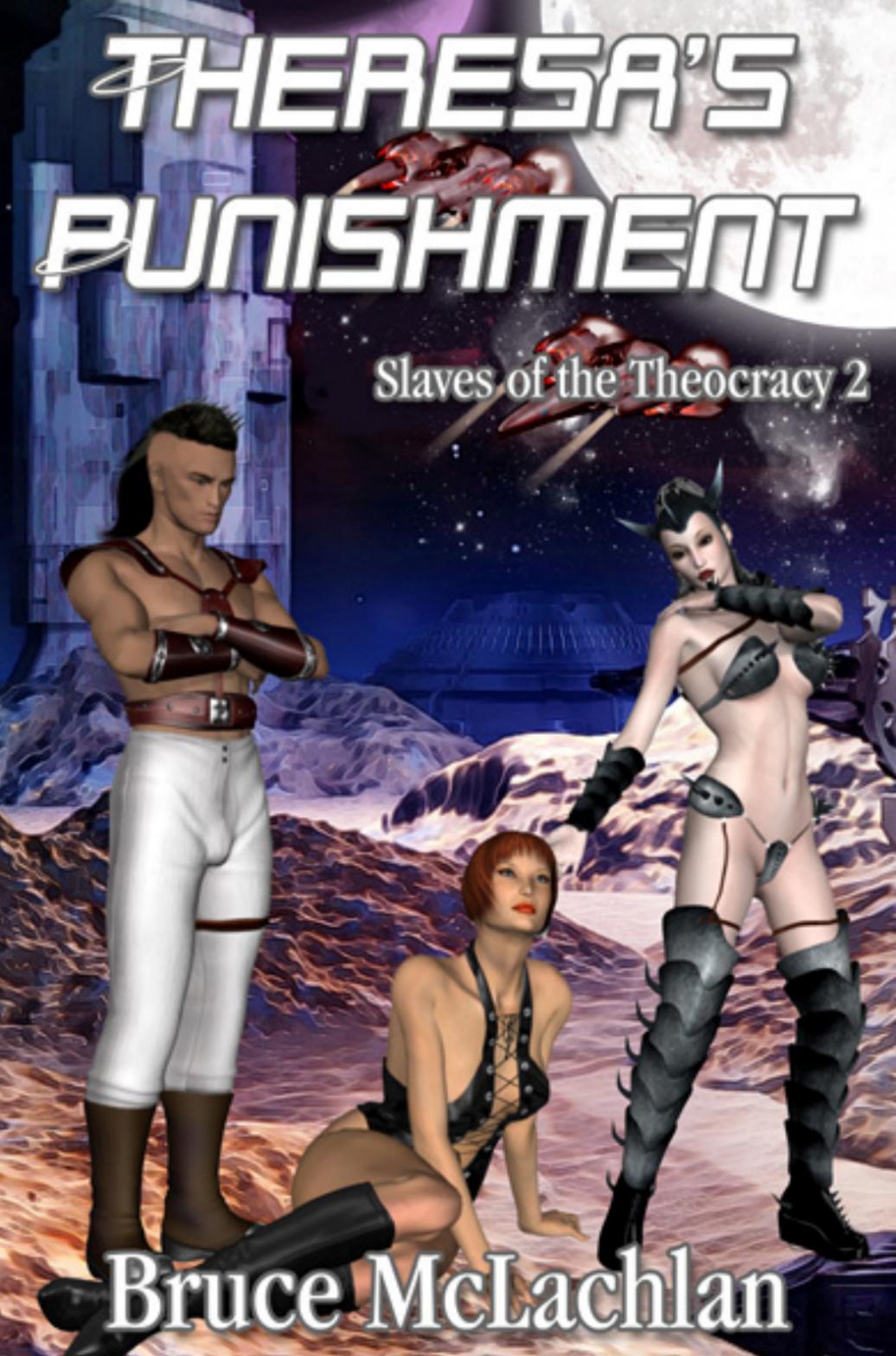


TERESA'S PUNISHMENT



Slaves of the Theocracy 2

Bruce McLachlan

SLAVES OF THE THEOCRACY

PART 2: THERESA'S PUNISHMENT

BY

BRUCE MCLACHLAN

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*To my beloved Erin for her support, education,
commitment, and exemplary contribution to my
work.*

CHAPTER ONE

Theresa was drawn through the main doors and into the early morning light. Her body was starting to gather its strength while the effects of her last session of internal discipline faded. Pelakh's covert use of the implanted control device had made her spill a drink on the master of the house and her supreme owner. Lord Eldral Thaine, Warmaster of Earth had ordered her condemned to the stables, to be trained as a human steed. The groom who was dragging her inert form to this fate was called Setchak. She had been caught staring lecherously at the handsome male and he had promised to train her most sternly for this supposed insult. A mere human possession could not sully a member of the cruel and powerful Phed Dregakk race with their desires.

Theresa was also still somewhat rattled by the fact that what she had thought was a product of her slave gland, was actually something innate. The artificial gland genetically engineered

somewhere within her body was releasing an agent that she had assumed was responsible for her budding masochistic nature, however, she now knew that the gland elevated fear and was not responsible for the creation of submission, unless such tendencies were present in the first place. The agent was massively magnifying her own hidden leanings, and she was powerless against her own lust and yearning desire for control, bondage, and ruthless discipline.

Setchak entered the large stables that ran beside the main courtyard of the estate. The groom marched down the central corridor and Theresa saw the stalls that lined each wall. Each one was a haven for an individual human captive. Forsaking these small dwellings, he deposited her in the small chamber at the very end.

A single overhead light filled the dark room with a sinister amber glow. The weak illumination cast contorted shadows across the many instruments of restraint and punishment and added vastly to their fearsome appearance. In addition to the standard tools of torture, there was an arsenal of technological apparatus whose purpose was as of yet, and hopefully ever would be, a mystery to her. The flowing elegance of the tools was offset by sombre colours and jagged appendages on their semi-organic style. However, in just those few seconds, her fear snatched her depravity and she quivered with licentious relish

at the prospect of being strapped down and having the celestial male sate his sadistic desires with her helpless body.

Theresa closed her eyes and gritted her teeth. She had to stop this process before it devoured her. Perhaps it was best that she be trapped within a pony uniform, her body taken away from her, her will commanded by reigns and crop. She had no control over her reactions anymore and this was sure to lead to a darker fate if she did not regain some measure of command.

The centre of the room held a large metallic chair that seemed to grow from the flagstone floor. The nebulous surfaces were encrusted with numerous thick shackles and all of them were open and ready to grasp at every portion of a wretched captive's physique.

The items that were used to mark a female mount were present in great quantities and varied sizes. There were the wide belts with incorporated manacles at the waists, the bondage bras, the myriad twin dildos mounted on studded straps, the cloven-hoofed footwear, and worst of all, the nipple rings.

The groom leaned down and tapped the front of her gag. An eyebrow rose in thought and his silken voice poured into her ears. The race was as elegant and beautiful as they were savage and merciless. He took hold of the gag and pulled up her head while pondering aloud the merits of

leaving it in place. Theresa closed her eyes and grimaced beneath the thick plate, her spine smarting from being bent backward against his merciless grasp.

“Shall I remove this? The throbbing of its presence suits me well, and teaches you silence, but I wish to hear you scream as I train you,” he said and having decided, he began to remove the punishing implement.

The baleful underwear fled and the bulb left her dry lips with a moist sucking pop. Long lines of saliva stretched between the two and Setchak cast it aside.

Slipping forth to lie prostrate, she yawned to battle the kindled pulse in her stretched maw, but still found the lingering scent of the thong about her nose. She snorted but the gathered aromatic curse refused to be so easily dismissed.

Without word, the groom pulled Theresa up onto her knees and then hitched up her skirt. The sudden exposure made her shy back from her kneeling position and reach to restore her covering sheath. Setchak slapped aside her hands with an irritated snarl and shoved her fully onto her back.

The male stood up straight and towered over her before he put the sole of his tall leather boot onto her belly. The groom smiled and reached across so he might take down a short crop from the wall.

“Beasts are not troubled by nakedness, slave. So

stop wriggling!" he warned, and then slashed into her revealed hips.

The sudden lambasting caused her to squirm under his pinning foot. He applied half a dozen blows and when she tried to shield a targeted region or grab his boot, the wandering hands received some discouraging strokes before he continued to assail her abdomen.

Barely half had been applied when the severity of the assault and the image of the brutal male looming over her made her find hesitant delight in the abuse. As the last of them were being thrown into her hips, her hands were groping at his boots and savouring the dense shell of protecting leather rather than trying to get him off.

"What a libidinous wretch you are. No wonder that you were dismissed from maid service. Were you rubbing yourself against your master's leg? Offending him with your wanton urges?"

Theresa was about to speak and refute the allegation when he leaned down, grabbed her hips, and flipped her with ease. She landed on her front and gave a soft bark of dismay from the landing. Before she could fathom what was going on, he grabbed her pelvis and hoisted her hindquarters into the air.

"Don't you dare move, or speak, slave!" he hissed.

The asperity of his statement made Theresa freeze instantly despite the awkwardness of her

pose. Her face was pressed to the ground and her arms were folded beneath her as her spine sloped up, her knees were kept wide, and her loins were brazenly offered to him.

Theresa gave a stifled gasp as a finger traced her rear and then followed the line of her pussy. The tip tantalised her clit and she had to fight to stop herself from groaning and swaying her hips with delight. The fight became even harder to win when the crop darted in and applied a fulgent kiss to each inner thigh. The finger returned and dabbled with her clit before he again offered her some stinging thwacks. A tear dropped to the floor as her body remained rigid from the stress of pleasure and pain.

His hand cupped her sex and massaged it with calm force. Theresa purred softly when she heard him unfastening his trousers.

"Still, you aren't a beast yet, and it'd be a shame not to sample you one last time before you say goodbye to such treats for good."

The words had barely registered before his cock thundered into her. Theresa forced her face even harder to the ground and bit her lip in endurance. His hands grabbed her hips and caressed her buttocks as he thrust back and forth. The urge to holler was almost irresistible.

"This is the last cock you'll feel, slave. After this, the only reward you will gain is a respite from punishment."

Theresa's eyes welled with tears at the prospect. Surely they would not deprive her of orgasm ever more, surely the implant, or use by some of the stallions she had seen would be permitted? It was a dreadful prospect that she would never know pleasure again, only a respite from pain. She had to convince herself that he was lying, that he was trying to wound her psyche with such ghastly threats. His race were innately evil, and found the most heady glee in paining a slave's mind as much as the enjoyed tormenting their bodies.

Setchak arched back and dropped his hands to the floor so he could throw his hips upward and jab deep into her body. The feel of him raging within her ferried her up into climax within seconds and it took all her might to stay still as excruciating bliss consumed her. However, Setchak was not yet sated and his steady ravishment caused her to sink into another orgasm that was even harder to bear than the first. Finally, she felt his shaft harden and twitch, and with a growl of satisfaction, she felt him finish and succulent liquid warmth fill her pussy.

"Ah, that was splendid. Such a pity it won't be sampled again. Still, the master of the house has spoken, and his will shall be enforced on you."

He withdrew suddenly. Theresa's eyes bulged and her throat gurgled from the effort of not flinging her limbs out and screeching from the flight of his manhood from her sensitised and

quivering sex. As one final, spiteful test of her obedience, the crop flew on an underarm trajectory and laid its leather tip to her rosy pussy. The burning influence embraced her belly and it took long moments to start to fade and let her relax her brutalised frame.

“Kiss,” he ordered.

Theresa opened her bleary eyes and saw the tip of the baleful weapon before her eyes. There was a vague sparkle on the leather and whether the moisture was a lingering mark of her arousal or from Setchak's passion, she puckered her lips forward and placed a kiss to it. The taste of his seed was distinct and had been captured from the final stroke to her ravenous sex. She ran her tongue over her lips to capture more of the tang and her body quaked from its influence.

Setchak set his weapon aside upon completion of this last lesson and proceeded with the rest of her devolution from maid into pony. Continuing with his work, he took the sealed hem of her stockings and used a translucent dissolving aerosol to strip away the glue. With the molecular bond between her skin and the rubber gone, she was finally able to let her imprisoned legs find freedom. Setchak grabbed the top and pulled them down before dragging them off her legs and feet altogether. Clearly the latex had some other property that she was unaware of because her skin was unaffected by its long smothering

imprisonment. The eternal embrace of the constrictive hose vanished and with coarse treatment, he rolled her over onto her front. Setchak put his boot into her back, unlocked the collar of her dress, and tugged down the zip before removing it with an equal absence of gentleness.

He cast the shed attire aside and employed her hair as a reign so he might hoist her to her feet and guide her onto the awaiting chair. She was resistant, but the groom overcame the trepidation with a few licks of the crop across her naked rear. The weapon was back in his hand in an instant and blows made her dance in his grasp.

“Bad pony! Stop struggling! Be still!” he snapped and suddenly her bared body was within the engine of containment and perverse processing.

Setchak buckled down her frame, trapping her so she could not interfere with her preparation for captivity.

He held up a short rod and the head hummed softly when a soft green glow haloed the tip. Snatching her hair, he held her head firmly in a tight grasp to make her scowl as her roots lit up with pitiless riots of discomfort.

Smooth, practised strokes ran along the sides of her head, stripping away the follicles en masse. Upon feeling these great tufts of hair falling free, and then seeing them cascade down before her

eyes, Theresa shrieked. She was aghast at this corruption of her visage.

The groom chuckled with amused glee, mocking her outrage while he sheared the sides away to leave a single mane rolling down her skull. Theresa had been shaved before, and though this experience was nothing like the agony of the plucking and electrolysis of her legs and hindquarters, it was a far more disturbing affair because it was a grievous psychological savaging as opposed to the usual physical trauma that the race so loved to inflict and to which she was gradually becoming hardened.

With her head prepared, the restraint destined for her brow was applied and tightened to drag her into the headrest. Fully confined, the demeaning ritual continued.

Setchak took up a coarse cloth and sprinkled potent cosmetic remover across the surfaces. He began to wipe away her shades with barbarous motions, chafing her skin as the last vestige of her maid status was taken away. The caustic fluid stung her skin, made her nose burn from inhaling its vapours and her eyes water profusely as they ached with a throbbing pound.

One of the wide belts was selected while she screwed up her face and tried to endure the mayhem wrought by the remover. The rigid tube was sealed about her waist and drawn in like a corset to form and enforce an hourglass figure.

The final wrench of its tightening forced the air from her lungs and made her hips ache as the skin was held prisoner.

Taking down one of the stud-speckled straps, the groom opened a concealed hatch beneath her rump. The hidden trapdoor left her completely defenceless to this next stage. Without the need for additional lubrication and with a complete lack of tenderness, the two perpetually slick and oversized lengths were crammed into her. The forceful invasion made her squeal and fight against her bonds as he forced them all the way in, whereupon both ends of the straps were locked to the waiting belt to deny her stretched orifices the ability to eject the trespassers.

The restraints of the chair groaned against her struggles and she clawed at the unforgiving surfaces while her tracts resonated with a vivid ache. Leaving her to grow accustomed to her phallic invaders, the trapdoor was closed against her penetrated abdomen. This pushed the rods deeper and to the limits of her tracts. She could feel them nudging her depths and the process of acclimating to them was made even more difficult.

A bondage bra was brought to her torso. Theresa tried to evade the chastising clothing but the chair was too effective a captor to allow even a chance to hamper the application. She yelped as the groom roughly forced her breasts through the open holes but refused to beg for mercy, lest he be

even more vindictive.

The tight squeeze of the elasticised rings at the base caused her assets to swell outward with engorged pride and to well with internal havoc. Flushed with feeling, the nipples stood up erect and readied to accept their decoration.

Setchak lifted a pistol-like device and examined it with amused intensity. His glower took in her face as she regarded the weapon and he beamed with venomous delectation.

Theresa could see the ring winking within the jaws of the mechanism. The barbed arrow emerging from one of the sides testified that once the circle was closed, it could not be opened again.

Setchak cupped a swollen breast in one hand and the teat was strained further outward by the scissor pinch of his fingers and thumb. The groom put the instrument to the willing nipple. Theresa whimpered her pleas as she braced for the pain.

"Please, master, pleeeeeease, don't do this to me!"

"So, the maid speaks, even as she continues to become a pony," he crooned.

"I'll do anything you want, just don't ring my nipples."

"But they'll look prettier, and be infinitely more sensitive."

"You'll punish them though!"

"Sometimes."

"No! Please! I'm begging you."

"Not for much longer. Anyway, I don't have a

big enough target just yet. So, just how can I remedy that, seeing as I still have a very vocal maid here, and not a lowly animal?"

Theresa's continued protestations became a mewling moan as his lips embraced her nipple and a flitting tongue danced against the tip. Her chest arched and the straps groaned with strain before she sank and shivered from the glorious tease. Setchak moved to the other teat and offered it equal attention. While he alternated between the two, Theresa's breasts reverberated with powerful ecstasy.

Half-mumbled words of imploring dribbled over her slack lips as he offered small nips and long laps. She knew that her body was betraying her and offering itself for alteration, but the pleasure was just too much to resist. Would having her nipples pierced be all that bad? The pain of their implementation would be compensated for by those times when they were played with and to have the bliss of this current treatment made even more potent was too tempting to resist. Once again, her masochistic fires burned away her fear and resentment and spoke without her conscious mind knowing.

"Pierce me, master. Ring my nipples and make me your pony," she hissed with half closed eyes and delirious fervour.

Barely had her assent left her throat when she released a cry as a dull shot reverberated and

brought with it a detonation of horrendous heat. She jolted against her bonds and the buckles rattled as she convulsed and strove to break free.

Having just recovered her breath, the second signal mimicked the ordeal in full, restoring the suffering in all its unendurable intensity.

The weapon came away and left silver rings behind. Her nipples pulsed with their own steady beat, a pounding rhythm that generously shared the shock of the piercing with the surrounding tissues. Theresa panted and ground her teeth while she fought to assimilate the misery.

Suddenly, she felt cold metal touch her nose. Theresa's eyes bulged with mortified calamity when she saw that the implement had returned to snag her nose. She looked passed the machine and saw that its wielder was smiling broadly with malevolent rapture.

"Shall I add one here, I wonder? Just to further injure your pride?" he laughed, his eyes glittering with dark jubilation at her desperate words of appeal.

Theresa's begging was almost incoherent from the anxiety bestowed by the imminent, blatant mutilation. Several times, he readied to puncture the cartilage, soaking up her impassioned sobs as though they were the most succulent nectar, and finally, with a mocking snort he replaced the device upon its hooks and returned with the next

portions of her new ensemble.

Freeing one of her shins, he lifted up the foot and began to encase it in the sculpted boot. The knee-high creations felt much like her eternal stilettos but they were considerably heavier and much more stable. The flaring heel and toe gave her the semblance of hooves and bestowed considerable balance. The relief at having been spared a third ring caused her to accept the boots without protest and she took the time to savour the feel of his strong hands on her naked skin before it vanished beneath tight, merciless leather.

Setchak locked the boots in place and then fetched a lengthy tube. He grabbed her jaws and sank his fingertips in to her cheeks to pry them apart. Theresa fought to maintain the barrier as she saw the poised pipe but Setchak was as implacable as he was handsome, and thus the soft tip was gliding down her oesophagus after only a momentary battle.

A strange contrivance was affixed to the emerging nozzle and the machine was set running. An osmotic hiss resounded in her throat and she felt a bizarre and subtle tingling in the tissues, as though she were breathing in a cloud of feather down.

Two circular pads were put to the skin of her throat, and they hummed angrily to themselves as her enslaver enlightened her as to their purpose.

“Your larynx is being partially shut down,

rendering you incapable of forming complex sounds. You are now unable to speak, only forge the noises appropriate to your animal stature.”

A bright pip issued from all three implements and with their task completed, he began to remove the array.

Theresa tried to form words, to see if it was so, and to her abject dismay nothing save growling murmurs emerged.

The groom set the transformed prisoner free and drew a bridle onto her head. The straps opened and encompassed her head before being tightened to a stern fit. He slotted the dense rubber bit into her mouth and locked it into place. Theresa did not contradict his wishes with resistance because she was too numbed from the realisation that she was now unable to properly communicate, and would be denied words evermore.

Setchak clipped reins to the rings by her cheeks and sealed her hands within the waist manacles. Theresa pawed at the leather and was drawn forward with a tug that almost caused her to careen into him. Each step clopped on the stone and she felt the dildos ride within her. The tiny shuffle made her pussy clench to them from the shock of hesitant delight.

Theresa leaned against his body and he hoisted the reins in one hand to elevate her face. She looked up into his dark gaze and listened lovingly

as he imparted the new rules pertaining to this existence. Every word was a lecherous morsel to her depraved wants, and she felt her tracts clenching to the dildos in slow rhythm as he educated her.

“You are no longer a slave. You are a beast, a creature of burden and performance. You obey instantly, and your failings will be modified with whip, implant, or restraint. Carnal experience will now come solely from other steeds, at our discretion, for all will see you as you are – an animal – and as such it is considered the equivalent to bestiality for a Dregakk to indulge with such a base life form.”

Having certified her lot, he brought her forward with a sharp yank. Theresa stumbled at first because she was unused to the new footwear. The feat of learning to cope with a new walk was not aided by her grooms vigorous gait or by the need to keep her head upright because any glance to see where she was putting her feet set free lines of saliva from her parted jaws. Her lips were unable to form a seal over the sturdy rod and despite her willingness to accept her new role, she still felt embarrassed about drooling. She almost laughed at the absurdity. Here she was, a human captive on a world of alien sadists, being turned into a pony girl, with pierced nipples, dildos locked inside her, and she was worrying about unseemly dribbling.

The grim corridor of the stable gave way to an open pen where a tall metal pole at the heart bore a swivel-mounted summit. This mobile tip was adorned with several stout rings.

Theresa could see other steeds in their respective enclosures, the trained mares, colts, and fillies displaying the impassive lack of interest in their existence that could always be seen in fully domesticated creatures.

A single length of reign connected her to the central pole and the groom withdrew to the fence where a lunge whip awaited him. By taking up the long fierce device, he silently announced this pen to be a place of training.

Setchak took up the scourge and began to close in. The whip reached out and its stringy tip flicked at her side. The acute length of the weapon caused this minor chastisement to become a grievous assault. The skin erupted with a scintillating storm that made Theresa lurch aside until the reign snapped taut, jerked her head round, and almost caused her to collapse. Straining against the woven strand she danced from hoof to hoof as she pulled madly and tried to find some way in which to comfort the burning welt. Her hands wrenched at the cuffs, her throat released pained whinnies, and then the whip swept forward to cross both cheeks. She howled and arched back before her legs wobbled beneath her. The whip gave a couple of taps and riddled with dismay she obeyed and

was goaded into a trot.

“Good pony,” murmured Setchak.

Tears tumbled down her cheeks as her devolution continued. She gave another bark of anguish when she passed him and the whip gave a subtle flick to her harried rear. The mordant encouragement made her trot faster and she started to circle round and round the pen, receiving a lick of the lunge whip every time she passed him. She could not help but slow down when she neared him, and this failing caused a far more energetic swipe that made her rear ripple when it struck home. Her holler of misery was lengthy, and she soon started to keep a more stable cadence.

Once she was moving, he did not stop the assault, and now, the savaging of her body was orchestrated to encourage the raising of her chin, a bolder step, and higher knees. Setchak was biliously teaching her to carry herself with the deportment required of her new station.

In panic, she tried to haul herself free of the rope, but her trainer suddenly applied a deluge of ferocious blows to discourage the useless revolt. When the stripes became too much to bear, she collapsed and tried to shield her frame from the liberal application of weals, but her oppressor merely demanded that she rise and then continued his attack with greater celerity and harshness. The lunge whip stripped away her

lethargy via torment, and drove her into acquiescing to his wishes.

Fresh tears ran down her cheeks as the burning streaks ate at her body. The correction of the slightest failure or error made her weep with frustration at her body's inability to meet the demands being placed upon it.

Every attempt to beg or plead came loose as bestial cries and barks, and she found her crippled voice unable to form anything of greater intricacy. Hours trickled by and other grooms gathered to watch the training after having finished their duties for the day. Theresa's anger and shame at being displayed so prominently as an object of spectacle was left to fester in her soul, for her assailant stood beyond what her bonds allowed her to reach. His lengthy scourge granted him a brief and stinging entry into the confines of her circular trek and she was powerless to resist.

The head groom relinquished his impious position to another so he might rest his eager whip arm and let a fresher limb apply the chastisements. Setchak leant upon the fence and amused himself with the study of her suffering. She was desperate to rest. Every circuit she completed took away more of her energy. Her muscles ached, her body was wet with sweat, and her head swam from the demands of her performance.

Only once the dull sphere of the sun began to

swim beneath the distant horizon, settling amidst a wild palette of purples and reds did they release her. She was so tired that she barely registered them escorting her weary and zebra striped body back into a solitary booth.

The chamber was located within the main stable block and accessed by either the doors from the corridor or by the one facing out onto the courtyard. Both were sturdy and well fortified to contain their captive and the tiny cell held a mound of fuzzy straw for her bed and little else.

A shove had her drop onto the brittle mattress, and as she languished helplessly, her restraints affixed to a wall ring and a food tube slotted over the bit before the door was sealed and bolted from without.

The discharge from the pipe was as repulsive as ever, and if she did not fear the price of weakness through lack of sustenance, she would have refused it. During the feeding, she stretched her fingers down and pulled at the tied strap that traversed between her legs. The dildos had aroused a deep throbbing burn in the parted tissues and their constant movement now proved to be beyond endurance. The strip was too taut to be shifted, and the compressing belt was just as steadfast, leaving her trapped with the discomfort. Her feet felt as though only blisters remained within, that all other flesh had fled, but again, the construction was of such security as to deny

freedom from their annoying company.

Theresa shifted carefully onto her knees and tried to find a position in which to lie and not anger her many tender injuries. It was an impossible quest. The miscreant's beating had been far too thorough. There were just no unblemished zones to take advantage of.

Nestling into a ball, she closed her eyes and stroked the freshly grown carpet of stubble that ran along either side of her tangled mane. By rubbing it on the floor, it felt like panes of velvet and was a soft hint of peace in her addled psyche.

Her soul was reeling from the continuing downward spiral of her bizarre plight, and she could not fathom how she could possibly take much more. With eerie certainty, she could feel herself teetering on the edge of madness. Her stubborn refusal to adopt the meek and tamed role they wished of her meant they were sure to crack her mind with their relentless training procedures. Even if she accepted and revelled in her masochism, the constant need to appease such desires would end up earning her the most bleak of fates.

The meagre peace was not long lived, and as the door swept silently open, rousing her with the intrusion of the late night breeze, she assumed that the development of her bestial demeanour was to continue.

A furtive, unfamiliar groom shut the outer

portal behind him and closed in.

"Ah, there's my sweet pony. Such a pretty thing," he purred.

Theresa naturally attempted speech, absently forgetting that it was now lost to her. After the first few sounds, the groom grabbed her reigns and hauled her head back so furiously that she feared her neck would snap unless she became more docile.

"Sssh, little thing. No noise from you," he said sternly, and then lessened his hold. When she did not make a sound, he gently stroked her cheek. Theresa's face relaxed into the soothing caress and her eyelids drifted shut.

"Good girl, that's much better," he offered.

His hands began to brush through her mane, removing the tangles that had been caused by the days running. She lifted her head up and back and revelled in the attention. She did not even object when the hands started to leave her hair and wander down to follow her body in long lines.

"Such lovely lines. A prize indeed."

After all her trials, the act of fondness overcame her and Theresa's libido flared. The groom continued to stroke her back and she lowered her chin to the floor and started to wiggle her rear provocatively his way. A dose of the pleasure setting of her implant was her goal and she was caught completely by surprise when he started to unfasten his trousers.

The stranger steered himself behind her and brought her onto her knees with careful guidance. He then pushed her head down into the floor so that her brow rested on the straw. The moulding of her posture made the testy contusions of her previous tutelage revive their former refulgent nature, but she was too eager for sex to care. Setchak had decreed a life of abstinence from Dregakk carnal activity, and it was a significant source of elation to violate that law and defeat the handsome grooms words.

“So you want me to take you for a ride, do you? Well, how can I resist such a beautiful pony as this?”

The stranger took hold of her rear and unlocked the loin thong. He pulled free both intruders with a yank that made her abdomen spasm. Her croak of response was cut short as he grabbed her reigns and pulled her head back up. No sooner had her pussy been freed of an artificial phallus than a genuine specimen dove within to make her arch her back with a squeak from the sudden entry. Too weak to offer any real resistance, or even to call for help, she let him sate his desire unopposed.

Hands deserted the reigns and ran forward to paw at her breasts. The flesh was still forced outward by the bra and her assets were flushed from the design. While caressing them, he tickled at the rings to have the summits strike up a chorus

of vehement pleasure. Despite the recent piercing, they resounded with new levels of sensation that made Theresa tremble and gasp. Through gritted teeth and cruel bit, Theresa bore the sensual molestation.

“Down, girl,” he panted.

The groom shifted his weight onto her and forced her to sink to the floor, whereupon he furlled his digits into her hair and drew her back so he might kiss her neck in the throes of wanton passion. In protest, her scalp thundered with suffering, and as he propped himself up with hands placed to the middle of her back, he drew out of her sodden belly and pressed the head of his cock to her rear. Theresa whimpered when she felt him rest his engorged shaft to her anus, and tried to steady her racing heart. How she yearned to feel him enter her. The background level of pain from her scalp and back was cultivating a haze of obliquity. She could not enjoy sex anymore, not unless she were bound and enduring at least some degree of distress, and each time she proved that point, it made her enjoy the pain a little more.

Exploiting the moisture that her arousal had coated him with, he demanded ingress and slid into her accommodating canals. Theresa mewed as his hips pressed to her welt covered buttocks and his weight pinned her to the floor.

“Oh, by the Goddess. Such a sweet, tender pony,” he whispered and his lips took in her

earlobe and suckled upon it before kisses traced her throat and moved onto her shoulders where he nibbled at the skin. The stranger loitered a moment and then lifted his hips to draw himself almost to the point of flight before he lethargically plunged back in. When he stopped, Theresa ground her muscles to his shaft. The groom gave a purling murmur of rapture to feel her show him such devotion.

Theresa felt him stretching out his lust and savouring the spasm of her orifice. It was strange how he seemed to delight in the whimper of his partner and enjoy her contained physique but he was also showing her the most attentive kindness with a kiss and caress.

His rate started to quicken and Theresa closed her eyes against the slap of hips to her weals and the thrust of a hot manhood between her cheeks. The groom entered a final series of pounding drives that culminated in him flecking her innards with his seed. The orgasm dragged out a shade of the Dregakk mentality and he snatched the reigns and yanked back, almost cracking her vertebrae with the violence of the pull. The sudden anguish threw Theresa into spontaneous orgasm and she bucked under him while airing pips of rhapsody.

Like a thunderstorm having spent its wrath, his lust abated, as did the severity of his hold, and this let the abused captive slump into a fainéant heap. She gave a hearty growl when his cock slid slowly

from her anus and Theresa trembled before him.

He leaned down to soothe her with strokes and kisses that made her drift on tranquil mood. Without addressing the depreciated female further, he adjusted his clothing and after fondly stroking her mane, he restored the twin rods to their destined sheaths and deserted her.

Theresa was baffled by this turn of events. It was one of the closest times she had come to normal sex since she had been abducted, yet it had stemmed in the form of the most depraved deviance – that of coupling with what the aliens considered a beast. That even the vaguest semblance of normality was a crime here seemed somehow apt, and she was not surprised to find herself unaffected by this further affirmation of the race's diabolic nature.

Trying to expel the surreal encounter and its residue from her thoughts, she lay down her head and tried to rest her weary frame. Theresa was all too aware that far worse awaited her come sunrise.

CHAPTER TWO

With a sudden flurry of movement, Lady Tytax attempted to defeat the monstrous hold that held her immobile. The defence of her ship had been useless. The aliens had used weapons to which they had no chance of resistance or victory. Even devices that had slain them out of hand would have been preferable to the blasts of light that left them paralysed and helpless; to be carried away as prisoners, their right to a dignified death in battle denied them. To be taken in the same manner that the Dregakk took those they captured was a shame she could not bear, and her heart felt as though it were boiling in her chest from the indignity and horror of her predicament.

When she had been hit and her body frozen stiff by some unseen grappling hold, she could only watch as the lithe beings moved casually past, wiping out all resistance. Those creatures that followed in the wake of the assault squads

then stripped her of consciousness and carried her into the belly of their craft.

Lady Tytax fought to move with new purpose when she realised that she was no longer on the field of conflict. She was alarmed to find that it was not the bolt's effects that held her, but a translucent film that sealed her entirely within a seamless cocoon that even covered her face. The slimy and slick surface was pressed tightly to her features, smothering her petrified scream as her naked frame squirmed helplessly within the sheath.

Stripped of her armour and immobilised by a hold whose elasticity teasingly offered up the chance for movement and escape but held such a prize just out of reach, she opened her eyes and calmed her motions. She could see through the hazy pane across her sight, and after studying the obscure features, she found that she was in some manner of tiny cell. It could have been an organic coffin, but longer scrutiny gave the impression of a living hive, because one end of the moist prison was a glass panel through which a diffused sombre light trickled and through which movement was visible and screams drifted. The howls were Dregakk, and they were high pitched and soul torn. She had spent her life wringing yowls from her slaves, and always they had stoked her lust and amusement, yet to hear her own kind wailing, imploring for mercy, begging

for a stop to their torments, it was a psychological beating that left her mind and thoughts numb.

Fighting her shell, she shrieked and howled. The fabric sucked to her face all the more sternly as her frantic breath proved more than the material would permit. She could not stand this captivity, the theft of her movement was intolerable, and the sense of impotence was a horrendous curse.

Wailing like a child, she writhed and listened as her crew suffered unspeakably under the infernal machinations of their anonymous captors, and her screeches grew all the more powerful from the prospect that it might be her turn next.

* * * *

Dim beams of amber radiance slipped through the gaps about the outer door and waltzed with gradual grace across the straw before they licked at Theresa's slumbering form. The warmth brought the vaguest flicker of a smile to her lips, because it was

a glorious feeling, one quite undiminished by her stringent garments now that she was growing used to such minor annoyances.

The serenity was destroyed when the door flew open. The yawning aperture let the full glory of the morning sun fall upon her and its glare penetrated her eyelids and startled her fully

awake. She instinctively looked to see who it was, and with a squeak, she forced her face back into the sheltering straw after having looked directly into the source of the light.

Dazzled, she felt her reigns being grabbed and then used to haul her to her feet. The individual responsible remained hidden behind a flashing curtain of specks that flicked around the afterimage of the alien sun.

A tug made her stagger in the desired direction, and her hooves rattled upon the stone of the courtyard. In a repeat of the previous session she was restored to the training pen, where she was once more taught with encouraging flicks of the lunge whip. The beatings were more infrequent this time because she was learning how to display the prancing pose that was expected of her. It was a mock stance of pride in her position as a humble beast and although she hated it, she had no choice but to accept it.

The sun rolled leisurely overhead before diving into a cushion of rosy hues, and as the vault above began to darken in mourning for the lost day, Theresa was set free of the post. Her body had acquired a fresh layer of weals over the previous bilious contusions and she was just as exhausted.

Setchak strode forth to where she lay panting, on her knees, every muscle in her legs pushed to the limits of tolerance and possibly beyond. Her fight for survival on Earth had made her fit, but

the alien race was pushing her beyond what she was capable of. He nudged her with his boot and she flopped onto her back. The weight of her body on her rear made the welts thunder but she was just too tired to roll back over and off of them.

"Lord Eldral wants Cobalt rewarded, so give him this one," he said.

The words caused another of the trainers to move in and take her away. The pull to her reigns brought a hint of energy back into her body, although in her listless state it was more an unconscious reaction to control rather than legitimate effort. The courier paused momentarily and looked back so he might make a timid enquiry of verification.

"Surely one of the broken fillies would be more advisable?"

"Do as I command!" spat Setchak.

Even in her apathetic state, Theresa could see that Setchak knew full well how the Warmaster's favoured steed responded to the reluctance an untrained filly could offer, and it was equally obvious that this was his very design. He wanted Theresa abused not only by the grooms, but also by her own devolved kind.

Theresa suddenly tried to recall what had been said, for her aching limbs had been distracting her from the exchange and so she was unaware of her fate.

The groom led her forward towards the other

pens where small herds of human steeds milled about, placid and vacant eyed. The communal prisons were ignored and she was drawn onwards to a series of single pens, wherein stood individual specimens. These humans were clearly prize examples for they were statues of pure toned muscle and beauty, though each bore a visage that was emotionally barren, indicating that little remained within them that was of human origin.

At the gates to a square marked with the Dregakk symbol for 'Cobalt', she saw the occupant and trembled. The tall man standing within was crafted like a seasoned body builder; save that his rippling arrays of muscle had been acquired through exertion and labour. It was as though someone had taken an anatomical diagram and bloated every muscle group to thrice the normal dimensions.

Theresa felt her reigns depart and the strap between her legs was removed. She cast her glance down and was mortified to see that the burly colt was already free. With a sudden jolt she tried to break away and run, but her trainer merely established a hold upon her hair and with a swing cast her into the confines. It was a move that caused her to slip free of the twin dildos, leaving them in the groom's grasp as he promptly shut the gate. Theresa squealed against her bit but was unable to bring her beseeching pleas to coherence. With desperate alacrity, she hooked her digits to

the gate and pulled, trying to get out as the male closed in. His member was swelling with every step and the trainer standing outside the pen just laughed at her fight.

"Here he comes, pony. Get ready for your first stallion," he chuckled.

Panting, she gave up on breaking the lock and put her back to the portal. Her eyes wildly flitted across the pen as she sought a means to get out. The perimeter fence was too high to jump and her bonds made scaling it impossible. She clearly could not overpower her prospective assailant, so avoidance was her only solution, that and her ability to draw on her paltry spark of free will and retaliate.

The man charged with an ascending growl, seeking to pin her to the side and impale her on his length. With a deft side step that was more nervous spasm than actual intentional dodge, Theresa left him to barge the gate while she sprinted out into open.

The colt turned with a vicious snarl loosed upon his chiselled features and a pounding advance brought him at her. With the advantage of space and cunning, Theresa wove to the right and let her left leg trail behind slightly. Unable to react because of his impetuous charge, the colt blundered into the obstacle, tripped, and sprawled to the floor. He skidded a few feet before coming to a halt and then roared while fighting to rise.

The confinement of his arms made the simple task almost impossible as clouds of dust surrounded his attempts.

The groom laughed aloud and called to his fellows so that they might witness the spectacle. Several others, including Setchak, deserted their current tasks and merged to watch.

Theresa backed away as the man reached a crouch and then whirled his head around to locate his evasive quarry. Clenching his fists and straining against the manacles, he began to slowly close in, keeping wary of her, and trying to anticipate her moves. Whenever she began to veer aside, he followed, gradually reducing her available area by backing her to the fence. When her rear bumped cold metal, she panicked and dove recklessly for the gap to her left. The colt stormed forth like a lightning bolt, dropping his shoulder to connect with her side and lift her from her feet. The assault slammed her to the perimeter and hijacked her breath.

The male backed up for a moment, altered position, and pressed his front to her before she sagged due to the aftermath of his debilitating assault. He kept this pressure steady and succeeded in trapping the prey.

Theresa squirmed against him as she fought to slip free but his hold was too effective. With a step aside, he rolled her upon the barrier until she faced him, and with an agility and skill that

testified to his experience at performing this rite, he lowered and then thrust up into her exposed womb. Theresa wailed from the defilement, for it was heinous enough when her captors took her, but to be taken by a fellow slave! This was too much to bear.

Under the powerful jab of his hips Theresa rose to tip toe upon his stabbing length. His tip strained against the limits of what her sex could contain but she could do nothing to thwart him.

An attempt to claw at him was subdued as his own hands snatched her fingers in a crushing vice that only served to give him greater leverage. He immediately began to increase in both fervour and speed, and the imminent climax caused Theresa's choler to boil over.

Coiling her neck back like a tight spring, she launched forward with a shout. A riot of pain flared across her forehead when she butted the stallion. The velocity of her attack made his head jerk away and his body immediately followed.

Theresa grimaced as she felt him slide free of her, but could not capitalise on her new found freedom because the brutality of her attack had dazed her. She was a furtive creature, not a warrior, she hid and ran, and fighting was not her forte.

Shaking her head to clear her vision and thoughts, she squinted at the blurry form that was staggering backwards and dropping to his knees.

She had harmed another slave, a precious one at that, and she would no doubt be severely punished for it, yet the sheer exhilaration she felt at this control, in hurting another as she had so often been hurt was compensation enough, and to dissuade this debased man from pursuing his ravishment was a glorious added bonus.

Riding a wave of rhapsodic glee, she hurled her knee forward. The joint caught her adversary's brow and threw him back to collapse in a twitching heap, unconscious.

The happiness at victory was short lived, for a momentary tickle signalled the acquiring of life for her implant and as the expression of elation dropped from her face, a searing, unendurable agony was suddenly coursing through her nervous system, rolling out in waves to soak every cell of her being.

With a piercing shriek, her muscles jerked and threw her back and to the dirt. Theresa writhed and ploughed her fingers into the soil, and her cry echoed across the scene.

The implant fell dormant once more and let the hapless slave slouch into a loose mound. Icy trickles of tortured sweat wound their wandering paths down her body, the rivulets glinting like crystals in the soft twilight.

A hoof kicked her legs apart before knees dropped into the lewd split. Unable to take control of her phased muscles because of the lingering

dregs of the shock, Theresa could only gurgle softly and watch with misery as the stallion lowered his torso to hers.

Cobalt squashed her breasts and her ribs threatened to collapse under the weight of his robust body. She felt him grab her slack fingers for an anchor and then seek an opening to sheath himself in. His penis assessed the surroundings, jabbing like a blind mans stick.

When the lips of her vulva kissed his tumescent member he rammed inward, all tenderness having fled under his denied libido and inveterate bitterness at being defeated by a mere filly.

Theresa closed her eyes and tried to distract herself from the profanity. Each breath was a strenuous effort due to the rocking burden of the colt riding her. There were no methods of reprisal left, her kicking legs were pinned beneath his, and her head was pressed firmly into the ground by that of her assailant. She was denied any real movement.

His pace quickened and then slowed to a few quivering drives as he finished. Theresa ground her teeth in expectation of the desecration of her womb, and wondered briefly whether it would come. She absently recalled the expelled virility of her species, and for a moment she felt a bottomless sense of sorrow for those who would be bred from the chosen, virile few, and raised in this shocking society, raised to obey without question and to

accept the terrible sadism of their alien masters. They would not know where their true home was, or even understand the concept of freedom, all they would know would be how to serve and suffer without complaint. Perhaps such brainwashing would make it easier for them. Her obstinate invulnerability to their indoctrination was bringing her to the verge of mental collapse; at least successive generations would be free of this. Alternatively, would they end up succumbing to the perversity? If that was all they knew, would submission and masochism run rampant in the human psyche, would every slave be yearning for the bite of a whip, to kiss boot and heel, be bound, and molested on a whim?

The tainting of her insides revealed that although the sperm was dead, it was merely slain at the source and not blocked. The sensation made her screw her face up in disgust. It was a sight that delighted her ravisher no end.

The male slipped free and moved off in case she acquired mobility and mounted another battery, but the prolonged shock had still left her virtually paralysed, and as two grooms came to drag her away to her stable, she could only hang in their grasp, her head lolling upon a lifeless neck.

The dildos pierced Theresa's abdomen and the strap was locked in place. They affixed reins and tied them to the wall before closing the door and sealing her in for the night.

CHAPTER THREE

“By the Goddess!” exclaimed the pilot, his hands leaving the controls for a moment in shock. The gunner and navigator paused in their duties and stared wide eyed at the view screens.

The mutilated leviathan of the Phed Dregakk warship hung dead in space, her hull cracked and broken. A dozen wounds slowly bled fiery trails into the cold void and large sundered fragments tumbled slowly throughout the area.

Hovering about the carcass like vultures were five glowing discs, the alien craft of no familiar design. To the newly arrived three-man crew of the scout ship, it was clear who had defeated the war vessel. However, even with the obviousness of the truth, they could scarcely credit the thought that these pulsating saucers had defeated a warship and six heavy cruisers. Obviously, they were the rearguard for a much larger force, a force that was no longer present and had to be on its way towards the Theocracy. The Council had to be

warned.

“Powering up weapons,” snapped the gunner as he started to plot firing solutions.

“No! We can’t fight that. I’m bringing us about. Re-route weapons power to the engines. Navigator, start plotting a jump course,” stated the pilot.

With a nimble flip, the scout craft spun and lit up its thrusters. The superstructure shuddered as the engines blared, countering the momentum and then throwing it forward in an accelerating dive. To effect a jump they would have to clear the gravity well of the system else risk being destroyed. The craft was designed for speed and with all available power channelled into increasing it, they would easily accomplish the desired task before the enemy even came about.

Suddenly, white radiance began to well at the corners of the screen. Flicking to side views, they were shocked to see that two of the foe were now closing in on their flanks. The crew were wrong, the speed and agility of the enemy far outstripped the scout ship.

The navigator desperately began to initiate a distress beacon and coupled the signal with all the meagre data they had just gathered.

“We have a power spike from the enemy ships!” announced the gunner.

“Taking evasive,” replied the pilot and wrenched the controls to try to avoid the

imminent assault.

"Incoming!"

The discs unleashed twin streams of effulgent lightning and their radiance poured into a thick column of crackling power. The two arcs joined upon either side of the scout vessel and burrowed into its structure. The wriggling tendrils of force crackled over its hull, cracking it and causing scintillating coughs to spit from vents and panels. The engines detonated and threw the vessel out upon an expanding ball of fire and rent debris. The sundered forward section toppled forward and left a glowing thread of burning particles before it also mimicked the rear sections and vanished amidst a ball of searing plasma.

* * * *

The layered folds of sleep flitted away as her skin testified to being touched, and thus Theresa awoke to find the same groom positioning her body to suit his needs.

Both dildos and reign were absent and her hands were still sealed to her hips as he lifted her hindquarters and left her harnessed cheek pressed to the straw. With a manic speed that suggested fear of discovery, he mounted her. His hips slapped to her rump as he fondled her cleavage with a nervous tremble running through his hands. Aroused by the nefarious quality of this act

he sated his carnal lusts with great speed, and the premature end to his assault was the only merciful quality in it.

Removing all external trace of his presence, he applied her uniform and fled once more into the night.

Theresa was angry that he had been so quick. She enjoyed his pleasing compliments and attention and would have preferred to have a chance to wake up properly and savour their coupling. He had entered, used her, and fled before she had even really come too. Like all embittered lovers, she started to formulate consequences for his selfishness.

If only she could speak and tell of this crime. It would be a tremendous satisfaction to see one of these aliens receiving the punishment they so capriciously meted out to those they considered property. However, without a voice such comfort was denied her.

With only her aches and welts for company she returned to interrupted sleep. Each day of her existence was a stringent trial that took all her resolve to endure, and so she could not afford, nor dare not lay awake, seething with profitless resentment and self-pity.

CHAPTER FOUR

The darkness of night lingered as the sun lifted from the horizon. It remained trapped behind a thick broiling bank of grim clouds whose bellies were bloated with a deluge of rain that they held back as though it were the most precious cargo, one unworthy of squandering on the morally stained world below.

The door opened and Setchak entered. Taking up her reigns he found her still sleepy, a state he banished with a short burst from the implant that galvanised the slumbering filly into full awareness. Her yawn was turned into a stark yowl that filled the stable.

Theresa found herself staggering unsteadily in the equerry's wake. The stubborn dregs of sleep were still muddling her senses. Before she was even sure of what was going on she was amidst a mire of dark tentacles.

The small, frighteningly moulded gig arose behind her as a nightmare contraption, a

pernicious insect ready to pounce and devour the delicate feminine nugget presented between its outstretched mandibles. It made her fearful just to stand in front of it, even though she knew it to be an inanimate object.

Her manacles were transferred to the awaiting arms, and two prongs attached themselves to the sides of her belt. Chains were snapped to the thong and the dangling weights upon them stood ready to bounce with each prancing gambado and rock the intruding dildos. Secondary weights were applied to her nipple rings and after adding blinkers, she was fully prepared for travel. The head groom slipped into the plush interior, took up the reins, and carved into her presented backside with a lunge whip.

The lines of white heat made her yelp and haul against her bonds, striving to gather some momentum and draw the small vehicle onwards. Another hack ate into her thigh, prompting her to double her efforts, and with a measured pace the gig finally acquired a shade of movement. Her hooves scratched and slipped as they fought to drag the gig into a hasty charge.

A trio of virulent lashes from the scourge accelerated her to a swift trot and steered her towards the other pens, where the battle to gather speedy impetus was spitefully made redundant as he dragged back at the reins. The bit pulled at the corners of her mouth, craned her head back, and

compelled her to counter the fruits of her previous labour.

Setchak stepped down from the vehicle and selected another filly from a pen of timid females. The auburn haired pony had reigns snapped to the awaiting rings of her bridle, and the leather straps were attached to the rear of the gig. The groom climbed back aboard and distributed a deluge of venomous strokes across Theresa's form, precipitating a meteoric rate that had her out on the open road in moments.

Her legs were aching from the strain of exertion as she panted and continued to battle upon her restraints. Her loathing of Setchak was strong because of this maltreatment but the person he had ravished in the stables was now different species. He had sheathed his sultry manhood in a maid, now there was a pony before him. His declaration to make her suffer had been promised to a pony, and now that she had fallen into that caste, his animus was being enforced. It riled her to think of how morally flexible Dregakk views could be of their possessions, and it made her fear what he might do to her. However, that dark dread was a source of no small titillation as she considered what crushing bondage, what cruel suspension, and what savage discipline might be used to rack her servile anatomy.

Jogging out through the farmlands, Theresa could not see the toiling hordes of captive males

because her blinkers kept her vision narrowed only to the road before her. It was a monotonous sight that left her little to do but ensure she kept the required deportment and thus postpone any more samples of Setchak's marksmanship.

The bouncing gait made the weights upon her loins dance, tugging at the dildos, simulating reserved intercourse. It was a teasing pleasure at first, but the momentum soon began to chafe, making her sex and rear raw from the continuing slight shuffle of the trespassers.

Despite her pensive concentration on maintaining a correct stance, Setchak often arbitrarily lambasted her, concocting some tiny flaw or merely acting on a whim. How she hated this alien, and how she hated Pelakh for condemning her to his rule. The thoughts of her final days in the mansion were now a bane. She had felt the passion of the master of the house, the ruler of the family, the conqueror of Earth. How she yearned to cower again before that impious overlord, to take him in her mouth, to feel his strength, his sadism.

They travelled for hours. The comely male was obviously intent on exhausting her completely, and when the overhead blanket of clouds could hold back their flood no longer, they sprinkled their fluid load into the skies with an easy grace.

The droplets were large and heavy, and stung the skin where they pelted it. The groom lifted the

hood of the gig upon detecting the first testing drizzle and left the two unshielded females to endure the smarting downpour as he lounged in dry luxury.

Despite the discomfort, the rain refreshed Theresa. The sensation of the waters running down her body seemed to wash away her gloom in addition to the sweat of her recent exertions, and also served to cool the ardent marks of her drivers frenetic whip that were as much a nagging curse as the sheathed dildos.

Setchak brought her to a halt with a malicious wrench. He slipped out to untie her, then fastened her hands into the manacles, and replaced Theresa with the spare filly. This swap let solicitude seep into her mind for it meant she was clearly not undertaking the return journey with them.

The equerry took up a bag from the sheltered interior and led her into the adjacent woods. Theresa's mind was thundering with the possibilities – desertion, execution, staked out and left for a slow death, all manner of prospects so terrible that her heart stomped audibly in her chest, and her throat became dry despite the heavy rainstorm that still managed to pierce the thick forest canopy with its sheer dogged ferocity. She had to trust that his malevolence wanted prolonged suffering, years of it, and not a doom squandered in a few days. It was odd to think that her life was guaranteed by the sheer cruel

malignance of this race, they were just too evil to let her perish easily or quickly.

The masking trees that guarded against prying eyes stepped aside to reveal a natural clearing where the overhanging arms opened at the heart to offer a view of the dark clouds. The tightly packed trunks formed a natural fence whose exiguous chinks left only glimpses of the shadowy gloom beyond. Strange rocky stalagmites burst up from the wild grasses of this eerie spot and they appeared like termite mounds sculpted from single slabs of marble.

Overcoming his victim's hesitation with drags at her reigns, Setchak brought the nervous captive to the centre of the arena and laid her down upon the soft grasses. Steering her legs out, he brushed aside the wet vegetation and revealed metal stakes. They were unblemished by their exposure to the elemental forces of this distant world.

Theresa's breath quickened with worry as he tied her ankles before she could even react. Gaining a shallow degree of insight into her appointed fate, she fought to get free, tugging at the bonds with all her might and finding them more than able to contain her.

The groom mocked her pointless efforts with a trenchant chuckle. His eyes were full of grim amusement as the rain ran down his pale silken face and dripped from his chin, his dark hair a slick curtain about the elegant features that had

entranced and damned her.

Setchak clasped a wrist and released the shackle. He defeated her manic fight for freedom, stretched out the limb, and placed it up to another stake. After sealing the joint to the bond, he handled the last appendage in a similar manner.

He had spread-eagled the terrified female amidst the halcyon grove and had done so to such a painfully acute degree that she could scarcely twitch.

Opening the bag, he stripped her completely naked, not even sparing the bra or the dildos that were such a perpetual companion. By sitting on her legs to hold them, he freed each extremity of boot and exposed the soft flesh before again securing the limbs. All was removed and placed within the dark interior of the bag before a featureless hood was drawn free. With rough tugs, he drew it down over her face, and the familiar sensation of the indiscriminating glue forged a perfect seal around her neck.

Without eye-slits, she was plunged into a deep void where she could only find breath through the filter across her maw - a nominally easy feat if it had not been for the rain, whose droplets clogged the tiny vents and made her fight to acquire every single lungful of air. The rain often stained the precious intake with moisture to make her cough, splutter, and battle against her restraints all the more fervently.

Through the drumming hail upon the hood, she heard the groom address her.

"I shall return in a few days to take you back, if you are still alive that is," he said without hint of regret or conscience, and after a short pause, the crack of an energy weapon rent the sounds of drizzle, a sound that preceded a deafening eruption.

A shockwave rolled through the ground and small chunks of stone pelted her as the scent of sundered flint rolled out. Four more times he fired, obviously destroying the mounds for some as yet unknown but assuredly dark design.

Quiet returned and no clue as to the groom's proximity could be discerned, informing Theresa that he had left and truly deserted her to the dubious mercies of the wilderness.

Pondering what might lay ahead, she continued to strain for breath, waiting for the rains to cease. This sole endeavour was the only thing to keep her mind occupied.

Slowly, the downpour moved on. Theresa was left damp and open to the warmth of the sun's soft radiance. It was only after a few hours under this heat, with the punishing myalgia installed by her predicament and soaking bed did she realise what the true torture of this place was to be.

From the shattered nests spewed forth hordes of many legged invertebrates. The shuffling creatures fanned out to gather the raw materials in

order to repair their shattered abodes. Nevertheless, it was not their scampering passage across her body that was to be the horror that the orchestrator of this site had intended, or the occasional bite into her skin to test her eligibility for use as a building stock. It was a test that she thankfully failed, but it was the preying birds that instead seized the chance for an easy meal.

The feathered fiends landed within the clearing and snatched up the sweet snacks, heedless of whether they were traversing stone, grass, or imprisoned human slavegirl. Even though they did not break the skin, the stab of their beaks made her suffer unspeakably. She initially managed to shoo them away with some faint wriggles and cries but they were soon undeterred by such motions after realising that the supine form could offer them no true threat. Theresa howled as they jabbed into her, the direst harm being brought by pecks into her breasts, inner thighs, the soles of her feet, and her belly, though the sharp prods into the rest of her were just as hard to endure.

Sometimes an insect detected an imminent attack and clung to her for its very life with its jaws and hooked feet. The pulling at her skin continued until it was torn free and devoured. Some took refuge in the cleft of her pudenda, where the relentless zeal of the anonymous birds swiftly ferreted them out. Whether it was

confusion, the sultry wink of her silver rings, or mere stupidity, the birds occasionally bit her nipples and clitoris, taking hold and wrenching as though to haul a worm from its sanctuary, mistaking the erect morsels for eligible sustenance. Such tearing pulls made her sing aloud with duress, screaming to scare away the authors of this atrocious abuse, and always she failed in her desperate mission. Theresa was left with no alternative to waiting for the deluded animal to figure out that no matter how hard it pulled, or how viciously it pecked, the 'meal' could not be dislodged or ingested, and it was perhaps an indication of the creatures intelligence at just how exasperatingly long it took for the truth to finally dawn.

Earthly beasts would have ended this process when night came, but she was not on Earth, and the wholesale slaughter of the endless tide of busy insects continued without remission even when she felt the chill embrace of night start to soak into her body and gnaw into her very bones.

Her hunger and thirst began to grow to join the pecks and bites as unbearable banes. The warm sun prolonged the desiccation of her frame with its diffused rays. Her only clock was the heat of the day and the cold of the night, and the length of each one left delirium to confuse her as to how many of each were actually passing.

Assured that she was to perish here, only the

endless rain of pecking bills kept her animated and her doleful struggles were also offered to keep scavengers at bay, for as soon as vitality left her form she would surely be mistaken for a cadaver, and the scathing beaks might become considerably more sanguinary.

The draconian nightmare of her existence was beyond tolerance, and all she wanted was to find an end to it. She was sick of being used and abused, but most of all, she could feel the last glowing embers of her resistance flagging. Soon they would die altogether, leaving her a true obedient beast, and such a fate filled her with revulsion, for there was nothing more alien to her true nature.

The cycle of grand torment trundled onwards, dissolving her sanity with its hardship until it felt as though she had always been here, and that the rest of her memories – her upbringing, the attack, her capture, the imprisonment – all them were but vivid dreams she had conjured in her more somnolent states to be mistaken for legitimate recall.

When a hand began to brush away the lingering insects and birds she at first thought it to be a flapping wing, but then the adhesive at her neck was dissolved and the hood removed. The fabric was unwilling to be parted from the features it had for so long smothered and stuck fondly to her face.

Theresa squinted in the blinding light of a faint sunset. The almost imperceptible glow was a lucent pulse of scintillating radiance to her starved eyes, and it took her long minutes to finally distinguish her surroundings from the sheet of white.

When the groom offered her the nozzle emerging from a small package of nutrient paste, she found herself unable to raise her head to it. The alien smiled and teased her spitefully, bringing it close so she might stretch her parched lips to the sustenance, only to have it drawn away as she managed to get close enough to suckle. Eventually he tired of this minor torment and let her sup upon the gross fare that was now a divine banquet to a famished prisoner.

As she dined, Setchak began to untie her. The free limbs remained where they had lain for so long, their prolonged restraint instilling a rigid stiffness in joint and muscle that felt like petrification such was its level of impediment. There were few insects still about for they had restored their vandalised homes and returned to the safety of the subterranean tunnels. Their escape had deprived the birds of an easy meal and caused most of the milling flocks to move off in search of more readily available feeding grounds.

“So, you survived the ordeal. You must be tougher than I thought. So much the better. I can really get to work on you now,” he muttered.

The replacing of her bestial garb had her groaning as he tightened the snug fitting items. The pressure upon her bruised frame and the days spent free of the accursed attire made her flesh burn. After forcing in the toys and locking them into position he hauled her to her hooves.

Theresa let out a distraught sob upon seeing her body – now coated in a comprehensive mesh of purple contusions. The colour of the wounds ranged from a fresh and dark purple, through lighter shades to the earliest wounds, which were now only a faint blemishing hint of yellow or red.

Hardly able to achieve more than an ambulating shuffle, Theresa staggered behind her tormentor. Every bold stride she attempted was reduced to a curtailed step by her lazy muscles and sudden inexperience in both walking and tolerating the restored tack.

When the undergrowth conspired with her scant balance to trip her, the vengeful groom vigorously applied a short crop until she arose. The ceaseless amerce lent her new determination to retain a vertical stance and added patterns to the virgin back that had for so long been protected by her supine pose.

Back at the waiting gig, a blonde filly already stood ready to draw the vehicle, giving Theresa a reprieve from hauling the gig's weight. She could barely carry the burden of her own torso.

Tethering her to the back by her reigns, Setchak

climbed within and whipped the female into a slow trot. It was a speed that Theresa had great trouble in matching. Thrice she lost her footing and fell. It was a display of clumsiness that was simply and terribly punished by the ignoring of the event. Dragged along behind the gig by her tack, the abrasive texture of the rough road grated against her already raw skin. The battle to rise as she squealed, and the effort involved in accomplishing the task while being towed with her arms denied her, gave her new cause to remain on her feet. The trio of lessons defeated her lethargy through sheer panicked and terrified willpower.

Praying for added stamina as the world seemed to whirl and nausea rampaged through her stomach, she finally spied the house. Her only thought was to seek the comfort of her stables before she passed out from weariness.

The gig slowed to a halt and she dropped to her knees. Her legs were trembling from fatigue, the muscles were throbbing, and her head was swimming with giddiness. Had Setchak no ounce of pity in him? Was her momentary attraction to him going to result in retributive pains for the rest of her life? If so, her longevity would be brief indeed under such callous havoc, unless of course she could somehow escape.

Her tyrannical trainer released her from the gig and dragged her to her small chamber. He set her

in, pulled out the food tube, and tied her reigns to the wall before he removed her bit.

As the door slammed shut and the metallic clack of the bolt being shot resounded, she was already sucking in the days quota of nutrient sludge, gulping down all that her owners were prepared to give. Once the flow ceased, she suckled with all the vacuum her maw could garner, trying to gain more, and when these efforts went without reward, she lay gently back.

The few minutes of inactivity had caused her strained limbs to stiffen and seize up, making it hard to curl into a ball. She closed her eyes, drained by the rural imprisonment and indifferent castigation of nature itself. Her mind promised to remain devoid of all thought until she had slept, but she feared that such dimming of her psyche was permanent, and that she was rapidly becoming an actual beast. Was her mind inexorably following the path her body had been forced to take?

CHAPTER FIVE

The end of the hive retracted suddenly into the walls. The portal opened like a sphincter amidst a moist rustling of movement. Lady Tytax had no clue as to how long she had listened to the screams, but it had felt like an eternity. Now her captors were scheduling her for the same treatment and she had no concept as to whether she could stand it or not. No Dregakk had ever faced such an end. They had never been interrogated, tortured, or captured, and it was this uncertainty that made her pulse quicken and her body tremble in mortal dread of her fate.

Drifting upon a beam of light, she was borne down through a circular hall. The walls were comprised of raw flesh and the veins and arteries that flowed along the organic structure beat with a steady rhythm. The whole vessel thrummed with the same steady cadence.

The passage was lined with banks of the same panels that had sealed her in, revealing that

hundreds of these hives existed. The corridor of diminutive prisons brought her to a hall, where a table of hardened bone awaited her. The aura of light carried her down and laid her gently upon the slab as a spotlight of dazzling white was cast down onto her, illuminating her fully for her captors attention.

Tears of fear rolled out from her eyes, filling the layer between skin and cocoon. From the shadows emerged seven of the slender, wiry framed aliens. Their emotionless countenances regarded her bare form with black, uncaring eyes. Was this the fear the slaves felt as she prepared to punish them for her arbitrary whims? The fear of the unknown, of what abuses and atrocities would be delivered unto her. It was more than she could stand, and her dignity cracked and fell away under the emotional torrent.

Whimpering and grovelling, the implacable dominatrix implored for them to release her, that she would do anything they wanted, but to her words, there was no response, and perhaps they could not even understand them.

They lifted silver spines in their thin digits. The barbed stilettos had an ornate pommel with several pulsing lights of red and green. Each closed in and began to prod her flesh, as though seeking something, and as they found their goal, they pushed the points to her skin.

Gasping in alarm, she stuttered and fumbled

for words upon seeing the imminent ordeal; as they turned the devices in their grasp she lost control of her bodily functions. Warm wet spilled out within the cocoon and her words transformed into a keening wail when the aliens pushed. The taut material opened for each device as did her skin to let the infernal spines sink into her thighs, her biceps, her stomach, and her shins. The pain as they sheathed their instruments to their hilts made her jolt and spasm uncontrollably, but she was not bleeding, the devices seemed incorporeal, even though there was nothing ethereal about the agony. Her breathing was uneven and ragged as she spent her exhales on hollers, but the pain of the piercing teeth was nothing compared to the sheer duress wrought by their activation. The burning fire that poured throughout her flesh as the machines hummed and shook, threw her beyond all levels of endurance, and she could scarcely credit how her flesh could withstand such pain and survive. All thought dissolved into a mere storm of unprecedented agony until the discharge broke off.

Still screaming in her woe, her body arose and drifted back into her hive. The portal sealed behind her as she bucked and pleaded, the claustrophobia arising to ally with her pain and magnify her ordeal.

Trapped and suffering, she could do nothing as nodules welled in the ceiling. The budding

growths reached down to grasp the devices and take hold, anchoring her to one spot and making every twitch a source of even greater pain. Then the veins upon the growths began to throb, the flow moving up, stripping her internally so that a steady pounding ache opened in the assailed regions about the embedded spikes.

Maddened with calamity at this attack, she failed to notice other growths welling above her. They reached down to touch her features and when they brushed her face she flew into panicked dread. It was a fright that made her ignorant of the agony her movements were imparting. The imprisoning skin over her mouth obediently split, and a slithering tentacle plunged down her gullet, cutting off her scream and making her retch and gag upon the intruder. Two tendrils began to worm their way into her nostrils, slithering down. The feel of the slippery prongs and their own personal pulse tore at her soul with revulsion.

The device was now controlling her breath and proved a most frugal supplier. The feeble intake was insufficient for her needs, and gasping, straining to gather even a partial lungful, her face burning, her chest aflame from within, she slowly began to slip into coma just as she felt secondary tubes plunging into her rear and sex. The intrusion made her seek unattainable breath all the more devoutly. They were not going to kill her; she was

going to be kept alive in this bondage. They had turned her into an organic component of the ship, some sort of living filter or power reservoir. Her body had been taken from her and exploited for their use and she was a helpless slave to it. A woman who had tortured and enslaved, subjugated, humiliated, degraded for fun, was now more a captive servile than any species she had abused. Shuddering in her bonds, her shattered mind drifted into shocked darkness.

* * * *

For three days, Theresa was permitted time to recover her lost strength, and rather than lazily pass the time she kept her body moving, knowing that if she let her physique ail, the poised whips of her overlords would fall in endless droves. Only two visitors attended her during this time, one was Setchak, who would stand before her and whip her with all his might and animosity until his brow was laced with beads of perspiration. The other was the groom with a taste for bestiality. He would enter, take her, and depart without word, indulging his wicked vice and fleeing before discovery. Sometimes he took his time and she found great delight in his ravishment, but other times he was pressed for time and was a quick and uncaring lover.

Vigour returned to her wasted form quickly,

and she was not sure whether that was a good thing, for it opened her more rapidly to a return to training and abuse.

It was approaching sundown when the portal opened and Setchak snatched her reigns and drew her out. Other grooms were similarly fetching various steeds and congregating at one of the larger pens.

Theresa observed despondently as the idly conversing trainers gathered. Their intention became clear when five steeds were hog-tied and set down in a line close to one of the fences so that each faced forward across the empty interior and to the other side.

Bets were made on whose beast would reach the opposite side first and once the stakes had been settled each groom lifted their chosen weapon and awaited the start of the race. After a declaration to abstain from use of implants, the insane competition began with a triumphant shout. The air suddenly filled with cheers and the bright crack of the grooms lashing into the prone forms with all the tempestuous wrath their need for victory gave them. Each was seeking to drive their unfortunate competitor to the finish line ahead of all others and the handicapped slaves shrieked and bucked, shuffling forward like mangled worms. Their movements would have been amusing had it not been for the smack of leather on skin and the cries and tears streaming

down the faces of those who began to fall behind. This brought harder and faster strokes onto them as incentives to reacquire haste, and by cruel irony, those in the lead began to receive treatment that was just as barbarous to keep them ahead of the pack.

A cheer went up as a colt reached the goal and as the debts were settled and winnings collected, brags made and fresh wagers and challenges prepared, a new line of slaves was set up.

Theresa kept her eyes lowered, not because she could not bear to see the races, but because the sight of bound, quivering naked forms was greatly arousing her. Setchak abused her and her lover amused her. Pain and pleasure, they were the powers that ruled her life and she was becoming addicted to them. Her animal status was stripping her of human reason, and as an animal, she was simply accepting these sensations and not questioning them anymore. Her fight to resist her masochistic lusts had been lost along with speech and human thought.

Three more of the despicable races were held, each with a new line of unwilling contestants. When Theresa's turn came, she was wet with craving. Setchak tied her tightly and laid her out in the line of her competition. She was fearful of the abuse but was also eager to feel him thrash her and drive his pony with brutal ardour.

The race commenced and his savage crop ate

burning weals in her thighs and flanks. She shuffled in the manner she had seen the others do, but her lack of exertion of late had left her physically weaker and no match for the rivals.

Every jolt forward crushed her breasts beneath her bumping torso and made the rings twist painfully in her nipples. The weights upon the dildos dragged in the dirt, moving the inserted lengths to a far greater degree than what was wrought by a normal upright trot. As she started to lag, Setchak slashed into her with venom, making her yowl and push herself harder. When she finally crossed the line in the dirt that marked the point of respite, he was furious at her having lost him the race. Where the other slaves were being granted rest, Theresa was beaten for a full five minutes before being rolled to the side so she could lie wheezing and exhausted, the flogging having left her virtually comatose.

Setchak selected a new steed and returned to the pastime, finding greater success with a different mount, one who was more indoctrinated to her lifestyle as a beast of burden and sport. Theresa lay gasping for breath, pulling gently at her bonds. The long race and her discipline had caused surges of delightful endorphins that when coupled with her galloping adrenaline brought a giddy intoxication. Theresa writhed in her plight, her loins clutching at the dildo. She covertly dropped a hoof onto the chains and began to use

fake twitches and struggles to pull at the strap and manoeuvre the toys. Her mind was bouncing on waves of depraved delectation. Each kiss of the whip now seemed like those of a lover and she started to drag her nipples against the rough dirt to feel the scrape and accept a gravely caress.

The new creature did considerably better than Theresa and Setchak returned to her position with it in tow, a broad smile of contentment, and a purse of winnings. Setting the vacant faced beast aside, he hurled a scowl and several licks of the crop into Theresa and leant up against the fence to converse with another groom. He used Theresa's back as a footstool while he talked and remained oblivious to the fact that her subtle shivers and minor tremors were those of adoration as she pictured his stern boot pressing into her skin, keeping her subjugated until he decided what other glorious abuses to visit on his owned piece of female property.

Again, she had angered him, and now she could expect further atrocities, ones that would no doubt weaken her further and provoke more failures and fresh retribution. She was trapped on a downward spiral of ever increasing agony, with no sign of hope anywhere.

Lying at the feet of Setchak and the other groom, she suddenly paid attention to their conversation as it unexpectedly drew her in.

"That filly you first picked was useless,"

slandered the rival.

"She has other strengths," replied Setchak, an iniquitous tone in his voice suggesting he had just concocted a new means to torment her.

"Such as? Weeping?"

"I will wager that she could sustain a whipping without sound for longer than your mare."

"That is a bet I shall readily accept, and assuredly win. But, to ensure fairness, we both use the same type of crop, and both thrash the other's steed."

"Agreed," said Setchak, this being his intention all along.

Theresa was mortified, because the strictures of the bet meant that Setchak's opponent would lambaste her with every particle of his might and skill in order to win the wager.

"What does the losing steed get?" asked Setchak, forcing his boot into her spine to ensure she was paying attention and aware that he was intending to deliberately throw the challenge.

"Sent out as prey on the Warmaster's next hunt?"

"I was thinking more along the lines of being sent to the fields as a labourer."

"You must be confident to risk such a hefty fate, it will not be easy to justify such a transfer to the Warmaster."

"But I will not be the one losing, so why should it trouble me? Besides, with both of us agreeing to

it, the transfer will go unnoticed.”

“Possibly, but it will not be my mare being molested by a barrack full of human workers this night, Setchak, it will be yours.”

Theresa’s rival was brought forth. She was a woman around five years older than her, and from her impassive eyes, a great deal more broken in. The other groom explained the bet to his steed and did so slowly and simply, for it was assumed that her long sentence as an animal had retarded her intellect.

Setchak untied Theresa’s limbs and draped her over the fence. Her arms were outstretched, her legs were apart, and her rear was proffered for a most brutal beating. Leather cord was taken and used to fasten her extremities to the bars of the barrier so that her torso was inverted down the opposite side with her hips resting uncomfortably upon the top.

The groom took up the crops and moved to their adversaries mount before they cast the tips back. Theresa closed her eyes in anticipation and braced for the pain, knowing that Setchak would hold back his full fury, leaving her to surely crack first and let any whimper condemn her to the abuses of her fellow humans toiling in the fields. Nevertheless, she would make him earn his victory and would commit to defeating his intentions. If she could win, she would earn another night of her anonymous lover, and this

made her commit to enduring every morsel of pain. The other pony may be the veteran, but Theresa was the masochist. She started to fill her mind with every perverse fantasy she could in order to grab the pain and sculpt it, rework it, and create dark sinister pleasure.

The first blow lit up her rear with white heat, and it took all her resolve to subdue a cry as she hauled against her bonds and caused the thin ropes to dig into her skin. The groom left no time for recovery and attacked the same soft spot with potent celerity until tears were streaming down her face as her thoughts swam under a wash of excruciating sensation. She gasped and hissed, every stroke making her convulse and her body quiver. Her fantasies were having the desired effect. She tried to find bliss in every rapid stroke and indeed, she started to find a fierce euphoria from the abuse. However, as she jutted her rear up for him to abuse, and her mind reeled with every swipe, her plan started to backfire. She could not hold out, the suffering was just too much to bear in silence. A scream of dissolute joy began to swell in her lungs, rising up her throat like a germinating bloom, welling, being feed with every virulent stroke. As the howl reached her larynx and began to form upon her undulating breath, the assault stopped. Theresa's sweat dampened and tensed frame sagged suddenly, as though the attack was the sole source of rigidity. The welling

scream remained, but now her fight to stop it was being conducted because it would emerge as an imploring wail to have him continue and lay his harsh lust into her cheeks and get her back into the harrowing tornado of lewd indulgence.

Through water filled eyes, Theresa looked up and saw Pelakh marching towards them. Her young and slender frame was sheathed in her customary halter neck catsuit. Lost to her vices, Theresa's mind lurched into a mire of new fantasy. She pulled at her bonds, her sodden body slithering against the fence as she dreamed of leaping down and licking the girls boots, curling her tongue around her heels, and once more finding herself condemned to the spiteful youths vile playroom. The slink of her nubile form was an orgasm for her eyes and a slight trickle of wetness escaped her strap as her loins answered the insane peaks of her sudden arousal. To gain one climax at Pelakh's feet, to even kiss her rear, or even her lips, she would endure all that she had previously endured a thousand times over. The recall of that first and only kiss when contained in wire and lost to an algolagnic trance made her mad with need.

The grooms disbanded and adopted the pretence of other activities. The sport was in clear violation of the wishes of the family who employed them.

The villainous girl stepped to the fence and addressed the head groom as though he were the

lowliest inferior.

"If you have quite finished, I require a gig."

With a false scanning of the scene for a suitable steed, she panned her gaze down to Theresa and smiled.

"She will do. Have her readied immediately. I leave within the hour."

"Yes, Miss," he said, and sneered as the adolescent wandered off towards the house to prepare for her journey.

Theresa did not know whether to be thankful for her deliverance or not. Pelakh had almost annihilated her with tortures and had set her up to be handed to the groom who hated her for daring to display a desire for him. To be specifically called upon to be her mount meant that the girl was not yet finished with her atrabilious mayhem and Theresa could not wait to experience it. The image of her tightly clad rear sauntering away, fuelled the desire and kept it strong.

Obviously reluctant to attend this task, Setchak called forth another groom to undertake the duty of processing her, and to Theresa's shock, it was the male who so regularly ravished her that stepped from the throng of grooms.

"Place this one on Miss Pelakh's carriage," said Setchak, handing her reigns to the subordinate as he finished untying her bonds. The cords had left ingrained patterns of weals from her energetic response to the crop but there was no time to rub

them because her hands were quickly captured again.

With the Warmaster's daughter gone, the sport continued with the standard fervour. The grooms clearly found this demeaning game a source of great entertainment value.

Led from the scene, the groom took Theresa towards the vehicle bay and as they drew closer, he furtively glanced around, looking to see if anyone else were abroad. Theresa groaned inwardly, realising that he was intending another ravishing. Ordinarily she would be fine with his advances, but now she was possessed by the ravenous desire for Pelakh.

Unable to pass up the opportunity presented by the engagement of all the other grooms, he was given an equalled chance to take his favoured creature, and as they reached the shadows of the bay he ducked in with her in tow and pressed her front to the far wall, using the cover of a carriage as further concealment.

"Oh my sweet pony, I hope you are not too injured by that game. Setchak was so hard on you. Here, let me soothe you," he purred.

Unfastening his breeches, he unlocked her thong and drew out the dildos, letting them dangle from the front lock as he worked. Theresa sank her teeth onto her bit as he slid into her and started to caress her cleavage.

"What are you doing!" spat a familiar feminine

voice, the syllables hissed with utmost disgust.

The groom jerked away and began to babble excuses. Theresa turned slowly and saw Pelakh glowering at them both with hands on hips. She had changed clothing for whatever the occasion demanded. She stood before the sly scene in lace front thigh boots that flowed up her legs. There were studded bootstraps at the feet and a slender glimpse of bare skin existed at the top before the hem of a latex mini dress took over and rose up to encase her abdomen and torso. The garment cast slender studded straps over her shoulders and opened to allow the low cut to swing between them. A waspie belt drew in her waist, the laced front overlaid with three equally spaced buckled straps. Opera gloves ran her arms and a studded choker encircled her throat while her hair had been spiked and set into a flowing mane that granted a wild and frenzied visage.

"You depraved pervert! What is your name?" she demanded.

"Me ... Menchev, M ... Miss," he stammered, terrified now that his impious secret was laid bare before a fellow Dregakk.

"I shall tell my father of this malfeasance," she said, and turned but did not immediately walk away to inform on the perpetrator. It was a delay that was blatantly designed to encourage pleas, which of course spilled forth freely in the available moment of hesitation.

“Please, Miss, don’t, I will give you whatever you want, just don’t tell anyone, I implore you.”

Pelakh turned with a menacing sloth to regard the cringing form. Her eyes were glinting with the dark joy that Theresa had seen when helpless under the girl’s torturing hands.

“Then you will do as I say, or I shall expose your deviant tendencies for the whole Theocracy to mock,” she testified with grim formality.

“I understand,” the groom said drearily.

“Then get on your knees and lick my boots,” ordered Pelakh.

A wide smile broke across her features. It was the ultimate in degradation, to make a dominant submit and grovel, to fawn at her feet and obey her whims. The adolescent seemed to be in rapture at this victory.

The groom was momentarily too stunned to speak, let alone act, but Pelakh was expert in destroying resistance. She barked her order again, leaving no doubt that she would ruin him if he failed to comply, while also using such authoritative power in her tones that he was almost solely controlled by her voice.

With no alternatives to public humiliation, he accepted the private version. Menchev lowered and began to lap at the smooth shiny surfaces, his tongue gliding upon the featureless plains of the thigh boots. Pelakh drank in a deep breath and continued with her commandments.

"Now, continue where you left off, with the filly."

"I can't, not in front of—"

"DO IT!" she snapped, making him jump with shock.

Moving almost as an automaton, the groom arose and went to Theresa. He pushed her to the wall and mounted her once more, only this time his enthusiasm was absent and his hands no longer strayed across her flesh. Theresa could almost feel him burning with subjugation, and it was this that riled her the most because his attitude towards her was so lowly that he was almost dying of shame from having public intercourse with her. Yet, she could not react or resist, because this was a game between the Dregakk. If she disturbed it, both of the players would make her suffer.

Pelakh studied the act with amusement, but the exhibitionism was stopping him from acquiring climax. Humiliation proved the most powerful anti-aphrodisiac.

Pelakh scoffed at him with a huff of disapproval before changing the conditions of her blackmail once more.

"If you cannot do it with her, do it yourself. Get down on your knees and masturbate."

He looked round with shock and met her black stare. Theresa had been subjected to that same glower and she saw his revolt wither and against

it. With hesitancy, he drew free of Theresa, lowered, and slowly complied. He closed his fingers about his shaft with his head hung low in disgrace before commencing with a stolid shuffle.

"Get your head up and look me in the eyes," she said, intent on savouring every aspect of this infamy.

He acquiesced with eyes full of despair at being demeaned so.

"That's better. That's *much* better."

The girl stepped forward and offered up her leg for him to lap at with his tongue while he worked. It was an act he performed with little gusto. He clearly just wanted to get this over with and his hand was a blur of frenzied movement as he sought to provide visual confirmation that he was done. With a weak shudder, he came, and the girl stepped back to witness the fruits of his work.

"That's it, all of it, milk it dry," she chuckled.

The act was one that innately brought a flicker of ecstasy, but clearly he could not acknowledge it and so he hid the occasional dull quiver of his body. Theresa had endured this herself, and could tell that the burning disgrace was eating at his psyche.

Pelakh stepped inward and dipped fore and index finger into the sporadic spots of semen. She scooped up the issue and then lifted it to his mouth.

"See? You've spoiled my glove. Clean it, with

your mouth," she commanded with a virulent glower corrupting her joyful expression.

As the fingers closed in, the groom turned away, revolted. Pelakh grabbed his chin and wrenched his face forward. Lifting her digits, she dug them into his cheeks and parted the maw for her hovering, tainted fingers.

"You think it disgusting? That mouth of yours has been on an animal, you hideous deviant. How dare you spurn a Dregakk when you consort with a mere pony!"

Theresa watched the groom try to pull away as the two black rods darted forward with thick treacle hanging from the rounded tips. Pelakh held firm until they were in.

Whatever his intention might have been, as soon as he felt the cooled tang of the salty ooze upon his tongue, Theresa saw his face screw up in revulsion and he immediately fought to get away.

Pelakh had anticipated this, of course, no doubt from the reaction human males gave to these very same delights when she performed them, and so she lanced inward, locking her arms to his head, and wiping the residue about the interior of his mouth.

Pelakh threw him away like a discarded toy and lifted herself up. She straightened her clothing with regal satisfaction as the groom coughed and spat out what he could from a kneeling stoop.

"You don't like that taste? Well, if Dregakk

does not suit your palate, maybe we should cleanse it with the fare you seem to find so much more agreeable."

Pelakh marched over to Theresa, grabbed her, and pushed her back to the wall. She unfastened the front of her strap and let the dildos drop to the ground. With soft kicks of her pointed toe into Theresa's legs, she made her spread them wide.

"Well, get in there and service this filly," she ordered.

Menchev was defeated and he knew it. He had no wish to perform the act but at least he would be spared having to see Pelakh when immersed between Theresa's thighs.

Theresa arched and gave a long mewl of rapture when she felt a warm wet tongue run through her lips and then surge against her clitoris. Her chest arched up and her thighs quaked.

"So, here you are again," said Pelakh, and Theresa was overjoyed to feel lithe gloved hands stroking her breasts.

"All bound and devolved, corrupting grooms with your charms. Maybe I was too rash in getting rid of you," she purred.

Theresa whimpered as the girl took a nipple and squeezed it. She wanted so much to beg for a return to the house, to be Pelakh's servant again, but without her voice, all she could do was whinny.

"Look at these little toys. They suit you well. I wish I had done it myself, it would have been nice to see you cry," she commented and started to flick and turn Theresa's nipple rings.

"And you down there, until this pony comes, you don't dare stop," she commented, not breaking eye contact with the rapture filled Theresa.

Theresa started to fight against her pleasure, even as Pelakh's minor cruelty continued to fan it. A Dregakk was licking her clit, and another was toying with her breasts, she wanted the moment to last and as long as she could hold off an orgasm, Theresa could indeed indulge this unprecedented moment of happiness. However, Menchev was no novice at cunnilingus and his oral dexterity was soon demanding that she climax.

Theresa's moans started to quicken and as they did so, Pelakh applied a pinch to each nipple that began to tighten with every increase in her sounds of delight. The feeling was pushed out and replaced with a deep keen throb that continued to grow. When climax struck, the girl released them and the teats erupted with new havoc. Feeling ran back in and smothered her orgasm before elevating it to new and impossible heights. She drank deeply of all that the pair were giving her and almost swooned from the power of the exchange.

"That's enough, you can stop," she finally

conceded and he instantly shuffled back.

After a pause to let him recover, she continued with his sentence, proving that this was by no means an end to her price. It seemed that the fee was to be paid in constant instalments.

“You will come to my room tomorrow night, and I will restrain you and whip you in private. You have transgressed against our moral codes, and for that, I will punish you myself. Now affix that filly and get out of my sight, you pestiferous slug.”

Pelakh looked upon her fingers and made for the house to clean them, leaving the groom to take Theresa to the gig with sprinting haste where he fastened her within. His only means of revenge was to tighten the shackles and crotch band unbearably and make her wince at their ferocious bite. Theresa could see that Pelakh was acting unlawfully, but if Menchev exposed her extortion it would also lay him out for public scorn. No doubt such a horrendous possibility was too terrible to even entertain as a fleeting notion, and it would see him offering himself to Pelakh’s sadistic urges.

The groom departed swiftly when Setchak arrived on the scene. After looking around for witnesses, he pinched her nipples and twisted, making her squeak as the cheated overlord warned her.

“Do not think for one moment that you have

evaded me. I will have you condemned to the fields yet, and when I do, you can expect days of back breaking toil, and nights where dozens of your own kind will rape and torture you, and once they've drained you of your strength, you will be dispatched to the Temple, and at your final destination I shall take great pleasure in watching your soul burn under the attentions of the Holy Order."

After releasing her with a sudden pull, the incensed groom stomped moodily off to rejoin the others and expel his fury in the beating of slaves.

Theresa stood within the manacles of the gig – stunned, numbed, wracked with self-pity. In the cool barren wasteland of post-orgasm, her mind was facing what she had done and thought. The strange spell that had overwhelmed her after the race was now broken. Without that eerie masochistic charm to control her, Theresa now became appalled at her behaviour. She could not believe the thoughts she had entertained about Setchak and Pelakh, the desire to be tormented by them again, the display she had made of herself over the fence and under his boot.

A few minutes passed and Pelakh emerged. She slipped into the seat of the vehicle and brought Theresa to a trot with a few stinging strokes to her backside. The whip immediately cut through her self-loathing and allowed her submissive nature to rise from the welts and encompass her thoughts.

Heading out onto the open road, the weights once more began to spring with her steady pace, rocking the rods sheathed in her abdomen and soon bringing forth a hesitant pleasure that was sufficient to frustrate by offering a possible ascent to climax while not delivering. A vexing soreness added to the ordeal and further thwarted the opportunity to find relief. Previously all they had done was annoy, but her recent added step along the rode to conversion made her gratification of being driven more distinct. She felt wonderful, owned. Dregakk focused on her with regularity, as though there was something about her that caught some unknown part of their dreadful souls. Her high steps were now conducted with genuine pride; she revelled in the feel of her bouncing breasts, the sweat running down her body, the bit digging at the corners of her mouth, the clip-clop of her hooves, and the delicious sting of a crop into her rear. A gorgeous rubber-clad dominatrix was sitting behind her, controlling her, waiting to abuse her. The anticipation caused Theresa to gallop with a speed she had never before been able to offer.

The sun sank amidst its usual splendid array of warm shades, and the stars began to focus into view upon the darkening vault above. Twin lights upon the chassis of the vehicle sparked into brilliant life, throwing cones of anaemic white light onto the road to permit both Theresa and her

currish passenger a view other than inky blackness.

"I wonder if you can still understand me, slave?" asked Pelakh with a light laugh in her voice. It was a playful tone that Theresa had come to both dread and hanker for, because in such whimsical moods, anything became possible, be it a nightmare torture or a luscious kiss.

"Have they stripped you of your sentience, or do you still have a few shreds left? I have been considering bringing you back, to have you under my direct control once more, not as a maid, perhaps as a pet. Would you like that?"

Theresa ignored her, hoping to create the pretence that she was now a mere shell of her former self, one that could no longer truly think for itself. If she were utterly compliant, perhaps the fell youth would follow through with her promise. Theresa knew that Pelakh liked to taunt and deny, and she wanted to be her pet too badly to ruin the possibility. If she struggled and showed that she understood, the girl might believe her bluffing. Her reactions in the vehicle bay had to have exposed her new leanings, and to show Pelakh through faked resentment of being a pet that she actually wanted it was the surest way to destroy such a dream. Pelakh knew Theresa too well; she knew what genuine rebellion and resistance looked like, and what the feigned versions did too. Theresa was playing with fire

here, and had to be careful.

“I think you would. Setchak must be awfully hard on you, especially considering that I arranged for two maids to converse while he was secretly in earshot, and as I instructed, they gossiped on how often you talked of him, and of all the carnal lusts that were boiling in you, all focused on him,” she said.

The words left Theresa fuming with volcanic hatred. That she had been manipulated thus! She had thought his ministrations and vengeance too savage for the mere glance she had cast him, and now she knew why he had granted such singular cruelty. After arranging for Setchak to be outraged by her fictitious desire, Pelakh had deliberately dropped her into his lap. What had she done to merit such unwarranted harrowing from this girl? Her face relaxed from being screwed up with rancour and she grinned against her bit. She gave a small moan of rhapsody at the game being played between them. Pelakh wanted Theresa too much to desert her. She was toying with her, manipulating both her and others to craft her own enjoyment and amusement. The girl was crafty, deceitful, implacable, and the complexity of her plots would ensure that Theresa never find rest, or boredom, on the colony. There were so many castes, punishments, positions, and acts to experience, and Pelakh was sure to escort her through them all.

The myriad lights of the city could be spied in the distance as a condensed cloud of multi-hued stars upon midnight, sky-stabbing spikes. An involuntary shudder ran through her as she watched the brooding metropolis. All the hideous visions of what she had last seen there suddenly skipped gaily through her minds eye and made her glad and appreciative of the Thaine estate.

Closing relentlessly upon the stygian mass of towers and spires, a yank at her left reign and a whistling slash into her buttocks turned her onto a side road. After only a few minutes, she was drawing the small vehicle over a low hillock, and as she hauled it up, with her leg muscles heating under the strain of fighting the gradient, she began to hear screams. It was not the sound of a few tortured slaves but the unified howls of hundreds of beings, their multitude of pitches and cries forming a single, esoteric tone. The awful sound grew louder with every step she took. It was a powerful orchestra trapped in a single note of excruciating symphony. It chilled her to just to hear it. The wash of the sound waves caused goose bumps to rise across her flesh and her limbs to tremble as tears welled upon her eyes in sympathetic grief for the stricken.

Her eye level crept over the top of the mound with her ascent, and the halo of light beyond rose with it until she could see the source, though she desperately wanted to look away, to deny her

mind the horror.

A vast botanical garden stretched its groomed area across a wide expanse. The edges were wreathed by a high fence of twisted jagged thorns in which were trapped numerous living forms. Smoking braziers were placed strategically throughout the interior and their glowing coals added an incarnadine shade to the amber candescence of their flicking flames. Smooth paths of obsidian wound around within the garden, flowing in sweeping arcs to carry their flow of visitors to all the sights, and these sights were operations of the darkest terror. Each small clearing was marked with a brazier so that no terrible detail could be missed, for each bore a louring engine of pain that was apparently automated to some degree to make its occupant contribute all the more heartily to the choir of howls.

Amidst this unholy grove of agony walked Dregakk with their slaves in tow. Their expressions were serene, as though they strolled within a quaint and pleasing park and the screams were a mere tranquil melody to their ears. The salaciously clad forms of the Holy Order's Amazon witches tended the condemned, ensuring continued survival with their devilish expertise in such matters, while others conducted the manufacture of fresh devices, their imaginations giving twisted birth to all manner of grotesque

embodiments of their darkest desires. Did these nuns of butchery know no pleasure other than the rending of flesh and slashing of souls? How could such devotion to pain be indulged so brashly?

Only the biting tip of Pelakh's whip managed to kick Theresa from her aghast stupor, and with her stomach fluttering and senses reeling, she bore the girl down to the main gates. Never had she been more willing to embrace her life at the estate because what she endured there was but a page in the book of what this race were capable.

Attendant slaves swathed in hooked harnesses and pierced by horrible devices removed her from the gig at the girl's request. They took off her bridle and a cord was threaded through her nipple rings to create a frightening leash before her wrists were again sealed to her sides, preventing her from interfering with the lead. As the slaves readied her, she kept her gaze unfocused and turned down, unwilling to take in the sight of the mangled serviles waiting on her.

A soft tug scorched her breasts with a bite of distress and encouraged her to follow swiftly in the girl's wake, for to lag offered the possibility of the most atrocious mutilation. Theresa was almost thankful for the threat because she did not have the heart to follow otherwise.

The deafening sounds drowned out all normal noises, even of her own breath, her metal shod hooves, and the clack of the adolescent's heels.

The lack of any differing noise made the place seem surreal, as though they were not really here and that they were incorporeal ghosts unable to affect the bleak twilight environment in which they moved.

Theresa wished she could block up her ears, or failing that, simply go deaf, because the wailing disturbed her more than she would have thought possible. She had seen grief beyond imagining, yet the scenes of pierced and contorted bodies, both human and alien, were without parallel. Some of them were being abused to such extreme degrees that it was hard to distinguish the species and sexes from each other, and this barbarity was far worse than anything she had thus far observed

Pelakh led the quailing slave to the furthest reaches of the massive shrine, to a place where the meandering population diminished sharply and where she soon encountered a young Dregakk male whose countenance Theresa knew from the picture she had been shown and forced into self-abuse over.

Temgach approached and they embraced and kissed with all the passion eager youth can kindle. They spoke, but their words could not reach Theresa, even though she was but a few metres away, such was the volume of the hellish din.

With a pull to her tender nipples, they drew her into the greenery. They moved passed the presented and occupied machine and entered the

open space of another. The contraption sat like some monstrous beast, a lethal chitin armoured predator apparently resting its many clawed arms before moving on in search of fresh prey.

One of the young aliens took an arm each and used the restrained handles to steer the struggling filly onto the presented slab of the creature's back. She wriggled and shrieked, but to the backdrop of genuine mortal calamity, her voice was as a drop in the ocean.

Her loins and arms were set free and her appendages drawn out into bulbous nodules. The black orbs sealed themselves over hands and half of her forearm by use of a welling internal bladder whose pressure established a potent clamping hold. Metal hoops flashed over her legs and when they re-entered the surface they withered and pulled her limbs firmly to the cool, slick surface. A larger hoop fell across her stomach, and a three-inch thick companion reached over and then dropped onto her breasts, crushing them to her chest. A metallic sheath, like a hood, whirred from up above her crown and lowered over her face. The insides bloated to press a rubbery film onto her entire head and then compress tightly, leaving her wheezing through a small tubular vent.

The machine released a series of dull throbbing knocks and an undulating purr as it readied to perform its singular chore. An osmotic syringe stung her, and she felt the frightening initial pangs

that the pain-accentuating drug being brought into her. Fainting was now denied as a sanctuary, and even the slightest twinge of discomfort would be thrown up to the highest echelons of unspeakable woe.

A fat tube shot up and buried itself in her rear, the acutely flaring bulb further down the length being of such a width so as to stop up her orifice with its forceful airtight push against the opening.

A wash of caustic liquid flowed forth in a ceaseless tide. The fluid burned her insides and made her shriek in agony as it filled her with its acidic bulk. The amount introduced was soon pushing against her tracts. Unable to find escape it had no choice but to stretch and engorge her helpless stomach that in turn added immensely to the ordeal.

White-hot javelins of fire grabbed her breasts. The stout hoop had snagged dozens of pinches and the barrages of tiny clamps had barbed fangs that rotated, shook, and pulled the delicate flesh in appalling ways.

The hood stepped up its hold in vast bounding leaps, crushing her skull until she thought it might stave in. Her breath continued to escape through a small vent that was more present to allow her screams a route out rather than for any concession to keep her alive.

The devices upon her hands began to turn. They rotated her arms and made her shoulders

and joints explode with refulgent tearing heat. Her fingers were treated in a similar and individual fashion, each digit being swivelled and crushed until they felt like they had reached the very point of breakage, whereupon they let go and initiated the whole obscene process again in a different direction. Of course, they could merely be bending them a little, but because of the accursed drug the manipulation felt far more acute.

A collection of clamps lifted from the slab and began to snatch her armpits and inner thighs. They grabbed mercilessly in the manner to which her breasts were being fully enlightened and the grinding hell of them as they cavorted on the skin of her frame made her believe that the tiny pins in their mouths were in truth swords, for no mere tiny spine could be responsible for such pains.

The final chapter in this abominable trial was the activation of her implant. The internal bane filled her entire body with agony and accentuated the pain of every area already being attended.

Her utter misery was an intense arousal to the couple responsible for her plight, and amidst kisses and caresses, they lowered onto her imprisoned body.

Theresa could feel them making love across her. The jerks and twitches of her pain only added to their pleasure as Pelakh's dress squeaked against her quivering abdomen. The latex continued to cling until her tortured sweat provided lubrication

enough to silence the creaks. She could not think on her hate for them, for her mind was reeling under the tornado of agony every super sensitised nerve in her being was unleashing directly through her mind.

There was no means to know how long she lay upon the infernal contrivance, but it was an infinity beyond measure or endurance when the pain had finished drawing out every nanosecond into a purgatory of unequalled spite.

The lovers left her and the implant fell quiet. The sudden plummet from those arch heights of woe was so drastic that she squealed even louder out of relief. Now that the implant had gone, her body was surging with new sensation. Her mind curdled from diabolic joy as she was tormented. Every twist, every pinch, every haul was as potent as a lap of her clitoris and she shrieked in unholy bliss with every particle of breath she could muster.

The reservoir within was drained and the machines released their chosen locale before the soothing rays of a tissue regenerator erased the most atrocious of her bruises and welts. The incorporation of such a life-preserving trinket in the engines was no doubt what kept the other condemned in their perpetual agony. With such a revelation, Theresa began to fear being sent to the Temple all the more because of this prospect of life upon a grisly tool such as the one she had just

briefly visited, and her machine was a paltry competitor to the more grievous versions she had seen. A life on the more horrific machines could not be curtailed by the abuses and could run freely into old age for however long the Dregakk technology could sustain it.

Once the restraints retreated back into the midnight shell, Theresa languished helplessly. Her body was in a state of the most stupendous shock, her senses and system scrambled almost to the point of total failure. Never had she endured such pain, and this pushing beyond her limits now seemed to be some sort of accomplishment. She had gone further than ever before and felt changed inside. The incredible sensations of ultimate pain and then stupendous debauched pleasure scarcely seemed possible for a human being to channel and survive. She almost craved a return almost as much as she feared one.

Wheezing for breath in long, drawn out gasps, she filled her lungs with life. Her heart was pounding in her chest from the exertion of the event. She leant over and retched, waves of nausea cascading through her body because it had endured levels it should not have had to, for without the safety valve of black out, she had been made to go further than ever, and her body was replying in the only manner it had left.

From her crooked pose, she watched the lovers talk to one side. They were distracted from their

giddy subject by the intimacy they had wrought upon her.

Straining, her stomach sought to expel anything it had, but no spare food ever passed her lips and thus her sickness passed without physical trace. She slipped back and let the dizziness that made the sky sway and the slab tilt and shift as though bobbing on storm lashed seas ebb a little. With a strain, she managed to move some of her sore limbs. The appendages were slow to respond to her commands but her need to get off the device was far too important to accept their failure.

Theresa dropped from the lip and landed flat on her side, driving the wind from her lungs and making her yell because the bruises were magnified by the prevalent drug in her system to a gargantuan supernova down her flank. Spots flashed across her gaze as she weathered the tempest of pain, and as she started to climb free of the debilitating effects of her tiny fall, she felt the leash being threaded through her nipple rings. The breasts beneath them were now flecked with a dense pattern of almost invisible red spots from the scratch of barbaric spines inside the clamps.

Pelakh wound the slack about her palm so that the merciless tow brought Theresa upright.

The couple embraced and bade farewell to each other with a long kiss. With their clandestine activities completed, they departed. Temgach immediately moved off in a separate direction lest

they be spotted together and as soon as he was gone, Pelakh turned to Theresa and snarled. With a lightning slash, she grabbed a nipple, turned the teat in her grasp, and made her shriek before roaring directly into her ear to ensure her words were known over the sounds of mass suffering.

"You will reveal this to no one."

Theresa nodded wildly while dancing on the tips of her hooves as the girl kept her hold secure.

A slap to the raw breast made the ordeal worsen by reviving the injuries that had until now been dormant thanks to the tissue regenerator.

"Will you reveal it?" inquired the girl, and slapped her hand across the contused skin once more.

Theresa shook her head, throwing it from side to side as the question was repeated, and another vicious smack delivered.

"Because if you do, you had better pray that you perish before I find out, for I will make the rest of your life a hell of unimaginable suffering, understand?" she yelled.

Pelakh slapped Theresa's cheek and threw her head aside so she might deprive Theresa of visual warning of the five oscillating sweeps she hurled across her tormented cleavage.

The venom passed as quickly as it had been born, and saying no more of the event, the girl led her back to the open path.

Pelakh was now in a joyful mood. Her stride

was leisurely and without care, a trait for which Theresa was grateful as she tried to recover her own momentum and keep up.

The twisted arms of the vehicle ensnared her body, the dildos were sheathed within her, and the bit slipped into her automatically adopted rictus once more. The lingering effects of the hated drug made the mild discomfort a far keener affair.

The gig rocked as it sought to balance the new weight of the adolescent settling within, and taking up her whip, a few licks across her back had Theresa trotting back towards the main road and the family home beyond. Her weights bounced with her high strut to deliver a stinging soreness to her hypersensitive loins.

Only the light pouring from the apertures of the melancholy fortress allowed the structure to be distinguished from the land, for without a moon, this world's nights were thick and impervious.

The grooms had finished their races and had retired for the night. The fields were empty, the overseers and slaves slumbering in their respective beds, awaiting the rise of the sun to bring them once more into the open. Only the immobile scarecrows and prisoners occupied the deserted acres, the luckless unfortunates and recalcitrant slaves sealed in their positions of bondage on a whim or as actual punishment. From the road they could have been mistaken for ordinary stuffed manikins, maintaining the

pretence that this was a normal plantation as could be spied anywhere on Earth, and it seemed that only the daylight would banish this amiable misconception.

A groom stood expectantly at the bay, ready to unfasten the filly from her burden and escort her back to the stable. Pelakh sojourned to the house without word, keeping the illusion that the trip had been no more than a jaunt across the land to take in some fresh air, and that she bore no special malice towards the slave now being led away to her small cell.

Guided by her reigns, she was delivered to the small box she called home, and once her reigns were secured and a tube brought to her parched lips, Theresa was gratefully left to what mentally remained herself.

A testing pull at her restraints confirmed that they were as intransigent as ever, and that no sigh of fate had left them loose enough to slip free from them this night. Suckling at the tube, the bolt was thrown and the footsteps of her gaoler dwindled into the dead calm. The placid quiet proved to be a most intoxicating lullaby that had her asleep in moments, especially with the soothing thought that Pelakh's playroom would not be anywhere near this quiet thanks to Menchev's bellows for clemency.

CHAPTER SIX

The opening of the door had her stir instinctively. Theresa wondered if perhaps morning had arrived, or if her extorted lover had come to continue with his depraved obsession. Would his passion for her fade now that he was getting to know Pelakh's callousness, or would she be his solace in that damned state of blackmailed surrender?

When her heavy eyelids fluttered open and she focused, it was to take in the countenance of Morschka - first wife of the Warmaster. The vision startled her awake. The tall woman was clad in her usual regal attire but it was her deportment that made her majestic. A set of skin tight leggings swept up her shapely legs and set her feet atop stiletto heels that had been incorporated into the polished slick hose. An overlaid set of studded briefs hurled their firm grasp over her hips and clasped to her as a vest top lifted up beyond their reach to present her cleavage in the firm clinch of

the gleaming material. Short gloves coated her fingers, rendering each digit a smooth, almost phallic shaft, and an obsidian circlet set with dark gems swept her hair away from her saturnine cosmetic masterpiece.

Without any explanation for this unexpected visit, the mistress of the house took up her reigns and brought Theresa in her wake with harsh, impatient yanks.

It had seemed like an eternity since she was last in the house. Her incarnation as a maid was a distant memory that was now wreathed in the obscuring foggy veil of dreams and childhood trivia.

Little had changed – the furniture still breathed in its painful containment, and the decorative slaves still dangled from the ceiling or held keys or coats upon their hide.

Her hooves clopped loudly upon the stone pane of the floor and contrasted radically to Morschka's shrill clack of rapier heels. Ascending the stairs was difficult because the flaring nature of her footwear was barely able to fit upon the flight and this forced her to balance on the toes and leave the heel dangling precariously in the air. A slight loss of balance would have her tumbling down the entire length, and it was this knowledge that had her absolute concentration focused on remaining upright, although a small whisper in the lowest reaches of her mind begged for her to

deliberately err, to fall and let injury preserve her from the far more terrible fate of Morschka's attentions. If she did not know full well that the women would torture her even if she were a crippled wreck, Theresa may have considered the notion.

Escorted through the barren corridors, the only eyes that discovered the pair were those of the furnishings, and they were too deranged from their perpetual imprisonment to truly see them.

Morschka stopped before a plain door and the sleek panel slithered aside before she stepped forward. Sensing the influx of occupants, the overhead lights rose through shades to create an ambient crimson glow with a dazzling aura at the heart. In this white column of radiance lay the confining slat from a set of stocks. They were of the hungriest design that not only ate wrists and neck, but brought the ankles forward to accompany the other joints. Two sturdy rings emerged at the front face between the holes for wrist and ankle, each with the last link of a long chain sealed onto them. These silvery lengths trailed upward through the piercing light and became lost in the blinding corona of the source.

What the woman's purpose was, Theresa had no clue, save that it would involve her suffering. Too frightened to dare to resist, she could only stare in dismay at the waiting amputated pillory.

The smooth tips of the woman's fingers began

to slither upon her, removing her garb, stripping her naked. The brush of the alien dominatrix against her sent shivers through her flesh. Theresa's calamity at the looming event grew fiercer with every lost article of bestial attire.

An attempt to address her enslaver emerged only as a few grumbling barks, distressed noises that were ignored when her mane was gripped and used to present her to the dark wooden restraint.

Morschka opened the jaws of the archaic machine. The hinges gave a soft creak, a murmur of glee at finding a new soul to cuddle in their unforgiving orifices.

Head and wrist were slotted within, and Theresa winced as her legs were dragged around and the ankles dropped onto the awaiting semicircular grooves. The mistress lowered the raised plank and drew the slave's hair out to make sure she did not trap any when she finally sealed the two halves and shot the weighty latch.

Squinting in the dazzling beam, it appeared as though she was held within a slender white prison and that the rest of the chamber was lost behind a solid wall of blackness. Morschka withdrew, her stern and sultry frame being consumed by the darkness through degrees – her features and bare skin winked out, then the refractions upon the wrinkles and plains of her tight vestments followed until no trace of her remained save the

steady metronome click of her heels.

The chains gave a restless shudder as toothed cogs gripped them. The whine of machinery resounded and the lengths retreated up. Theresa wailed as she felt the stocks rise and scrape her rear along the floor until her cheeks rose and entered the air. Her entrapped joints took on a throbbing ache and the ligaments declared their anguish with testy pounds. Theresa clawed at the taut chains in a frenzy, desperately seeking for a means to escape or at least ease her discomfort.

Materialising from the night that ruled beyond her cell of illumination, her persecutor lifted a small rectangular tray. The two prongs that emerged from one of the longest sides slipped into willing holes in the stocks and brought the bearer of the tools of her torture to within mere inches of Theresa's weeping eyes. She closed them with a scream when she saw what was awaiting her, and writhed upon her bonds to dislodge the implements as she craned her fingers forward to flick them from her vision.

The contents seemed to glow in the strong light, their metal surfaces reflecting the radiance in full to grant each one an almost angelic halo, even though there was nothing heavenly or seraphic about any of them. An osmotic syringe, shaped like a cigar box, with a small bottle of the terrible pain-increasing drug, screwed into the opposite end to the nozzle. A long phallus, the perpetually

slick length armed with a dense array of minor blunt rubber studs, lay on its side, the handle extending from its base equipped with the two buttons Theresa feared more than any other torment. Fanged and weighted clamps, their heads sculpted as clawed demonic hands lay in neat rows, like an army of sundered murderous paws awaiting the order to attack. A funnel with a flexible tube sprouting from it lay inverted next to a corked bottle of purple tinted ooze, and the sight that terrified her more than any other were the elaborate pinwheels and blades. Each handle was a rolling scene of patterns and twisted screaming faces. The pinwheels were a starburst of slender spines, a spur of the most vicious daggers. The blades were long and wickedly sharp, tools with no other purpose than to part the tissues of a helpless being. She would have deluded herself that they were agents playing a part in some psychological attack, one designed only to terrify, but the dark body and emerging crystalline rod of a tissue regenerator beside them told her otherwise.

The panicked wails and refusal to acknowledge the sight worked against her, for it allowed the woman to plunge the funnel into her gullet before she had a chance to deny ingress. The pliant hose slipped against her soft palate and dropped down her throat, turning from the path into her stomach to select a route to her lungs.

Theresa gagged against the intruder. Her eyes then watered and jerked wider as the bottle was raised. She tried to implore for clemency, but without even a spark of response from her assailant, the thick slime drooled over the lip and into the funnel. Her fight to get free increased as the liquid rolled slowly down her trachea, disrupting her breathing with coughs and hacks. Every inhale dragged flecks of liquid into her lungs and pure distraught panic consumed her. The sensation convinced her that it would be a fatal one; that Morschka had misjudged what she could withstand and thus she would perish from that ignorance.

Rivulets of blue flew from her lips as she hacked and cast out the odd portion of residue. Lines of the sludge dripped from her lips and flecked the underside of the draining funnel. With a swift yank, the funnel was drawn free and set aside, leaving Theresa to retch and splutter, her convulsing lungs bringing up the rapidly evaporating viscous slime. The coughs that were breaking into her exhales dwindled, and she began to breathe easier.

"I have temporarily neutralised the stifling of your speech, for I have questions you will answer," said the woman while she took up a pair of clamps.

"Where did you take my daughter tonight?"

Theresa almost replied instantly, her fright of

the tools and her training in obedience bringing the words instinctively to her lips, but she held them back, suddenly realising that if she betrayed Pelakh's secret, she could expect the most heinous retribution for her perfidy. Despite Morschka's interrogation, she would have to remain mute, if for no other reason than to prevent the infliction of far worse and longer pains.

"Along roads for few hours, then back, Mistress," she uttered, her voice freed but weak from lack of true use and fractured from her lack of recent experience in speaking.

No sooner had the words been aired than she scowled as the tiny talons nipped her mammilla, and suddenly the full division of claws was assailing her as Morschka snapped the baleful devices to her breasts and inner thighs. Their sharp nails pressed against the skin and released soft chimes while she quaked and ground her teeth in endurance.

The woman arose empty handed. The army of devices had been deployed and their bite had brought a dull compressed ache to each pinch of tissue.

"Where did you go?" repeated the woman in flat, even tones.

"I told you, Mistress, out for a trot, please, pleeeeeease, believe me. I'm telling the truth," she cried.

The alien females gloves sparkled in the light

and her fingers stretched around the syringe and placed the cold tip to her thigh.

“No, don’t, I—.”

The hiss of the device cut off her words and she froze in mid sentence. The familiar trickle of warmth in the injected area betrayed that it was truly the correct drug. Theresa suddenly jerked against her bonds with a cry as the bite of the clamps and contortion of her body suddenly leapt up in intensity, making it feel as though the clamps were actually puncturing weighted hooks of pure fire, and the stocks garnered with razors that were gnawing into her joints.

“Mistress, I beg of you, please believe me,” she wailed, upon seeing the aloof interrogator take up the grip of the pernicious dildo and turn the studded length in her grasp so that the light winked upon the ferocious points.

“Where?” she asked absently.

“I told you! I told you!” she wailed hysterically, and then screamed in protest as Morschka leant her elbow upon the wood before her and let her other hand carry the weapon beneath.

The prickly tip kissed her womb and began to stroke her lips with menace. The cry of solicitation this caress inspired was transmogrified into a wowl of agony as weight was put behind the device. The jagged surfaces began to vanish into her, scratching abominably, filling the tender membranes with ardent heat. The pliant spines

would normally have been a nagging discomfort, but the chemical was doing its work flawlessly and Theresa continued her scream, knowing that to inform would bring far graver consequences.

Beads of sweat gathered across her flesh, forming a light glaze while the weapon was ground back and forth. Morschka put her chin onto her hand and looked down upon Theresa's flushed and grimacing face with satisfaction and a small smile.

The implant sang and filled her with its ghastly discharge. This caused her resolve to crack and make her expend all her will in refraining from begging to tell all that she knew.

Every twist made her spasm, the studs animating her when they touched the most sensitive zones. Slower turns made her vibrate at a blurring pitch, every muscle riddled with tremors as her abdomen burned, but through it all, she managed to keep quiet. Theresa's fear of Pelakh was stronger than any other force.

A virulent tug drew out the rod, and the implant fell quiet once more. Through tear and sweat-stung eyes, Theresa saw the phallus drop onto the tray, and to her mortal sorrow, a pinwheel was borne aloft and turned in the woman's grip until it fitted snugly to her satisfaction. The dagger wheel seemed to smile in the bright light and cast dancing beams into her wide eyes.

The syringe was taken up and a large top-up dose administered. Clearly, Morschka wanted this torment to yield results.

The added wash of tragedy through her system had her shrieking as though the dildo had been reinserted, her every contusion now driving her insane with its pulsating agony. Even old and near faded welts regenerated to a potency that matched their initial application. Her heart thundered in her chest, her breathing was so swift as to be smaller than pants. Theresa thought that the drug alone would surely prompt a coronary because her body could not cope with such an overdose. However, she surmised that so long as she survived long enough to talk, Morschka cared little for whatever else happened.

Grabbing the toes of her left foot, the alien viper settled both elbows onto the slat and lowered the wheel onto the upturned sole. She bore it as an artist might wield a brush when about to lay down the first touch of paint upon the canvas of their masterpiece.

“Where?” said the woman almost unconsciously, her attention focused on where to draw the first line.

“Mistress, I don’t know, I just led her on the roads, I swear I—’

A moment before the spur touched her instep, a spark of cyan static charge leapt from it and chewed into her skin. The tiny lightning bolt made

the tissue incandescent as it wriggled and bored into her hypersensitive nerves. The wheel followed through and revealed that each charged spike would carry the minor static blast into every morsel they laid upon during their cruel voyage.

Theresa's words rose up to a squealing crescendo as the white hot spot entered her sole and extended outward in a fulgent line. She flew into wild paroxysms, bucking, her eyes screwing shut, jerking open, rolling and bulging, her jaws opened to the very limit so as to vent her torment in a monotonous wail. The extreme stretch distorted her visage to almost unrecognisable degrees as her skin darkened to a blood curdled red of strain and absolute distress.

The wheel rolled on, pressing into her sole and leaving the odd tiny spot of red. Morschka merrily let it voyage at random and then withdrew to let Theresa sink into ragged pants, her body twitching from shock, her teeth chattering as though she were naked in a blizzard. Hot flushes and cold cramps wandered through her form, her pulse raged as her heart was assailed by a tidal wave of adrenaline and the amphetamine quality of the drug.

Risking a glance to her throbbing foot, she saw several short lines of imprints running across the centre of her skin and several tiny specks of red were staining the small pool of accumulated sweat before it rolled down towards her ankles.

“Where did you take her?”

“I ... I ... t ... tol ... ’

Guessing the rest, Morschka could not be troubled to hear it and the starburst wheel dropped. Its static bite made the press of the spines far more venomous, and the abundant agent in her veins took that torment and made it a thing without equal. The wheel trundled upon sensitive flesh and travelled aside. Theresa’s mind churned under the pain, a peak of suffering she had never before come close to touching. She could not endure this, it was too much, but neither could she confess, not through lack of conviction, for now she wished only to give the answers her interrogator sought, but rather it was because Morschka in her verve for this task was permitting no respite. Every time she ended a lethargic trek, there was no pause before she began to etch anguish upon another line of skin. The woman’s enthusiastic zeal was distracting her from her true goal of extracting information.

Surely their technology had brought into existence more proficient means to elicit data from the unwilling? Why choose such an outdated means? Why did they always have to be so blatantly cruel?

The screeches spewing from her throat began to shed their treble in favour of croaking bass. The strain of having her feet ravaged was proving too much for her fleetingly recovered vocal chords to

handle.

The latest journey came to an end and there was no successor. Theresa hung slack, barely conscious, and completely unaware of her surroundings. Her feet were two sweat soaked and ravaged areas of throbbing suffering.

"Shall I continue or will you tell me where you took her," said the sadistic alien.

Morschka put the cold tip to Theresa's breast and the electric nip made the light touch a bitter presence. The wild glint in her eyes and the grin tainting the corners of her painted lips hinted at her wish for Theresa to lie again, so she might draw dimpled spots of agony across the pinched cleavage. Her body was powered by algolagnia and it was thumping in her heart.

"To ... to the ... Pain Gardens."

"And what occurred there?" she inquired.

Expecting more lies, she pressed the weapon closer until it pushed in the skin and drew a speck of crimson.

Theresa let her jaw drop open and groaned. She closed her eyes as she felt the refulgent pain spread from the shallow wound like roots from a superficial tree.

"They t ... tor ... tortured me," she burbled.

"They?"

"Pelakh and Temgach."

"What else did they do?"

Theresa paused, unable to complete her

disclosure. The delay caused the points of the instrument to forego its playful tickle and sink deeper before slithering aside and decorating her with a furrow of specks. Theresa jerked her head back and shrieked afresh when the virgin skin bellowed with anger.

“She’ll kill me if I tell!”

“And I will kill you if you do not. However, speak truthfully and I shall hide you away, send you where she cannot reach you,” attested the woman with friendly conviction, as though she wanted only to help.

“You won’t, you’ll continue torturing me and hand me to Pelakh,” Theresa shouted, unable to tolerate the meandering wheel, but fearful of giving up her precious secrets. Her terror was elevated by the fact that Morschka was only using the pinwheels, and that the scalpels remained to peel her like fruit if she continued to lie.

“I promise I will not, I swear on my family name, now tell me, slave, or I’ll reduce these assets to bloody ribbons with a thousand slashes!” she hissed and laid a lithe hand to the blades to remind Theresa of their existence.

“They fucked on me as I was tortured!” she yelled, when she felt the wheel winding its way toward a nipple.

The bilious spur fell away, leaving her with the deposited pains and the sensation of sweat dripping from her suspended abdomen.

"There, that was not so hard, was it?"

"You will protect me?" asked Theresa, unsure of whether the woman would adhere to her promise, after all, there would be little shame in breaking an oath to a beast.

"I shall, I will send you to the fields where she will not see you."

"NO! Please! Not that! Anything else," protested Theresa. Her voice was beginning to corrupt as her larynx sank towards its crippled state, depriving her of any other opportunity to air her grievances.

Morschka responded with a hearty laugh and left the column of light. She returned to the dangling slave a moment later with a small flask in her gloved hands.

"And as I swore, I will not torture you further, but before I heal those little grazes I had best clean them," she said.

The woman unscrewed the cap and tilted it over Theresa's right foot. She then paused and looked to the tear and sweat moistened features with a wide smirk.

"Now you may feel a little twinge of discomfort," she whispered, and then poured a clear fluid onto the minor specks.

Every single spot exploded with pain, the woe of each light puncture being restored simultaneously and magnified infinitely by the cleansing fluid. It felt as though acidic alcohol

were being poured, and such was the level of rending misery swelling within her legs that when she finally acquired courage enough to view the injured extremities, she expected to see nought but withered bone, stripped of flesh by some potent corrosive agent. When she actually regarded a mere perspiration smeared foot, she was left dumbfounded as to how so much havoc could be manufactured without destroying her tissues.

Incoherent pleas and prayers flew over her chattering teeth and spilled from her quaking lips as the woman proceeded to the other foot. Morschka left the pain to fully permeate every available nerve before applying a fresh splash and this trickle was a harbinger of more mayhem.

Theresa's foot was turned into a source of dreadful harrowing, and again she squealed under the small quantity of callous disinfectant. She would almost be willing to amputate her own foot if it would but remove this physical tragedy.

When the treatment came to cleanse her breast, she could barely bring a whimper to her lips in a hopeless entreaty for mercy. The dire exhaustion from the entire ordeal had left her near insensible. The effects of the liquids on the raw line bestowed her with temporary energy, giving plenty to scream afresh before taking back the loan of strength in addition to a hefty added fine.

In a somnolent haze she heard the hum of the device she needed most, and when she felt the

styptic green aura brush her flesh, prompting vastly accelerated healing with its benign rays, she gave a minute quiver of gratitude from knowing that the inquisition was at last over. However, even as the glowing halo was erasing the minor clues of her horror, gnawing concern still flourished from what manner of obscene travail awaited her in the fields.

It took mere moments for her wounded soles to be restored to their smooth, unblemished natural state, and once the tray was removed, the chains paid out their reserve of slack and returned her to the cold floor. The jaws yawned, and her languid form flopped onto the ground at Morschka's feet.

"I shall leave you to rest. You will need to regain your strength for your toil, and for when your men folk begin to stuff themselves into those delicate holes," chuckled Morschka, while prodding Theresa's sex with the toe of her boot in a most disdainful fashion.

Chuckling impishly, the malicious woman strode from the chamber. The door hissed shut and locked, and as the automatic bolts sealed her within, the lights snapped off to plunge Theresa into absolute blindness after deeming her unworthy of their splendour.

Too tired to cry or shout, she let herself slump outward upon the hard mattress of the floor and rest. The arms of fatigued sleep rose to smother her before she was even aware of their existence.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The deep clunk of the locks jumping back and the whistling purr of the door gliding aside to admit one of the Phed Dregakk lifted Theresa from her dreamless state. Looking up, she took in the outline of a tall form whose silhouetted features grew to clarity as the lights announced his entry.

Clothed in the sombre uniform of the agricultural overseers, he was no doubt to be the instructor who readied her for this new and unwelcome lot. His sturdy leather jerkin, gauntlets, and boots were polished to a gleaming finish like mirrors of ebony. His smooth fabric leggings emphasised his toned legs and a loose shirt leant him an almost noble quality. The many thonged whip that he bore was ornate and speckled with gems, while the thick pendulous strands were each tipped with a small dense knot.

The slave driver looked down at her in assessment and made no secret of his

disappointment by letting the feeling display itself prominently across his elegant features.

He grabbed her wrist, hoisted her up to her feet without even a twinge of effort, and then began to pace menacingly about her. Gripping her biceps, he squeezed the muscles in appraisal and with a similar and casual indifference to her modesty, he examined her legs and tut-tutted.

"Pathetic. This is what I must set to work in the fields? I doubt you could even drag a plough more than a few paces before collapsing. Still... ' he muttered to himself, and then cupped a breast. He kneaded the flesh with no quarter allowed for delicacy and then moved his hands to her buttocks before bringing out a gasp of shock the moment he slid his digits into her womb. The overseer parted her sex and then pinched her clitoris to make her squeak.

"I suppose having you to grind themselves into will render them less unruly for a while. Very well, come with me," he demanded, and marched off at a brisk pace.

Ever since her arrival on this accursed colony, her legs had constantly been imprisoned within uncomfortable, absurdly heeled footwear, and for the first time she was fully free of them. It was a wonderful feeling, and it was as though her legs were made of air.

The overseer showed her back downstairs and out onto the main courtyard. The surfaces were

warm from the smile of the midday sun, and their smooth complexion promised none of the ills that she associated with strolling barefoot out of doors.

Her total nakedness troubled her a little, but considering the caustic nature of typical Dregakk clothing, she was not altogether bothered at the loss.

The overseer took a side path and Theresa wandered in his wake. She was relishing the feel of the warmth as it saturated her skin. The torture chamber in which she had slept had numbed her to the bones with its insidious chill and the stone bed she had slumbered upon had left her cold and stiff. Her eyes were still striving to accustom themselves to the sun's glare because a night spent in total dark had rendered her woefully unprepared for even the weak daylight of this far away planet.

Their passage showed her the fields where the males diligently worked. Some pulled ploughs or carts, others tended crops or dug; others harvested that which was ripe by hacking down bushels for others to carry off, or by picking fruits, or unearthing roots.

The plantation was vast and incorporated numerous sources of sustenance. There were fields of crops, vines, or neatly arrayed plants and terraces of bushes. There were orchards of fructuous trees, allotments of small blooms and delicate growths, everything that was needed to

run and preserve the self-sufficiency of the estate. The produce that failed to grow in the open was cultivated in large greenhouses and the interior temperatures left those working within to suffer every climate from the infernal heat of desert crops to the freezing cold needed to make arctic vegetation thrive.

After traversing an orchard of purple saplings, a small complex emerged through the mauve slashes offered by the wiry tree trunks. Squat cylinders stretched back in rows and were clearly grain stores of some description. Barn doors yawned wide to expose their innards and give the slaves a place to set down their heavy loads, be they sacks, bushels, crates, or kegs.

A row of single storey barracks with no features save their sturdy doors were the accommodation for the slaves, and from the sheer size of each, the number of residents was vast. A pang of concern struck and banished the cosy glow that the sight of such lush farmlands kindled. There was the stark realisation that she had not seen any other females on the fields, and the lack of such a gender meant that the homes were communal. How could she hope to defend her sanctity against a hall that was completely filled with toil-strengthened men? Maids had already molested her in the house and forced her into lesbian activity, the men were assured to savour the chance for heterosexual gratification.

The overseer broke from the path and travelled across a barren zone to an area covered by neat rows of shaggy bushes. The limbs were embellished with green, oval pods akin to large misshapen peas. Another professional tyrant scrutinised the meticulous endeavours of a team of slaves who drearily plucked the produce and placed it in large baskets.

“Take up a container and get picking. Only the green ones. Move it!” said the escorting overseer after pointing to a nearby trio of unused examples.

The many thin tongues of the knotted cat ate hot trenches into her back. The plexus of weals made her scamper to the collection, snatch up a basket and drop before the nearest bush where she began to swiftly pick. The throbbing lines were still pounding with vibrant life even as she began.

Without any exchange between them the other overseer moved off, leaving her under the gaze of his comrade, whose irritation at her inexperience in stripping a bush as quickly as her fellow workers had him coating her back with encouraging flogs.

Settling into the pace, Theresa found the work far more of a relief than any other caste she had been initiated into. If she could only keep up, she would be free of arbitrary torture and punishment. The overseers merely delivered a beating to maintain the regime of dominance and to keep the workers at a constant hasty pace. The

growths she was picking smelled succulent, but she was determined not to eat one on the sly, for ingestion was a crime easy to spot and she did not wish to worsen her situation after only a few minutes. Perhaps if she found the means to hide such a flagrant felony she might attempt it because it would be a glorious bonus to sweeten the pill of her enslavement. She had not truly eaten for months now, and the thought of eating something with taste and substance was a tempting one.

Dolour arose however when she began to see that every one of her compeers within sight kept glancing to her with express wanting and hard, erect cocks. Their denial of any female flesh was making them openly lustful. None of the usual courteous niceties remained, they cared not to woo or seduce her; if the opportunity arose they would simply help themselves.

Why could she not be left alone? She would have gladly wiled away what time remained amongst these lush surroundings, free of the torture chambers and whimsical castigation, only now she had the looming threat of what would happen when night fell and she was faced with a horde of starved and debased barbarians.

As the sun began to inch its way towards the horizon, her pleasant disposition began to splinter and fall away. The nibbling worry of the impending night joined the chill that took to the air when the rays of golden sunlight grew dim

and shadows lengthened across the land in the same manner as shadows of terror were creeping through her psyche.

“That’s enough for today, human scum. Back to the barns,” announced the overseer and freely distributed licks from his scourge to force the team onwards.

Struggling with the weight of her quarter full burden, Theresa gained above average attention. The others were untroubled that she was being singled out because it only served them to have the overseer expel his sadism on someone else rather than their own well-beaten backs.

Following the team to the relevant locale, Theresa copied them and poured her contents into a large steaming vat before setting down the basket and heading to the barracks.

The moment she stepped onto the threshold she froze. The vast prison extended outward as a dense labyrinth of three high bunk beds, each without cover or pillow, and more frightening was the absence of the restraints that the maids had to endure. At the heads of each dangled a foot tube that stood ready to give the occupant repulsive nourishment in reward for their days efforts. The air was heavy with the scent of sweat and bodies, and wherever she looked, she could see dozens of eyes boring into her or regarding her curves. Her nude state seemed to somehow acquire embarrassment and she felt her hands moving to

cover herself.

Streaks of shock ran her back and made her leap inward as the overseer forced her in with a downward hack. Theresa kept her eyes on the males and began to move slowly into the maze, hoping to find a place where she could sleep and yet be able to defend herself.

Her fearful twirling only served to present her entire form for the prurient glare of the audience, and her pulse began to quicken as signs of activity in the shadows alerted her to their peaking interest.

Turning to see if any spare places lay behind her, she gave a gasp as she found a tall young man stood before her. Theresa took a step back. She was afraid of the unblinking stare affixed solely to her body and then she bumped into flesh and span to see another wall of muscles and wanton lust behind her. Terror sank in its notched fangs and she wheeled with the intention to run. The man darted forward and grabbed her hair, stopping her flight with a painful hold. Lost to trembling fright, she elbowed him in the stomach, doubling him up with a hissing exhale. The attack had been more shocked reaction than actual planned defence, and as she dithered in confused alarm, a blur of movement entered her periphery vision and lanced behind her. Brawny arms shot up under her armpits and ducked back to lock fingers about the back of her neck.

With her head twisted forward, and her arms bent painfully by the grapple, she tried to claw at her attacker but lacked the leverage to access him. The winded man moved forward and slapped her across the cheek for her resistance, jerking her head against her assailant's arms. With a throbbing cheek and trickle of red slipping from her lip, she tried to kick out at him, but after the first few fainéant impacts he successfully snared her ankles and together the men drew her onto the nearest bunk as she wailed and jerked in their hold.

The grappler sat astride the head, maintaining his imprisoning hold as hands took her wrists and held them tightly. The men responsible for providing these shackles took payment for their work in the rough groping of her breasts. Her ankles were pinned down to the sides, splaying her legs wide for easy access. A heavy form lowered onto her torso and shuffled into position to press her down onto the man behind. Theresa could feel his erect penis pressing into the back of her spine. She could not bite the prospective assailant because her head was contorted too acutely to permit movement.

A sudden thrust penetrated her. Theresa cried out in disgust and incensed outrage. She battled her enemies with all her vain might as the caressing of her breasts continued and the flesh was crushed by the zeal motivating this appalling

fondling.

Despite his savouring sloth, the man was finishing in moments. The feel of a woman's sex and his pounding desire culminated in a brief carnal session. He ceded his place to a second, who ignored her frantic cries and took her with equal enthusiasm. They seemed to be unaware of her pain and indignation, or if they were, they blanked it completely because only her openings were of consequence.

The third dove into her rear, the fourth took too long with her pussy and was forced aside to make way for one whose libido could no longer be held at bay and who was not so troubled at performing in front of dozens of others. After this cur filled her anus with his issue, she began to loose count. It was certain that almost everyone in the barracks must have served themselves with her body, and she was sure many took more than one turn. Such was the queue that they could gain the sleep they required while waiting, and still afford to take her, leaving Theresa to a long night of non-stop violation. Her grapplers exchanged places so that they might take a session; and others replaced them in turn because dominating her within their brawny arms and feeling her struggle was almost as alluring a sensation as that of their forced intercourse.

She had not heard the doors being closed, but she heard them open and the overseer demand

exit. The youth sinking himself into her burning rear tensed as he ejaculated and quickly scuttled away like a rat into the darkness along with those who had been gripping her joints.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she rubbed her chafed wrists and tried to rise. Her abdomen was raw and encrusted with dried semen. The mattress was damp from the seepage of her loins. They had unleashed their pent up desires freely, and as a lubricant it had served to abate the effects of friction, but the revulsion she felt as this albino slime dripped from her abdomen was far worse, and she cursed the Dregakk afresh for having killed the seed instead of blocking it at the source.

How could she hope to endure this atrocity every night? The profanity brooked no sleep and only drained her further, and it was as Setchak had prophesised – her failings here would condemn her to the Temple. In addition, they had been intent only on quick release this night. They would be more leisurely now, and seek her to perform rather than simply lie there. Physical abuse was a powerful motivator, and having seen how effectively their captors used it, no doubt the men would take up this weapon to make her their communal whore.

Theresa shuffled for the door and her steps were uneven. Her body was aching from the abuse and she was dizzy from lack of sleep and the horror of her ravishment. She wished she

could attack her defilers, but her wavering sight and enfeebled nature would only cause her to fail in her bid for vengeance and thus the overseers would punish her.

Staggering into the main throng of slaves she saw a number of overseers moving through and selecting humans for various duties. Only once the numbers had been significantly whittled down was Theresa picked and placed with a small group destined to plough a field. With the team fully compiled, they were taken out to the large empty expanse and to the looming plough at the side.

It was a sinister and ugly piece of machinery whose arms curled forward in sculpted waves and whose blade was a spiteful tooth to gouge at the soil. The slave driver picked a pair of males to act as guides and set them to work harnessing the beasts of burden. Weighty yokes were slipped over their necks and the straps were set firmly about their bodies to keep them in place with their hands tied behind their backs. Like a carrot upon a stick, Theresa was set out in front, alone, so that her back was presented to the leering slaves behind her. A pair of slim cords was tied to her nipple rings, and these were handed to the males so they might steer the inexperienced leader of the plough.

With a brutal slash, the Dregakk set the team in motion. The human prisoners groaned against their restraints in a war of inertia and began to

rake the device forward in neat lines. The overseer beat any back deemed to be lagging or not pulling its full share.

As Theresa's naked form struggled against the tethers, it proved to be an erotic enticement for the males. She could see them studying her with a fixed, mesmerised intensity while those guiding the plough took clear and great delight in tugging at her teats to make her wheel and keep the furrows straight. They did not take the opportunity to cause her any arbitrary grief, but Theresa knew that this was not by choice. If they showed any sign of sadism, then surely a jealous overseer would make them suffer for daring to indulge that which was considered the exclusive preserve of the Phed Dregakk.

Her legs began to feel like molten lead as the muscles were pushed to their full power. Her head swam from sleep deprivation and her back was pounding from repeated blows of the whip. Her foot slipped and the weight of the yoke slew her balance. She was brought to a stumble and then to a procumbent heap. The others were instantly upon her, dropping onto her back and fighting to enter her body now that it was finally within reach. Theresa wailed in aghast shock at this unexpected charge. Her look of surprise folded up into a grimace of misery and disgust as a hardened length bored into her rear. Having brought his libido to a bubbling zenith with the

arousing vision of her wiggling just a few feet before him for hours on end, she felt hot fluid taint her tracts after only a few jabs. She could barely breathe because the press of bodies was readying to collapse her ribs, but still they were only fixated with her proffered rear.

The overseer rained torrential volleys into the writhing mass and drove off those who knew they stood no chance of gaining ingress but not until two more of them had introduced their cocks to her anus did he activate the implants.

The entire mound, including Theresa, shrieked and rolled away, writhing in torment until he decided to end the disciplining of his labourers.

For causing such a delay, the overseer placed a boot to her neck and gave her a blizzard of lashes that distended her entire back and rump with a smarting glow. The deposited loads of the males trickled out and fanned the flames of her loathing as she cavorted beneath the pinning sole. She could find pleasure in being subjugated by the Dregakk, but her own race was something she could not tolerate. Theresa was better than they were. She had lasted longer than any of these males in the wastelands and ruins of Earth. Her strength and cunning had kept her from capture, unlike these brutes. The Dregakk could be respected for their power, but these men were failures, cowards, and wimps, ones caught long before her. How dare they abuse her so!

The whip was distributed amongst the team to restore momentum, and although she frantically strove to keep ahead and upright, she was just not capable of it. Again, she collapsed, and without pause, rigid organs were jamming into her. The overseer began with the whip and even though the implant was far more effective, his temperament, like all Dregakk, favoured the personal infliction of torment.

Once the mound had been cleared to expose the weeping slave, she was dragged upright to face his irked gaze. Particles of dirt still clung to her front after the pile had crushed her into the soil.

"If this continues, the field will never be readied. Therefore, I shall have to put you in the stocks. But do not think this gets you out of tonight's party with your fellow scum. You will be put back at sundown, be assured of that," he spat, and then turned to the other slaves.

"I want two full lengths finished by the time I return, otherwise I will give you five minutes of the implants," came his terse warning, and removing Theresa from the team, he drew her away at a prompt march.

The threat hanging over the others was a severe one, and they began to continue with increased speed. Theresa hoped they failed; she wanted them to suffer for their profane crimes.

Theresa was steered through a slender vineyard and found herself following a slender path that

divided a desolate field from the orchard beside it. Upon this route were set three identical contraptions. They were large pillories, wrought from a black wood that was either varnished or possessed a natural gloss. The slat to bear wrists and neck was laid flat upon two stout side struts, while the ankle board hovered a short way off the soil in a similar fashion. Cast to the ground beside the stocks, Theresa hung her head in apprehension as the overseer began to open the jaws of the device and ready them to accept her joints. A short while ago, she might have resisted, but the Dregakk ways had taught her the futility of such disobedience and thus she could do nothing, save brood and await her unjust sentence.

“Get up,” he commanded, and when her response was too slow in his personal opinion he snatched a nipple ring and employed it as a leash to assist her.

The ankle board was used for her to stand upon and this allowed her wrists and neck to be swallowed by the snug grooves. When her legs were tugged away, she gave a shout as her body weight fell onto the imprisoned extremities and caused the wood to bite into the flesh that was now hanging from it. Heedless of her cry, he shoved her ankles into the appropriate slots and slammed the board shut. Trapped, she dangled helplessly while the alien released the bolts at the side of the ankle slat and lowered it. The villain

leant his body to the process and stretched her frame terribly before locking it into place. Added suffering was maliciously instigated when clamps were removed from beneath the lowest board. The inhuman implements were set upon lengthy springs and after hauling at the elasticity of the metal coils, the overseer brought one up to each nipple and let go. The springs hauled back with all their considerable force to make her wail at the wrenching of her tender flesh. Her breasts were twisted downward by this vehement bite and each inhale made them drag even more terribly against the springs.

Theresa hung upon the evil pillory throughout the rest of the day. Her toes were barely grazing the soil and her pain found no end. It was also heightened whenever an overseer passed by because they would capriciously flick her implant into tumultuous activity, flog her, or tug at the springs. Each of them relished the higher pitches her scream ascended to, and it was this random brutality that kept her from scraping up the sleep she needed so badly. The suspension made it difficult, and their passing attention rendered it impossible.

As darkness began to creep across the plantation, the workers were ushered back to their barracks. The sight of so many made Theresa livid with worry.

The sun left the horizon and the stars emerged.

After a few minutes in the cooling night, the overseer who had chosen her for his detail approached with torch in one hand to guide his steps across the belated farm.

Theresa wanted to plead for mercy, that she would do anything he wanted if only he would spare her, but her voice was long gone, and all she could do was accept her lot else suffer further for any unruly behaviour.

He set her free and grabbed her wrist. The overseer towed her away and her steps faltered slightly. She had not slept at all upon the stocks, and to her dismay, a different door was opened to admit her. Now, a fresh host of men were ready within to use her body. With a groan of misery, she was shoved forward to collapse at the entrance.

"Have fun," chuckled the villain, and slammed the door shut.

The deep resounding clunk of the locks closing and sealing her within echoed like a damning imprecation, and in the dull light of the interior, she spied dozens of eyes looking sleepily up and suddenly acquiring new alertness.

As forms began to slip from the myriad cots, she turned and pounded her fists against the door. Theresa screamed at the top of her lungs and hoped that those who had placed her here might think that she was in true jeopardy and remove her. Nevertheless, the Phed Dregakk had little

regard for their slave's well-being, and her shrieks went unanswered.

A score of hands snatched her from behind and dragged her down as she bucked and fought to break free. Her efforts were a vain consideration, but at least it affirmed her to be no willing prostitute for their desire.

Two men immersed themselves in her abdomen at the same time. Driving into rear and belly, they shoved with sharp jabs until they went rigid and ended with a few rhapsodic twitches of their hips. Others replaced them almost instantaneously while she hollered, her restrainers not even feeling the need to silence her cries with a hand over her wailing lips. The tide of molestation swept onward, the men picking their chosen entrance and using her as though it were a lifeless commodity, there for their entertainment.

Once the first waves had finished, a man approached and he was holding a tiny device. Totally silenced by the same surgery that had rendered her near mute, he presented the trinket to her weeping face. She could not believe what she saw — it was the activation device for the implants. Somehow, this slave had managed to commandeer and hide away one of these lethal controls. They must have been using it to gain the exquisite ecstasy of the black button, a sensation beyond pleasure, but now it was clear that they had finally found a use for the other setting.

The device was rotated before her mortified gaze to ensure that she knew what it was. The male stepped back, put it to her sex, and pressed the button. The males holding her limbs out had to deploy all their strength to retain their grips, so violently did she buck against them when her body was charged with artificially induced agony. The shock passed and she went limp against the clasping hands of her foes.

The implants of her oppressors had not twitched, suggesting that the control had a very limited range for its goading effect on the tiny devices within all of them, and thus they could safely torture her without risk of accidentally engaging their own internal nemesis.

Her position was changed and she was knelt before one of the bunks. The bearer of the control sat down, and two others joined him on either side. Theresa was steered closer and a hand cupped the nape of her neck while the other rested a finger upon the white button. The male guided her face onto his erect penis.

Theresa turned her head away, revolted, a response to which the male merely lowered the device back into proximity to her loins. Theresa whimpered at the prospect of her implant being used to gain her compliance in this fellatio, and it all came down to a simple choice between obeying their demands, or being savaged with infernal duress until she did what they wanted anyway.

With vision blurred from tears, she slowly opened her mouth. The man grinned with his victory and drew her down, even as Theresa found her hands being guided. The tensed digits were furled about the cocks to her side and by rocking her hands, they explained graphically what they wished of her, and rather than face the bite of the implant, she obeyed.

Theresa handled the two men and performed orally with her eyes shut. When she felt the geyser of salty warmth spatter her mouth, she sought to back away and spit out the noxious reward for her efforts. The male had other ideas, and yanked her at the back of the neck, forcing the head of his member to the back of her throat and leaving her no alternative to swallowing.

With a retch and a lifeless gulp, she took down the small quantity, just as hot rivulets began to rain down upon her wrist and forearm.

Having seen how efficient she was, and how she was powerless to deny or injure them, others replaced the trio. They simply sat down and inserted themselves into mouth or fist as though she were some manner of organic machine.

Theresa tried to shut herself off from the event, to detach and drift into other thoughts, but it was useless. The harrowing ordeal brooked no distraction. Her arms and neck began to ache, and others saw they could still make use of her rear if they forced it up. This made her task all the more

strenuous because of the awkward pose and the hands that strayed across her as her anus was penetrated and used. When her rhythm flagged, they slapped her, goaded her on with oscillating tugs to her hair or rings, or pinched and twisted her limbs and skin until she picked up the pace they wanted of her.

None of them excused her from taking down what they deposited and the diminutive swell in her stomach was a source of vile nausea.

Several times only the awakening of the implant gave her a fresh influx of energy, even though it was a fleeting restoration that did far more to wear her out than revive her.

When the doors opened and the roar of the overseers called for them to emerge and commence another day's toil, Theresa sobbed in abject misery. How could she face another day of work? This existence of labourer and carnal commodity was a hell worse than any other experience thus far. Yet, if she failed them, she would be suspended from the scathing arms of the pillory once more, and that was a peril she had no pressing wish to face again.

Theresa pushed her exhausted frame onwards and meandered out into the light. The tang of the night's fare still lingered on her taste buds. Their assault had not even paused to allow her food, and though the sludge the Dregakk served was not really filling in any normal sense, its absence

had her feeling even weaker and more light headed because of the forsaken nutrients.

Selected for picking work, she hefted her basket and followed the rest of her work mates to the field they were to strip it of roots. She had barely begun when she started to totter and fall, and although the overseer whipped her felled form with all his vigour, he could not bring her to continue the task. Vexed by this feebleness he drew her away towards the barracks, semi-dragging the stolid frame by a limp wrist so that her body etched shallow grooves in the dirt tracks.

They stopped before a crooked tree. The bark of its squat trunk was blackened and charred, even though the rest of it was lush and bristling with life. A cogged pulley had been screwed into the underside of a stout branch and the ring allowed a silvery chain to pass over it. The twin lengths descended either to catch a hook in the dark trunk or to grip a wide leather collar that had an array of locks to prevent unauthorised escape a set of sturdy manacles were connected to rings in the side by short chains and a set of fetters were placed over a stubby low hanging branch.

Theresa was sat upon the grass and the rapid dance of the overseer's fingers installed the collar about her throat to perch her head atop its rigid sides. Sealed within, she watched impotently as he gathered the fetters from the branch and to her surprise, he used them to lock her elbows behind

her back.

Theresa gave a whimper when the overseer leaned a knee painfully onto her thigh to hold it there so he might grab her ankle and use his considerable brawn to lift it up and catch in what she had mistaken for a wrist cuff. The limb dropped against the short chain to the side of her collar and was left hauled up in front of her torso. She cavorted and strained but could do nothing while he doomed her other ankle. Left balanced on her aching rear, she hauled at the elbow cuffs and her fingers clawed at her torso in an attempt to reach the leather bands that were keeping her legs bent uncomfortably up.

The overseer grabbed the chain, removed it from the hook, and Theresa howled when he started to draw her up. The chain hauled at the back of her collar and she left the ground. Her own weight hung from her collar and made breathing difficult. Only by pulling with her legs could she lift a little of her body's burden and gain easier respiration. She sobbed and croaked in mortal panic at the stringency of her containment.

The overseer stopped suddenly and paused. Theresa thought that he might be about to show her mercy and so her imploring grunts and whinnies became all the more drastic.

"You know, I've never had a labourer before. You're the first female I've seen condemned out here. Maybe I shouldn't be so hasty in deserting

you," he mused, and then hooked a chain link back over the anchor to leave her cavorting body dangling a foot from the ground.

The overseer approached and knelt down before her. Theresa continued to wriggle and find some way to lessen her ordeal but there was none, she was doomed to this hateful suspension. Her legs pulled and made her hindquarters bob and sway, and it was this enticing dance that further caught the iniquitous eye of the overseer.

The overseer unfastened his trousers and removed a rapidly swelling member. Kneeling before her, he took hold of the chain rising from the back of her neck and grabbed his cock. The tumescent tip was used to stroke the lips of her sex and Theresa continued to wriggle and groan.

"Oh hush now, there's worse to come yet," he stated, and moved in closer to her so that his chest brushed the back of her abused legs.

Theresa stared at his impassive features and suddenly found herself deploying her hidden nature in her defence. The fact that a Dregakk was doing this to her soothed her greatly and the feel of his cock rubbing against her hanging pussy was no small delight after all the hordes of her own kind that had used her. She wanted to be owned and ruled by these sultry beings, not crudely abused by her own subjugated race.

Slowly, her motions of rebellion began to subside and she wheezed hesitantly for breath

against her bonds. The hypoxia of her confinement and the warm sun caressing her form were alluring and her eyelids fluttered as he started to swirl his member against her engorging clit.

"There we are," he commented, and when he felt the required moisture from her arousal, he started to push forward.

Theresa parted on his manhood and she hissed from the slow meticulous glide of him into her accommodating body. She shuddered as she surrendered herself to him with willing and wanton commitment. Her tracts clenched to his shaft as he withdrew slightly and then recommenced his drive. The overseer took her slowly, skilfully, allowing her to delight in both her ravishment and the pain of her suspension.

He then stalled his rate and slid back so that he could once more grab his length and swirl it against her clit. He continued this play and stared into her tear filled eyes until they screwed up and she began to grunt and moan with the onset of climax. Fighting for breath to answer the bliss, she was coerced into spending what little she had on cries when he thrust back into her. The male slapped his hands to her sides, dug his fingers into her buttocks, and began a rapid ravishment. He dove in and out with haste, bringing himself swiftly towards ejaculation while she was forced to experience the long rhapsody of a drawn out orgasm. The tickling play had delivered her to

climax, and the deep bliss of a thrusting manhood was keeping her locked in that state. When she felt him come within her she almost blacked out from the ferocity of the sensation.

The overseer slowed and then gradually withdrew. Theresa was left twitching and scarcely awake. The sadistic passion of a Dregakk was a refined and honed animal that had been responsible for converting her and nurturing her masochistic nature. Her fellow humans were base thugs with no flare for feminine anguish and peril. How she yearned to return to the stables or the house. She wanted to be back in the rooms, impaled on Lord Eldral's exemplary cock, or being covertly ravished by Menchev, or arbitrarily tortured by Pelakh or Setchak. Tears filled her eyes as she recalled her times with the masterly despots and she found her melancholy deep indeed at the prospect of never seeing them again or feeling their callous love.

"Not bad," commented the overseer, and stood up before her. "But you seem to be leaking, so let's get you dried off," he added with chuckle upon seeing the lines of fluid emerging from her twitching pussy.

Tottering on the verge of asphyxiation, her body swinging at the neck, her legs being hauled upward and being the only means to offset the weight of her own body, she watched as he hoisted her higher into the air and then slipped

the chain back onto its mooring.

"I'll see you again at some point, slave," he stated, and without further attention he marched away and back to his duties.

With her oppressor gone, Theresa was left to try to figure out the full measure of her sentence. Dragging her legs down, she tried to ease the force about her neck and looked around to try to see what else might be imminent. The pleasure had faded and the pain was swiftly beginning to mount with every minute. Her spine was smarting abominably, and her neck was already raw, but she knew the Dregakk and knew that there was likely to be more to her ordeal. Her dismay grew to greater proportions when she spied the complex. The sun was reflecting upon the polished silvery domes, and one of the concave dimples in their design was casting out a brilliant spotlight of concentrated rays. As she hung and watched, the beam drew ever closer. The titanic magnifying mirror was clearly the force responsible for the charring of the tree trunk and surrounding vegetation, and at present, her body was held directly between the path of the light and the scorched zones.

Her pulse quickened as the sheet of light drew closer. She stared at it with wide eyes and her terror bloated with every millimetre the lambent veil gained towards her. The first touch of the light burned with a terrible heat and made her writhe

on her bonds. The fight to escape chafed her elbows and almost dislocated her neck but there was worse to come.

The rapid passage of the creeping beam soon had her entire torso and legs sheathed in its folds, and her skin seemed to be aflame from the scorching touch. The refraction demanded a very specific angle of light, and it soon passed by to leave her rosy tinted frame to twitch and sway. Nevertheless, that was not the sole dent on the many buildings, and after a few minutes of recovery, another took up the refulgent emanations of the sun and drew aim upon the helpless wretch before punishing her with its heat.

Six more times the beams sheathed her, until she was sure all sensitivity had been roasted from her. Theresa was convinced that the mirrors plaguing her were no mere accidental discovery, but a purposeful construction created for this very reason, for surely there was no way that this terrible ordeal could be wrought by mistake, only by genuine desire. Her love of the Dregakk continued to fester in the corners of her mind, waiting to emerge when she was less beset by travail.

Theresa was barely conscious and fell into a light coma. She swore that if she could just get some energy back, when the chance to flee presented itself she would seize it, because anything was better than the continuing

degradation of her base existence. If she could not have the Dregakk, there was no way she would put up with humans.

When she came to, night had fallen. The chill had helped to soothe her seared hide, but the collar still kept up its strangling grasp. With some measure of sleep gained, she could actually think, and her thoughts were centred about one thing – escape. She began to formulate plans, ideas, possibilities, reactions, and countermeasures for if anything went wrong. She knew how to survive in the wilderness, and had practice in evading the search parties of the Phed Dregakk. The only variable she could not account for was the Hunters. Were they more skilled than the troops this insane Theocracy had thrown at Earth? She had to assume so, but if she could avoid recapture for long enough they might think her dead from starvation or the rending of hungry beasts and thus call off their search. It was not sufficient to dissuade her from her intended course, but it was still a source of great concern.

Dangling, she treated herself to fantasies of freedom, of being lost within the deep forest, where no one could harm her again. She had been pursued, hunted, captured, tortured, and forcibly trained in the mannerisms of a maid, beast, and a labourer. She had been the vessel for rape and torture for Phed Dregakk and human, male and female alike. Now she wanted to get away from

them all, no more so than because of the growing presence in the back of her head. It was that furtive section of her psyche that was eating out into her thoughts, an area her enslavers had created. It had her thinking that she deserved no better, that she really was a lowly organism – fortunate to be cared for by such a superior breed as they, one that should relish the abuse, for it was satisfying the wants of those better than her. At present, she could angrily cast away the notions spawned by this repugnant little tumour. At times, she could correct her outlook and bitterly regret having contemplated the heinous opinion, but the teachings of her despotic masters were being too deeply ingrained on too regular a basis to be so easily torn from their roots. Such a gradual eroding of her own will to remain defiant lent her plot increased urgency, because if she did not take flight soon, she might never garner the courage ever again. In the house and in the stables this was not too ill a fate, but to accept her lot in the barracks meant endless human usage and daily torture for that exhaustion. There was no way she would allow herself to become used to and compliant of such an end.

Attempting to rest as much as her confinement allowed, she detected a glow through her eyelids and parted them to see the sun lifting up.

Overseers converged on the barracks and opened the doors before bringing out the teeming

hordes of naked, muscular workers, and allocating duties for the day at a glance.

One of the alien brutes marched over to her and unclipped the chain. He let her fall the short distance to the floor and her rear flashed with a burst of pain at the sharp and rigid landing. She flopped sideways and fell into a twisted ball.

"Hmmm, that gives me an idea," mused the overseer.

She had not seen this Dregakk before but he obviously wanted to explore the chance to use a female labourer. He quickly lowered his trousers and hauled her back into the air. The overseer gave a sly chuckle and stretched out beneath her so that he was holding the chain and staring up at her back.

The strength of the alien breed was abnormal and was sufficient to easily keep her aloft. She could see what was coming and gave a soft purl as he lowered her down and let her sink onto his upright shaft. Her buttocks rested on his hips and then he pulled a little and drew her up almost to the point of flight before he let her sink down again. He knew that she was too enfeebled by her sentence to move and so he leisurely made use of her in this exciting manner.

Theresa bobbed up and down with every pull and the male gave a long series of purrs while delighting in this interesting use of a slave. Theresa found the bizarre coupling pleasant but

she was too tired and raw to stand a chance of orgasm. With any luck, this would be her last encounter with a male cock and so she enjoyed it as best she could.

Theresa felt him slowly stiffen with added arousal and then stolidly treat himself to a drawn out climax before he hauled her up, extracted himself from her shadow, and set her down to be untied.

Her skin glowed with a ruby sheen of inner heat, a case of sunburn far beyond any normal measure. Radiant warmth still dwelt within the tissues and the suns rays were not easily leaving the cooked hide. The discomfort of stretching added further to the after effects of her torment. Her resolve to escape strengthened instantly, for harsh caresses upon her burned skin would be an intolerable assault.

Set free, the alien brought her back and slipped her into the mass of bodies for selection. Because of her gender, emasculated condition, and distracting nature for the other slaves, she was not a prime choice, and the crowd was reduced to nothing before she was singled out and drawn into a harvesting unit.

The group of slaves followed the day's personal master out into the fields, moving along a series of dirt paths before arriving at a sea of what looked like wheat. The undulating waves caused by the breeze made the crop seem almost alive somehow,

and to Theresa they beckoned her onwards, because beyond could be seen the distant wall of sporadic trees that marked the boundary of the plantation. Finally, luck was with her.

Small implements, akin to scythes in construction were laid out in readiness along with sling bags full of tethers. A few frivolous strokes urged the work force into the mesh of vegetation when the overseer declined to trouble himself with speaking aloud for the benefit of slaves when the whip was just as informative and much more gratifying to apply.

Working in pairs, one cut down the crop, the other gathered it and tied the rolls into bundles for collection at some future point. Theresa was assigned the latter when a bald male brusquely shoved her aside from a cutting tool. His intent was to work out his temper upon the inanimate stalks and snatching up the implement, he cast her a black scowl and set to work. Had he been one those who had used her? She could not place the face, but neither could she place any of the others. Her attackers where cloaked in the protective anonymity of her own fatigue and their vast numbers.

For three hours, they ate paths into the field without any break. They were finally granted a rest, but this was so their tyrant might leave and avail himself of a water supply to fill his drained canteen rather than for any consideration towards

the work force.

Theresa's hands were raw from gathering the brittle stalks. The relentless shower of dull sunlight had also made her heat gnawed skin testy and resentful of any movement. Rubbing the aching flesh, she watched the overseer as he vanished upon a departing trail. This was her chance, perhaps her only one, but as she rose into a crouch and readied to dash for freedom, a hand slapped over her face. With a muffled shout, she was dragged back by her partner. The gnarled man cast her down into a nest of crumpled stalks before grabbing her shoulders and holding her in place while trying to work his way into her.

The assault could not have come at a worse time. The overseer would return at any moment and this rape would rob her of an invaluable shot at escape. As a rigid shaft entered her sex, she gnashed her teeth and clawed at the soil. Fighting his pinioning hold, she kicked her legs and bucked her torso in a bid to throw him off. Her struggles only seemed to amuse the rogue and he began to slowly ride his member in slow lunges so he might better appreciate her obvious distress.

The jagged outer edges of a rock grazed her palm. Theresa snatched it and ripped the semi-submerged chunk from the soil before she swung it around. There was a flesh muffled crunch, the feel of moist rivulets spattering her face, and the cur dropped weakly aside. He rolled against the

sheaves and lay inert while meek trickles of red emerged from the cut in his temple.

Remorseless of the fact that she may have just killed someone, Theresa skipped to her feet. She bolted onwards, and her feet danced lightly through the obscuring curtain of wheat. The tanned reeds gashed her skin from their scratching passage over her bounding form, and her lungs pulsed with an icy gnaw as her heart thundered and promised to detonate should she fail to slow the rabid pace. Nevertheless, her fear of being returned to her miserable existence drove her on, lending her limitless vitality in the pursuit of this freedom.

Upon clearing the field, she dashed down the first dividing avenue of a vineyard. Theresa followed the open track until she could throw herself into the untamed woodland beyond.

She felt like yelling her victory as she burst through the outer lying hedges so glad was she to be sprinting through forest and having cleared the last signs of Dregakk ownership. Nature held dominion here, and it was nature that could sustain her, hide her, shelter her, and grant her succour.

At a burbling stream, she stopped and recovered her breath. Lying on her back with her arms and legs aching, and her chest aflame from within, she gulped in air and tried to steady her meteoric pulse. After recuperating enough to

permit movement, she leant down before the silvery waters and paused. She had not been permitted drink since her capture. To ingest anything, save the nutrient paste was a crime of the greatest magnitude.

With a rebellious laugh, she dropped her lips to the cool waters and guzzled freely. The chill of the liquid stripped her oesophagus of warmth and kindled a wonderful pool of cold in her vacant stomach.

Theresa offered a gasp of rapture, grabbed two handfuls of mud, and skipped over the waters like a spry nymph before she continued her run.

Weaving through the obstacles of the environment with a fluid grace, she began to smear the wet soil over her body. The mud dulled or hid the vivid rosy pink that was such a marked difference to the wilderness, and furthermore, it helped ease her burns.

Camouflaged to the best of her current ability she slowed and began to take more notice of her surroundings in case the foe were swifter in rallying their searches than anticipated.

The descent of the sun below the woodland canopy wrought a premature dusk, and only as the shadows gathered to fill the forest floor did she consider stopping for sleep. Theresa located a hollow, dragged branches over her body, and added a thick layer of fallen leaves to hide her frame and trap the warmth. With a contented sigh,

she closed her eyes and looked forward to hunting and foraging for food, real food, with a taste and substance to digest. She had not eaten for three days now, and it was strange not to be more hounded with the effects of such a fasting, but then again, her stomach was always empty. The only difference now was that her body was going without vital nutrients as well.

She had won. She was free.

CHAPTER EIGHT

An amber comet lit up above the clouds. The glowing shooting star led a burning slash of fervid particles and screamed down toward the surface through the pale purple skies. The tail was a flickering palate of yellow and orange hues that spewed forth a sooty trail of choking black smog to completely mark every inch of its descent. A raging inferno led this incendiary column and within it could be spied the warped outlines of a Dregakk warship. Its hull was crumbling as the atmosphere ripped at the craft with merciless hatred.

The shriek of the vessel while it hurtled down and passed into the distant mountains echoed across the town like the death wail of a titan. The vessel vanished from view when it slipped behind the rocky curtain and there was a sudden flash of light.

Chunks of burning debris arced high into the air and trailed smoke in their wake before they

tumbled back to the ground after their brief flight. A few seconds later the thunderclap boom of the mighty impact and the rumbling blare of the explosion finally reached Katharine's ears.

Having watched these craft shatter and mutilate her home world, Katharine thought she should be feeling some sense of joy at their destruction. Yet, all she felt was fright because the force that was annihilating the Dregakk were killing only as a last resort. Their penchant for prisoners was eclipsing even the Dregakk gusto for snatching live trophies.

Since the Capture Mine on earth had snared her, she had been put through the cruel regime of tuition in a maid's status. Only through complete submission to the depraved whims of the Dregakk had she managed to retain this caste. Now her persecutors and fellow slaves were gone. They had been taken by the foe that was sweeping the colony world, paralysing and ferrying away all they found.

By hiding herself, she had escaped detection and therefore capture. As she had done on Earth, she had kept herself in the forests, scavenging and fleeing every sighting of the enemy. When she could, she risked entering the devastated settlements for essentials. Now she stood alone and terrified in a deserted town that only a day ago had been a thriving settlement. After she had entered under cover of night, the aliens had

suddenly returned and trapped her here.

Katherine swiftly ducked into the shadows and waited as an effulgent disc cruised overhead. The resonating hum of its passage through the atmosphere granted her the precious moments needed to evade its stare.

She had seen what the aliens were doing and now knew that she could not possibly survive, even in hiding. The aliens were stripping the planet bare, breaking down and stealing everything; every plant, every material, *everything*.

Their arcane technology obliterated all they found, shattering it into component resources for storage and transport back onto their strange craft. The world would be dead once they had finished with it, and from the scale of their grand theft, it was logical to assume that even the atmosphere would not be spared their gluttonous attention.

Another disc flew past, testifying that they were refocusing their attention on the town. Katherine decided to commence her withdrawal before the morning gave way into noon and continued packing supplies into a bag. A clatter from the back of the house caused her to instantly stop. Her senses strained against the quiet to discern confirmation that another being was nearby. Suddenly, into the doorway stepped one of the skeletal beings and it had a strange pistol levelled at her. Before she could react, the device unleashed a beam of howling white that licked her

chest and instantly froze her. She could feel her body, but simply could not move it, no matter how hard she strained. The instantaneous effect proved as total as it was swift.

As a mortal statue, she stood in the room, impotent as the alien closed in and assessed her garments with black, barren eyes. Her owners kept their maids in frugal attire – a thong, cuffs on every extremity, a collar, and heeled ankle boots, all firmly and irrevocably locked in place. Its thin fingers reached up and began to rip away the attire, stripping her as her breathing quickened in fear of its intentions. Only once she was totally naked did it step back and take fresh aim with its ornate weapon, but instead of the beam, a squirt of silvery viscous sludge spat from it.

The glob slapped to her chest and clung fondly to her skin. Instantly, the gelatinous ooze began to writhe and slither across her, fanning out, smothering her body, dragging in her limbs, and then tightening. Her legs slapped together and robbed her of balance, causing her to strike the floor with a harsh thud while the translucent cocoon sealed and continued to condense. With a muffled wail, the slick film pressed to her features and crushed her skin with its horrendous grasp.

Convulsing in her skin-tight coffin she watched as the creature stepped in and touched the pistol to her neck. Her senses began to fade and her mind plummeted into coma while the alien

regarded the captive without interest or care.

* * * *

A metallic glove burst through the cover and clamped about Theresa's throat. Jerked awake, she tried to scream in alarm but the cybernetic hold was strangling her with a vice like pressure that cut off all breath.

A hoisting yank hauled her from the foliage and the alien held her aloft as a trophy. The twigs and grasses fell from her body and revealed her in full to the night. He turned her and regarded the brand on her shoulder, checking that she was the right piece of wayward property.

"I have her," he bellowed, summoning his fellows.

The Dregakk before her wore a suit of camouflage painted armour, much like that of a soldiers save that it bore many more pouches and technological trinkets that sprawled along every section. He wore no helmet, and a series of curling black tattoos rolled across one side of his face.

Suspended in mid air by the choking grip, she spied him holding a rectangular disc of opaque glass that was mounted upon a handle. To her supreme grief, a small map was projected onto the translucent circle, one where trees were reduced to small dots, and where a trio of red triangles moved towards a fourth who was virtually

imprinted over a white flashing cross. The realisation smashed into her thoughts with the full force of a sledgehammer, a thought that had been secretly festering for days but had successfully been ignored. Now that it had been validated, it screamed its declaration through her mind. The implant! It bore a tracking device! How could she have been so stupid? All her notions of flight had been doomed from the outset. The foul persecutors could follow her no matter where she went. Tears of sorrow gathered in her eyes. The fall from a state of euphoria at her freedom to utter despondent misery from recapture was one that had her wishing only to expire.

The consummate hunter placed the tracking device back upon his belt and threw her at the floor. Theresa bounced harshly and the cushioned greenery countered the strength with which she had been cast.

Winded, she wheezed as three more of the armoured forms emerged silently from the undergrowth like soft breezes. They were armoured and tattooed identically, the Hunters obviously being some manner of elite sub-culture. They moved to their compeer and one of them addressed his wrist while absently examining the skies that were now filled with the first early rays of morning.

“Hunter control, this is unit six, we have the target intact, please advise.”

The communication device gave a soft pip as an instant reply followed.

“Hold position and activate beacon. A vehicle is being dispatched for recovery, ETA – five hours.”

“Understood. Hunter unit six, out.”

The alien lowered his arm and sighed.

“It seems that we have a long wait ahead of us, brothers. What do you suggest?” he asked.

“Let us give this little fool a taste of what is to come,” declared the one responsible for unearthing her, and his leering glee stuck added fear into her heart.

Acting through instinct alone, she leapt up and began to run, only to be cut down from behind as all three dropped into a crouch with weapons raised and opened fire. They soaked her back with energy discharges that shut down all motor functions and caused her to sprawl into the consoling arms of a bush.

One of the Hunters dragged her out by the ankle and delivered her to where the others were tinkering upon two trees.

“Wash her first. She looks disgusting.”

“Name me a human that does not?” smirked her bearer in response.

The others acknowledged the sentiment with a hearty laugh and the warrior quickly looked about. Upon spying the small pond that Theresa had intended to use for drinking water, he marched summarily over to it, took hold about her

neck, and dropped her in. He dragged her frame from side to side and the layer of dirt came away in great brown clouds. The water was freezing and the initial shock of her entry caused precious quantities of air to slip from her lips. Desperately she fought to get free. She was unable to hold her breath any longer, and her face and mind were bubbling from the drowning as she watched the pond bed drift below her in even sweeps.

Theresa was lifted free and she gasped and coughed. Some small shred of motion had returned and her almost imperceptible shuddering caused the folds of hair hanging loose about her features to tremble while her body ran with trickles of water and quivered from the chill.

Still devoid of true movement, she flopped like a rag doll as they lifted her up. They tied her wrists and ankles to the trunks with cord so that she was splayed between the two trees.

As expected, whips were drawn and her implant kicked into life. Her body twitched from the internal havoc and a slight keening howl managed to slip from her lethargic larynx. Sanguinary hacks rained into her from all directions. Each of the Hunters lambasted her from their position in the formed circle of armoured giants.

The many thongs of the cats lapped at her with gusto. Her breasts, her inner thighs, her back, her rear, these were their favoured locations, but the

worst were those that swung upward and laid their scorching caresses to her pudenda. Each swipe left behind a heated zone and each added impact elevated that heat to new and intolerable levels.

They maintained their assault for aeons and the pain of her trial washed away her thoughts. As the neural shock began to wear off, her body began to respond more aptly to the abuses being poured so freely into it. Theresa started to cry out, to jolt and claw at the cords, her toes wiggling in the air. It was then that she started to cross over into that strange heady zone where the intensity of the pain started to become something else. It was not pain, but it was not pleasure, it was something else, a third sensation, a sensation as intense as it was frightening and addictive.

Had she deliberately deluded herself about the implant? She knew that if she escaped and was caught that she would be sent to the Temple, there to face the arcane ministrations of the Holy Order. Could that have been her subconscious goal all along? She hated the barracks. She wanted the cold enthralling misery offered by the Dregakk and not the tedious abuse of human men. The house and the stables could never be returned to, the only way she could once more immerse herself amongst the Dregakk was in the Temple.

Had her masochism sneakily hid the concept of the tracking device so that she could earn a fate in

the city under the most impious masters of the Dregakk art of sadism and subjugation? Such a fate numbed her mind and could not consciously be sought, had she unwittingly caused this fate for herself by her escape, knowing all along that she would be could and served to it?

Theresa's wails became more pronounced and her sweat sodden writhing was a tease that drove them into whipping her harder. Each of them was trying to motivate a greater response until the forest was echoing with her screams, and her body jiggled upon the cords as though being used to conduct a vast electric current.

The coat of water she had gained was sloughed off by the lick of the lash or evaporated by her ardent suffering. The glaze of moisture that replaced it was a tormented sweat, her flesh weeping salty tears of sorrow.

The endless rain culminated in a final tempestuous volley and then left her to lie slack against her restraints. Theresa's head lolled back and she quivered and mewled. She was floating on rhapsodic waves and her senses were reeling while her body continued to course with the havoc of the whipping.

The reddened skin of her burned hide had given one of them a diabolic idea, and drawing up a lens, he caught the suns weak rays and steered them onto her. Theresa's teeth snapped shut and she roared through a tensed jaw when the white

hot spot lingered upon her nipple. She fought the pull of her trammels and swung to keep the spot from lingering overlong and raising the temperature of a chosen location to intolerable levels, but the alien followed her wriggles with skill and kept the burning speck to the tender flesh.

Theresa yowled and squealed while the alien drew the dot over both breasts. He then dawdled in her armpits and inner thighs, and then the cruellest touches were applied to her pussy. The pain that spilled from the scorching of such soft and vulnerable parts of her anatomy made her insane with agony, so much so that they had to desist for fear of her dislocating her limbs.

The Hunters took her down and put her on all fours before they looped twin nooses about the base of her hanging breasts. They tightened them until she yelled and then the others began to tie her wrists to her ankles. The third wound the coils along the engorged breasts to form a compressive mesh that made the soft flesh bulge around it before heading back to the base and tying the knot off. As they cast the spare length over a branch, Theresa's eyes widened in horror, and suddenly she was battling to slip her restraints with utmost effort.

The Dregakk laughed and pulled at the ropes. Her struggles disappeared into a tense spasm and she cast her head back to squall. The ropes

wrenched at her chest and hauled her from her knees in jolts so she might swing upon the terrible bonds.

Theresa was sure her flesh could not withstand this, that the tissues would rip, but to her dismay, her body could handle the use of her cleavage in such a heinous manner, although the pain emanating from the afflicted areas was beyond all acceptance.

In the haze of her suffering, she vaguely became aware that the stalkers of slaves had settled to wait, each of them now dining upon her screams. Hanging by her breasts, she howled and sobbed. Any movement of her agony-wracked form further elevated the duress but she could not stay still against such invidious suspension.

The excruciating trial left her delirious and wild, unable to think or plead, only wail from the brutal peak of anguish they had deserted her on. Suddenly she spied a form before her and he was holding up a control with two stark buttons on.

Theresa's heart went cold as an armoured finger loitered on the white button but then another hand dropped onto it to halt him.

"No. If you use the pain, she'll be left frozen in suffering and won't jiggle. Use the other one, and make her bounce and punish herself."

The alien grinned at the notion and moved his finger aside. There was a click and she felt her internal monster rouse into life. Sumptuous all-

consuming ecstasy rushed through her and made her thrash madly. Her body seemed to melt from her bones because of the rapture, and unknown to her captors, the rhapsody was infinitely enhanced by the fact that her orgasmic throes were bringing further mayhem to her bound and squeezed breasts.

The only clue she had as to the passage of time came when the forest floor erupted under the route of a savage wind. The gale threw up the fallen twigs and leaves as a sleek craft settled through a gap in the lush roof and signalled the end of her five-hour ordeal. The implant fell quiet and the anguish of her breast suspension was all she had to occupy her. Even with the end in sight she had to pray and promise to herself that it would end soon, that if she could just hold on a few more minutes, it would end. Without the ecstasy, her flesh was unable to withstand another second of this malignant bondage.

The vehicle slowed and stopped upon an invisible cushion. It hovered motionless as the roused banks of debris fluttered back to the ground. A Hunter raised his forearm and fired. The candescent bolt ripped into the overhanging branch that served as a gallows to hold Theresa aloft. It severed the ropes amidst a bright cough of fire and smouldering chunks, and as the smoke rolled up to reveal a jagged crater in the bark, Theresa struck the floor with a loud thud directly

before the two awaiting Hunters.

Without delicacy, they used their retractable blades to remove her bonds. The process terrified her as the fearsome knives swept along her breasts to shear the lengths, and despite the speed with which they worked, she never sustained more than a light graze.

Freed of the restraints, the group marched her to the vehicle. The Hunters boarded and she was taken to the rear, where a winch held many rolls of chain and a length of slack that extended to a set of manacles. The heavy shackles were snapped onto her wrists and the Hunter joined his fellows with a chuckle.

The craft whirred and Theresa screwed her eyes shut as the storm of particles lifted by the winds battered her frame. The smarting gusts stung her already severely punished body and whipped her hair about as frenzied tentacles.

The craft arose steadily and dragged up her arms before lifting her from her feet. She watched as the ground dropped away and her body dangled precariously by her arms. Theresa was carried high into the sky and then the craft took off at a casual accelerating pace that slapped the towed cargo with vicious winds. The land streaked past as a blur and she rolled and tumbled, bouncing upon the eddies and vertices that were left in the wake of the speeding vessel. The punch of the air caused her to grab the chain

and try to alleviate the drag, but it did little to help because her muscles were unable to even rival the demands of the task.

The craft circled the estate four times, no doubt displaying her fully to the slaves and ensuring that all knew that she had been recaptured. Those who missed the sight of her – screaming through the air, battered and bruised, condemned to the Temple – would be informed soon enough by the rumour mill of the estate.

The city once more loomed before her and Theresa knew that she would never leave it alive. The affliction that was her life was soon to draw to an end; the Temple would torture her to death before the eager eyes of the assembled Dregakk congregation. She had seen them do it, and knew the pains would be beyond anything she had even come close to experiencing. However, it was somehow gratifying to know that it was a definite end and that for the first time her path was clear. She would find peace after this one last trial, and would escape both her seduction into depravity, and the misery of her lot.

Theresa gave no thought to what lay beyond, her only wish was an end to the agony of being, and this was the only option her callous rulers had left her.

The grim fortress spires of the bastion city closed around her like monolithic claws of congealed shadow. Their lengths dangled the

condemned and the fluttering symbols of allegiance – the two things that seemed to guide every action of this race.

Once more, the immense structure of the Temple filled her vision, eclipsing the sun with its absurd and impossible dimensions.

The craft lowered a distance away and wound down through the sky roads and lofty pathways and conduits until it settled a few feet over the true ground. Theresa touched the cold stone of the wide road. Even the air was chill because the sun was rarely able to fondle these foreboding depths except through bouncing down as refraction's from the gleaming spires above.

The street was choked with denizens – the Phed Dregakk and their wretched slaves all conducting the daily routine. Almost instantly she drew an unprecedented amount of attention and to her fright the crowds began to gather as she was towed behind the dilatory craft.

As though the thought had been locked away and only just released, she recalled that escaped slaves were whipped through the streets to the Temple, and suddenly she knew then what was in store and the reason behind the mustering gauntlet.

Theresa snapped up her gaze and was dismayed to see just how distant the church was. The sight was abruptly cut off as a lash across her rear made her grimace and throw out a shout of

pain. Others joined in the assault and employed a veritable arsenal of assorted weapons – crops, cats, bullwhips, canes, straps, paddles, shock prods, and many unfamiliar devices that had been born from this cultures creed of pain or discovered in use upon the many worlds they had conquered. Theresa cried out and tried to evade them, but the chain that bound her gave her no access to any sort of refuge.

The tools of flagellation were only the beginning, because dildos and other vindictive toys were shoved into a presented slot, twisted and pulled until she could slip free or they were painfully wrenched out. Clamps were snapped to her skin; her nipples, breasts, and sex, the implements proving to be a disposable weapon that she had to spend long moments trying to get off. Some of them unleashed bright electric shocks or a steady heat or cold generated from within to further afflict their captive fleshy morsel. Some had slim lengths of chain that held a weight. When they were latched onto a pinch of flesh, the drag made the process of removing them far more stringent, especially when they were of the variety that would shock her fingertips when she touched them. It was almost easier to simply leave them in place and bear the tug and drag of the weight. The frustration at being helpless to expel the many agonising clamps drove her into a despairing frenzy.

Stumbling under the storm of pinches, violations, and whippings, Theresa sank to her knees or belly on several occasions to be dragged along the rough ground until she could regain her stance under the deluge of assorted attacks.

At a nightmarishly sluggish pace, they closed upon the Temple. Theresa's body was covered in flushed lines from savage strokes. The trauma was more than she could withstand, and finally, in a near comatose daze, she reached the base of the steps.

The manacles sprang open of their own accord and the main doors opened in invitation. The lack of awaiting abusers indicated that this was her only haven from the crowd. It was a terrible choice. She either had to enter the place of her assured and slow death, or to stay and endure the attentions of the mob. The throng were most eager for her to remain, and thus increased their offensive to try to stop her from reaching safety.

Crawling forward as the wild revelry about her continued to rage and the infliction of physical duress ran onward with extra gusto, she began to ascend the flight, fighting against unconsciousness and exhaustion to make her ailing form reach the doors. Whips ate into her hide, clamps snagged her, and many tools found her exposed openings or chose to tickle her weals.

Dragging a selection of weighted chains from her clamps, she arched as a monstrous phallus

thundered into both her pussy and rear. The two prongs emerged from a single base that released chain and a selection of small weights with bells in them. The soft chimes were lost amongst the cheers and Theresa moaned as clamps were used to grab the flesh of her vulva to ensure the dildos remained within her. The devices started to offer brief shocks that made her pussy and rear clench painfully to the tools and when her hand reached back to touch them, the fingers received an even more grievous shock. With a howl of despair, she deserted the attempt to expel the toys that were stretching her tracts abominably and making her squeeze forcefully to them with shocks. Instead, Theresa committed to the climb and it was the hardest thing she had ever done, and as she undertook the gruelling feat of clearing each step, she eventually crossed the threshold and dragged her feet within.

Theresa looked up and saw the stern but radiant countenance of the High Theocrat. Her height was magnified by Theresa's grovelling position and the world's religious leader brooded over her like some manifestation of pure evil. Her beauty was captivating, and the aura of malevolence about her was infinitely more humbling because of her proximity. It was a dominating charisma that almost prompted Theresa into abasing herself in terror just from the mere stare of her piercing eyes.

The woman was presented in the attire Theresa had already witnessed, testifying that it was some manner of ceremonial vestment. The jewelled spider of a headdress drew away her braided hair with its hooked legs. The thorned collar that encircled her slender neck opened down onto a gap of flesh between its rigid edges and the basque of sculpted black that hugged her torso and cupped her furtively exposed breasts together. The two straps that departed her hips joined and snaked between her legs and they had been adorned with studs since last she had seen this female. Stiletto thigh boots gripped her elegant legs and she wore gloves of the same polished leather. The spiked vambrace and greave that encompassed shin and forearm also remained unchanged.

The females of the infamous Holy Order stood beside her, each with a wild mane of white hair and clad in only the most meagre clothing. The lingerie was dotted with dissuading spines, and their rigorous stares were affixed upon the helpless slave before them.

The High Theocrat panned her gaze slowly along Theresa's body. She scrutinised from feet to eyes, perhaps evaluating the torments that could be inflicted, what vile positions she might be twisted into.

Theresa's thoughts froze with petrified fear when the black painted lips of this vaulted

empress of sadism opened into a wicked grin of expectation and approval.

With a deep funereal tone, the doors shut. The reverberating note sentenced her to the zealous care of this diabolic faith.

CHAPTER NINE

Eldral leapt out from behind the felled Estanchion and his armoured forearm swung in a swift arc that connected with the throat of an advancing alien. A brittle crunch echoed over the sounds of heated combat and the lithe figure was cast back through the air. It sprawled inertly onto the deck plates as another shudder ran through the superstructure. The explosions were issuing from the suicidal self-destructs of his crew. They were detonating the power cells of their cybernetic armour rather than risk capture.

Three other inhuman forms presented their bodies to his synthetic gaze. The warped forms had been grown from the bodies of Phed Dregakk and his visor instantly offered surface scans and tactical detail on them. It was little more than a catalogue of unknowns and vague projections and guesses.

The captured had been altered in the bio hives of the enemy and given sanguinary purpose

against their besieged comrades. All previous trace of their identity had been erased or suppressed to prevent them from denying the wishes of their creators.

The bodyguards were grim parodies of their former selves. Hunched and twisted, their skin was now an array of dense thorny plates. Their fingers were hooked claws, their heads were filled with fangs and pronounced mandibles that were designed specifically to rend and destroy.

Dropping his assault cannon into the grasp of his other arm, the Warmaster cradled the long weapon and opened fire. The cluster of barrels spun into a snarling whirr of motion. The smudge of movement lit up at the end with incredibly rapid strobe pulses of flickering blue. The stream of fire spattered a creature's chest with bright splashes of sparks. The bolts etched rough dents while they pounded the beast and sought vulnerable spots.

The monster stomped forward with a speed that seemed impossible for its bulk. With a broad slash, its claws swept out, caught the weapon, and split open the casing. The ragged tears filled with arcs of loosed energy and the firearm fell silent as it was damaged beyond repair.

Eldral dropped the gun, whirled out of his attacker's reach, and threw up his arm. His cloak billowed behind him and the braids of silver and bone that decorated his armour danced in the

ailing light of the corridor. The creature lunged at him and the other two moved forward in its wake.

Eldral ducked and felt the claws skip across the top of his helm. He threw up his arm and took point blank aim up at the creature's neck.

The blaster that was mounted along his forearm chattered rapidly with sapphire pulses. The searing coughs of energy bored into the dark skinned monster and gouged open the flesh. The beast stumbled and tripped over Eldral's crouching body. The creature smashed to the floor behind him and began pawing at the torn wound as it gurgled and struggled to rise.

From his squatting pose, Eldral drew swift aim and opened fire on the other two monstrosities. Their claws were diving down at him but a volley of blue bolts accurately smashed the natural armour at their throats and ripped open the soft flesh. They span aside, clutching the ragged craters that had been drilled into them.

The beasts struck the walls with such impetus that they dented the steel before they dropped in rapid succession. Dark blood seeped from the mortal trauma and they writhed weakly upon the ground, their talons gouging thin trenches in the floor during their prolonged death throes.

The Warmaster of Earth waved to his fellow Phed Dregakk warriors and marched down the corridor. Proud and defiant of his enemy's might, he stubbornly pledged not to wilt before them.

Eldral was determined to show the aggressors that the Dregakk Theocracy was a force that they could not trifle with and live to boast about it.

Having been granted command of his old fleet, Eldral had left the colony and his family to meet the invaders who had been steadily gnawing into their borders for numerous solar days. The foe used adaptive organic technology, modifying raw biological material and forging it into the configurations to suit their purposes. Since the first skirmishes, they had been plundering entire worlds, stripping them of every living cell to create war machines and lethal organic engines to carry on the fight. They relentlessly upgraded their designs with each battle, improving and adapting so swiftly that the Dregakk were finding it increasingly difficult to even slow their advance.

A section of overhead ducts suddenly burst outward. The torn flaps unfurled to allow exit for a flaccid-skinned octopod. The numerous tentacles flailed wildly as the beast landed on the warrior directly behind Eldral. The tendrils ensnared him and held firm while the soldier roared and tried to throw the creature off. A cruel stinger curled up and flashed down, piercing the armour with a metallic tone to inject a weighty load of digestive enzymes.

The creatures were grotesque parts of any first attack wave before they assumed the role of skirmishers. The octopi paralysed their prey and

then slowly broke down the harvested raw materials, storing them in gluttonous sacs for later collection by their creators.

Eldral opened fire without hesitation. He whirled and shot into the bulbous bag that was the body of the beast and resolutely ignored the lost and ghastly outlines of a slender face that was still prevalent on the side. The countenance was no doubt deliberately left behind to distract the less stalwart Dregakk with this reminder of what it had once been, but he would not be fazed by it.

The swollen orb erupted with blossoming caverns that opened the creature and splashed a viscous sludge across the wall. The dissolved essence of his former crew dribbled out of the breached storage sacs and the beast went slack. The warrior that held it collapsed, lifeless and inert, already as good as dead from the poison in his veins.

Another trooper snatched the raw cadaver and hauled it off before casting the invertebrate aside. Launching a trio of cyan blasts into it, the veteran soldier gouged it open and scattered scorched morsels in all directions, venting his rage while ensuring that it was truly dead.

They proceeded deeper and started to find the ensnared cocoons of more Dregakk and human slaves. Their bodies were locked within translucent skin-tight shells. The smothering cells kept them in a comatose state while awaiting

collection and reprocessing. The Dregakk instantly flicked up the wicked combat blades incorporated into their vambraces and began to cut open the film about their fellows. They unfailingly deserted the slaves in favour of tending their own casualties, giving them the valuable first aid that would start the long process of recovering from the embrace of the supple membrane.

Continuing with speed, another four of the converted monsters stomped into view through a haze of soot-filled smog. Their claws were outstretched upon a sprinting advance that kept heads low to protect their vulnerable throats.

“Fire at will and go for the necks! For the Goddess!” roared Eldral.

His authoritative command crushed all thought of flight and caused an immediate clatter of frenzied movement from his squad.

The Dregakk fell into ordered rows with weapons raised and they fired swiftly into the beasts. The bolts sparked in a futile manner upon their bodies and denied streaks of pernicious blue ricocheted aside into the walls of the corridor where they punched holes and sliced molten wounds. Desperation started to automatically rise while the creatures relentlessly closed in, hissing softly and untroubled by the multiple impacts.

Those energy blasts that were placed into the weak spot at their throats succeeded in splitting the harsh shell, but the damage was far too

inconsequential to halt them. The Dregakk fired with increasing haste and they became frantic because the monsters were almost on top of them.

Only the last point blank shots in moments of insane tension opened the weak spot and felled the aberrations. The bodies collapsed mere feet from the distraught ranks with a slamming impact that made the deck quiver.

The rows of warriors immediately continued discharging vengeful streams into the downed monsters, finishing them while the creatures wriggled and squeaked, holding to their lives with an engineered tenacity.

Eldral jumped across the slain and ran forth. His blood lust was burning like the heart of a star.

The location of the breach where the insurgents were coming from was located nearby and it was a promising site for the first possible capture of an alien vessel.

Leaping into a corridor, Eldral ducked a clawed swipe. The hand ripped open a section of wall to expose raw circuits and sever a power conduit. The arcs of jagged lightning that licked out from the gash played harmlessly at the monster's sharp fingertips.

Eldral launched his own blade for use. The knife snapped into place and vibrated into a blur of frenetic motion. With a jab, he plunged the oscillating serrated weapon into exposed throat and the quivering tip bored through with amazing

ease.

Rising from his crouch to turn the blade and gouge the flesh, he jerked his other arm to the second beast. It was already in the motions of casting a claw back to deliver a lethal hack.

The balled fist of his black armour pressed to its collarbones and a flash of sapphire light lit up the bleak hide. The soft meat caved in and the scent of burned tissues washed outward to slip through Eldral's respirator and tickle his nostrils.

The beast jerked twice in shock and toppled, striking the deck with a resonant clang. Eldral wrenched his blade free, retracted the augmented armament, and checked the view.

The point of ingress was immediately apparent. The grown biological pathway contrasted massively to the stark metal of Dregakk craftsmanship. The ribbed tube had punched through the hull and thrown out long tendrils and cilia that had fixed to the walls to hold the alien craft to his war cruiser.

The main alien forces were in the process of conducting their well-versed tactic and currently spearheading a drive towards the command decks. Rather than try to thwart their advance, Eldral had taken his elite veterans of the Earth campaign and used service tunnels to slip by the main areas of fighting. His intent was to lead a sneak assault upon the hopefully undefended alien ship.

Checking the connecting passageways and seeing no further sign of the foe, it seemed as though his gamble had worked. If they could enter the craft, the marauding trespassers would have to retreat to recover their base of operations. This might allow the Dregakk to smash them as they retreated. At the same moment, his own forces would run out to catch them in a lethal crossfire. If they managed to take this ship, it would be the first step in analysing the minutiae of their more advanced enemy and finding a weakness the Theocracy might exploit.

The octopod creatures were slithering from the intruding corridor and squirming into the ventilation system, the maintenance passages, and all the covert nooks and crannies where they might loose themselves. The hidden mazes would permit them the opportunity to attack without warning.

The sight of them made his blood burn and the thought of losing to this scum fired his rancour. The Dregakk would not fall. The Theocracy would survive, and prosper. He would not let his people perish, not while breath lingered in his body and strength dwelt in his limbs.

“No prisoners! No relent! No mercy!” he howled.

Eldral took off his helmet, cast it aside, threw back his hair, and jumped into a sprint. His features were contorted with fury and he lifted his

arm against the intruders.

Without breaking his advance, Eldral ran on, firing into them, blasting the creatures as he bellowed in rage. Lost in a red haze of berserker fury his reflexes were honed and ready and his aim was deadly.

In reply, the beasts exploded from the walls and ceiling with their tentacles outstretched in expectation. The burning stab of caustic power cleaved through their soft bodies and wrenched them back, denying the tentacles access to him. Where they were agile enough to evade his bolts, the eager shivering blade slit them open so he might crush them under his feet amidst spat insults.

He jumped into the alien tube and bounded down the slick passage. The ground was moist underfoot, the walls laden with veins and throbbing capillaries. The structure presented the same image as being inside a huge living entity.

A guardian creature emerged from a side passage. It stepped out and then twirled aside with the volley of lethal bolts Eldral poured into its throat before deploying his knife to finish it. The hatred upon his coup de grace swing almost decapitated the creature.

One of the alien architects of the vessel fired a paralysing beam. The bolt sailed through empty air when Eldral nimbly sidestepped and threw up his forearm.

“You only get one chance, freak!” he sneered.

A single bolt was placed directly between the large almond-shaped eyes of the startled alien. The black ovals betrayed no hint of emotion when a plume of gore erupted from the back of its skull and drenched the ground behind it.

Eldral loathed their visage for many reasons, and one of the most primary was because of its lack of feeling. He liked to see the fear, the terror of assured death at his hands, but from these skeletal automatons there was nothing, just vacant indifference. They were lifeless, empty husks.

Moving ever deeper, the sound of his comrades trying to keep up reached his ears as they entered the alien craft. After following his reckless assault they were now inspired to commit havoc by his example.

A tall chamber offered some hope of a command centre, but instead he found walls of strange hives, wherein lay captured Dregakk and humans with strange intruding stilettos piercing their bodies. The devices were siphoning away their tissue, reprocessing them as though they were any other raw material to be used to feed the ship and its masters.

Two of the aliens were tending the imprisoned, looking in and ensuring that all was functioning as intended. The soft muted cries of fresh additions seeped through the sealed sphincters that were the doors to the many tiny sarcophagi.

The beings turned and levelled arcane fashioned weapons. Eldral dove aside and into a roll that avoided the rapid stream of fire. The pulses of soft light splashed against the meat of the ship, leaving it completely unaffected.

Eldral's response was less tender and a spitting arc of energy blasts tore clumps of jagged flesh from the wall in a steady line before crossing the bodies of the aliens. The impacts split open their grey-skinned chests and punched them from their feet before sending them awkwardly to the ground.

Walking through the room, Eldral spied a familiar shape and stopped to peer in. His first mate lay bound with his eyes were rolled back in hollow sockets. His flesh was visibly shrivelling onto his bones with the theft of his vitality and the cruel pipes continued to gulp down his insides.

Eldral put his hand to the muscular wall and let it wither into a fist as shock turned to renewed loathing. Urekk and he had been comrades for many years. Urekk had kept an ambition free eye on Eldral's back through the tricky road to command. They had butchered worlds together, and now he lay broken and pillaged. It was no way for a fellow warrior Dregakk to die.

"My revenge will earn you a place with the Goddess, Urekk," he swore and without compunction, he gave his battle brother a swift death through a cascade of sapphire bolts.

Taking the only route out, he stepped onto a slender corridor. A ribcage of bone strengthened the structure as it led to a larger chamber beyond. The humid air was suddenly alive with fulgent beams when the poised squad at the end defended a place of obvious strategic importance.

With a spasm of effort, Eldral threw himself aside and narrowly evaded the crippling shots. He landed heavily on his side and slid to the wall across the slick surface of the ground. Dragging himself upright, Eldral smiled with vicious intent and unclipped a pair of grenades from his belt.

After pulling off the caps from twin cylinders, he took a breath and jerked out. He threw them with all his strength at the far end of the passage before dancing back into cover and out of the renewed and dense volley of stark beams.

"A gift from Urekk, abominations!" he yelled.

He smiled, tapped the detonator button on both caps, and grabbed the wall for support. The reverberating explosion sent a wall of sound and a virulent shockwave through the entire vessel. A piercing tone of an incredibly high pitch filled the air, as though the ship itself was screaming in pain, then a wall of hot air thundered from the passage, washing over his armoured frame and buffeting him with chaotic eddies and harsh turbulence.

Eldral hurled himself onto the path and ran through the smoke to work by sound and vague

shape in the moments of his enemy's dazed recovery. Vaulting through the portal and over the raw pits of tissue in the floor that bled a thick viscous gel of glowing blue, he fired on the maimed survivors. Executing them with accurately placed blasts, he swiftly neutralised the remaining bridge crew.

He stepped into the centre of the circular hall and looked across the strange organic controls and view ports. The screens showed depictions of his craft and the surrounding area, and even views through the eyes of the genetically altered creations they were using against his crew. The sights of his fellow Dregakk fighting and dying under heavy claws fed his rage, and bestowed a sense of impotence because he could do nothing to aid them from here. The language and script flowing around and across the screens was unknown to him.

Collections of lung-like clusters on the ceiling were dragging away the smoke and the wounds on the ship were swiftly congealing to remove the trauma he had inflicted.

Turning from the room with a sense of victorious triumph, he activated his communication link and told his trailing troops to fan out into the ship, kill all resistance, and hold their positions. Already the enemy were detecting the loss of the vessel and were heading back. The sudden turn in the tide of their assault caused the

Dregakk to renew the fight with vigour. The scent of victory inspired them to sanguinary acts as they cut down the fleeing forces. They had taken the ship, it was theirs, and the fate of the Theocracy depended on the secrets they could glean from it.

* * * *

The slender beauties of the Holy Order dragged Theresa from under the High Theocrat's gaze and into the winding labyrinthine corridors of the church. The echoes of her own screams of torment were still heavy within her ears, and successfully drowned out the collective signal wafting down the gloomy passages. It was the sound of hundreds, perhaps thousands of miserable howls and murmurs, the despairing slaves and captives announcing themselves to uncaring owners, uniting in an orchestra to sing their own melancholy lament. Only once she started to become aware of it did the effects weigh truly in her mind. The saturated grief and pain made her shiver in dread, and the prospect of being reduced to such a state that she might join them was one that chilled her very soul.

A door closed and muffled the droning background symphony, and she faintly detected a room about her before hands were upon her. They kept her pinioned, while also exploiting the chance to play at the implements that were still

attached to her and the trophies of the mob she had been exposed to for her attempted and futile escape were numerous. The restoration of all the old ferocity swept back into the wounds as the clamps responded sourly to any attempt at movement. The implements of torture had grown comfortable on their fleshy nuggets and were reluctant to part with them.

Shrieking, she tried to fight the removal, but she was being held down too effectively, and her long march through the city streets, and the violations and atrocities perpetrated on her helpless frame had stolen her energy, leaving her an enfeebled husk, one that could only holler as the tools were drawn off.

Churning spots of fire rolled upon her hide as the methodical process of extraction drove her into wild convulsions. The shock of jaws leaving long compressed and welt covered skin was a sensation of the darkest and most stringent kind.

The final marks of harsh affection were lost and when the dildos were hauled out, Theresa fell into a deep coma, her body losing an already tenuous grip on consciousness. The styptic aura of a tissue regenerator brushed her bruises even as darkness began to envelop her thoughts.

* * * *

The High Theocrat lounged back in her living

chair. The humans that were bound and moulded to form it mewled softly when the spines and acute contours of her attire scraped against their hardened skin.

She looked at the view screen and saw the unconscious form of the slavegirl Theresa. As her eyes wandered across her limp form, her hand slowly wandered down between her legs. She brushed aside her cruel thong and her fingers start to slowly stroke her pussy. She was already wet with desire and her libido was now at a fervid peak with the added visual stimulation.

Suddenly, she stood up, tore off the garment, and grabbed a nearby slave about the neck. The girl had been slotted into a small box-like construction that was set on tiny wheels. Her body was folded over so that her arms and legs were contained within, leaving her back presented as a horizontal footrest. With her limbs strapped sternly inside, not only could she be exploited as a place to put up one's boots, but also her pert rear could be ravished with toys and lashed with venom and all the hapless prisoner could do was squeal. However, in her current lascivious mood, the High Theocrat had plans for the other end of the pinioned creature. A stern posture collar extended the woman's face forward, and this kept her lips at just the right height.

The girl's wheels squeaked and she was towed in as the High Theocrat dropped back down. A

warm breath issued against her inner thighs and the slave obediently started to lap at her humid sex.

The image of Theresa was once more concentrated upon and her fingers sank into the living armrests. The pleasure of the cunnilingus was conjuring vivid and richly rewarding fantasies and scenarios.

Oh, how she would make that slave suffer. It was going to prove a luscious treat to make her holler. The thrill of abusing, tricking, tormenting, and manipulating her and yet all the while know the truth behind the actions. Everything she did to the woman would be reciprocated, she was sure of that.

Slaves did not run from their estates, and yet this one had. Intrigued, she had watched her being whipped through the streets and seen the fires of rebellion and budding perversity in her. The sight of her, straining to make it to the Temple, and then the look Theresa had given when cowering at her feet had presented her with the opportunity she had been waiting for.

“Bite my clit, slave,” she ordered.

The girl had done this before and knew what her Mistress wanted. The High Theocrat gave a yelp, ground her teeth, and clutched her armrests harder. Being a deity of torment was not enough for her anymore. She had pushed the boundaries, explored deeper than any other, now she wanted

to taste the forbidden fruit. Theresa would know fear, terror, be brutalised and almost ruined, but if she could last through it, then what a surprise she would discover waiting for her at the other end of her journey. Everything was going according to plan.

* * * *

The damning sound of shackles being snapped shut upon her wrists preceded a pressurised hiss when the padded inner surface inflated automatically and pressed itself firmly to the joints. The drop of her body onto these anchors roused her senses slightly and drew Theresa from lost depths.

Hanging by the manacles, her body was slack and adorned with the pernicious illustrations of Dregakk attention. With a maximum effort, she tried to look and find out where she was.

The scene was blurry and was little more than a haze of swirling colour and obscure shapes because her senses were still scrambled and overwhelmed by loitering sensation.

Blinking, squinting, and trying to make her eyes obey and grant her sight, the insane collage of random patterns slowly rose through layers of clarity. The loose hues were pulled in and trapped within firm lines.

Huddled forms sparsely lit the room. The

humans and aliens were bound into tight compacted balls and fixed to the wall on the end of a short horizontal pole that held them out into the air. Tight transparent hoods covered their heads, distorting their features and keeping a feeding tube plunged deep into their maws.

The feeble glow that revealed the interior through hints and subtle clues of silhouette was emanating from their very bodies. It seemed as though their very skins had been imbued with a slight luminescent quality, a product of Dregakk pseudo-science. The trait even extended to the humans, showing that it was no innate attribute of an enslaved extra-terrestrial breed, but an imparted, manufactured quality.

An overhead beam was marked with equally spaced sets of dangling manacles, and upon this line hung numerous other slaves in addition to Theresa. All shared one thing in common and this was the fact that they had suffered terribly under the recent ministrations of their tyrants. The humans and aliens were limp and livid with misery, their wounds treated to a token kiss of benign rays before they were hung upon the shackles like slabs of meat in a freezer.

The queue patiently awaited entry into a box that ran from floor to ceiling. A set of featureless double doors providing entry, and a set on the other side allowed exit. The overhead beam continued through the mysterious interior to

emerge on the other side and loop back round to feed the start of the line.

With a hydraulic purr, the panes of metal on the box swung outward and the solid jaws accepted a new victim into a belated interior. The woman they accepted possessed a deathly paleness, with black tiger strip markings across her hide that were either tattoos, or the natural patterns of her alien heritage. As she turned, her short fuzzy tail became visible, and the blunted claws tipping foot and finger. The alien tigress fought weakly and mewled as the manacles shuffled along to carry everyone on the suspended carousel one place nearer to the chamber. The doors whined shut and locked with a series of deep, heavy clunks.

A generator muttered privately to itself and vague hints of green flashes seeped through the few meagre chinks in the cell to strobe light the chamber. An agonised wail poured forth and flowed through the bleak night of the room to terrify the awaiting captives.

On and on went the signal of the woman's distress and it barely paused to draw breath. Amongst her cries, the merciless scraping crackle of electrical forks skulked in the hidden recesses of the awful noise.

The sound stopped and the doors on the other side parted. The woman emerged and her skin trailed thin tendrils of steam. Her wounds were

gone, but her breathing was shallow and uneven from the rigours of her medical attention.

The shackles carried her out, and another body was hauled within. The kicking legs of the male in no way stopped or even postponed his entrance and the doors shut.

His roars of strain and attempted break out turned to howls of suffering when the caustic curative licked his form.

Theresa's trepidation continued to well each time she was moved a step closer. The countdown to her own treatment left her chagrin at her imminent arrival in the box.

The chamber swallowed another, and another, leaving her with one place left. Pawing at her shackles, the line of healed beings was limp on the other side and she watched while the doors swung wide and drew in the male directly before her. The interior was awash with the heavy scent of fevered sweat and a pungent cloying stink that stung her nostrils. The inside seemed barren, but any close scrutiny was denied when the doors slammed shut and locked. Then the screams began. Her proximity to them made Theresa weep with worry. Tears continued to roll down her cheeks while she sought to drag her wrists to freedom and escape this fate.

After an eternity of the awful solo, the man was removed via the opposite side. His body was slack and laced with glistening beads of sweat. The

interior beckoned with malevolent glee, opening its metal mouth wide to swallow her. With a soft jerk, the manacles were drawn along the beam and carried her into the box and the shadowy depths.

The doors whirred with slow movement, gently closing before slamming shut with a damning clang. The interior locks fastened tight and the sound of the generator building in strength issued from all around her, causing her to grizzle in despairing alarm. Her bowels slackened in terror, but she was a beast denied sustenance and the meagre intake she had acquired during her escape was beyond reach.

The bleak interior was impenetrable to her sight. The absence of even the faintest trickle of illumination created a cold oblivion that deprived her of senses and left only her ragged hesitant breath as company.

The shadows were shredded when jagged forked arcs of viridescent energy launched from the walls, floor, and ceiling. They reached out to lap at her body, and the searing kiss of the energy while it poured through her made Theresa livid with agony. The pain was unbelievably intense and the horror it imbued was peculiar, considering the healing nature of the lightning because the energy still caused swift regeneration. Her bruises vanished, her welts were erased, and the scratches disappeared. The machine restored her skin to an unblemished sheet while she wailed

and shrieked, tugging at her bonds, trying to break free. Kicking out, her bare feet rang against the solid cell but the bruising blows unnoticed because of the ferocity with which the healing process was being conducted.

Each second was an eternity of purgatory while the emerald bolts dragged time out and left her only with her screams, and even these sounds were unable to express the full fervour of the ordeal. Her breaths came in gasping snatches before she was forced to spend them on new yowls. Her lungs were plagued with starvation when they were unable to feed themselves as her mind demanded only wails.

The chamber and her own naked body were robbed of the glowing aura of light as the lightning ceased abruptly. Theresa dropped back and hung loose upon her shackles, her head lolling back, her body and hair damp with a cold perspiration. It was then that she noticed the loss of her nipple rings. In the process of stripping, the Holy Order had cut the hoops and dragged out the lingering remnants of her status as a filly to the Thaine household. The regenerative tongues of force had sealed even the holes that had been cruelly punched, granting a relief, but also a gnawing worry that perhaps they were intending to repeat the incident.

The locks opposite her jumped back and let the doors swing open and Theresa be ferried out by

the automated systems. The room was already alive with activity but the haze of her brain only kept aware by the massive rushes of adrenaline still coursing through her veins.

Members of the Holy Order were taking down various slaves and fastening them to upright slabs. The amazon fanatics each wore their usual psychotic and scanty attire, with wild cascades of brightly coloured hair. They wore cloaks formed from the tanned skin of a single human or alien form whose silent petrified death shriek was still carved deep into the peeled skin. Those slaves fully strapped down simply had their slabs toppled but the metallic palettes stopped suddenly and flipped up to hang in the air at waist height, borne horizontally like stretchers. Nothing held them up save for a faint luminescent haze beneath, like a heat haze that rippled the air slightly. Pushed with ease, the captives glided out of the chamber with the attending females.

A frugally clad woman stepped before Theresa. A thong of spiked black leather and a strapless bra of the same sparsely covered her body. One arm was sheathed into an opera glove that had the fingers removed and the outside was laced with random stubby spines. The other limb bore intricate tattoos that flowed down in curling patterns to encompass several lines of Phed Dregakk script. Thigh boots of the same dark hide clutched tightly about her legs. They were

embellished with dagger heels and had spikes around the knee and toe. Her mane of mauve locks tumbled down over her cloak of human skin to her rear and the wild bloom was fixed in places with clasps and ornate clips so that it did not cover her saturnine features. The woman's elfin countenance was corrupted by a diabolic attitude.

Mauve fingernails, sharpened to wicked points, reached up and set the shackles loose. The inflated balloon interior shrunk back as Theresa fell from her perch and crumpled into a heap. The woman acted without any consideration and hauled Theresa up by her hair. She pushed her to an awaiting slab as though she were not even animate, let alone sentient.

The thick slab spat out metal hoops. The bands reached over and locked into irrevocable position. With a whiplash snap, they hauled back and gripped firmly, pinning Theresa into a rigid stance with her legs and arms parted a short distance. The ribbons were fixed above and below her joints, at elbow and knee, wrist and ankle, upper arm and thigh. A pair of cross bands at her chest hugged close and made her croak as others locked to her throat and brow, their tightness making the act of swallowing difficult. Her waist was hauled into a tight clinch that compressed her unbearably but her frame was too enfeebled to resist, and too comprehensively restrained to even move.

Clawing at the metal, unable to find a seam or

join to prise open, she could only dwell in helpless immobility as the slat was pushed at the top and then fell fall. Her head plummeted back and made her gasp in fright. Her feet were thrown into the air as the slab settled upon its invisible cushion and the metal pressed to her back to support her while thrumming slightly with toil.

The woman clapped her hands to the end and ferried Theresa out. Her voice was still unable to work thanks to Dregakk surgery, leaving her mute and unable to solicit a reprieve or mercy.

Staring up, she watched the vaulted ceiling passing by. The steady row of spread-eagled incandescent captives became something akin to a visual metronome with one ghastly visage of sorrow following after another. The translucent hoods carried in the feeding tubes as transparent straps kept them splayed to the ceiling, naked and radiant. The faint shudders and grimaces from the fresh human prisoners suggested that the process of generating light was not a painless one.

The walls in the corners of her vision were afflicted with statues and seraphic depictions of the Goddess of torture the Dregakk worshipped and the devout symbols were embellished with slaves to augment their fidelity to the anonymous deity. The weighty monuments of stone and metal were crafted from various plundered minerals and were borne atop bound and struggling serviles who had arrays of lethal barbed spikes beneath

them to prove that should they wilt in their task, they would perish slowly and painfully from such weakness. Other images chose incorporate the victims and the Goddess could be seen crushing them under her heels, impaling an orifice on a rod or her arm, or holding them splayed and in pain with a petrified grip.

Joining the religious paraphernalia were terrible trophies, both inanimate and alive. Flags, banners, pictures of fallen cities and worlds, stuffed remains of creatures and species rendered extinct by the reaving of the Phed Dregakk. Living specimens were locked in bondage, fed through tubes, their eyes vacant and hollow, the prolonged imprisonment having long since reduced their minds to ribbons, especially since the religious sect had imposed arbitrary torture upon them in addition to the rigours of perpetual bondage. Rings pierced them, pipes and wires afflicted them with voltage nips; they were assailed with caustic substances, crushed and compressed, stretched and demeaned, made to suffer as they served to represent their plundered races via life long woe. A large number of humans were placed in such travail with eyes filled with tears as they shuddered in their excruciating distress. Their voices had been repressed by surgery so that only morose moans and gurgles emerged.

Doors parted and allowed her into some manner of lift. The solid chamber was carried up

at speed through numerous levels. Her flight into the sky continued for several minutes, attesting to extreme altitude.

Leaving the chamber and walking down a corridor, a portal slithered aside at their approach. This let the two batrachian creatures tied horizontally upon it to gain rest. Their wrists were shackled to the leading edge, their feet to the wall, so that when the door was closed they were racked terribly, and only while it was left open could they find some measure of mercy. The aliens were dropped to the floor so they hung like scaled hammocks from the restraints. The smell of compacted crowds and accumulated terror drifted out from the room to dance in Theresa's nostrils.

Theresa was moved into a massive hall where the ceiling was painted with detailed scenes via religious frescoes. Hanging slaves were once more inserted to provide a realistic element and measure of genuine suffering to the portrait of homage.

A flickering light was being cast throughout the room by several large braziers, and by ghastly parodies of torches. Formed from a humanoid slave semi-immersed in the wall, the torso of the living lights emerged bound and held along an angled pole. Spiked collars ensnared their throats, and their shaven heads radiated a sinister orange hue. Their lips were sealed upon their feeding tubes and their expressions were doleful.

Theresa looked wide-eyed about her, the sight being one that struck new fear into her. Where the high walls were not ejecting a sentient light fitting, they were filled to capacity with hundreds of ordered slots stacked a dozen or so stories high. Each was about a metre and a half square, and each had a cage placed inside. The cages were slightly smaller than the alcoves to allow an easy fit, and were comprised of a solid metal frame with dense barbed mesh running across the sides of the rigid cube while the roof and floor were made of solid sheets. Within these tiny cells were people, human beings held in heinous captivity. The inmates were silent, causing the colossal court to exist in a tentative silence, indicating that the quiet was enforced somehow, and that the breaking of this cardinal rule carried extremely harsh consequences.

Her trolley was delivered to a platform in the middle of the room, where the arm of a large crane lay folded in readiness. Its articulated fingers were clutched into a fist and of a size befit to reach up and take down the required cages. The metal was carved with strange patterns and ornate devilish designs so that it seemed to grow from the floor and resemble a huge living alien arm rather than a mere machine.

A booth beside it held members of the Order. The women were working command consoles, inputting data, and causing cages to sink deeper

into the alcoves or return into them. The constant flurries of motion revealed the intricate network that lay hidden beyond the walls, the chutes taking slaves to and fro, delivering them to wherever they were needed in the huge cathedral of pious sadism.

"I have a new arrival. An escapee from the House Thaine plantation," announced the woman responsible for bringing her here. Her voice was silken and dreadful.

"Do they want her back?" replied a pink haired female, her ears dotted with many rings. Metallic cups covered her breasts, with slender chains reaching out around her body, and three from each spine armed dish reached to her spiked solid collar. Fluted shoulder guards extended from the band at her throat and these fanged additions held her dark skinned cloak.

"No. She is to be allocated as a standard subject."

"Who can blame them? Get one human to do something stupid and all the others are bound to join in," commented a woman from further away.

"Very well, just leave her here, we'll process her and put her in storage."

Without further exchange, Theresa's courier gave a merry wave and wandered off, leaving her to the attention of the pink maned female.

The keeper of this stark zoo walked around and exited the raised booth. She stepped beside

Theresa and tapped her hand to the polished opaque face of the controlling platform. A section parted and a tray emerged with a gentle grace. From it, the woman removed an osmotic syringe.

“Ordinarily we don’t bother with this, but seeing as you are a wicked little runaway, I think you deserve it,” she said, and gave Theresa a dose of the accentuating agent.

The presence of her tight restraints made themselves feel all the more strict when the chemical started to take effect and sharpen the attention of her nerves. In the wake of this addition, an elaborate pistol-like device was selected. Taking it up, she cupped one of Theresa’s breasts with a casual air of blasé indifference and put the weapon to the upraised nipple. Straining against her bonds, Theresa tried to evade the imminent attack. The endeavour to try to have the nipple retract and avoid the obvious piercing was an impossible but desperately sought defence measure.

With a squeeze to the trigger, a lance of white heat bored through her teat, and with a click, a fat ring was shoved through and locked into place. A split second after the piercing, the blast wave of pain shot through her to make her muscles ripple and strive to break free. Her ribs heaved against the crushing cross formation of bonds and slowly the ardent effects dwindled.

Theresa panted in her misery. The pulsating

gnaw in her nipple was sending aching fingers through the rest of her breast.

The other tip was taken up and she simply closed her eyes. Sobbing in her hopeless situation, another merry clunk struck her ears and cast her through a dizzying maelstrom. Her sight flickered with spots as she cried out to the limit of her lungs.

Rasping for new breath and quaking from the after-effects, Theresa's eyes flew wide when she felt the cold and open tips of the weapon brush her clitoris. Her weary eyelids flittered with alarm, and incoherent whinnying grumbles and neighs emerged from her throat with her frantic jeopardy. The soft click tore into her sex, opening a hole through the extra sensitive nugget, and making her abdomen cavort within the restraints. An unprecedented level of torment raged within Theresa. Jerking and wailing, throwing herself at her bonds in a bid to get free and tug out the source of her woe, she did not even notice the addition of a ring to her nose. The septum was punctured and added to her level of suffering as her mouth creaked open into an impossible yowl. The shock was more than she could stand, but the drug in her system steadfastly refused to allow her refuge in a faint.

By exploiting her induced rictus, they slotted a frame within. The metal clamp kept her jaws wide as the level of her harrowing withdrew like a

despised season. Theresa pushed her tongue to the frame and tried to force it out, but found that its small anchors had fixed firmly to her teeth and would not let go.

“Stick your tongue out,” demanded the woman.

Theresa was momentarily too startled to respond because her attention was occupied with the pounding throb in her belly, breasts, and nose.

Flicking her hand to her rigid metal thong, the priestess flipped a small hatch and pressed a covert button. The effect was to stir the intimate implant into renewed and accursed life.

Once more, her keening holler ripped through the quiet and filled the acoustically superb hall as she writhed in her bonds, her nervous system drowning under the prolific discharge of the tiny malediction. The device poured suffering into the nerve cluster that held it in place, making her entire form seem to dissolve amidst purgatory. No matter how many times she was subjected to this most terrible means of castigation, she could not even hope to cope with the results. How could such pain be cultivated without killing her? How could she keep standing this torture and surviving?

The shock continued way past the borders of mere discipline, and the gaoler continued to grant a brief reprieve before adding another burst of the shock. She was idly enjoying Theresa’s pain as though it were a hearty meal.

Each time the shock ended, Theresa hurled her tongue out, only to have the woman renew the brutal treatment and leave the hapless slave a whimpering shell, one that was barely equipped with energy enough to breath.

Theresa's thoughts were numb when it finally came to an end.

"Extend your tongue," ordered the female, while reaching out and catching one of Theresa's tears. She examined the pearl as it hung from a spear tip of a nail before she flicked it away.

Theresa forced her tongue through the jaws of the device. The organ was stolid and barely able to respond but it emerged to the limits of her ability and was suddenly snatched. The apparatus snapped firm and strangled it in a tight hold that wrung the flesh through heartless metal fists. She believed that they were going to rip it out and her fears locked on the possibility that such a mutilation was a possible reason for the quiet of the hall.

Untroubled by Theresa's choking groans, the female took the gun, changed the setting on the side, and locked a stud into the soft meat. The act made Theresa sob and cry out when the last adornment to her visage served to further crack her dignity.

With rough movements, the appliance of capture was removed and it hauled painfully at her pierced tongue in the process.

In its place came a pair of small discs that the woman placed on either side of Theresa's larynx. The small devices muttered soft beeps and warmth started to spread through her throat. As the mysterious work of these creations continued, the woman took up a short stave. The handle was coated in thick plastic and the tip was a hollow metal rectangle. Into this frame she slotted symbols from the Dregakk language, creating a serial number, her origin, and her name so that it read 'Three six nine Q, Human, Theresa'. Once this had been compiled, the identification brand was thrust into the column of dancing flames that was the heart of a brazier and deserted there so it could gather heat. The sight of it slowly mustering a glow was matched by a similar welling of dread in Theresa as she watched it, eyes fixated on the imminent ordeal of branding.

A soft merry chirp from the devices at her neck declared that they had finished their singular task and the female removed them. She set them back on the tray and placed a firm grip around the brand. The tip emerged from the leaping amber and yellow bonfire. The metal was now an incandescent white — gifted with an intense heat, the purpose of which was blatantly obvious. The chamber of healing had removed every trace of damage to her, and had also erased the branding she had received once captured by the Dregakk back on Earth. The memory seemed so distant

now, almost part of a different life. The thought of Earth was far and hazy, as though a half remembered dream she had forgotten to clarify upon awakening.

Theresa braced herself, closed her eyes, and gritted her teeth. Her breath devolved into shaking pants when the aura of heat prickled her upper arm just below the restraint. The warmth continued to spread the closer it got, and with a shove, the brand was pressed firmly to her skin to push in the flesh while the muscle flicked and bucked and Theresa's pain-drenched squawk tore through the air. The hiss of sizzling skin reached through the monotone wail, and the scent of her own burning hide made her stomach turn over as it stealthily entered her nostrils. A tug withdrew the instrument and let her drop into a weeping fit. The pain conspired with the thought of her homeworld because the substantial recollection of anything from it was lost because of her trials at the hands of this despicable race. The atrocities had pushed anything else prior to them from her mind, leaving her only with distinct memories of her various sessions of training. They had stolen her past and her only dream of happiness and salvation. It was a violation more heinous than any dildo or brutal toy could have wrought on her.

With her arm boiling with internal mayhem, the scorched skin stamped with a pulse more rapid

and potent than her true one. Theresa quivered in shock while the enhanced imprint left her incoherent.

“Say something, slave,” testified the woman.

When she did not notice the words, the woman flicked Theresa’s nipples. The tips flashed with internal havoc at the coarse treatment so soon after the installation of these adornments.

Theresa was momentarily stunned at the thought of speaking again. She had not been able to utter a genuine word since she was condemned to life as filly. Save for one brief period where Morschka had granted her a temporary voice through which to betray Pelakh's affair and thus condemn herself to the brutal nightly gang rape of the barracks.

Opening her mouth, she tried to form words. Her recollection on how to speak was dusty from not being used. Only Dregakk words entered her mind because English was now a tongue she was forbidden use of, and her forsaking of it left her with only lost half memories concerning her native language.

A flick to the control caused the implant to start a new chapter in its toil. It made her shriek under a brief kiss, and words of imploring followed the act of encouragement.

“Please, stop, I’m speaking, I’m speaking, Mistress,” she bumbled. The addition of a title to any sentence was now second nature, an

immediate response imprinted on her mind by the clarity of whip and heinous tragedy.

"Send me down a cage," announced the female, addressing her fellow workers.

The massive arm lifted up with a smooth majesty and reached into the air. The fist unfurled and took hold of cage near the roof of the hall. After ferrying down the small box, it was deposited by her slat and the restraints suddenly sprang back into their hidden dwellings with a whiplash snap. Theresa was freed but there was nowhere to run, all she could do was obey.

"Get in, slave," muttered the woman, and after tapping the lock control on the opposite side to the fat hinges, the bolts retracted and the solid lid of the tiny prison was lifted back to expose the floor and mesh walls that would become her home. There was no point resisting, she would only be horribly punished for it, and so Theresa hauled herself from the hovering palette. Her legs wobbled beneath her until she dropped hands to the cage to steady herself. Lifting a leg, she slotted it in, and with a strain started to fold herself into the tight crouch that was the only permitted pose of the toothed pen. Her motions were deemed to slow, and with a shove, the woman's strength forced her down and into a crooked ball. When the guiding hand fled, it dragged its nails first. These opened a row of four light scratches down her back and made Theresa flex with a croak of

new despair at the continuing spite of this race.

The hatch was thrown down with a clang of imprecation and the locks set themselves automatically. The control mechanism was a vast distance of mere centimetres out of her reach.

“You will be held here until you are required for use. You will not speak; you will not cause a disturbance. If you fail in either of these rules, the cage itself will chastise you. If you habitually transgress, you will be allocated as furniture, or sentenced to death by public torture at the next Holy Mass. Do you understand, ape creature?”

“Yes, Mistress,” whimpered Theresa from her lowly position.

Her fingers reached out and placed their tips to the mesh. Her mind was weighing the possibilities. She could not brook the notion of facing the nightmare demise she had seen at the Temple, and life as an inanimate object, cocooned and helpless, would be worse than the capricious torture of the Dregakk. Nevertheless, how much darker were the deeds of the Order over the household she had lived in? By comparison, would existence as a light bulb or decoration be preferable, even when weighed against the risk of being displayed as a torture victim for the Order who would then show off ability and devotion to a monstrous deity.

Clawed fingers took hold of her cell and with a lurch, she was thrown up into the air. Her belly

sank when she was swiftly borne high and slipped back into her awaiting vacant spot.

The interior was bathed in shadow. The lights at the base of the hall failed to reach her level and this was a merciful consideration for it meant she did not gain a true and detailed view of the agonised ornaments dangling before her. The forms were held on rings and constricting nooses that punished any movement of the victim while they hung in perpetual torment, their heads lost within hoods. Only their eyes remained visible. The blinking tear-filled orbs flickered within the depths.

These ambiguous forms served to further devote her to evading this fate. They dedicated her to serving the wishes of the Order with a graphic display of the consequences permanently held before her.

Sitting in her cell, she turned from feeling her rings and brand and idly traced the metal barbs on the fence. The wicked teeth spiralled about the wire to form the semblance of woven brambles. Held in her tiny box room, she listened to the cages coming and going, the women far below continuing to orchestrate the shipment and dispersal of the slaves. The hours drowsily dawdled by, and the boredom persuaded Theresa to curl up and gain some much needed sleep.

A click from the wall caught her waning attention, and glancing up she spied a small tube

emerging through her cage from the wall. The feeding tube offered her long denied sustenance that she could not resist. Her tortures, her escape, the starvation of her sentence in the male barracks, all of it had left her greatly weakened. Grabbing the thin straw, she suckled maniacally upon it to draw out the thick paste and gulp it down. The rancid tang made her taste buds recoil in nausea. The dreadful flavour was beyond even that imbued to the nutrient paste in the Thaine household. Regardless, she sated herself with all that the gaolers were permitting and drew more heavily at the tube when it stopped. Theresa tried to drag out even the most minute extra portion, but the flow had been stemmed and her task was futile. Her ongoing attempts were curbed when the pipe began to retreat. She clutched at it, trying to keep it in reach, but its slick surface slid through her fingers and vanished. Clenching her fists, she readied to vent her fury, but quelled it, lest her outrage be deemed a disturbance worthy of correction.

Theresa huddled back to the floor, closed her eyes, and tried to relax. She felt better for having eaten and her mind was adorned with an afterglow of feeding. Exhaustion arose in the wake of hunger and grabbed her mind before dragging her down into a deep slumber. However, the dreamless coma was scented with a dreadful foreboding.

CHAPTER TEN

Lounging upon his litter, Lord Eldral Thaine regarded the sprawling city about him. It was so much more bustling and hectic than life in the countryside. Only the heady brutal savagery of energetic warfare eclipsed such energetic fuss.

Six naked human fillies bore his vehicle. A seventh was fixed to the back by a leash and a leather sheath covered her body so she might make a more efficient footstool. About these trained steeds jogged a phalanx of his most favoured soldiers who all wore their full braids and battle honours.

The entire force kept meticulously in step as they moved through the streets towards the towering Temple. Behind the litter came the sealed coffins containing the alien captives. The locked metal boxes bore the restrained prisoners of war while human slaves were the pall bearers, and fully armoured soldiers kept a watchful eye about them. Eldral had taken no risks with this most

valuable prize and had declined even the use of a motorised vehicle in case of sabotage or snipers. The ability of the enemy at infiltration was currently uncertain and even if it did not exist, he dared not offer them any opening by which to retrieve their fellows.

The challenge of breaking these creatures and extracting their knowledge through torture was one he would have gladly undertaken himself. Nevertheless, it was a matter of too much import to let foolish pride jeopardise it, and so he carried them to the Temple so the expert attentions of the Holy Order might drag forth confessions.

The first captured ship of the enemy had been sealed in a secret bunker near the spaceport. The engineers and technicians of the Dregakk military were scrutinising its secrets, learning about it and seeking weaknesses. The dead crew were being dissected and examined, the morticians seeking physical flaws to exploit, while the living prizes were to have their data removed shortly before live experimentation began.

The taking of such a trophy had drastically raised his already high profile and favour in the Theocracy. The acquisition of the first major victory against the enemy, and the possibility of a key to their defeat was a deed of no small consequence. The title of Warlord had never been closer to his grasp, and it was a post he had never even dreamed of attaining, so distant had it

seemed from his clutches.

With such leadership, he would use the massive advance of technology the aliens had given them. The capacity of this new alien breed for ruthless butchery was far eclipsed by that of the Dregakk. Exploiting such knowledge on how to reconfigure and misuse the building blocks of life itself would let the Dregakk rampage through the universe, expanding their realm to the furthest reaches of creation, unstoppable, and invincible.

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Stirring from slumber, Theresa automatically stretched her body and her feet unwittingly pressing to the mesh fence. Pushing it out, she instigated a response from the poised cell before the slight stab of the barbs into her soles startled Theresa fully awake. Before she realised what she was doing the sensors within the frame decreed an excess of force, and the fanged latticework was instantly alive with wriggling serpentine arcs.

Theresa vented a scream and flung herself back. She slammed to the opposite side and shoved it with enough force to merit retaliation. The rigid teeth gnawed upon her back and the voltage made her wail and arch forward where she flopped onto the ground. The covert microphones discreetly placed amongst the cage listened to her sounds of distress and the noise cleared the parameters that

they were programmed to accept. There was a click and then the entire construction blazed with scintillating power that had her dance and fight to break free. Theresa's cries then restarted the process and the resulting fight against the confines accentuated it further.

Mustering all her resolve, Theresa dropped into a ball and clenched herself into a firm foetal mass. Straining, she clamped her hands over her mouth and strove to endure the wiggling tendrils of bright force that were lapping at her and making her jolt and spasm. The pain was almost unbearable.

Keeping hold of her silence, croaking and choking, she awaited the end of the session, and with justice for her felonies meted out, the cage fell into dormancy once more.

Theresa exhaled slowly. Her muscles were flicking from the residue of the correction but she strained to keep herself still and quiet while riding out the last dregs. When her body was more stable, she permitted herself to breathe more steadily.

The fevered sweat that was adorning her fled. Her skin grew cold as the warmth was stolen away and this left her shivering and with teeth chattering.

Retaining the same pose to try to keep warm rather than for endurance, Theresa let herself drift into a recuperative stupor. Her synapses were

dazed, and this made her thoughts addled and erratic.

Her hands reached around her body to try to comfort her many raw areas. The fencing had left little scratches and her limbs were aching. Fingertips brushed rings and she gave a shiver of licentious reply. Confused by her discipline, her mind locked on the source of pleasure and her hands started to toy with the nipple rings with far more devotion. The piercing had left the teats highly susceptible to any touch, and even the most gentle brush was a ravenous delight. Theresa sank into a libidinous trance and one hand started to trace down her body towards her pussy where it found the clit ring and started to manipulate it. She turned it slowly through its fleshy morsel and lifted it back and forth, so that the metal moved against the tunnel and released shocking flashes of ecstasy. Her panting breath became the rapid respiration of a masturbating female and the arms of her depravity opened wide to accept her. The image of the gorgeous members of the Holy Order looming over as she lay strapped and helpless before their imperious gaze flooded into her minds eye. Her processing on the slat had been abominable at the time but that was because of enfeeblement, fear, and the sudden assault of their myriad attentions. Now she had time to take each chapter and dwell on it separately, to fully digest each moment of travail.

Her fingers gathered moisture from her arousal and she started to trace it around her sex before exploiting it to slip a digit into her body. A little finger then hooked both clit ring and nipple ring and each started to bestow gentle tugs. The minor stretching of the organic anchor caused flashes of bliss that soon had her pulling a little harder to ensure that a small measure of distress added to her rhapsody.

The heat of the branding iron entered her thoughts — the feel of her owners once more marking her as theirs. It was an act that kindled the darkest and most virulent emotions, those of hate and lust, anger and rapture.

The elegant curves of their smooth bodies, so delightful and salacious, and yet adorned with vicious armour to thwart touch or sensual gratification. The cruel twist of their lips and the glint in their eyes when they watched her wail. To bring them pleasure was even more rewarding because they thrived on the most stern deeds of subjugation and torment.

Her feet started to stretch out towards the walls where she had the firm intention of levying some force and earning some punishment. Before she attained her goal, she was thankfully smothered in orgasm. She turned over, tickled her rings, and soaked herself in bliss before she started to calm her actions. When she realised what she was about to do she froze and gently brought her legs back to

her body. She blinked in befuddlement and let go of her rings. She could not believe she had almost willingly tortured herself. What was happening to her?

Afraid of what was growing inside her, Theresa pulled her limbs in tight and tried to find solace and refuge in captive sleep.

* * * *

Screams rent the air and Theresa was startled from an unknown duration of sleep. Flipping onto all fours, she scuttled to the outside panel and peered down through the chinks in her prison. Far below, a new slave — a blonde haired woman — was being put through the same process of introduction as herself. The pink haired gaoler was readying to snap rings into nose, clitoris, and breasts to make the woman announce her travail in expressive fullness.

There was no restoration of her speech. The captive had not been a member of a caste that required the destruction of communication, so the woman sobbed and begged with facility.

Theresa could not stop her intense arousal at listening to the imploring words or from watching the elegant frames of the women as they committed their dreadful work. Theresa's eyes were wide to capture every detail and she barely blinked.

A hand again wandered between her legs and started to circle on her inner thighs to tickle the soft skin and tease herself before she permitted indulgence. Her other hand toyed with her nipple rings, operating them as the woman gained her own. When the click of installation sounded, Theresa squeezed the teat and then pulled at the ring to make her back arch and loins thunder with new prurience. She did the same to her nose ring and then took great delight in abusing her clit ring with eyes closed to savour the hollers of the woman below.

While Theresa enjoyed another long and depraved orgasm, the female was branded and slotted into a cage. She was then delivered up onto the opposite wall and her cell was slipped in amongst the lugubrious multitudes. The sight of the scorching mark had Theresa absently tracing her own identification, whose ridges and trenches were deep and senseless. This made her concerned as to how long she had been asleep because the mark was healed.

With the distraction gone, Theresa returned to her own idle pondering. She thought about her fate, her past, her future, what had been done to her and what she had been forced to do. Despite her best efforts to the contrary, she could not stop the dejected thoughts from rolling around in her mind again and again, plaguing her with their presence, making her desire them. The boredom of

the cell was a terrible thing because she could not stop herself from fantasising, and with the alluring members of the Holy Order within easy sight, every fantasy was one of torment and surrender to their perverse wants.

A hiss of pressure drew her head up. She looked to the far wall where the dark surface was parting at the centre. The seam expanded to present the faint image of a passageway and an automated system snagged the base of her cell and ferried it deeper into the darkness.

The folds of inky midnight smothered her and made her cower in her cell like a frightened animal. The desolate possibilities of the unknown were the force she feared most.

The bleak chute continued on for a short way, and she watched the soft radiance from her former alcove dwindle. The doors closed once more and shut tight and to forbid the entry of any light at all.

Without warning the cage dropped. It plummeted down with speed and her body lifted a few inches from the ground because of the freefall. Screaming in terror, the instinctive response brought an automated one and the cage lashed her with a scourge of raw power. Her airborne frame was still in contact with the box and allowed it to channel its vengeance into her.

Theresa snapped her limbs back to herself, held tight, and secured her fright. She accepted the ride

with tightly clenched eyes and prayed that she not strike solid ground.

The meteoric journey braked suddenly. The deceleration slammed her to the floor, winding her, and expelling her breath as a croak.

Slowing to a full halt, her trip through the internal maze paused to allow another cage to move passed. The darkness hid the captive, who sobbed and whimpered from either having been recently abused, or from being destined for more.

The cage lurched onward and moved horizontally until she stopped again. A soft click signalled a change of direction and her prison rose directly up. The ceiling beyond parted and let light fall through. The roof of the cage restricted the influx but what there existed was still sufficient to dazzle her gloom-addicted sight. Theresa lifted her hands to shield her gaze and the ascent raised her into a room. The parted ground allowed her cage to rise up and then the floor sealed beneath her.

Squinting, Theresa surveyed her surroundings. She was within a circular chamber perhaps ten metres in diameter. The bare walls and floor were smooth and polished to a jet finish that amply reflected the light that streamed in from above. It was akin to being at the bottom of black well of exquisitely carved obsidian. The shaft rose up to a skylight and the glass pane sealed the vertical tunnel. It also provided a view of the clouds in the

sky and the rest of the cathedral towering up. Theresa could see that this room clearly belonged to part of an outer spire.

Keeping still, she remained mute, in case the cage was still listening and laying in ambush to pounce and lambaste her with electricity once more. The tedium of the wait was harder on her now, for though she had the vault above to watch and leisurely study, it only made her wistfully think of home and all she had lost.

A section of the wall spoke with a few mumbled clicks and arose. It lifted up and exposed two grim figures of astounding aesthetic beauty. The sight of them made Theresa's jaw drop open and her heart sink in mortal dread.

A dark form stepped in first. The tall male was covered in a dense sheath of armour. The black chitin pieces were sculpted to organic perfection so that they flowed across his body like segmented skin and were armed with wicked spines along every outside edge. This quality gave the male a body that might belong to some barbed midnight insect, with gauntlets that ascended to curved, spear tip blades. The symbol of a stylised eye was impressed into the chest plate and the crimson disc that bore this heraldry threw out the pattern of membranous wings. These bat-like constructs flashed out to form into his shoulder guards.

The male's pale face was slender and stern, with dark eyes locked beneath a frowning brow. His

black hair was shaved away save for a long woven plait that emerged at the back of his skull and the tight braid was fixed with bone clasps. A sprawling tattoo covered the right side of his face and it rolled down from temple to cheek to jaw. The pattern of jagged lines was presented in an intertwining partnership of crimson and deep blue.

The High Theocrat herself stepped out in his wake, her rigorous but beautiful features magnified by the same artistic masterpiece of cosmetics that Theresa had already borne witness to. The woman still wielded the aura of diabolic omnipotence that Theresa had felt before, and the spider limbed head dress that kept her cascade of hair from her eyes was also familiar, but her attire had changed from the regal vestments of her station.

A fishnet catsuit provided a foundation for her ensemble and even this casual attire was no less intricate than that of her previous outfit. A strapless bra of polished gloss skin held about her torso and offered up her admirable breasts for the scrutiny and lust of others the plunging cleavage beneath a fishnet pane being a picture of wonder. A thick collar of spiked metal segments rolled around her throat, with black metal pauldrons reaching out from it. The sculpted guards passed her shoulders, ascended to jagged points, and served to drape her crimson skinned cloak behind

her. The angry red fabric was supple, worn from age, and flowed behind her like ruddy water.

Her net ensnared arms slipped down into opera gloves of matching fabric to her bra. The fingers were armed with metal plates to give the image of slender gauntlets, and these armoured gloves ascended to vicious claws. A high cut thong flowed under a tight waist cincher and the clinging corset was flecked with blunt studs of silver and laced down the front. There were three buckles laid over the top and the belt threw down suspenders from its lower rim. The thin straps crossed her mesh tights and fixed to the pointed front of thigh boots. The dagger heel added to her imposing height and spoke in sharp clicks upon the hard floor when she strode past.

Gnawing needles of terror jabbed into Theresa's heart and mind to make her quail before the intense and dreadful glower of the priestess of pain. This female was the representing religious head of a world devoted to torture. What could she expect from the attention of such a demonic beast?

The High Theocrat touched the wall when she stepped through and into the sunlight. The main door closed to seal the room while two panels situated several meters up on either side turned about. Each revealed a human male affixed to them. The bodies had previously been facing into the coffins that had housed and hidden them and

each was sealed within comprehensive cocoons of black latex. Their hands were reduced to balled clubs by weighty mittens and their heads were sealed in transparent hoods. The tight oppressive hold stifled their speech and forced food tubes into their sealed lips. The skin of their bald heads glowed and threw an amber wash across the room, augmenting the weak sunlight and hiding their imploring gaze.

Unable to move in the slightest, only their penises were free. The shafts were positioned at shoulder height, were raised in salute, and were coated in latex. The testicles were bulged out beneath them by a rigid and heavily weighted collar at the base.

The High Theocrat turned aside and let the attending Dregakk male remove her cloak before hanging it on one of the raised cocks.

Prowling through the room, the High Theocrat regarded the ceiling. She looked up at the sky as though she could see something beyond the clouds, a secret to which she alone was privy.

The male stepped over and his heavy tread sounded upon the slick surface of the floor like it was a stone drum. A touch to the roof of her cell had the locks retract suddenly.

He lifted the hatch and held it open while looking down at her, his sculptured features silhouetted against the sky.

“Get out, slave,” he ordered. His voice was

silken and laced with malevolence, stripped of emotion to render it a hollow vociferous tone.

Far too intimidated to resist them, Theresa yielded. Her spine gave several soft pops when it straightened from the lengthy hunched position and stepping out, she lowered into a squat. She was unwilling to show defiance by remaining upright before these consummate torturers.

The loss of its burden was detected and the floor parted to swallow her small prison and reseal again. No trace of even a seam was apparent to betray the main entrance to the room, or the pit that hid the human coop. Theresa wondered how many other such holes dotted the walls and floor, how many other slaves were loitering beneath her feet, waiting to be called up on a sadistic whim.

A heavy sole lifted up and brushed her shoulder. He placed a furrowed tread to the skin before shoving and sending Theresa sprawling onto her back.

The metal goliath towered over her. He looked to the Theocrat as though seeking approval, to which the glorious female glanced at her assistant, nodded covertly, and restored her intimate gaze to Theresa. She was studying the humbled human with near scientific intensity for an as yet unknown reason, and the mere prospect terrified.

With permission granted, the male lifted his forearm and flipped a small hatch. Tapping a claw

upon the tiny keypad located within, his coded instructions prompted a reaction from the room itself. A beam started to extend far above the ground. The gallows extended and then locked into position before a piece of the underside started to lower. Two chains held the horizontal pole so that the apparatus was formed like a metal trapeze, one with heavy leather straps riveted along the suspended pole.

Simultaneously, a trench opened in the floor under the shadow of the descending implement. The hole allowed a leg spreader of equal size to the appliance above to rise on a squat column, and each end was adorned with a sturdy fetter. The floor restored its featureless integrity and the male indicated for Theresa to enter the awaiting arms of restraint.

Hesitant to comply, only her fear of them gave her cause to acquiesce. Standing up, she put her ankles to the bonds. The male leant down and fixed them in place so that the leather was gripping firmly to her skin, denying movement, and keeping her legs splayed wide. The hovering stave brushed her shoulders, and the male began to set the leather strips to her limbs. Her cruciform arms were encircled at wrist, elbow, and shoulder, and then a final tight belt encircled her throat to pin her to the strut and also exert a slight pressure at the neck that hampered her breath.

The chain retreated and this tightened her

complete capture. Theresa was drawn from the ground and snapped taut between the two poles. Stretched terribly, her chest and legs strained with internal pressure, and her breath quickened while she scowled in perseverance. She tried to keep quiet lest she inspire harsher abuse for daring to trouble their ears with her complaints.

Wandering before her, the armoured figure moved to the wall and lifted his fist. When he put the knuckles to the jet mirror, there was a whirr of motion, and a small strut extended to clip to an awaiting aperture on his forearm.

With a wrench, he threw his arm back and dragged out the monstrous length of a single tail whip. The woven tongue of leather flashed from the tiny aperture after having been securely connected to the spine encrusted vambrace and the tip issued a crack of menace. The weapon then slithered to the floor and followed in his path when he strolled behind Theresa's suspended form.

Her wiggling toes tried to reach the floor and her arms tensed against the straps, trying to get free. The prospect of such a flogging had her livid with concern and she could not hold off soliciting mercy or explanation.

"What do you want of me?" she whispered softly, her meek voice trembling more than her body.

"Silence!" hissed the male.

Whirling his arm, he sent the whip out to lap at her back. Its flicking tip painted a long burning welt amidst a vibrant crack.

With a jolt, Theresa set free a holler and the sound washed through the tall room. The reflected image of the armoured form in the wall before her was distorted and hazy, but it still revealed him casting back the lash for another hack. The clue gave her a valuable moment to prepare herself.

“Wait,” stated the High Theocrat.

The words stopped the assistant in his tracks. His obedience to her was total and binding.

“Have you not learned your place yet, slave?” she asked, straightening from the wall and stepping closer, her heels issuing brittle clicks upon the ground.

“Well, have you?” she repeated.

The woman extended a clawed digit and hooked a nipple ring before she slowly pulled away. Drawing out the teat, she made it scald Theresa with intense malaise and flashes of havoc.

“Stop, stop, please, Mistress!” she whimpered, throwing her head from side to side, trying to move her chest forward and alleviate the haul before the woman ripped the ring free.

“You call me Supreme Goddess, slave. When I am of a disposition to allow you speech,” she added.

“Please, Supreme Goddess, stop, I beg of you!” she shouted. Theresa was willing to say anything

to stop the hold.

The other ring was snared and drawn out to reach the same extent as the other hoop. Theresa flew into weeping paroxysms and her fingers clawed at the solid chain responsible for keeping her elevated.

"You still have not answered my question, miserable ape creature," reminded the woman.

The Theocrat nodded to the assistant, who applied a brutal lash. The tip gnawed into her hip and conjured another wild throe from Theresa's maliciously lengthened frame.

"Yes, Supreme Goddess, I have!" Theresa howled, anxious to end the torment she had unwittingly instigated.

"Then what is it?" responded the religious icon.

The Theocrat dragged further back and made a soft shrill scream swell at the back of Theresa's throat and then rise in volume. It became a strained wail before the woman let go.

The level of pain started to dwindle but the harried nipples were still torn by cramping suffering. Theresa's answer to the spiteful hold settled back into her wheezing breath.

"I ... I ... am a possession of the Phed Dregakk Theocracy," she replied after a moments unsure pondering. The ancient teachings of her tutor from the time of her initial abduction had risen through her larynx of their own accord. However, when they emerged they did so on a licentious rasp. The

powerful throb of the welts and the domination of the pair had roused her craving for submission. The abuse to her breasts, her suspension, and being made to state her ownership caused flashes of wanton desire to rip through her. She was once more truly their slave.

“And?”

“And ... and ... I ... ’ Theresa stammered, unable to think of anything to augment her response or to explain to them just how willing she was to surrender to anything they desired of her.

Another nod brought another stroke. The fiery strip was painted deep into her shoulder and dragged a cry from her lips. Theresa’s head lolled while she wept, unable to take the piercing sting of the whip, but unsure of what was expected of her.

“I don’t know, Supreme Goddess, I swear I don’t know, just tell me and I will do it,” she whimpered, looking to the comely woman with tears in her eyes and lines of saliva extending from slack, trembling lips.

Taloned digits clamped to her throat. They held firm and magnified the effect of the collar, thereby damning her to an inferior wheeze through a clamped throat.

“You are a disobedient lump of un-evolved filth. A defective leftover from a dead world. Do you understand now just how grim your fate is? How tenuous your hold on life remains? You have

disobeyed constantly, been rejected from caste after caste – a maid, a steed, a labourer. Even then you tried to escape, and have ended up here. There is no where else for you to go. You are the lowest of slaves, useful only to be experimented on and finally sacrificed. Is this not so?”

The High Theocrat was appraised of Theresa's history, knowing well the declining journey of her captivity, and there was little point resisting her. Only trying to exonerate herself of the grave charges was left, and she began to plead her case with heartfelt conviction.

“It was not my fault, Supreme Goddess. I tried to obey, I tried to do everything that was required of me, but I was forced to fail,” she confessed.

“Explain,” purred the Theocrat.

The woman offered a flicker of a grin and retained the hold on Theresa's throat. As added incentive for the truth, she slipped a curved artificial nail through the hoop transfixing Theresa's clitoris.

“There was a girl. She persecuted me without reason from the moment I arrived. I tried to be a good slave but she kept picking on me.”

“So? You think you deserve special treatment? That a Dregakk should not do anything they wish with you?” she uttered, and Theresa was alarmed to feel her offering tiny pulls to the ring. The metal made her clit churn with delight and Theresa sank more freely into the arms of her bondage.

“N ... no ... Supreme Goddess, but it was done to make me fail without reason. My implant was activated while serving the master of the house to make me spill drink on him. The master of the stable was tricked by her into thinking that I lusted after him, making him take vengeance on me. She made me take her on an illicit errand when I was a steed, and her mother tortured the information out of me. Because of that, I was sent to the fields to be gang raped each night. I had to flee, I had to, I was being starved to death by my own race. It wasn't my fault, Supreme Goddess, I swear it, I swear I will be good, just give me a chance.”

“Your tale breaks my cold heart, slave,” mocked the woman, and drew on the flesh-attached ring pull to make Theresa choke on her cries. The hot maelstrom within the intimate morsel made her cavort against the suspended rack and Theresa was almost tempted to reveal the masochistic crevasse that had opened in her soul. Such a confession might alleviate her current ordeal, but it would only fuel sterner grief in the future and so she kept the words hidden, for now.

“But tell me the name of the villain responsible for your downfall. I wish to have the name of one who has so expertly ruined you.”

“P ... Pelakh ... T ... Thaine, Supreme Goddess,” she snivelled.

“Good slave,” she replied.

The woman released her holds and stepped back so she could regard the dangling prisoner.

“But it does not change your situation. You have been sent to the Temple for your final fate, and regardless of the reasons behind your arrival, you belong to the Order now. Yet you intrigue me, slave, I think I can make good use of you to aid me. Let us see your response to some minor trials from one of my knight templars, and I will decide what destiny you merit. You may continue at your own discretion, Mernekt.”

The holy guardian flung his arm back and launched the whip into the air. He swung back and flicked the tip to her spine, applying the weapon with all his cybernetic might. The lucent lines he etched into her caused Theresa to writhe in her dismal hell. Her thoughts were a maddened tempest and her only wish and intent was to get away from the remorseless whip, but her only available recourse was to scream.

Stroke after stroke fell, robbing her of breath, stealing her sanity, and leaving her a slack husk when the final lap of the tip came and no more followed. With dampened strands hanging before her eyes, and the collar imposing on her rasping breath, Theresa was left loose between the two poles with all her vigour gone.

Picking up the end of the implement, the templar slotted it back into the hole that had released it. With a swift jerk, the coil was

retracted. It vanished back and released the warrior's armour. The root disappeared and the source sealed over, permitting his fist to drop away and the keen edges of his claws to hiss through the air.

Facing the imprisoned subject, he entered a new code and opened a cabinet of bizarre implements and eldritch devices. The tools of agony hung in ordered patterns, revealing them to the scrutiny and selection of the guardian.

Another short rod was selected, this one made of thick, solid metal. The length was maliciously spiked and there was a clip on either end. As he moved towards her chest, the width of the clips revealed his purpose and Theresa sought to move away.

The stave was raised and the clips snapped to her nipple rings. The Knight let go and left the weight dragging at her teats through the medium of these insufferable moorings.

Gasping from the severity of the effects, she panted and whimpered her pleas for mercy, to solicit the removal. The pain of having her assets drawn down by the rings made Theresa shake violently but this only caused the tiny teeth to scratch at her cleavage and breasts.

Continuing with his task, his clawed hand reached into the arsenal and removed a pole. The rounded tip was armed with monstrous rubber barbs and the remaining length was lined with

three sets of dual restraints. Each of these heavy studded straps was connected to the staff by short hobble chains.

As though wielding a baton, Mernekt spun it in his grasp. His dextrous fingers whirled the implement while he wandered slowly towards Theresa. Worried mumbles issued under her breath.

Without any hesitation, he gripped the object in the manner of a spear, and lowered. He kept his gaze locked to hers so he might observe her panic and concern. He loitered with the aimed weapon and let her fright bloat to new levels. Theresa's legs fought to close and deny easy access because the provocative split was only serving his intentions.

"No, don't, please, I—" she began, her own words proving to be the signal to start.

With a methodical and lethally accurate drive the toothed point plunged into her. Its pliant fangs rattled upon the drooping ring in her clitoris, and the hard rod opened her forcibly and dragged its slick surfaces against her dry membranes. The nodules inflicted little more than scratching discomfort because their points faced outwards. Until removal was attempted, they would be willing to remain impassive in her torment. The penetration made her squeak in shock as the dive into her made Theresa's abdomen spasm uncontrollably.

The templar held the stave in place, tugged open the fetters, and let her legs fall to the ground. Momentarily robbed of motion by her struggles, the limbs sought to acquire their former abilities before Mernekt could restrain her again. A cybernetic hold compressed her shin, crushing the flesh and steering it into the second set of ankle bonds. He quickly buckled the joint in and then the second foot was identically manhandled to deny Theresa any chance to eject the sheathed pole. The length of her own legs was now anchoring it within her. It would make any bending of the limbs push the fanged pole deeper, and any straightening of the limbs into a more erect stance would drag the soft teeth out and plough uncomfortable furrows of sensation in her sex. The promise of such intense consequences immediately coerced her into trying to keep as still as possible.

The other restraints were sealed above and below her knees and the short chain granted her a valuable buffer zone for motion. With the basics of his plan installed, the knight moved away and the leg spreader automatically retreated back into the ground.

The impassioned mourning from Theresa had little effect on the gaunt giant, and without delay, he stepped before her and lifted his forearm. He flicked his fist forward and a supple black stem spat out. The wiry crop extended over two feet

and wobbled in the light.

The telescopic shaft was hurled back and swung inward to etch a trench of heat across her stomach. The welt made Theresa cavort in her bonds and unleash a croak as he persevered with his assault. The male used broad oscillating strokes and his enhanced strength and a relentless cadence inflicted an ever more intricate plexus of lines upon her belly.

The smooth sheet of skin rippled from impacts and her cavorting stomach. The thrashings made her chest rock and sway the heavy bar at her breasts, magnifying the haul at her nipple rings. Her only success from her fight for avoidance was in causing the immersed prickly rod to shift and dig its dull claws into her. They were not sharp enough to wound, but the discomfort made Theresa yelp and kick her legs out to counter the effects.

The beating stopped and the male stepped away. The whip skipped back into its hidden home at some unseen command.

The High Theocrat moved out before Theresa. She followed the wall and traced the smooth surface with her fingers. The woman looked him up and down. His breath was heavy and deep, and he was dripping with prurience.

A hand reached down and there was a soft muted click before his codpiece dropped into her hand. She moved it slowly away and the male

gave a tremble as his cock slithered free and fell on display. The Theocrat tossed the armour aside and watched his shaft swell and stand up. His eyes were locked to Theresa's many vivid weals and the prospect of inflicting more pain on her was making his member bulge with anxious need.

The Theocrat took hold of the manhood and felt its racing pulse through her glove. She grinned and offered several dilatory strokes that further fanned his concupiscence and then she simply let go and left him deprived of any more input.

She nodded towards Theresa, and the knight gave her room and strolled back behind the bound form. He was now poised and ready to continue his sadism at a word from his sultry overlord.

"Not the most educated of tormentors, but those are males for you – too impulsive in their nature. Their patience and longevity for abuse is measured only in how long they can hold their lust at bay," she commented.

The woman removed an ornate vambrace from the cabinet. She locked it about her forearm and the device gave a whining purr of activation as several lights lit up along the detailed flowing circuitry.

"The templars are useful defenders of our faith. It negates the need to rely totally on the military and gives us the means to defend our churches and cathedrals. Besides, it is wise to have obedient loyal males within easy reach," she acknowledged

lightly and lifted her fist towards Theresa's chest.

A laser spot spat out from a glowing red lens and projected targeting crosshairs on her torso. The wandering tiny 'x' of crimson made Theresa whimper and be fraught with inner turmoil, oblivious as to what manner of projectile this beam taught to fly true. Was it an energy blast? Was it a searing stream of electrical voltage or a solid missile to maim or injure her? The fright was further encouraged when the High Theocrat traced it around Theresa, obviously thinking through where to place the enigmatic issue of the weapon.

"The Holy Order is matriarchal elite. We have raised our teachings to new levels of superlative perfection. Do you think you can stand or survive our ministrations? Shall I execute you now and save you the horror of your future?" wondered the woman, lifting her aim to Theresa's brow. The light dazzled her eyes as it crossed her vision.

"No, Supreme Goddess, don't kill me, I implore you," babbled Theresa, trying to gain a reprieve.

"So you want to be tortured beyond all mortal endurance?"

"Yes, yes, just don't kill me."

"A willing subject for abuse. That is a good sign. A long life of agony could be yours if you can maintain such an attitude, slave," she announced, then dropped her aim and fired.

A hiss of pressure caused Theresa to shriek in

fright, and while she screamed, a tiny metal orb struck her hip. The three hooked fingers that were coiled back on the minute tripod suddenly snapped forward and grabbed a pinch of her skin in a merciless clasp. The clamp bloated the skin with crushed sensation. This susceptibility was then exploited by the sharp stud that was stabbed forward to press it into the captured morsel. The clamp was a painful addition to her sorrow, and the dark dull point increased it. The spine made her shudder and try to fling the small appliance off but the effort proved fruitless. The grip was too strong to be defeated by mere wriggles, and the pounding throb continued from the compression. The feel of the stud being shoved into the nugget of abused skin grew more distinct and awful with every passing second.

Another was fired and the small orb threw out its curved arms. When it struck the soft flesh of her left breast, the mordant toy secured itself via the sharp clamps, and sent a lance of slender silver against the captured flesh.

Arching back, Theresa affirmed her anguish with a thunderous yell. Her fingers tensed outward, and the kick of her bound legs extracted the shaft the tiny but terrible distance that caused her to reverse her action, double her up, and extend her scream.

A rapid trio was launched. The pellets thudded to her thighs and inspired a gasp when the clamps

took hold, and then a cry with the attack of the stud.

"No more. Please. For pity's sake," moaned Theresa.

She was delirious with pain. Her movements were not only causing dismay to her womb but they were making the burden between her breasts bounce, tug, and scratch.

"Silence her annoying mumblings and you may take her, Mernekt," she permitted.

With sudden celerity, the templar forced a ball gag into her mouth. He easily defeated her squirming head and shoved it in before fastening the strap around her skull. The belt dug into the corners of her mouth and kept the orb slotted deep to deform her words beyond recognition while permitting her wails to emerge in all their audio glory. With the price for intercourse paid, he grabbed her hips from behind. He held firmly and snagged his thumbs into the soft yielding buttocks. Clawing the barrier open, he forced an entry despite Theresa's frantically clenched sphincter. The muscles of her rear were unable to deny him as he shoved inward, driving deep and commencing his ravishment with a swift stabbing rate.

The spines on his armour prodded her, sometimes with enough impetus to draw a speck of red. The outrageously sharp claws of his hands opened slender scratches where his hands

wandered at her flanks, guiding her via her pelvis, using it as a steering wheel to churn Theresa upon his sex. He employed his cock more like a sword to inflict rending pains rather than an organ of pleasure. Each thrust swung her body and made the bar attached to her breasts sway and bob, making her nipple rings seem as though they were made of molten metal.

Undeterred by the act of violation, the High Theocrat opened fire with a new volley. She placed the hideous gadgets on Theresa's arms and legs, her inner thighs, belly and breasts, each one led by a thin streak of empurpled light before it applied identical straits. The reason was clear and her rear clenched in fits to the immersed shaft. Each tightening anal fist escalated his delight in his work, and the religious warrior revelled in the feel of her agony upon his jabbing phallus.

To be bound so mercilessly, tormented so effectively, and ravished so savagely, the various ordeals gathered into a hurricane of debauched want and Theresa's thoughts were tossed upon the potent eddies. The pain was unbearable but the bliss was intolerable.

Drowning in her own mind, Theresa howled to the heavens. Her mouth was already spread wide by the intruding sphere and lines of rabid drool slipped from her lips and stretched out from the underside of her jaw. The sudden injection of hot semen into her rear made her screw her face up

with endurance. After her long nights of harsh and ceaseless molestation, it was an orgasmic treat to feel a sterling Dregakk manhood in her again. The shrivelled visage that she carried from trying to weather the brutal rhapsody flashed open into a startled grimace when a pair of orbs struck each of her breasts. Their trident jaws clenched to her and shoved their stiletto tongue against the fertile regions to cause a devastating shock. The ferocious clench of her rear made the male gasp in sudden rhapsodic bliss and a second squirt of hot fluid entered her choked rear.

The effects started to lower to less refulgent pinnacles. Her tumble down the mountainside of her ecstatic suffering ended at a steady and remorseless level, where the compressing clamps kept all feeling from her skin, stockpiling a reservoir in secret, waiting to throw the hoarded stash of awful sensation back the moment they were freed, and in the meantime they only let a faithfully systematic pulse slip through. The studs kept up a fiendish presence, announcing their sites with flickers of myalgia. The parts of her anatomy into which they were pressing felt as though they were being mangled and torn apart by fists of fire. The scratches and cuts at her back and sides were minor rivals to such torment, but they added their flavour to her trial and made for further insufferable companions.

A hint of rapture corrupted her mask of

desperate endurance when the feel of the alien phallus drawing free of her made itself apparent. Its passage was facilitated by the prolific issue that now stained her chafed insides and sore sphincter.

The impaling sex seemed to plunder her energy, and Theresa slackened on her bonds and sought a chance to rest. Settling into an otiose state, the jab of the pole to her deepest territories forced her to back up and accept the scratch of the myriad internal nodules. Cursing her tormentors over a stifling gag, her burbled words made little sense. It was a failing that she was glad of for it let her ease her choler without gaining retribution.

The High Theocrat removed the firearm from her wrist and placed it back into the awaiting slot. She then let her fingers wander across the selection, her mind possessed of whimsical decisions, untroubled by purpose and awaiting the sight of something to stoke her imagination and villainous decadence.

She paused for a moment and stroked her angular chin. A smile crept through her lips and curled the dark corners before she used a claw tipped finger to flick open a tiny panel at the flank of her waspie belt. The small pane accepted a few tapped numbers and took command of the room with its code.

The ability of the denizens of the Temple to control the very environment with their will made them appear even more deified to Theresa and

therefore infinitely more worthy of her awe and reverence. The lurking need to grovel before them was empowered by their mastery of matter, that with a touch they could conjure items of restraint and abuse into existence, to punish or pleasure with a capricious notion and equally easy touch of a button.

A section of the floor lowered a fraction and then slid back. It unveiled a sunken square section whose smooth walls dropped down a few inches.

"Remove the weight and unfasten her arms," ordered the woman, and marched to the pit after grabbing a small box from a lower shelf of the cabinet.

The clips were removed and the weight taken away to bring a profound relief to her harried nipples. Despite the many other clamps, it was enough of a reprieve to bring a sudden rush of excitement and exaltation.

The buckles rang with merry chimes while the templar rapidly set loose the straps and made sure to leave the one at her neck to the end. Theresa's arms dropped to her sides, and were extremely tardy in any response to her wishes. She tried to reach up and remove the tiny orbs, but the clamps were locked in place and any attempt at dragging them off only revived the pinch and added new suffering to the skin currently under their attentive diligence.

The belt at her throat came away, and she

wilted automatically. A squeal of angst made her rise up again when the stab of the pole and the subsequent gouging effects caused her to fold over again. Theresa kept herself at an awkward stance between squatting and standing, with only the tiniest shuffle permitted by the inhibiting bar.

“Come here, slave,” hissed the woman, her tone of authority absolute.

Employing tiny steps, Theresa complied but the hobble pole was almost crippling her. The dull studs shifted in her sex, nibbling at the already well-punished membranes and making her quiver in sudden fits when a particularly sensitive region was grazed. Each step was a nightmare of self-control, and the voyage seemed to take forever. Any attempt to speed it up made her balance ail. Her mind was already dizzy from the pain and spots flickered over her sight while her skin chilled and became laced with sweat.

The weighty footfalls of the knight closed in and overtook her. His fingers reached out and ran across her buttocks. The tips left four long scratches on the soft pelt and the thin pink furrows caused Theresa to jolt upright with a scream, and then emphasise her distress when the banks of fangs shifted and had her throw herself back down into the demanded stance. Her instinctive responses were being monstrously and excessively chastised.

Finally, although battling for balance with

every step, she arrived near the pit. The warrior turned to stand behind the High Theocrat and watched Theresa with revived prurient needs.

"Step in," said the female, jabbing a long finger at the square.

With a sense of jeopardy, Theresa complied. She knew that they would force her in anyway and apply additional brutality should she resist. Without warning, the floor began to sink down, slowly descending and carrying Theresa down with it. She shuffled about but the meagre walls of the pit were already far too high for her shackled legs to traverse. Gurgling her words of pleading, she pawed at the sides, trying to drag herself out before she was ferried too deep to reach. The lip cleared her shoulders and still she was gradually being lowered.

"I advise you to take hold of the ledge, slave," suggested the woman, and settled into a crouch before Theresa when she clapped her palms to the lip. Holding firm, her bare feet left the ground and her fingers left Theresa hanging over the growing abyss. Theresa had to hold her legs slightly crooked to help alleviate the pain of the pole but there was worse to come.

The shrill tone of scraping metal rose from below and she risked a glance into the depths with her heart fluttering from worry. The sight made her scream aloud in mortified calamity.

Dense banks of slender barbed spikes, over

three feet in length had arisen and filled the bottom like the back of some lethal porcupine. The deadly arsenal was aimed up towards her and the cruel fingers of hooked metal beckoned for her to fall.

“Now, let us begin in earnest, and see what you can take. The option of a fairly quick death is available to you now, slave, though if you land poorly, you may end up spending many hours lying in the depths, punctured and paralysed, bleeding slowly in new realms of torment,” she purred, and flipped open the lid of the box with a nail point.

The woman reached in with the same carved tip and there was the soft click of a tiny lock. The High Theocrat withdrew the armoured digit and revealed that the nail had been embellished with an inch long spire of metal. The needle glinted in the light when she turned the instrument over beneath her gaze, examining it before lowering the tool towards Theresa’s fingers.

Incoherent pleas spilled over the gag and spittle and tears surrounded them. The woman gently prodding the soft flesh of her left index finger and then aimed beneath the nail. The brief sparks of discomfort made Theresa weep in mortal jeopardy and when her body bounced against the wall, it made the many clamps throb anew.

Her jaws opened even wider and left the ball loose in her maw when the tiny stiletto was placed

under her nail. With a slight shove, it was pushed in until it parted the tissues and slithered along the underside. The sensation was more akin to a broadsword being plunged into her arm and the intensity was more fervid than anything she could have fathomed. The feel of it shifting upon her flesh, the skin erupting with volcanic torment, the excruciating penetration, all of it had her throwing her head wildly about and her body quaking against the smooth wall of the pit.

The shard was released with a twist and left sheathed within her. The High Theocrat reached in and drew forth another. Her eyes were saturated with diabolic rapture at the sound of Theresa's agony.

The dangling slave shouted her protests into the gag, but could do nothing as another tip touched the neighbouring digit. The Theocrat closed her eyes and Theresa watched the woman savour the cries she offered when the pressure behind it finally pierced the finger and let the spine sink in.

Wiggling the inserted needle to make Theresa wail all the more fervently, the suffering proved too much and prompted an attempt to stop it. With a spasmodic jerk, Theresa moved a hand to try to tug them out, but the added weight caused her remaining hand to slip back and she slid towards the fall that would deliver her into the spikes. With a frantic slap, she dropped the

wavering hand back and restored her anchors. She held tight and was torn between the ordeal and a grisly fate below.

Theresa could only shriek while the tyrannical female inserted more of the baleful needles. She slotted them into her fingers and sheathed one in each while Theresa howled. Her mind was aflame, her thoughts scrambled and torn between the instinct to evade the pain and that for self-preservation. Each time more of the mordant wires were forced into her to turn her digits into lucid stars of searing mayhem, they eroded her resolve to remain on the perch and endure. She could not take this, it was simply beyond her.

A third needle entered the little finger on her right hand, and she yelled into her own mind, trying to convince herself that she had come this far, and if she was going to fall, she should have done it at the start and saved herself this tragedy. But the experience was too much, and the sweat welling across her body was making her fingers slick. Theresa was sliding gradually back, her fight to stay on being defeated by her own perspiration. Shrieking, she tried to hold firm, every millimetre she lost making her terror rise until she was remaining fixed solely by the merest tips. The pressure on the pierced nails drastically increased their effects while the Theocrat simply mocked her with a laugh and then proceeded to insert another.

Issuing a chagrined yell, Theresa's grip was lost

and she dropped. She awaited the imminent dreadful rending of her body but then her feet fell one single inch and struck solid floor. Her body sank down and stabbed the pole to her limits. Theresa straightened up with a spasm and toppled against the wall. Her dread had suddenly transformed into utter confusion.

Slouched against the wall, she threw her stare down, and prodded the image with her toes. She found it solid. It was a holographic picture of such intricate detail that it had tricked her mind.

With a roar of furious anger, she broke into sobbing fits. Her hatred of the woman bloated to immeasurable levels from this cruel illusion, the imposition of fear without equal having torn at her soul and left her numb; and it had all been a lie to entertain this bitch queen.

Grabbing the needles, she bellowed with her wrath and hauled them out. The drag of the metal was a much sought after distraction from her tempestuous wrath. Taking them out in bunches, she hurled them to the artificial scene and pounded her fists to the wall as though to destroy the pain in her fingertips.

Yelling and cursing, weeping and laughing, Theresa's sanity was hanging on by the merest sliver.

With a jolt of movement, the floor started to rise and the hologram flicked out of view when the ground smothered it. Theresa leaned against the

wall and sniffed back her tears while cradling her fervid fingertips. Slouched aside, she started to slip onto the floor when it was granted to her. The pit lifted up her legs until she was laid on her side, her pussy still impaled upon the vengeful and intolerant staff.

The insulting giggle of the High Theocrat was a caustic sound to her ears. It made her shudder against the invidious soft laughter and clench her hands into fists.

“Remove the gag,” demanded the woman, and placed a hand to her belt so she could impart a code and command movement.

A section of wall slid apart and revealed an arsenal of neatly racked weapons — crops, paddles, canes, whips, cats, tawses, straps— all manner of dreadful instruments of corporeal punishment, as well as numerous variations and hybrids of the tools.

The knight roughly removed the gag and the ball was dripping with her spit. The loss finally let her aching jaws close and permit her to swallow without difficulty. Meanwhile, the capricious grasp of the grand torturess closed about the ridged handle of a strange cane. The vibrant purple length was slender and armed with tiny cilia so they it almost appeared fuzzy.

The soft titter of heels signalled her return and the lithe strip reached out to stroke her physique. It traced around the clamps and the vindictive

stalk issued burning pangs with the slightest touch. The alien plant stem was poisonous in nature, even after its amputation, and the light caress made her jerk with covert shocks as it left behind a flushed purple bruise. The route it drew was strangely luminescent and the sting throbbed with a penetrating ache long after its infliction.

Theresa whimpered and flicked to attention when the strange weapon touched her. The swell of mayhem from a touch leapt to a peak and then settled back until the glowing line was pulsating with subterranean abuse. She feared that the woman would whip her with it to enhance its effects; but first, there were other ordeals to withstand.

A touch to her belt had the squadrons of Theresa's clamps open their holds. The studs jumped back and let the small metal orbs drop to the floor. They bounced and rolled away like marbles.

Theresa clenched her teeth and scowled. The impact of returning feeling clawed into the tissues and found the minor bruise of the stud whereupon it declared the discovery with a nova burst that made her throw herself aside. Theresa rolled and shivered as she sought to escape the leftover effects. Even the scraps were more than she could bear.

Wheezing softly, she swallowed and lay motionless. Her mind was dulled from her

prolonged session of ill treatment. The capacity for abuse the Dregakk displayed so flagrantly never ceased to exceed her expectations.

“Lift her up,” ordered the termagant.

The templar stepped forward and grabbed her about the back of her neck. The vice-like hold squeezed and tugged her into the air. She settled onto her feet and then he withdrew. Swaying slightly, she rubbed her many aching points. The rosy streaks of the welts across her back, the flushed blotches from the clamps that were centred around a slight contusion, the incandescent sting of the cane that had traced weaving paths up her torso, the criss cross of scratches over her hips and back, her brutalised rear; all of it ensured she could not forget their companionship. How could she endure so much concentrated suffering? It amazed her that she was still alive, and though she tried to pretend that it was not real, that she was imagining the pain, it was no use — the nightmare was real.

“Silence her,” came another order, and the guard sank fingers into the back of her hair.

He captured a fist and craned her head back. With her mouth opened, a sturdy plate of metal was pushed to her face and she felt that the interior bore a thick balloon into the cavern of her mouth. The male dragged back the straps that had been riveted at the perimeter and fastened them tightly about her head so that the sculpted

mouthpiece was fixed in place and she was denied the chance to spit it out. Two sturdy strips rose from the top in an inverted 'Y'. They ran on either side of her nose, connected at her brow, and then flowed over her head to grab the strap already in place around the base of her skull. A sharp tug caused the leather to groan in strain and compress her head within a ferocious lock that held the metal all the more firmly to her lips.

The locks at the buckles were sealed with a soft click, and the balloon in her mouth immediately billowed out of its own accord. The pressurised gasp filled her mouth with impenetrable rubber and stamped on her studded tongue before keeping it held beneath it. The gag had stopped up her maw and left her with only hampered breath through her nose. The vents were further brutalised when her nose ring was drawn down and snagged by a lock on the front of the gag. The anchor stretched the ring and made her septum surge with powerful pangs.

Respiring in long, drawn out wheezes, Theresa shuffled aside to regain her equilibrium when the crutch provided by her oppressor's hand fled. No sooner had his armoured body ceased to shield her than the High Theocrat closed in and launched the cane. The first withering cut skimmed her thigh. The ferocity of the slice was carried into higher reaches by the tiny fingers that allowed the sting of the plant to bite deep. The wash of duress

that poured from the crop was like nothing she had ever felt from such a weapon – the caustic stem was taking her beyond the possibilities of any ordinary crop.

The priestess of misery paused and let Theresa know that the pain would not fade. The lambent weal retained its precious stash of her misery and kept the flames of it stoked and raging.

The first stroke had still refused to even begin fading when another was applied, and another. The wide swing of the female attacked every portion of her body and showed no mercy or quarter while Theresa rapidly shuffled away from her. The distraught scramble shifted the inserted rod and ducking her body, her torso flailed and her arms tried to shield herself as she impetuously sought shelter.

The woman applied the scourge with an intense relish and the twisted leer of satisfaction that she found in her work.

With tears rolling down over her face, Theresa clapped her palms to the wall. She pressed her face to the cold surface and set her eyes to the sky as the stern lashes chewed into her already well-flogged back and hindquarters. Her frame convulsed with each new stripe. The view began to distort, her stamina being eroded until with giddiness holding regnant in her senses, she toppled and slammed harshly to the ground. The scowl of her wounds against this sudden battering

went unnoticed because the Mistress of this stygian cathedral continued to apply her weapon of vengeance without pause.

Clawing at the ground, Theresa dragged herself onward. She towed her tethered legs in her wake and the immobilised limbs received harsh kisses from the cane. Those to her exposed soles were the worst to encounter but there was no way to protect them from the animus of the High Theocrat.

Whipped around the circular room, Theresa was suddenly halted when the instep between heel and toe of a thigh boot captured the chain between her ankles. She was stopped in her flight so the High Theocrat might apply her weapon with new and furious speed. The cane shaded in Theresa's buttocks and thighs, coating the skin in depictions of purple radiance.

The offensive broke off without warning and the stalk hummed against the air with testing flicks so that it might shed the droplets of moisture that Theresa's fevered frame had lain upon it.

Gloved and armoured fingers touched her bonds, removed the straps, and freeing her legs. Her frame was still maintaining the cumulative fever pitch of every stripe she had acquired from the beating.

"Remove yourself and lick my boots, slave, and I will grant you clemency ... maybe," offered the

woman.

The Theocrat looked aside and her mere gaze seemingly caused a section of floor to part, exposing the submerged cage that was Theresa's cell and her route back to a tenuous sanctuary.

With her flesh still reverberating from the palpitating scars of her discipline, Theresa fought off the looming spectre of unconsciousness and slapped her palms to the ground. Strengthening her resolve, she dragged herself forward and kept the tracts of her pussy as limp as possible, hoping to slither free without too much pain. The nodules scratched and nipped terribly, each expelled millimetre surrendering only after an inferno of internal discord.

Only once she was beset with tremors of grotesque affliction did it finally come free and her forced squeal degenerated into a sorrowful moan when the tip emerged from her blazing orifice and dropped against the floor. The heat of her womb started to slothfully subside and leave her with the dubious friendship of her stings and the cumulative cache from her bruises of this session.

Rising crooked and numb onto all fours, Theresa felt the locks at the back of her gag being manipulated. The fixture capturing her nose popped open and let the straps fall loose. With a retching hack, she forced the balloon out and the diameter pushed her jaws apart almost to the point of dislocation before it squeaked across her

teeth and dropped to the floor. The huge bulb glistened with a thick layer of saliva and freed of the obstruction to the fulfilling of her orders, Theresa turned around and found that she was staring into the burnished panes of the woman's boots.

Held in a retained layer of suffering by the weals that were still scalding her, she knew she could take no more, not until she had been granted time to recover and let her mind rest. With her tolerance gone and her willpower smashed, she parted her dry lips and let her long subdued tongue roll forth to run across the smooth fields of patent leather. Even this was no easy task because the stud that cruelly bisected the implement of cleaning caught on the wrinkles and made its existence felt because of movement in a raw tunnel that was still very much fresh and tender.

Crossing the pointed toe with slavish devotion, Theresa licked the footwear. She attended the towering boots and made sure she covered them properly. She let her tongue snake up and down the skyscraper heel and around shin, knee, and to the tips of her thighs. With one boot done, she mindlessly turned to the other. Her indignity was subdued against the promise of finding respite against the session. The Dregakk were whimsical creatures, and if she could lose herself from the High Theocrat's gaze, even for a short time, then

perhaps the maenad would forget about her and find another mortal subject to fill her attention.

The rim of the second thigh boot was finished, and a last lick up the length of the suspender was the last act of self-subjugation. Theresa sat back onto her haunches and kept her gaze low in the hope of not irking the woman. Theresa prayed for mercy with all her heart.

A long, uneasy quiet ruled for a short time while the High Theocrat weighed up her choices, or was she merely just letting Theresa's dolour continue to grow fat within her soul, guzzling the choice fare of what might be?

"Get back into your box, slave," announced the pious sadist.

Lifting up her boot, she locked the instep to her shoulder. After digging in the heel, she shoved Theresa onto her back.

Without any further need for permission, she scudded to the pit on her belly, threw up the lid to her cage, and clumsily dropped herself within. Theresa was all too eager to be removed from this chamber of torture, even if it meant prolonged and cramped incarceration. She let the hatch fall in her wake and the locks sealed themselves automatically to trap her.

"I shall see you again, slave. Perhaps next time we can continue with more significant lessons for you," promised the woman as she settled down before the cage to look upon Theresa's huddled

form one last time before sending her on her way.

The prison began a graceful descent. It slid down and the light was cut off as the ground sealed back in her wake, leaving Theresa in complete darkness once more. The void was now a blessed soothing blanket that promised her sanctuary from the Theocrat's attention. Her eyes accustomed swiftly, and she started to make out the glow of her whip marks. The stains of her beating twinkled with a purple hue in the bleak tunnels, these being the only source of light.

The descent stopped and she was borne along before beginning a lengthy ascent. The gentle wash of the forced air over her skin soothed Theresa slightly. The tender kiss of wind to her abused physique continued for long minutes until her rise cut off and she was ferried forward. The doors ahead slid apart to expose the familiar and long sought after sight of her alcove. With a slow ease, she was inserted back into place. The portal locked behind her and she was once more left bathed in a faint twilight from the lower depths of the mass penitentiary.

Laying herself down and being careful of her contusions, she closed her eyes. The feat of resting was difficult because of the stubborn effects of the alien plant upon her flesh.

The sound of the cages coming and going continued to lull her into sleep, and the soft lullaby of their steady clattering song carried her

into a slumber where she dreamed of being on grassy hills, with the sky and its ample banks of fluffy white clouds all about her, and crisp clean air in her lungs.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The door closed and the High Theocrat listened to it lock. Alone at last, she pulled off her thong and tore open the mesh between her legs. She flopped onto all fours and grabbed Theresa's forsaken inhibitor bar. Her hands reverently embraced the spiteful tool and her lips parted so she might run her tongue along the pliant barbs. The taste of the human's pussy was divine and she rapidly fawned upon it before taking the whole thing in her mouth and then sucking on it.

Unable to hold her libido in check she swung the device between her legs and threaded it into her own body. Her chest arched and she gave a long mewl of heady delight from the feel of the cruel intrusion but she could not stop herself. Sitting up with difficulty, she managed to fasten some straps around her knees and thighs. With the instrument anchored to her, she started to stroke her clit and shift her legs. The rubber prongs grated against her humid sex and each

minor tremble made their existence more pronounced. Gasping for breath, she continued to masturbate, dreaming of the human standing over her, imperiously making her pay for everything she had done to her.

Theresa was ripening nicely. The abuse was making her strong, and hateful towards the woman who tortured her. When the time was right, she would extend the offer. How she yearned to make that move right now, but Theresa was the most apt candidate in decades and she dared not ruin her dream by acting precipitously. There were other parts of her plan about to unfold. She knew that she needed something to enforce Theresa's commitment to the deal, something more terrifying than being used as a sacrifice, something so terrible that Theresa would never back out once she had accepted her fate. The interrogation at the start of their most recent encounter had proven that she was on the right track, and now all she had to do was play that trump card and watch Theresa traipse along the predetermined path that she was completely ignorant of.

Theresa was in her cell, compressed, aching, alive with rancour. The things that the human female would do to her in retaliation for these abuses raced through her thoughts. The High Theocrat felt orgasm loom and as her digits danced on her pussy, she started to kick with her

legs, punishing her pussy and making her spasm with twisted relish.

"Soon, Theresa. Soon," she murmured, and licked at her fingers to taste of female juices.

* * * *

A crackle snapped her awake and Theresa opened her heavy eyelids to see the portal before her open a crack. It paused, flickered with a discharge of cyan forks, shut sharply, and then opened with a swish of speedy movement. With a lurch, Theresa was startled to find her cell moving back into the warren beyond the walls of the great hall. The movement jerked occasionally, as though her journey were being deliberated, or reconsidered.

The pain in her body had dwindled considerably. The light from her stings had faded, leaving her in true bleak oblivion as she was swallowed and ferried upwards into the higher peaks of the infernal cathedral.

With a jolt she stopped, started to descend, and was then shoved aside into a new corridor. Again, her hesitant path rolled on, until a solid impact cast her against the mesh. The stab of barbs made her recoil with a grunt and fortunately, the solid barrier she had struck prevented the fence being pushed out and thereby encourage retribution.

Trapped, there was a cyan pulse as a flicker of light rolled around before her and followed the

seams of a doorway. Was this some manner of malfunction? Had the pathway system gone awry and dispatched her at random. Maybe short circuits or misinformation within the guidance computer was moving her randomly around. Did her gaolers know her fate, or was it occurring without their knowledge? What if she was lodged in some forgotten corner, with only slow starvation awaiting her unless she was detected? Was this to be her final and unexpected fate after so much torture? After all their intentions to kill her with their deranged lusts, would she eventually meet her demise because of a mere computer glitch?

The doors before her opened in a series of abrupt motions and exposed a bright sheet. The light fazed her as suddenly she was being borne forward again. The cage emerged and fell, the exit having been situated high on a wall. After a brief moment of freefall the prison struck the ground with a deafening tone, slamming her to the roof as it bounced and then rolled to a halt. The many teeth of the walls scratched her until the lock snapped, the hatch fell open, and her body spilled onto the polished floor.

With a heavy clang, the box dropped onto its side, and Theresa felt the cold of the ground seeping into her chest. Procumbent and winded by the debilitating clumsiness of the landing, she lifted her head and surveyed her surroundings.

The room was virtually barren, with one wall opened by a large windowpane. The rest of the chamber was lined with fixed shackles and these the metal cuffs hung from a foot of chain and parted only to allow a thin corridor to snake off into darkness.

Looking out of the window, she found the evil city of the Dregakk on this colony world bathed in a soft light and this glow seeped stealthily into the chamber like a scalded animal. The monstrous towers before her gouged at the dark sky with jagged claws, their titanic heights left far below her in the exceptional peak she now dwelt in. This cathedral towered above all others, just as its denizens towered over the Dregakk in cruelty and sadistic skill.

Moving closer to the rectangular view, Theresa put her hands to the transparent pane and looked down into the depths. The severity of the plunge made her head suddenly swim and vertigo strike.

The oppressive night was kicked aside by flares of light from burning braziers, the headlights of speeding craft in the air and on the ground, and the dotted street lamps that followed paths and roads and then wove through the buildings in intricate patterns. In addition, the light from the thousands of windows dotting the sides of the vast mountains of bleak stone and metal added an ambient haze. Upon their sides hung the many flags and banners of House identification, and

many thousands of bound and tormented slaves whose strict bondage confined them to exposure and public scrutiny in their funereal fate. In every apartment and residence, the Dregakk were no doubt abusing their servants and slaves. It was startling to imagine the sheer amount of anguish being conjured in the city.

Turning pensively from the landscape, Theresa could only accept the passage because even if there were other exits, they were not available to one of such lowly stature as she. In a last hope of success, she ran her hands upon the seamless fabric of the walls, seeking to stir something into activity, to open a door or other point of egress, or locate something that might aid her in moving freely about the Temple.

Was this really an escape attempt? What was she doing? There was no way to make a break for freedom without being tracked by the Hunters. However, they had only been dispatched because she had been missed. It was doubtful that her fate was cared about now. None were expected to survive the Temple, and thus, if she could get out of the cathedral, and back into the wilds, she could well find herself the freedom she had almost found before. Previously, the threat of being caught and sent to the Temple was her prime factor in declining such flight, but now, this was her lot, and recapture would only have her sent back here again. It left her with nothing to lose.

With a sparkle of happiness in her heart, Theresa slipped into the passageway and traced her hand along the walls. Following the dark route to an unknown destination, the promise of finding a way out of this hideous church of evil and into the wilds made her steps light as her stomach and heart fluttered with apprehension and excitement.

A corner presented an entry into some sort of hall, and rather than continue to follow it pointlessly around, Theresa decided to cross directly. Moving on her hands and knees, she carefully scanned before her with her fingertips in order to seek any obstacles before crawling blindly into them.

Without warning, a dazzling pulse of light exploded around her. Harsh lights leapt to full intensity and made her sight disappear into a distorted white sheet. Clapping her hands over her eyes, she flipped up onto her feet and fought to see what was going on.

Metallic tethers clamped about her ankles to tilt her and rob her of balance. With her arms flailing wildly, she dropped straight into an arising sculptured seat. The reclining back kept her laid out as the engine of restraint continued to unfold with its captive firmly anchored to it. Lifted up, her legs were carried out on stirrups that spread her wide as her torso was slanted down. Her arms were snagged by automated shackles and hauled along her sides. A sunken headrest snatched her

brow with a ribbon of metal and forced her skull back to present her inverted gaze to the brilliant scene.

“Nooooo! Not again!” she howled, dismayed that she had been thwarted a second time. The loss of her hopes was a devastating bereavement.

The untouched canvas of white gathered colour in pale shades, filling the vague shapes she could see and restoring her sight through a steady process.

The moulded chair splayed her within its uncompromising and uncomfortable grip. Her demeaned frame was at the very centre of an amphitheatre, the sunken heart having been accessed by the passage she had unwittingly followed. The seats arising all around her were filled with adolescent female Dregakk. The crowds of students were all dressed in the scanty attire indicative of the Holy Order, save that their hair was generally plain in appearance, and none wore the skin cloaks that had seemed so much a part of the Order’s uniform.

A door to her right hissed open and revealed the High Theocrat. The woman was flanked by two templars of different visage to the one she had already encountered. Dressed in her ceremonial outfit, the woman marched over to Theresa’s prone body and looked over it with her usual vile smile creeping across her lips. This simple smirk revealed that her delivery had been no accident,

that the entire affair was an orchestrated trick to offer her the glory of considered escape only to snatch it away and make her deliver herself into the clutches of another session of torture.

"Glory to the Goddess," announced the dreaded high priestess and raised her fist into the air.

The assembled hordes of young women arose as one and echoed the words. A sea of punches rose up as they piously saluted their dark deity.

"Be seated," said the High Theocrat, and the sound of their bodies settling echoed through the hall as the creak of leather and latex attire.

"Now, as we were discussing before the break, the affliction of pain is not solely based on what is actually done, but by the threat of what might be done. To mindlessly torment the body is one thing, but to torment flesh and soul with equal severity, that is a goal worth attaining."

The alluring woman leant over and removed a stubby pistol from the depths of the chair. The small weapon was moulded into the visage of a snarling demonic form where the pursed lips created a muzzle and the stout throat was the butt. A thick hose fed the beast, riding up to the grip and forming momentarily into its spine before vanishing into the weapon. The pipe was opaque and therefore carried an unknown cargo.

The woman took an indifferent hold and stepped beside Theresa's upside down features.

She was addressing the audience as though the captive were not even alive, rather she was a mannequin, test dummy, or other inanimate object.

Theresa closed her eyes, realising now that she was a subject in some terrible lesson in the fine arts of atrocity. The Holy Order's new recruits were being taught the intricacies for which they were renowned, and the High Theocrat was tutoring them personally while using Theresa as her guinea pig.

"For example. Deprivation is a wonderful thing, and it becomes more potent the more valuable the commodity being removed. Chastity devices for orgasm, bondage for movement, gags for speech, blindfolds for sight, but to cut off the slave's access to air is a torment of no small significance. The total denial wrought by smothering or sealing is one of absolutes, the slave having no option. However, to present a route to their desired goal, and to have that goal impossible to attain yet fraught with additional travail is a wise investment of your time. Water torture is both effective and devastating, for it promises death by drowning, which is a demise inherently feared and promised by the ordeal, thus increasing the psychological impact of the torture. The slave may access air if they can swallow the fluid flow, or find a gap in it. This is of course a futile option but one that they may try

in desperation. If they do try, they will be frustrated by the knowledge that it is supposedly possible and also afflicted by the ingestion or inhaling of moisture to increase the magnitude of their suffering and panic. Observe ...'

The nozzle was aimed at her and the trigger pressed. A stream of cold water gushed forth into her face. The hose smothered her with a powerful stream, cutting off Theresa's access to air, rolling into her nostrils and into her throat, demanding that she hack and cough and expel valuable breath.

"As you can see, water torture when used in this manner is superior than dunking, for it offers the slave all the discomfort and nightmare possibilities of a drawn out and slow demise, with the constant offer of alleviation if they can just acquire it, while also denying them final release."

Theresa strained against her bonds, her mouth flapping like a goldfish's maw while she sought to find a vent in the steady flow by which she might find air. The Theocrat had declared it as not possible, yet her instincts demanded that she find it. Swallowing great mouthfuls in frantic calamity, her lungs burned and her mind whirled with suffocation. The act of slow and methodical drowning was terrifyingly realistic and made her rabid with panic. Darkness started to loom around the edges of her mind and sight, encroaching slowly, eating away, and stealing her thoughts,

making them slower and dull. With unconsciousness overtaking her and preceding drowning, she inhaled rashly and drew in a deep gasp of water, just as the cascade ended.

Breaking into retching strains, she regurgitated the inhaled fluid. Coughing and spluttering thereafter to expel the lingering moisture, her tainted lungs continued to revile the influx and her body writhed impotently in its bonds, unable to get free.

Swallowing and sobbing softly, Theresa slowly went slack. Her muscles were now aching from the exertion of trying to break out of her bonds.

“Additionally, the ordeal may be further magnified by modification to the basic weapon in use. For example, the addition of a caustic ingredient to the flow. Gerintrik is excellent because of the stinging burn upon human skin. Berthnek is a little less potent but has a much more lingering effect, which is especially pleasing if you are adding a paddle or tight clothing afterwards. The raw nature of the skin makes any touch a painful one for any days thereafter. But the one I find most useful is Herthrixx, the extract being wonderful as an irritant to cause spectacular results even in small quantities, observe.”

With a flick of her thumb, the woman shifted one of the demon’s horns, and from its throat poured a green tinted wash of stinging water. The slap of it across her features stirred Theresa back

into manic activity. She sought to escape, to gain a breath to aid her in weathering the process of pseudo drowning. However, this time there was a new side to her troubles, one that had her throw open her mouth and croak with alarm. Spilling valuable air on a cry, the burning gnaw into her eyes and nostrils was intolerable, and was a level of aggravation that had her battling to rub her eyes, to snort her nostrils free of the toxic droplets. The additive to the waters seemed to burn into the membranes like acid, dissolving her sight and smell. The stink of acrid hot fumes was powerful in her lungs even without the act of stealing a breath.

Gurgling, the effects of starvation were speeded from her response to the chemical agent, and lost in abject calamity, she flopped and bounced within the arms of the chair. The consuming fog of blackout rolled freely into her mind, erasing her thoughts and promising to extinguish her life.

The waterfall moved aside and broke off. The nozzle dripped a small stream while Theresa gagged and disgorged the inhaled waters. Her lungs went into wild spasms from the repeated intrusion, and her eyes remained tightly closed. The blistering glow in them was still not gone and gave her paranoid cause to think that maybe she had been blinded by this insane tutorial.

“Some schools of thought choose brine. Salt water can be chilled far below the normal freezing

point of water and therefore can apply levels of cold that can be quite amusing. However, although this is a good brief shock tactic, the numbing effects of such abuses preclude the full enjoyment of any further diversions and so I will not employ such a lesson here today."

"Now, one of the most widespread effects one can add, even on top of a chemical ingredient, is that of voltage. An electrical charge through the flow will allow you to attack other regions just as readily, and still maintain the suffering you are intending. An advantage here is the debilitating effects of it on human anatomy, which will expedite any asphyxiation."

Theresa tried to murmur her pleas. Her head was limp against the imprisoning metal band, and her eyes were closed tight and still ablaze from the mock corrosive agent.

The waters landed upon her chest in a thin stream but the sudden blazing crackle of lightning filled the air with ozone and acquired Theresa's monstrous squeal. Flying into convulsions, she was rendered defenceless while the woman leisurely steered the flow up her torso and across her breasts. Lightning arcs played within her conductive nipple rings, which carried the mordant charge into her flesh where it greatly escalated the effects.

Throwing her chest from side to side and seeking to evade the stream, Theresa snatched in

abrupt breaths and hurled them out as high-pitched frozen shrieks. The Theocrat timed her attacks to fall in the moment Theresa was about to use an opportunity to grab an inhale so that her every morsel of air was discharged from wailing.

The electrified shower struck her in the face and bored into every pore. Her visage snapped and flicked under the encouraging kick of voltage nips and her cry now a silent frozen mask. Her body demanded that she bawl against such torture, but without any air, she was left to pointlessly trying. Jolting wildly in her restraint, Theresa was kept at this pure peak of hell for eternal minutes. The intensity was too great to even consider or feel the approach of a faint from oxygen deprivation.

Without warning, the nozzle fell quiet and she dropped visibly back. Her rigid body went universally inert, all life apparently expelled from every cell.

Giving reign to the odd spasmodic twitch, Theresa opened her eyes slightly now that the charged waters had flushed the irritating agent out. The swaying vision slowly condensed and she found herself looking at the reversed forms of the students. The young girls were studying the lesson intently, watching the High Theocrat divulge favoured passions for abuse. Theresa was appalled at such education, that they were not only raised as careless, remorseless sadists, but they would attend a college of such heinous

pursuits to perfect their art to the ideal which was the Dregakk's most prominent mode of displaying excellence.

From the crowd directly at her face were sat the most arrogant of the pupils. The most achieved or powerful had found what must be the best seats – before the face of the slave so they might witness in clarity the agonies being tasted. The recognition of one of them succeeded in lifting her bruised mind from torpor, and made her blink to clear her eyes of tears and water to confirm the identification.

Pelakh lounged at the second row. The diabolic nymph was wearing a bra of black hide. The straps over her shoulders were studded and threw a suspender down her arms to grab long gauntlet gloves of the same polished leather. The sheaths were laced tight and flecked with black spines and her slender fingers emerged to be painted black at the nail and sharpened to evil points. A thong to match her bra encased her loins and snagged the top of thigh boots with a single suspender. The attire was complemented by her pale skin and sombre cosmetics that served to follow the naturally acute features of this race, heightening her expression of intense scowling. Pelakh's hair was braided and held back by a headband of curling thorned wires, the weaving stems of metal brambles serving to fling the sea of thin tentacles away.

The vicious adolescent was here, in the cathedral. The revelation was startling and terrifying because she had always been under the constant and sly bullying of the girl. Would Pelakh be able to access her even now? On the other hand, was she to be spared the attentions of this nubile torturess? Did the girl even recognise her?

“The attack on the face is one that savages the dignity well, but do let yourself be distracted by singular devotion, for there are other regions equally amusing to target. For instance ...’

The nozzle touched her rear and suddenly forced through her sphincter before she could try and bar the passageway with a frantic clench. Her response was too late however and so she was left holding her cheeks to the cold metal and vainly seeking to force it out with her trembling muscles.

“The anus. An injection of water will cause an engorging effect that must be judged carefully if you do not wish to cause grievous trauma.”

The influx of the flow rippled into her stomach and carried with it a cramping cold that screwed up her muscles to make them churn against each other. Theresa grimaced and endured the foul process. The welling pressure in her stomach caused her to groan and grind her teeth, whimpering in degraded shame at the thought of having such a procedure exposed to massive attention.

“However, the act can be spiced with either a chemical taint or the conducting of voltage, either or both are equally viable for accentuating a mere enema into the realms of a more interesting and satisfying spectacle,” decreed the woman.

Her thumb turned one of the demon’s horns and changed settings to make Theresa suffer more impressively.

Words of pleading were slain in her throat as they were still being formed. Theresa arched her back and released a shrill pitch of woe. The acrid force in her belly felt as though it were eating through her insides, dissolving her from within, seeking to hollow her out. Screaming in abject misery, Theresa jolted and fought to push out the ocean building within her, but the remorseless shove of new waters kept the reservoir within and added to it in a steady monstrous cycle.

The struggling entity of water within her started to push more stringently at her canals as it demanded room and found none. Instantly, the ordeal was turned into an encounter of unprecedented sorrow as the demon changed, and added the electrical castigation once more.

Via the sea winding through her stomach, the lightning had free reign. It skipped throughout her insides in an instant, licked at her stretched lanes and made her explode into a vibrating tempest of movement. The unimaginable level of pain was almost destroying her mind within its terrible

clutches. The pressure, the caustic burn, the myalgia, the searing energy, it was more than she could take. Her holler lost its pitch and volume to settle into a low murmur while she slipped irresistibly into a swoon. The High Theocrat's last words afflicted her ears.

“As you can see, the lack of the usual drugs has permitted black out, but displays just how much can be inflicted without the need for chemical enhancement. If such were applied, then these torments might well promote a coronary in less sturdy subjects. And on a personal note, I find it far more satisfying to create agony without medicinal assistance, so I may call the screams truly my own work and have no other source to allocate praise to. That is all for today. Remember your private studies; I want reports on humiliation techniques for at least three of the major slave races on my desk by tomorrow.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

Examining the ancient texts as they rolled across the screen, Eldral deactivated the security lockouts so he might find the information he sought. The lore within the closed files was lost to all save the Warmasters and the Theocrats. Its words had been deemed too scandalous and dangerous for the masses. Yet, it was possibly a means to save the Theocracy.

The historical knowledge he already knew was massively edited and extremely biased so as to steer anyone away from the truth with extreme propaganda and scare tactics. The Phed Dregakk civil war had been turned into a legendary battle between good and evil, rather than what it had been in actuality. The truth appearing before his eyes contradicted his childhood teachings, and offered a ray of powerful hope.

If such reservoirs of lost power still existed, he might be able to exploit them. The locations of the old bastions of the forbidden art were largely

destroyed, but several had been maintained in sealed caverns, known only to those who had access to the renegade texts.

Summoning his guards, he selected the closest site and readied to seek out one of the largest and most sturdy domains of the rogue Dregakk. It was located deep in the mountain ranges of Thesnor. He knew the planet because he had visited an old battle tutor who had retired there. It was only a small colony because of the harsh environment, but weak atmosphere, savage storms, and lack of precipitation had in no way impeded the old enemy, making this choice of world ideal.

* * * *

The slithering exit of the massive douche wafted Theresa gently from her faint. The passage of the fluids as her slack stomach let them dribble out was one that revolted her, especially with the recall that she was on public display.

Opening her eyes, her breathing was laborious to draw due to her exhaustion. Theresa swallowed with difficulty and saw that the amphitheatre was rapidly emptying. The crowds were filing out, chatting irreverently, talking of the lesson and other topics. This generated a muttering background tune of chaotic sounds.

Letting her leaden eyelids drop, she coughed lightly and shivered from the cold. The shower

and enema had seemingly banished all warmth from her body.

“And how did we find our little session, slave?” whispered the High Theocrat while reaching under the chair and replacing the hose.

Theresa looked to the source of the sound and found the woman beset with a wide, merry smirk. Her eyes were sparkling with amusement at Theresa’s plight.

“An amusing escape attempt,” she muttered.

The woman stepped back, folded her arms across her chest, and peered down at Theresa’s inverted features.

“I never realised how utterly stupid your pathetic backward breed were. Are you indicative of your people, or is your grossly meagre intellect something special? How could you think your passage to the antechamber was an accident?” she mocked.

Wandering away, she chuckled to herself and exited the theatre with a final imprecation that she made while shaking her head dismissively.

“Imbecilic ape creatures.”

The guards followed her out and the door sealed behind her.

Theresa was held on the ornate chair, her body still offering itself for abuse to an empty hall. Was this to be her fate from now on – the torture subject for the High Theocrat? A living manikin to be experimented on and used to display torment

until she finally perished?

A whirring hiss of effort signalled the opening of the hidden door, and Theresa assumed it was time for her to be released and placed back into storage, removed and filed away to be drawn out for use again when the High Theocrat's lessons turned from theory to practical displays of her art.

Instead, she saw Pelakh lounging against the doorframe. The girl was regarding her with a lowered glare.

"Oh please, God, no, not this, anything but this," Theresa muttered.

Her soul grew as cold as her flesh at the sight of the adolescent responsible for almost all of her unbearable sorrow on this distant planet.

"Well, well, well," crooned the girl, sauntering towards Theresa in a meandering path and stopping at her head.

Grabbing Theresa's hair in a rigid fist, Pelakh hauled back and made the scalp flicker with prickly trauma. Theresa scowled and then let her mouth drop open when a finger snagged a nipple ring and pulled. The youth lifted the teat upward and caused the morsel to reverberate with pain. The sculptured countenance of the alien girl settled lower and emerged into the corner of Theresa's vision. Her warm breath touched Theresa's cheek.

"If it isn't the little human slut who betrayed me!" she uttered sibilantly. "I swore to make you

pay for your perfidy, but I had no idea I would find you so soon. The Goddess has been generous," she hissed.

"I didn't, I swear it!" Theresa whimpered.

"Don't lie to me, you worthless piece of excrement," derided Pelakh.

She released her holds and grabbed the hose. Stepping between Theresa's splayed legs, she flicked the settings and plunged it into Theresa's pussy. The rough intrusion made her croak in shock.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Miss, but it wasn't my fault!"

"What is that supposed to mean? Who else could have told my mother about Temgach?"

"She tortured it out of me, I had no choice, please believe me, Miss, I would never betray you, I swear it!"

"So now I have been enrolled in the Holy Order to keep me away from him. All because you could not keep your mouth shut!"

"It's not my fault, please, I beg of you, Miss, don't hurt me."

"Hurt you? Hurt you? You miserable cowering scum!" she growled, and squeezed the trigger.

Theresa wailed in horror as a wash of caustic fluid was thrust into her sex and the waters were charged with voltage to sear her pussy. The voltage kiss and the grave poisons ate into her abdomen and made her squeal in utter horror.

Filled to capacity in an instant by the massive influx, her womb strained to accommodate the full quantity.

Excess poured out around the inserted nozzle as she howled into the empty hall. The sound echoed around many times upon perfected acoustics. The Dregakk who had designed this place had made sure that it would carry the soul torn wails of its slaves with a grace and majesty so as to soothe the eager ears of the alien torturers.

The intrusion broke off, and the girl slipped the device back into its holster. Pelakh lifted a leg over Theresa's body, straddled the torso of the slave, and settled down. Her naked rear proved a weighty burden to Theresa's pierced breasts because the girl's body was pushing her assets into her ribs.

"Now..." Pelakh began, and leant over to examine the details of Theresa's brand.

"Three six nine, Q, Theresa. I have your code, and can call on you as I wish, and I shall. I will make your life a hell of insufferable torment," she said.

The girl ripped a section of transparent film from the underside of the chair. Clearly, the underbelly of the oppressive furniture was a place holding a selection of torture devices.

Stretching the thin sheet between her fists, Pelakh held it over Theresa's face. Her pussy was still spitting out the burning measure and the

acidic water was stinging her loins and inner thighs while her belly continued to sizzle from the forced influx. The sudden prayer that perhaps the shot of power had destroyed or at least crippled her implant was forgotten when the girl pressed the translucent sheet across Theresa's face, smothering her, cutting off all access to air and distorting her view through a tight film of plastic. Pelakh leaned in close. Her delicate countenance was a smudge of colours that further changed when gems of condensation began to form upon the slick inner surface.

"Oh I shall enjoy using you, slave. I will make you pay for your perfidy, and then I shall ensure you are the chosen subject at my final test. Shall I tell you what that means? Do you want to know your final fate, slave?" she hissed.

Pelakh was staring into Theresa's face while she strained to break through the smothering sheet. Her teeth were unable to find purchase and her mouth was unable to generate a suction to pop a hole. Her skin was slippery against the plastic from her own fevered sweat and tears of despair.

"When I have finished my studies, I must take a slave and torture it for seven days and seven nights," she said with a sultry hiss. Theresa could feel the girl rocking her loins against her, stroking herself against the bucking slave while she informed as to her future.

"Neither of us may sleep or rest. Both of us will

be kept going by various drugs, and as I succumb to the delirium of my deprivation, the acts I perpetrate will grow more twisted and bizarre. My spiritual guidance under the Goddess will be augmented by this trance like state. If you perish, I fail. If I succeed in keeping you in agony for the full time, I may skin you and wear your hide as a cloak to show my status as a full member of the Holy Order."

Tearing the sheet away, the removal let Theresa gasp and cough. Her mind was corrupted by a stern headache from the effects of her smothering, and her thoughts were in turmoil from Pelakh's revelation.

The girl's hindquarters twitched with wanton arousal and she leaned in closer to Theresa's face. Once more, the deranged lust of the pair merged and entwined and as the girl's lips brushed her own, Theresa found herself passionately kissing her most hated adversary, beloved tormentor, and final executioner. For a second, mistress and slave, human and Dregakk, against all odds and reason, became lovers.

"Oh you'll suffer for me, slave," she crooned and her tongue curled around Theresa's eager and extended organ while their breaths charged over each other's lust crazed lips.

"Yes, Miss," she uttered.

"Now I want to feel the face I'll be wearing," she said as her kisses wandered around Theresa's

neck and savoured her helpless situation.

Pelakh took one lick up to Theresa's chin and then leapt up, unfastened her suspenders, and drew down her thong. She swung a leg over Theresa's features and settled in. The warm skin clutched tightly to her cheeks and Theresa surged at the prospect of servicing her nemesis. Her tongue flashed into the warm succulent depths of the girl and she danced her tip against her clit while her own sex became livid with need. Pelakh moaned aloud and leaned back to claw between Theresa's legs. The attention was spiteful and abusive, but it was of the kind Theresa most relished and it made her oral devotion even more intense.

"Count your days, slave. You and I will be practising often to ensure you survive at my initiation, and when it comes, you will die by my hand, skinned alive and ... and ... oh yes, like that, right there," she gasped.

Theresa suckled on her roused clitoris and then poured the flat of her tongue against it several times before returning to a flitting touch. The girl's hands grew more frenzied and Theresa gave squeaks of pain and pleasure as her own pussy was stroked by scratching digits.

"Skinned and ... and worn as ... as ... my ... my ... trophy!" howled the girl and broke into libidinous spasms.

Theresa continued her manic attention until the

girl cast herself aside and off the worshipping face.

Pelakh took a moment to gather her senses and Theresa licked her lips to savour the flavour of her enemy's pussy. As her the charm of their coupling passed, Theresa again was subjected to the cold scrutiny of her own regret. When the masochistic veil was lifted, her resentment was all that remained, that, and her shame at having surrendered so freely and devotedly to those she should revile.

Without further exchange between them, the girl stomped away, leaving Theresa in her despair. The foreknowledge of her dark fate was leaving her numb. What could she do to evade it? Pelakh had her number and identification and could summon her as she wished. The High Theocrat and the daughter of the general who had plundered Earth were going to use her as much as possible, with the girl eventually subjecting her to a ritual of the darkest evil, whose only outcome was her ugly, lonely death, a death to ensure standing for her oppressor.

The door hissed shut and locked, leaving her with her thoughts and unable to figure a path from her doom. The bleak destiny was laid plainly before her.

After a period of pointless reflection and planning, the warped chair beneath her broke into movement. The mechanism lowered and

delivered her into the floor. Theresa's breathing quickened and her pulse raced with worry. The coffin closed over her, swallowing Theresa whole and bringing her into quiet blackness.

Waiting in the sombre night beneath the floor, she thought for a moment that it was some new means of depositing her back into her cage in expectation of the next lesson. Then, the sound of whirring machinery in the depths tickled the edges of her hearing and kindled significant concern.

With a whiplash snap, her legs were hauled straight and she was jerked to supine attention. A thick panel of latex dropped onto her front and was pulled down. The ferocity of the haul made the fabric squeak to the limits of its elasticity and it fixed her down as the restraints suddenly let go. A wide, brutal phallus rammed into her rear. The toy slammed in and wrenched open her orifice, causing her to her cry out from the ferocity of the violence. Another plunged into her sex and the twin rods jabbed the very borders of her abdomen and were then deserted. Her sudden attempt at movement was stifled as the sheet of rubber was carried beneath her and fastened. The pane of impenetrable latex snapped her limbs together and kept her subdued. The inserted dildos were locked in place and any attempt to expel them was defeated by the rubber. The ferocious elasticity ensured they were shoved back in once her

muscles flagged and failed to keep the tiny measure she successfully ejected.

The instant cocoon enfolded her with a tightness that rendered every breath a fight against the extreme hug of the sheath. Each inhale was a difficulty and the effects were further embellished when thick straps of the same were flicked around her. The automated mechanism had mummified her and held her into a compressed stem. The restrictive shell was then sealed along her spine by a rod that followed her entire length to keep reign on the latex and stop Theresa from bending her body against the unforgiving splint. The compression of her skull was only released at her nose to let her respire gently through the tiny vent. The diameter of the hole was insufficient to allow anything deeper or faster, leaving her no option other than asphyxiation should she attempt anything other than steady and careful respiration.

Breaking into a skimming flight, Theresa was borne through the tight network. Her head led her voyage and the pole along her back was the grip that served to tow her. The monorail responsible for her trip swung up to the ceiling and its path ascended up the wall. Theresa impotently dangled from it, her anatomy held in a sling that still refused to grant her motion.

Squeezing her tracts against the phalluses, she again tried to get them out, or at least give herself

some relief from their relentless push to her boundaries. The efforts succeeded while she maintained a tight clench, but as her muscles grew weary, her hold faltered and they slid back in when the cocoon pushed them into slithering place.

A deep clunk emerged from ahead and the darkness was banished by a wash of extreme light that revealed that her nose holes were supplemented by two tiny pinprick eyeslits. The thought that she was being carried into a new room vanished and Theresa screamed in terror when her eyes cleared the lip of the passage. Suddenly she was peering down through hundreds of stories, her sight dropping along the black cliff face of the cathedral. A stout pole bore her out into the air where the buffeting gales of her radical altitude slapped her second skin.

Theresa's shrill cry of insane panic was muffled by the latex and by the roar of the wind. Vertigo became her entire being and the horrendous plunge before her made her scream in jeopardy. Her body was stiff and unwilling to even twitch in case it dislodged her from this incredibly lofty perch.

Hanging from the uppermost reaches of the Temple, a bed of spires and turrets were arrayed about her sheer drop to the heart of the city, and Theresa wept and cried out, begging incoherently. Her fear was a full and terrible beast within her.

The sight of these tears as they slipped from the sheath and vanished into obscurity with their drop added to her ordeal, proving without doubt that this was real, and no hologram conjured to terrify. Further alarm stemmed from her rash breathing. The inability of her nose to accommodate her pants made her strain against her bonds all the more fervently. The restricted breath was a frustrating bane.

Her fear was taken to a new peak when the bonds along her back suddenly let go. The departure left the rubber seam tightly sealed even when it dropped from the binding rod along her back. The wind rushed around her frame and the side of the Temple flashed past as a blur. Her body cavorted and wriggled within its prison before a wrenching snap brought her to a halt. The tether at her ankles had almost dislocating her joints with the severity of her stop.

Swaying on the line, squirming like a worm on a hook, Theresa watched the terrible cityscape washing below her. The giddiness of suffocation gathered around her, her ability to control her breathing unable to defeat her panic. Wheezing vainly against the mask, her limbs strained to break free. The view faltered and faded, and she was once more delivered into the dark realms of oblivion. A pure terrified hysteria was now part of her entire being and even though her mind had retreated into a faint, she could feel it consuming

her.

* * * *

The mortified coma parted with an instant haste and Theresa burst into action. She instinctively fought to get free of the terrible bondage but again, there was no way for her to wriggle out of the oppressive sheath.

She gradually opened her eyes and as she recalled her fate; she made sure to keep tight reign on her quavering breath because she had no wish to go through the ordeal of slight suffocation until she was shoved into black out.

The pressure in her head was a dreadful companion, as were the dildos that had chafed and stretched her orifices. But the worst aspects were the inability to get the monstrous suit off, and the awful knowledge that she was merely being hung out in readiness for a return to abuse.

The boredom of her confinement maddened her. The inability to even act made imprisonment far worse than that of the cage. The only distraction was the leisurely observance of the world below.

The sun was starting to set. The weak beams from the eternally cloud obscured sun were stretching through the city and extending shadows through the winding twisted maze of tusked buildings. The lights slowly winked on in

their windows as the darkness continued to grow. The steady passages of the Dregakk vehicles began to employ headlights and the amber cones lanced through the air to lick the routes they followed. Many of the craft were freed of the burden that was gravity so they might carelessly meander through the skies at the will of their drivers.

Reviewing the fall of night, Theresa watched the loss of the sun as it slipped below the horizon. It surrounded its departure with wild shades of amber and crimson, but the sight was a flimsy distraction from her many hours of detention.

An unexpected tug at her ankles started the process of reeling her in. The ascent was conducted slowly and as her body rose across the levels of the cathedral she was shown fleeting glimpses of the interior when she passed a window. Whenever she looked in, she saw torture. Slaves hung in agonised bondage. They were deserted and maintained by automated systems so that they became sentient displays of the Dregakk worship of pain. Sometimes she caught glimpses of the Holy Order attending the wretched subjects they so eagerly brutalised. The women inflicted their abuses without any hint of conscience or regret, only a deep and rhapsodic glee.

Her ankles connected with the pole that emerged from the building, and for a moment, her reversed form was left swaying. Then, drawn

inwards, her torso bumped the side of the building and her feet were hauled further in to drag Theresa back into the tunnel. The passage carried her slithering frame down through the network by her feet and the rubber squeaked and stuck against the floor, fighting the motorised towing device.

Theresa stretched herself against the sheath and tried to halt her progress, to snag a corner or otherwise defeat her passage. Now that she had no fear of a lethal plunge, her fingernails clawed at the rubber and sought to pierce it and open a hole that her wriggle might expand until she could escape, but the latex was too thick and her scratching digits were unable to rip it.

Stopping abruptly, the passage sealed on either end and created a small sarcophagus. A gentle glow became apparent as the cocoon was cut open by a single beam that sliced through the material but failed to deposit greater than a gentle warmth upon her flesh.

The dildos were finally set loose and with a glad squeeze, she manipulated her orifices and pushed them out. The chamber devoured them the moment they struck the floor.

There was little time to exploit her new found freedom because the very instant it came away, the hooked ankles of the attire were drawn out through a vent. The dark blanket slithered into the wall to leave her naked in her prison and a mere

moment later, there was a sudden whipping sound of activity.

Nooses of thick cord were suddenly rolling around her limbs. The animated coils encircled her legs and arms. They squeezed tightly and wrung her flesh through a mordant grasp to make Theresa bellow and fight to drag them free. The confines of the cell effectively quelled her escape and delayed any real obstruction of their movement until finally they were in place.

There came a click and they were fastened at her wrists and ankles via a steel bracelet. The silvery bands had fastened them to her and prevented any hope of exploiting a knot to get them off.

With the flight of the shell, the ceiling gave some soft clicks and started to split at the centre. It parted as the floor arose like an elevator to present her to the room above. The ground of the coffin met the ground level of the floor and left her sealed in a barren box room.

The walls were heavy and thick, with a long rectangular window in one wall, and small portholes with riveted bands spaced along the rest of the room. The audience awaiting her filled Theresa with dread, for the High Theocrat stood before the window in what appeared to be a command booth because there was a row of controls and monitoring equipment arrayed before this viewing area.

The students from the amphitheatre stood about her. The crowd was the same for she could see Pelakh watching amongst them, her intense stare as riddled with glee as that of the High Theocrat.

Painted faces leered in from the portholes. Their expressions were frozen in study so that they resembled grave family portraits that had been hung on the wall.

The High Theocrat leant in and addressed a raised microphone. A click of the button on the base and the tiny room was filled with an echoing order.

“Whip yourself,” she said.

A square in the ground parted to reveal a harsh cat o’ nine tails. The heavy rubber truncheon of a handle was rounded at one end and armed with a tiny tripod of studs, while another studded rim ran around the top before spitting forth a cascade of intricately woven thongs. Each end was formed into a tight knot before fraying out.

Theresa reached over and her limbs seemed loose. They were responding as though her commands were faint and muffled. The strangling cords were cutting off sensation and influence. There was no hope of removing them because the cords ran up her extremities and were connected by the bands to leave her no access to any form of freedom. Theresa flopped towards the weapon, closed her grasp about it, and lifted up into a

seated position.

Through the thick pane of glass, Theresa could see the Theocrat talking to her pupils. She was commenting on her plight and this made Theresa's resentment seethe. Her grip on the whip tightened until the knuckles were whitening with strain. She clenched her jaw with choler and her lips snarled back.

The High Theocrat turned absently back to the microphone, and repeated her demand.

"Now, slave! Because if you do not punish yourself, I will do it," she promised, and returned to talking to her students. The woman was watching Theresa from the corner of her eye and expertly dividing her attention between her duties and her subject.

The shame of being displayed in such a way was more demeaning than she thought possible. To brazenly flog herself for the amusement of a classroom full of students and a vindictive teacher was more than she could comfortably acquiesce too.

The whip hung in her grasp. Her flesh was quivering as it started to gather an aching pound from the effects of compression, but there was a far more stringent version about to be unleashed on her, and when a hiss started to pour into the room, she felt the air growing dense and the heavy weight of pressure enclose her.

At first, she failed to feel the burden, but as it

increased, and continued to steadily mount, she began to feel the full effects. The forceful shove into her eardrums was disorientating, and breathing became difficult as each breath had to fight to stay steady. Any inhale brought a forceful influx that felt as though it would burst her lungs if she did not keep it under control. Her head felt as though it was in a vice and the increasing clench on her skull made her dizzy.

Theresa dropped forward and slapped her palms to the ground before putting a hand to her temple. She yawned wide to try and ease the affliction to her ears and with a soft pop they cleared.

Theresa started to curl up and wheezed in laboured breaths. The atmospheres continued to rise steadily and crush her from every direction.

“Whip yourself, slave,” ordered the woman impassively, the ordeal seeming to be of no consequence.

Pawing at the floor and reaching up towards the window, Theresa implored for release, for an end to the ordeal. Her every cell was screaming that she would perish if any more pressure was applied. Her skin had flushed to a rosy hue, her eyelids flickered, and her breath came in random fits. The piercings that had been applied ached terribly because the punctured flesh was being churned by the unseen weight. The Theocrat glared on with venom, steadily turning the dial

that was making Theresa suffer abominably.

"Do it," growled the female, her words severe and unforgiving.

With a desperate flick, she hurled herself up onto her knees and flung the leather tendrils over her shoulder to apply the thongs across her back. The mild sting was negligible compared to the gift of this chamber, but she continued with the priestess' will anyway and hurled it around her torso to lambaste her back.

"Harder!" growled the woman.

Theresa reluctantly applied greater strength but she found the act difficult with the constraining cords and the unbelievable pressure upon her anatomy.

"Harder! Or you will perish in this room," spat the female, and returned to addressing her observing pupils.

Assured that she would implode at any second, Theresa threw the weapon around with a vigorous hack and made herself jolt with the sudden intensity of the leather kiss. Without delay, she flung it about again and etched contused stripes across her back. Crying out in suffering and humiliation, she applied the strokes continually. She jerked on her knees and sweat dripped from her assailed form. Her one wish was to end the ordeal via her only way to do it. How much longer would she be targeted for this maltreatment? Her heart was torn with her own grief as the whip

acted instinctively, her body moving to seek reprieve without any instruction from herself. It seemed almost as though the act was being committed almost by someone else.

With tears rolling down her face and dripping from her chin, Theresa continued the self-abuse. She mercilessly whipped each portion of her back and was more humbled by this public display of her defeat than any other act performed on her.

As her back pounded with heat and her limbs ached from the ethereal fist and the web of cords, her thoughts were lost within a whirlwind of suffering and derogation. These combined effects caused her not to notice her own looming black out until the swelling pressure overwhelmed her already amply assailed form.

With a swooning topple, she slapped to the floor. Her limbs flicked weakly as she fought to stay conscious so she might finish the task and gain true release. She knew all too well that the faint in no way guaranteed that the pressure would not be allowed to roll onward until she was slain.

The vision of the High Theocrat wavered and started to distort. The dissipating clarity formed into a sheet of vague blackness and consciousness again vanished.

* * * *

Harsh slaps to her cheeks drew Theresa from the faint. The stinging smacks made her lift her hands to provide shelter but they were grabbed and hauled out and snared in manacles before she was fully aware of what was going on. The heavy metal bonds inflated their pillows of rubber and created a firmer grip.

Theresa flicked open her eyes and the pane of light revealed Pelakh looming over her. The adolescent yanked out Theresa's legs and clapped fetters to them. The matching bonds sealed themselves and kept her splayed upon the ground, helpless and promiscuously exposed.

Rolling her head about, she saw that she was still in the pressure chamber, save that the gawking crowds had gone, and the Theocrat had deserted her to this lonely fate at the mercy of her most vindictive oppressor.

The youth turned around, and put a thigh booted heel onto Theresa's stomach. The rapier heel dug in and her body rested on it to escalate the effects. Grimacing, Theresa tensed against her bonds but the restraints were fastened into the ground and denied her any movement.

The cords had been removed to leave her naked, save for the purple lines that the thin bonds had drawn. The fierce whip marks still coated her back as a detailed portrait of self-torture and grumbled with renewed mayhem whenever she moved and leaned on them.

“Did you enjoy that lesson, slave?” uttered the girl, giggling in insult of her plight.

Pelakh trailed the heel down and etched a long scratch to make Theresa gurgle and whimper. Her senses were still recovering and this left her incapable of full retaliation or the power to answer the girl.

“The High Theocrat certainly has a penchant for picking you as our torture subject. Still, it only serves my purpose all the better. If you can stay alive, you should have an excellent capacity for endurance at my initiation. Yet, I shall have to continue my own abuses to ensure success, of course, this is too important to risk on variables and unknowns,” she said.

Pelakh flicked the shifting buttons on a small bracelet and the crystal panel scrolled with tiny data streams from which she made her choices. Instantly, weighty panels parted and revealed implements of torment.

Theresa closed her eyes and groaned inwardly. Her body was still raw from the scrutinised torture and the prospect of renewed attention was mortifying. The girl was targeting her in moments that were supposed to permit her recovery. How could she hope to weather such intense attentions from two such implacable foes?

Pelakh removed a fat candle from within the cabinet. She flicked a lighter and forged a tall flame on the wick. The lights of the room winked

out instantly and let the candle take sole responsibility for the lighting of the room. It cast crazy shadows across the chamber and the dancing fire became a foreboding sight.

Dagger heels clicked onto either side of her waist as the girl stood astride her. Pelakh towered over Theresa's form as the warm glow of the candle lit her pale skin with an amber sheen and the light sparkled on her polished clothing. The room was a cell of midnight and the only reality intruding into it was Pelakh's malevolent form. Her face turned from a sneer into a wicked devilish smirk as the obscuring darkness was drawn across her features.

"You want me to succeed, don't you? You wouldn't want your favourite owner to fail in her most import task?"

"Yes, Miss, of course I do, I only want you to have everything you want," Theresa lied. She was plagued with concern and willing to say anything. Her dignity was long gone and the concentrated and relentless assault on her person was eclipsing what her masochism could delight in.

The candle hovered over her and the burning wick forged a molten well around itself. The girl swayed it threateningly and bent at her middle. One hand was placed on her thigh to prop her up and she lowered the cylinder in the other.

"That is a reassuring sentiment, slave. So now we continue your training, readying for the day

when I will break you, torture you beyond all mercy, gouge and slice, mutilate and maim. Oh how I want to hear you squeal to the heavens, your body coming apart under my touch. Does that not sound fun, slave?" she mocked, giving a shiver of delight at the mere thought of such atrocity.

Theresa could only weep in sorrow. Her fate was more grisly and loathsome than ever before.

"And then, to have you bound tight, your shattered, crippled form on the verge of death, kept alive only on my whim, and then, slowly, ever so slowly, I will cut your skin from you. Starting from your ankles, working up each leg, shedding the flesh as you howl. Then your arms, from wrist to shoulder. Then your back, buttocks, your belly and chest. I shall peel those breasts like fruit, and then, around your neck and off comes your face and scalp. And I shall ensure you live to that point, because I will show you a mirror. I want you to see your naked, raw face, your exposed and bleeding flesh, just for a moment before I throw your skin around my shoulders and leave you to die."

Pelakh let her weep for a few moments, sobbing in horror at the prospect of what would be while soaking up her distress like nectar.

A gradual tilt made Theresa tense and brought her back to her more imminent travail. The sight of the increasing slant forced her to solicit a stop.

She was thinking of the present as the future made her soul turn to ice.

"Please, Miss. I need to rest, I can't take this again."

"Be silent, slave, or I will enforce your quietude," warned the girl, and without further warning, she poured.

Faint splashes spattered across Theresa's stomach. The strangely dry, almost alcoholic touches suddenly gave way to a shot of blistering heat that made her jolt and try to shake the droplets off as the results of the continued landings. The drips formed into frozen, opaque splashes that grew solid and then cracked while her abdomen bucked and flexed from the searing kisses being placed about her torso.

Another line was drawn down over her hips and meandered into her inner thighs. The soft flesh reviled the ardent coating. The applause of her buttocks jumping up and slapping the ground with her fight for freedom eclipsed her gurgling croaks and yelps. The girl was methodically targeting the tenderest regions. She was serving her own need for revenge and advancement through Theresa's methodical and atrocious preparation.

Petrified stalactites hung from the quivering flesh of her thighs. Trickle ran down underneath and the loosed drops landed on the floor. Turning from this well coated region, Pelakh drew it up to

her cleavage and inspired Theresa to throw her breasts from side to side while trying to avoid the impending descent of scalding droplets. Her breath slipping out as ragged pants and brief squeaks of shock.

A lethargic pour unleashed the accumulated reservoir and sent drips across her assets. Bouncing and jiggling, her breasts churned with havoc the more Pelakh applied the molten issue. She sent stray drool into her armpits for added woe and this left her unable to predict the next zone of attention. The subsequent affliction finally wrung screams from Theresa and the cries rose higher when the girl dropped the candle between Theresa's parted legs. Following this with a prolonged cascade directly into her shaven sex, the excruciating application made her howl in a single monotonous tone of screeching pitch. Theresa continued until the multiple coats served to protect and finally let the original effects dwindle.

"Are we nice and warm now, slave?" crooned the girl, stepping away and replacing the candle now that Theresa had been effectively decorated with biting tears of intensity.

The lights were switched on and the candle blown out, restoring illumination and revealing in full the slender needle held up in Pelakh's pinch. The tip sparkled with odious import as the lights lifted to normal power.

"No, Miss, don't, I beg of you," Theresa sobbed. The prospect of further piercing of her body was terrifying her.

"The word 'no' is not for your vocabulary, slave. And do not try and tell me what to do. After all I have taught you and done to you, you still try to resist me. I can see I will have to step up your private tutoring if I am to ensure success," she replied.

Pelakh knelt down to the creak of stretching hide and started a routine of idle and brutal picking at the frozen pools of lumpy wax. Pricking Theresa often to make her writhe, the removal of the wax proved an ordeal in itself.

The procedure was performed in the same path as the application. It started with her belly, then her inner thighs, and the final unbearable attendance of her armpits and breasts. Those into her sex were the worst of all and the scratching point caused wild throes despite her most fervid attempts to stay still in case her writhing caused an accidentally stab.

The last particles were picked free like wayward scabs, and Theresa breathed a sigh of relief from mistakenly thinking that her trial at the hands of Pelakh was over.

"All that heat must have been uncomfortable for you, perhaps you would like to cool off somewhat?" offered Pelakh.

The pretence of kindly consideration was so

blatantly false that Theresa knew it to be a prelude to dreadful infliction.

"No, Miss, I am fine, really. Do not trouble yourself with anything, I am not worthy," she rashly stated, trying to stop the intended and mysterious torment awaiting her.

"Nonsense, I insist," Pelakh stated firmly.

The shackles and fetters jumped open with a flicking touch to her bracelet as the thin band took command of the locks.

"Come here," she hissed.

Pelakh strode striding towards the wall where her mere touch to the jewellery at her wrist brought action.

A portion of the floor began to open and it let faint misty trails rise and skulk upon the ground. Theresa resigned herself to the imprisonment and rolled over onto her front. She lifted herself upon stolid limbs and slowly crawled over to where Pelakh stood lounging against the wall, waiting for her slave to comply.

When she was closer, Theresa felt the brush of radiant cold from the pit and stopped suddenly. An icy tomb was a prospect that had never before been imposed on her, and the thought of it eclipsed her ability to comply.

Theresa backed up warily with her face dissolved into a masque of dread.

"No, Miss, not this, anything but this. You'll kill me," she whimpered, hoping that she could evade

it.

"Get in there, slave!" she growled.

Theresa shook her head and continued to retreat. Scuffling in a crouched position, her back bumped the wall and deprived her of any more space to withdraw into. Without any change in her expression, Pelakh walked to the opened cabinet and snatched a crop with a wild grab. She swung it to limber up the weapon while sauntering back towards the cowering slave.

"Do as I command, you cringing piece of filthy Terran scum," she growled.

The girl launched a frivolous swipe up into the underside of Theresa's breast. The stroke made a ripple run though it and Theresa flung herself to the floor. She clapped a hand to the trauma but her exposing of her back was a gift that Pelakh freely accepted. The villainous girl delivered an overhead hack that drew a long welt across the softer shade of Theresa's own whip marks.

Theresa sprawled upon the floor and pounded her fists to the solid ground. She cried out as Pelakh continued to apply the crop with heavy-handed force and the searing strokes sought to drive her into the freezer. The language was more vibrant than any verbal expression.

Blow upon blow fell, eroding her resistance until finally she could tolerate no more. Theresa hurled herself forward with a reckless dash and scampered to the hole. Pelakh maintained her

brutal attention throughout the brief journey.

Pelakh stamped down with a spiteful stab and sank her heel onto Theresa's rump to tether her to the one spot. The biting dagger made her throw her hands back and weakly paw at the boot. Her fingers brushed the polished material without effect while she choked and spluttered.

"If you fear it so much, maybe I should prepare you for it," she said.

Turning her boot, she escalated Theresa's response, and pinned at the edge of the pit, Theresa could do nothing as the girl reached in and snatched a small tray of ice cubes. Pelakh bent the tray back to loosen them within the plastic grooves and gave a soft groan of sultry rapture at what she was intending for them.

"Now stay still, slave," she uttered, and removed one of the frozen chunks.

Pelakh leaned over to increase the weight on the heel and allow her to force it into Theresa's rear without her subject escaping. A stab from fore and middle finger slipped it over her sphincter and the cold made her air a pip of shock as the object slithered up into her and lost itself in the twists and turns of her belly. The passage was distinct and revealed by the movement of the cold spot through her, and then another was added. Pelakh defeated Theresa's fervently barred rear and clenched orifice with a harsh shove.

"Doesn't this bring back fond memories of

when you were my maid, slave?" she chuckled and callously stuffed another into Theresa.

"A few more of these will acclimatise you, don't you agree?" she said.

Another cube was forcibly injected to bolster the arctic chill in her belly. The small reservoir of water in her anus was growing and chill trickles were already escaping and flowing over her pussy.

"I asked a question, slave. Answer it!" growled Pelakh and as she twisted the heel deeper to make the dimple in her buttocks grow, Pelakh hooked a gloved finger into the rim of Theresa's sphincter and tugged at it viciously. The punishing of the opening dragged a swift response from the slave.

"Yes, Miss! I do!" she squeaked, and grimaced as another of the tray's products was stuffed into her and caused her stomach to cramp in sudden fits.

The tray dropped before her gaze and the remaining dozen or so cubes jumped in their slots.

"Eat them," demanded Pelakh with a smirk.

With a despairing sob, Theresa slithered her arms around and started to eject the frozen blocks. She lifted them up one by one and dropped them into her mouth where she hoped to melt their size a little before obeying the wicked youth.

"Don't just suckle on them! Swallow them whole!"

Theresa devoured the solid and large pill with a

strained gulp. Its radiant effects tainted her gullet and the cold was deposited throughout the passage into her stomach, its harsh contradiction to her warm tracts afflicted her terribly.

“And the rest,” warned Pelakh, forcing Theresa to eat the entire cache.

Theresa obeyed with dejected effort. She individually ate the chunks until the last of them was devoured and the rigid lump trailed down her oesophagus. Her soft insides pressed to the solid nugget and her tracts were having trouble accommodating it. They were melting at an annoying slow rate and were ferociously distinct within her body.

The boot jumped back and a gentle kick between her legs goaded Theresa forward.

“Now get in,” she demanded.

Theresa threw herself into the sunken freezer and landed upon an icy, frost covered interior. She instantly regretted her obedience and span to get out again, only to have a transparent pane snap shut over her. Slamming punches to the new ceiling, she felt the arctic claws beginning to insidiously tunnel into her, numbing her skin, conspiring with the cold inserted in mouth and rear to make her shiver even against the heat of her desperate exertions.

The soles of feet stepped onto the lid of the cramped box and allowed Theresa to stare up across the inside of Pelakh’s legs to her loins and

thong divided buttocks. The girl was looking down into the fog-shrouded interior and revelling in Theresa's nightmare situation. The cold continued to creep deeper and deeper into her flesh and her lungs were tormented from inhaling the frozen air. Theresa begged and pleaded with her tyrant, soliciting exit, ignorant as to whether or not the girl could even hear her.

Weeping in misery, her fight began to slow. The weariness and the effects of her arctic confinement conspired to make her wither before Pelakh's intense stare.

Begging in muttering whimpers, Theresa wept. She was unable to tolerate this heinous prison. The feel of all life draining gradually from her was distinct and appalling.

"You know what I want to see?" announced Pelakh, her words filtering through to seep into the prison. The sounds were muted under Theresa's breath as it emerged in billowing clouds and echoed throughout the close interior.

Thinking across her past with this female, Theresa could only find one constant other than fickle and intense amounts of torture. Theresa reached down between her legs and began to caress herself. She stroked her pierced clitoris and then let her finger delve and flit. The responses she managed to acquire from the tender bud were faint and almost nonexistent. All feeling had been driven back into her by the onslaught of the cold.

Her sense of touch was withdrawing like a defeated army who was falling back into the warmer climates still to be found within her torso.

Hoping to placate Pelakh's innate hunger for cruelty, Theresa gathered her flagging energy and started to moan and writhe upon her own tickling touch. She vastly exaggerated the meagre bliss she was bestowing herself but then it started to gather strength once more. Her eyes loitered up at the elegant form rising over her and despite everything the girl was doing to her, her body started to surge with libidinous rhapsody. How was it that she could fear, hate, and lust after a person so intently and with such contradiction and alternating viewpoints? Was she in love with her? Only the insanity of love could explain such varied and consuming emotions.

There was no way to confirm or deny that her thinking was accurate, or even remotely plausible, her sanity being a commodity that may well have been depleted by her long and arduous captivity. Were all her opinions and thoughts corrupted now? Was there any shred of herself left that had not been deeply marked by her being owned by the demented legions of the Phed Dregakk?

The response had the desired effect, and Pelakh's wish to ensure only the darker sensations arose to savage Theresa with delight. The effect of humiliation at performing so brazenly was Pelakh's only motivation for tolerating it, she liked

to see the intense confusion it caused to her property.

Theresa yelped and jerked against the cold walls while orgasm ran through her like a flash flood. The lid started to draw back as she calmed down and the girl rode upon it before stepping off at the last moment.

“Get out,” she exclaimed, jabbing a finger in indication.

Theresa lifted her shaking hands and placed them to the lip. With a mighty effort she managed to crawl free of the icy cell and drop onto the ground. The floor was now a warm and glorious feeling to her pale, blue tinted flesh. Her shivering and chattering teeth made her shuffle wildly upon it and soak up more of the warmth.

The freezer closed and vanished amidst the smooth unbroken panel that was the floor. A door appeared for Pelakh to seek egress and with a final desponding giggle at Theresa's condition, the girl left, deserting Theresa to the isolation and the period of recovery she was supposed to gain.

Huddling into a ball for warmth, she closed her eyes and rested her weary frame. Her exertions had once more left her a somnolent husk.

With battering willpower, she forced herself into slumber and denied her addled and terrified thoughts opportunity to keep her awake with the knowledge that she was assured of more focus from the evil despots.

* * * *

The hiss of the door as it opened lifted Theresa from her light snooze. Her few hours of deep sleep had been followed by a period of fitful slumber where she languished in faint dazes, drifting in and out, her mind plagued by her looming fate.

Theresa looked up from her foetal ball and saw the High Theocrat marching in, alone. The woman's attire was vastly simplified on this occasion. It was a deviation from the usual ceremonial vestments that suggested that this time she was visiting for a private encounter, one without the blasphemous study of the student body. A polished catsuit of rubber flowed along her every contour. It hugged her frame and sealed her within a comprehensive shell because the garment incorporated gloves and boots with no seam apparent. It rose to a high neck and had a black corset of hide laid over it. The hourglass sheath drew in her sides and was laced with rows of wicked spines down each strut of boning. In her hands, she held a collar and lead, and a whip whose bone handle coughed out a plume of six fat strips of thick latex. The single concession to jewellery was a silvery bracelet that was adorned with the crystal panel that permitted the tyrant's control over their mechanised torture chambers.

"Do not regard me with your filthy stare, you

dollop of worthless base flesh," she reviled.

The woman stepped forward and whirled the whip to paint several flushed lines into Theresa's side. The sudden hot infliction made her scuttle forward out of range and keep her sight low.

"I have a new task for you. One that should admirably suit a life form as pathetic and lowly as yourself. Though I think it may be too vaulted a mission even for you. The products you will be handling are vastly more precious and valuable than a Terran ape. Do you think you can be trusted, slave?" she asked.

Wandering around Theresa's cowering form, her heels stepped out a recurring beat as she pondered. The sound made Theresa quiver as though the cold had returned.

Should she solicit this task? It was probably a ruse to have her willingly draw herself into a terrible lot, but it would at least get her away from Pelakh. If she was performing for the High Theocrat's personal amusement, Pelakh would not be able to find her. Although she hated this woman more than she had hated anyone, Theresa knew that it was a choice between one or both, and so she opted to try and alleviate her trials.

"I can, Supreme Goddess. Give me a chance, I will not let you down, I swear it."

The High Theocrat grinned. Theresa was almost there. This last final abuse would bring her to fruition, then after one last safeguard was

installed, this belittled human would know power, authority, and revenge, while she herself would know the pleasures of ownership, humiliation, and subservience to a cruel mistress. Depravity and indulgence was the Dregall way, but she had gone to the limits of sadism, it was time to continue her voyage.

To be the secret slave of a mere human — what could be more decadent?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The weighty doors slid apart with the entry of the command code. The long neglect of their mechanisms made them hesitant to obey the demand for access. In some ways it was an omen not to tamper with the contents of this chamber, for the darkness within was more devouring and damning than any evil the Dregakk could conceive. It had resulted in the only civil war to ever occur in the history of their people.

The use of such bleak arts was forsaken when the Dregakk philosophy of sadistic hedonism was first created. The practitioners of the old creed were killed in a sudden and bloody assault throughout the Theocracy, and their resolute defiance to submit to the new order was the justification for their execution. Could they have been executed? Were they even remotely akin to a living being any more, and so could they actually be killed? The war had been brief and savage, but the intensity of the fighting had been needed to

overcome the capacity for adaptation their foe presented.

It had been a war between those devoted solely to science, and those aligned to religion. The faithful feared total dependence on machines and sought to steer the Theocracy away from such a fixation. Since then, such immersion in technology had been frowned on and treated with disdain.

Eldral decided to crush such notions. If he were to persevere with this plan, he would have to put aside all the prejudices and propaganda issued to dissuade anyone from ever even contemplating such a course of action again. However, nothing had ever warranted the resurrection of these skills.

The prospect of such power was dizzying, but he would have to give up so much for it. Would it totally remove him from the way he was? The first users of this art were obsessed with it, and resolutely refused the new way of the faith. Their stubbornness had caused the war. What would it do to one who had been raised under such precious doctrines and now turned to the old path for aid? What would this psychological hybrid of two ancient enemy creeds create?

Stepping into the musty darkness, Eldral could smell the heat of metal and decay. It was a scent he associated with prohibited power. The lights flickered on after a few questioning flashes and revealed the dust-covered interior. Tall dark machines arose as monoliths of intricate work. The

huge sculptures of forgotten technologies were only usable by those who gave themselves over to the forbidden arts. One person alone would not be able to revive the practices – he would need others. The unity of the many was the very core of this pseudo religion.

A deep clunk issued beside him, and a door opened to reveal a booth. The interior was lit with a smoky green light and beckoned with automated arms for someone to surrender to it. Rows of such coffins stretched on into darkness and proved that enough of them remained to start the cycle afresh.

This subterranean complex had remained hidden from memory and view for centuries but the old ways were their only hope. First, he had to convince the Grand Theocrat herself. An audience was being prepared to discuss strategy against the alien menace. The gravity of the threat and the Theocracy's complete inability to even delay their advance meant that he would be able to attend. This opportunity would grant the chance to present his idea, but he would need to think of some heavy reasons to justify implementing it.

*Slave of the Theocracy culminates in Part 3:
Theresa's Revenge.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born and raised in London, Bruce was a Royal Marine Cadet, has worked in demolition, rainforest preservation, and for the Ministry of Defense, Harvey Nichols, and Selfridges, but writing was always his one true passion. He encountered a wonderful Californian and after marrying, they moved to San Francisco in '98 where he worked and played in the S&M community before relocating to Seattle a few years later. He has written many books and illustrated a number for the House of Gord, Chimera books, and Olympia press. Several works are under development into graphic novels and computer animated series/films.

