

The Angel of Discipline

Prismatized sunlight made the park air glow, gleaming off the laminate clothing of the people within. Women sunbathed, frolicked on the moss, did exercise routines, and sat back to admire and envy the others around them. Torean women, more than anyone else in the universe, truly relished the feeling of liberation that came with time alone in a confined space.

Torei had learned the art of close-quarters landscaping from the off-world spacefarers. Only those who spent life in space stations or ships could develop gardens where one felt alone with nature in a space the size of a kitchenette. Winding paths snaked through meticulously planted greenery, bursting out onto well-lit fields of spongy moss.

Dizbet had very little she could call her own, but through careful perseverance she had managed to stake out a corner of the gardens that she thought of as hers. It was not the most secluded part, but it was off to one side and had a good vantage over the park's entrances as well as its central moss-plot. She took care to give the leaves around her corner a bit of her own water every time she came, just to relish the minty perfume they released when she ran her wet fingers through their leaves.

She'd taken extra care to reserve her spot, today. She'd gone so far as to pay a Proxy to fill in for her, so that she could come to the garden early and keep claim on her corner. Her fluttering stomach made it impossible to eat the packed lunch she'd brought, so she dribbled water on the menthica leaves and rubbed her thighs together in giddy anticipation.

There was, of course, the chance that the rumours were false. Diz had studied the pattern of sightings, and followed the speculation among fellow devotees. The Angel had been seen travelling with one fewer pet on her lead lately, and that meant that someone had passed out and been sold off. Times like these were busy ones for fanatical watchers like Dizbet.

Dizbet was formally affiliated with the group known as the Future Slaves of the Angel of Discipline. They were the largest group, partly because they did not restrict entry to anyone and the dues were negligible. The facilities and resources were donated by a wealthy Master who seemed to cherry-pick from the membership during their play festivals. Dizbet wouldn't have minded being called to his heels, but like all the other girls in the FSAD she had her sights on better things.

Her doubts were quelled slightly when she caught a bit of motion from behind a hedge. Two well-dressed Sons were fiddling with telescoping rods that sported pairs of clear rectangles at the tops. Their maids assisted where necessary, panel-gags sporting the sigils of their houses. From what Diz could see, they were setting up the whole park for multi-angle recording.

She recognized at least one of the Sons as being from the Dæmonstalkers' So-

ciety. They were a far more prestigious and selective group, and pre-dated the appearance of the Angel of Discipline. The FSAD, for all its activity, tended to crumble into mob hysteria at regular intervals. If the Dæmonstalkers had come to the same conclusion about today, then it seemed a sure bet now.

Diz adjusted her laminate clothing to make sure she looked her best. She may be just a part-time girl, studying evenings at a cheap finishing school, but today she'd had her wardrobe doll her up like an executive's secretary in some tower-top trading company. She'd done her best to capture some of that exotic off-world style, while keeping the demure trappings of her station clear. She flaunted her aspirations, but discreetly flashed her situation.

As the appointed time grew near, the whole park took on a quiet mood of anticipation. Everyone was there for the same purpose, and no one dared speak of it for fear it wouldn't happen. People fidgeted with their clothing and recording devices, peered around trees and down corridors, and listened for any cue that the sighting had begun.

Just as Dizbet began to curse herself for wasting so much time and currency on this foolishness, a murmur rose from the opposite corner of the park. She looked over and saw people scrambling out of the way to get a good spot to record the entrance. More people jogged into the park from around a corner, nervously looking at the recording devices in their hands. The crowd clustered near that end of the moss, but they left a wide path for what was to come.

A row of women pony-marched into view. Their backs and necks were straight and vertical, and their arms were pinned tightly behind their backs in silvery monogloves. They moved as a unit, marching in time, filing around the corner two-by-two and down the steps into the garden. Two, four, six...yes, only seven girls today. All of the signs had been correct, and Dizbet had to swallow her fears now that she was coming to the moment when she'd need to do more than just watch.

Behind the seven women strode a silver figure on leonine legs. It wore a body of featureless silver, the figure of a well-endowed but lean woman, her head swept up behind her in a smooth alien helmet. From seven of her fingers, long silver strands hung catenary between her and the armbinders on the marching trainees. The crowd made way for the procession, which stopped on the patch of moss right in front of Diz.

The silver Isolate raised her fingers slightly, and the singlegloves melted from the arms of the women in front of her. The crowd murmured its appreciation as the women's elbows remained touching even without the aid of the bindings. The reins from the Isolate's fingers hovered for a moment, and then curled to snap at the backsides and thighs of the seven. In unison, they stepped apart, turned inward like row-dancers, and knelt with eyes downcast.

The discipline of these girls was impressive for ones so young. Dizbet swelled with envy as she watched them, at the Isolate's wordless direction, perform

stretching exercises, run laps, and perform erotic acrobatic feats to the wonderment of the crowd. After the exercise routine had finished, the tentacle whips cracked again and four of the women lay back on the grass with their knees spread. Three of the trainees knelt down to apply their tongues to the womanhood presented, but the seventh girl waited without anyone to service her.

Diz's heart pounded so hard she felt the rhythm in her ears, rather than heard it. She'd planned for most of her adult life for this moment, but the fear of rejection and humiliation kept her stuck to her seat. She felt that fear of the Isolate that had fuelled her submissive fantasies for so long, but now it was real and it filled the air between her and the pewter figure. If she were turned away, the recordings of it would be all over the planet before she could crawl back to her seat!

But, she reminded herself, if she did not even try, all this devotion would be wasted. And what kind of a woman would she be if her own self-chosen loyalties were so easily conquered by fear? What kind of a shameful creature would she be then? What future would she even be risking by this?

And that was where the courage to stand came from. Not desire or determination or even simple logic, but from the greater despair of a future not worth counting on. Gathering a small potted plant in her hands, Diz rose to her toes and pushed past a few women to kneel before the Isolate.

Dizbet fell prostrate before the Isolate, her palms upraised to offer the ceremonial gift that rested upon them. The crowd's murmurs ceased, and Diz counted time without end as she waited for the silver goddess's response.

She knew that everyone she was in view of understood her situation perfectly. They could see the perfect seams of her translucent rubbery stockings run out from her smart pencil-skirt and into her ballet-toed heels. The tight-laced corset was cinched smartly over her secretary's button-cleavage shirt. She still gleamed with top-shelf polish, and no marks showed from the stone she'd been sitting on. But through the exposed rump of her spanking skirt, the glittering silver of a working-girl's contractual chastity and obedience belt was visible to everyone.

Diz's face burned hot as she imagined what the crowd must think of her, putting on airs and daring to beg membership in the most exclusive training class in the whole world. Only the thought of how miserable the alternative would be kept her arms straight and her palms open.

A whizzing sound by her ear made Diz startle, and she felt a puff of wind on her head before she realized that her hands were now empty. The crowd gasped, and Dizbet was so stunned that she could not move for several seconds. Finally she felt the Isolate's tendril smack her on the backside, and she jumped upright on her knees to stare up at the figure.

The Isolate was now holding the potted cactus in one hand, her other arm outstretched to the lone trainee. Diz felt as though her head weighed nothing.

Her gift had been accepted! She was being given an order by the Angel of Discipline!

Casting her eyes down, she crawled between the trainee's legs and bent her face to the depilated folds. Her night courses had focused more on fellatio than cunnilingus, but she had practiced some on a game interface at home. Pressing her lips and nose into the other woman's labia, she began to hunt around with her tongue.

As she worked, she heard the onlookers' excitement, and that encouraged her own efforts. She plunged and nuzzled and crushed her lips against the perfumed sex. The freewombs and machines she'd eaten out before had been far more responsive than this, and she drove on eagerly in the hopes that she'd stimulate some kind of response before her time was up. She needed to reach that moment when she was meant to hold back, and let a plateau stabilise before she pushed up the next one. Somehow, though, it wasn't happening.

Suddenly she felt a subvocal resonance in her skull. It was a voice echoing in her own sinuses, with no identity of its own.

FINISH AND THEN SWITCH

The vaginal muscles that had been still for so long suddenly began to quake, as if a locking pin had been removed from some ancient machine. Dizbet squealed as she felt something clamp down on her tongue in rippling waves, squirts of fluid splashing against her face and going up her nose. The sound of four simultaneously orgasming women brought cheers from the audience.

Diz knew what came next. Three trainees knelt at the Isolate's feet and rubbed their faces in the moss. Diz followed their example, but without the synchronized grace that blessed the others' motions. When they rolled over onto their backs, spreading their legs, Diz hiked up her rubbery skirt with wet slapping sounds and did the same.

Three naked women now exposed their sex, but Diz's metal belt glinted in the piped-in daylight, mocking her lowliness. As one girl, the four trainees lowered their heads and began to lick. Dizbet looked in dismay at her partner, and then up with pleading eyes at the Isolate. The silver statue moved not at all, and the girl dutifully polished the metal barrier with her tongue.

Diz threw her head back to mirror the pose of the other women, but tears of shame followed one another over her temples and onto her ears. She was a fool to try this stunt, and now everyone would be laughing at her. She was exposed for everyone to see: not a slave, not a freewomb, not even a freeclit. She was just a pretty cog in some corporate office, without title or security or even the right to touch herself in her own bed. Kamn, even the bed she slept in was the company's!

Every morning she dolled herself up, worked two shifts, provided casual pleasure when required, and maintained the outward appearance of a saucy wench who

loved every second. If her façade cracked even a little, she knew what kinds of transfers she could face and it didn't bear dwelling on. So she kept up appearances, maintained her performance scores, and dreamed of the slaver-prince who would buy out her contract and whisk her off to his diabolical harem. That was, until the Angel of Discipline appeared in her tower.

Isolates from Mazos or Dahom were infrequent, but not rare in these parts. If you spent an hour in one of the busier streets, you'd most likely catch one stalking like a panther through the crowd. For all appearances they are nude humans wearing gleaming black rubbery bodysuits and helmets, but they're more rightly a bit of artificial consciousness wrapped around a human steed. The suit rides the wearer like a horse, and drives her or him to its own destinations.

Diz opened her eyes to look up at the Angel of Discipline. The swept-back helmet and silver suit marked it as not one of the Emissaries from the polar ziggurats, but rather a private slave to some unthinkably powerful and wealthy individual. The cost of such an Improvement used numbers that girls like Dizbet couldn't fathom: the price of another Way Up? The cost of a third of the atmosphere? All the water on Torei? Was it anywhere near any of these?

FINISH

Dizbet's wandering mind snapped into focus as she felt the greatest surprise of the afternoon. Between her legs, where the slave had been dutifully licking to no avail, Diz suddenly felt a warm buzz. In no time at all her concentration collapsed as her insides spasmed in an immediate and unexplained orgasm. She hadn't had the practice to know how to react, and she rolled out of the position she'd been holding, clutching at the moss and babbling incoherently. Years of frustration began to un-knot themselves with just that one word from the Angel of Discipline.

By the time she regained control of her legs, the slaves were already on their feet and in formation to march away again. Clumsily, Diz scrambled to her knees, not yet sure of her own legs. She stared, jaw slack and cheeks flush, at the Angel's feet. She kept to a waiting position she knew from her evening course textbook, and tried to catch her breath and her thoughts.

Silently, the Angel plucked a needle from the cactus and speared the largest flower. It then reached down and deftly slipped it into Diz's hair, pinning it as an adornment. It then balanced the pot atop its head and silver tendrils shot out from its fingers, reins for the slaves once more. The parade marched out of the park, leaving Dizbet kneeling in the moss with her palms laid up on her knees.

She watched them go, feeling outside her own body. The skin of her scalp tingled with warmth, and the lingering enchantment of sexual release glowed deep inside her. She was so empty of herself that she did not notice the crowd that had stayed behind until a glossy maid kneeled before her, a clear foil in her white laminate gloved hands.

A broad panel gag prevented the maid from explaining the card, but Dizbet blinked and squinted until her eyes focused on the writing. It was an offer from one of the wealthy Dæmonstalker men. Diz accepted the card and read carefully, astonished at the opportunity presented. She had clearly impressed some powerful men.

Pretending not to see the other cards held out by slaves and Sons alike, Diz crawled on her hands and knees over to the maid's Master. The man had unlaced the front flap on his rubbery trousers already, and his cock hung engorged but mostly limp in the open air.

Dizbet had not had many opportunities to reply to an offer from a prospective master, but the etiquette was simple. No matter what her response, she must drink his seed before answering. She bent down and kissed his feet before folding her arms behind her back and kneeling upright to bring her face to crotch-level.

She worked quickly, licking and sucking on his balls until she could get her tongue under the stiffening shaft. Her job often required her to keep an executive entertained for an hour or more, relishing her attentions without hurry. Right now she wanted more than anything to give her answer to this man.

Soon Diz took the man's cock into her mouth, using her modest Improvements to widen her jaw and extend her tongue down to continue licking his balls while she swallowed him. He must have been eager for her answer as well, as he gave in quickly and soon blasted his jism down the back of her throat.

Dizbet caught her breath, dropped back to all fours, and turned around to expose her backside to him.

"What?" The man was already furious.

"This girl regrets that she cannot accept your generous offer at this time. Please forgive her ingratitude!"

Dizbet braced herself for what was about to come. The first time she'd turned down a collar, it was a desperate debtor who clearly was looking to spread his liabilities onto her. He'd just given her a rough spanking and run off to find some other prospect. The second time it was a notorious sadist, and he'd acknowledged her refusal with a punishing paincaning that left her raw for a year. She'd not had any other offers since then, and she'd never turned down one of this quality before.

The wealthy Son called out to his maid, "Leta, my signet!" The maid obediently opened a drawstring bag and pulled out a leathery glove that was festooned with metal details. The man tugged it on and clicked it to laminate tightness. Flexing his fingers, he traced patterns on the palm and the metal forms glowed red.

Dizbet was fortunate that she could not see this, and when the blow from his palm landed on her right buttock she at first thought she was going to get off lightly. In moments, however, the shape of his house's seal formed in blistering

scarring pain on her cheek. Diz no longer had the strength to keep up the façade, and screamed.

The Son marked her other cheek with the glove, and tore it off, tossing it to his maid. “Very well then, keep your wretched life as a belted cocksucker. Enjoy the scars, flesh, as a reminder of what you foolishly threw away!”

Diz staggered to her feet and curtsied to the man, gritting her teeth as tears crawled between her lips. Then she silently turned and walked toward the park’s exit.

The crowd burst into a flurry of activity, men and women holding out cards for her to see. Diz let the tears blind her to them, walking past the crowd and out into the tower corridors.

Once she was sure she’d lost the crowd of Angel fanatics, Dizbet stepped into a company café and knelt in a cubicle by the front window. She purchased her favourite porridge and began to drink it from the phallus-straw that arrived.

As she drank, arms behind her back like a good girl, she reached one finger to gingerly feel the scars. She winced, and lost her rhythm on the straw, letting it slap her on the chin as she sputtered and coughed. Feeling the heat of eyes on her from the street, she folded her palms together again and resumed sucking.

The simple rhythm of the task soothed her and calmed her nerves. Like a baby finding peace in mother’s milk, most Torean women associated the deep swallowing activity with feelings of approval and protection. Dizbet drank her meal slowly, stopping only when a hand touched the back of her head, and a card was pressed between her own fingers.

Kneeling straight, her mood ruined, Dizbet read the card. To her surprise, instead of another collar bid, it invited her to a private booth. The card also displayed one of the new-fangled Free Will Disclaimer seals that off-world men sometimes used to ease their peculiar consciences. Diz puzzled over it for several minutes before standing up.

The “booth” was a private room in the back of the café. The walls were lined with white padded laminate material, decorated with gold hangings in a style that had been modern when Diz was born. One high-backed gold chair dominated the space, occupied by a regal-looking Freewomb Mistress in a floor-length slit dress of glistening black laminate material.

“Come in, girl, and don’t be shy. I gave you my Disclaim because I want to be frank, and because I need you to be honest with me. Is that clear?”

Diz peeled up her skirt to flash her belt as she curtsied, “Yes Womb, I understand.” Her fingers trembled as she let her skirt snap back down to her thighs.

“Just now, you... Well, you were offered something very valuable for a girl like you, and you turned it down. Tell me why.” The woman leaned forward, her long

vampy corset keeping her back stiff as she rolled forward on her hips, peering down at Dizbet.

Diz's heart skipped a beat. Could this be a Matron of the house whose sigil she now wore on her buttocks? Was she being grilled by a wealthy Heirmaker for turning down the Heir?

“Womb, I...” Seal of Disclaim or no, she had to tread carefully now. “The Lord who offered this to me...” Diz's hand involuntarily went to the scarring welts on her rump, “He was, like me, a follower of the Angel of Discipline. I would hope that once His pride recovers, He will understand why I would continue to court the Angel.”

The pause after Diz finished her answer was excruciating, but eventually the woman barked at her.

“Turn around!”

Diz did as she was told.

“Ah, yes, I see that those are already starting to scar over neatly.” The woman smiled and leaned back in the chair again. “Well, girl, I am going to make you another offer soon. You may turn around again. Now tell me, would you like it if I had the Ministry of Improvements remove those marks from your flesh?”

“Womb I...” Diz stammered, “I did not reject His offer lightly! I planned for today since—”

“Answer the question, girl!”

Dizbet swallowed, “Yes, Ma'am, I would like to have the marks removed.” She looked at the floor, her mind already wondering how a young man would treat a slave that he'd had to send his *mother* to collar for him.

“Of course you would. Now, many houses would typically offer you a collar, and then train you once you've sealed the pact in Temple. My organization, however, does things the other way around: you will undergo our screening regimen, but you will remain at large under your own debts and obligations until such time as you prove yourself worthy of our collar. To be clear, we do not train to keep, generally. Your path through our programme will lead to auction or private sale. Have I made myself clear?”

Diz felt herself leaving her body. What would this mean? It didn't seem like the sort of system one of the old houses would use, but then again with the Way Up came many changes to life on Torei.

“I said, *have I made myself clear*, girl?”

“Yes Ma'am. Sorry Ma'am!”

“Good girl. Now, I want you to open the box on the table and take out what's inside it.”

It took at least a count of twelve before Diz could will her body to move toward the table. She lifted the lid and nearly gasped, drawing out the potted cactus, her jaw slack with shock. Setting it on the obsidian surface, she spotted the corks on two of the straighter spines.

“Madam Womb, I must ask...”

“Go ahead, child.”

“Are you...Is this—Is this the gift I made to the Angel today?”

“You gave it to Cuireann, and she brought it to me, yes.”

With trembling hands and a smile, Dizbet plucked the spines and knelt on the floor, placing them cork-downward in front of her. Tugging at the buttons of her slick white blouse, she exposed her unmarked breasts to the air.

The expression on her face was buoyant elation, an almost religious experience washing over her as she pulled the spine from one cork, and squashed the side of one nipple against the stopper. Holding the point of the cactus needle to the other side of the flattened teat, she took one measured breath in through her nose and let it pass slowly between her lips.

“Think carefully, girl. Is this really the path you want?”

“Mistress, will I serve the Angel?”

The woman grinned, “Cuireann will be the one to train you, yes, though it will be *my* collar you’ll wear once you’ve earned your place.”

Diz seemed set now. She cast her eyes upward and cried out “My Angel!” and drove the spine through her nipple, embedding it in the cork on the other side. Her fingers flew out once she’d accomplished the piercing, and her next breath was drawn in sharply over her teeth. Her eyes watered.

Trembling, she bent down to pick up the second cork. She’d often read that the first one was the easiest, but after that you genuinely know how it feels. Setting her jaw, she pulled the other nipple flat against the cork, and held the second cactus-spine ready to drive it through. She breathed in through her nose and out through gritted teeth ten times, drawing up the courage.

When she had finally done it, she wailed “My Goddess!” and fell to her elbows. She rested her forehead on the floor, the itching burn of arousal spreading from the tingling cactus spines through her nipples.

The woman in the golden chair purred. “Good girrrrrl!”