felt like another chain through a tether, meaning she could shift them slightly, but not enough to even kick the table legs. And with the collar around her neck, she couldn't move her torso enough to dismount from whatever was pushed into her – no doubt they would be 'activated' at some point.

The chain between her wrists was about eight inches long, meaning even if she had one hand right next to the tether, she still couldn't touch herself with the other. Would something happen? She carefully poked the laptop, tensing herself in case one of the intruders buried into her burst into life or some other torment was inflicted on her.

Nothing happened, at least that she could see or feel. The camera light blinked on and off, a steady rhythm. Or was it? Were they trying to screw up her sense of time, make the blinks faster or slower? Although that would be bizarrely mild, she had nowhere to be after all.

She carefully ran a hand across the top of the laptop. Smooth, black metal, reinforced and tough, otherwise featureless. It was set up so she could only reach it with one hand at a time, the chain not allowing her to use both. She opened, the thing powering up, screen showing the university logo. It continued to load, windows flashing and vanishing up as it connected to the

network. The wallpaper was of several students, all hooded and anonymous, mostly-naked bodies covered with welts and bound into some kind of multi-person rack, ropes stretching their limbs out to full extension and digging into their flesh.

Then two windows popped up, covering the image. One was a chat window, the other a video feed. It showed the cell she was in, although not from the camera she could see - there must be another one behind her. She looked closer, the resolution of the image hazy, the timestamp ticking along. And showing it to be the morning, assuming it was correct and not another misdirection. No, it wasn't here, it was somewhere else - that wasn't her own dark hair, it was blonde, but still tied into a messy high ponytail. All the camera showed was the top of their head and the edge of the table in that room - she could see was a similar laptop on the table there, but the resolution was so low she couldn't make out what they were looking at.

That must be Sophia... Or at least that was what they wanted her to think. From the angle, it could just be a wig propped in place, or someone else being used as a substitute.

She moved her hands, testing what she could reach. Only half of the keyboard with each hand, the trackpad with the thumb of either. Of course, why would they even allow her a decent typing speed? She felt something wet splat against her chest - it was spit, dribbling from behind her gag. If that was the worst degradation she experienced, then she'd consider it mild!

The chat log blinked for a moment, "... " appearing, indicating someone was typing. So she was being monitored. Or an automated chatbot, but she doubted anyone would pass by the chance to torment her in person, even if at a slight remove.

Prisonette Eliza.

Prisonette? That was new. Not that it made much difference. The message blinked at her, no follow-up yet.

She typed, straining on the chain, hissing in irritation at the delay imposed by having to switch hands.

Yes sir. What shall Prisonette Eliza do? She doesn't have any options, and if she did nothing, that would probably get her punished for inaction. She couldn't even see behind herself - there was no door in sight, so it must be behind her, meaning someone could simply walk in and throw a bag over her head, draw it tight and wait until she passed out.

You and your friend will be tested. Failure will bring consequences. There was no mention of success - it was likely succeeding wasn't possible, only varying degrees of failure. *Should you err, your friend will be punished. Should she err, you will be punished. Any slowness to respond will also result in punishment.*

Hopefully Sophia would be able to remember everything. *I understand Sir.*

State your friend's name.

A timer immediately started counting down, Eliza trying to type as fast as possible. At least Sophia's name was short. She drew her left hand back so her right hand could hit the "enter" key. The countdown stopped. A moment later, a burning pain flared in her crotch, electricity scorching her. She grunted through the gag. She'd gotten it right hadn't she? No, Sophia must have gotten it wrong. How *stupid* was that bitch? Maybe if she got the next one wrong herself, that would encourage her to be more careful!

State her age.

That was easy. She tapped the digits in. But she paused before hitting enter - should she send a shock back? No. She'd never said her own full name was "Elizabeth", so if Sophia had put "Eliza", then that would have been in error. She pressed enter, sending the correct answer. On the video feed, she could just about make out that the person on the other side (it was

probably best to assume it was Sophia) was also tapping on the keyboard. The feed was patchy and not continuous, Sophia's hands flicking between frames.

The questions continued, too fast for her to think.

Your friend has done well. She has earned you a reward.

The thing inside her pussy started to buzz. That was a distraction she didn't need! At least it was set on "low" – unless it got turned on higher, there was no danger of her climaxing, and the juices she produced made it less uncomfortable inside of her, easing its movement. Although if Sophia was getting the same treatment, she might be easier to distract, and that meant she would be getting questions wr...

She winced as lighting lashed her, spiking into her butt this this time. That was going to start vibrating as well, wasn't it? Or doing something else! How long would it take until this was over? So far, none of the questions had been that bad.

Ten inches of cock must be divided between you. What is the largest cock Sophia could comfortably take?

What the hell kind of question was that? It was a slider option – all the way up to ten – probably inches? Ten inches would tear Sophia apart, but they probably knew that. She selected "4". Sophia didn't seem as though she'd had a lot of experience. No response came back.

And then the thing inside of her started to push further into her, cold and hard. Shit, she hadn't read the question properly. Six inches? It pushed mercilessly into her, spreading her wide. She liked Sophia, but not enough to take six inches up the butt! It slid into her, and then stayed there. Fuck, it felt *huge*, larger than anyone she'd taken before! She was thankful she hadn't chosen a smaller size for Sophia, another inch more pushed into her would rip her backside open. She tensed, trying to rise up on the pole to lessen the pressure, but the collar around her neck didn't allow that much movement.

She was left there, metal cock inside of her, vibrator still buzzing away. The figure on the screen seemed largely unaffected – although of course she would, she only had four inches inside of her! God, please let there be an option to retract it later on – an electrical zap from something this large would really goddam hurt.

Your partner believes that you can withstand choking for thirty seconds. You may accept this or have her choked for forty seconds. Do you accept? Fail to choose, and you will both be choked.

The only options were "yes" or "no", and a five-second timer. She'd taken six inches, and was repaid by thirty seconds of choking? What the fuck? But Sophia hated choking. Or did she, and it was just a sob story? How much of this was a set-up? She wouldn't put it past the Dean to have arranged everything. Two seconds left. But she had been so warm. Was that all a lie? She flicked the response to "yes".

The metal around her neck immediately snapped tight, constricting her throat. With the metal pillar behind her, she couldn't move backwards, and hadn't even had time to take a deep breath. She wheezed, trying to suck in air, chain rattling as her arms twitched and flailed. Her blood pounded, vision starting to spark and fade. Compared to this, even the monster in her ass seemed minor. The last time she had been forced into anything similar, it had been cruder, her tormentors wanting it to last longer, allowing her enough sharp, pained breaths to stay conscious, while they hurt her in other ways. But this was cold and merciless, a simple machine that didn't desire pleasure, it just obeyed.

And then it released itself, the metal clicking back slightly, just enough that she could breathe again. She gulped in air, lungs heaving, her eyes watering. Another message had appeared on the screen, although it was hard to read through the tears.

...split between yourself and your friend?

There was only two seconds left on the clock, and a long bar of numbers. She picked one near the beginning – 34. It accepted her response.

The AC kicked up, suddenly hot. Far too hot, as her skin started to prickle with sweat. The figure on the video on the other hand... They looked to be shivering already. Had it been dividing the temperature between them? They were only wearing skimpy clothing – hers was starting to soak in her own sweat. Cold air would be just as punishing, if not worse!

More questions flashed up, mundane things – some she knew, others she didn't. Hopefully, she wasn't causing too much harm from those she didn't know! Then a shock blasted through the intruder up her butt – if she hadn't been gagged, she would have screamed from the pain. They'd only been together for one night, they couldn't know that much about each other! This place loved rigged games.

You are both guilty and deserving of punishment. You may tell us of her crimes. Do so and your own punishment will be removed, unless she should speak of your crimes. If she speaks and you stay silent, then your punishment shall include hers as well. If neither speaks, then we will punish you both, but without knowledge of your crimes, it will be lessened.

Will you speak of her crimes? Failure to select a choice will result in accepting both your sentence and hers.

Yes

No

Five seconds. She tried to think. If she said No and so did Sophia, then both would receive only minor punishments. But if she said No, and Sophia said Yes, then she would take both punishments. If she said Yes and Sophia said No, then Sophia would take both punishments, and if they both said Yes, then they would both be punished. What would Sophia do?

Three seconds.

To protect herself, she should select "Yes", at least that might minimize punishment. But if Sophia selected "No", and so did she, they would both get off more lightly. Did she trust Sophia? She glanced at the video – the figure there was shivering, probably biting cold. Would she blame Eliza for that? But she hadn't known what it would do!

One second.

She made her choice.

There was no immediate reaction, nothing to tell her what Sophia had selected. There was movement, a hand suddenly appearing in her peripheral vision, bound in white latex. One of the nurses stepped into view – had she been stood behind Eliza this entire time, watching her? Just stood there, silent and watching, probably only a pace or two behind her, ready to do who-knew-what to her. The hooded face was utterly impassive, although this close she could see the tiny dots in the material over the eyes, whoever was inside able to see out.

The heat was stifling now, her body slicked with sweat, the intruder still large within her, as sweat dripped down her forehead, a droplet falling from her nose. Where she was sat on the metal bench, her sweat was pooling, clammy and sticky. They tapped her on the forehead, then pulled out a syringe, already filled with some amber liquid. Bound against the pole, she couldn't move, as the nurse tapped the syringe, making sure it was safe. What had Sophia selected? She tried moving her arms, desperate to fight the person, the *thing*, off, but to no avail. They simply

pushed her arms aside with their body, sticking the needle into a vein in her neck and pushing the plunger.

The world went dark, dark and far too hot. Was this hell? The last thought she had before passing out was of Sophia, the scent and feel of her body, warm and soft and sweet. Trapped together in that locker, a rare moment of peace with another. And then the darkness overcame her, and her consciousness faded.