

Dr. Folamour Commissions

Gospodin

2012

% Lend a Friend, Lose Double % Gospodin % November 2012

The return of his awareness brought only confusion. His senses groped, but there was simply not enough to orient him. He lacked light, sound, or any ability to move. With nothing to push against and no variations in pressure, he could not even tell which way was up or what position his body was in. He had risen from the murk of unconsciousness, only to break the surface in pitch black.

Breathing. He could hold his breath and feel the gentle burn in his chest. He could pant, and feel the resistance as the air squeezed through his nose with some difficulty. What was it called...sensory deprivation tank? Was he in one of those?

It would be meaningless to try and explain what time passed in this way, as he could not reliably count the breaths he took. Conscious thoughts blended with dreams in waking hallucinations of reason. His very sense of logic failed completely, in no small part due to the fact that his memories were as unreachable as his senses.

What did he know, in this bodiless prison of time and breath? He knew he was a man, for whatever that was worth. What was the other thing? His mind spun off into dissociated spirals again. But he thought sometimes in sensation, as with breathing or flying, and other times in words. Language, that was a thing that existed. But what language?

He must have started over in this hopeless search hundreds of times. So when sensation returned, it was intoxicating. He felt vibrations, and a sudden thump. The unruly portions of his mind that had run riot in the void now suddenly snapped to keenest focus on this input. The subtle jolts were like a blinding spotlight into dark-adjusted eyes: he winced within himself at the intensity of the knowledge now that *down* was *beneath* him.

After the movements ceased, he had enough of his faculties to reflect on the probability that he was in some kind of crawling position. He was on hands and knees somehow, but suspended in a medium that kept the ground from being anything he needed to deal with. It did not make sense to him, but it was glorious to have *anything* new to think about.

His mind tumbled freely again, and when sensation returned, it was again in the form of touch. Hands...a *woman's* hands, yes that was the other sex...a woman running her fingers along his arms. The sensation again stunned him, and came with a growing fire in his belly that made him want to clench, to bear down on...what, exactly? Something felt wrong.

The hands vanished, but the tingling remained. It distracted him enough that he wasn't shocked by the reappearance of sound in his world. He could now hear the breaths he took, and slowly he began to hear the acoustics of a room. He was inside and not alone, or at least the sounds of movement in front of his head made it seem that way.

"Well now, let's see what they've done for *you!*"

The voice was indeed female. He felt her tug at his head, and then she pulled the mask from his face. Tubes snaked painfully out of his nostrils and throat, and a rubbery mouthpiece forced his jaw open before the whole contraption vanished from his experience. His eyes stayed shut tight, and even so the light from the room was excruciatingly bright.

"Well cut my throat..." the woman swore in astonishment.

He felt a wave of nausea pass as his mind grew accustomed to the sensation of air on his face and saliva on his tongue. He gritted his teeth, working himself slowly to the world outside his cocoon. But the woman had other plans. She had already moved around behind him, and was pulling a plug out of his anus.

His muscles were somehow deliberately relaxed back there, and he let it go with a gentle wet pop. Then he felt the most peculiar sensation: some sort of sheath must be sliding off his cock, rubbing against his balls, but missing the tip? It made no sense, but he had other things to worry about as he tried to relax his eyelids.

"Oh, now this is *unreal...*" The woman's voice came from behind him. He was still trying to come anywhere near ready to open his eyes when he felt his glans being squashed and rubbed around and mushed into his balls and—this shouldn't be possible with a healthy penis. What had been done to him? Was he still just confused? His hips bucked in the springy suspension bondage.

"Oh, this suits me just fine!" The awed female voice sighed, and then came again from near his head. "Lights a little too bright for you, pet? Here, let me dim them for you..."

The pain behind his eyes softened, and he soon found he could open them into the darkness. Fireworks danced across his vision, but eventually he was able to focus on the fuzzy shape of a naked woman squatting in front of him.

"Like what you see?" She stood up and did a pirouette for his benefit, but it was mostly lost on him. "They did an amazing job on me, I think. Put me back better than I remembered! But this just *withers* compared to what they did to you!"

She giggled and squatted down again, and he began to work his jaw. He had to try and speak, but what came out was an indistinct moan. The voice he heard...

But the woman had already pulled out a floor-length mirror and wheeled it to him, and he could begin to see. He was in a box, of some sort. It was a black vacuum-box, his head poking out from one side, surrounded by the rubbery suspension membrane like a conical ruff. His head was slender, somehow...something not right.

“This is what Mazos has chosen for you.” The woman was enjoying this moment, though perhaps she overestimated the progress of his senses.

He groaned again, and it began to dawn on him what he now was. The voice from his throat was not just high, but sweet. The sensations at his groin, the arousal inside his gut, the feeling of his skin against the clingy bondage...

“That’s right, pet. It’s Domeda. After we were separated, the Dæmons asked *my* petition. And from the looks of things, they granted it!” she chuckled slightly, “And just like in the stories, they didn’t do it in the way I imagined. I can’t complain...although you’re probably going to *hate* it.”

He worked his tongue and jaw, huffing out sounds. He did not know this woman. The name “Domeda” was unfamiliar. He didn’t remember any of the events she referred to, though the mention of Mazos and the Dæmons brought back some kind of ancient instinctive fear.

“What’s that, pet? I can’t understand you.”

He continued to try to make sounds he could turn to words. The syrupy voice gasped and cracked from his throat.

“Let me get you something for that throat.”

The woman disappeared for a moment, and came back with a stick of something, which she pushed against his tongue. It plunged into his throat, and he felt himself swallow instinctively. He felt instantly humiliated, and the humiliation only increased the arousal in his belly.

Once he caught his breath, he tried again. Sounds came out as voice now, and his lips clumsily formed the shapes he needed, feeling swollen as if numbed.

“What’s that pet? I still can’t hear you.” She leaned closer.

He brought all his strength to bear and choked out his question.

“WHO...”

“Yes?” she prompted, irritatingly.

“AM...”

“What?”

“I?”

Domeda had stormed out in frustration, leaving him alone with his thoughts. She didn't stop at that, of course: in one corner of the room she had set out a full-length mirror so that he could see the extent of his predicament. In some ways, this turned out to be worse than the empty confusion of the void that had tormented him before his awakening.

He bobbed his head and made faces, astonished that the bald head in the mirror reflected his actions back to him. He squirmed as best he could, and watched the slick black body struggle in the vacuum-cube displayed in the looking glass. He was captivated by what he saw, yet the only conclusion he could reach was that it was some sort of image mapping system: a bit of computational trickery to play with his foggy mind.

He could not bring to memory any idea of what his face *should* look like, but he was dead certain that it should *not* resemble the one in the mirror. His expectations would have suggested a square jaw, and he had some instinctive urge to run his fingers through what ought to be a beard. But the face in the mirror was long and slender, and so clearly female that it would be laughable to imagine any stubble on its chin.

But it was the body that had him questioning his own self-image. Squirming against the membrane that held him on all fours, he felt the suction pulling against the bulbous breasts that hung beneath his chest. The more he tugged with shoulders and stomach, the more he recognized the sensations that matched the movements in the mirror.

But worst of all was the device between his legs. Before she left, Domeda had attached something to his exposed crotch, in the concavity of the vacuum-cube's membrane opposite his head. It was out of sight in the mirror, but he could feel it just fine. And the sensations only troubled him more.

He felt a plug inside his anus, and that much was simple enough. Or, it would be except that there was a *second* plug that felt as though it ran straight up his frenulum and against his prostate. Where the first plug only filled and humiliated, the second plug hummed with a pleasing warmth that kept him sexually stimulated. What's worse, there was a third attachment that felt as though it squashed between his balls and rested teasingly against his glans.

The geometry of this arrangement was baffling enough, but with what he saw in the mirror he began to question his own very anatomy. Surely it must be simpler to assume that the second plug was in his *vagina*, and that the attachment must be teasing his *clitoris*? But why, despite his debilitating amnesia, was he so certain that he'd never had any such body parts before?

The last unexpected aspect of his body was the reaction to the pleasure it received. His muscle-memory expected a tease that brought on a slow crescendo in desire like a swelling balloon behind his cock. At some point the scales would

tip, and he'd explode in sudden release. But the ride he was on now had a dramatically different flavor.

Everything about the teasing pleasure within was more complex and subtle. Instead of pressure and tension building in a single spot, waves of pleasure rippled through in chaotic combination. He could not put to words how it all worked, but it only began to make sense if he thought of it in terms of female anatomy. It was enjoyable, to be sure, but he felt himself longing for the crashing release that he'd come to expect.

He was still squirming and experimenting, trying to bear down on the device at his crotch when Domeda returned. She was now dressed very smartly in a slick latex business outfit complete with pencil-skirt, corset-blazer, and a pillbox fascinator that nestled in her rolled up-do. She stalked toward him on her towering platform heels and squatted down to grab his chin in her fingers.

“Ah, I can see by your pupils that you're well and truly randy right now! Well, perhaps if you're a good girl we can do something about that.” She let his head drop and then held herself steady on the frame of the vacuum-cube, looking it over with interest. “I think that it's about time I let you out to begin your life of service!”

She disappeared out of view for a while, and there was a sighing sound as the vacuum-cube fell slack. He tumbled to the floor and bumped his head against the frame. His struggles had brought some tone back into his arms and legs, but clearly not enough for him to stand yet. He flailed in the loose sheets of rubbery film, and managed to drag himself only as far as freeing his shoulders and arms before Domeda hauled him to the floor.

He lay back, panting, and then turned to the mirror again. Reaching one hand to his chest, he grabbed and gently kneaded one of the firm breasts that sat atop his chest, squashed slightly by gravity. He explored the outer contours of his feminine curves, and then finally ventured to run his fingers between his thighs.

What he felt there was firm metal or plastic. He rolled his knees over to get a better angle in the mirror, and could only see a glittering panel of silver. A little green light winked slowly in time with the rhythms of the teasing devices it concealed. He ran his fingers down its length, and found it perfectly sealed to his flesh from pubic mound all the way to the plug in his anus.

“The stories say that they prefer their tribute in an aroused and frustrated state.” Domeda seemed to be reciting words she'd heard before, sneering at their intent, gazing all the while into his confused eyes. “Ah, I suppose your memory hasn't returned yet. A pity the choice of belt is lost on you, then. It's the exact device you placed on *me* before we set out on our little journey together. Still doesn't ring a bell?”

Domeda sighed and helped him to his knees, the strength returning to his limbs with amazing speed. Still, he reached down with his hands and rubbed the smooth casing of the belt, upper arms squashing his breasts together into a not-unattractive cleavage.

“Well I’ll keep it simple for now.” Domeda knelt down behind him, hands on his shoulders, and spoke to his reflection in the mirror. “You took twelve slavegirls to Mazos as tribute. The Daemons found your request selfish and unappealing, and instead granted favor to *me*. When we entered the Ziggurat, you were my male Owner. Now you are my slavegirl!”

He stared into the mirror, astonishment leaving his jaw slack and desire fluttering his eyelashes. He slid his hands up to his pert breasts and massaged them sensuously, taking advantage of the lack of barriers over his erect nipples. Exhausted, he leaned his head back onto Domeda’s shoulder and squeaked out a word.

“Please...”

Domeda sneered into the mirror, “Learning to beg, my little pet? Tell me, for what do you beg?”

“Please...Let me...come?”

“Well, my little fuckpet, it is time for your first lesson!” Domeda pinched his nipples hard, twisting and pulling them outward. He gasped, his eyes wide, and he arched his sore back to relieve the tension. “Please let me come...*what?*”

“Please!” He panted, his voice emitting high lusty peals of girly squealing, “Mistress! Please let me come, Mistress!”

“Now we’re getting somewhere!” Domeda let go of his nipples and stood, letting him fall to the floor. He rolled onto all fours, and began to feel almost as if he had the strength to stand now. His hips bucked involuntarily at the unending stimulation at his new groin, but he rose to one foot and one knee.

Domeda had hiked up her skirt, and now sat on a cushion with her knees spread horizontally to either side. Her pussy jangled with rings and adornments, and she gestured to it with a long-handled riding crop.

“Here’s how it’s going to work. You will give me pleasure while I give you pain. Then I will grant you a reward as fits your performance. Once we have finished all these requirements we shall go out and celebrate the arrangement. Now: lick, pet.”

He stopped in his half-stood crouch, stunned. He could not think of who he was or how he could get out of this. He did not want to be a slavegirl to this woman who clearly had a vendetta against him for things he could not remember. He felt nothing but the urge to run, even naked and female as he now was. His eyes shot nervously to the door of the apartment, and then back to Domeda as if afraid she’d know what he was thinking.

Of course, she did know. “Ah, not feeling up for formal slavery just yet? Well if you are feeling well enough you can always just walk out by the front door.”

She seemed genuine, as if she did not care if he left then and there. Every fibre of his being, every instinct forged by memories he could not recall, every neuron in his groggy brain was telling him it was a trap, but he had to try it or wonder forever if he'd given up freedom needlessly. Slowly, on shaky legs hooked to hips that felt far too low for him, he stood and staggered toward the door.

When he reached the wall, he leaned against it for support, touching the control and letting the bulkhead swing open. Outside he saw one of the interior levels of a City Spire somewhere in one of Torei's ringdoms. He couldn't tell where he really was, but the call of *outside* was just too strong. He stepped forward. He could catch someone's attention. He could find a foreign embassy, or a hospital, or a kind stranger. Perhaps that screaming woman...

Doubled over on the ground just outside the door, he suddenly realized that the female screams were coming from his own new voice. The teasing plugs inside of him now pumped raw fire into his sensitive erogenous zones. He had grown used to the new sensations of female pleasure, but now he was aware of more sensitive corners of the anatomy that were suffering electric agony.

Cramped into himself, he finally managed to roll back inside the doorway, and the pain began to subside. Weeping on the floor, he looked up to see Domeda still waiting with her pussy out.

“Decided to come back? Well I'm delighted, and really we'll make a wonderful pair. Now you put that tongue to work and we'll see about your reward after.”

He retched the moment his tongue met her sex. The sensations were too strong for a mouth that had tasted nothing but the shipping-mask's plug in its whole life. Her crop was encouraging, though, and soon he dove in just to avoid the sting on his backside.

In his brief experience as a woman thus far, he had managed to learn a thing or two about how a woman experiences pleasure. The plugs in the belt had slowly warmed back to their teasing state, and he copied their ministrations as much as possible until the crop startled him into more aggressive probing. Soon he was doing to Domeda what he *wished* the plugs would do to him, and he struggled for breath as her thighs held him smothered into her.

He scrambled after her, now fairly an expert at jogging in the towering platform heels. His pace quickened whenever he felt the tug on the lead, the memory of Domeda's crop keeping him right at her heels. He dared not walk too quickly, as the singleglove that held his elbows together behind his back made balance difficult.

His shoulders hurt less than he would have expected from the extended time spent in the strict armbinder, but that could have been thanks to the distracting

sensations caused by the tight clamps on his nipples. Bells dangled from little chains on the ends of the clamps, and the bouncing tugs never let him forget they were there.

He knew almost nothing about where they were going, but it seemed to him that his mistress was pleased with his progress under her whip. She had mentioned something about “paying off debts” before they stepped outside, but had not provided any details. He now knew better than to pursue the matter with her.

So he kept up his wide-hipped runway strut, round breasts jiggling noisily and painfully with each footfall, and endured it in silence. His gaze traced down the spine of Domeda’s exposed back, admiring the shape of her backside contained within the glossy laminate material of her dress. He had longed to go outside Domeda’s apartment for weeks, but now that he was walking beneath the artificial sky he felt his training kicking in.

He squeezed his thighs together as he walked, trying to get some stimulation off the arousal of what was going through his head. He longed to be between his mistress’s knees, to please her well and to know he had done well through her rewards. He craved her approval every bit as much as he longed for that unique wave of pleasure that brought him that uniquely female wave of orgasm. He cursed his wandering mind as the runnel of juices from his exposed slit tickled his leg.

Domeda brought him up to an apartment door labeled “Prod” and touched the pad. A glossy maid answered the door and ushered them inside a lush living room. On a sofa sat a meaty pile of taut muscles in the shape of a man, his laminate shirt stretched over firm pectorals and a textbook abdominal washboard. He waved the maid away and addressed Domeda with a smirk.

“Well I must say you were one of the least likely slaves I’d expect to earn manumission.” He took a sip from a glass tumbler, “Isn’t it a bit late for you to be out walking unescorted?”

Domeda tugged down on the lead, and her slave knelt immediately by her feet. He nuzzled her leg through the long slit in the side of her gleaming ankle-length evening gown.

“A lot has changed since we last spoke, Prod, sir. I have a walking permit from the Ministry of Wombs now.”

Prod raised an eyebrow and set his drink on a side table, “Well then what can I do for you? Is this our old arrangement? Or do you need your belt unlocked a few hours so you and your rental here can impress a potential master?”

Domeda did her best to hold back her smile, but it spread wide against her face despite the effort. Wordlessly she reached down and lifted up her dress to reveal the bare pierced mound beneath.

“I’m a Freewomb now, and I intend to stay that way. The circumstances of my emancipation left me with a few of my original debts, according to the clarkette

at the Ministry of Wombs. I've come here tonight to settle the last one out."

The man's brow dropped suddenly in concern, and he traced sigils on the glass side table. His eyes scanned the text and tables of figures that appeared on the surface, and then sighed a breath of acceptance and resignation.

"Ah, and since you've come in person, I take it that you wish to pay in trade. My chambers are always ready for you, and we can begin whenever you like. But first, have a drink!" He touched a control and the maid scampered in, her eyes on her master's feet.

Domeda held up a hand. "We do not need anything to drink. My slave here will serve as my proxy, and I must inform you that she has never known a man before."

The man stood, and his heavy musculature seemed even more intimidating when it towered above the pair.

"Of course, if I took you up on this, that would leave me in *your* debt, now wouldn't it?" He spoke through his teeth, holding back anger.

Domeda tilted her head in acknowledgement, "Yes sir, or you could refuse our offer of payment entirely. Of course, that would strike it from the books the moment you did."

Prod kept his eyes locked on Domeda's, but grabbed the lead and pulled the kneeling slave upright. He bent down and sniffed hungrily, inhaling the scent of female arousal. He ran his hands over the monoglove, squeezed breasts so that bells jingled, and slipped a finger up into the sopping slit.

"She's..." Prod's voice caught in surprise, "It's like she's fresh out of the vat! Her skin is flawless..."

"Then I take it you accept?"

Prod set his jaw, prompting ripples of motion through the skin at his temples, and yanked the leash from Domeda's hand. He pulled the slave into an interior room and hoisted the singleglove up to attach a chain from the ceiling. The amnesiac slave danced in the strappado, his panic coming as much from being separated from his mistress as it was from fear of what was to come.

Prod rammed a smooth glass phallus into the slave's mouth, lips forced in an "O" around the shaft. He then covered the slave's eyes with one hand and bent the head up while growling into one ear.

"I am going to fuck you in your mouth, your cunt, and your anus. And if you are a *very* good girl, and keep that thing in your mouth the whole time I whip you..." Prod took a heavy breath in through his nose, "then I will be merciful, and do it in that order."

He came to consciousness suddenly, and the sense of motion brought on a dizzy spell that almost caused him to vomit. His arms were free, though his shoulders ached. Truth be told, his entire body ached, inside and out. He shifted in his seat, only to feel the board of a hansom cab locked down over his legs.

“It’s okay! It’s okay. Shhhhh...” Domeda cradled him in her arms, soothing him as he tried to catch his breath. He hurt in places he was sure he hadn’t even *had* until recently, but felt so comforted by his mistress’s attention that he didn’t mind.

“You did well today, pet.” She soothed his bald head, the one place where he hadn’t been whipped, branded or shocked that evening, and showered praise and motherly kisses on him. “You took my training well, and you endured a terrible ordeal for me. You’re a good slave.”

The ponygirl drawing the cab stopped, and Domeda helped her slave up the steps of a vast temple. He felt the cold stone beneath his bare feet, and noticed how difficult it had become for him to stand flat-footed. He leaned on his mistress and entered the building.

Surrounded by the smell of incense and the sounds of chanting, the pair stumbled to a ring of statues with hollow black eyes. Domeda helped him kneel in a circle set into the floor, and walked to the center of the room, placing a circlet of metal on the ground. She then walked to the opposite side and sat in a square.

Domeda began intoning a rite unfamiliar to him, and as she did so nine pairs of eyes snapped open inside the statues. They looked around, and finally all settled on him. He squirmed under their gaze.

At last, Domeda spoke to him across the chamber. “You are my slave already, in every official capacity. But I’m a traditional sort of girl, and I wanted to do this right. To accept slavery under my hand, you must crawl to the collar and put it on.”

“If you accept my collar,” Domeda went on, “I will give you the gift of two names: one is the name you once had, but forgot. The other is your new name for the life you will lead from now on. The witnesses will record your submission.”

He waited dumbly, wondering if Domeda would say any more, and then the silence had gone on so long that it felt awkward to speak. He looked up at the eyes in the statues, almost certainly those of women bound inside for years at a time. He shuddered, and began crawling.

He picked up the collar and looked at its gleaming silver weight. He hefted it in his hands, and brought it experimentally to his neck.

“Huberian!” Domeda shouted, the word echoing off the stone pillars, “Your name was Doctor Ambrow Huberian!”

He swallowed hard. The name did not bring back a flood of memories, as he’d hoped. He did not find himself understanding how he could have been so cruel

as to drag Domeda and the other women down to the ziggurat of Mazos as an offering for whatever petty petition he had presented. He did not know anything new about who he was; and if he was never to learn that, he would never find a way to forgive Huberian.

He closed the collar around his throat, feeling the locking pin ratchet in with a sound like a tuning fork. He hooked his finger through the ring that dangled from the front of the collar, and then let go and crawled over to Domeda, laying his head on the floor at her knees in supplication.

“Kneel up, slave.” Domeda helped him up, and then pulled his head to hers by the ring in his collar. She placed her forehead to his, nose to nose, and looked into his eyes.

“I name you Cuireann, slave to Domeda. You may offer this name when using my signet.”

Cuireann collapsed into Domeda’s arms, sobbing for reasons he–no, *she* could not understand. Huberian was gone, and she could start to live the life she now had. Her path was now clear.

The two went home and made love in Domeda’s bed for hours. In the morning, Cuireann woke and had the wardrobe dress her as a maid with a black wig while she served Domeda breakfast. She fell into domesticity, and relished the job of serving her mistress.

Once the wounds Cuir suffered under Prod’s hands subsided, Domeda clipped a leash to her collar and the two of them took a midday ride in a hansom cab. Cuireann again ached to know where they were going, but knew better than to take the liberty of asking. Her eyes grew wide as they approached a vast factory-like structure inside their home tower. It was the Ministry of Improvements.

Domeda and Cuir were whisked through a fast track process, skipping waiting rooms and interrogation cells and other bureaucratic formalities. They soon found themselves in the facility’s best treatment room. A vast and terrifying surgical table dominated the space, robotic arms and panels and tubes of liquid splaying out like the legs of a crab. To either side of the table stood two jet black Isolates, as immobile as the witnesses in the temple.

“Mistress, I...” Cuir felt tears welling up in her eyes. Her voice caught with a sob of fear.

“Shhh...” Domeda again soothed her, “Mazos gave me many blessings, and it would be ungrateful of me to refuse any of them. I made this appointment on your first day, when I learned that I was allowed to choose whatever I liked for one session. So I chose one of the most expensive improvements for you. You should feel honoured!”

Cuir looked up into her eyes, begging with her every obedient silent atom to be reassured that everything would be okay.

“Be a good girl.” Domeda caressed Cuir’s cheek, “I’ll be back in an elevennight to take you home. Just do everything they say; and remember that no matter what happens, you’re mine.”

Domeda paused, then drew Cuireann in for a tender kiss. Finally she turned and walked out of the treatment room, leaving Cuir alone with the two Dæmons and their horrifying machine.

Domeda promenaded down the Traitor’s Boulevard wearing a shiny hobble dress and holding a leash. Heads turned all up and down the road as people looked away from the punishment display-cubes that hung along the lane. Their attentions were caught by something far more dramatic at the other end of Domeda’s chain.

A pewter Isolate, her helmet swept back in a single fin, followed the Freewomb’s pull obediently. Her silvery isolation suit was clearly not the same as those used by the emissaries, but the crowd could tell it was something special.

“How do you get one of those?”

“I hear it costs so much that only off-worlders can afford it!”

“They say the jaw part opens for that stuff.”

“No, they’re not as strong as the Dæmons.”

“That makes my costume look like cheap rags, doesn’t it?”

Cuireann heard every sidelong comment up and down the length of the boulevard. She would have spat rude comments back, but her mouth was filled with a spongy slickness that stuck to her tongue and palate. Even the sounds she could make went only so far as the shell of her gleaming silver helmet.

The leash was unnecessary, as the suit would not permit Cuir to stray even a little from her mistress’s command to “heel”. But then, strutting down Traitor’s Boulevard wasn’t strictly necessary either. The pair were there to be seen, and not just for their own publicity.

Cuir saw the client several minutes before he could see them. The suit had worked out that he was a prominent pro-offworlder politician who had spoken out publicly against the policies of Mazos and Dahom. By the time she walked in front of him, she knew ways of giving pleasure or pain that were tailored to his specific physiology.

She saw also, in a 360° panorama, that all eyes were focused on this spot. A crowd pressed in, but with enough space to make a stage for them and the politician’s bodyguards. The politician mugged and waved to the crowd while Domeda undid the collar and dragged Cuir forward by the upper arm. Her grip was sex.

In her head, Cuir squirmed and writhed in frustration. The suit made every touch an agony of teasing pleasure. It was as though her arm were all clitoris, and Domeda ground it in with her fingertips. She felt this way every time her glossy pewter skin came in contact with anything now, but the suit had trained her well: she never so much as flinched in response.

An earlier deal was reiterated. The politician was now Cuir's ward for three days and nights. She was his for that period, and in return Domeda received an unfathomably large amount of currency. Cuir was proud to be worth so much, and to be able to serve her mistress in this way.

She followed the man into his aircraft, watching her mistress through the back of her helmet. Her elbows obediently merged behind her as if in a single glove, and she knelt down to put her head to the floor of the craft at her client's feet. She was now held in this pose, immobile.

As she felt the craft slowly lift off, she found herself in a waking dream. It was one that haunted her regularly now: she was naked, a collar around her throat, in the arms of her mistress on the temple floor. It was the one moment in her artificially short memory that she found comforting. She wished with every futile strand of hope in her soul that she could return to live in that moment forever.

But, since that was clearly not to be, she knew she would obey absolutely any order for the chance of even one little orgasm.

% 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



Figure 1: Cuireann's Lament

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' Society. 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 girrrrr!!”