

Remote Control Love Slave

Another story by 2Perverse

WARNING: This is a story of Dark fantasy, depicting extreme violence and perverse acts in graphic detail. Although it is pure fiction and does not contain any true events, many readers will find this story offensive or disturbing. If you are not looking for extreme dark fantasy with elements of violence and perversion, this story is not for you.

Story Codes: M/f F/f exhib incest mod teen BDSM slavery high school real reluctant humiliation serious

Synopsis: A well to do man sends his step daughter off to a clinic for some extreme modifications, turning her into a remote control sex slave. Her mother is led to believe she was sent to a girls school to learn manners and discipline

Part 1: *The Clinic*

Jack checked the address on the wall one more time, and compared it against the sheet of paper he had been given. The bare metal door at the bottom of the stairwell did not look inviting, and certainly was not what he'd expected from the description he'd been given of the clinic. Mentally shrugging, he walked down the steps and knocked one time, as instructed. A brief moment passed before the door was opened by a large, casually dressed man, obviously a bouncer.

"Invitation?" he said.

Jack handed over the plain, blank white business card he'd been given. Taking the card, the bouncer inserted it in a small box inside the door and examined it closely through the glass top. Jack could not see what was revealed under the reader, but it must have passed muster.

"Please step this way sir," the man said, inviting him in. With a thud the door was latched firmly behind him, and the bouncer led the way down a long empty hall. At the end there was a single elevator, door standing open. The bouncer swiped a card over the black reader and the elevator dinged once.

"Step inside sir, Dr. Iverson will meet you in the lobby."

Nervously, Jack stepped in to the elevator, and the door immediately closed. Reaching for the button, he was startled to note that there weren't any. Momentary panic was eased as the elevator began to descend, rapidly, by the feel. Several whole minutes passed, and Jack began to wonder what he was getting himself into. Finally, after what must have been thousands of feet of decent, the elevator stopped, and the door opened.

Jack stepped out into a large, brightly lit lobby, with comfortable couches and chairs placed strategically around coffee tables and cheerful plant arrangements. Artful pieces decorated the walls, giving a warm, inviting feel to the room. Straight across from the elevator, thirty feet or so away, was a closed, heavy oak double door. Off to the right of it was a small receptionist desk, complete with a small, female receptionist.

Striding across the room, Jack approached the girl, who looked up and said, "Please have a seat, sir, the Dr. will be with you in a moment."

Choosing to stand instead, Jack admired the artwork on the walls for about five minutes while he waited. The large doors opened, smooth and surprisingly quiet and a tall man in a white doctor's overcoat stepped out.

"I do apologize for being late Mr. Stevens. I'm Dr. Iverson. Please, step inside and let's go to my office, and see how we might best assist you." Walking down the hall, it was some small distance through a maze of hospital like corridors to the office.

Finally, seated at his desk, Dr. Iverson asked, "So, what can we do for you, Mr. Stevens?"

Taking a seat in a plush lounge chair in front of the desk, Jack sat back and addressed the doctor. "I've been given a brief description of what you do here, of course. And it goes without saying that price is no object, or I daresay I'd not have made it past your front door." Smiling, he chuckled. Jack was a genius at stock picking, and had amassed quite a respectable pile of cash over the last 15 years.

"However, I'm a little vague on the particulars, as it were. I wonder if you might give me the nickel tour, show off your, um, capabilities, and demonstrate any, er, limitations? I'd like to get a feel for the, er, full range of potentials, before I place my order."

"Hmmm," he replied. "Yes. A lot of our higher end clients tend to feel that way. We've set up a kind of show room in the new wing. Would you like to take a look?"

"Yes please," Jack replied, "that would be excellent."

Grabbing a key card out of his desk, the doctor led the way to another elevator. Waving the card at the reader, the doors popped open. This time the ride was brief, descending only a few floors. Entering a new hallway, they walked a few yards and entered a door to the left. This room looked like a small night club, bar in one corner, rich looking tables with leather chairs were spaced around the room. Two chairs faced the bar, where several young women sat on the tall chairs, quietly chatting. On the chair arms rested four large remote controls. Picking up one at random, Dr Iverson said, "Watch this."

Jack watched with interest as he pressed a button labeled "Come Here."

One of the women in the middle flinched, then bolted upright and ran over to stand at attention in front of the Dr., eyes focused down on her toes. "Here, you try it," he said, handing over the remote.

Studying the controls for a moment, Jack pressed "Strip", and she began tossing clothes to the floor. Next he tried "Dance," which brought up a menu on the display, listing possibilities. Jack scrolled down and selected "Pole Dance." She immediately stepped up onto the runway and began a rather nice routine.

"Very nice," Jack said. "So how does it work?"

"Well, our process involves implanting controls into the woman that can give stimulus indicating the desired action. In basic term, small electrodes are surgically installed at key, highly sensitive nerve locations, including clitoris, nipples, anus, tongue, etc. The number and capability of these is adjustable with the sales package, of course. These are connected to a computerized controller, the central brain if you will, installed internally, that is programmed to send spikes of electricity to the probes, in various patterns and intensity based on which button you press on the remote. Then it's just a matter of conditioning, teaching a subject that a hard, strong jolt on her clitoris means 'Come Here!' and several short stabs at clit and nipples mean 'Strip' and so on. There's no real limit to the command set, but each girl has to be trained extensively until she learns what each pattern means. Part of any purchase package includes a thorough training period, to condition her to the basic command set."

"Impressive," Jack responded. "I was told you've been experimenting with some more advanced models?"

"Yes, those are across the hall. We've added some sensors to the controller to give us some feedback. The electronics can sense position, motion, direction, even external conditions like temperature, etc. We've developed a wide array of internal sensors to determine if commands are being obeyed. For instance, we have a pussy caliber that measures penetration depth and width. Also worth noting is our remote access and monitoring package, which includes a cellular modem, and audio and video sensors. You can see and hear what she does, and control her from anywhere you've got cell phone coverage! One of the best features of our new ZR1000 controller is automation, and intelligent monitoring. Programs can be written to automatically monitor activity, or record detailed instructions to be performed on a schedule. Punishment can be given automatically for any deviation from her allowed list of actions."

"Wow! I'd love to see that in action!" Jack's palms actually began to sweat, thinking of all the delicious possibilities!

"Well then, let's step across the hall. But first..." Reaching for the remote he pressed "Release." Up on the dance stage, the woman stopped gyrating, and then sat on the floor. Sweat covered her body, as she had been really going at that pole.

"One of the biggest problems with these simple units," the doctor explained. "People are always forgetting to turn them off. Either the subject continues until damaged, or she gives up and ignores the last command that was given. Then we have to either forgive her, or punish her unfairly for disobedience. Bad for discipline, that. The new controllers have built in watchdogs for forgotten remotes. The can automatically send release commands, or even complex orders to return to a specific condition, say, dressed and back in her cage with the door locked."

Leading the way across the hall, the entered a large room laid out like a go kart track. Six young women stood in what seemed to be the pit area, completely naked. Each had a thick layer of electrical tape wrapped around her head, covering eyes and ears thoroughly, and arms bound behind her back. Large, two digit numbers were painted across each woman's back, and someone had even slapped a few bumper stickers and logos across their asses.

Near the door was a raised platform overlooking the track, with six arcade-like stations, containing a steering wheel, gear shift, and foot peddles.

"Our engineers really went all out on this one. We wanted a demo of our new, total control unit, with optional safety features. Let me show you."

Stepping up to a controller, he stepped lightly on the gas and one of the girls began walking forward.

"Pressing on the gas pedal sends a jolt into her clitoris. Sensors monitor her speed and adjust the intensity based on how fast she moves. A comparison is made between her speed, what gear I've selected, and how much I press the pedal. A big difference gives her a big jolt that scales down to zero as she reaches the correct speed. A similar jolt to her ass indicates she should slow down, and jolts to each tit tell her to turn left or right. Watch this!"

Turning the wheel, he steered her around the others women in the pit and out onto the track. Stomping on the gas made her grunt, and then begin running flat out. He steered her around the track a few laps, then deliberately drove her at a wall. Expecting the blind girl to pile into the wall she could not see, Jack was surprised when she braked to a stop about a foot in front of it.

"Took some painful system calibration to get that to work right, let me tell you! Anyway, that was a demonstration of the smart controller system. Position tracking monitors her every step, and automatically sends the commands to stop before she hit the wall. This is highly programmable, and even optional." Flipping a switch marked SAFTEY to the off position, and shifting to reverse, he backed

the girl up, then shifted through forward gears again to send her racing around the track once more. "Certain commands are just more fun than others," he commented. Pressing down on a button labeled "Nitrous," the girl began screaming, and then seemed to be pushing for all the extra speed her legs would give.

"This button sends a maximum intensity clitoral shock, giving her some serious incentive to run faster!"

Ignoring the turn at the end of the track, he led her straight at the wall. This time she plowed in, running flat out, and bounced backward head over heels, then lay still. Pushing a button on the wall intercom, he said, "Medic to Demo 2." The Dr. turned back to Jack as a medical team raced in to cart the limp body down to the hospital wing.

"Of course, entertaining as this demonstration is, it's not really what most of our clientele is looking for. The basic hardware install is the same, however, and we have a number of, shall we say, more *practical*, training environments. Have you chosen a particular training plan yet?"

"I'm still trying to make up my mind between a few variations. I was wondering, could you tell me what the differences were between *Slave: Traditional*, *Slave: Bondage*, and *Slave: Torture* are." replied Jack.

"Hmmm, let's see. Traditional means simple obedience, like a pet, do the dishes, suck my cock, that kind of thing. Bondage slaves are expected to receive a certain amount of pain and bondage, and get extra obedience training to harden them. Torture is like Bondage, but at a whole extra level, and requires extensive obedience training. We warrantee that nothing you do to one of our Torture slaves can break her training, or the next one's free. Cost and training time can be extreme for this model, however."

"I see. I understand that I can arrange for pickup and delivery when I schedule a procedure?"

"Yes, talk with our receptionist on the way out and she can make the appointment."

On the way back to the doctors' office, Jack found that he was very impressed by the clinic. Contemplating his schedule and trying to imagine the possibilities, he made up his mind. For what he intended, *Slave: Torture*, was probably the best bet.

Taking a seat in the easy chair in front of the receptionist's desk, he said "I'd like to place and order for pickup and return delivery."

"Excellent sir," replied the woman. "Please fill out this order form, and specify all the features you'd like installed. If there is anything you'd like that is not listed on the form, please give a detailed description on the back of the form, and we shall do our best."

Sitting back, Jack began filling out the form, checking off features and desired training packages. Grinning like a kid in a candy store, he couldn't help a brutal erection from the anticipation. Finished at last, he handed the form back to the woman behind the desk.

Looking over the form, she said, "Excellent choice sir. When would you like us to pick up the subject?"

"Next Friday, at 9:00am would be perfect. She thinks she's going to summer camp," he chuckled. "How long do you expect it will be until I get her back?"

"Let me check on that sir," she replied. Taking the form, she ducked through the doors and returned with Dr. Iverson a few minutes later.

Perusing the form in detail, he was muttering to himself, then looked up and said, "Hmmm, let's see... This one could take some time. 10 days for the hardware install. The new oversize fuel cell membranes we use to power the computer are a bitch to install, at least to do it without leaving any scarring. Really amazing stuff, actually, pulls sugar from the blood stream and makes electricity to operate our little toys. Don't worry about scarring, by the way. Our surgeons are really top notch, and we do everything through existing openings, like the belly button, or vagina. Anyway, better figure at least 45 days for training. Can you spare her for two months?"

"I'll manage. Summer camp should make a good cover for the neighbors. Her mother thinks she's going away to a finishing school, to learn some manners."

"Yes, I see you've selected some discipline and cultural training in her package. May I ask the subjects' age?"

"Let's see, she'll be 14 by the time I get her back. It's my step daughter. Hot little number, but she has a mouth like a truck driver, and attitude up to HERE!" Jack said. "We told the girl its summer camp, and she's expecting a few weeks of fun and frolic out from under her mother's thumb." Jack said, with an evil chuckle.

Amused, the doctor smiled, "She'll have a bit of a rude surprise then." Handing over a piece of paper, he continued. "Please wire this amount to that bank account, and we'll see you on Friday to take delivery of your step daughter Mr. Stevens."

Part 2: Surgery

It was Friday morning, and Stephanie had just finished packing her travel bag and was zipping it closed. From downstairs, her creepy stepfather Jack called up, "Stephanie, hurry up! Your ride is here."

Anxious to be gone, she tried to hurry it up. She *really* wanted to get away for a couple weeks. Mom was seriously getting on her nerves, and Jack had been extra creepy the last few days. Dragging the bag off her bed she rolled it out the door. She was hoping she'd packed enough clothes, thinking about how much fun the next two weeks was going to be. "Two whole weeks away at camp, with no creepy Jack, no *Do the Dishes*, *Clean Your Room*, *CHANGE THOSE CLOTHES*, from mom" she thought, as she lugged the case along.

Grunting, she lifted the heavy bag and descended the stairs. Jack and a man who must have been the bus driver waited at the bottom of the stair. She was puzzled when she noticed another large drag bag standing by the front door, but didn't think any more of it. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she stuck out her tongue and rudely tried to brush past Jack. Instead of letting her by, he grabbed her arm and swung her around to face him. Reaching down, he closed his fist over her hand holding the carry bag.

"Here, let me get that," he said, prying the bag out of her hand, and holding her in place for a moment. She opened her mouth to scream "Don't touch me!" but, before she could even draw in the breath a firm hand covered her face with a damp cloth. The "bus driver" had been waiting for the distraction. Anger faded to confusion as the ether on the rag quickly knocked her out.

Letting the limp girl slide to the floor, Jack grabbed the large luggage case by the door. He and the delivery agent stuffed the unconscious teen into the bag, and wheeled the bag out to the man's car. Jack smiled as she was driven away, packed securely in the car trunk. Upstairs, Jack's wife Deirdre was still sound asleep, and never heard a thing. She was a shift supervisor and worked nights at the local hospital. She had just gone to bed an hour ago, and would be sleeping like a log for at least another 6 hours. As far as she knew, her troubled daughter was off to summer boarding school, to learn a little discipline and good manners.

Hours later, Stephanie woke up in a small cell, dimly lit. Confusion. Pain. Fear. PANIC! Memory returned, and adrenaline surged! She raced around the little six foot square room, banged on the solid, heavy, wooden door. Unable to help herself, she screamed. "HELP! Let me out. Is anybody out there?"

And, in fact, there was. They'd been waiting for her to wake up, so they could continue with their preparations. They had to let the drugs wear off completely before applying more anesthetics for the first surgery.

The door opened and two huge men reached in and each grabbed an arm and a leg, carrying her away down the long hallway outside the door. Kicking, scream, and spitting mad, she was helpless as they easily carted her down to the operating room, chatting casually to each other.

"This one's a wild cat, eh Bill?"

"What? Oh, she's not as bad as that Asian chick they brought in last week. I've still got six stitches from her damn claws."

Through the doors, they lifted, then plopped her on the gurney, face up. Leaning, both men pinned her arms painfully tight, outstretched over her head, while a nurse locked the heavy, padded wrist restraints. Shifting grip to her legs, they forced her ankles into widely spread stirrups and waited for the nurse to finish securing her ankle restraints. Satisfied that she was secure, the men left the room and returned to their normal duty posts.

"Just relax for a minute," the nurse told Stephanie. "The doctors will be here shortly to explain the procedure."

"Let me GO! Help me! Somebody please help me!!" Her voice was shrill with panic. She was thrashing wildly and screaming bloody murder when the two doctors walked in a few minutes later.

"Oh my," said Steve. "Gary, hook her up and start a light drip, will you? Don't put her out just yet though. I need to explain the procedure to her."

"Sure thing. Steve." Gary flipped another restraint over an elbow, locking one forearm down like a vise. Quickly he inserted an IV needle, and administered a sedative.

Eyes half closing as the drug kicked in, Stephanie lost the strength to struggle, limbs going numb. Still mostly alert, she watched helplessly as Steve picked up the surgical scissors. "That's much better. Now, I know you're very confused, so let me explain for a bit. Your stepfather Jack has paid us to give you a few surgical modifications, and some training that he feels will make you a better daughter. Your mother thinks you've been sent off to boarding school, of course, to learn some manners, and she's not really expecting you to be home for quite some time. What else was there, oh yes: The summer camp thing was just a ruse. They both lied to you about that."

Shaking her head in denial, she continued to listen.

"So then, let me explain a little about the procedure we have scheduled for you. We're going to install some rather interesting hardware into your body. More than a few items, actually, your stepfather really went all out on your package. We can discuss the details of exactly *what* we're installing at a later time. So, let's see what we have to work with, and then we can get started, shall we?"

Raising the scissors, he started at one ankle and began cutting her loose sweat pants up the outside of her leg, all the way to the waist band. As she realized what he was doing, she began screaming once more.

"NOOO, STOP, DON'T!" she cried.

Shearing through the other pant leg, once he reached the waistband again, he lifted and pulled her shredded sweats away. Next he started on her shirt, cutting it up the middle, and then doing each arm inward to her neck. The shirt joined the pants in the trash bin next to the operating table. She wasn't wearing a bra, which left only two more quick snips to remove her cute little panties.

Steve began examining her entire body, running hands firmly along every inch, looking for any flaws they might have to fix later. Fondling each breast firmly, he verified that they were supple and smooth, with no lumps or blemishes. Taking a critical look at her spread vagina, he ran fingers through her lips for a minute, then grunted. "You loose the bet, Bill," he commented.

"Very disappointing young lady!" he scolded Stephanie. "Your stepfather had expected that you were still a virgin. Oh well, it's nothing that we can't fix. Gary, make a note on her chart and green light the extended training. She's not a virgin to begin with, so we might as well take advantage and train her fully. We can schedule a revirgination just before delivery."

"You got it. Are we ready to go now?" he replied.

"Just about. Go ahead and up the drip while I lay out my tools."

Turning back to Stephanie, he said, "We'll talk more when you wake up."

Steve decided to begin the procedure with the trickiest part. Threading a hair fine needle with a nearly invisible wire, he began installing the clitoral stimulator lead. Patiently isolating her tiny clit between thumb and forefinger, he exactly inserted the needle down the perfect center of the shaft. Cutting a small hole inside her belly button, he inserted a special tool and manipulated the grip to pull the needle into her abdomen. With another tool, he stripped a half inch of insulation from the end of the wire, exposing bare copper. He then carefully pulled the wire through into her abdomen to take up the slack. Pausing, he pulled the last inch very carefully, making sure the exposed copper ended just at the extreme tip, occupying her entire clitoral shaft.

To make sure the sharp wire stayed put, so it could not be driven in to an unsuspecting penis during sex, for example, a knot was stitched with the wire, where it entered her abdomen. Working carefully, four more stimulus wires were then inserted through and into each vaginal lip, evenly spaced along the entire length. Next, a dozen heavier control leads were installed in three rings around her vaginal canal, capable of driving her muscles to contract tightly. Hours of painfully precise work, requiring intense concentration, but these doctors were true artists, and took pride in a job well done.

Exhausted, the doctors finally wrapped it up for the day, closing her belly button and leaving the wires spooled neatly inside her abdominal cavity for now. Eight straight hours is a long time for delicate micro surgery, but the hardest phase was done.

Waking slowly, Stephanie was very weak from the drugs still in her system. Awareness returned, and with it pain. Her pussy was on fire, like someone had invaded it with a wire brush. This wasn't too far from the truth, actually. Moaning softly, she lay still and thought evil thoughts about Jack. No way is he getting away with THIS, she thought. She lay in bed all day and a night to give her time to recover, and then the next morning was carted back to the table to be operated on again.

More wires were installed, both the heavy muscle control and fine stimulus leads, three in the tongue, a dozen in the jaw muscles, each finger and toe, and dozens in each limb. It took eight days to install all the hundreds of wire runs and support hardware, with half that spent in recovery. Additional sensors and control runs were installed that could detect muscle position and stress, electrical impulses generated by her nervous system, even a cellular modem for remote access and diagnostics. The eighth day was a twelve hour marathon to install the six fuel cell membranes that would leach sugar from her flowing blood and turn it into electricity. One more day of rest followed, before they installed the internal computer controller, and connected all the control leads.

Almost anticlimactic, the last operation was an easy four hour affair. The hundreds of fine wires were carefully drawn out through her opened belly button. Technicians carefully probed each one with a signal generator and probe, to identify it's location within her body, and then connected it to a cigar shaped computer module. Once all the wires were connected and tested, the computer was initialized and diagnostic programs ran checks on every stimulator, muscle controller, and feedback sensor connection. Then the unit was pushed carefully through her belly button, situated among her intestines and secured in place. She was then carefully sealed up, belly button stitched closed. As promised, ten days for hardware install, and testing.

She was given four full days to recover and adjust. She was left locked in her small cell, naked and cold, with nothing in the room but a bare cot and a large pot in one corner to serve as a toilet. She could move around a little, but was very sore. Stephanie spent the next four days completely alone, knowing that some kind of unspeakable medical procedure had been done to her, trying unsuccessfully not to think about it. She wept. She cried. She pleaded, and fought, and banged her head. Nothing helped.

Part 3: *Basic Training*

On the morning of the fifth day, the lights in her cell turned up brightly of a sudden, and a cheerful voice announced, "Good morning! It's time to begin your training. Listen carefully and obey each of my commands. For your information, I am not a live person, I am a computer program. I will be monitoring your response to each of my commands. Disobedience or inaction will be punished. Repeated disobedience will be severely punished. I will be your trainer for the next several days, until you learn the basics."

Still shaking sleep out of her eyes, Stephanie was only half listening, wishing she could go back to sleep.

"First, I'll give you a light demonstration of your new hardware. You've had installed a large number of controls and sensors that will allow us to eventually take complete control of your body. I will briefly touch each stimulation point lightly, to demonstrate the possibilities to you. Should you disobey any command given to you, I can use much more forceful stimulus on any or all of these points as punishment. Are you ready?"

Stephanie was sitting silently, eyes closing, when she felt a sharp stab of pain, like being poked with a pin, strike her clit. Screaming, she jumped out of bed, wide awake at last.

"You're first lesson. You will respond 'Yes Master' or 'No Master' when asked a question. Also, from now on, you will speak only when spoken to. Do you understand?"

Again she hesitated, glaring at the walls of the empty room. This time the jolt was twice as hard.

"OOOOWWWW" she screamed, rubbing her pussy.

"Incorrect response." She was jolted once again, even harder than the first two times.

"Do you understand?"

Dancing around on tip toes, she cried out, "MMMPPP!! y.. yes"

ZAP ZAP ZAAPP! "OH GOD STOP!"

"Incorrect response, please answer 'Yes Master' or 'No Master'"

"Yes master" she said quickly.

"Very good. Are you ready for me to continue the demonstration?"

"Yes master."

"Very good. Pay attention now. Move to the center of the room and stand up straight. "

Uncertain, she did as instructed.

"Very good. Now spread your legs apart two feet."

Self consciously, she complied.

"Each of the following is a stimulation point that I can control within your body. There is almost no limit to the amount of pain that can be applied to each of these locations. For now, I will apply only a light demonstration tap to demonstrate function."

A mild jolt stabbed her clitoris, and then a row of pin pricks traced a line down one vaginal lip, and then moved back up the other to end at her clit again.

"Ooo OOOww!" she screamed, and began dancing, digging at her pussy with her fingers. Sudden raging pain engulfed her crotch and legs, and she collapsed in agony.

"Return to position, stand still, and remain quiet."

Stammering out a 'Yes master,' she fought her way back to her feet, tears gushing from both eyes.

The demonstration continued for about two more hours, until she was ready to collapse from exhaustion. She'd had to clench her mouth shut and hold her whole body rigid for the entire time to keep from flying into frenzy, earning more punishment. Finally, the computerized trainer announced a break and ordered her to eat breakfast.

Twenty minutes later her training began in earnest.

For the next six hours the voice called out a slow, continuous string of commands. Sending a small signal to one or more points, she would be ordered to move an arm or leg just so, turn, bend at the waist, knee, or neck, etc. Stephanie got off to a bad start, missing command after command, or responding to slowly. Crying out at painful punishments, she would earn another for not remaining quiet. She finally began to get the hang of it after about a painful hour of trial and error. New commands were given verbally first, with a pattern of stimulation to be memorized. After a couple repetitions, she was supposed to be able to recognize the command indicated by the patterns of mild pain being generated at various points within her body. If she forgot the correct response, she was instructed to stand still through three repetitions of the order, receiving a punishment for each failure to respond. Performing an incorrect action did not count as one of these repetitions. Then the computer would recognize that she'd forgotten a command, and give it again verbally, after a severe punishment for not paying attention.

Five hours later, exhaustion had begun to take its toll, but she was making real progress. The trainer was able to walk her around the room at various speeds, steering her around corners and positioning her body in various poses. Then she began falling behind and making mistakes, unable to move her exhausted arms and legs quickly enough, earning ever increasing punishments. Programmed to look for this as part of the calibration process, the trainer pushed harder, faster, doling out more severe punishments. At seven and a half hours she collapsed to the floor, unmoving. After five minutes of severe punishment could not make her rise, the lights dimmed and she was left in peace. Sprawled unconscious on the floor, she did not stir until awakened eight hours later.

Lights flashing bright, the voice blasted into the room, "On your feet!"

Stephanie cringed, startled awake, then scrambled upward at the warning jolt stabbed lightly at her nipples.

Without preamble, the program began training once again. "Today we're going to see if you remember yesterday's training." The computer then began issuing silent commands, stimulating different points in patterns that she had learned the day before.

Not yet fully awake, she began obeying the silent orders. Moving arms out over her head and then back, was replaced by spreading her legs wide, then back. The she was silently directed to both actions at once. Soon she was rapidly performing jumping jacks to keep up with the pace of the signals being sent. A few minutes in to this routine, something snapped, and she made a dash for the door, screaming "Let me out of here!" Pounding on the door, flailing her arms, she screamed and cried out in frustration.

Sudden stabbing pain assaulted her body. A five in diameter circle on her belly that felt like someone was poking her repeatedly with a pin began to roam slowly over her chest, across one boob, over her shoulder, snaking it's way down her back. Screaming, she began pawing at her skin, tracing the roaming area of pain. Working it's way down her back, it traveled over her butt crack, traversing her vagina on its' way up her chest once more. Collapsing in agony, she huddled on the floor, writhing and begging, "Stop! Please Stop!" over and over again.

"Move to the center of the room and stand still."

Head hung low in defeat; she climbed slowly to her feet and complied. Resuming where it had left off, the trainer began once more issuing commands. Running, jumping, sitting, standing, she did exercises for hours, until she was drenched in sweat. The day seemed like it would never end, and she was exhausted when the voice finally announced that it was time for bed. The lights went low and she stumbled over to her bed and fell asleep almost instantly.

Over the next four days, working 18 hours a day, she was trained to respond to hundreds of commands. Practice, and punishment, failure and success, she was trained to know signal after signal, and respond immediately. Any hesitation or wrong response was punished with increasingly painful corrections. Her one last deliberately disobedient tantrum was rewarded with a full night of screaming punishment, covering her entire body with traveling agony.

Part 4: *Advanced Training*

On the sixth morning when she was awakened for her routine, the door to her cell was standing open. As usual she was immediately instructed to begin her stretches prior to her hour long exercise ordeal. Obeying, all through the vigorous workout she kept glancing at the open cell door, wondering with foreboding what the day held in store. Today, after her workout, instead of walking her through new commands, or practicing old one, she was signaled to walk forward, out into the hallway. She obeyed the instructions, which took her down the hall and through the complex for a long, hard run.

Self conscious at her nudity for the first time in weeks, she cringed inside each time she passed people in the hallway. Soon she found herself jogging down corridors, through rooms, even up and down stairs. People, mostly men, were everywhere, and most held out hands to touch her naked form as she passed. Obediently, she continued to race past, trying to ignore the hands fondling her naked, vulnerable body.

Drenched in sweat after running for more than an hour, she was led at last into a men's bathroom to do her business on a stall-less toilet. She was then directed into an open shower, allowed to get truly cleaned up for the first time in over almost two weeks. Afterward she was marched to another room for her first session with a human trainer.

She was directed to a large open room, filled with various items that she tried not to look closely at. Moving to the center of the room, she waited as instructed. A man walked in to the room from behind her, carrying what looked like a large TV remote control. As she watched, the man began pushing buttons and she felt sharp, silent commands being issued. Come Here. Neel. Mouth Open. Sit Still. She obeyed immediately, chills running down her spine as the function of the remote control registered in her mind.

Without saying a word, the man had positioned her for a blow job. Dropping his drawers, he whipped out a respectable cock and pressed another button. Two jolts hit the tip of Stephanie's tongue.

Panicked, she did not know that signal. She stared in fright at the man. "Suck my cock," he said, pressing the button again. Revolted, she reluctantly started taking his cock into her mouth, obviously trying to avoid touching it. Touching a mild pain button, the man said, "Use your tongue. In and out, all the way down into your throat. This," he tapped a button, sending a new tongue signal, "means faster. This," another button, "means slower." One more button send four jolt down her tongue, from tip to tonsils. "This means deeper, and if I repeat it, it means slide my cock down your throat and begin swallowing motions repeatedly until I say stop."

Playing maestro on the remote, he began directing her first blow job. When he signaled Swallow she thought for sure that she would puke, but managed to get it in. The man grabbed her head and pulled, ramming deeper.

Mouth wide open, she tasted his hairy ball-sack filling her mouth as she began long swallowing motion down her throat. Uncomfortably, she continued for several minutes, and then felt thick liquid filling her throat. Gagging, she tried to pull out, but he held her head down and rammed his cock deeper. Choking, she swallowed desperately, which served to milk more cum, heightening his orgasm, extending his ejaculation. She swallowed and swallowed, until he finally ran dry.

"Oh God!" moaned the man. "THAT'S what I'm talking about!"

Face, mouth, and throat covered in cum, Stephanie hung her head low in shame once the man finally pulled out of her mouth. A dark wave of humiliation and despair washed over her as the man dressed and moved across the room. Then it was time to continue.

"Lets get started, shall we? Open that chest against the wall."

Obeying, she found that it was full of clothes. She felt a tingle spiral around both legs from ankle to crotch.

"That means to get dressed."

Startled, then eager, she dove into the chest and began pulling out clothes. Panties. Bra. Socks. Blouse. Mini-skirt. Dressed for the first time in weeks, it actually felt strange to be covered. The man pressed Come Here, and she jumped up and ran over to stand in front him of him automatically. He pressed another button and the spiral tingle ran down her legs from crotch to ankle.

Familiarity with many other commands prompted her to begin undressing before the man had to explain that signal. For two hours the man made her practice dress, and undress, until she could do both quickly. Then, after one last Dress, he hit a new button. Spiral tingles pulsed down then up both legs several times, quickly.

Expecting to undress, Stephanie froze at the new signal. "That means Strip Tease. Dance for me, while you slowly remove your clothes, piece by piece."

Uncertainly, Stephanie tried to comply, adjusting her actions as the man made comments. The rest of the session was spent practicing Strip Tease, until she could give the man a solid woody by the time she was naked.

Just before the six hour session was over, he commanded another blow job. She still wasn't very good at it, and the man had to grab her by the hair and fuck her throat to finish, but he sent her to her next assignment with a mouth full of cum.

The rest of the day consisted of two more training sessions. First came "Etiquette" and she spent six hours learning how to be a proper lady. The final session was "Pain Tolerance" which mostly consisted of standing still while being whipped or spanked, or being punished quite painfully for NOT standing still. She found that it was far more degrading responding to a person pressing buttons on a remote, than it was obeying a computer voice, alone in her cell. It was much worse again when they made her perform for an audience.

Six men greeted her the next morning when she arrived at her first session. They started by passing the remote around every few minutes, each man toying with her. She was punished twice while practicing Strip Tease, to make her put more heart in it. She was then forced to work her way through all six men three times, giving blow jobs. This time she had to do all the work, and she couldn't finish each man until a good wad of cum went down her throat. Anything that hit the floor had to be licked up. When she finally finished one man said, "That was your breakfast bitch, hope you enjoyed it"

The rest of the session was a nightmare. The six men passed around the remote, sending command after confusing command. She struggled to keep up, but was frequently punished for missing something, or responding to slow. At the end of the session it was lunch time. The six men each demanded a blow job before sending her on to the next session. Swallowing a heaping wad of cum from each man, she was again informed that this was her meal.

More training in the afternoon, more pain, more humiliation later, it was finally dinner time. The man with the remote flipped a switch and the computer trainer took over. She was led through an extra intense exercise routine, then a flat out run for several miles around and around the complex. Finally she was led in to an open locker room to take a shower. Completely exhausted, she hardly noticed the men fondling her. Once cleaned up, the computer drove her to the cafeteria instead of her cell. She was made to give head to all comers for the rest of the night. Stephanie was starving. She'd been working *hard* all day, and had had nothing to eat except a large amount of cum. She was finally allowed a real meal. Informed that she had been a "good girl" today, she was given free access to the buffet. After a good hearty meal she was once more steered into her cell for the night.

The next day started what would be her routine for the next six weeks. Awakened at dawn, she was run through a vigorous bit of exercise, and then driven by preprogrammed commands to a room with 7 or 8 waiting men. Blow jobs for breakfast continued until all the men were satisfied.

After breakfast she was led to a training room. Tools of pain and bondage lined the walls, and she was led into the center of the room.

"Legs apart. Bend down and grab your ankles." A new signal pattern tingled her butt cheeks. "That is the command to assume this position. Remain there until told otherwise."

Striding to a table, the man picked up a pencil thick rubber rod about two feet long. Stephanie felt the man step up behind her, then spread her ass cheeks. Without warning, pain bloomed as the man rapidly rammed a foot of the rod into her ass.

"AAAH... AAAAAAH... OOOOWW!" she cried, legs spasming. Somehow she managed to maintain her stance.

Grabbing the protruding rod with both hands, she yanked it out hard, waited a few seconds, then drove it home again.

"OH GOD! PLEASE STOP!" Stephanie screamed.

Again, and again, and again, the man sodomized her ass, while she begged for mercy. Then he switched to a new tool. Using a riding crop he began whipping her body. Legs, arms, back butt, he finally reached her crotch and began smacking her pussy thoroughly. She collapsed and huddled in a ball at this assault, screaming.

Stepping back, the man pressed the maximum punishment button, which until now Stephanie had never experienced. Inside her body, hundreds of pain controls lit up, sending fire racing up every nerve in her body. In addition, hundreds more muscle controls activated, locking parts of her body rigid and setting off painful muscle spasms everywhere. She wanted to scream. She wanted to die. Clenched muscles and pain barely allowed her to breathe.

"H... Hhh... Hhh.." she rasped.

The pain command was currently programmed for one minute. He waited for it to end, then three more minutes to let her recover, before pressing the command to resume her stance.

Fortunately for her, Stephanie responded immediately, struggling to get up. Because she was obviously trying, the man didn't punish her again when it took over five minutes to get her legs in control enough to stand.

Returning to the work bench, the man grabbed another dildo. This one was thicker, and had cruel ridges and bumps projecting along the shaft. Placing it firmly against her pussy this time, he began forcing about fourteen inches of shaft in and out steadily.

Screaming, Stephanie locked her legs, gripped her ankles, and clenched her eyes tight, trying to endure the pain.

Touching a button on the remote, the man forced the girls' vaginal muscles to contract, gripping the dildo firmly. Then, using two hands, he continued his rape for half an hour.

With the computer forcing her pussy muscles to clench, it felt like she was having a painful muscle spam inside her the whole time. Cumined with the continued penetration, it felt like she was being ripped open.

"WWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!" she cried. She quivered, but did not resist, fearing even worse punishment.

Six hours of penetration sex training was followed by six more of oral. This session included men and women both. She was forced to learn how to please both sexes, using only her tongue, lips, and in some cases, throat.

Her third session for the day was all about personal care and maintenance. She was taught makeup, hair styling, proper dress for various occasions, and most especially body care. She practiced self waxing for hair removal until she'd stripped her entire body twice over.

Session followed session, day followed day, she was trained in every aspect of being the slave she was to become: Proper decorum and manners, swift obedience to commands, acceptance of pain. She learned when to obey instructions literally, where even breathing without orders was punished, and when she should follow the spirit of the command and simply be on her best behavior.

51 days into her training, the staff was nearly ready to conclude her training and send her home. A few steps remained to be completed, however. A final bit of surgery was performed to repair her hymen, and severely tighten both vaginal and anal tracks. Then only one stage remained in her training.

Thoroughly dominated by her training at this point, Stephanie complied listlessly as she was led, step by step, down the corridor. Not even caring where they wanted her to go anymore, she had her head hung low and her eyes shut, and simply obeyed each command to step, turn, open doors, etc.

Near her destination a door opened in front of her, and she looked up at last. Piercing screams could be heard from somewhere down the hall. Moving forward again, she walked down and to the right, into a moderately large room. A dozen cages lined the walls, and six had women in them. One, a slender beauty about 23 years old, was the source of the screams. Writhing and thrashing inside her cage, Stephanie could not see what was causing her distress.

"Don't mind Melinda, my dear" a man said from behind her. "She's only been here a day. She'll quiet down in a few more days, when her voice goes." He chuckled and laid an arm around her shoulder to steer her to another cage.

Looking more carefully, Stephanie suddenly that ALL of these women were in agony. Writhing, quivering, mouthing silent screams. Suddenly terrified, Stephanie focused sharply on the man and listened as he explained.

"You see, you are nearly ready to be sent home, to begin your new life. But before we let you go, you need to understand that you can never again be free. Any attempt to escape, to tell someone what we've done to you, even simple disobedience to your owner, will land you here for punishment, probably for the rest of your life. You need to be given a taste of what can happen to you if you ever fail to completely satisfy your owner."

"Let me introduce you around. This is Carrie," he indicated a skinny red head, about 27 years old. "Her husband purchased her training about 5 years ago, but she tried going straight to the police the first time he left her home alone. We disabled her before she could leave the house of course, and she's been here ever since."

Moving on she was directed to two blonds, who must have been twins. "We don't usually pick up runaways, but Mary and Sarah here were special. We got them for free off the street, and made quite a nice profit off their sale. Unfortunately, their owner was rather a harsh task master. He kept sending them back for punishment. What was it again? Oh yes, they wouldn't stand still properly while he used their pussy for an ash tray. We had to collect and train another pair to replace these two, rather a bother."

"Anyway, this next woman is Rachael. I do believe she'll 35 in a few weeks. She's been here since she was about your age, our very first failure. Also our best object lesson too," he smiled.

Rachel was just a quivering heap on the floor. Drool, feces, and urine covered the cage floor.

"Now these last two are fellow trainee's, like yourself. You see, we've found that simple demonstrations and warning aren't enough. Until you lived it, had the pain burned into your subconscious, you just don't know what's at stake. You've already met Melinda there, who just started yesterday, and this dark haired beauty here is Angela. She's been here 6 days now, and we should be letting her out tomorrow."

Angela was almost as active as Melinda, dancing, squirming, obviously trying to scream, but her voice was lost.

With a gentle push from behind, Stephanie was driven into a cage, next to Melinda.

"You need to understand, this is not a punishment. You've done nothing wrong. In fact, you've been a very good girl, or you wouldn't be here. This is training, to teach you what can happen at the slightest disobedience, once you return home. You need to know that no matter *what* your owner demands, no matter *how* painful it seems, it's **nothing** compared with what we'll do to you if you're

brought for discipline. Your owner has paid for complete control, and if he wants you the sit on hot coals, stab yourself with a knife, or jump off the roof, you'd better obey! Now then, lets begin."

Latching shut the door, the man pulled out her remote and hit a button. Randomly, throughout her body, muscles began to clench painfully, then relax. Twitching and dancing in pain, she tried not to cry. Then the man pressed another button and sharp pain exploded briefly at her crotch, then faded slowly. A few seconds apart, pain blossomed in one tit, then down her leg, and so on, randomly. The constant muscle spasms went on, beginning to leave the burning pain of exhaustion. Screaming, Stephanie fell to her knees and begged, "PLEASE STOP, PLEASE STOP, I'LL DO ANYTHING, PLEASE STOOOPP!"

Turning out the lights, the man left them all in the dark. Screaming, pain continued to build. Her muscles were screaming agony after only an hour, and the painful electrical jolts kept getting harder and faster.

By morning, Melinda had lost most of her voice, but Stephanie was emitting one long, piercing shriek. The next day, Angela was led away at last. Melinda and Stephanie endured, day after day. Food was brought in a dog dish. Stephanie, starving, ate raggedly, fighting wrenching muscle spasms to swallow the bland mush. After 7 days of pure hell, Stephanie was finally let out, taken away to get ready for delivery. Melanie had been removed the day before, and Stephanie's last day was spent wondering about her fate.

Stephanie was returned to her original cell for three days of rest. Even then she was weak on her feet when she was marched up to the shower to get cleaned up. It was decided to hold her an extra three days, for recovery. Morning stretches were followed by strenuous exercise for most of each day, ending in a few hours of entertaining the male staff before bed.

Finally, she was judged to be in good physical shape, and, demonstrating her eagerness to please, she was dressed, and marched upstairs, into a plain white van. Blind fold on her head, the van drove off.

Some three hours later the blind fold was removed, and she was let out at her home. Jack stood waiting, smiling hungrily at her.

"Here you go sir," one of the men said, handing Jack the remote control. "We hope you enjoy your purchase." Climbing back in, the van drove off.

Part 5: *Welcome Home*

"Lets' go inside. Your mother's visiting your aunt today. She'll be home for diner."

Silently, Stephanie followed Jack in, then down to the basement.

Jack spent a few minutes studying the commands on the remote, and then pressed Undress.

Sighing inside, knowing worse was coming, Stephanie quickly removed her clothes.

Practicing, Jack toyed with the commands, marching her around the room. Obeying blindly, she tripped and stumbled, ran into walls, and banged her head on furniture as Jack got the hang of the remote.

Selecting Dress to put her clothes back on, he then enjoyed a long, slow, Strip Tease. Almost bursting a seam in hard erection as she bent over slowly to remove her panties, he pressed On The Bed.

Looking around, she saw a new bed in the spare room. Walking over, she lay down and spread her legs. Eyes clenched, she felt Jack climb on top.

Before setting down the remote, he pressed Quiet. From a drawer he removed a tube of KY and smeared a gob on her pussy, rubbing it all over, then coated his penis, tip to stern. Lining up carefully, he pressed his penis against her vagina and worked his head past her lips, then plunged in to the hilt. Hours of practice had taught her to accept the nauseating pain of forced penetration, but nothing could prepare her for the pain of having her newly revirginated and surgically tightened pussy ripped suddenly open.

"OOOOOWWW!!!" she screamed, thrashing. Her computer, registering her scream after being ordered to be quiet, administered a sharp correction, jabbing hard at her clit several times.

"MMMPH!", she responded, and received an even more vicious jab at clit, and both tits.

What Stephanie felt as a crushingly painful electric jolt applied from inside her clitoris, Jack felt as an erotically pleasant tingle against his balls. Enjoying the feel, he continued plowing her pussy, quickly blowing his wad, too pent up from anticipation to last long.

Pulling out, Jack stuck his penis in Stephanie's mouth and made her suck it clean. Grabbing the remote, he pressed Shower, and watched her shuffle into the bathroom and turn on the water. Then, thinking "What the hell..." he decided to join her. Stepping in to the shower behind her, he took the soap from her hand and began exploring her rock hard naked body.

Aroused once more, he couldn't help himself. Grabbing a tit with each hand, he crushed her tender flesh and drove her ass down onto his erect cock. Still under command to remain silent, she stifled a groan and relaxed into it as Jack plowed into her from behind. If anything, it hurt even worse having her ass ripped open from behind. Eventually, clean and satiated for now, Jack canceled her Silence order and sent her to her room to get dressed.

15 minutes later she was summoned by a Come Here order. Racing downstairs, Stephanie looked for her step father. Finding him in the living room, she hurried to stand in front of him, hiding her loathing.

"Good girl. Now, your mother thinks you've been away learning to be a proper girl, obedient and respectful of your parents. From now on you are going to be a perfect angel, the girl all the other mothers hold up as an example. To help you with this, I've programmed a few new signals."

Hefting the remote, he demonstrated, pressing buttons and explaining what the new signals meant. "This one is 'Do the Dishes', here's 'Make Your Bed', 'Clean Your Room', 'Vacuum The House', 'Clean The Bathroom'..." he continued demonstrating commands for a while, making her repeat the commands until she had them down. At last he was confident that she knew her new tasks.

"I'm going to put you on automatic now, so be a good girl. I don't want to come back and find you comatose from being punished." Jack flipped a switch on the remote, and then took it upstairs to lock it away.

During her training, Jack had had plenty of time to work with the programmers and develop an awesome suite of automatic behaviors. Programs in firmware came alive and began monitoring and directing Stephanie.

Shocked by the implication that she would be a computer controlled slave even when she was alone, she was startled to feel Clean Your Room a few minutes after Jack had left the house. Experimentally, she ignored the command, hoping that with no one watching, she could be free. One minute later, waves of pain assaulted her crotch and tits, and then repeated, Clean Your Room.

Sobbing, she ran upstairs to begin. Hours later, she had vacuumed, cleaned bathroom and kitchen, done the laundry, and hand washed a weeks worth of dishes. She was just finishing cooking dinner and was about to set the table when her mother came home. Warned by several quick commands, she had dried her eyes and turned to give her mom a big hug. With a happy sounding "Mommy!" she ran across the room to her.

"Wow, diner on the table? And did you clean the house?"

Shyly, she replied "Yes mama. I'm sorry I haven't been a good daughter, lately."

Just then Jack returned. "Smells good, honey. Lets eat; your mother has to get to work soon."

A pleasant diner, small talk, hugs and kisses later, Deirdre said good night to Stephanie and left for work. Jack took a walk through the house, inspecting every room, and closing all the blinds. As soon as everyone stood up, Stephanie was signaled Clean The Dishes. Her mother was surprised, but did not comment as began clearing the table a washing the plates.

By the time she finished dishes, her mother had gone to work, and Jack returned, remote in hand. "The house looks pretty good, I'll give you a 9," he said, tapping on the remote. "Diner was awful, however. It deserves a 5, but I'll be kind today, and give it a 7." He punched it in on the remote. "Anything less than a perfect 10 on both will be punished, of course. Hmm, 7 and 9 comes to 2 hours, according to this. You've got 1 minute to get on the bed downstairs."

Unable to understand, she stood frozen until she felt the signal that meant On the Bed jolt up her back. Running, she raced downstairs, and just made it. Sudden spasms gripped her body, and pain began tracing circles around her body. She was back in the cage, reliving her worst nightmares of pain training. Two hours later it stopped, followed by Undress. Shower.

After she was clean she received Dress. Find Master. Walking swiftly, she moved through the house, finding Jack on the toilet. She tried to close the door, but he called out, "No, come in."

Waved over, she kneeled down in front of where he sat on the toilet. Knee's spread, he hefted his penis and said, "Open your mouth." Gripping the back of her head, she did not resist as he pulled her mouth over his penis.

"Swallow," he said, as he began to pee in her mouth. Weeks of discipline kept her from gagging as she swallowed hot urine. When he was done he stood up and turned around. "Now like my ass clean."

Revolted, she had no choice but to comply. His shit wasn't much worse than eating cum for four hours straight. Pulling up his pants and grabbing the remote, he began showing her what her new life would be like. Like a kid with a new toy, Jack picked up the remote and began toying with it, sending conflicting commands, and making Stephanie quickly shift from one action to another. The computer automatically tracked her performance, and swiftly her for any slow responses or mistakes that she made. After a couple of hours, Jack sent her into her own bedroom, and directed her to strip and get onto the bed.

Laying face up, with her legs spread, Stephanie cried silently inside as Jack climbed once more on top of her. Naked himself, Jack drove his erect penis gently into her vagina as far as it would go, then pressed a new button on the remote. Stephanie's pussy began to squeeze and release his cock in waves traveling in and out, as the computer activated the rings of muscle controls embedded in her vagina walls. Gasping at the unexpected movement inside herself, Stephanie closed her eyes in humiliation as her body unwillingly fucked her hated step father. Jack leaned forward, grabbed the back of her head, and lowered his lips to hers. Pressing tightly to her face, he began a long, passionate kiss, sliding his tongue into her mouth. Weeks of training forced Stephanie to respond automatically, returning the kiss, tongue and all, before she could even think about resistance. Jack's arms groped her body, his mouth pressed tight to her face, and her vagina continued to stroke his penis for half an hour or so, and she was beginning to get very sore inside. The muscles of her vagina had never been exercised before, and were by now burning with exhaustion. She moaned and squirmed, and Jack finally began working his penis inside her, driving hard for his own pleasure. Just before he let go his wad at last, he pulled out and rammed his dick down her throat, emptying a large load of cum into her mouth.

Satisfied for the moment, Jack got off the bed, dressed, and pressed Release on the remote. Automatically checking the time, her computer found it was WAY past her bed time, and sent Stephanie a command to get ready for bed. Dressed in a short, silk night gown, with no panties, she fell asleep almost instantly.

At 5:00am her mother came home and went immediately to sleep. At 5:31 Stephanie was awakened by a severe jolt to all her sensitive locations, (she'd slept through the first two milder commands.) Awake, she was directed to silently creep down to the basement. Once downstairs, two floors below her sleeping parents, she had to exercise. Exhausted, on only a few hours of sleep, her new routine began. Three hours of forced exercise, with heavy punishment for any lack of effort. Shower. Jack came down and added a new twist before he went to eat breakfast. Walking in to the shower he handed her a toothbrush. Tap, tap on the remote sent a strange tingle from her clit, traveling deep inside.

"That means to insert this all the way into your pussy." He waited, watching as she reluctantly started to insert the toothbrush. "Ah ah... Bristles first. Nice try."

Reversing her grip, she drove the brush inside. A reverse to the first signal came, and she pulled it out. Tap tap tap, whet the remote. "There, I've added that to your morning cleanup. Don't forget to turn the bristles a bit on each stroke, or the computer will add punishment. Got to keep that snatch clean now," he said cheerfully. Jack left the bathroom just as the program began. An hour later, Stephanie had a very clean, very sore pussy. After an hour of scrubbing her pussy with a toothbrush, she then had to brush her teeth with it. Ordered to get dressed at last, she began cleaning the basement. Trying to be extra thorough today to avoid punishment, she also ran laundry and scrubbed every inch of the bathroom. Jack had left a note to use her toothbrush when cleaning the toilet.

By the time she finished cleaning the main floor, her mother was up, eating breakfast. "What're you doing dear?" she asked.

"Nothing mom, just cleaning the house. Leave everything to me, I'll take care of it now." Choking back tears, she moved on to the upstairs as her mother happily left to visit her friends. Mom hated cleaning, and usually waited until Jack's bitching drove her to it.

Day after day, night after night, Stephanie learned her new role. Terrified of being sent back to the clinic, she had to play the happy, dutiful daughter whenever her mother was around. She wanted so badly to tell her mom what had been done to her, what Jack made her do whenever she was not home, but memories of the cage, filled with burning pain that did not stop, kept her silent. Jack used her mercilessly, usually not even speaking to her, just tapping commands on the remote. And so it went for the next month, until the end of the summer break. Cleaning by day, violation by night, exhaustion always, she was rarely allowed more than a few hours sleep. Each night Jack gave her a rating for obedience, and performance. She could never quite reach a perfect 10 in either, and usually spend an hour or two in agony as punishment each night.

Jack added voice recognition and programmed his own and her mothers voices. The slightest suggestion from either was enforced as a stern command by her computer. She became a virtual slave for her mother. Playing fashion model for her mother, she helped her dress, get done up, even bathe, Stephanie became the perfect girly girl that Deidre had always wanted.

Part 6: *Seducing Mommy*

Jack decided he wanted a bit more participation out of Deirdre, and came up with a plan to slowly bring her in on his little secret. Spending some time with the remote, Jack added a few new commands to Stephanie's daily routine, and then he spent a good hour explaining exactly what he expected her to accomplish. Over the next few days, Stephanie began spending even more time with her mother during the day. She was particularly eager to help her with dressing and bathing, pampering her mother with back rubs, and body massage. Then one day she took the plunge. While assisting her mother with a

bath, after rubbing her body with soap and sponging lovingly at her soft, silky skin, she began a tender bit of pussy licking. Stephanie plunged her head under water, between Deirdre's legs, and gently inserted her tongue.

At first, shock held her mother still as Stephanie began licking her clit. Hours of training at the clinic had included many women, and Stephanie knew exactly how to please. After a few shocked seconds, unable to believe her own daughter would do such a thing, Deirdre was swept up in the pure pleasure of it and, despite herself, began to relax and enjoy it. Coming up for air every so often, Stephanie took her time and drove her mother to a blazing orgasm, and then kept on going to bring her to a second, and even a third wave of orgasmic release. Weak in the knees after such a start to her day, Deirdre needed Stephanie's help to climb out of the tub. Helping to dry off her mother with a big, soft towel, she led her back to the master bedroom. Gently pushing Deirdre back onto the bed, she again brushed her tongue over her mother's exposed vagina and began another long, slow buildup of pleasure that finally exploded through her loins. Eyes rolling up in the back of her head in ecstasy, Deirdre heard her daughter comment, "That was fun mommy! Can we do that again?"

Almost too ashamed of herself to admit it, Deirdre was very excited by the concept, but was concerned about the consequences should anyone find out. She wanted to say "No", but one look at the hopeful expression on Stephanie's face and a moment's pause at the remembered pleasure of the last hour made her reply, "Sure sweetie, any time you want."

Jack made a point of being out of the house during the day for the next couple of weeks, to give Deirdre plenty of time alone with Stephanie. For the first few days Stephanie gave her mother an excellent oral orgasm after her morning bath, taking longer to complete each one. Deirdre attempted once or twice to return the pleasure, but Stephanie insisted that she didn't really like it that much, that she much preferred to give than receive. Then one day she came upon her mother sitting on the couch in her night gown, watching her soaps. Crawling forward seductively on hands and knees, Stephanie pushed her head up her mother's gown and pushed in between her legs. Surprised at first, Deirdre relaxed into it, spreading her legs wide, and continued to watch her show as her daughter began giving her an intensely stimulating tongue job.

As the days progressed, Stephanie continued to give Deirdre more frequent and longer oral sex, until it seemed that that was all they accomplished all day. After two weeks, Deirdre was actively seeking out Stephanie several times a day to receive another of the intense orgasm's that Stephanie was so adept at producing. After receiving a triple orgasm while lying on her bed one afternoon, Stephanie broached the subject of Jack...

"Mommy?" she murmured, lying snuggled against Deirdre's still quivering body.

"Yes dear?" she replied.

"What about Jack, mommy?" she asked.

Suddenly nervous, Deirdre asked, "What do you mean?"

"Well, we're having all this fun all day, but what about Jack? I mean..." she shyly let her voice fade away.

Curious at her normally headstrong daughter's sudden shyness, Deirdre encouraged her to continue. "Go on honey, finish your sentence."

"Um. Well, I, you know, I don't really like it when you lick me, and um, I..." she paused, face flushing. "Can we ask Jack to join us mommy? I bet I'd like it if he, well, you know..." she stammered.

Shame and embarrassment raced through Deirdre as she contemplated the thought of a threesome with Jack and her own daughter, but it was soon replaced by a growing curiosity. She really

had felt bad that she was receiving daily doses of extreme orgasm from Stephanie and was unable to return any of the pleasure. Running scenarios through her mind quickly, she began to be rather erotically aroused at the concept. "Sure honey," she replied at last, "we can arrange that, but only if you're sure that's what you really want."

"Oh Please mommy!" she hopped up in excitement, "Can we do it tonight?"

"Sure sweetie" she said. Thinking furiously, Deirdre began planning how she was going to "seduce" Jack into having sex with their daughter tonight. Playing through several increasingly complex and ridiculous scenarios in her mind, she finally settled on a fairly direct approach. When Jack returned to the house that evening, Deirdre was waiting for him at the door, wearing only a thin robe. Beckoning him with one raised finger to follow her upstairs, she said seductively "I took the night off, and I've got a special surprise for you upstairs!"

Playing along as if he didn't know what was coming, Jack followed her upstairs into their bedroom. Running her hands over his strong chest, Deirdre began urging Jack to remove his clothes. Stripping and tossing items to the floor, Jack complied, poking his hands under her robe teasingly as he went. Once he was completely naked, Stephanie stepped out of the bathroom, already completely naked. Deirdre judged his reaction by the suddenly hardening cock she poked into her waistline. Tossing her robe to the floor, she climbed onto the bed and spread her legs wide. Before he could move to join her, Jack watched as Stephanie climbed up from the bottom of the bed. Lying face down she buried her face in Deirdre's wide open pussy and began gently licking and sucking at it. She was positioned so that her ass rested on the edge of the bed, pointing straight at Jack. Lifting her legs off the floor, she spread them wide apart and wiggled her ass at Jack. "Surprise!" Deirdre said, smiling nervously at her husband, still not certain he would play along in the unorthodox little game.

Stepping up behind Stephanie, Jack watched both women intently as he gently began toying with his penis against Stephanie's exposed crotch. Deirdre smiled encouragingly, and Stephanie pressed backward into his cock eagerly, groaning demandingly. Taking his stance, Jack began working his way in, driving forward until his penis slammed to a stop deep inside her. Gently at first, then hard and faster, Jack slowly built up a tremendous orgasm and let it explode inside the young girl. Sensing his release, Stephanie let loose with a fantastically faked orgasm of her own, for her mother's benefit. Amazingly aroused by her daughter's visible orgasm, Deirdre exploded into one of her own at the sight. Watching both her parents quivering with the extreme pleasure she had just given them, Stephanie was secretly wailing inside at the unfairness of it all. Rolling over she took Jack's cock into her mouth and caressed it gently, sucking the dripping cum off the shaft. Inwardly she was thinking, "sure, they get off and all I get is a sore pussy and a sticky tongue!"

Putting on her best happy-smiley face, she continued to suck at Jack's cock like it was a lolly pop. Tilting her head down she began driving the huge cock deeper into her mouth, until she could taste his balls, then began making swallowing motions with her throat. Slowly at first, then building up faster and faster, she coaxed a second orgasm out of Jack, his huge wad of cum filling her throat. Pulling away at last, she tilted her head back and licked her lips, pretending to enjoy the taste as she visibly swallowed his salty load. Afterwards, Jack took turns showering with both women before collapsing, exhausted, into bed with his wife. Stephanie begged to join them but both adults ordered her to go to her own room.

Feeling both used and abused, Stephanie's life became one long succession of *other* people's orgasms. Forced to please mommy by day and Jack by night, she often had to satisfy *both* in the evening before Deirdre went to work. When they were alone, Jack continued to play sadistically with the remote, forcing her to perform ever more degrading or painful acts, and giving her punishment sometimes just for the fun of it. He began to experiment with invisible bondage, making her pretend to be tied up while he whipped or pinched her sensitive zones. Lying on the bed with her legs spread wide apart, Jack would rape her cruelly with a horned dildo, or smack her thoroughly with whips. He particularly seemed to enjoy making her stand on her head against the wall while he whipped her pussy and small breasts.

Over the next couple of weeks, Jack cautiously probed at Deirdre's reactions to this situation, carefully trying to learn if her secret desires matched his. Listening carefully as she murmured in her sleep, Jack got the hints he needed to realize that she truly did enjoy having such control over her daughter. Jack made up his mind to include Deirdre in on the club picnic coming up next month. "Worst case, if she reacted badly, I could always ship her off to the clinic as well," he chuckled.

Part 7: *Back to School*

Stephanie was looking forward to going back to school with a desperate need that few people her age ever felt. It would be her freshman year in high school, which was somewhat exciting in itself, but mostly she desperately wanted time to be herself again, out from under the thumb of mommy and that *horrible* monster Jack! When the day finally arrived, she was up out of bed early, eager to complete her morning workout and chores so she could get out of the house at last. Wolfing down her breakfast, she was forced to give Jack a morning hummer before being allowed to head outside to wait for the bus. Once the bus arrived, she climbed on, took a lone seat in the back, and sat in dejected silence as she listened to the other kids brag about what a great summer they had had, and how much they hated going back to school. Once she arrived at school, she worked her way to her home room and took a seat, waiting to find out what her class schedule would be. The teacher, Mr. Franks, entered and began passing out the schedules a few minutes later.

After listening to the orientation lectures and examining the instructions they handed out to all new freshmen, Stephanie was allowed to leave home room and explore her new school for the first time. She didn't know anybody at this school yet, and she was looking forward meeting new friends. She quickly located her locker, the gym and cafeteria, and began wandering the halls to find all her class rooms.

Back at the house, Jack had not been idle. As soon as she had left the house he went upstairs to make sure that Deirdre was going to sleep, and then hustled down to the basement. Removing a large, wheeled black equipment box from the closet in the spare room, he began setting up the remote control and monitoring station he had purchased along with Stephanie's upgrades. It took a little over an hour to set everything up, and when he was done it looked like he'd purchased a tricked out gaming computer. Twin flat panel monitors, keyboard, mouse, and really awesome looking joystick sat on the desk, connected to the machine disguised as a home computer. Ready at last, he fired everything up, and then entered Stephanie's control codes on the console.

Connecting via the wireless modem to her onboard controller, the main monitor of the system displayed a clear view of what Stephanie could see, tapping in to the micro cameras they had installed in her eye sockets. The other panel displayed diagnostic information, all the monitored inputs inside her body, speed, location, etc. Tapping a key on the keyboard sent a command, and he watched as Stephanie stopped dead in her tracks in shock.

Back at school, Stephanie felt the gentle twinge in her butt cheeks that meant "STOP" and reacted immediately. A boy walking along behind slammed into her and cried, "Watch it!" as he moved around her. Sure that she must have imagined it, she took a tentative step forward and felt the hard shock at her clit that was the normal punishment for disobeying an order. Suppressing a cry, she stopped and stood still as she waited for more instructions. Cursing Jack for not disabling her automatic commands before sending her off to school, she worried what she might be made to do before he could get here and turn it off. Signals flashed at her arms and legs, and she began walking down the hall. She seemed to wander aimlessly, through class rooms, down hallways, until she found herself back at the gym. She was taken on a tour through the girls' locker room, and lingered for a minute staring into the empty shower stalls, before being led back out into the mail aisle of the school.

The halls were mostly deserted at the moment, with all the students attending a lecture in the auditorium, but she noticed when an older boy stepped around a corner a few paces in front of her and walked away. He turned into the boy's room, and she forgot about him as she continued walking forward. As she reached the door to the bathroom, she was signaled to turn and proceed inside. Stunned, she hesitated and received a severe jolt of punishment, much harder than normal for a first warning. The boy

looked up in alarm, hiding the penis he had just removed from his pants in front of the urinal. He cried out "Hey, what are you doing?" when he saw a girl walk in on him. Obeying her commands, she ignored his question, walked up and placed her body between his and the urinal then went down on her knees. Gently pulling at his pants, she exposed his penis once again. Tilting her head back as far as she could, she opened her mouth wide and placed the tip of his penis on her lower lip, and then placed her hands behind her back as she waited.

Shocked at the scene before him, the high school junior looked down at the beautiful younger girl kneeling before him, and then mentally shrugged his shoulders. Who was he to argue with what she so obviously wanted from him. Placing hand to cock to steady his aim, the boy began pissing into Stephanie's open mouth. Filling up repeatedly, she swallowed the hot urine over and over and waited for him to get done. Finished at last, the boy thought it was over, but then she leaned in and began giving him a professional head job. Wishing his own girlfriend was even half as thoughtful, the boy pressed forward and enjoyed the rush as she sucked a wad of cum out of his swollen penis. Just as he was pulling out, another boy walked in on the scene and cried out, "What the hell!"

"Don't ask me!" said the first boy. "She just walked in here, made me piss in her mouth, and then gave me the best damn blow job I've ever had!" Stephanie had already received a signal and had her head tilted back with her mouth wide open once more. "Here, give her a try if you don't believe me."

Stepping away, he watched as the second boy self consciously unzipped and inserted his penis into the girls' wide open mouth. Biting back unshed tears, Stephanie swallowed and swallowed as the newcomer drained record amounts of piss into her face. Pushing inside her open mouth slightly, the boy shook his penis dry, banging it into her tongue and the roof of her mouth several times. Once he was done, she again began sucking, sliding his large cock down her throat until she could swallow another large load of cum. Once he was finished, Stephanie was ordered to stand up. Placing herself in front of the large door of the handicap stall she began a seductive strip tease, tossing her clothes at the boys as if she didn't care if she ever got them back. Once she'd removed everything she was made to turn around slowly several time with her arms lifted over her head, then enter the stall.

She lifted the toilet seat, stuck her head into the bowl, and thrust her ass at the waiting boys. Not needing any more invitation than that, they both crowded into the stall with her. Lifting her by the ankles, the first boy pulled her into his crotch, slamming his rock hard penis into her waiting pussy. Head in the bowl, arms wrapped around the rim, the water covered her nose and most of her mouth. She began swallowing yellow toilet water that the previous occupant had forgotten to flush to lower the water level enough for her to breathe. Once the first boy had finished, and the second was well on his way, two more walked in together, laughing and joking about something. Staring at the scene in amazement for a minute, they wasted no time getting in to line behind the others. Once all four boys had taken a turn at the up thrust young cunt suspended in the toilet stall, she stood up and moved over to the one who had had the largest cock. Reaching in to stroke it back to life, she spun around and brought her ass firmly onto the raised penis. Sitting down in his lap, she forced the cock deep inside her ass as she lay back against his body. Next she hoisted both legs into the air and wrapped her arms around them. Suspended in the boys' lap with her ass penetrated by his penis, she moaned softly as he wrapped her in a bear hug and began bouncing her body up and down on his cock. Not wanting to miss out on *that* experience, each of the others lined up to take their turn, until Stephanie's ass felt like it had been attacked by a drain snake. Unable to get another rise out of their well worked cocks, the boys could not help taking a few minutes to fondle the girl's perky breasts, and rub her sore, oozing pussy a bit before getting dressed.

From inside her head, Stephanie heard a soft voice whisper, "Smile pretty now and let them know that you'll be seeing them later! Make sure they bring their friends too."

Realization that Jack had been directing this whole thing all the way from home sent chills down her spine, but she smiled shyly up at the four boys as she reached for her skirt and blouse. "Thank you so much for the cum, boys!" she said, licking her lips. "I hope I'll be seeing you around all year. Maybe you can invite me to a party and introduce me to all your friends some time."

Directed to leave her underwear and bra on the floor, Stephanie stood up, hoisted her skirt to show them her bare ass and twat for a moment, and then marched casually out of the room. As she left the bathroom she felt the signal that meant that she was being released from direct control and she began sobbing softly as she went to go hide in a stall in the girl's bathroom until she could get herself back under control. Being the first day of school, it was only a half day and she nearly missed the bus home before she could stop crying and wipe her face clean.

The next day as she was walking down the hall to her first class of the new school year, Stephanie passed one of the boys' who'd been in the bathroom yesterday. Seeing her coming he snaked an arm around her shoulder casually and slipped a note between her partially exposed tits. Jack had sent her to school with a *short* skirt, high cut shirt exposing her belly, a pair of slinky sandals, and absolutely *nothing* else. Every little breeze brushed against her uncovered pussy and she was terrified that someone would notice that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Letting her pass once the note was installed, the boy smiled at her as she walked past. Pulling it out quickly before someone noticed it, she read it as she continued on to her class.

Friday Night: 9:00pm
2247 Elmhurst St
Party all night!

Stuffing the note into her pocket, she forgot about it as she sat down for her first class. The teacher was Miss. Eckstorm, a 68 year old biddy with a mean disposition and a boring itinerary. The class was American Literature, and Stephanie was bored to tears almost before she sat down. Wanting to take a seat in the back, Jack directed her to get one in the front row, immediately in front of the teacher. While the teacher droned on and on, she sat back and stared distractedly at the black board. Jack, watching through her eyes, was focused on the teacher, and he noticed the way her eyes kept fastening on to Stephanie sitting right in front of her. Eyes forward, they kept dropping periodically to focus on the girl's knees pinched together under the desk. Experimentally, he commanded Stephanie to spread her knees slightly and squirm in her seat. As he'd expected, the teacher's eyes immediately locked for a moment on the opening legs as she continued on with her lecture.

With a verbal command Jack gave Stephanie some new, detailed instructions. Startled fully awake by the voice in her head, she listened in growing horror at what Jack had in mind for her today. Sliding back in her chair, she opened her knees wide and wrapped her ankles behind the back chair legs. Miss. Eckstorm's eyes widened as she was able to see that the young girl in front of her had no underwear on at all! Stumbling in her speech for a second, she pulled her eyes away and continued with the lesson, ending 20 minutes later with a modest homework assignment. Stephanie fiddled with her paper, taking notes and putting away her books as her classmates began leaving the room. Once they'd mostly left, she slid down in her chair and stuck her finger into her twat right in front of the teacher, licking her lips suggestively as the older woman watched in fascination. Standing at last, Stephanie walked seductively over to the class room door, shut it, and turned the lock.

"What do you think you're doing, young lady!" the teacher tried to bluff, as she sauntered back over to the teacher's desk.

"Anything you want me to, ma'am," she replied in a sexy voice. Hoisting her skirt completely up over her waist, she sat on the edge of the desk, kicked one leg high and to the side, and then began massaging her pussy with a finger. Unable to control herself when offered such a luscious opportunity, the woman struggled with herself only briefly before kneeling down and pressing her face into the open crotch. Licking at the young pussy immediately began to make her hot and she wrestled to open her blouse to help cool herself off while she continued to slide her tongue in and out. After a few minutes, as Stephanie continued to participate very willingly, she stood up and pulled the girl into a long, narrow supply closet at the back of the room. Almost ripping it off in her hurry, Miss. Eckstorm stripped out of her slacks and dropped her huge panties to the floor. Hopping up on the long bench on one side of the room she spread her legs wide and beckoned the girl in towards her crotch. Fat and nasty, she weighed

almost 200 pounds, and her dried, crusty pussy hadn't seen action in decades. Suppressing her gagging reaction and trying to hide it under a fake smile, Stephanie dove in after receiving her second warning jolt of punishment since she'd entered the small room.

Working with a will, she quickly brought the attention starved pussy to orgasm, and continued on until she had forced the woman to explode three more times in a frenzy of ecstasy. Exhausted and disheveled, the teacher began pulling her clothes back on, fear of discovery beginning to send panic down her spine. As she was getting dressed, Stephanie continued to kneel at her feet, looking up submissively as she asked quietly, "Do you need a teacher's assistant this year Miss Eckstorm? I'm available fourth period during study hall, as well as before or after school on some days."

Staring at the girl, taking in the offer implicit in meetings outside school hours, she felt a wave of emotions rush through her as she studied the child. Fear, desire, nervous tension, and more raced through her, but it was all swamped by the sheer passion she'd felt during the last half hour and screaming orgasm had flooded her body.

"Yes," she replied slowly, "I think I could do with a teacher's assistant this year. I'll clear it with your counselor. Fourth period should work nicely. Do you suppose your parents would mind if I took you home Monday nights? You could help me, um, grade papers..." her voice faded away.

"I'm sure that will be fine, Miss Eckstorm. Would you like me to get a note from my parents?" she asked sweetly.

"Yes, do that. I'll see you back here again tomorrow, then, during fourth period." Recovering her composure, she began fixing her hair and attire and assisted Stephanie make herself presentable once more before shooing the girl from the room.

Afterwards, Stephanie ran straight to the nearest bathroom to wash her mouth out with soap. YUCK! That was worse than licking the shit off Jack's ass that one time! And now she had a date with the old hag every Monday night and probably most days of the week when she was at school! WHY ME?

(Author's Note: To all those who have asked: *YES* I intend to keep writing this story. I've got enough ideas on this that I'll probably be writing it for years yet. I do appreciate the comments and suggestions my readers have been making for this story, but most of the plot line ideas that I've gotten I had already thought of and have plans to include at some point. Keep them coming though. I thoroughly enjoy writing this story, and I'm glad to see that so many of you enjoy reading it as well. My next installment has a bit of a plot twist, as I'm introducing a new character, but don't worry, I'll get back to Stephanie soon enough. Thanks for all the great comments I've received from many of you!)

Part 8: Dana

(Author's note: I'd like to send warm thanks out to the real, live Dana, who begged me so sweetly to write her personally into this tale. Here's what you asked me for!)

"Dana!" cried Dan from the front door, "Hurry up! We're going to be late!"

Grabbing her small purse and stuffing her black knit hat onto her head, the young woman hurried out to the driveway. 18 years old, with medium long blond hair hanging straight over the front of her shoulders, she was quite a looker. Her lean 5 foot 5 inch tall body weighed only 96 pounds. Her slender hips, rock hard stomach, and attractively perky 'B' size breasts, combined with the outgoing attitude of a 'Party' girl made her very popular at school. Had made her popular, that is, since she had just graduated last month. She missed seeing her friends on a

daily basis already. Unlike previous summers, this year it was for good, and she realized sadly that they would never all be together again.

Hurrying to get into the car, she thought once again how lucky she was to have foster parents as great as Dan and Barb Baker. Six months ago when she turned 18, the state had stopped paying the Baker's the monthly stipend for her upkeep as a ward of the state. Officially declared an adult, she'd received the papers telling her she was on her own now. Dan had insisted that after living with them for 8 years she was one of the family now, and she should stay as long as she needed, finish school, and get herself a job in the real world. Today was one more example of how great these people were, as Dan was taking her in to the city to the doctor's office on his own dime. She needed a full physical and medical report before reporting to a job interview she had lined up next week. Nervous, not because of the physical, but at the prospect of moving out and getting a job, she watched the scenery pass by out the car window as Dan began the long drive. After four years of soccer, as well as two grueling years on the competition cheerleading squad, passing a physical fitness exam was the last thing she was worried about!

Pulling out a small MP3 player, Dana closed her eyes and zones out to some tunes for a few hours, not paying any attention at all as Dan drove her towards the city. She didn't pay any attention until the car slowed down to enter a small parking garage along an alley. Climbing out of the car after Dan finished parking, she followed him to the elevator and rode it down to the street. Crossing the deserted city street, she followed as he went down a narrow stairwell to a large, solid door and knocked. Exchanging quiet words with the door man inside, he led her into the building, down the hall, and into another elevator. The ride down seemed to take a really long time.

As they stepped out into the plush waiting room at last, the receptionist recognized Dan immediately. "Welcome Mr. Baker! Dr. Iverson is waiting for you in his office. I believe you know the way by now," she said, pressing the switch to open the huge doors behind her desk. Walking down hallways that had that sterile, white, hospital look to them, she followed the man who had been a father to her for the past 8 years into the doctor's office.

"Dan! So good to see you again," the doctor said, extending his hand over the desk for a firm shake.

"Ron, I see you're looking well," Dan replied. "How's business?"

"Tolerable. Tolerable. I can't complain. Is this the young lady you called me about?" he asked, glancing at Dana, who had sat down in the only chair in the room.

"Yep, this is Dana. She's been a ward of the state for the past 8 years, until she turned 18 last December. I gotta love this state. Once they hit their 18th birthday, the records are reviewed, and then sealed, never to see the light of day again. It's almost as if they never existed. The only reason I didn't bring her by sooner was that she was still in school. Fanatical records keepers, the school administrators are. But that's all done now. She graduated last month, and we're free and clear. Have you got that new experimental module you told me about last fall ready for field testing yet?"

Only half listening to the conversation at first, Dana began to get a queasy feeling as the conversation shifted to something she didn't really understand. Leaning forward she began to pay full attention to what the men were saying.

"Yes, actually. We've got the first production model in the lab right now and have been waiting for a suitable client to sell it to. Are you interested?" Ron asked.

"Hell yes! I've been itching to get my hands on one of those since you gave me the specs!" Dan replied.

"Excuse me," Dana interrupted, "What does this have to do with my physical?"

"Sorry, my dear" Dr. Ron said. "Slipped my mind that you were here..." Reaching under the lip of the desk he pressed a button and concealed arm and leg restraints whipped out of the chair she was sitting in to totally immobilize her. "Now then young lady, sit still and be quiet for a few minutes, or I'll have an orderly bring in a gag too."

Sitting in shock, Dana starred in amazement at the doctor, expecting Dan to intervene and order him to release her immediately! Shock turned to dismay as Dan ignored her to continue his conversation with the mean doctor. She didn't understand! What was happening here? Impetuous and head strong as only the young could be, she was also highly intelligent. A moment's thought convinced her that the doctor had been totally serious about sending for a gag, so she sat quietly, glaring at both men and tried to figure out what kind of game they were playing.

Continuing as if he had never been interrupted, Ron said, "Preliminary testing indicates that the device is even more successful than we had originally thought. Installation, once thought to be nearly impossible, has proved to be a snap using the new robotic surgeon we installed last year."

"Once the tricky spinal interface is installed, everything else is cake. We can install the hardware on one day, and begin training the next. Compare that to the two-to-three weeks of grueling surgery required by the old method. The real bonus is in the new capabilities though. The old controller just monitored a girl's actions and sent pain signals to various points. This new controller integrates directly into her spinal nerves. By recording the signals sent to her brain by her body, we can reproduce any sensation at any level of intensity we desire. Now, instead of just pain, we can induce pleasure as well. How'd you like a triple strength orgasm at the touch of a button as a reward for good behavior? It should shave weeks off the normal training time!"

Following along carefully now, Dana understood that she was the subject of their conversation. The thought of being subject to such control sent chills down her spine. Horror and fascination combined into a confusing mix of conflicting sensations. Just imagining being given such pleasure and pain as a means of control made her quiver inside with dread and anticipation.

"Sounds great Ron. I'll leave everything in your hands. You know what I want. Just give me a call when she's ready for delivery, there's no rush. No one but Barb and I know she even exists, now that the state has closed her files." Dan shook hands one more time and walked out the door. He didn't even pause on his way out as Dana cried after him, "Please don't leave me!"

Beginning to panic at last, Dana struggled uselessly against the chair, trying to free arms or legs. Ignoring her grunts of frustration and cries of fear, Dr. Iverson sat down to begin filling out the paperwork for the procedure. Muttering to himself, he scribbled notes and filled out forms for twenty minutes or so before looking up again at the sobbing young woman tied down in front of him.

"You're really quite lucky, you know," he said to her. "Dan is one of our best customers. He's brought us dozens of young ladies just like you, and he always pays for the best. He normally sells his girls after their training, but he works hard to find good owners." Continuing along as if nothing he had said was the least bit disturbing, he said, "Now, on to the details."

"You're going in this afternoon for a bit of surgery. Basically, a sophisticated computer is going to be installed to let us remotely monitor and control your every action. You will then receive a few weeks of training, and a final bit of encouragement to never give your master cause to return you, before we send you home."

"Shhh." he said as Dana opened her mouth to respond. "I know you have questions. Everything will be clear in a few days."

Pressing a button he summoned two huge orderlies. Each man got a firm grip on one of her arms before the chair restraints retracted. Lifting her to her feet, they marched her out into the corridor and down the hall. Dana turned her neck as she was dragged away, to look longingly back at the passageway through which Dan had brought her here. Dragging her along by her arms, her feet sliding along the polished tile floor, they eventually reached the operating room. Each man grabbed hold of a leg as well as an arm and lifted her up on to an operating table. A nurse was waiting with a mask, which she forced down over Dana's open mouth and nose. Try as she might, she couldn't hold her breath for long and in seconds the room began to dim to black as the gas knocked her out cold.

Part 9: *Pleasure and Pain*

When she woke up again, Dana found herself in a small room, maybe 6 feet by 10, with a door at one end. Lying on a narrow bed, she was completely naked, and goose bumps covered her body from the cold air. As soon as she tried to move she became aware for the first time that everything felt very strange. Lifting her head, there was a strange sensation of lag between intent and action, as if the world was out of sync. She didn't understand it at the time, but it was a reaction to the new computer inside her body, intercepting and monitoring all the signals being sent through her nervous system. Moving slowly, feeling extremely dizzy and off balance, Dana leaned up off the bed to take a better look at the room. There was a small table nearby with a glass of water and some pills, as well as a cold sandwich. The thought of food sent nausea rolling through her gut, but the water sounded great. Taking the pills as well, she hoped they would stem the rising headache that began pounding behind her eyes.

Trying to go back to sleep was futile, and she gave it up after lying down for only a few minutes. Always active as a child, now she found that she just could not sit still and await her fate in this terrifying new world. Slowly and carefully at first, she stood up and began to pace the room. After a few minutes she felt a little better. The computer was getting a better grasp of her internal nervous system signals and causing less distortion. If a little exercise was good, a lot might be even better, so she began doing an easy workout, gradually increasing the pace as the dizziness and strange time lag sensations decreased. Hours later, covered in sweat from a vigorous workout, she was finally tired enough to fall into a troubled sleep.

The technicians monitoring her gave the computers a full twenty four hours to gather data, digest it, and then assemble it into a set of core programming customized to Dana's body. The next morning they sent the two orderlies in to bring her to the next generation research laboratory. Giving up hope of being able to escape at this point, Dana meekly walked along as the two men guided her firmly through the complex by her arms. Walking into the room, the first thing she noticed was a pair of geeks behind some kind of computer console, staring avidly at her naked body. Glaring at them she tried vainly to cover herself, but the two men were already dragging her across the room. Looking in the direction they were carrying her she saw another large medical table, covered in obvious straps and tie downs.

"NO!" she screamed at the sight of the table. She really didn't want to be tied down helplessly as these men used her for some kind of lab experiment! Kicking, screaming, biting at the two men, they easily overpowered the slender young woman and soon had her strapped tightly down to the table. Turning their backs, the orderlies walked out of the room and left her alone with the two geeks. Fiddling with their equipment for a few more minutes, the technicians ignored her thrashing struggle with the bed restraints until the computers finished uploading the new firmware into her controller. Once they had a green light, they initiated recording mode and began the data gathering process.

Oblivious to her shouts and cries, one of the men lifted a sharp needle between thumb and forefinger. Pushing down on a button at the side of the bed, he made the bindings holding Dana tighten until she stopped struggling. Next, he carefully began poking the pin at her body, every few inches.

"OW! Stop IT! OO! HEY!" Dana cried out at each painfully sharp jab. Moving methodically, the man covered every area of her body. He took particular care to jab exactly into the tips of her tits, the end of her clitoris, and then ran a finely spaced series of jabs down each lip of her vagina. Screaming bloody murder when he stabbed her in the clit, she was reduced to a sobbing wreck by the time he finished probing her entire vagina. With the flip of a lever, the bed rolled over and she found herself lying face down on the other side. Continuing with the pin, the man then completed covering her with painful jabs over her entire back side.

Begging and pleading with them to stop, Dana repeatedly asked the man, "What are you doing? Why are you doing this to me?"

Finishing his work, the men both continued to ignore the girl until she finally collapsed into a fit of sobbing tears. Once the first man finished covering her body with the pin, the collected data was analyzed, and then uploaded back into her controller. Running a quick test, the computer tech played back the sequence several times in rapid succession.

“AAAAAAAAAAOoooooooooWWWWWWWW” the scream ripped from Dana’s lungs as she felt invisible pin jabs race painfully across her body from head to toe.

“Looks like that sequence works, Phil. Let’s move on to heat.”

The man picked up a small tool with a small, metal pin-head like tip. Striking the burner to light, he waited for the tip to heat up completely, and then repeated the same process as before, touching the hot tip to various parts of her body. Not as painful as the pin jabs had been, it was nevertheless *quite* hot, and not at all pleasant when he again began running it over her tender tit and pussy flesh. All hope of breaking free from her restraints gone by this point, Dana clenched her eyes shut tightly and tried to endure. Again the tech replayed the sensations, but this time he varied the intensity and location randomly as it played through the sequence several times. Sensations that ranged from mild heat to scorching blast furnace intensity raced randomly over her body.

“OOooOOooOoOOooooOOO OOO!!! OOOO!! Stop it! OooooOO OO NOOO” her voice modulated in pitch and volume in tune with the agony being visited on her helpless body.

“So far so good. Let’s do cold next.”

Once again a cruel tool was run over her body, this time giving the sensation of blistering cold. After she was subjected to a fast action replay to confirm the results were good, the technicians finally took a short break while the orderlies were summoned back to get her ready for the next phase.

Marching back in to the room, they began unhooking the straps holding Dana down on to the table. Too exhausted from struggling and cramping muscles to even lift her arms, she hung limply between the two men as they carried her into the next room. Looking like something out of a medieval dungeon, the room had more implements of torture and pain than Dana had ever even imagined might exist. Ignoring most of the more sinister looking items, the men carried her to the middle of the room and laid her on her back near a pair of thick wooden posts. Dejectedly, she lay still, unresisting as a thick leather strap was fastened to each ankle and wrist, and then locked in place. One of the men then fastened the wrist restraints together behind her back. Next the men both stood up, each lifting one leg up along a tall post until Dana was being held suspended in mid air. Fastening the leather collars to a hook on each post, the men left her hanging there as they walked out of the room again.

A short while later the two geeky technicians returned, wheeling in their equipment on a small push cart. While Gary set up the equipment on the cart, Phil studied the list he’d been given to see exactly which sensations the good doctor wanted imprinted on Dana’s controller. Smiling a few times as he went down the list, he finally set it down and prepared to begin.

The first item Phil removed from the wall was a leather whip. Raising it high, he carefully took aim and whacked Dana once solidly across the back, then butt, chest, left boob, right boob, left thigh, right thigh, and then two vicious cracks across her crotch, one from the front and one from the back. Barking out a sharp, short cry with each blow, Dana clenched her teeth and endured, all hope of mercy having vanished when they brought her into *this* room.

The next four hours was a brutal trial for young Dana, as she was subjected to tortures she'd never dreamed of. Hot candle wax. Electric shock. Clothes pins and alligator clips on her genitals. Cruel vaginal and anal insertions. At the end of it all, the techs created a routine to randomly assault her with selections from everything they'd done to her today, in rapid succession, and then let it play for half an hour as she hung suspended helpless by her ankles. Screaming until her voice broke, when the program finally played itself out the sudden release from pain allowed her to pass into unconsciousness at last.

Dana awakened once more back in the small cell. Still naked, she found herself lying on the bed, wrapped in a thick, soft blanket with a plush pillow under her head. On the small table by the bed was a full set of comfortable looking clothes. Although she was still tender in a few places, most of the pain that had overwhelmed her yesterday was now gone. Rolling out of bed, she tentatively climbed into the clothing that had been left for her. It was amazing how much emotional security could be conveyed by the simple presence of shirt and pants.

Restless with nervous energy and fear, Dana once again found herself pacing, jogging, and bouncing in place to help calm her nerves. When the doctor came for her, she was desperately afraid they were going to give her a repeat of yesterday. Expecting muscle bound orderlies and crude torture implements, she was totally unprepared for the small man in the white lab coat who quietly opened the cell door and calmly announced, "Come with me please."

Leaving the door open, the man had already turned his back and was walking down the hall. Dana stood frozen in place, staring with longing at the open door, as the man disappeared around a corner. Sudden pain slammed into her crotch, as if someone had smacked her between the legs with a whip. Startled into motion by the pain, she raced out the door trying to catch up with the man. Rounding the corner, she just saw him pass through a closing door down the hall.

Running, she caught up before the man could reach the next turn and fell into step a pace behind. A few minutes later she was led to a hospital cafeteria. Waving his arm, the man gestured her into line with the staff waiting for their breakfast. Ravenous with hunger, she stood in line with her former tormentors, skittish and terrified that someone would realize their mistake and send her back to the dungeon.

Creepily, the doctor simply observed, not eating himself, as she collected a tray of food and sat down. He took a seat across from her at the long table and waited patiently for her to finish her meal. Even simple cereal and milk tastes like heaven after two days without food. Once she was done, the man stood and gestured for her to follow as he began moving towards the door. After a short walk she found herself in another lab. She had to visibly force herself to cross the threshold at the sight of the lab table with restraints.

"Please remove your clothing and place it in the basket over there," the man said. Clutching her arms tightly around her chest, a wave of dismay flashed through Dana's entire body. It struck her suddenly just how badly she needed the security blanket that her clothing provided. Unable to move, she stood frozen in place until the man once more gave her a correction. This time burning heat seemed to crawl all over her body. Screaming, Dana began peeling off clothes and tossing them away. The doctor did not stop the pain until she had gathered up every item and placed it in the basket.

Patting at a spot on the end of the exam table, the man said, "Sit here."

Once she was in place, the man explained, "There are just a few more things I need you to do before I hand you over to your trainer."

Pulling out a small needle, he carefully injected a small amount of liquid into her arm. Almost immediately she felt a pleasant rush wash over her for a minute. Touching a control, the man repeated the sensation a few times to test her controller.

Next he pulled out a box and set it on the bench beside her. Looking inside, she quickly averted her gaze after recognizing the contents. "I need you to achieve an orgasm so we can record the sensation. Take your time, and get it right. Believe me, the better you do this now, the happier you'll be later." Locking the door on the way out, the man left her alone to give her at least the illusion of privacy.

Contemplating the bizarre collection of sex toys in the box, Dana tried to decide whether to cooperate with this latest indignity or not. She was seriously pissed to be used so callously, and wanted nothing more than to spit in someone's face. But as she thought about it, it occurred to her that this might be the only opportunity she ever got to help herself. She realized that these people could inflict as much horrible torture on her as they wanted, but only she could provide them the tools necessary to reward her with pleasure as well.

Stirring through the contents of the box with one hand, she selected a simple, smooth skinned vibrator and a small tube of KY jelly. Setting the rest of the freak show collection of gadgets out of sight, she applied a bit of gel to the vibrator, and smoothed a bit more onto her pussy. Trying to forget that she was being recorded, Dana turned on the vibrator and began gently stroking over her pussy. Taking her time, she closed her eyes, lay back on the table, and imagined herself to be elsewhere. Gently inserting the vibrator, she began making long, smooth strokes, sliding it slowly in and out, as she tried to awaken her body.

After twenty minutes she finally managed to generate a modest orgasmic surge, which the technicians recorded. Noticing that she had not stopped, however, they continued watching and recording her actions. Relaxing and beginning to get in the mood at last, she was able to spike again a few minutes later. This time she received a very nice double orgasm as she continued working the vibrator. Stroking faster, she began plunging the toy in abruptly then withdrawing it in smooth, slow strokes. At last she began climbing higher and higher, building tension by moving the vibrator very slowly, in and out. Nearly ready to scream with anticipation, she released the explosive tension by suddenly plunging to vibrator in and out as fast as she could. The sudden stimulation pushed her even higher for a few moments, and then crashed down in a spectacular orgasm.

"ooooOOOOO" she groaned, eyes rolling up in her head.

Relaxing back in limp pleasure, utterly spent, Dana let the still humming vibrator drop to the floor.

The techs left her alone for half an hour after that. They needed time for the computer to digest the data, Dana needed time to recover her composure, and several of the men needed time to change their underwear after watching that fantastic display! Freshly changed, the doctor entered the room again carrying a small remote control unit.

"That was truly spectacular my dear," he informed her. "As a reward for that splendid effort, I'm going to give you a demonstration of the full range of pleasures you've helped us create, just for you. Lie back on the table and relax. I don't want you to fall off and hurt yourself."

Lifting the remote, he began cycling through the settings as he narrated. "At the low end of the scale we have these 5 settings."

Built using her first, mild orgasm, the increasingly intense jolts of pleasure ranged from a mild buzz that jump started her heart rate, to a wild surge that brought up an uncontrollable gasp from deep in her throat.

"In the middle range we have these two settings"

The first was a splendid double orgasm, just like she remembered it, only boosted to about double the intensity. Groaning in ecstasy, Dana could not catch her breath for a minute. Waiting for her to recover, he triggered the second setting.

"oooo OOOOO!!!" Dana groaned, legs twitching uncontrollably. Digitally enhanced, it was much like the last setting, but this time the two orgasms were spaced closer, about a half second apart, and the second surge was twice as intense as the first.

"Did you like that?" the man smiled.

"oooo OOOO! OOOOO!! OOOOOO!!!!" she screamed loudly as he gave two shots back to back.

Dana's whole body was awash with adrenaline and her heart was beating wildly. Sweat was gushing from every pore in her body, and she had strong aftershocks of pleasure tingling and radiating sympathetically from her pussy to her chest. Panting like a dog with heat stroke, she gasped for air in fast, deep breaths. The doctor gave her a full ten minutes to recover.

Once she had her breathing and heart rate back under control, he continued with the demonstration. "Wonderful as that must have been, I think you'll enjoy this last setting even more."

Dana looked up at the man in alarm as he reached for the remote again. She wasn't sure she could survive anything more intense than that last orgasm. Built from the tremendously satisfying third orgasm she'd originally achieved on her own, the computer had enhanced it, turning it into a full minute of continuous orgasm that surged and pulsed and grew steadily more intense with every second.

"ooooOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" Dana began wailing, voice rising in pitch. After a few seconds she began thrashing arms and legs. Drool spilled over from her mouth, and her voice cracked and broke as the 60 second surge of indescribable pleasure crashed down at last. Her thrashing body jerked violently as the sensation crashed down at last, her eyes rolled up in the back of her head as she passed out, and her unconscious body flew off the table to smack into the floor.

"Hmm," muttered the technician, "Maybe we'd better take that setting down a notch." Looking down at the sprawled, naked body of the girl at his feet, he called in the orderlies to return her to her room to begin training in the morning.

Part 10: *Training Dana*

"Wake Up!" blasted out of the ceiling speaker. Dana bolted up off the bed, suddenly wide awake and confused. She found herself standing naked in the little cell she was becoming so familiar with. Noticing a clean pair of clothes on the table, she moved to get dressed. As she took the first step towards them she felt the shock of a whip cracking over her crotch.

"AAAAaaa" in agony, she collapsed to the floor under the sudden brutal pain.

"You have not been told to get dressed yet." a voice informed her through the speaker in the ceiling.

"I am your computer trainer. You will obey each of my commands promptly, without hesitation or complaint. Do you understand?"

Dana stared around the empty room, a resentful look on her face at the unfairness of that punishment, as she listened to the voice. She nodded her head in reply to the question.

"You will answer 'Yes Master' or 'No Master' to any question."

Afraid to get off the floor without permission, Dana nodded her head once more in reply.

"OOOOOO!!" she screamed as the pain of a whip smacking her right boob exploded through her body.

"OOOWWWW!!" she cried a few seconds later as the pain lanced at the left boob.

Suddenly realizing what she'd done wrong, Dana cried out loudly "Yes Master!!" and cringed inside waiting for the next blow.

A pair of sharp pin pricks jabbed her in each foot and knee just before the voice announced "Stand up." Once she had climbed to her feet she immediately felt the pin jabs again, this time knee-foot and the voiced announced "Sit down."

"Those sharp painful jabs you feel poking at you are signals to perform a command. Today we will begin teaching you what those and many more command signals mean. You must learn to recognize and obey all the hundreds of signals that will be used to control your every action from now on. So let us begin..."

The sharp jabs struck foot-knee again. Expecting a verbal order to follow, she hesitated a couple seconds before starting to climb to her feet. Too Late! A slashing pain burned across both of her ass cheeks, and she fell back to the floor in shock. She received another shot through the crotch before she finally managed to stand back up again. Sit. Stand. Sit. Stand. She completed the last several repetitions without incident. Then a mild wave of pleasure touched her gently, running upwards from her crotch, as she was rewarded with a small orgasm for her obedience. She spent the next hour learning basic body movements and performing simple exercises at an ever increasing pace. Once she had learned basic movement commands, she was driven like a wooden robot, step by staggering step, down the hall to the cafeteria where she was allowed a few minutes to eat breakfast before being steered once more back to her cell.

For the rest of the day, Dana continued to receive instructions and had to practice responding to the non-verbal commands of her inanimate master until she was drenched in sweat and weak in the knees. The computer was demanding and merciless, dishing out severe punishment for any mistake or the slightest hesitation in her obedience, but also generous in rewarding any long stretch of successful completion of its commands. By the end of the long day, Dana was desperately trying to please, not just because she was terrified at the thought of how far they might take their punishments of her body, but also because she began to actually crave the wonderful orgasmic rewards she was given for being a good girl. After once more being walked down to the cafeteria, this time much more smoothly since she had had much more practice obeying her controller, she had dinner and was sent back to her cell for the night. As she lay down and prepared to go to sleep in exhausted misery and shame, a tremendous wave of orgasm began showering inside her vagina, radiating increasingly heavy pulses of delight throughout her body. It went on and on and ON, for nearly ten minutes, before slowly decreasing and fading away, leaving her shivering with the withdrawal. The thought ran through her mind as she lay there in her bliss, remembering how much more powerful they had made the orgasms feel during yesterday's demonstration, and she decided then and there that she *never* wanted to find out what they could do with the horrible tortures they'd recorded the day before! It was hours more before she finally managed to fall asleep.

She was awakened with a sharp, pin-like jab at her clitoris, then a silent command to stand up. Scrambling to clear the sleep out of her eyes and make it to her feet before she could be punished, Dana

raced to the center of the room. Immediately she was given a continuous string of command that had her jumping, spinning, running, and otherwise dancing about the room gymnastically for a very strenuous morning workout. After about an hour, once she'd worked up a good sweat, she was marched out the door. As she walked away, she looked with longing back over her shoulder for a moment at the clothes still neatly folded next to her bed. Down a different set of corridors than she'd seen before, she was directed into a room with an open shower stall full of men. Stopping at the entranceway in alarm, suddenly extremely self-conscious of her naked body, she was given three rapid whip cracks of pain across ass, boobs, and finally the crotch before she marched reluctantly in to meet her fate.

Washing up at an open shower head, she tried valiantly to ignore the half dozen men showering with her, rubbing up against her body, occasionally running a hand across her belly or fondling her breasts from behind. When she'd finished with the soap, several men stepped up and surrounded her, then began aggressively pawing and fondling her breasts, and fingering out her vagina. Knowing she had no choice, she just stood numbly and let it happen. Two of the men lifted her up by her legs and brought her pussy crashing down onto the outthrust penis of the third man, who began pumping himself into her as hard as he could for several minutes, until he let loose a good solid wad of white, creamy cum inside her cunt. Switching places, the other men took their turn, one using her ass viciously, making Dana scream and writhe desperately against the horrible intruder. She was an Anal virgin up to this point, and the sudden, violent rape of her ass upset her terribly. Finished with his cruelty at last, the men switched places once again. The third man waved a signal at the other two, who rotated Dana upside down and lifted her up into the air, hoisting Dana's cum covered crotch up to the shower head to give her sore ass and cunt a thorough cleaning with the near scalding hot water. The third ran his fingers through the hair on the back of her head and got a two-fisted grip. Angling her body outward a bit he pressed the tip of his penis against her pursed lips, then squeezed his fists tighter threateningly. Dana opened her mouth wide and the man invaded her, gently forcing 14 inches of massive cock straight down the back of her throat. Ordinarily, Dana actually enjoyed giving a blow job and did so unselfishly with her sexual partners. This was different. The man gripped her head by the hair and he fucked her throat as fast and as deep as he could drive his cock, in and out, over and over. She could feel his head forcing her throat to bulge open with each stroke and had to fight so hard trying not to gag that she almost forgot about the burning attack of water scouring at her crotch. Wanting to die, terrified of fighting back, she endured until the man finally pumped his huge load so far into her throat that it went directly into her stomach. Satisfied at last, the men dumped her casually to the floor and left her there.

The computer immediately took over again, driving Dana to her feet, out the door, and off to meet her first human instructor. Sore and still dripping wet from the showers, she was marched down mostly empty hallways, trying desperately to ignore the hungry looks she received from the few men she passed along the way, until she reached a good size room at the end of one hallway. Noticing that there were half a dozen men waiting inside for her, she balked suddenly at the doorway.

Zap. Zaaap. ZAAAP! The controller sent repeated, escalating shots of pain at Dana's crotch until she continued moving into the room. Once she had reached the center of the room, she was completely surrounded by the six men and they each lifted a remote control in one hand and waved it at her. She shuddered as, without a word, each of the men began pressing buttons, sending conflicting commands to her in rapid order. Struggling to obey as best she could, often the men sent simultaneous commands that could not both be completed at the same time. The computer automatically punished any mistake or failure to comply, and as she danced, and cavorted around the room under their control, she also was receiving vicious punishments all over her body. The men kept it up for about half an hour, testing her willingness to obey, before they began their real training session.

After successfully passing her obedience test, the men began training her sexually, sending her from one upraised cock to the next, forcing her to use mouth, pussy, and ass repeatedly to satisfy each man in turn. Somehow there was something much more personal, much more humiliating about being controlled by a real person with a small plastic remote control in his hand, than there was when it was an invisible computer alone in her cell. After sucking off the first man, and having her vagina reamed out cruelly by the second, the third man lined up to give her a good ass fuck and she lost it completely.

Screaming wildly, she kicked the man in the shin and began running for the door. She made it about two steps before her entire body exploded in pain.

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!” came ripping out of her throat as her body collapsed in convulsions onto the floor. All six men had triggered severe punishment commands, and she felt like she was being burned, whipped, beaten, stabbed, electrocuted, and flayed alive all at the same time. It only lasted a few seconds, but it felt like forever. The rest of the day was a blur, as Dana obeyed woodenly the increasingly humiliating commands, learning new signals, and practicing giving whatever pleasure the men demanded. At the end of the day the men wanted to celebrate their success in training their new slave, and one of the men lined up six long neck beer bottled on the floor about a foot apart. Dana was walked over to straddle the first bottle, then given commands to spread her legs further and further, doing the splits over the bottle and driving it completely inside her pussy. Ordered to stand, she was marched over to the first man who pulled the bottle out several inches, pulled it forward firmly, then twisted it sharply to remove the cap. Pulling the bottle the rest of the way out, he took a sip of beer as Dana was being driven back to fetch the next bottle. Dana looked down at the second bottle with revulsion as she was forced to take it into her sore pussy and return it to the next man in line.

“UUNGH!” she cried as the second man ruthlessly twirled the bottle inside her. The sharp edged cap scraped around and around inside her painfully, but could not get enough tension to twist off.

“Clench your twat as I twist it bitch, or I’ll spin this thing in there all night!”

Desperate to stop the horrible scratching pain, Dana tried to obey, clenching tightly, and as the man twisted the bottle once more it suddenly hurt like hell as the edges of the cap bit deeply into her inner flesh, but the cap finally twisted off and the man removed the bottle from her now bleeding vagina. Four bottles later and blood was oozing slowly down her legs from her battered pussy. By the time she’d served up the last bottle, the first two men were waiting for another, so she was sent to the fridge to line up six more beers on the floor and begin again. When she was done serving up the second round, with twelve bottle caps crammed into her bleeding pussy, she was finally sent off to get some supper and then back to her cell for the night.

In the morning they sent her to the showers again, where one of the men rudely removed the bottle caps with his inserted fingers, then forced a good amount of alcohol up inside her to clean the wound. Screaming her lungs out for almost half an hour at the pain, she didn’t find out until much later that they’d taken the liberty of recording that sensation for future use.

Dr. Iverson stopped by during her morning training session to check on her progress. Impressed with the speed at which they were able to move along, he left again a bit later, leaving one last directive to the trainers. “Take her down to the track during lunch. Make sure the geek squad gives her a good workout. Dan say’s she’s a good sprinter and he want’s her to have plenty of practice for the club picnic.”

When the time came, the race track proved to be entirely worse than Dana had feared. Arms bound behind her back, she was blindfolded and made to run the track as fast as she could pump her legs with nothing to guide her but the painful signals burning at her clitoris and nipples. She knew she was a fast runner, but the men made sure that she gave her all by constantly holding down the “Nitrous” button, making her clitoris feel like it was being burned by a blow torch! Running and turning around the track as best she could while completely blinded, she began sobbing uncontrollably as the men began deliberately running her into walls, over obstacles, tripping her up then punishing her soundly for failing to stay on her feet. In abject misery she abandoned herself completely within her mind and became nothing more than a toy for cruel boys to play with as those chose. Locking in that mind set, she maintained it throughout the day as she was sent down to the gymnasium to service as many of the men on the staff as she could before being sent off to bed. Giving herself over completely to her computer controller, Dana was a real crowd pleaser, offering anal, vaginal, and oral sex simultaneously to the men who lined up at both ends of her body. The staff was so pleased by her performance that they decided to accelerate her graduation.

The next morning, Dana was led down to the dungeon to receive her final training, the pain aversion treatment that was so effective in permanently deterring these slaves from thoughts of escape. With her new and improved implants, Dana's training was a thing of beauty. Never before could such levels of pain be inflicted on the trainee's without causing terribly disfiguring scars or severed body parts. She was subject to 24 hours of pain that had her howling so loudly that even the permanent residents of the dungeon were looking at her in terror and disbelief. By the next morning when they let her out at last, Dana was inwardly begging to be used, abused, beaten, burned, pierced, whipped, anything and everything, just don't do *this* to me ever again, please!!

She was given one more night in the cell, and she collapsed instantly into a troubled sleep, dreaming a constant series of nightmares from which she could not awake. In the morning she was once again given her exercises, sent down for a shower, this time without molestation, then back to her room. At long last she was allowed to dress, pulling on the clothes quickly and hugging her newly covered body as she rocked slowly back and forth on her bed. "Clothes" consisted of a short mini-skirt and a halter top, with a thin pair of thongs for her feet. She wondered idly if she would ever again be allowed to wear underwear, as she waited for whatever would come next. Finally she was driven out of the room down to the cafeteria, and given breakfast. After an eerily normal morning feast of cereal and fruit, she was sent down the hallway again and found herself in Dr. Iverson's office. Dan was there waiting for her, to take her back home at last.

"I'll have her back next weekend for delivery to the Thompson's, Ron. After 8 years of dreaming about what I'd like to do to this little piece of ass, I've just got to take a week to exercise my fantasies before I turn over the keys," Dan was explaining.

"Well, here she is, and I must say that her training was all that we'd hoped it would be. Enjoy her all you like, I'm sure that Steve won't mind a few extra days delay at this point. We'll see you next week!"