Sorority Sex Slave

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A young freshman girl gets more than she bargained for when initiated

into a sorority.

The door opened on its own and I stepped in. It was dark inside. I

blinked, trying to get my eyes adjusted from the light outside. The door

closed behind me all on its on, then a spotlight was trained on me from

ahead.

"Welcome, Pledge, to Delta Phi sorority," a woman's voice said, deep and

mysterious.

"Remove your clothing, signifying your break with the past, and step

forward," another voice ordered.

Oh God, I thought, blinking my eyes as my heart began to pound. I

unbuttoned my shirt and dropped it on the floor, then took off my shoes

and socks, pulled down my jeans, and stood there in my bra and knickers.

I sighed a little, reddening as I undid my bra and took off my knickers.

I stood there naked, straight as I had at the last interview.

"Step forward and pledge your obedience, your respect, your love and

loyalty."

I walked forward into the dark, but the light moved with me lighting up

the floor at my feet. I stopped before a collar. It was black leather

and covered with metal studs, not unlike a dog collar.

"Don the collar of servitude, pledge, and become a non-human, without

rights, without dignity, without thought of self, bound to the service

of the sisters of Delta Phi."

I was embarrassed, but also becoming aroused. This was quite exciting,

and to my small town thinking, kinky. I bent and picked it up.

"Place it around your throat and lock it in place, you who would belong

to us."

I saw that the collar had an actual lock that locked with a key. Once it

was on I wouldn't be able to get it off. I put it around my throat and

stuck the ends together. The sound of the lock clicking was loud in the

dark room.

"Step forward, Pledge."

I shuffled forward, stopping again before a garment lying on the floor.

"Don the pledge's shift, a badge of your lowly existence."

I picked it up and looked at it. It was white and made of soft, silk. It

looked like nothing but a nightshirt at first, but it had a sort of

elasticised waist. I pulled it over my head and pulled it down. It was

very tight across my chest and I realized that my nipples were rigid as

they pushed against it. The thing also clung to my waist, with a tiny

skirt dropping below the waist that barely descended below my groin.

"Stand straight!" a voice ordered. "From now on you will maintain

perfect posture at all times or be punished."

"You are only a filthy little pledge, the lowest form of life on Earth,"

another voice said. "But you are our pledge. You may take pride in that

if nothing else."

The hallway lit up in front of me but I still didn't see anyone. I

walked forward and found an open door leading to the basement stairs. I

went down, again in darkness. At the bottom I found myself in a large,

low room, candles flickering everywhere.

there were enough candles to see by, but not clearly. Two or three dozen

women stood around the walls, all wearing dark hooded robes, the hoods

shadowing their faces. In the centre of the room were four girls dressed

as me, all were on their knees, side by side.

"Take your place, Pledge," the sisters all said in unison.

I knelt in line and waited.

"You here are bound to us, body and soul," one of the hooded sisters

said. "From henceforth you have no will, but our will, no wish but to

serve us, no desire but to please us."

"Allison Sims."

"Yes?" One of the pledges answered.

"Rise and remove your shift."

The girl rose, looking nervous. She was a blonde with long hair in loose

ringlets. She removed her shift and stood there naked. She was a slender

girl, but nice breasts, I thought. She was very pretty, with bright blue

eyes.

"Allison, you will crawl forward and take this in your teeth," the woman

said, holding out what looked like a medal of some sort. Allison looked

around, a little frightened, then dropped to her knees and self

consciously crawled across the rug towards the woman. The woman bent and

placed the medal between Allison's teeth.

"Now you will circle the room, holding the emblem of servitude before

you and displaying it to all the assembled sisters."

Allison turned to her left and began crawling along the line of

watching, robed women. She made the full circle, returning to the first

woman, who took the thing from her mouth and placed it over her head and

on her throat, so it dangled below her.

"Turn towards the centre of the room and stop.

She did so and I saw the woman take what looked like one of those

cricket paddles the fraternities liked to use on their pledges.

"Are you prepared to obey?" the woman asked.

"Yes."

"From here on you are a pledge. You will answer, `yes sister' or `no

sister' when questioned. You will append, `sister', to every question

you ask or answer. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sister," Allison said.

The woman held up the paddle and swung it down. It made a loud crack of

noise when it hit Allison's behind. She cried out and fell on her face,

reaching back to grab her behind.

"You must accept punishment without movement and then thank the sister

for correcting you," the woman said.

"Assume the position once again."

Allison hesitated, then nervously knelt before the woman, bracing herself.

"Are you ready, pledge?"

"Yes, sister."

The woman swung the paddle again, even harder. It cracked into Allison's

bottom with a thick, meaty sound. She cried out but held her place.

"Th... th... thank you, sister," she gasped.

"Return to your place," the woman ordered.

Allison crawled back to us and knelt, though she winced when she sat

back on her heels.

I winced as well, uneasy about the paddle, thinking the sisters could

have found something more original and less like what those idiot frat

boys used.

"Claudia Conroy. Stand and remove your shift."

I did, though again I was both embarrassed and turned on.

"Crawl forward."

I crawled to her, terribly aware of my nudity, of how the other woman

could look right into my sex, despite the relative dark, just as I'd

seen into Allison's, and how my breasts, not huge, but pretty good

sized, hung below me and swung with my movements.

I halted before her, then sat on my heels as she placed the symbol of

the sorority, attached to a leather cord, in between my teeth. I then

crawled all around the circle, immensely embarrassed and yet terribly

aroused, again, all too aware of how the others could see every inch of

my body.

Then I was kneeling with my bottom to the woman in charge, waiting for

the blow. I screamed when it smacked against my flesh, and barely held

my position.

"Thank you, sister," I gasped.

And so it went for all of us, until the five naked pledges were once

more kneeling in the centre of the room.

"Now a test of your fortitude," the woman in charge said.

The sisters against one wall stood aside, revealing five chairs.

Sticking up out of the centre of each chair was a tall, thick metal

cylinder, like a toy rocket ship. Each of the cylinders glistened wetly

in the flickering candle light.

"Crawl forward and take your seats, ladies," the woman said.

"Take your seats," the other sisters chanted.

We five stared at the chairs in shock, none wanting to move first.

I could feel the shock rippling through my body at the thought of

sitting on one of the chairs with all those women watching, of impaling

myself on the thick bar, letting it push up into my body with so many

eyes on me. I was simultaneously appalled and aroused.

But why was I aroused? Because they had selected well, I guess. Because

their questions had been designed to find girls who, like me, wanted to

break out o the boring existence and experience life, especially

sexuality in all its lush and hedonistic colour. Girls who had deep,

dark fantasies, but not the courage to bring them to life. Girls who

would not be offended by such a demand, but instead gripped by the heady

excitement of experiencing the strange, dark, so long forbidden aspects

of their sexuality.

"None of your are virgins, so do as you are told," the woman ordered.

A young brunette named Amy began crawling forward, followed by Allison,

then me. We crawled up to the chairs and then rose and squatted over

them. I heard groans from either side of me as I fit my pussy against

the metal tube sticking up from the seat.

It was quite thick, and easily ten inches long, with a rounded nose. It

had been well lubricated and was warm to the touch. I tried to ignore

the fact that several dozen women were watching me as I eased down and

felt it push against my moistening sex.

I winced a little as it pushed against my pussy and forced my pussy lips

apart. Everyone was watching, and I was incredibly embarrassed, yet at

the same time I was electrified by the sensuality and lewdness of it, by

what such rituals might mean for life in the sorority, and how kinky and

exciting it was to do such wicked things while so many watched.

Still, despite the audience, I slowly sank down onto it, dropping an

inch, then rising, then lowering myself, inch by inch taking more of the

metal dildo thing up inside me. My pussy strained to envelope the thick

metal tube, and I grunted with the effort as it moved deeper inside me.

Lower and lower I sank, until finally I felt my pussy lips touch the

wooden chair. I sat down then, my buttocks flattening on the wood as I

let my entire weight come down on them. Then I was sitting still,

sitting normally on the chair, just as though I didn't have a thick ten

inch dildo up my pussy.

"You have little time left," the woman said.

I turned and saw two of the girls still trying to get it all inside

their pussies. One was a tall, thin black woman. The second last pledge

sank fully down with a groan of pain, and after a few seconds, one of

the sisters moved behind the final pledge and put her hands on the

girl's shoulders.

"No! W... wait! Wait!" the girl gasped as the woman pushed down. Then

the girl screamed as she was forced fully down on the dildo, impaled on

the giant metal cock. She breathed in shallow pants, wincing and

groaning a little as she tried to adjust. Her hands were at her belly

and pussy, holding herself.

"Strap them in," the woman ordered.

A woman knelt beside me and I noticed straps then dangling over the

sides of the chair. The woman pulled my left leg wide, at the same time

as another robed woman pulled my right far open. They pulled straps from

their gowns and tightly bound my left leg to Allison's right, and my

right leg to left of the girl on my right, who was named Emma.

They pulled a strap from under the chair I sat on and slid it around my

belly and brought it back behind me, tightly binding it in place like a

seat belt. Then another strap was pulled across my chest just under my

arm pits and bound behind me to the other side of the chair back. I

couldn't move myself off the chair now, or that big steel dildo. Next,

the woman pulled my wrists behind me, through bars in the chair's back,

and strapped them together. All the other girls were tied in the same way.

The five of us looked out at the sisters, who gathered before us, and

waited fearfully and with no small excitement for whatever was planned.

All of us felt embarrassed to various degrees, fearful, worried - and hot.

Suddenly I felt something between my legs. I looked down in shock,

seeing nothing. But something... the metal tube inside me was doing

something, moving, I thought. I waited anxiously, trying to feel what

was happening. The metal wasn't moving, it was vibrating, buzzing... And

then I realized that a low voltage electrical current was being passed

through the metal tube.

It didn't hurt at all. In fact, it was rather pleasant, setting my

clitty tingling and my belly buzzing and shaking a little. Nobody said

anything. The sisters waited. We waited. The buzzing continued, and my

body, already very aroused, began to burn higher and higher.

My breathing was becoming strained, harsh, ragged. I fought the feeling,

the idea of climaxing in front of all these women was appallingly

embarrassing. Yet they kept watching, and the tube kept purring inside

my pussy, way up in my belly.

I looked to either side and saw Allison, on my right, and Emma, on my

left, both looking tense and sweaty and strained. Allison had clenched

her jaw against the sensations while Emma looked like she was chanting a

silent mantra to distract herself.

Suddenly, Allison jerked violently, pulling at my leg, arching her back

and throwing her head back. Her mouth opened wide and she gurgled,

almost silent as her lower body trembled in the throes of an orgasm. The

sight was so intensely erotic that it set me off. I gasped and then

moaned. I ground my bottom down onto the seat as my head thrashed from

side to side.

Emma screamed then, the sound one of exultation and ecstasy, then

collapsed forward. She would have fallen I think had she not been

strapped in and held by the dildo. The chairs, as I had already found,

were bolted to the floor, and easily bore our slight weight.

"And now we begin," the sisters said in unison.

The sisters moved closer, staring at us with eager, excited eyes. I

shook my head a little, as if that would clear it. I felt dazed, my skin

raw.

"Allison, what is the first responsibility of a pledge?" a sister asked.

"Uh, uh, to to respect her - " Suddenly her eyes bulged and she arched

her back, then she screamed, or tried to. Her mouth opened wide and she

began to tremble and shake, and an agonized, gurgling wail came from her

mouth. Then she sagged in place, her head bowed, her body held by the

straps.

"Wrong answer," the voice called.

Allison trembled once again, her leg spasming against mine.

"Emma, what is the first responsibility of a pledge?"

"Uh, to obey the sisters?"

"Correct, but you forget to say, Sister," the voice sneered.

Emma screamed suddenly, thrashing wildly in place, her head snapping

back as though she'd been punched in the jaw. She gargled insanely as

she shuddered for long seconds, then she too sagged in place.

"Claudia?"

"Yes, sister?" I asked, frightened.

"What are you?"

"A, a pledge, sister."

There was a moment's hesitation, and I thought I must have gotten the

answer right, then I felt a sudden terrible shock within my lower belly.

Almost instantly it tore all through my body so that I screamed

helplessly and instinctively, thrashing in my restraints. I'd never felt

pain like that before in my life, it was like my insides were on fire.

I twisted wildly, horribly, my head snapping from side to side as I

convulsed helplessly against the bonds and straps holding me, trying

desperately to pull myself away from the awful source of that pain, the

big metal dildo in my sex. Yet as quickly as it arrived the pain fled,

leaving me gasping and dazed.

"Not quite."

"Jennifer, what are you?"

"A worthless pledge, Sister?" she whimpered.

"Correct. What is your goal in life?"

"To make my sisters happy, Sister."

"Correct," the voice said, approvingly.

"What am I?"

Jennifer hesitated. "Uh, the sister in charge?" she said, her voice

quavering.

Then she screamed, over and over again, her body tearing and jerking and

straining at the bonds holding her to the seat.

"Incorrect," the voice said smugly.

"Samantha, what am I?"

"I don't know," the girl answered miserably.

She clenched her teeth, then growled and groaned and gnashed her teeth

together, her body jerking from side to side and her head shaking wildly.

"I am your Goddess. I am the world, the universe to you. There is

nothing in your life but me. I am the centre of all that is."

The dildos, or tubes, or whatever they were, were buzzing, but softly

again. Snug inside our bellies, they glowed warmly, buzzing and humming

and sending warmth and soothing pleasure into our systems. We were all

sagging somewhat against the straps. The buzzing picked us up a little.

I squeezed my pussy around the hard metal tube, rubbing and twisting

myself a little on the chair, fighting to keep my breath steady. Beside

me Emma groaned and let her head fall back over the edge of the seat

back. On my other side, Allison sat still, her head hanging.

"Pleasure and pain. Pleasure and pain. The good and the bad. Punishment,

and reward," the women chanted.

Allison was swinging her head from side to side. She raised it weakly,

shaking it as if in denial. Then her body spasmed and she hissed. She

began to grunt and clenched her teeth.

Suddenly she screamed, only partly in pleasure. She slammed back and

forth against the straps, squealing and crying, trying to get off the

chair, trying to rip her pussy free from the steel dildo she was impaled

upon.

I watched her, as though from a great distance, her leg jerking and

pulling at my own as she shook violently. I was more interested though,

in the pleasure lancing up through my pussy, the warm, bubbling delight

that was pouring through my system. I closed my eyes and shuddered, the

heat reaching the point of ignition when it would explode within me.

I heard more screaming, from one of the other girls, but didn't open my

eyes. I was totally bewildered by what was happening, and focussed more

and more on the sensations of my own body. Closer and closer my orgasm

came, and then it burst upon me. I drew in a deep breath and held it, my

body stiffening as ecstasy enveloped me.

Then the humming steel dildo inside me turned into a terrible clawing

and my body trembled in violent convulsions. I heard more screaming, and

realized it was me. My body was burning, shaking, all my muscles

spasming continuously.

It was over and I sagged again, moaning. It was a few minutes before I

was aware of what was happening around me. I noticed then that Jennifer,

one of the pledges, had been unstrapped and was no longer in her seat.

She knelt at the sisters' feet, watching us. I didn't know why but was

very jealous.

The metal dildos were singing their sweet songs again, sending pleasure

up into our sopping pussy boxes. I tried to ignore it this time, as did

the other girls, I'm sure. But it was irresistible, and the sisters had

a lot of patience. I watched them watching me, and their eyes only made

the heat inside me grow.

Soon Emma was cumming, her grunts of pleasure turning into screams of

agony almost at once. After her was Allison, then me. Samantha, the last

to cum, was allowed off her seat then and joined Jennifer on her knees

before the sisters. Again the buzzing resumed, and this time it was

Allison, the last to orgasm, who was allowed off.

Nobody spoke. Nobody had to. We realized at last that we were to fight

the pleasure, to deny it, to defeat it. Emma and I fought against the

overwhelming force of the heat burning into our pussies, and I lost,

cumming violently. My orgasm went on and on, and on, no pain intruding

on it.

Then it was over, and I moaned as I let my head fall back.

"Slut," the head sister sneered.

"Slut!" the sisters chanted.

"Whore," the head sister said.

"Whore!" the girls echoed.

"Cock girl."

"Cock girl!" the echoed.

"Boy toy."

"Boy toy!" the sisters accused me.

I sat there, miserable, wanting to protest that they weren't being fair.

I hadn't been the first to cum every time.

They had undone the straps binding both me and Emma, but while Emma was

helped over beside the other pledges and knelt at the sisters' feet, I

was dragged over into the corner where something else waited.

It was a mannequin, a plastic man. He was naked and seated on a chair.

The sisters had added a few things to what the company which made him

had thought necessary. They had taken a big dildo and glued it somehow

between his legs.

The sisters led me to him and then dropped me on my knees in front of him.

"There is more to life than cock," the head sister said, all the other

women lined up behind her.

"You are the weakest link of our new section of chain. We do not allow

women here who are the prisoner of men's cocks. You will be taught

strength through discipline.

"Strength through discipline! the sisters chanted.

"Here is a man for you, Claudia. You may call him master. Master has a

hard-on for you. You will suck his hard-on for him, Claudia. Do so now."

"Ye... yes, sister," I gulped. I crawled up over his legs and gripped

the fake cock, then brought my lips down over the cockhead.

I felt - very strange. I was embarrassed, of course, very embarrassed. I

was still hideously aware of my nudity, and the sexuality surrounding

it. I was terribly aware of all those eyes on me. I was being punished,

and this made me anxious, fearing I would be denied entry to the

sorority, and yet at the same time I felt a strange dark hunger within

me. To perform sexual acts in front of so many people was such a wicked

and wanton act! And yet I had been ordered to, which, in a strange way

made such behaviour acceptable. So instead of guilt and shame I felt a

strange sense of wild freedom.

I took the fake cock head into my mouth and sucked on it as the entire

room watched. I licked my tongue up and down the underside, just as

though it were a real cock, wetting it up so it would slide easier in my

mouth. I folded my lips around the head and let my lips down on it,

bobbing my head up and down as I sucked, as they watched. I was putting

on a show, oddly glorying in my own degradation, in my own demeaning

actions.

"Observe the slut, sisters," the head sister said. "Observe how

perverted and cock hungry she is."

I kept sucking the cock as though it was a guy, my head kind of dazed by

the constant strains of the evening, by the flashing sensations of both

pleasure and pain that had continually overloaded my system. Being

called a slut was an insult and yet - it was so far from reality that I

could not take it seriously as an insult. In fact, it made me feel hot.

Me a slut? Me!?

"You want to fuck him, Claudia. Don't you?" the head sister sneered.

"Beg him. Beg for his cock."

I didn't and yet, to ask would be so - slutty. And so I did, basking in

their attention, even as I knelt nakedly before them.

"M... master, may I have your cock?" I asked the mannequin.

"Beg him."

"Please fuck me, master," I said, intensely aroused.

I don't know why I was so excited. I think, once I got over my

embarrassment at being seen naked and sexual circumstances, like when I

was on the chair, I think that when I was no longer embarrassed by them

all staring into my pussy, or watching me cum, well, I think I became

incredibly turned on by it, kind of like an exhibitionist.

What I mean is, well, maybe I was supposed to be humiliated by doing

what I was doing and having them all watching, but instead I was really

getting into it, putting on a show for them, acting and feeling

supremely slutty and free and sexual.

"Fuck him, Claudia," the head sister ordered. "Get on and fuck him."

I got to my feet and straddled the chair, facing the mannequin. I eased

forward, bringing my throbbing pussy over the big thick rubber dildo,

then I eased myself down. They were all behind me, watching me as I bent

slightly forward. They could all see the dildo, could all see as it

pushed up into my slit, forcing its way into me. I felt a quivering in

my body at that knowledge, and a shock, a sense of wonder at what I was

doing.

I closed my eyes as my sex engulfed the dildo, then I groaned as my body

slid down its length and I felt it pushing way up inside my belly. I

felt a strange sense of dark pride, glorying in the sluttishness of what

I was doing before their very eyes.

Before I was even aware of it one of the sisters had gripped my hands

and pulled me forward, my breasts, hard and hot and swollen, pressed

against his harsh plastic chest as they handcuffed my wrists together

around the other side of the mannequin, locking me in place. I didn't

care. I had my pussy stuffed full, and I was feeling raw and carnal and

bestial.

My belly was burning with lust and it was all I could do to hold back my

feelings even a little as I ground my pelvis into the plastic man. I was

a public exhibition, a lewd and wild one, and was becoming more aroused

the more I showed off my sluttishness.

"Fuck him," the head sister ordered.

"Fuck him," the sisters chanted.

I did, grinding faster, rubbing my ass from side to side and screwing it

in slow circles.

"Ride his cock, slut," the head sister snarled. I felt a hot blast of

pain against my bottom and cried out, turning to look behind me.

She was holding a, well, some kind of stick, long and thin, like a

switch. Another sister had a similar instrument and both were looking at

me with lust and anger.

"Fuck him, Claudia. Give him a real good fuck," the head sister cried.

Their eyes were afire, and there were sneers on their faces. I felt a

terrible vulnerability, and then a strange, exultation in it, in being

forced to behave so wickedly, in being forced to put on this obscene

display.

"Ride that cock, whore," the other one snarled.

Slut! I was a slut! How shockingly odd! How exciting! Yet the way I was

acting... how could I be other than a slut!? A wicked, wild, wanton,

lewd, seductive woman!

I turned back to the mannequin and exulted in my own degradation,

beginning to exaggerate my movements, raising and lowering myself on the

stiff rubber prick while all their eyes focussed on me, knowing in my

wild mind, that their eyes were all staring, all watching that thick

cock as my pussy rode up and down on it..

"Faster! Faster! Fuck that cock," the head sister yelled.

There was a crack of meaty noise and I cried out in pain again as she

brought the switch down against my buttocks once more. Then there was

another crack of noise as the other girl slashed her switch across my

back. I cried out in pain, but the pain could not touch that part of me

awash in sensual heat and hunger.

Beaten. Yes, beaten! Sluttish and beautiful! A prisoner. I was a

helpless prisoner being abused by them. Ahh, I can’t describe the

sensations, the images, the thoughts which ripped through my mind and

body. I felt more alive than I had ever been, more excited and aroused,

and at the same time the image of my abuse, of my martyrdom, if you

like, was making me both aroused and free of the guilt and shame I would

have otherwise felt.

"You call that fucking?" the head sister jeered. "Kiss him! Kiss him!"

Her switch cut across my buttocks and I screamed as I rode up and down,

riding the dildo furiously, my hot buttocks slapping against the plastic

legs with hard, bruising blows as I tore my pussy up and down the entire

length of the rubber prong.

"Kiss him!" she screamed again, lashing my back.

"Let's hear you moan!" the other girl said, whipping her switch down on

my back and buttocks.

I mashed my lips against the mannequin's plastic lips, rubbing them all

over as I rode up and down on the dildo. I cried out each time the

lashes cut into me and started grunting as dramatically as I could, my

eyes rolling as I tried to pretend I was in the midst of an orgasm. I

wanted to be the slut they had proclaimed me, wanted to be the wild,

uncontrolled whore. And I was, or at least, began to put myself into

that image.

I was humping up and down on the dildo with furious, desperate energy

now, my pussy tunnel sliding painfully fast on the hard rubber prick

inside it. And the thing is, as they eased off on the whipping, I really

did get excited again, and worked my pussy down with enthusiastic

desire, my clitty throbbing and burning as I impaled myself again and

again on that rubber prick.

I leaned forward, mashing my breasts harder against the plastic man,

tilting my bottom upwards as I humped repeatedly and ground my crotch

forward. A hard blast of heat stuck me to the core of my being as

someone slashed their switch against my buttocks.

I cried out in pain, thrown forward hard, my breasts flattening and

squashing against the plastic man's chest. My mind was boiling with lust

that was white hot in its intensity. I rode up and down that fat dildo

with my mouth open, gurgling and grunting and panting maniacally, giving

a cry of either pain or pleasure whenever the switch lashed my buttocks

or my back.

The whole scene was so charged with sexual electricity and eroticism for

me. I couldn't control myself. I closed my eyes, shuddering as the two

of them whipped me together, their switches criss-crossing my body as I

bounced in the plastic man's lap.

I felt the cum floating up around me and moving in, towering above and

falling, enveloping me in its soft grip. Then it exploded, tearing open

the universe and throwing me into the gaping maw of a bright, black

sucking tornado of violent sexual energy.

I felt as if my long, loose hair was rising up around me from the

crackling electrical energy that surrounded me. My back arched

violently. My legs kicked out and I sat fully on the plastic man's lap.

My arms gripped him tightly against myself as I rocked back and forth,

gurgling in ecstatic bliss, fireflies dancing before my eyes as the

orgasm expanded, rose to form a nova around me. I lost all my awareness

of what was happening around me as I let it rip through my shuddering

body, overloading my nervous system and tearing my consciousness from my

quaking body.

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