

Amy did not usually visit fetish clubs, but when she did, she made sure she would catch everyone's attention. She wore a black corset with golden applications and a shiny black pantyhose, an attire that made sure all eyes were on her. It was a women-only location, with the majority of the visitors being either lesbian or bi. If nothing else was to come out of this trip, Amy would at least not get hit on by one of those creepy men looking for a quick fuck like it was the case at most other clubs. Still, she would not have come had Ally not begged her for weeks. The sexy brunette accompanying her was all dressed in red latex, encircled by a black harness and matching posture collar marking her as what she was: Amy's slave. Amy loved being a cruel and unforgiving mistress ever since she had dominated a woman for the first time. When she met Ally, she had been such an innocent girl, insecure about her sexuality and what she wanted to explore. Amy had led her down the rabbit hole of sexual slavery, molded her into the perfect slave slut she now was. She had to accept every decision Amy made for her life, however, she was allowed to make suggestions every now and then. Recently, she had repeatedly expressed how keen she was on seeing another woman being bound and dominated, teased and denied at the mercy of a sadistic mistress. And most likely, Amy suspected, her slave girl dreamt of turning the tables on her, at least for a while. Those tendencies Amy could not accept, for she feared it might lead Ally to become more interested in the dominant part of their relationship. The natural domme was absolutely not into switching. In all her previous d/s-liaisons, she had to break up with her girls eventually when she could no longer hold them under her thumb. But Ally was different. Amy loved torturing her, loved to listen to her ecstatic screams as well as desperate pleas when she squirmed at the end of her strap-on. She didn't want to lose her, so she gave in to her bidding. Maybe, in this new club, they would find another sub or even witness a live session so Ally could satisfy her newly discovered appetite. Afterwards, Amy would lock her slave up in chastity and tease her for the remainder of the week to pay her back!

The night was nice. They had a few inspiring conversations both with dommes and subs, as well with professional dominatrices. It seemed every woman at the club wanted to check the beautiful couple out and see if they were up for a little more than just dancing and having drinks. The later the night got, the more alcohol was poured and the more the two women got lost within the chaos. Soon, Amy had lost any track of Ally, but she didn't care. She knew she would never do anything she had not explicitly allowed her to do. So, Amy simply enjoyed herself for the moment. She had another drink while flirting with the bartender. Then, Amy got swept away by the sexy bodies dancing around her, the buzzing music and flashing neon lights. Suddenly, everything around her started spinning.

When the fog in her brain lifted, Amy could still hear the bass drumming in her ears. The first thing she felt was her feet hurting, carrying her weight as she was in a standing position. Next thing was the rigid embrace of what felt like a steel armbinder holding her arms painfully tight behind her back. Then there was a familiar sensation between her legs... something had entered her most private parts, stretching her out. Instinctively, Amy tried to raise her body, but she could only move about an inch, pulling the intruders slightly out of her vagina and anus, until it became too painful for her to stretch so she had to lower herself and let them slide back into place. Several more restraints, a corset and a neck brace added to her predicament and rendered her unable to move any more. What the hell was happening here? When she opened her eyes and realized she was neither inside her spacious apartment nor anywhere at the club, a wave of terror swept through her body. Panicked, she strained against her bindings more forcefully. A heavy weight pulled on her sensitive nipples, sending shocks of pain through her body. She realized something was pulling her nipples down and caused them to swing like a pendulum with even the slightest twitch. "Amy?" It was Ally's voice coming from behind her. "Thank god you're awake!" Amy tried to reply to her slave girl, but was efficiently prevented to communicate by a big, pumped-up gag inside her mouth. "Oh God, I am so sorry Amy! I... I think I made a terrible mistake... Please, you have to forgive me!" She sounded desperate, further increasing Amy's fear. What had she done? "Well... I always told you I wanted to see other women being dominated,

and you said you never wanted to try switching... Um, I did some research on the web and I found this high-class dominatrix running a new club in the city. I contacted her and told her about our little problem. She suggested you might not have been totally honest about your kinks, you know? That secretly, you wanted to try being bound and tortured and she offered to make that dream reality..." Amy just stared at the dark dungeon wall in front of her, unable to see Ally, while her anger was building more and more. "I agreed. It was a surprise, Amy, I didn't know what I signed when I met her at the club... I thought we'd be in for some kinky games, not that she would really take us both as her slaves... She... She was kidding right? I mean, a slave contract can't possibly be legal! Right...?"

Ally's frantic babbling stopped when the click-clack sound of high heels announced the arrival of what was likely their captress. Amy stared at the opening door and the tall blonde walking inside the room. She ignored Ally completely, locked eyes with Amy and pranced straight towards her. "Ah, welcome at my humble underground studio, Amy! After all these years, who would have thought I'd finally meet you again?", she said and smiled at the confused look on Amy's face. "What, don't you recognize me, babe? About five years ago, on college? We met at Madison's party..." All of a sudden, Amy remembered, and her blood turned into ice water. Jessica, an ex-girlfriend of hers. And ex-slave of hers, to be precise. She had quite drastically changed her appearance. Gone was the timid girl Amy had loved to dominate, replaced by a fierce dominatrix clad in a full-body nylon suit and thigh-high leather boots. Under any normal circumstances, such an outfit would have made Amy tingling with desire, but now..."Yeah, exactly, bitch!", Jessica reacted to Amy's horrified expression. Then she turned to Ally. "I must confess, I didn't tell you everything: I actually knew who your girlfriend was. Me and Amy, we had a good time back then when she used to tie me up and tease me for hours without letting me cum. She trained me like a little doggie, like she trained you. Until I opposed her, and she dumped me like I never meant anything to her. Well, as you can see, it has certainly made me stronger! Never did I expect I would somehow get the opportunity to pay her back... I can't believe from all the mischievous, greedy mistresses one can find online, you actually stumbled upon me!" Ally gasped. "Please!", she said, "Let us go, I just wanted to...", but Jessica cut her off. "Quiet, dear! You wouldn't want to upset your new owner, would you? After all, I've planned for you to have a rather comfortable life with me as my slave. Of course, you'll be bound and kept my prisoner, but I'll fulfill your wish of watching your mistress being tortured, teased and denied!" Amy now fought her restraints like a maniac. Jessica simply grinned. "You can struggle as much as you want; nobody has ever escaped my bondage. They all stayed with me, satisfied customers until I let them go... The two of you, however, will stay with me for much, much longer! You're trapped here and I won't let you leave. And since you kept your fetish life a secret to everyone, there will be no one looking for you - at least not in my hidden dungeon, that is. Now, I hope you're standing comfortably, Amy, for you will stay like this for a while longer. While my dildos are locked deep inside your holes, your calves starting to cramp in those boots, think of how much you loved to make me stand like this back then! Meanwhile, I'll prepare your next surprise!"

"Amy, please don't be angry!" Even hours after Jessica had left her two newest slaves to themselves, Ally would not stop talking. And like the times before, Amy could only reply with an annoyed grunt through her gag. "I swear this is not what I wanted! Although, I must say, you look damn sexy like that, at least from back here... Don't you think you could learn to like it?" Amy screamed furiously, "NO!", but what came out was far less than a mumble. After an eternity of forced standing with two rods in her ass and pussy while listening to Ally's arguing and desperate pleas for forgiveness, Amy was eventually released by Jessica - but not before she had held a cloth over her nose until she passed out once again. She awoke only to find she had been dressed in skin-tight latex and forced into the next predicament. Bound tightly to a pole on a wheeled board, kept in a kneeling position, Jessica had placed her in front of a large mirror. For the first time, she could see herself and shuddered in agony. Her hair had been shaved, leaving only fine, red stubbles on her head. Her makeup was smeared from sweating and crying and salivating through her gag. That one was special, she recognized. Made from some sort of

transparent material so she could see her mouth filled to its capacity, her jaw straining under the pressure. Her nipples were pierced, a steel ball dangling from each of the rings, explaining the weight and pain she had felt earlier when she tried to move. This time, though she was terrified, she did not even wiggle. Not that her bondage would have left much room for wiggling, anyway. The item causing her to worry the most was a belt locked around her waist, tightly encasing her ass and pussy, with a little display at the center. "How do you like it?", Jessica asked from behind. She walked next to Amy and triumphantly rested a heeled foot at the board she was fastened to. "I mentioned Madison earlier today, remember? We stayed very close after college. It turned out she never had the fondest memories of you either. Today, she makes a decent income by designing totally break-out proof female chastity belts... Like the one you are wearing now! It's not your average model, I can promise you. When I told Madison about the bitch I needed it for, she happily installed some extra nice features. This dev-ious thing has direct access to all your holes down there, as well as your clit. It can tickle, it can shock. It can vibrate and tease you, bring you close to the edge, keep you there indefinitely... And most of all, it can efficiently prevent you from achieving an orgasm during all that!"

Amy was devastated. The device she was locked in was one she had always dreamt of using on one of her slaves, now she was trapped inside of it! "I can control it via my phone", Jessica continued her explanation. "Imagine: just one push and I could grant you the best orgasm of your life... But I think I rather set this to maximum teasing, zero orgasms and a lot of maddening tickling inside and around your asshole, haha!" She switched her fingers and instantly, the belt started its work. Soon, Amy was moaning with lust as the machine's carefully placed electrodes and vibrators played with her delicate nerve endings. *Oh god*, she thought, *I want to cum already! How can I stand this?* Her angered expression turned into fear, then desperation within minutes. After the first three denied orgasms, Amy begged Jessica with her eyes, forgotten was her pride and rage. Her mistress just laughed at her pleas. "Now, for the next part!", she said, left for a moment and brought Ally back with her. She led her inside on a leash, shuffling on her knees and with her hands tied to her waist. A vibrator was dangling between her legs, pressed tightly against her pussy. Almost naked, the woman was placed next to Amy on two cushions on the floor. Their eyes met in the mirror, Amy's face pleading with desperation and Ally's face showed... *curiosity?* She watched her former mistress closely as she was kept on the edge of cumming. No gag was preventing her from speaking, but she bit her lip in what obviously was arousal. *Stupid bitch*, Amy thought, *what have you done!?*

"Now that we're all together", Jessica said, ignoring Amy's moaning, "Why don't you tell your 'mistress' here what I've planned for you?" Ally blushed. She seemed torn between accepting her own fate as what she had always craved and feeling ashamed for the mess she got herself and Amy into. "You... you'll make me your sex slave", she finally said, "You will make me serve you by eating you out and pleasure you in ways even Amy could only dream of..." Jessica now pressed the switch on the vibrator which came to life with a deep buzzing noise. Ally sharply inhaled as the first wave of pleasure hit her body. "That's right, bitch!", Jessica said while she started caressing Ally's nipples. "What else?" Ally started wiggling, almost playfully fighting her restraints. Her eyes wandered back to Amy. "You'll make her watch... watch me pleasing you and... *ungh...* getting pleased... You, Amy, will stay bound and locked up in that chastity device all the time... *oh god...* I'm so sorry...!" She could barely finish her sentence as she came hard, her pussy spasming and squirting its juices to the floor. "Does it turn you on seeing your former mistress like that?", Jessica asked, "Did you just get off on her desperate, pleading eyes, knowing she'll be teased, denied and frustrated without mercy for as long as I chose?" Ally slowly recovered from her climax as Amy stared at her in disbelief. "No... I... Please, let us..." Again, Jessica interrupted her. "Oh, are you sure this is not what you want? I tell you something: I will let both of you go. Right now. You just have to say it. Tell me that you didn't just have the best orgasm of your life, fueled entirely by Amy's torment!" Jessica turned the vibrator to the lowest possible setting, then she clicked another icon on her phone.

The sensations the belt forced Amy to endure intensified. It felt like a dozen tongues were softly licking and tickling the inner parts of her pussy and ass, her clit was tingling with desire... but when her muscles were just about to contract in orgasmic delight, a short, electric shock to her clit made her shriek, once more denying her any relief. *Please*, she cried into her gag, drooling with saliva, *Please make this stop!* Ally stared at her with dreamy eyes. "Just say you want this to be over, and you're free!", Jessica said, "Or... Admit how much you love this, and I switch the vibrator back to high speed and leave you here for a few hours to cum over and over while you watch that bitch suffer in denial!" Ally moaned. She breathed heavily. Her hips were moving rhythmically, trying to ride the vibrator as good as she could, to increase the pressure somehow. "Oh fuck!", she yelled, "I love this! I love this so much! I swear I didn't plan this, Amy! Had I known what this meant for you, I would not have made the deal! But as things are now, I just don't want to go back! So, yes, I admit it, I want this! Please mistress Jessica, make Amy your permanently chaste pain slut, bound and gagged for you and all your friends to tease and torture... But please, let me watch and make me cum!" Amy screamed as loud as she could, fighting her bindings to no avail. Jessica smiled and gently caressed Ally's nipple again. "Good girl!", she purred and reached for the vibrator, "As you wish!"